

The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: JANUARY 15, 1915.

Number 19.

TWO MEN ADDED TO ROUND HOUSE FORCE

Two men were added to the shop force at the round house last week. Roy Law was put in as machinest handy man and C. M. Yager as night boiler maker. Both were transferred from Amarillo. Pat Trammell, night boiler maker, was advanced to the day force.

Jim Grant, hostler, returned to work last Friday in the Santa Fe yards. He has been off duty for some time recovering from injuries received in the accident at the coal chute when he was struck by falling coal. Nute McNerling also returned to work Friday after an extended lay-off on account of illness.

The lecture given at the Santa Fe Reading Room Thursday night last week by Albert James Norton was highly enjoyed by a large audience. The subject of the lecture was "Mexico from Hidalgo to Carranza," and it was illustrated with stereopticon views. The entertainment was highly educational, and many favorable comments have been passed upon it this week.

The members of the Brownfield Baptist Association Board met at Slaton Tuesday on business in connection with the Association. In attendance were the Reverends J. D. Lampkin of Post City, B. F. Dixon of Lubbock, Jas. Nicholson and — St. Clair of Tahoka, and R. F. Miller of Haskell.

T. J. Abel bought a farm just west of town the first of the week from J. S. Edwards, and then left yesterday with his family for Bowie, Texas, on a visit. Mr. Abel says he bought the land to make a home place of it, and is figuring on putting extensive improvements on it at once.

Don H. Biggers, State Representative from this district, left Wednesday for Austin, in order to be in readiness to take up his official duties when the Legislature convenes next Tuesday. His family will remain in Lubbock.—Avalanche.

A. C. Benton came home Sunday from a short trip to San Angelo. He brought home a real live 'possum, and Monday he and Colonel Smith enjoyed an old fashioned 'possum dinner.

The Slaton Sanitary Grocery
takes great pleasure
in assuring its patrons
of its sincere appreciation
of the business
with which they have favored it
during the year just closed. And we
extend to our customers and friends
Greetings and Best Wishes for
a Prosperous and Happy
New Year.

The open season on quail closes today.

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

Mrs. E. P. Doddridge entertained her Sunday School class at her home in East Slaton, Saturday, January 9, from 2.30 to 5 p. m., with a candy pull and party. After the candy was disposed of games were played and the hostess served an appetizing luncheon of salmon sandwiches, pickles, apples, cake and candy. Those who enjoyed the afternoon were: Inez Hanley, Virta Zuma McReynolds, Frances Hoffman, Frank Hanley, Earl Edwards, Bennett Smith, Noel Loomis, Sherwood Wadsworth, Leslie and Miniard Abel, C. C. Hoffman, Jr.

We want a chance to figure your lumber bill.—J. W. Richey, The New Lumber Yard, south side Square.

A hunting party consisting of Capt. Paul P. Murray, Col. L. A. H. Smith, Banker J. S. Edwards, and Sargent A. C. Benton went east Wednesday morning with a camping outfit to spend the last days of the hunting season on the Z Bar L ranch.

On Saturday, January 9th, the little Misses Dorothy and Helen Blanton entertained a number of their girl friends, Miss Dorothy entertaining her Needle Club and Miss Helen celebrating her fourth birthday. Dainty refreshments were served and an enjoyable afternoon was spent by the little ladies.

POST CITY WON TWO GAMES SATURDAY

The basketball teams of the Post City schools came to Slaton Saturday for two games, and won both of them. The visitors played clean basketball without and any trickery or quarreling, and won strictly on merit. The Slaton folks would rather lose to such a splendid bunch of players as these people from Post City than to win from some teams they have played with this winter. However, the teams were so evenly matched that it was anybody's game until the whistle blew for the close. The Slatonites feel that they were outlucked rather than outplayed.

A new and accepted interpretation of the rules of play bothered the Slaton boys and put a serious handicap on their work.

Post City played strictly school teams, the first of the kind that Slaton has played this season. In the boys game Post City was represented by Wilfred Stovall, g; Roy Ainsworth, c, 8 goals; Will Haynie, g, 3 goals; Tom Boucher, f; R. Williams, f, 3 goals. They made 4 points in the first quarter, 4 in the second, 3 in the third, and three in the fourth—total, 14.

For Slaton: Leo Hubbard, f, 9 goals; Robt. McReynolds, f, 3 goals; Walter West, c; Verner Vermillion, g; Chas. Whalen, g. They made 2 points in the first quarter, 4 in the second, 4 in the third, and 2 in the fourth—total 12 points.

Post City girls: Maude Mason, f, 5 goals, 2 field goals; Alma Kincannon, f, 1 goal, 1 field goal; Viola Ainsworth and Myrtle Robinson, centers; Rose Marable and Celia May Mason, guards. They made 5 points in the first quarter, 1 in the second, 2 in the third, 2 in the fourth, and 2 in the extra time—total 12 points.

Slaton girls: Ruby Moore, f, 6 goals, 2 field goals; Lona Sowell, f; Pauline Robertson and Beatrice Robertson, centers; Rachel Haney and Auzilee Brazell, guards. They made five points in the first quarter, 1 in the second, two in the third, and 2 in the fourth.—total 10 points.

The game at the close of the fourth quarter was a tie. Ruby Moore threw a field goal just an instant before the close of the fourth quarter. The whistle blew just as the ball hovered over the goal. The Post City referee would not allow the points, so 10 minutes more play was called, and Post won in the extra time.

I will have the last of the week

**15,000
Pounds
of
Belle of
Wichita
Flour**

which I will sell
while it lasts for

\$3.75 Cash Per
100 lbs.

When Charged
It Will Be
\$4.00 per 100

**J. M.
Simmons
Grocery**

Just Received!

A nice shipment of

Queensware

Prices Right; Quality the Best.

A. L. BRANNON, Hardware

The Season's Greetings to You!

It is with pleasure to us that we have this opportunity of extending the season's greetings to the good people of Slaton and the Slaton country. We thank you most heartily for your patronage during the past year, a patronage that has enabled us to close our books on the most prosperous year in our history in Slaton. We trust we have served you satisfactorily and hope to merit your patronage during the year of 1915.

Here's to a prosperous year for you!

Sincerely yours,

FORREST HARDWARE

Comparative 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	1.61	.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	1.00	1.47	3.43	1.00
Totals	20.35	30.45	31.43	40.85	40.75

In giving the Dallas rainfall the News stated this record of 40.85 inches is greater than the average annual rainfall there. The rainfall at Amarillo is about the same as at Clovis.

The heaviest annual rainfall recorded is at Greytown, Nicaragua, where the precipitation averages 260 inches. The lightest rainfall is .3 of an inch annually at Walfish Bay, South Africa.

Haggart Granted Bail

In the case of the State against Frank Haggart, charged with a statutory offense, the decision of Judge Hugh L. Umphres, was announced Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

The defendant was allowed bail in the sum of \$2,500, which was readily given and the defendant released. The case will probably come up for hearing in the District Court some time during the spring term. Court convenes March 22.

The evidence was rather favorable towards Haggart, is the reports that come to Slaton, showing that he may be able to prove his innocence.

We learn that Thad Crossett has been pardoned and is now on his way home.—Lamesa News.

IGNORES KAISER; SAVES ARMY

Ruler Reported to Have Advised Suicide for General Who Disobeyed His Orders.

Paris.—The entire German left wing would have been annihilated during the battle of the Marne if General von Hausen had not disregarded the kaiser's orders, declares the Warsaw Gazette in confidential reports from Berlin. When the battle was going against the Germans the kaiser commanded the left to continue the advance, but Von Hausen, realizing his flank was strongly menaced, refused to obey.

When the news reached the kaiser of the Prussian guards' retreat from Vitry-le-Francois he said bitterly: "Is General von Hausen still alive? A Samurai would have committed suicide."

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

MANY ATHLETES DIE

German Football Players Are Killed in Battle.

Men of Prowess in Various Lines of Sport Are Covering Themselves With Glory—Rewarded by Kaiser.

Berlin.—Many of Germany's football players and popular athletes of all branches are at the front. Several of the best known have been killed. Among them are men who to the Germans mean what Hans Wagner or other famous ball players mean to Americans.

