

# The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: JANUARY 29, 1915.

Number 21.

## TWO SLATON FARMERS RAISE 15,150 BUSHELS GRAIN

C. J. Sermersheim finished his job of threshing the grain on the farms of Joe and Clem Kitten three miles west of Slaton, last week, and when the boys totaled up their 1914 crop they found that they had raised 15,150 bushels of grain on 303 acres of land, an average of 50 bushels an acre for the entire acreage. The crop was principally maize. There were a few acres in kafir, a few in feterita, a little corn, Sudan, etc. Their best crop was 41 acres of maize on the Willard place that made 59 1-2 bushels per acre.

Five acres of Sudan on Joe Kitten's farm made 5,600 pounds of seed. In planting the crop he used only one-half pound of seed to the acre. Clem Kitten raised 2,000 pounds of Sudan seed on two acres. He planted three-fourths of a pound of seed to the acre.

Besides the 15,150 bushels of grain the Kittens raised 450 bushels of peanuts, and more feed than they need for their 38 head of cattle, 10 horses, and 50 hogs. Their feed is sowed sorghum, millet, and alfalfa. The alfalfa is being fed to the milch cows. Sowed in May, 1914, the alfalfa gave one and one-half tons of feed per acre in two cuttings.

The Kitten boys don't plant cotton, first because they came from the north where the farmers don't know anything about cotton, and second because maize is too profitable a crop to them to bother with cotton.

The two did all the work of preparing the land, planting the crops and cultivating them. The only hired help or expense they incurred in raising the crop, outside of their own labor and teams, was that which came in harvesting and threshing. They can justly be proud of their 1914 crops, and Slaton is proud to have two such successful farmers and splendid citizens as they are.

Albert Brunker, a Nebraska reader of the Slatonite, was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday. Mr. Brunker purchased land near Southland and will improve it at once, and put it in crops. He will return to this vicinity soon to make his home on the farm.



## A General Inspection

A "General" Inspection of our superior lines of Groceries is respectfully requested. We are sure that a trial, after inspection, will result in enlisting you as a permanent customer. Our goods are chosen, by us with a view to their purity, and we are thus in a position to offer them to our customers with a guarantee. We do not shelve our goods for future sales, but make a point of having everything fresh right along.

## The Slaton Sanitary Grocery

Proctor & Olive, Proprietors

F. V. Williams claims the prize maize crop. He had a three acre patch in his field that he planted to feterita, but the stand was so poor that he replanted the land in June to maize. When he threshed the grain this winter the actual measurement showed that the field had produced exactly 82 bushels per acre. If there is a yield that will beat this the Slatonite would like to have a report of it.

W. N. Lazenby of Waco arrived in Slaton Tuesday on his way to his Deuce of Hearts ranch south west of town. Mr. Lazenby is a very enthusiastic Slaton South Plains booster.

For Sale—Flock of chickens, hens and a rooster. Call at the Slatonite office.

## I SHOT BEARS HERE THIRTY YEARS AGO SAYS P. M. COX

P. M. Cox left Slaton Wednesday for his home at Meridian, Texas, after a visit of several days with his brother, Roy Cox, at the old Igo ranch headquarters in the Brazos Canyon north of Slaton. Mr. P. M. Cox is an old time cowboy who rode after cattle on these plains for several years. Ten years ago he went east, and is now manager of the Brazos Valley Telephone and Telegraph Company at Meridian.

"My, how this country has changed in ten years," he said the other day, when talking to a friend. "Fifteen years ago Lubbock was a country post office, and now I find a dozen good towns on the South Plains; and where there used to be nothing but range grass there are now hundreds of productive farms—a circumstance almost unbelievable to an old range rider who has been away from here. Why, thirty years ago I used to shoot bears in the Castro canyon near the place where Canyon City now is. It has been ten years since I rode a bronc, and I found out to my surprise the other day that I couldn't stay with a horse like I used to in the old days when I had a reputation as a rider. I have also

learned that the little customs, habits, and address dear to the life of the Western cowman can get away from a fellow, and it has been a pleasure to me to get back to them again."

Miss Alice McFadin, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Pool, arrived in Slaton Saturday with two immigrant cars for Miss McFadin's ranch southwest of Slaton. Since buying the ranch last summer Miss McFadin has shipped ten immigrant cars in all from Circleville, Texas, to Slaton and is putting extensive improvements on the land. She came up Saturday to establish her home permanently on her South Plains land. It is her intention to put actual farmers on the land and get it under cultivation. This is the old J. R. Miller place.

## WHITEHEAD LOST 37 BALES COTTON BY FIRE LAST WEEK

A. E. Whitehead lost 37 bales of cotton Friday night last week by fire. The cotton was stored on the prairie near the gin, and the fire was well started before it was discovered, and could not be put out. The loss was complete, and the origin of the fire is unknown.

Robertson's store is keeping up with the latest innovations in the city stores, and has abandoned the use of tables and counters except at the piece goods shelves. In the place of the counters the store uses a shelf base. The shelves in the store have been extended to the rear, and a picketed office placed in the center of the room. A ladies' rest room will be put in at the rear, and everything shaped up to make the place right up to the modern store ideas. Robertson's is adding new lines to its stock every month, and will soon have in an entirely new line of surplus stock for the notion department. They will soon have a complete line of candies, perfumes, and toilet articles from the best manufacturing houses. Keep up with Robertson's and you will get all the latest in the buying world.

The Slaton Odd Fellows installed officers Monday night, had a little banquet, and enjoyed their privileges as Three Linkers until the wee small hours. The officers installed were G. L. Sledge, N. G.; D. C. Stokes, V. G.; L. P. Loomis, Secy.; R. A. Baldwin, Treas. and D. D. G. M.; J. G. Wadsworth, R. S.; E. S. DeLoach, L. S.; R. H. Tudor, W.; F. H. Hoffman, I. C.; S. J. Wilkins, O. G.; R. J. Murray, C.; W. L. Jones, C.; I. W. Hudgens, R. S. S.; G. W. Dudley, L. S. S.; F. V. Williams, R. S. V. G.; Joe H. Teague, L. S. V. G. After installation J. C. Stewart was admitted and conducted through the mysteries of the Initiatory degree. Then the "eat'n's" were brought on, and proved one of the biggest enjoyments of a big night.

H. T. McGee had a big bunch of prospectors from the north last week and sold Slaton land to over half of them.

## Banner Poultry Netting

is the best for your garden fence. We have any width you want, and would be glad to have you examine the quality.

A. L. BRANNON, Hardware

We want to sell you your

## Builders Hardware

to build a home, and

## Furniture

to furnish your home.

FORREST HARDWARE



# Specials for the Last Day of Robertson's Sale

**Our Sale Closes Saturday, Jan. 23rd.** If you have not visited this sale ask your neighbor what you've missed. If you have been in and seen our prices then come again and see our second Great Reduction.

## For This Day Only We Have Reduced Again

\$1.25 Silk Poplins, Reduced to 87c, in Saturday's Sale ..... 76c  
 \$1.50 Silk Poplins, Reduced to 98c, in Saturday's Sale ..... 81c  
 \$1.25 White Serge, Reduced to 89c, Saturday's Price ..... 70c  
 \$1.25 Fancy Serge, Reduced to 87c, Saturday's Price ..... 73c

**20 Per Cent Off on All Shoes**

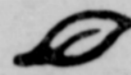
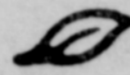
## For This Day Only We Have Reduced Again

25c Morlaix Suiting, Reduced to 19c, Saturday's Price ..... 16c  
 25c Bates Crepe, Reduced to 21c, Saturday's Price ..... 19c  
 50c Winsome Silk, Reduced to 33c, Saturday's Price ..... 27c  
 \$10.25 Fur Set, Reduced to \$6.19, Saturday's Price ..... \$5.89

**These Prices Are for Saturday Only**

The exact amount of beans in the bowl will be posted Saturday at 4 p. m. in the store. Try to be present. Your guess may win.

# ROBERTSON'S



# SLATON

Received a New Line of

# RUGS

at Howerton's  
**COME AND SEE THE DISPLAY**

## S. C. Marrs

Contractor  
 and  
 Builder

Slaton . . Texas

### Local and Personal.

Don't forget that A. L. Brannon will save you money on builders' hardware.

B. W. Davis and his daughter, Mrs. J. D. Butler, went to Galveston Saturday on a visit.

If it's lumber you need we have it, and can supply you.—J. W. Richey, the New Yard.

The Tribune of Saint Jo, Tex., quotes the local top price of cotton at that place at 8.30 last week.

Robertson's handles nothing but quality goods. Make us show you.

J. L. Hoffman is building a house on his lot in South Slaton for his own use.

Call and get acquainted at the New Lumber Yard. We want to meet you.—J. W. Richey.

Movie show tonight and tomorrow night. The Mutual Girl films will be shown Saturday night.

"Among the Breakers," a comedy drama, will be given in Slaton in the near future, under the auspices of the Missionary Society.

Messrs. Neil Wright and C. D. Swift of Lubbock, were visitors in Slaton Tuesday. Mr. Wright is the very able representative of the Southland Insurance company and the F. L. T. Lodge. Mr. Swift is an old resident of Slaton.

It should be a matter of pride to our citizens that for two years no violation of the law has occurred within its boundaries that would be of sufficient importance to warrant an indictment. This grand jury is the fourth in succession that has been held in this county without a single bill being found. All minor offenses have been punished by the county and justice courts, thus saving our county much expense.—Post City Post.

**Accused Man Is Convicted at Frankfurt, But the Bacteria Were Not Found.**

New York.—Some time ago public attention was directed to an attempt at blackmail through mailing virulent germs to various wealthy persons, together with the pleas for aid and the offer of an antidote or positive cure. Recently, in Germany, a man named Hopf was arrested on suspicion of having killed his wife by inoculation with disease germs and the internal administration of arsenic.

Before the criminal court in Frankfurt he was charged with the murder of his father and his mother, two of his children, and his first and second wives, and with the attempted murder of his third wife. All the persons killed had been heavily insured. Arsenic was found in the bodies of the children and the first wife, but the second wife he had cremated. He denied having inoculated his wives and there was no post-mortem evidence that he had done so; but he stated that he had used such bacteria for experiments on dogs in connection with certain private studies, although he was not a bacteriologist or a medical man.

The bacterial cultures were purchased in Vienna, because no German laboratory was willing to supply the cultures which he ordered, using the name of an alleged scientific institution. The jury found him guilty of murder in all the cases except those of his parents. Medical experts declared that the man was not insane.

## Comparative 1914 Rainfall Record

	Clovis	Andrews	Lubbock	Dallas	Slaton
January	.0	.30	.15	1.06	.0
February	.12	.01	.10	2.08	.30
March	.13	.02	.29	4.09	.0
April	3.42	.10	1.47	5.69	2.15
May	6.58	2.26	4.04	7.10	5.95
June	1.23	5.17	3.86	2.86	6.05
July	1.95	11.90	6.17	1.00	10.65
August	1.71	3.03	5.95	6.30	6.90
September	.84	1.62	.46	2.09	1.12
October	3.40	3.15	7.12	.35	6.13
November	.35	1.89	.35	4.80	.50
December	.62	1.72	1.47	3.43	1.00
Totals	20.35	31.17	31.43	40.85	40.75

WHEN IN LUBBOCK

and in need of a

## JOHN B. STETSON HAT

drop in and see us. We have everything from the regular staples to the

### Latest Creations in Head Gear

New Shipment just arrived  
 direct from the factory.

## CHRIS HARWELL

MERCHANT TAILOR AND GENTS FURNISHINGS  
 LUBBOCK, TEXAS

"We Will Make Right That Which Is Not Right"

## The Richey

## Lumber Yard

To Figure Your Bill for Less

## Slaton Livery Barn

G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor

Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations.

We have for sale at all times—

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

## This Farm \$20 Per Acre

For Sale, 160 acres land, all smooth and level, 5 miles west of Slaton at \$20.00 per acre. \$400.00 cash, balance one note payable in 15 years at 8 per cent.

For Sale—2 room house and lot, south front, close in, small barn \$250. \$25 cash, balance \$10 per month.

H. D. TALLEY, SLATON, TEXAS

## SLATON PLANING MILL

R. H. TUDOR, Proprietor

Contracting and Building

Estimates furnished on short notice. All work given careful and prompt attention. Give us a trial.

North Side of the Square



**CONSTRUCTING INEXPENSIVE ICE HOUSE**

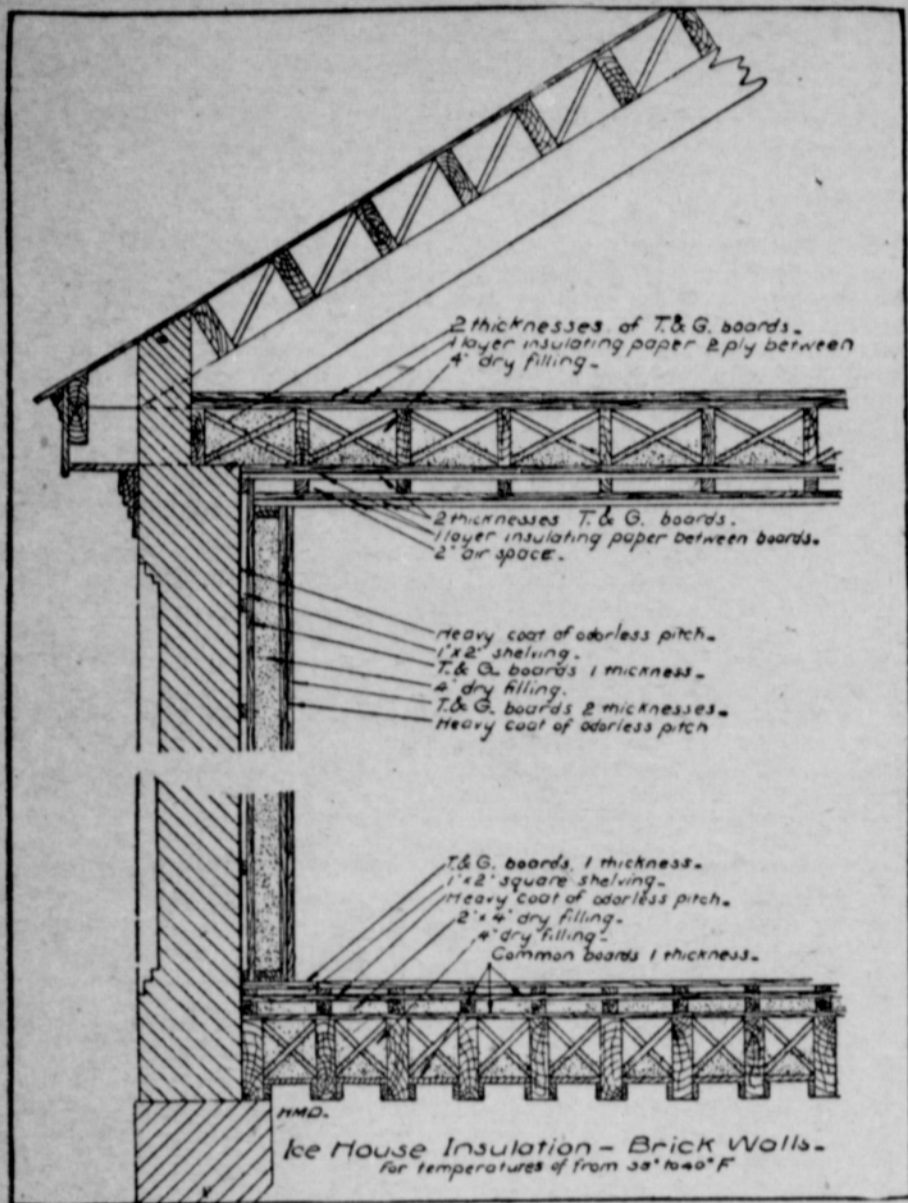


Diagram Showing Insulation of an Ice House for Storing Ice Without Sawdust or Shavings.

The length of time ice may be kept depends upon the character of insulation provided. This will naturally vary with the location of the ice house and the method of construction. Another important factor will be the cost of construction.

The simplest type of ice preservation consists in stacking the cakes in a compact mass on a well-drained site, as well protected as possible by natural or artificial barriers from sun and wind, and covering the mass with sawdust, shavings, fodder, marsh hay, or any other good insulating material. Such a crude method is not to be recommended except as a temporary makeshift for ice which is to be used early in the season.

An inexpensive ice house that will give satisfaction in places where the temperature approximates that of New York City and localities to the north may be constructed as follows: As a site for the structure choose a well-sheltered location convenient to the place where the bulk of the ice will be used during the season. If the area is not well drained naturally, grade the surface so that no surface water can ever flow into or through the building and so that the water from the melting of the ice will be quickly disposed of. In some instances it may be necessary to provide tile drains laid 15 or 18 inches below the surface to care for this water.

Having properly provided against water, both from without and from within the ice house, set a line of squared or flattened poles four feet apart, so as to form a square of the dimensions desired. The height of the poles should be the same as the length of the side of the square, if the greatest economy of space and the best keeping conditions for the ice are desired, i. e., a building 14 feet square should be 14 feet high. A house of this size will provide storage for a cube of ice 11x11x11 feet, which, without allowance for voids, is equivalent to about thirty-eight tons. (A cubic foot of ice weighs approximately 58 pounds, and one ton of ice oc-

cupes nearly thirty-five cubic feet.) To complete the ice house, cut the posts to a uniform height and nail a double 2x4 inch or 2x6 inch plate on top of them.

In order that the house may be filled without unnecessary labor a continuous door should be provided in the middle of one end. The door should be made in two or three sections, and as the house is filled, loose planks of proper length should be at hand to place across the opening of the door to hold the packing material in place as the heap of ice grows in height.

The ice must be placed on a bed of sawdust, shavings, or other packing material at least 15 inches deep, and the rick of ice should not approach the side walls closer than 15 or 18 inches, the intervening space being filled with packing material and thoroughly rammed.

**Masonry Ice Houses.**

Instead of the cheap, temporary construction just described, ice houses of a permanent nature can be built from brick, stone or concrete. In these, as in frame-constructed houses, the mass of ice should approach as closely as possible a cube in form. If the masonry house is to be used in the same manner as the temporary house no inside lining will be necessary. The packing used about the mass of ice may be allowed, to come in direct contact with the wall. A 13-inch brick wall or a 12-inch concrete wall will provide the necessary strength. The masonry walls are not as good non-conductors as timber walls. It will therefore be necessary for the protection of the ice to rely on the packing material rather than on the wall itself. If the house is to be used for storing ice without the use of sawdust or shavings the construction indicated in the accompanying figure must be followed. The lining must be as complete on the floor and ceiling as on the side walls in order to provide safe insulation.

Masonry houses may be constructed entirely above ground or partly below the surface, as convenience or necessity may dictate.

**LIVE STOCK NOTES**

Never feed wet alfalfa hay to horses.  
It takes good blood as well as a good feeder to make fat cattle.  
A blanket of fat on the fall pig is worth bushels of corn in the crib.  
Sheep need some roots at this season of the year and plenty of clean water.  
It is neither essential nor is it good economy to feed the horse all of the hay he can eat.  
Watch your horses, first in gait, then in strength, then in size and after that in color, style, etc.  
No man deserves sympathy when he is compelled to sell his stock in a half-finished condition because they

are not doing well in a muddy feed lot.

As a rule the fact that a horse's genealogy can be traced back to some noted horse adds to his value.

It is well enough to help Nature in caring for stock, but it is all wrong to set Nature's way aside and place our swine in damp and poorly ventilated houses.

Remember that the horse is the most nervous of all animals, and that little things annoy and irritate him. He will be contented or miserable according as you treat him.

It does not make much difference whether horses are watered before or after eating. It is largely a matter of habit, and experiments show that one time is about as good as another.

Many horses instinctively haul off and kick when they are surprised. Say, "Whoa," whenever you go up to the side of a horse. May save you a broken leg, or perhaps your life.

**DAINTY BOUDOIR WEAR**

NEGLIGEEES ARE ALMOST BEWITCHINGLY BEAUTIFUL.

Illustration Shows One of the Prettiest of the Modes—Great Variety of Colors May Be Selected for Its Creation.

"Good enough to eat," has long qualified as a verbal seal of approval on those things that particularly call forth one's admiration, and in connection with the new negligees the term certainly seems suitable.

Just the mere term "negligee" does not seem half expressive enough for the delicious clouds of lace and billows of chiffon that make up new and bewitching room gowns! For instance, the dainty one here shown. We can almost offer a guaranty that anyone



The Eye is Pleas'd by the New Negligees.

can look pretty in it and the quaintly pretty boudoir cap.

A white crepe de chine petticoat slip is the foundation, writes Lillian E. Young in the Washington Star. It may have an embroidered border or be finished with flounce of lace or self-material. The top is plain with the petticoat gathered to it at an empire waist line.

A simple kimono-sleeved bodice makes the top of the coat to which the full skirt is gathered with a wide beading and a high-waisted encircling line of roses. The front edges slope downward and away from the waist, and are cut in large scallops bound with taffeta. The neck of the bodice and the sleeves are edged with white fur.

Use azure blue, shell pink, maize yellow, orchid or white chiffon for this model, with little pink roses at the waist and white rabbit or marabout about the neck and sleeves. Keep the under slip white.