There are numerous athletes too who have covered themselves with glory on the battlefield and accounts in the newspapers of their heroism add to their popularity. Herr Albers, one of the "star" players of the Football Club "99" of Cologne, and Lieutenant Wunderlich of the same club have been awarded the Iron Cross.

Eugen Uhl, of the "Schwimmerbund Schwaben" of Stuttgart, one of the foremost promoters of the swimming sport in southern Germany, has been killed in the fighting in the Vosges. Adolf Rees and Teo Rau of the same club also have fallen on the battlefield.

Count Ferdinand Fischler von Treuberg of the swimming club of Munich, Captain Wimsen of the "Hellas" club of Magdeburg have been killed in France. They were among the 150 members of this organization who went to the front.

Edward Krausel of Breslau, who only a few months ago won the kaiser prize at the officers' lawn tennis tournament in Homburg vor der Hoehe, has been killed in the fighting in East Prussia.

The Officers club and the Boat Club of Mainz mourns the loss of Captain Ludwig Peters, who was killed in France. Captain Peters founded the Officers club, the most exclusive organization in Mainz, and was one of the ablest rowers in the Rhine province. He was the official representative of the German government at the Olympic tournament in Stockholm.

Local newspapers print a dispatch from Sonnenburg, Neumark, to the effect that the inmates of the penitentiary of that place, 1,000 in number, have collected 7,300 marks, about \$1,800, in cash for the Red Cross. This money is donated by them from their modest allowance granted them weekly for prison work.

Shoshone, Idaho.—The Shoshone ice caves, 26 miles north of this town, near the Cottonwoods ranch of ex-State Senator Fred W. Gooding, had an exploring party, made up of Twin Falls and Shoshone people, groping through their subterranean passages recently. One cave, completely lined as to floor, ceiling and sides with smooth ice, has the appearance when sufficiently lighted, of the interior of a magnificent church. The ceiling of ice describes a perfect arch, while the walls stand plumb to the floor to a height of perhaps twenty feet. The arch is formed in regular architectural design.

The floor, ceiling and walls show even surfaces of the purest ray serene. How deep is the crystalline formation has never been ascertained. Visitors have chopped into the floor and walls until they were weary and never dug through the ice to the lava rock beyond.

The locality is a desolate waste of lava. Not a mile away is a vast crater. All through the hottest of summers the congealing process goes on.

London.—The British Medical Journal states that the war office has appointed Sir John Rose Bradford, Sir Wilmot Herringham and Sir Almroth Wright consulting physicians with the British expeditionary force in France. Field Marshal Earl Kitchener, the Journal says, also has decided to appoint a special army sanitary committee to advise the army council on all questions pertaining to the health of the troops.

BANK STATEMENT.

Official statement of the financial condition of the FIRST STATE BANK at Slaton, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 31st day of December, 1914, published in the Slatonite, a newspaper printed and published at Slaton, State of Texas, on the 8th day of January, 1915.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	\$30,895.82
Loans, real estate	2,900.00
Overdrafts	127.45
Collection Account	1,186.80
Real Estate (banking house)	3,600.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,400.00
Due from Approved Reserve Agts., net \$12,816.44	12,816.44
Cash Items	2,234.41
Currency	1,191.00
Specie	354.00
Interest in Depositors Guarantee Fund	530.49
Other Resources as follows:	
Assessment for Guarantee Fund	68.53
Total	\$58,024.94

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$15,000.00
Surplus Fund	700.00
Undivided profits, net	1,288.83
Individual Deposits, subject to check	37,017.80
Time Certificates of Deposit	3,500.00
Cashier's Checks	518.31
Total	\$58,024.94

State of Texas,
County of Lubbock.

We, J. S. Edwards, as president, and J. G. Wadsworth, Asst. cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

J. S. EDWARDS, President.

J. G. WADSWORTH, A. Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of January, A. D. 1915.

(SEAL) L. P. Loomis, J. P.
and Ex-Officio Notary Public
Lubbock County, Texas.

CORRECT—ATTEST:

ED SHOPPELL
O. L. SLATON
W. S. POSEY } Directors.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

The State of Texas, County of Lubbock. In District Court, Lubbock County, Texas.

J. C. Schetrompf vs. W. A. Turner No. 864.

WHEREAS, by virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Lubbock County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 1st day of December, A. D. 1914, in favor of the said J. C. Schetrompf and against the said W. A. Turner, No. 864 on the Docket of said court, I did, on the 7th day of January, A. D., 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., levy upon the following described tract, lot or parcel of land situate in the County of Lubbock, State of Texas, and belonging to the said W. A. Turner, to-wit: Lot No. Twelve (12) in Block No. One Hundred Seven (107) in the West Park Addition to the Town of Slaton, Lubbock, County, Texas; and on the 2nd day of February, A. D. 1915, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of ten o'clock a. m., and four o'clock p. m., on said day, at the court house door of said county, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest that the said W. A. Turner had in and to said property on the 24th day of October, A. D. 1911, or at any and all times thereafter.

Dated at Lubbock, Texas, this the 7th day of January, A. D. 1915.
W. H. Flynn,
Sheriff of Lubbock County, Tex.

"The Iron Hand"

A High-Class Comedy-Drama
To Be Given at the
High School Auditorium

Friday Night, Jan. 15th

Tickets are on sale at Red Cross Pharmacy and by some school children. Reserved seats should be secured early at the drug store. General Admission 25c. Reserved seats for 10 cents additional.

Remember the Date!

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"

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.

One 3 room house close in, \$600; \$50 cash, balance \$10 per month 8 per cent interest.

H. D. TALLEY, SLATON, TEXAS

Slaton Livery Barn

G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor

Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations.

We have for sale at all times—

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

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

CREATING DUST MULCH

Do Not Attempt Anything With Clods in the Fall.

Rain and Melted Snow Permitted to Run Down and Water Can Be Conserved by a Proper Dust Mulch—Soils Not All Alike.

It is possible in the semiarid section of the country, and on light soils in any section, to form such a dust mulch as will favor blowing, especially in dry time, and more particularly on lands that are somewhat worn and somewhat deficient in soil moisture.

It is utterly impossible for any person to make suggestions on the management of land that will apply infallibly to all kinds of land under all sorts of weather conditions and in all sections. We would not attempt to do anything with clods in the fall, says Wallace's Farmer. We would not harrow ground in the fall, but would leave it rough; for the subsequent freezing and thawing will break up the clods, while the roughness of the land will give the frost a better chance to get in its work as well as catch snow and rain.

Where land is light, there is it exposed to high winds, where experience teaches that it is liable to blow, we would keep the prevention of blowing always in mind. It is difficult to know just how to handle these lands. If they are harrowed till the surface is a fine dust, there is every opportunity for the soil itself to blow away. If they are rolled with a flat roller, they are more likely to blow than if left loose. The disk roller, or a packer, while compacting the soil, leaves it somewhat rough and prevents blowing.

We saw one year in the state of Iowa an entire crop of wheat from ten acres of land blown out into the roads. The danger is much greater in the semiarid country. Clod formation can be prevented by first disking, then plowing and harrowing directly afterwards, so that clods have no chance to form.

No matter what agricultural papers a man may read, or how many books, or how great their general value, the farmer must study his own farm and his own conditions, and feel free to go directly contrary to advice, no matter how good it may be under widely differing conditions in his.

You cannot treat sandy soils the same way you do clay; nor can you treat the light soils the same way you do the heavy soils in that same section; nor can you treat either of them as you would gumbo soil in the valleys of the humid section. In the semiarid section the soil cleavage is entirely different from that of the humid section. In the humid section the strata are, so to speak, horizontal; in the semiarid section, perpendicular.

Professor Ten Eyck, who had long experience in the Kansas dry belt experiment station, once said to us that he had the best results by listing the soil deep late in the fall and leaving it rough so that the rain and melted snow could run down and the water could be conserved by a proper dust mulch.