The cap is a new one. It consists of two ruffles of net or chiffon caught through the center to the head size with a band of ribbon and trimmed at either side with tiny roses. These ruffles, of course, encircle a plain, close-fitting cap crown.

Such a design should make a special appeal to you happy ones who wear a solitaire on the fourth finger of your left hand.

**TO PLEASE THE SMALL GIRL**

Designers Have Created for Her Some of the Most Adorable Hats and Bonnets.

The small girl's hat of this present year might have been painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds or Greuze. Velvets and furs, plumes and flowers—all lay their tribute at the shrine of this young person of from four to eight.

Plumes are particularly in evidence this year, and there are most adorable bonnets of silk and velvet and fur, with a scoop brim that is underneath all soft shirred silk of either white or some delicate color and is on top one or two long plumes brought softly about to streamers of ribbon in the back. Here, for the heroine of four, is one with a crown of brocade velvet—a rather large, puffy crown—and a softly bent brim, followed picturesquely by two light-blue ostrich feathers with uncurled flanges. To paint the fly, there is a rosebud or two tucked in between the feathers. A cock velvet makes two of the

very prettiest hats noted for her "going on six." Both of these are the dear little mushroom shapes which we know, and both are combined with other materials in a way to make every mother's heart melt. In the first one there is a band of moleskin brought about the crown and punctuated with rosebuds that fall carelessly and at irregular intervals over the brim. Another sets twixt a frill, gold net on the upper side and black on the lower, a garland of silken fruit.

A change from the mushroom is offered by this little imported, whose straight brim and gathered crown are of white silk with a Poiret-like floral pattern of red and green. A return to the mushroom is, however, very grateful when we behold the next hat of brocade velvet in that soft shade of blue that Watteau loved so well. This is encircled about the crown with a curling ostrich plume of white, accentuated by the little black tails of the ermine which are artfully placed against this snowy background.

**TURBANS REMAIN IN FAVOR**

Innumerable Smart Models to Select From, and Almost Equal Variety of Materials.

Turbans continue, if anything, more popular than ever. Russian effects, Scotch effects, various notched and cornered styles and very long, severe, boat-shaped models are smart. Large sailors are worn for knockabout, and huge, flaring Gainsboroughs are among the dressy models.

Fur-cloth is much used in the making of smart turbans, combined with dull, soft tinsel, panne velvet and satin, also frequently combined with felt. Tinsel ornaments and tinsel braids are used to bind brims and edge novel fancies. Bandings of various widths, edgings, cockades, bows, huge loops, tassels and rabbits' ears of fur are all used as trimmings.

Frequently a single flower is used in combination with fur. Metal roses are favored for this purpose. Some of the newest flowers have fur petals or fur centers. All sorts of tall trim fancies of peacock, ostrich, coque and burnt novelties are used for trimming small turbans. Beaded and spangled birds and ornaments continue to be popular.

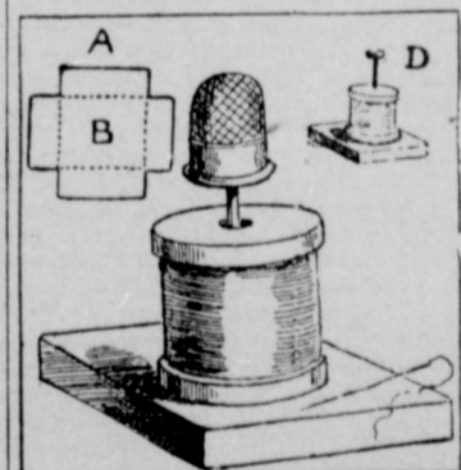
**KEEP SMALL ARTICLES HANDY**

With This in Sewing Room, the Cotton and Thimble Need Never Be Misplaced.

Our sketch shows a handy little article that will prove very useful and that can be made in a few moments. The base is composed of a small square piece of wood, and the sketch clearly indicates the shape and size of it in proportion to the reel of cotton. This piece of wood is smoothly covered with thin silk, the material being turned over at the edges and fastened on underneath with a strong adhesive.

Diagram A illustrates the shape in which the silk should be cut out and the space B enclosed in the dotted lines should correspond in size with the surface of the wood.

The reel of cotton is fastened in its place in the center, with a long thin brass-headed nail, and on this nail the reel will revolve freely while the cotton is being drawn off. Diagram D illustrates the holder in this stage,



and upon the top of the nail a thimble can be placed in the manner shown in the larger sketch and a needle may be run through the silk covering the surface of the wood. This is also indicated in the illustration.

A little holder of this nature, when not required for home use, would make a salable novelty to prepare for a bazaar.

**Sashes and Belts.**

Sashes and belts vary enormously, and are decidedly quaint. Some of the waistless gowns are rendered all the more waistless by extra drapery, which seems added on purpose to enlarge the figure. One of these shows a pretty draped wide sash of black faille introduced into the side seam of a stone-colored velvet suit braided with black, the sash tying in the center of the front. Another shown in the form of a gathered waistcoat between the fronts of a long coat emerges at the side and immediately hangs down loose, not attempting to tie at all.

**BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"**

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

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

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

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

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

Time for Arbitration. "Nigger," warned one, "don't mess wid me, 'cause when you do you sure is flirtin' wid d' hearse."

"Don't pestigate wid me, nigger," replied the other, shaking his fist, "don't fo'ce me t' press diss upon yo', 'cause if I does I'll hit yo' so ha'd I'll separate you' ideas from yo' habits; I'll jess knock you fum amazin' grace to a flotin' opportunity."

"If you mess wid me, nigger," continued the other, "I'll jess make one pass and dere'll be a man pattin' yo' in de face wid a spade tomorrow mornin'."—National Monthly.

**FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE**

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

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

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

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

His Method Exactly. The teacher in an East side school was reproaching Tommy, who had "licked" Heine in satisfaction for a grievance, says the New York Evening Post. Tommy's penitence was at a low ebb and teacher's golden rule admonishing fell on unresponsive ears. But at last she struck a responsive note. "The right way to treat your enemies, Tommy," she said, "is to heap coals of fire on his head." "Yes, ma'am, that's jes what I done," said Tommy, brightening. "I give him 'ell!"

Her Age. Judge—What is your age, madam? Witness—Twenty-seven and some months. Judge—I want your exact age, please. How many months? Witness—One hundred and twenty.

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

Another Slander. Teacher—In French money is feminine. Can anyone tell me why? Pupil—Yes, ma'am; because it talks.

Most particular women use Red Cross Ball Blue. American made. Sure to please. At all good grocers. Adv.

If you can float a loan these days you are right in the swim.



# The Last Shot

BY  
FREDERICK PALMER

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## 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 of the Browns injured by a fall in his aeroplane. Ten years later, Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, re-enforces South La Tir and meditates on war. Marta tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, and begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff. Lanstron calls on Marta at her home. She tells Lanstron that she believes Feller, the gardener, to be a spy. Lanstron confesses it is true and shows her a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passage under the tower for use to benefit the Browns in war emergencies. Lanstron declares his love for Marta. Westerling and the Gray premier plan to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike patriotism and strike before declaring war. Partow, Brown chief of staff, reveals his plans to Lanstron, made vice chief. The Gray army crosses the border line and attacks. The Browns check them. Artillery, infantry, aeroplanes and dirigibles engage. Marta has her first glimpse of war in its modern, cold, scientific, murderous brutality. The Browns fall back to the Galland house. Marta sees a night attack. The Grays attack in force. Feller leaves his secret telephone and goes back to his guns. Hand to hand fighting. The Browns fall back again. Marta asks Lanstron over the phone to appeal to Partow to stop the fighting. Vandalism in the Galland house. Westerling and his staff occupy the Galland house and he begins to woo Marta, who apparently throws her fortunes with the Grays and offers valuable information. She calls up Lanstron on the secret telephone and plans to give Westerling information that will trap the Gray army. Westerling forms his plan of attack upon what he learns from her. The Grays take Bordir.

## CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"This is like you—like what I want you to be!" he said. "You are right." He caught her hand, inclosing it entirely in his grip, and she was sensible, in a kind of dazed horror, of the thrill of his strength. "Nothing can stop us! Numbers will win! Hard fighting in the mercy of a quick end!" he declared with his old rigidity of five against three which was welcome to her. "Then," he added—"and then—"

"Then!" she repeated, averting her glance. "Then—" There the devil ended the sentence and she withdrew her hand and felt the relief of one escaping suffocation, to find that he had realized that anything further during that interview would be banality and was rising to go.

"I don't feel decent!" she thought. "Society turned on Minna for a human weakness, but I—I'm not a human being! I am one of the pawns of the machine of war!"

Walking slowly with lowered head as she left the arbor, she almost ran into Bouchard, who apologized with the single word "Pardon!" as he lifted his cap in overdone courtesy, which his stolid brevity made the more conspicuous.

"Miss Galland, you seem lost in abstraction," he said in sudden loquacity. "I am almost on the point of accusing you of being a poet."

"Accusing!" she replied. "Then you must think that I would write bad poetry."

"On the contrary, I should say excellent—using the sonnet form," he returned.

"I might make a counter accusation, only that yours would be the epic form," answered Marta. "For you, too, seem fond of rambling."

There was a veiled challenge in the hawk eyes, which she met with commonplace politeness in hers, before she again lifted his cap and proceeded on his way.

For the next two weeks Marta's role resolved itself into a kind of routine. Their cramped quarters became a refuge to Marta in the trial of her secret work under the very nose of the staff. With little Clarissa Eileen, they formed the only feminine society in the neighborhood. On sunny days Mrs. Galland was usually to be found in her favorite chair outside the tower door; and here Minna set the urn on a table at four-thirty as in the old days.

No member of the staff was more frequently present at Marta's teas than Bouchard, who was developing his social instinct late in life by sitting in the background and allowing others to do the talking while he watched and listened. In his hearing, Marta's attitude toward the progress of the war was sympathetic but never interrogatory, while she shared attention with Clarissa Eileen, who was in danger of becoming spoiled by officers who had children of their own at home. After the reports of killed and wounded, which came with such appalling regularity, it was a relief to hear of the day's casualties among Clarissa's dolls. The chief of transportation and supply rode her on his shoulder; the chief of tactics played hide-and-seek with her; the chief engineer

built her a doll house of stones with his own hands; and the chief medical officer was as concerned when she caught cold as if the health of the army were at stake.

"We mustn't get too set up over all this attention, Clarissa Eileen, my rival," said Marta to the child. "You are the only little girl and I am the only big girl within reach. If there were lots of others it would be different."

Bouchard was losing flesh; his eyes were sinking deeper under a heavier frown. His duty being to get information, he was gaining none. His duty being to keep the Grays' secrets, there was a leak somewhere in his own department. He quizzed subordinates; he made abrupt transfers, to no avail.

Meanwhile, the Grays were taking the approaches to the main line of defense, which had been thought relatively immaterial but had been found shrewdly placed and their vulnerability overestimated. The thunders of batteries hammering them became a routine of existence, like the passing of trains to one living near a railroad. The guns went on while tea was being served; they ushered in dawn and darkness; they were going when sleep came to those whom they later awakened with a start. Fights as desperate as the one around the house became features of this period, which was only a warming-up practice for the war demon before the orgy of impending assault on the main line.

Marta began to realize the immensity of the chessboard and of the forces engaged in more than the bare statement of numbers and distances. If a first attack on a position failed, the wires from the Galland house repeated their orders to concentrate more guns and attack again. In the end the Browns always yielded, but grudgingly, calculatingly, never being taken by surprise. The few of them who fell prisoners said, "God with us! We shall win in the end!" and answered no questions. Gradually the Gray army began to feel that it was battling with a mystery which was fighting under cover, falling back under cover—a tenacious, watchful mystery that sent sprays of death into every finger of flesh that the Grays thrust forward in assault.

"Another position taken. Our advance continues," was the only news that Westerling gave to the army, his people, and the world, which forgot its sports and murders and divorce cases in following the progress of the first great European war for two generations. He made no mention of the costs; his casualty lists were secret. The Gray hosts were sweeping forward as a slow, irresistible tide; this by Partow's own admission. He announced the loss of a position as promptly as the Grays its taking. He published a daily list of casualties so meager in contrast to their own that the Grays thought it false; he made known the names of the killed and wounded to their relatives. Yet the seeming candor of his press bureau included no straw of information of military value to the enemy.

Westerling never went to tea at the Gallands' with the other officers, for it was part of his cultivation of greatness to keep aloof from his subordinates. His meetings with Marta happened casually when he went out into the garden. Only once had he made any reference to the "And then" of their interview in the arbor.

"I am winning battles for you!" he had exclaimed with the thing in his eyes which she loathed.

To her it was equivalent to saying that she had tricked him into sending men to be killed in order to please her. She despised herself for the way he confided in her; yet she had to go on keeping his confidence, returning a tender glance with one that held out hope. She learned not to shudder when he spoke of a loss of "only ten thousand." In order to rally herself when she grew faint-hearted to her task, she learned to picture the lines of his face hard-set with five-against-three brutality, while in comfort he ordered multitudes to death, and, in contrast, to recall the smile of Dellarme, who asked his soldiers to undergo no risk that he would not share. And after every success he would remark that he was so much nearer Engadir, that position of the main line of defense whose weakness she had revealed.

"Your Engadir!" he came to say. "Then we shall again profit by your information; that is, unless they have fortified since you received it."

"They haven't. They had already

fortified!" she thought. She was always seeing the mockery of his words in the light of her own knowledge and her own part, which never escaped her consciousness. One chamber of her mind was acting for him; a second chamber was perfectly aware that the other was acting.

"One position more—the Twin Boulder Redoubt, it is called," he announced at last. "We shall not press hard in front. We shall drive in masses on either side and storm the flanks."

This she was telephoning to Lanstron a few minutes later and having, in return, all the news of the Browns. The sheer fascination of knowing what both sides were doing exerted its spell in keeping her to her part.

"They've lost four hundred thousand men now, Lanny," she said.

"And we only a hundred thousand. We're whittling them down," answered Lanstron.

"Whittling them down! What a ghastly expression!" she gasped. "You are as bad as Westerling and I am worse than either of you! I—I announced the four hundred thousand as if they were a score—a score in a game in our favor. I am helping, Lanny? All my sacrifice isn't for nothing?" she asked for the hundredth time.

"Immeasurably. You have saved us many lives!" he replied.

"And cost them many?" she asked.

"Yes, Marta, no doubt," he admitted; "but no more than they would have lost in the end. It is only the mounting up of their casualties that can end the war. Thus the lesson must be taught."

"And I can be of most help when the attack on the main defense is begun?"

"Yes."

"And when Westerling finds that my information is false about Engadir—then—"

She had never put the question to him in this way before. What would Westerling do if he found her out?

"My God, Marta!" he exclaimed. "If I'd had any sense I would have thought of that in the beginning and torn out the phone! I've been mad, mad with the one thought of the nation—inhuman in my greedy patriotism. I will not let you go any further!"

It was a new thing for her to be rallying him; yet this she did as the strange effect of his protest on the abnormal sensibilities that her acting had developed.

"Thinking of me—little me!" she called back. "Of one person's comfort when hundreds of thousands of other women are in terror; when the destiny of millions is at stake! Lanny, you are in a blue funk!" and she was laughing forcedly and hectically. "I'm going on—going on like one in a trance who can't stop if he would. It's all right, Lanny. I undertook the task myself. I must see it through!"

After she had hung up the receiver her buoyancy vanished. She leaned against the wall of the tunnel weakly. Yes, what if she were found out? She was thinking of the possibility seriously for the first time. Yet, for only a moment did she dwell upon it before she dismissed it in sudden reaction.

"No matter what they do to me or what becomes of me!" she thought. "I'm a lost soul, anyway. The thing is to serve as long as I can—and then I don't care!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

### Thumbs Down for Bouchard.

Haggard and at bay, Bouchard faced the circle of frowns around the polished expanse of that precious heirloom, the dining-room table of the Gallands. The dreaded reckoning of the apprehensions which kept him restlessly awake at night had come at the next staff council after the fall of the Twin Boulder Redoubt. With the last approach to the main line of defense cleared, one chapter of the war was finished. But the officers did not manifest the elation that the occasion called for, which is not saying that they were discouraged. They had no doubt that eventually the Grays would dictate peace in the Browns' capital. Exactly stated, their mood was one of repressed professional irritation. Not until the third attempt was Twin Boulder Redoubt taken. As far as results were concerned, the nicely planned first assault might have been a stroke of strategy by the Browns to drive the Grays into an impassable fire zone.

"The trouble is we are not informed!" exclaimed Turcas, opening his thin lips even less than usual, but twisting them in a significant manner as he gave his words a rasping emphasis. The others hastened to follow his lead with equal candor.

"Exactly. We have no reports of their artillery strength, which we had greatly underestimated," said the chief of artillery.

"Our maps of their forts could not be less correct if revealed to us for purposes of deceit. Again and again we have thought that we had them surprised, only to be surprised ourselves. In short, they know what we are doing and we don't know what they are doing!" said the tactical expert.

There the chief of the aerostatic division took the defensive.

"They certainly don't learn our plans with their planes and dirigibles!" he declared energetically.

"Hardly, when we never see them over our lines."

"The Browns are acting on the defensive in the air as well as on the earth!"

"But our own planes and dirigibles bring little news," said Turcas. "I mean, those that return," he added pungently.

"And few do return. My men are not wanting in courage!" replied the chief aerostatic officer. "Immediately we get over the Brown lines the Browns, who keep cruising to and fro, are on us like hawks. They risk anything to bring us down. When we descend low we strike the fire of their high-angle guns, which are distributed the length of the frontier. I believe both their aerial fleet and their high-angle artillery were greatly underestimated. Finally, I cannot reduce my force too much in scouting or they might take the offensive."

"Another case of not being informed!" concluded Turcas, returning firmly to his point.

He looked at Bouchard, and every one began looking at Bouchard. If the Gray tacticians had been outplayed by their opponents, if their losses for the ground gained exceeded calculations, then it was good to have a scapegoat for their professional mistakes. Bouchard was Westerling's choice for chief of intelligence. His blind loyalty was pleasing to his superior, who, hitherto, had promptly silenced any suggestion of criticism by repeating that the defensive always appeared to the offensive to be better informed than itself. But this time Westerling let the conversation run on without a word of excuse for his favorite.

Each fresh reproach from the staff, whose opinion was the only god he knew, was a dagger thrust to Bouchard. At night he had lain awake worrying about the leak; by day he had sought to trace it, only to find every clew leading back to the staff. Now he was as confused in his shame as a sensitive schoolboy. Vaguely, in his distress, he heard Westerling asking a question, while he saw all those eyes staring at him.

"What information have we about Engadir?"

"I believe it to be strongly fortified!" stammered Bouchard.

"You believe! You have no information?" pursued Westerling.

"No, sir," replied Bouchard. "Nothing—nothing new!"

"We do seem to get little information," said Westerling, looking hard at Bouchard in silence—the combined silence of the whole staff.

This public reproof could have but one meaning. He should soon receive a note which would thank him politely for his services, in the stereotyped phrases always used for the purpose, before announcing his transfer to a less responsible post.

"Very little, sir!" Bouchard replied doggedly.

"There is that we had from one of our aviators whose machine came down in a smash just as he got over our infantry positions on his return," said the chief aerostatic officer. "He was in a dying condition when we picked him up, and, as he was speaking with the last breaths in his body, naturally his account of what he had seen was somewhat incoherent. It would be of use, however, if we had plans of the forts that would enable us to check off his report intelligently."

"Yet, what evidence have we that Partow or Lanstron has done more than to make a fortunate guess or show military insight?" Westerling asked. "There is the case of my own belief that Bordir was weak, which proved correct."

"Last night we got a written telegraphic staff message from the body of a dead officer of the Browns found in the Twin Boulder Redoubt," said the vice-chief, "which showed that in an hour after our plans were transmitted to our own troops for the first attack they were known to the enemy."

"That looks like a leak!" exclaimed Westerling, "a leak, Bouchard, do you hear?" He was frowning and his lips were drawn and his cheeks mottled with red in a way not pleasant to see.

Stiffening in his chair, a flash of desperation in his eye, Bouchard's bony, long hand gripped the table edge. Every one felt that a sensation was coming.

"Yes, I have known that there was a leak!" he said with hoarse, painful deliberation. "I have sent out every possible tracer. I have followed up every sort of clew. I have transferred a dozen men. I have left nothing undone!"

"With no result?" persisted Westerling impatiently.

"Yes, always the same result: That the leak is here in this house—here in the grand headquarters of the army under our very noses. I know it is not the telegraphers or the clerks. It is a member of the staff!"

"Have you gone out of your head?" demanded Westerling. "What staff officer? How does he get the information to the enemy? Name the persons you suspect here and now! Explain, if you want to be considered sane!"

Here was the blackest accusation that could be made against an officer! The chosen men of the staff, tested through many grades before they reached the inner circle of cabinet secrecy, lost the composure of a council. All were leaning forward toward Bouchard breathless for his answer.

"There are three women on the grounds," said Bouchard. "I have been against their staying from the first I—"

He got no further. His words were drowned by the outburst of one of the younger members of the staff, who had either to laugh or choke at the picture of this deep-eyed, spectral sort of man, known as a woman-hater, in his revelation of the farcical source of his suspicions.