In any section where land is liable to blow, we would be careful about using the harrow more than is necessary, and would under no circumstances use a smooth roller. The more vegetable matter you get into that soil, and, therefore, the more root fiber, the less it is likely to blow. There are soils that are now considered good, which, if they are kept growing corn for a few years, until the vegetable fiber is decomposed, cannot be well held even by a warranty deed.

Mistake in Feeding Grain.

It is a mistake to feed only corn and wheat to fowls, omitting foods which supply albumen for eggs.

Grain Hay.

Grain hay is hard to handle, for it is slippery and slides down about as fast as piled up. In the mountains, where poles and posts are handy, it can be held together, and in the plains woven wire works well.

Either here the season is short or there is a lack of moisture, grain hay is valuable for wintering or for work stock, as the milk is extremely nutritious.

Oats, barley or wheat can be used, the latter being perhaps the most satisfactory in droughty locations, though barley will do best. With but light showers either will get enough moisture for hay except in very dry seasons. In the mountains oats flourish so well that they are the most general crop. A little wheat mixed in the seed is not objectionable, furnishing variety.

A good shepherd will keep the ewes in flush condition up to and during breeding time, or else the lambs will be apt to come stringing along all spring and early summer. It just will not do to have ewes fall away in condition at this important time.

Are Your Kidneys Weak?

Do you know that deaths from kidney troubles are 100,000 a year in the U.S. alone? That deaths from kidney diseases have increased 72% in 20 years? If you are run down, losing weight, nervous, "blue" and rheumatic, if you have backache, sharp pains when stooping, dizzy spells and urinary disorders, act quickly, if you would avoid the serious kidney troubles. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. There's no other medicine so widely used, so successful or so highly recommended.

An Oklahoma Case

W. H. Lee, 311 S. Frankfort Ave., Tulsa, Okla., says: "I suffered severely from kidney trouble for over a year. The dull pains in my back were terrible and sharp twinges came on, making it almost impossible for me to move. The kidney secretions passed irregularly and were highly colored. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills benefited me so much that I kept on using them until I was cured. I have yet to hear of a case where this medicine has failed to bring relief."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature



W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 51-1914.

Children Asleep in Oven.

The Camden police found two children sleeping in a rusted oven beside a cat and dog in a shack off the Mount Ephraim pike below Newton Creek, reports the Philadelphia Public Ledger. A call for assistance from a Polish woman sent them to the scene. In addition to the unfortunate little ones, aged three and five years, respectively, Frank Kauffman, the father, was found along with his wife, Annie, both of whom were sleeping in a stable near by.

The man was arrested on a charge of threatening the life of his wife, and was sent to jail by Recorder Stackhouse. The children were placed under the care of the matron, who had to scrub them from head to foot.

For Itching, Burning Skins.

Bathe freely the affected surface with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry without irritation and apply Cuticura Ointment with finger or hand. This treatment affords immediate relief, permits rest and sleep and points to speedy healing in most cases of eczemas, rashes, itchings and irritations of the skin and scalp of infants, children and adults. Free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book if you wish. Address post-card: Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

For Ladies Only.

Old Gentleman—There is something wrong about that slot machine in there. It claims to tell your correct age. I am over seventy, and it made me out thirty-five.

Hotel Clerk—That machine is for ladies only.

A Doubtful Question.

He (feeling his way)—Would you get married if you were me?
She—I don't believe I could—if I were you.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Fry 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.

Cheer up! The greatest victories in history were won by men who were felled to a frazzle and didn't know it.

Women had better not count much on the love of a man who cannot be made jealous.

Red Cross Ball Blue, made in America, therefore the best, delights the housewife. All good grocers. Adv.

The only sure thing about a sure cure for anything is that it isn't.

MANITOBA'S AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY

REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT IN THAT PROVINCE DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS.

The past year has shown that the Province of Manitoba, the Premier Province of Western Canada, stands out prominently in point of wealth in her agricultural productions. Manitoba had an excellent yield of wheat in 1914, the oat crop was not so good, and with the high price received, every farmer was placed in a good financial position.

For some years, as is probably the case in all new countries, Manitoba went largely into the growing of grain, and while this paid well for a time, it was found that having to purchase his meat, his milk and a number of other daily requisites, the farmer did not pay as it should. Now, there is another side to it. Fodder crops are grown, cattle are being raised, cheese factories and creameries are established, and the result is that the financial position of the farmers of Manitoba is as strong as that of those in any other portion of the continent. Scarcely a farmer today but has realized that the growing of grains alone has a precarious side, and that positive security can only be assured by diversified farming, and securing the latest modern and most economic methods. Therefore timothy, clover, alfalfa, rye grass and fodder corn are universally grown. Most wonderful success meets the efforts of the farmers in the cultivation of these grasses, and the yields compare favorably with those of many older countries, while in many cases they exceed them.

It is worth while recording the acreage of these crops this season as compared with last, because the figures reflect the remarkable progress that is being made in dairying and in the beef and pork industry. In 1913 brome grass was sown on 24,912 acres, rye grass on 21,917 acres, timothy on 118,712 acres, clover on 5,328 acres, alfalfa on 4,709 acres and fodder corn on 20,223 acres. In 1914 the respective acreage under those crops were 25,444 acres, 27,100 acres, 165,990 acres, 7,212 acres, and 10,250 acres and 30,430 acres. Alfalfa particularly is coming into its own, the acreage having been more than doubled last year.

It is simply the natural process of evolution from the purely grain farming which Manitoba knew as the only method twenty years ago to the more diversified forms of agriculture that is responsible for the development along these other lines in this Province. Alberta is coming to it at an earlier stage than did Manitoba. Saskatchewan, too, is following rapidly in the same direction.

Then, as her fodder crop and root crop acreage indicate, there have been increases in the holdings of all kinds of live stock during the past twelve months, according to the correspondent for the Toronto Globe. Beef cattle number 42,000 head this year, as against 37,000 last year; milch cows are 160,474 head, as against 157,963 head; pigs number 325,000 as against 248,000; sheep number 75,000, as against 52,000; and there are 325,000 horses, as compared with 300,000 at this time last year. These are the latest Provincial figures, and they show that despite the great efflux of live stock to the United States since the opening of that market to Canada, the capital amount of live animals has increased instead of having decreased through the extra demand.

Dairying the Principal Industry.

Dairying is the industry, however, which is making dollars for the Manitoba farmer. It is developing at a rapid rate in this Province for that particular reason. The output of creamery butter last year was 4,000,000 pounds, at an average price of 27.5 cents per pound, which was an increase over the previous year of a million pounds. The output of dairy butter was recorded last year at 4,288,276 pounds. The Government department says that again this year a substantial increase in the dairy output will be shown from this Province. From this same source of information one finds that through the splendid growth in winter dairying, Winnipeg now, for the first time in years, is able to obtain a sufficient supply of milk and sweet cream from its city dairies to satisfy its demand throughout the year without having to import large quantities of these products from the United States as was done not longer than two years ago.—Advertisement.

To Be Expected.

"I've been reading Shakespeare. Hadn't poor Hamlet a dog's life?"
"Well, wasn't he a Great Dane?"

NOT IN DEMAND AS A PET

West Indian Opossum Has Few Good Qualities That Recommend Him to Liking of Humanity.

Although not exactly suitable as a pet, the West Indian opossum is a very interesting little animal.

Unlike most wild things, it prefers the neighborhood of man, and is a perfect pest to the planter, especially if he keeps poultry.

Imagine a rat as large as a rabbit, with a long prehensile tail, and you have its picture.

It robs the fowl houses, steals ripe fruit from the trees, eggs from the nest, and fish from the pond. It is seldom seen during the day, as its sight is weak and it dislikes sunlight. "A starry night for a ramble" is the opossum's motto, and he doesn't go home till morning. Mrs. Opossum produces ten or a dozen young ones at a birth, and hides them away in a warm pouch like a kangaroo.

Queer little naked blind things they are, so that were it not for the maternal pouch they would not succeed long in the struggle for life.

Grown a little older, they are sometimes taken for a walk on their mother's back, and it is a funny sight to see the little fellows all clinging for dear life to mamma's tail.