"Why not include Clarissa Eileen?" some one asked, starting a chorus of satirical exclamations.

"How do they get through the line?"

"Yes, past a wall of bayonets?"

"When not even a soldier in uniform is allowed to move away from his command without a pass?"

"By wireless?"

"Perhaps by telepathy!"

"Unless," said the chief of the aerostatic division, grinning, "Bouchard lends them the use of our own wires through the capital and around by the neutral countries across the Brown frontier!"

"But the correct plans and location of their forts and the numbers of their heavy guns and of their planes and dirigibles—your failure to have this information is not the result of any leak from our staff since the war began," said Turcas in his dry, penetrating voice, clearing the air of the smoke of scattered explosions.

"All were staring at Bouchard again. What answer had he to this? He was in the box, the evidence stated by the prosecutor. Let him speak!"

He was fairly beside himself in a paroxysm of rage and struck at the air with his clenched fist.

"Lanstron!" he cried. "There's no purpose in that. He can't hear you!" said Turcas, dry as ever.

"He might, through the leak," said the chief aerostatic officer, who considered that many of his gallant subordinates had lost their lives through Bouchard's inefficiency. "Perhaps Clarissa Eileen has already telepathically wigwagged it to him."

To lose your temper at a staff council is most unbecoming. Turcas would have kept his if hit in the back by a fool automobilist. Westerling had now recovered his. He was again the superman in command.

"It is for you and not for us to locate the leak; yes, for you!" he said. "That is all on the subject for the present," he added in a tone of mixed pity and contempt, which left Bouchard freed from the stare of his colleagues and in the miserable company of his humiliation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## NOTHING NEW IN JOKE LINE

Foolish Is the Humorist Who Would Insist That This "Has Never Been Sprung Before."

A reader of the Docket in New York city cut out the item relating to the dissolution of partnership, in which one partner makes the statement that "those who owe the firm will settle with him, and those that the firm owes will settle with Mose," and sends it back to us with this notation: "This was an old chestnut when I lived in —, which was in 1855."

To this charge we enter a plea of confession and avoidance. We contend that the courts will take judicial notice of the fact that there is nothing new under the sun, and in our judgment the jokesmith is well within his rights in resurrecting a joke which was old in 1855.

The incident brings to mind the following story: "The editor of a Minnesota newspaper back in the '80s concocted the following: 'Yon Yonson put four sticks of dynamite in the stove last Sunday to thaw them out. The handles were nickel plated and only cost \$10.' A professor of English literature in an eastern university wrote a very interesting article on this joke, claiming that it represented a distinctly American brand of humor, and that it could not have happened in any other country or at any other time."

But alas for the professor of English literature—for there is nothing new under the sun. Reference to II Chronicles, Chapter 16, Verses 12 and 13, produces the following:

12. And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceedingly great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians.

13. And Asa slept with his fathers.—West's Docket.

### Algeria's River of Ink.

In Algeria there is a river of ink. In the upper part of its course it flows through beds of decaying moss, in the lower part through strata of iron ore, and thus, through the combination of the two, its waters acquire very nearly the color and something of the taste of black ink.



**LOCAL AND PERSONAL**

Our candies are always fresh.—Red Cross Pharmacy.

Mrs. L. C. Robertson has been seriously sick this week.

I. W. Hudgens was in Hamlin for a few days last week.

A. B. Robertson went to Fort Worth Wednesday on a business trip.

When you start that building go to A. L. Brannon for the hardware.

E. N. Twaddle closed the deal on the purchase of the W. A. Turner property Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Carpenter returned home last Thursday from La Junta, Colo.

J. W. Short went to Ochiltree yesterday on a business trip, to be away about thirty days.

Now is the time to use Stock and Poultry Food and probably your hogs should have some worm medicine. It will pay you to look after this and get a package. We have it.—Red Cross Pharmacy.

**FOR SALE**—90 Head Cattle. 25 one-year-olds, 50 two-year-olds, 15 four-year-old cows. Also 12 head of springer Jerseys. Will sell or trade for stock cattle.—Ed Hicks, at McDonald's Livestock Barn, Lubbock, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Briggs Robertson went to Fort Worth Wednesday where Mrs. Robertson will visit for about a month. Mr. Robertson went on to Dallas to buy a spring line of goods, and he will be back in a day or two.

**NOTICE**—In connection with my dress-making I will carry a full line of Spring Millinery and will be delighted to assist you in the selection of your Easter Bonnet. So come to the Higbee house and see, Mrs. C. B. Hubbard.

C. A. Anderson, a Slaton visitor from South Dakota, was a pleasant caller at the Slatonite office last Friday. Mr. Anderson purchased land here and is making arrangements to improve the land, put it under cultivation, and move here, making a home place of his South Plains farm.

Mr. Jenkins went to Shreveport, La., yesterday after a visit of a few weeks with his family in Slaton. Mrs. Jenkins is a sister of Miss Alice McFadin and also has land about twenty miles southwest of Slaton where she is moving and will make her home. Mr. Jenkins is a civil engineer and spends much of his time in the oil fields.

The male quartette of the Oregon Athletic Club of Corvallis, Ore., will give an entertainment at the Santa Fe Reading Room on Tuesday, Feb. 9th, under the auspices of the Reading Room Lyceum Course. The personnel of the quartette is L. Ross Johnson, first tenor; H. W. Russell, second tenor; G. R. Thomas, bass; F. J. Greene, baritone.

Plant trees. Every building place in Slaton should have trees on it.

Joe and Clem Kitten hauled out a new feed crusher to their place last week.

Mrs. W. H. Weaver visited the family of the Rev. E. L. Nicholson in Tahoka Friday night last week.

Mrs. B. W. Wilson left Monday for her home at Hamlin after spending a few days in Slaton, the guest of Mrs. R. L. Blanton.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Howell were up from Lynn County from Tuesday to Wednesday visiting Mrs. Howell's brothers, Roy Cox and P. M. Cox.

The Rev. N. B. Graves, accompanied by his wife and son, came to Slaton from Brady, Texas, yesterday. He preached at the Baptist church last night.

John Willard was down from Lubbock last week collecting rentals on his Slaton farm land. His one-third of the crop on 125 acres leased out brought him \$1,200, clear money.

Allene Loomis was hostess to the Junior Needle Club Saturday afternoon, Jan. 23. Needle work and games occupied the hours. Refreshments of marguerites and chocolate were served the small guests.

J. P. Wyrick got the prize at Robertson's store Saturday on the nearest guess to the number of beans in the jar. His guess was 6574; the correct number was 6576. The next closest was Mr. Dubois who guessed 6570.

A. P. Williams of Pauls Valley, Okla., visited his daughters, Mrs. A. L. Nation and Miss Della Williams, in Slaton this week. Mr. Williams said that the appearance of the Slaton country was very pleasing to him.

H. D. Talley last week purchased a one-half interest in the Jordan brick at the northwest corner of the Square, buying the interest of Mrs. Mittie Davidson who is now at Silver City, N. M. A. E. Whitehead owns the other half interest in the property.

Presiding Elder W. H. Terry of Big Spring was in Slaton from Saturday until Monday holding quarterly conference at the M. E. Church. He preached at the 11 o'clock service Sunday and delivered one of the very excellent sermons that he is capable of. At the night service President Leveridge of the Wayland College at Plainview occupied the pulpit and delivered a splendid sermon.

The Slatonite is getting out advertising matter for T. A. Amos for his fine Percheron Stallions, Oklahoma and Omar, which will make the season of 1915 at his barns in South Slaton. Every horse fancier who sees these stallions pronounces them splendid animals, and Mr. Amos asks you to look them over before selecting a breeding sire this season.

To all our old friends who have been loyal to us, who have helped us and whom we have helped as best we knew; And to the newer friends whom we will cherish through the years until they become old friends; And to you whose friendship we want and will strive earnestly to deserve. We tender this

**G R E E T I N G :**

May the New Year be a prosperous and fruitful one. May joy and recompense come to you, May it be our privilege to add to your success.

**FIRST STATE BANK OF SLATON**

**FOR SALE** LOTS 1, 2, 3, Block 32, and Lot 5 in Block 5 in South Slaton Addition. Address Box 215, Alamogordo, N. Mex.

**Five Hundred Club**

Mrs. E. N. Twaddle and daughter, Miss Edna Twaddle, very delightfully entertained the members of the 500 club on Wednesday afternoon, January 20th.

The afternoon was very pleasant and each guest seemed to be in the right mood for a jolly good time.

Nine rounds of the ever popular game were played and at the close Mesdames Hudgens, A. B. Robertson, Jr., and Howerton had tied for top score, each having won six games.

The last but not least enjoyed was the delicious two course lunch served by the hostesses.

After the guests had indulged in a few minutes conversation they began taking leave, each pronouncing this one of the most pleasant afternoons they had spent in some time.

—A Guest.

**The Ladies Aid Society**

On Monday, Feb. 22, the Missionary Society of the Baptist Church will give a Washington Birthday Entertainment. The program promises to be crisp and entertaining throughout, and will number among the most enjoyable of the winter's entertainments.

Our Society meets every Monday afternoon at the church. You are welcome. The next lesson is the book of Ecclesiastes.

—Press Reporter.

**The Missionary Society.**

The Missionary Society of the M. E. church will meet in business meeting at the home of Mrs. J. S. Edwards, Monday, Feb. 1st, at 3 o'clock. A full attendance is requested.

The report of the 1914 Slaton crops raised by Joe and Clem Kitten, as it appears in this paper is absolutely reliable and without exaggeration in any particular. Yet we suspect that it will be read and scoffed at by some one in the north or east who holds a natural prejudice against the Southwest. A general knowledge of the Southwest is absolutely no information about the Slaton country.

Candies, the very best. This is what we have. Take a box home with you.—Red Cross Pharmacy.

E. J. Doolin arrived in Slaton the first of the week with his immigrant car from Cooper.

Don't forget that A. L. Brannon will save you money on builders' hardware.

**PREACHING TONIGHT** at the Baptist Church by the Rev. Graves.

One and one half inches of snow fell last Saturday.

Immigrant cars come to Slaton every week.

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

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

**J. G. WADSWORTH**  
Notary Public  
INSURANCE and RENTALS  
Fire, Tornado, Plate Glass, Automobile, Accident, Health and Burglary Insurance.  
Office at FIRST STATE BANK  
Slaton - Texas

**Slatonite Printing Pulls**

**Do You Own Your Home? If Not, Why Not?**

This is the UNIVERSAL question of the AGE. Can YOU give an INTELLIGENT answer?

The great South Plains area of Texas is sufficient to supply every industrious family, within her borders, with a comfortable home; and the SLATON country has proven itself to be the NUCLEUS.

You owe it to your FAMILY and STATE to obtain as much of this DOMAIN as will protect that family, be it a CITY home or the extent of a FARM home, and while you are calculating to that end, why not consult with one who has placed hundreds of families within the reach of this desired goal. Some of them are now owning real estate worth into thousands of dollars, and some of them started two to seven years ago with the small sum of Twenty-Five Dollars.

Are you interested? Would a home mean anything to your family? If so I have the method by which "Your Terms Are My Terms" and a conversation may put you on the road to complete independence.

Fair enough, is it not? If you mean business see or write

**C. C. HOFFMAN      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. G. L. Sledge, N. G. L. P. Loomis, Secretary.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.

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

WOODMEN CIRCLE.

Slaton Grove Woodmen Circle No. 1320 meets on first and third Friday 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..... 11:00 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..... 10:30 a. m.



## 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.

Don H. Biggers was made chairman of the Irrigation Committee of the House in the state legislature.

In the four years he was in office, Governor Colquitt granted pardons conditionally to 1,370 convicts, and absolute pardons to 328 convicts.

Show us a half-section of land anywhere else but in the South Plains that is worth at least \$25 per acre that will pay for itself in one year. The Kitten farms made \$30 per acre in 1914.

The grain market has been coming alive in the last few days. Maize is \$16.00 a ton and threshed maize is \$25 a ton. Cotton is above seven cents. The grain market can't keep from coming up. The South Plains and the Panhandle raised all the grain in Texas this year, and the demand is certain to make better prices.

The Texas Spur says that the people are getting tired of the negroes brought there to pick cotton, and want them to skiddoo. The people who are not acquainted with the negro race sometimes "Mister" them and otherwise treat them with respect, and the Spur says this will make a bad nigger out of a good one.

Trees will beautify a town, a farm, or a country more than any other kind of improvement. Plant trees this spring. Every farm should have a little grove besides the orchard and yard trees. The grove in a few years will furnish all the fuel needed for the home. In selecting a tree for a grove don't accept one just because somebody else chose it or because the agent wants to sell it to you. Look to the future of the tree five or ten years from now. Consult proper authorities as to the tree best adapted to this soil, altitude, and climate.

The Slaton hunters claim they put one over on Operator C. B. Beal of the Western Union office Monday that was too good to keep. Several hunters planned on getting quail that day so Beal decided to be the first at the canyon. He hired G. L. Sledge to take him out very early, and Sledge came back to town. Beal forgot to take his ammunition out of the buggy, in his hurry to get the birds, and he discovered this only when the vehicle was rapidly fading in the distance. However the reverberating boom! boom! from neighboring guns gave him that hope which springs ever eternal within the human breast when disappointment bears down too hard, so he hastened over to those welcoming sounds. Sure, they had lots of shells to spare; help yourself. But alas, and alack! when twelve gauge shells won't fit a sixteen gauge gun there is more trouble. With quails barking on the hill-sides and friends and ammunition at every hand, and a useless shotgun in his own hands, it was the most lonesome place Beal had seen for many a day. For further particulars see Captain Paul P. Murray, prince of story tellers.

## TRAIL OF ATROCITY ON EUROPEAN BATTLEFIELDS DIFFICULT TO TRACE

War Correspondent Hears Plenty of Cruel Stories, but Gets Little Proof—Mistake Made of Blaming a Country for Acts of a Possibly Criminal Individual — Each Nation Makes Accusations Against Enemy.

By RAYMOND E. SWING.  
(Correspondence of The Chicago Daily News.)

Berlin, Germany.—The task of gathering material about atrocities is perhaps the simplest of the activities of those reporting this war, but the task of confirming these stories is one to drive a trained jurymen mad. After spending several days among soldiers at the front I have come to the conclusion that one of the horrors of war is the wildly exaggerated stories about atrocities, and that these stories are nearly as harmful as the verified atrocities themselves. They will make any sane and progressive peace movement extremely difficult, which must find its support from a people believing with bitterest hate every exaggerated statement about an enemy and refusing to believe the crimes of its own army.

There are plenty of atrocities with incontrovertible evidence. Such cases are not difficult to find, particularly in East Prussia. Henry C. A. Mead, who went to East Prussia for The Chicago Daily News, brought back a report of which I quote the following:

"In the hospital of Soldau there lies a woman who can speak with terrible conviction about the bestiality of Cossacks. When the Russians came through Soldau she was working as nurse in the little Soldau hospital. With three aged men she hid in a shed behind the hospital. A shell burst near the shed and drove them from their hiding place. They ran to the street as the Cossacks were riding past. The three men were immediately killed and she was attacked by five Cossacks and then shot. The bullet struck her shoulder and she survived to tell her story. I had it from her own lips as she lay in the hospital."

Swears to Mutilations.

Mr. Mead continues to quote from an affidavit of August Kurz of the Fifth company, landwehr:

"We were marching from Lautenburg to Hohenstein when attacked. Our company entered the woods, and in the woods I was separated from my comrades. In the woods I came on the bodies of 11 women, all of them mutilated."

This affidavit is supported by another member of the same detachment of troops who saw the same gruesome sight.

In East Prussia there are many stories where conclusive proof of this sort is lacking, but which apparently bear the earmarks of truth, and which will make it difficult for the East Prussians to believe that the Cossack is better than his reputation. The cruelties inflicted on women, the murder of old men and the horrible abuse of children are told in many quarters. There are several instances where Russian officers themselves warned the population to flee, as they declined to be responsible for the actions of the Cossacks.

Saw Evidence of Plundering.

Mr. Mead himself saw many evidences of plundering. Tapiaw, Wehlau, Soldau and Allenburg were ruthlessly robbed by the Russians. Shops and homes were in the greatest disorder when he was there ten days after Russian evacuation. Allenstein, Insterburg and Tilsit, however, were not plundered, though in Tilsit were found papers indicating that the city was to have been plundered in two days. General Hindenburg's victory of Tanneburg intervened. In these three latter cities the Russians behaved well, paid for everything they bought in the shops and gave "bonds" for commandeered supplies.

Mr. Mead heard conflicting stories about a general massacre in Abschwangen. All versions agreed that the Russians had killed nearly all the population, and the likeliest reason he could find was that the invaders, believing that the landsturm troops there were civilians, had revenged what they thought to be franc-tireurism. The number of dead is variously estimated from 150 to 300. The evidence about Abschwangen is confusing and the truth is hard to determine.

Seeking to Poison Water.

Another story, for which there was good authority, though no direct evidence was found by Mr. Mead, was that a man had been captured in Koenigsberg with several tubes of typhoid bacilli, with which he was trying to poison the water supply of the city.

With the western armies stories about atrocities and plundering are as plentiful as in East Prussia. The world is fairly familiar with accounts of alleged German and Belgian atrocities

in Belgium. There are many variations of these stories; they seem to include all the most horrible crimes which the human mind can conceive. I shall add only one to this list. A German flyer in Belgium, a man whose reputation is exemplary and who bears a name known to the world, was forced to descend with his machine when his observer was wounded. He left his observer with the aeroplane while he went back to seek help. When he came back he found his observer—who was his most intimate friend—with eyes gouged out and tongue torn out by the roots.

"Can you hear me?" he said to the observer. "I am going to shoot you!" The mutilated man barely nodded, and the other held his revolver to his friend's head and put him out of his misery.

"I staggered away," he said, in telling of this experience, "and if I had found any civilian crossing my path I should not have been content to kill, I should have tortured him to death."

Charges Against the English.

There are comparatively few stories of atrocities told against the French. There have been isolated cases of franc-tireurism and cases of the French firing on the Red Cross and destroying food, even cases of the French plundering their own villages. But these stories, were they all true, would not make in bulk anything like the stories told against the English. Everywhere in the German army there is a deep respect for the French and

CONCLUDED ON LAST PAGE

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

## Can You Answer This?

The Telephone is the most necessary adjunct to Civilization



The Western Telephone Company

## THRIFT.

Thrift does not mean a pinchy miserliness or the hardship of great self-denial. It means a lessening of extravagance, the cutting off of useless expenditures, the cultivation of the saving habit and preparation in time of prosperity for the inevitable hour of need.

BUILD YOU A HOME.

Slaton Lumber Company

LUMBER DEALERS

## 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.



## GIVE A COFFEE PARTY

CHANGE FROM THE "TEA" THAT IS SO POPULAR.

Hostess Can Provide Delightful Entertainment at Comparatively Small Cost in a Fashion That is Somewhat Unusual.

Why don't you give a coffee? Have you ever heard of one? It is like a tea, excepting that coffee instead of tea is the chosen beverage, and instead of sandwiches and cakes of the usual sort all the food seems to have come straight from a German coffee shop.

This rather unusual form of entertainment is given in the morning. Cards are sent out with the words "Coffee," and "From 11 to 1" written on them. Or, if the "Coffee" is to be very small, the invitations may be given by telephone. For one of the charms of the "Coffee" is that it is informal.

In the dining-room the table is spread with a lace or embroidered luncheon cloth—something rather elaborate can be used—and in the center, instead of flowers, is a big silver tray heaped with fruits made of marzipan. Half a dozen German cakes are placed on the table. There are small German almond cakes on a plate covered with a lace doily. There is a cake board on which is a big coffee ring, with a wide-bladed silver knife beside it. There is a cheese cake cut into narrow, wedge-shaped pieces. And there are other German sweets of the sort that can be bought at a first-class German delicatessen or bakery or made at home according to recipes in a German cookery book.

At each end of the table is an urn or a percolating coffee pot over an alcohol flame, for coffee is the only beverage served. It is served in large cups, breakfast size, and with it are passed cream and sugar.

**German Doughnuts.**—Here is a recipe for one German delicacy that may be served with the coffee. Scald a pint of milk, and while it is scalding hot pour over it a pint of flour. Beat until smooth and then add half a teaspoonful of salt, and cool. Add the beaten yolks of four eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a half cupful of sugar, a cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of almond or other flavoring and the beaten whites of four eggs. Add more flour if necessary to make a soft dough. Roll out and cut and fry gold brown. Drain on thick paper and roll in sugar.

**German Apple Cake.**—For German apple cake, sift a pint of flour with one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, rubbing it in thoroughly, and then add a beaten egg and milk enough to make a thick batter. Spread the batter in a buttered tin to the thickness of an inch. Over the top spread quarters or eighths of peeled and cored apples and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a hot oven.

### Her Laundry Method.

Shave an ounce of paraffin and a bar of laundry soap into a basin of water and boil for a few minutes until the soap and paraffin have been dissolved. Pour this into a boiler of boiling water and mix it with the water. Wet your soiled clothes in cold water, wring them and put them into the boiling suds. Boil them for ten minutes. They will then require very little rubbing, if any, and the finest piece of fabric will not be injured. This will suffice for a large washing; a smaller amount can be used for a small washing, writes a reader who says she has washed this way for many years and finds it easy and effective.