The negro dearly loves a 'possum hunt, and a ramble with Sambo and two or three dogs generally produces sport. The 'possum ordinarily takes to a tree and tries to hide himself behind the trunk, but the darky gets him "gainst de moon," as he calls it—that is to say, his form shows up against the moonlight—and a charge of No. 8 soon brings him down.

Care must be taken in handling him, as Mr. 'Possum is apt to pretend to be dead when he is really very much alive, and you may get a sharp bite if you pick him up.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Public Opinion.

"You think that public opinion is what really governs us?"
"Certainly. If it weren't for public opinion we'd all go wearing our straw hats as long as they were comfortable."

Wash day is smile day if you use Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore the best made. Adv.

The homely girl can't afford to keep her domestic abilities under cover.

Common sense is a disease that is never fatal.

PROTECT YOURSELF

against the severe winter weather—the quick changes in temperature, etc., by keeping the system strong and well fortified—the blood rich and pure. A very reliable help to this end will be found by taking

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

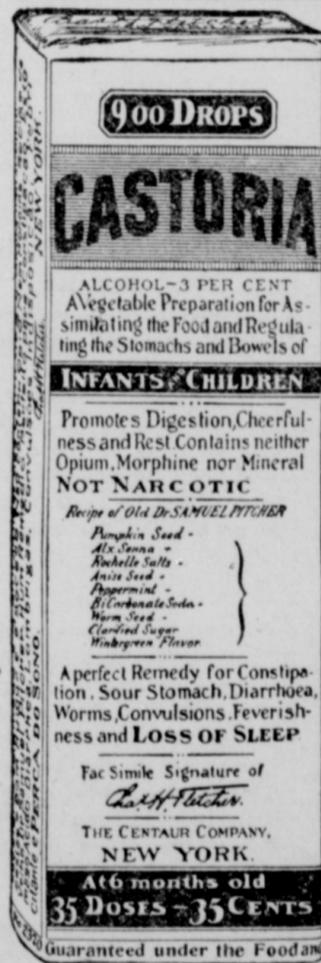
Might Be Worse.
"Well, how's the war?"
"Well, war isn't so bad," said the soldier addressed. "We're sending home enough prisoners to take care of the crops, and I believe I'd rather fight than plow."

Mother Knows What To Use



HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chills, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries. Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. OR WRITE G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co., SYRACUSE, N. Y.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

John H. Fletcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
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COLT DISTEMPER



Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in some stable, no matter how "stymed," kept from having the disease, by using SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give on the tongue, or in food. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for nares in foal. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 50c and \$1 a bottle. \$5 and \$10 doses of drug store and harness dealers, or sent express paid by manufacturer. Cut shows how to poultice throats. Our free booklet gives everything. Local agents wanted. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—twelve years. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Coshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

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

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. On the march with the 53d of the Browns Private Stransky, anarchist, is placed under arrest. Colonel Lanstron begs him off. 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 in army and people and strike before declaring war. Partow, Brown chief of staff, and Lanstron, made vice, discuss the trouble, and the Brown defenses. Partow reveals his plans to Lanstron. The Gray army crosses the border line and attacks. The Browns check them. Artillery, infantry, aeroplanes and dirigibles engage. Stransky, rising to make the anarchist speech of his life, draws the Gray artillery fire. Nicked by a shrapnel splinter he goes to Berserk and fights—"all a man." Marta has her first glimpse of war in its modern, cold, scientific, murderous brutality. The Browns fall back to the Galland house. Stransky forages. 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. Vandalsism in the Galland house. Westerling and his staff occupy the Galland house and he begins to woo Marta.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

The subjective enjoyment of the declaration kept him from any keen notice of the effect of his words. Lanny was right. It had been a war of deliberate conquest; a war to gratify personal ambition. All her life Marta would be able to live over again the feelings of this moment. It was as if she were frozen, all except brain and nerves, which were on fire, while the rigidity of ice kept her from springing from her chair in contempt and horror. But a purpose came on the wings of diabolical temptation which would pit the art of woman against the power of a man who set millions against millions in slaughter to gratify personal ambition. She was thankful that she was looking down as she spoke, for she could not bring herself to another compliment. Her throat was too chilled for that yet.

"The one way to end the feud between the two nations was a war that would mean permanent peace," he explained, seeing how quiet she was and realizing, with a recollection of her children's oath, that he had gone a little too far. He wanted to retain her admiration. It had become as precious to him as a new delicacy to Lucullus.

"Yes, I understand," she managed to murmur; then she was able to look up. "It's all so immense!" she added.

"Your ideas about war seem to be a great deal changed," he hinted casually.

"As I expressed them at the hotel, you mean!" she exclaimed. "That seems ages ago—ages!" The perplexity and indecision that, in a space of silence, brooded in the depths of her eyes came to the surface in wavering lights. "Yes, ages! ages!" The wavering lights grew dim with a kind of horror and she looked away fixedly at a given point.

He was conscious of a thrill; the thrill that always presaged victory for him. He realized her evident distress; he guessed that terrible pictures were moving before her vision.

"You see, I have been very much stirred up," she said half apologetically. "There are some questions I want to ask—quite practical, selfish questions. You might call them questions of property and mercy. The longer the war lasts the greater will be the loss of life and the misery?"

"Yes, for both sides; and the heavier the expense and the taxes."

"If you win, then we shall be under your flag and pay taxes to you?"

"Yes, naturally."

"The Browns do not increase in population; the Grays do rapidly. They are a great, powerful, civilized race. They stand for civilization!"

"Yes, facts and the world's opinion agree," he replied. Puzzled he might well be by this peculiar catechism. He could only continue to reply until he should see where she was leading.

"And your victory will mean a new frontier, a new order of international relations and a long peace, you think? Peace—a long peace?"

Was there ever a soldier who did not fight for peace? Was there ever a call for more army-corps or guns that was not made in the name of peace?

He had his ready argument, spoken with the forcible conviction of an expert.

"This war was made for peace—the only kind of peace that there can be," he said. "My ambition, if any glory comes to me out of this war, is to have later generations say: 'He brought peace!'"

Though the premier, could he have heard this, might have smiled, even grinned, he would have understood Westerling's unconsciousness of inconsistency. The chief of staff had set himself a task in victory which had no military connection. Without knowing why, he wanted to win ascendancy over her mind.

"The man of action!" exclaimed Marta, her eyes opening very wide, as they would to let in the light when she heard something new that pleased her or gave food for thought. "The man of action, who thinks of an ideal as a thing not of words but as the end of action!"

"Exactly!" said Westerling, sensible of another of her gifts. She could get the essence of a thing in a few words. "When we have won and set another frontier, the power of our nation will be such in the world that the Browns can never afford to attack us," he went on. "Indeed, no two of the big nations of Europe can afford to make war without our consent. We shall be the arbiters of international dissensions. We shall command peace—yes, the peace of force, of fact! If it could be won in any other way I should not be here on this veranda in command of an army of invasion. That was my idea—for that I planned." He was making up for having over-shot himself in his confession that he had brought on the war as a final step for his ambition.

"You mean that you can gain peace by propaganda and education only when human nature has so changed that we can have law and order and houses are safe from burglary and pedestrians from pickpockets without policemen? Is that it?" she asked.

"Yes, yes! You have it! You have found the wheat in the chaff."

"Perhaps because I have been seeing something of human nature—the human nature of both the Browns and the Grays at war. I have seen the Browns throwing hand-grenades and the Grays in wanton disorder in our dining-room directly they were out of touch with their officers!" she said sadly, as one who hates to accept disillusionment but must in the face of logic.

Westerling made no reply except to nod, for a movement on her part pre-occupied him. She leaned forward, as she had when she had told him he would become chief of staff, her hands clasped over her knee, her eyes burning with a question. It was the attitude of the prophecy. But with the prophecy she had been a little mystical; the fire in her eyes had precipitated an idea. Now it forged another question.

"And you think that you will win?" she asked. "You think that you will win?" she repeated with the slow emphasis which demands a careful answer.

The deliberateness of his reply was in keeping with her mood. He was detached; he was a referee.

"Yes, I know that we shall. Numbers make it so, though there be no choice of skill between the two sides."