### Ginger Snaps.

Ginger snaps made from self-raising flour are very little trouble to prepare, and the cost is small. Heat a cupful of molasses, and when it reaches the boiling point pour over one-third of a cupful of shortening. Add a tablespoonful of ginger sifted with three heaping cupfuls of flour.

Put away to get thoroughly cold, then roll out very thin and bake in a quick oven.

### Celery Stuffing.

One quart bread crumbs, half a head of celery, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls butter, one tablespoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful white pepper, one-quarter teaspoonful paprika, and a grating of nutmeg. Rub the butter into the bread crumbs, then add the eggs well beaten, the seasoning and the celery chopped fine.

### Pepper Relish.

Twelve green peppers, 12 red peppers, 12 onions. Remove the seeds from peppers. Chop, cover with boiling water for five minutes and drain. Heat three pints vinegar, two cupfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls salt and pour over above. Cook slowly one hour, then bottle.

## INDIGESTION, GAS OR SICK STOMACH

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

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

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

### Coins From Ear to Ear.

Count Karolyi, according to the *Vossische Zeitung*, returning to his castle in Hungary, met one of his old servants who had just been sent back wounded from the war.

"My good man, I heard you fought so valiantly at the front," said the count. "I would like to give you some reward. What shall it be?"

The old servant replied: "Well, if you insist upon it, sir, just give me enough kronen coins to reach from one ear to the other."

"That seems to be a very little reward," replied the count, smiling at the odd request.

"It's enough for me, sir," answered the servant modestly.

As the count was beginning to comply with the strange request he noticed that the servant had only one ear, and remarked upon the fact.

"Yes, sir. I left the other ear on the battle field at Shabatz," answered the modest man.

## GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HER GRAY HAIR

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

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

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

### Cheating Himself.

"You say that millionaire's time is worth a dollar a minute?" inquired the man with large diamonds.

"Yes. You wouldn't think it from his manner and appearance."

"No. His time may be worth a dollar a minute. But when it comes to enjoying himself he isn't getting a run for his money."

### Slangy, but Sincere.

"That's my beau."

"I suppose he considers you the apple of his eye?"

"Well, something like that. He says I'm a pippin."

### What Gabb Thought.

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," quoted Mrs. Gabb as she tossed aside the magazine she was reading.

"Some guys have all the luck," growled Mr. Gabb.

Now comes complaint from New York of less frequent visits from the stork.

Usually the so-called dignity a man attempts to stand on is nothing but a bluff.

## TO TILL UNOCCUPIED CANADIAN LANDS

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ASKING FOR INCREASED ACREAGE IN GRAIN, TO MEET EUROPEAN DEMAND.

There are a number of holders of land in Western Canada, living in the United States, to whom the Canadian Government will shortly make an appeal to place the unoccupied areas they are holding under cultivation. The lands are highly productive, but in a state of idleness they are not giving any revenue beyond the unearned increment and are not of the benefit to Canada that these lands could easily be made. It is pointed out that the demand for grains for years to come will cause good prices for all that can be produced. Not only will the price of grains be affected, but also will that of cattle, hogs and horses. In fact, everything that can be grown on the farms. When placed under proper cultivation, not the kind that is often resorted to, which lessens yield and land values, many farms will pay for themselves in two or three years. Careful and intensive work is required, and if this is given in the way it is given to the high-priced lands of older settled countries, surprising results will follow.

There are those who are paying rent, who should not be doing. They would do better to purchase lands in Western Canada at the present low price at which they are being offered by land companies or private individuals. These have been held for the high prices that many would have realized, but for the war and the financial stringency. Now is the time to buy; or if it is preferred advantage might be taken of the offer of 160 acres of land free that is made by the Dominion Government. The man who owns his farm has a life of independence. Then again there are those who are renting who might wish to continue as renters. They have some means as well as sufficient outfit to begin in a new country where all the advantages are favourable. Many of the owners of unoccupied lands would be willing to lease them on reasonable terms. Then again, attention is drawn to the fact that Western Canada numbers amongst its most successful farmers, artisans, business men, lawyers, doctors and many other professions. Farming today is a profession. It is no longer accompanied by the drudgery that we were acquainted with a generation ago. The fact that a man is not following a farming life today, does not preclude him from going on a Western Canada farm tomorrow, and making a success of it. If he is not in possession of Western Canada land that he can convert into a farm he should secure some, make it a farm by equipping it and working it himself. The man who has been holding his Western Canada land waiting for the profit he naturally expected has been justified in doing so. Its agricultural possibilities are certain and sure. If he has not realized immediately by making a sale, he should not worry. But to let it lie idle is not good business. By getting it placed under cultivation a greater profit will come to him. Have it cultivated by working it himself, or get some good representative to do it. Set about getting a purchaser, a renter or some one to operate on shares.

The department of the Dominion Government having charge of the Immigration, through Mr. W. D. Scott, Superintendent at Ottawa, Canada, is directing the attention of non-resident owners of Western Canada lands to the fact that money will be made out of farming these lands. The agents of the Department, located at different points in the States, are rendering assistance to this end.—Advertisement.

We should all have an aim in life, but most of us need a mighty big target.

**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 good many promising young men have gone to seed from too much vacation.

It is often easier to deliver the goods than to collect the pay for the act.

Always use Red Cross Ball Blue. Delights the laundress. At all good grocers. Adv.

The crews see sights when one train telescopes another.

## CALOMEL WHEN BILIOUS? NO! STOP! ACTS LIKE DYNAMITE ON LIVER

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Doesn't Make You Sick!

Stop using calomel! It makes you sick. Don't lose a day's work. If you feel lazy, sluggish, bilious or constipated, listen to me!

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you feel "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store or dealer and get a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a

spoonful and if it doesn't straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it cannot salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.



## WORMS.

"Wormy", that's what's the matter of 'em. Stomach and intestinal worms. Nearly as bad as distemper. Cost you too much to feed 'em. Look bad—are bad. Don't physic 'em to death. Spohn's Cure will remove the worms, improve the appetite, and tone 'em up all round, and don't "physic." Acts on glands and blood. Full directions with each bottle, and sold by all druggists.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists.

Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

## SHE KICKED THE WRONG SHIN

Captain's Wife Finally Understood Why Her Warnings Had Not Reached Her Husband.

Summer had come, and the sea captain's wife was accompanying her husband across the ocean. And it chanced also that the owner's sister was making the trip. She was a strong-minded woman, and the wife of the captain, knowing the argumentative nature of her husband, saw serious trouble ahead.

Wherefore, she warned him that, when at meals, if she thought he was approaching dangerous ground, she would give him a polite reminder by kicking him on the shins.

But, alas, her reminders passed unheeded, though her kicks grew harder and harder. And one day she kicked more vigorously than ever.

A shadow of pain passed across the face of the mate, who sat opposite her.

"Oh, Mr. Boddy," she said, "I'm so sorry, but was that your shin?"

"Yes, Mrs. Brown," replied the mate meekly; "it's been my shin all the voyage, ma'am!"

## TAKE SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS IF BACK HURTS

Says Too Much Meat Forms Uric Acid Which Clogs the Kidneys and Irritates the Bladder.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.—Adv.

### A Success.

She married him to try and make a man of him.

"Succeed?"

"Perfectly—now he washes dishes, sweeps floors and makes up beds just like a maid of all work!"

### A Wooden Joke.

"They're not on speaking terms?"

"No; he asked her what to use for his hair and she told him furniture polish."

## Favorite Fiction.

"I never use but seven tons of coal a winter in my furnace."

"Since I have been with these people they have raised my salary four times."

"I go to bed at ten o'clock just as regular as clockwork."

"I always wash them out myself because the washerwoman loses so many."

"I'll pay that bill next month, sure."

## Accounting for It.

"How could that medium see astral bodies, as she claims, at night?"

"I suppose she uses astral lamps."

Don't look for trouble unless you know just what to do with it when you find it.

## For Thrush and Foot Diseases

Antiseptic, Cleansing, and Healing



## HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Galls, Wires, Cuts, Lameness, Strains, Bunches, Thrush, Old Sores, Nail Wounds, Foot Rot, Fistula, Bleeding, Etc. Etc.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00

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

## Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver.

Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Beutwood

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.

50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

DEFIANCE STARCH

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

DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 1-1915.

# Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

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



# BUNGALOW WITH WINTER BASEMENT

Comfortable Home Erected on a Solid Foundation of Concrete.

HAS SPLENDID LIVING ROOM

Roof Covers Front Veranda, Permitting Wide Archway Over the Front Parapet—Rooms Arranged for Convenience as Well as Artistic Effect.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A beautiful house that might be called a northern bungalow is shown in this illustration.

So far as we know, bungalows originated in India and the idea was carried to California before that interesting state was discovered by the forty-niners. The real bungalow has only one floor and is covered with a low-down, rather flat roof that has the appearance of being a couple of sizes too large for the house. A real bungalow has no cellar and it has no attic. Original bungalow builders were not particular whether it had a floor or not. The bare ground seemed good enough so long as they had protection from the elements.

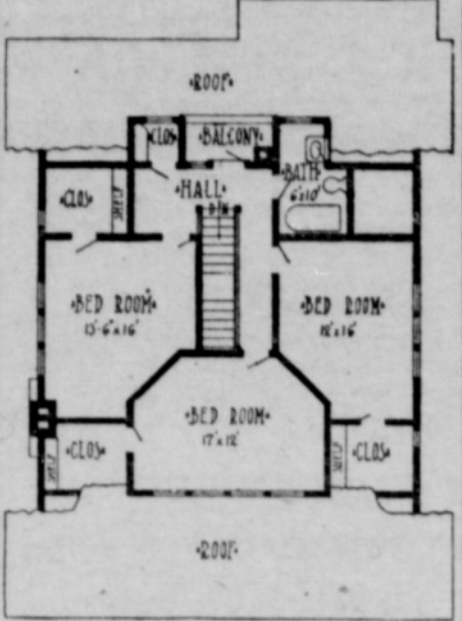
Transplanting the bungalow idea to America has resulted in some radical changes, but the idea of retaining the beautiful artistic bungalow features has prevailed wherever the bungalow type of construction has been introduced.

In the North are a great many comfortable houses built after what might be called a renaissance of the original bungalow idea. The artistic home

tables or other supplies to be stored and occasionally for ventilation when weather conditions demand it.

The general appearance of the house is that of a handsome, medium-price residence, owned by a family educated to take special pride in their home.

The large living room idea is splendidly shown in the plan of the first floor. This great room is 33 by 13 feet in size, and is well lighted by a double mullion window in one end, two extra wide windows in front, and two smaller high windows in the chimney end. These windows are placed



Second Floor.

high to make room for bookshelves underneath. The bookshelves are factory made, of the built-in variety, trimmed with moldings to match the fireplace mantel and baseboard of the room and the crown molding next to the ceiling. All moldings around the doors and windows are selected to match the same design.

This idea is carried out in a great many modern homes. It has been made not only possible but easy by the manufacturers of moldings, who have worked out certain designs that may be built up to any size. Many of these moldings are complete as individual molds, but lend themselves to built-up combinations which merge one into the other with easy curves of the same general design.

The manner of building the roof to cover the front veranda permits a

## SIAMESE PRINCE VISITS US

Prince Kampengpetch, brother of the king of Siam, fell ill and the court physician prescribed a tour of the world. Consequently the United States has been having the honor of entertaining that royal personage, together with the princess and Capt. S. Yoo, military aide. Landing in New York with 25 trunks and two Siamese dachshunds, the party visited the chief cities of the country and then crossed the continent for a somewhat prolonged stay in the Yellowstone National park and the Yosemite valley.

"The princess and I plan to cover the entire world on our tour before returning to Siam next February," said the prince. "We have been traveling over a year now and have covered most of central Europe. From this country we will go to Japan and China.

"This trip is much more wonderful for the princess than for me, because I spent ten years on the continent, after I finished my course at Cambridge. The princess, however, has never been far away from Siam."

Though the prince is not much more than five feet tall, several years' service in the Siamese army has given him a military bearing. His manner resembles the English far more than it does the Oriental. On each arm he wore a heavy gold bracelet, one of them bearing a watch. His fingers were well supplied with rings.



**It is impossible to be strong and robust if handicapped by a weak stomach or lazy liver; but you can help Nature conquer them with the assistance of**

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

SHE HAD TROUBLE ENOUGH

Jessie's Particular Reasons for Not Joining in Singing "I Want to Be an Angel."

In Sunday school one afternoon, the superintendent announced the hymn, "I Want to Be an Angel," and when the others began to sing, it was noticed that little Jessie was conspicuously silent.

"What is the matter, my dear?" kindly asked the teacher. "Why don't you sing, 'I Want to Be an Angel'?"

"Because, Miss Mary," was the rather startling rejoinder of the child, "I don't want to be one."

"Don't want to be one!" exclaimed the horrified teacher. "Why do you say that?"

"Because," calmly answered Jessie, "they have to play on the harp, and I have had trouble enough taking my piano lessons."

### CLEAR YOUR SKIN

By Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

You may rely on these fragrant supercreamy emollients to care for your skin, scalp, hair and hands. Nothing better to clear the skin of pimples, blotches, redness and roughness, the scalp of dandruff and itching and the hands of chapping and soreness.

Sample each free by mail with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. Y, Boston. Sold everywhere. Adv.

Overheard in a South Side Parlor. Daughter (in aggrieved tone)—Father, I do wish that you'd have the doorbell repaired. Harry stood outside in the cold for an hour last night before I knew he was there.

Father (very decisively)—Well, if that young galoot stays so late again as he did last night I am going to replace that bell with an electric starter. —Kansas City Star.

## SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

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

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

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

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

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

### The Official Publication.

Knicker—What happens when you have a fight with your wife?

Bocker—I have to get a white or yellow or pink checkbook to prove I didn't start the war.

Influence is all right in its way, but it is just as well to remember that the people with a pull don't always pull together.

## DOCTOR JORDAN, PEACE ADVOCATE



Among the peace advocates of the United States, place in the front rank must be accorded Dr. David Starr Jordan, chancellor of Leland Stanford university, because of his consistency and persistency. Everywhere and at all times he spreads the doctrine of universal peace and disarmament. No sooner did Representative Gardner and others begin their campaign for more adequate national defenses than Doctor Jordan sprang into the arena and hurried East on a lecture tour. Japan, he declares, is financially unable to carry on a war against us, and by the time the present war is over, lasting international peace will have been assured by the pacifist movement.

"Politicians start all this war scare and war talk," he says. "They do it to bring themselves into the limelight. Every naval officer knows that the outlay of millions for armaments is not for efficiency, but waste.

Every military officer knows the same thing. Soldiers are police. They only become soldiers when they are above the law, when martial law is proclaimed. This nation has not one thing in a million to do but sit tight.

"We should not tolerate any tirade against the so-called inefficiency of the army or the navy, and we should protest against an agitation for more armament at a time when the nations of the earth are crumbling each other because simply of their perfect equipment."

## DOCTOR MUNROE, EXPLOSIVE EXPERT

When dispatches came from the war zone telling of the wonderful lethal gases thrown off by the exploding turpentine shells and of how those gases destroy instantly all life over a considerable area, the Washington correspondents turned at once to Dr. Charles Edward Munroe, who pronounced the stories to be "bunk."

What Doctor Munroe has to say about explosives is interesting always. He knows his subject. He is, perhaps, Uncle Sam's most distinguished expert on explosives. Now sixty-five years old, from his youth he has experimented with and investigated materials that explode. His publications on the subject, totaling some one hundred volumes, are standard.

Heredity and environment made Doctor Munroe a student, for he was born at Cambridge, Mass., of a scholarly family. He was, of course, educated at Harvard, from which institution he was graduated with the degree of bachelor of science in 1871. For three years he was an assistant professor of chemistry at Harvard. Chemistry is a broad field and he acquired a familiarity with every portion of it, but especially was he attracted by that portion in which he later specialized. The things that "went off" had a fascination for him.

Then for 12 years he was professor of chemistry at Annapolis, and since 1886 he has been in the employ of the government at Washington.



## MEANS TO LIVE TO BE 120

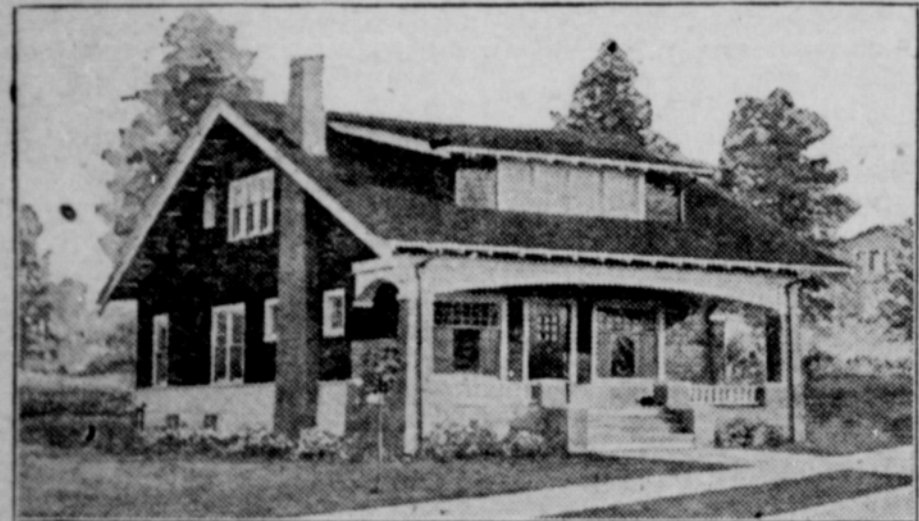


Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, a scientist with a score of foreign decorations, is certain he will live to be one hundred and twenty years old. He said so recently on his arrival in Los Angeles, where he spent the first vacation he has had in 30 years. Professor Starr is fifty-six years old.

"Another man who feels sure of great longevity," said Professor Starr, "is Count Okuma, premier of Japan. The count is absolutely certain he will reach one hundred and twenty-five years."

"The count and I are old friends," said the professor. "He seems just as sure that he is going to beat me by five years as he is that he is alive today. We have agreed that, if he is still alive when I reach one hundred and twenty years, he gets a present. If I am still alive when he gets to be one hundred and twenty-five years, I get a present. How's that for a wager?"

Professor Starr said the secret of a long life is always to smile, never to get angry, and to keep working all the time.



here illustrated is one of this type. It has a solid foundation of concrete set down deep enough in the ground to provide a large, comfortable, winter basement, which is divided into cellar, storage for fuel, heating apparatus and laundry. The basement is, in fact, the most important part of a bungalow built north of latitude 42 in the eastern or middle western states.

This basement is even considered of sufficient importance to have a special outside entrance in the rear. This

wide archway over the front parapet that is free from center columns. The object of this is to give a clear view from the large front windows, also the artistic effect of such an archway is especially attractive. There is little weight to support, so that the arch may be constructed strong enough by simple truss work. The main support to the roof is under the front of the mullion dormer, where it is reinforced by the studding of the front outside wall of the house proper.

The rooms throughout the house are arranged for convenience as well as for artistic effect, especially the living room, dining room, kitchen and library. The library really is part of the big living room, but it may be closed off with sliding doors and used as an office, or in the case of a large family it makes a comfortable bedroom. The downstairs washroom really belongs to the bedroom and library.

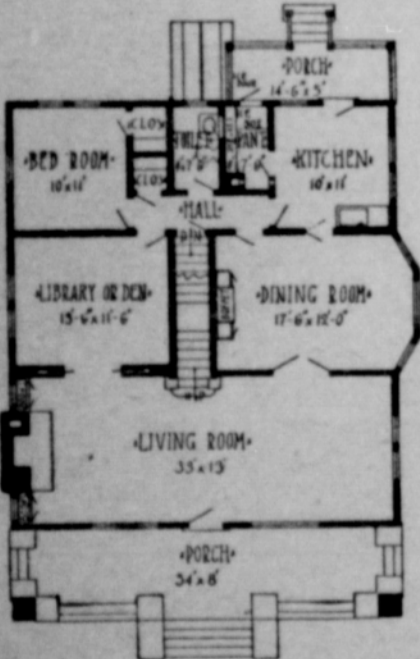
Upstairs the three bedrooms and bathroom are stolen from the attic. These rooms are pleasant and comfortable. They are easily warmed in winter from the furnace in the basement, and easily ventilated in summer. The plan of getting three extra bedrooms accounts for the elevation of the peak of the roof. Northern architects claim that the gain in cubic space is sufficient excuse for taking such liberties with the original bungalow idea.

### Simplified Spelling.

The dentist had just moved into a place previously occupied by a baker, when a friend called. "Pardon me a moment," said the dentist, "while I dig off those enamel letters of 'Bake shop' from the front window." "Why not merely dig off the 'B' and let it go at that?" suggested the friend.—Boston Transcript.

### Good on Muddy Streets.

Two London chauffeurs have patented a brush to be suspended on the outside of an automobile wheel to prevent its splashing mud.



First Floor.

entrance is well built of concrete, with easy steps leading down from the back garden, and a wide, heavy door for easy access into the laundry department of this splendid basement.

There is also an easy stairway to the basement going down from the back hall, to use for the many visits to this important part of the house at any time of the day or night. The wide rear outside basement entrance is intended for use on laundry days, at the time of getting in fuel, vege-