His tone had the confidence of the flow of a mighty river in its destination on its way to the sea. There was nothing in it of prayer, of hope, of desperation, as there had been in Lanstron's "We shall win!" spoken to her in the arbor at their last interview. She drew forward slightly in her chair. Her eyes seemed much larger and nearer to him. They were sweeping him up and down as if she were seeing the slim figure of Lanstron in contrast to Westerling's sturdiness; as if she were measuring the might of the five millions behind him and the three millions behind Lanstron. She let go a half-whispered "Yes!" which seemed to reflect the conclusion gained from the power of his presence.

"Then my mother's and my own interests are with you—the interests of peace are with you!" she declared.

She did not appear to see the sudden, uncontrolled gleam of victory in his eyes. By this time it had become a habit for Westerling to wait silently for her to come out of her abstractions. To disturb one might make it unproductive.

"Then if I want to help the cause of peace I should help the Grays!"

The exclamation was more to her-

self than to him. He was silent. This girl in a veranda chair desiring to aid him and his five million bayonets and four thousand guns! Quixote and the windmills—but it was amazing; it was fine! The golden glow of the sunset was running in his veins in a paean of personal triumph. The profile turned ever so little. Now it was looking at the point where Dellarme had lain dying. Westerling noted the smile playing on the lips. It had the quality of a smile over a task completed—Dellarme's smile. She started; she was trembling all over in the resistance of some impulse—some impulse that gradually gained headway and at last broke its bonds.

"For I can help—I can help!" she cried out, turning to him in wild indecision which seemed to plead for guidance. "It's so terrible—yet if it would hasten peace—I—I know much of the Browns' plan of defense! I know where they are strong in the first line and—and one place where they are weak there—and a place where they are weak in the main line!"

"You do!" Westerling exploded. The plans of the enemy! The plans that neither Bouchard's saturnine cunning, nor bribes, nor spies could ascertain! It was like the bugle-call to the hunter. But he controlled himself. "Yes, yes!" He was thoughtful and guarded.

"Do you think it is right to tell?" Marta gasped half inarticulately.

"Right? Yes, to hasten the inevitable—to save lives!" declared Westerling with deliberate assurance.

"I—I want to see an end of the killing! I—" She sprang to her feet as if about to break away tumultuously, but paused, swaying unsteadily, and passed her hand across her eyes.

"We intend a general attack on the first line of defense tonight!" he exclaimed, his supreme thought leaping into words.

"And you would want the information about the first line to-night if—if it is to be of service?"

"Yes, to-night!"

Marta brought her hands together in a tight clasp. Her gaze fluttered for a minute over the tea-table. When she looked up her eyes were calm.

"It is a big thing, isn't it?" she said. "A thing not to be done in an impulse. I try never to do big things in an impulse. When I see that I am in danger of it I always say: 'Go by yourself and think for half an hour!' So I must now. In a little while I will let you know my decision."

Without further formality she started across the lawn to the terrace steps. Westerling watched her sharply, passing along the path of the second terrace, pacing slowly, head bent, until she was out of sight. Then he stood for a time getting a grip on his own emotions before he went into the house.

CHAPTER XV.

In Feller's Place.

What am I? What have I done? What am I about to do? shot as forked shadows over the hot lava-flow of Marta's impulse. The vitality that Westerling had felt by suggestion from a still profile rejoiced in a quickening of pace directly she was out of sight of the veranda. All the thinking she had done that afternoon had been in pictures; some saying, some cry, some, groan, or some smile went with every picture.

The sitting-room of the tower was empty to other eyes but not to hers. The lantern was in the corner at hand. After her hastening steps had carried her along the tunnel to the telephone, she set down the lantern and pressed the spring that opened the panel door. Another moment and she would be embarked on her great adventure in the finality of action. That little ear-piece became a specter of conscience. She drew back convulsively and her hands flew to her face; she was a rocking shadow in the thin, reddish light of the lantern.

Conscious mind had torn off the mask from subconscious mind, revealing the true nature of the change that war had wrought in her. She who had resented Feller's part—what a part she had been playing! Every word, every shade of expression, every telling pause of abstraction after Westerling confessed that he had made war for his own ends had been subtly prompted by a purpose whose actuality terrified her.

Her hypocrisy, she realized, was as black as the wall of darkness beyond the lantern's gleam. Then this demoralization passed, as a nightmare passes, with Westerling's boast again in her ears.

When war's principles, enacted by men, were based on sinister trickery called strategy and tactics, should not women, using such weapons as they had, also fight for their homes? Marta's hands swept down from her eyes; she was on fire with resolution.

Forty miles away a bell in Lanstron's bedroom and at his desk rang simultaneously. At the time he and Partow were seated facing each other across a map on the table of the room where they worked together. No persuasion of the young vice-chief, no edict of the doctors, could make the

old chief take exercise or shorten his hours.

"I know. I know myself!" he said. "I know my duty. And you are learning, my boy, learning!"

Every day the flabby cheeks grew pastier and the pouches under the eyebrows heavier. But there was no dimming of the eagle flashes of the eyes, no weakening of the will. Last night Lanstron had turned as white as chalk when Partow staggered on rising from the table, the veins on his temples knotted blue whip-cords. Yet after a few hours' sleep he reappeared with firm step, fresh for the fray.

The paraphernalia around these two was the same as that around Westerling. Only the atmosphere of the staff was different. Each man was performing the part set for him. No man knew much of any other man's part. Partow alone knew all, and Lanstron was trying to grasp all and praying that Partow's old body should still feed his mind with energy. Lanstron was thinner and paler, a new and glittering intensity in his eyes.

When word of Feller's defection came, Lanstron realized for the first time by Partow's manner that the old chief of staff, with all his deprecation of the telephone scheme as chimerical, had grounded a hope on it.

"There was the chance that we might know—so vital to the defense—what they were going to do before and not after the attack," he said.

Yet the story of how Feller yielded to the temptation of the automatic had made the nostrils of the old war-horse quiver with a dramatic breath, and instead of the command of a battery of guns, which Lanstron had promised, the chief made it a battalion. He had drawn down his brows when he heard that Marta had asked that the wire be left intact; he had shot a shrewd, questioning glance at Lanstron and then beat a tattoo on the table and half grinned as he grumbled under his breath:

"She is afraid of being lonesome! No harm done!"

A week had passed since the Grays had taken the Galland house, and still no word from Marta. The ring of the bell brought Lanstron to his feet with a startled, boyish bound.

"Very springy, that tendon of Achilles!" muttered Partow. "And, my boy, take care, take care!" he called suddenly in his sonorous voice, as vast and billowy as his body.

It was Marta's voice and yet not Marta's, this voice that beat in nervous waves over the wire.

"Lanny—Yes, I, Lanny! You were right. Westerling planned to make war deliberately to satisfy his ambition. He told me so. The first general attack on the first line of defense is to-night. Westerling says so!" She had to pause for breath. "And, Lanny, I want to know some position of the Browns which is weak—not actually weak, maybe, but some position where the Grays expect terrible resistance and will not find it—where you will let them in!"

"In the name of—Marta! Marta, what—"

"I am going to fight for the Browns—for my home!"

In the sheer satisfaction of explaining herself to herself, of voicing her sentiments, she sent the pictures which had wrought the change moving across the screen before Lanstron's amazed vision. There was no room for interruption on his part, no question or need of one. The wire seemed to quiver with the militant tension of her spirit. It was Marta aflame who was talking at the other end; not aflame for him, but with a purpose that revealed all the latent strength of her personality and daring.

"I shall have to ask Partow. It's a pretty big thing."

"Yes—only that is not all my plan, my little plan. After they have taken the first line of defense—and they will get it, won't they?"

"Yes, we shall yield in the end, yield rather than suffer too great losses there that will weaken the defense on the main line."

"Then I want to know where it is that you want Westerling to attack on the main line, so that we can get him to attack there. That—that will help, won't it?"

"Yes."

"Of course, all the while I shall be getting news from him—when I have proved my loyalty and have his complete confidence—and I'll telephone it to you. I am sure I can get something worth while with you to direct me; don't you think so, Lanny? I'll hold the wire, Lanny. Ask Partow!" she concluded. Of the two she was the staid.

"Well?" said Partow, looking up at the sound of Lanstron's step. Then he half raised himself from his chair at sight of a Lanstron in a daze of brilliancy; a Lanstron with his maimed hand twitching in an outstretched gesture; a Lanstron in the dilemma of being at the same time lover and chief of intelligence. Should he let her make the sacrifice of everything that he held to be sacred to a woman's delicacy? Should he not return to the telephone and tell her that he would not permit her to play such a part? Partow's voice cut in on his

demoralization with the sharpness of a blade.

"Well, what, man, what?" he demanded. He feared that the girl might be dead. Anything that could upset Lanstron in this fashion struck a chord of sympathy and apprehension.

Lanstron advanced to the table, pressed his hands on the edge, and, now master of himself, began an account of Marta's offer. Partow's formless arms lay inert on the table, his soft, pudgy fingers outspread on the map and his bulk settled deep in the chair, while his eagle eyes were seeing through Lanstron, through a mountain range, into the eyes of a woman and a general on the veranda of an enemy's headquarters. The plan meant giving, giving in the hope of receiving much in return. Would he get the return?

"A woman was the ideal one for the task we intrusted to Feller," he mused, "a gentlewoman, big enough, adroit enough, with her soul in the work as no paid woman's could be! There seemed no such one in the world!"

"But to let her do it!" gasped Lanstron.

"It is her suggestion, not yours? She offers herself? She wants no persuasion?" Partow asked sharply.

"Entirely her suggestion," said Lanstron. "She offers herself for her country—for the cause for which our soldiers will give their lives by the thousands. It is a time of sacrifice."

Partow raised his arms. They were not formless as he brought them down with sledge-hammer force to the table.

"Your tendon of Achilles? My boy, she is your sword-arm!" His sturdy forefinger ran along the line of frontier under his eye with little staccato leaps. "Eh?" he chuckled significantly, finger poised.

"Let them up the Bordir road and on to redoubts 36 and 37, you mean?" asked Lanstron.

"You have it! The position looks important, but so well do we command it that it is not really vital. Yes, the Bordir road is her bait for Westerling!" Partow waved his hand as if the affair were settled.

"But," interjected Lanstron, "we have also to decide on the point of the main defense which she is to make. Westerling think is weak."

"Hm-m!" grumbled Partow. "That is not necessary to start with. We can give that to her later over the telephone, can't we, eh?"

"She asked for it now."

"Why?" demanded Partow with one of his shrewd, piercing looks.

"She did not say, but I can guess," explained Lanstron. "She must put all her cards on the table; she must tell Westerling all she knows at once. If she tells him piecemeal it might lead to the supposition that she still had some means of communication with the Browns."

"Of course, of course!" Partow spat the flat of his hand resoundingly on the map. "As I decided the first time I met her, she has a head, and when a woman has a head for that sort of thing there is no beating her. Well—she was looking straight into Lanstron's eyes, 'Well, I think we know the point where we could draw them in on the main line, eh?'"

"Up the apron of the approach from the Engadir valley. We yield the advance redoubts on either side."

"Meanwhile, we have massed heavily behind the redoubt. We retake the advance redoubts in a counter-attack and—" Partow brought his fist into his palm with a smack.

"Yes, if we could do that! If we could get them to expend their attack there!" put in Lanstron very excitedly for him.

"We must! She shall help!" Partow was on his feet. He had reached across the table and seized Lanstron's shoulders in a powerful if flesh-padded grip. Then he turned Lanstron around toward the door of his bedroom and gave him a mighty slap of affection. "My boy, the brightest hope of victory we have is holding the wire for you. Tell her that a bearded old behemoth, who can kneel as gracefully as a rheumatic rhinoceros, is on both knees at her feet, kissing her hands and trying his best, in the name of mercy, to keep from breaking into verse of his own composition."

Back at the telephone, Lanstron, in the fervor of the cheer and the enthusiasm that had transported his chief, gave Marta Partow's message.

"You, Marta, are our brightest hope of victory!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Aptly Answered.

Paddy Gaffney was after getting the old-age pension, and wended his way to the post office for his first grant. Paddy couldn't write his name, but managed to make a cross all right. The postmaster, wishing to have a joke with him, said: "Now, Paddy, don't you think 'twas hardly worth your while to come so far to make that cross?" "Well," replied Paddy, "no cross, no crown, me boy."

In Golfing Terms.

Aunt—Ethel, hasn't that Mr. Watkins proposed yet?
Ethel (a golfing maid)—Not yet, auntie. His approach work is all right, but then he gets nervous and fozzles.

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, 1879.

IS THE SOUTH PLAINS REALLY AS GOOD AS REPRESENTED TO BE?

A friend in writing to the editor of the Slatonite about the special boosting edition which this office issued Christmas, asks us to write him personally and state whether the statements made therein are actually so. He wrote in part:

"I have been reading your paper very carefully and am much interested in your country. The booster you recently put out is a good one and I have worn it nearly out looking and re-reading it. I want you to write me a letter and tell me whether or not it is such a wonderful place. I have seen many pamphlets and all sorts of boom papers until I do not go much on them, altho I must say, L. P., I am very much impressed by the folder you have gotten out, for each statement is substantiated by a real proof. Rainfall, climate, water, soil, crops, and all seem to combine to make a perfect place to live. I have all reason to believe all of it, but I want you to tell it to me personally. What is land worth? Please send me another BOOMER. I have sent the one I had to a friend."

Is it really so? We will stake our reputation, past, present, and future, that every statement we made in the folder can be fully substantiated. The farmers who gave their crop experiences are all reliable men who are farmers themselves. For further proof ask anybody who knows the Slaton country.

In preparing the folder we tried to keep down to plain facts, and be conservative. Had we chosen to play upon the imagination, there would have been sufficient material to make one J. Rufus Wallingford's resources seem mediocre. The possibility and very excellent probability of Slaton's future growth into a city and railroad center would make a far more substantial theme than the luridly descriptive literature that many towns base their future on today. Irrigation by pumping is the only inducement some sections hold out in flaming literature. Slaton has just as much and just as good shallow water as the best of such places. And some time the valley of the Brazos north of Slaton will be irrigated from an irrigation dam.

The possibilities of the country from a truck-growing standpoint, the health giving climate, the excellent soil, the pleasant seasons, the twentieth century citizenship, and other features would furnish subjects for pages and pages of literature. But we did not feature any of them, for the plain, substantial facts of the Slaton country are good enough for any one.

The great Pacific coast plays its scenery and fishing and hunting retreats strong, but common folks can't live by looking at cliffs and crags and trees. Yet for the nature lover we have right at Slaton all the rugged scenery, mountain springs and brooklets, rock encrusted ravines and eerie retreats, beautiful meadows and water logged marshes that his feet want to carry him to in a day's tramp. This is all found in the canyon of the Brazos near Slaton. Hunting and fishing to your heart's con-

tent. If you want bigger game a drive of two or three days will take you to it.

All these things we might have featured in our literature, but we held the subject matter down to bread and butter facts. We knew that the fellows who come to investigate will find much more than they expect.

So we can unhesitatingly reassure our good friend that the entire booklet is based on facts that he can rely on.

SLATON BOOMING.

The Slatonite, Slaton, Texas, issued a special number last week setting forth the opportunities offered by the South Plains country in an agricultural way that was one of the finest and most complete we have yet seen. The reading matter was prepared in a faultless manner, while many of the beautiful farm homes were shown, making an edition that will prove of great value to the Slaton country. The local Commercial Club, business men and citizens purchased several thousand copies and they will be sent broadcast over the United States. The paper was an excellent number because it was edited and arranged by Editor Loomis, one of the brightest and most competent newspaper men in the state. Slatonites appreciate the value and force of printer's ink and recognize in Mr. Loomis the ability essential to induce the homeseeker to investigate the possibilities of such a country.—Ochiltree Eagle-Investigator.

The Slatonite, Editor Loomis' good paper in the good town of Slaton, published a special section along with its Christmas issue, which sets forth in an excellent manner the many advantages to be gained by investing in or moving onto Slaton country property. The special is an excellent specimen of the printing art, and has an advertising value of uncomputable proportions. Editor Loomis and the Slaton country are fortunate to have "met up with each other."—Clarendon News.

SHIPPING GRAIN TO BLACK LAND FARMERS

The Slaton farmers are shipping lots of grain to central and southern Texas. Letters are literally pouring in to Slaton from people who want to buy maize or kafir by the car load. Good thing for those black land farmers that they can depend on the granaries of the South Plains for grain to carry their stock thru the winter.

In strange contrast to the rule of some teams that have played here, the captain, a real gentleman, of the Post City basketball team actually apologized two or three times to the referee for unintentional errors of commission. It was a lesson in chivalry that others would do well to profit by.

The Bull Moose has lost his charm, and his following is turning back to the Republican party. Illinois and Washington Progressives buried their party last week and joined the old guard around the elephant.

This remark is made by all our vacationers who return from central and southern Texas: "My, I sure am glad to get back home. Three or four days of that horrid, disagreeable weather is all a Slatonite can put up with at one stretch."

SHEEP LEAD BATTLE CHARGE

Then Cossacks Ride Over Animals' Bodies to Overcome Wire Entanglements.

London.—A correspondent of the Daily Mail, who has been traveling in the East Prussian field of operations, describes a Cossack device to overcome wire entanglements. He says:

"This being a great grazing country, when troops of Cossacks are charging batteries they drive immense flocks of sheep and cattle before them right on to the tangled mass of wire. They then charge their horses over the platform of flesh, sabering the gunners in the very trenches behind.

"This plan, however, was soon imitated by the Germans, who were just as fearless and successful in carrying it out."

Forty. Pretty Little Chicken Thieves Enjoy Human Companionship—Unique Industry.

Greenville, Cal.—Greenville has now established one of the most unique industries in the state, namely, a skunk ranch. Early in the spring Will Stevens, a butcher, formerly of Goldfield, rented the F. W. Peck ranch, and entered the business on a small scale. Young skunks were captured in various parts of Indiana valley, and placed in pens. They grew and multiplied rapidly.

The business proved so lucrative that larger pens of corrugated iron were made, and the number of skunks increased. The skins sell for from \$3 to \$6 each. The oil is also valuable, and is sold to druggists. Stevens now has large skunks that will be ready for market in a couple of months.

The skunks will eat all sorts of scraps and waste food, but are especially fond of milk and vegetables. They seem to like human companionship, and when called came to be petted. To see 40 chicken thieves, with their long, white-striped bodies and bushy tails feeding at a trough like so many pigs is an interesting sight.

FRED HOFFMAN Painter and Paper Hanger

Interior Decorator. Expert Floor Finisher.
Slaton, Texas

SERVICE

is the PROOF of MERIT

Our Service is Meritorious.

The Western Telephone Company

LISTEN: YOU ARE a worthy citizen of this great big prosperous country that owns a third of the wealth of the world with only a sixteenth of the World's population. BUILD YOU A HOME and thereby become a still better citizen of our great Country.

Slaton Lumber Company

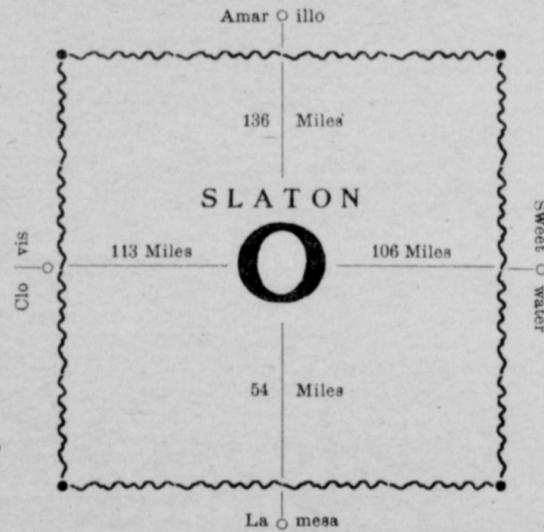
LUMBER DEALERS

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

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.

4-Way Division 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 Kafir 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.

PURIFYING INFECTED STABLES AND BARN



Building Prepared for Disinfection—In This Case the Disinfecting Was Done by Fumigation—Openings in the Barn Were Closed by Paper to Prevent the Escape of the Gas.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Inspectors in the United States department of agriculture have found in the course of their work that ignorance or carelessness on the part of stock owners has frequently led to fresh outbreaks of infectious disease after it had been supposed that the previous ones had been completely stamped out. Comparatively few farmers, it is said, realize the importance of the scientific disinfection of premises which have once harbored infected stock.

When it is remembered that the germ which causes tuberculosis in cattle measures about one-thousandth of an inch in length, it is obvious that the "lick-and-promise" method of cleaning is no obstacle at all to the existence of the disease. The germ of glanders is little larger. These two germs are thrown off by diseased animals in large quantities. In the average stable they have no difficulty in finding many lodging places whence any one of a hundred different things may cause them to emerge and start a fresh outbreak upon the farm. When a stable has once harbored diseased animals, therefore, absolute disinfection with sufficiently powerful disinfectants is the only way to insure the stock from another visitation.

In Farmers' Bulletin 480, "Practical Methods of Disinfecting Stables," some of the most easily obtainable disinfectants are named, and the best methods of applying them discussed. In the first place it is imperative that the stable be thoroughly cleaned before any disinfectant at all is applied. The various surfaces such as ceilings, walls, partitions, floors, etc., should be swept free from cobwebs and dust. Where the filth has been allowed to accumulate, this should be removed by thorough scrubbing. If the wood-work has become soft and porous so that it affords a good refuge for the disease germ, it should be torn down and burned and new wood substituted. All refuse of every description should be removed to a place inaccessible to live stock and there either burned or treated with a solution of chloride of lime in the proportion of six ounces to one gallon of water. If the floor of the stable is of earth, the surface soil should be removed to a depth of four inches or more and new earth substituted. It is better, however, to take advantage of this opportunity to lay down a concrete floor, which in the end will be found more satisfactory as well as more sanitary.

The stable thus thoroughly cleaned and stripped of all its odds and ends and refuse is now ready for the application of the disinfectant. A disinfectant is a drug which has the power of destroying germs merely by com-

ing in contact with them. There are a number of these drugs, varying considerably in efficacy, and some of them dangerous to animal as well as germ life. Bichloride of mercury is one of the most powerful, but it has the great disadvantage of being a violent poison and in consequence great care must be used when handling it to keep it away from all live stock. For ordinary purposes it is probable that cresol or the compound solution of cresol, known as liquor cresolis compositus, is best adapted to general use. When the latter is used, it should be mixed with water in the proportion of four or five ounces to a gallon. Cresol is not as soluble as the compound solution and should, therefore, be thoroughly stirred while mixing. If a grade of the drug guaranteed to be 95 per cent pure is secured, two or three ounces to a gallon of water will be sufficient.

To apply the disinfectant on anything but a very limited surface, a strong spray pump is essential. The pump should be equipped with 15 feet of hose with a five-foot section of iron pipe, with a spraying nozzle at one end, attached to it. The entire interior of the stable should be saturated with the solution forced through this apparatus. Special attention should be given to feeding troughs and drains, as it is in these that the disease germs are most likely to find their first resting places. After a thorough spraying with the disinfectant, it is well to apply a lime wash containing four or five ounces of chloride of lime to each gallon. In many cases, however, it will save trouble if this wash is combined with the disinfectant. This can be done in the following manner: for five gallons of disinfecting fluid, slake 7½ pounds of lime, using hot water if necessary to start action. Mix to a creamy consistency with water. Stir in 15 fluid ounces of cresol, at least 95 per cent pure, and make up to five gallons by adding water. In case compound solution of cresol is used, add 30 fluid ounces instead of 15. Stir the whole mixture thoroughly and, if it is to be applied through a spray nozzle, strain through a wire sieve. Stir frequently when applying and keep covered when not in use.

Enforce the Bird Law.

That enemies of migratory birds in certain sections of the United States are openly violating the provisions of the federal migratory bird law is the assertion of William T. Hornaday, the eminent ornithologist. "The main body of these enemies," says Mr. Hornaday, "consists of spring shooters, who are determined to shoot and slaughter game birds in spring to the uttermost limit."

TEACHING EWE TO OWN LAMB

Among Other Plans Advocated Is That of Taking Skin From Dead Animal and Placing on Another.

(By E. M. NELSON, Oregon Experiment Station.)

Nearly every year one lamb or more dies, even out of the small flocks that run on the general farm. In such cases the ewes may be made stepmothers. But, of course, it will be necessary to get the ewe to own the strange lamb. This may be accomplished in either of the following ways:

The skin may be taken from the dead lamb and placed over the lamb to be adopted. Ewes recognize their lambs by the scent, and the odor of the lambskin will make the ewe believe that the lamb is her own. The skin should be removed in about forty-eight hours, or sooner if necessary.

The ewe may be caught and held every two or three hours for the new lamb to suck. In a few days, generally five or six, the ewe will own the lamb. Sprinkling a little of the ewe's milk

over the lamb will be a great help in this method.

Weeding Gardens.

The plots where early peas, radishes, etc., were raised, if they have not been planted to late crops (the good gardener will always do this, however), should be cleared of weeds and old vines. These places may serve as weed-breeding grounds to cover the whole garden next year. Finally weed patches serve as hiding places for innumerable insects. Eggs are deposited there and the hibernating insects find such places a refuge from their bird enemies.

Success With Poultry.

Care is that part of the routine of poultry culture which bestows a kind hand on the tender younglings, to supply their little wants with a view of promoting thrift and good health.

Sift Cracked Corn.

Cracked corn should be sifted before being fed to the poultry, the amount of meal saved will more than offset the labor.

PRETTY CANDLE SHADE

TABLE DECORATION EASILY MADE AT HOME.

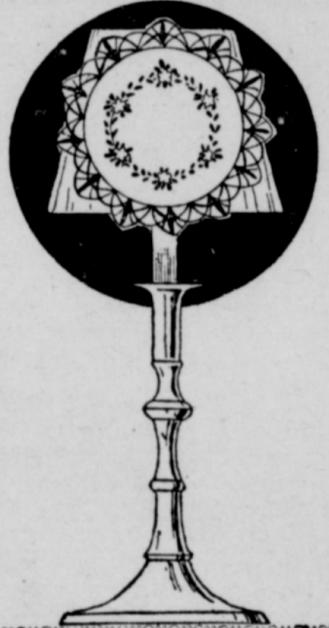
Simple Materials, With a Little Work and the Exercise of One's Ingenuity, About All That is Needed.

Nothing adds more to the homelike air of a house than prettily shaded, lighted candles, whether upon the dining room table, in the living rooms or the boudoir.

Some of the very prettiest are homemade, as the illustration proves. This is made from four circular doilies of sheer handkerchief linen edged with cluny lace one inch wide, each doily measuring six inches in diameter, for a small shade when finished, larger sizes up to lamp shades to be in proportion, of course.

If only one shade is to be made, the best and cheapest way is to cut the four squares from a handkerchief, because then there will be no waste. Linen is so wide that even when the smallest quantity is bought more than half will be wasted. A woman's handkerchief is ample for a small shade. A man's will make the larger. Also doilies all ready stamped for working can be bought at ten cents each. However, one may be more individual if she can trace her own design, and as they are so simple this should not be difficult to do. For instance, if she traced the design of her dinner ware upon the linen and worked it out in the same coloring the light shining through the linen would give the shade all the impression of being porcelain, too.

Another effective design that would shed a soft glow over the white cloth would be a sprinkling of autumn



Candle Shade Made of Circular Doilies.

leaves, using silk in the natural tints of the leaves. After embroidering the linen the edges are turned neatly under and machine stitched. Half a yard of lace will edge one doily, the linen measuring four inches in diameter. A very good imitation cluny can be

FURS AND FUR SUBSTITUTES

Graceful, Becoming Models in Both—Winter Has Made a Change in the Styles.

Winter sees a decided change in the style of the newest wraps and stoles made in furs or fur substitutes. Last year the majority of the stoles were quite straight in shape, the widths varying from eight or nine inches to considerable proportions, but now the old-fashioned pelerine or small cape promises to be most popular.

Carried out in soft musquash, seal, coney, ermine or other fur many of these models are very graceful and becoming.

Some beautiful examples of shaped shoulder scarfs seen lately were made of broadtail or black ponyskin, as supple and silky as satin, trimmed with effective touches of taffeta or velvet, in some cases with another fur introduced around the neck or decorating the ends.

For those, however, who find these real furs too costly the new makes of ponyskin and broadtail cloth answer most admirably. Those manufactured furs are such faithful copies of the real article that in many instances it requires an expert to discriminate between the two.

Those who require an up-to-date fur wrap at a moderate cost cannot do better than copy the real furs in fur cloth. This is by no means a difficult proceeding, as the fur cloth can be obtained in wide widths that can readily be draped in graceful lines.

When making up a stole in fur material it is as well to add an interlin-

AFTERNOON GOWN



This charming afternoon gown is called "La Dame et la Mode." It is of white ottoman. The new decollete is shown in a pretty effect running from shoulder to shoulder in fichu effect. The new waist line is short, coming to a point at the front. The new skirt is extremely wide, laid in folds and allows sufficient room for walking, dancing, etc.

bought for ten cents a yard; that will be 20 cents for the four doilies and probably only 15 cents for the handkerchief. Ten cents for embroidery silk will be ample, while the square wire shades come from ten cents upwards.

In putting on the lace the outer edge must be perfectly flat and without the slightest bit of fullness. For this reason it is better to use quite a narrow lace edging. The inner edge must be drawn up, of course. Then it is basted neatly to the edge of the doily, and stitched by machine. A certain crispness in the linen is necessary to keep the shade firm. This is obtained by putting through warm water and then through a thin boiled starch. They can be ironed, needled downward, on flannel, but there is no better way of pressing embroidered linens than to lay them dripping upon the sides of a porcelain bathtub and leaving them there until bone dry.

They will look like new, the embroidery will stand out clearly (embroidery upward this time), and there is no hot iron to fade the colors. Every scrap of air must be pressed out, and the edges of the lace be clearly defined when laying on the tub. This done, leave the article absolutely alone.

The doilies are attached to the wires with a few stitches taken through the lace.—Washington Star.

MESMERIZED

A Poisonous Drug Still Freely Used.

Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug, caffeine, in coffee has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source I would soon be a physical wreck."

Mock Earrings Find Favor

Change From Old Design of Ornamentation Has Pleas'd the Woman of Fashion.

Mock earrings are the newest novelty. You can see them any afternoon on Broadway. A hairpin, an almost invisible chain and a pendant—that's the combination. The hairpin is stuck in the hair just above and on a line with the back of the ear. The chain hangs from the hairpin and is mostly hid by the ear. The pendant is suspended from the end of the chain on a line with the tip of the earlobe, where it dangles free. All sorts of colored stones are used for pendants. Women who wear mock earrings, of course, refrain from sticking big tortoise shell hairpins in a northeasterly direction under their hats.—New York Letter to the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Blouses for Evening.

Many of the evening blouses are of lace combined with chiffon velvet. Satin and silk waistcoats of striped velvet figure on the front of many blouses, matching a rolling collar of the same, with an organdie collar above.

SOMETHING USEFUL FOR XMAS

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen
Sold at the best stores most everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply, we will gladly assist you. Illustrated folder on request.
I. E. WATERMAN COMPANY
178 Broadway New York

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

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm for sale. Send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Dept. A, Minneapolis, Minn.

Instant Alarm.

"What made you turn around and walk out of that hotel?" asked the man who was carrying the big valise. "Too expensive," replied his companion.

"How do you know? You never once asked for the rates."

"Didn't have to. Didn't you see the potato they had on the desk to stick the pens in?"

"Course I seen it."

"Well, that's enough fur me. Any landlord that kin afford to throw potatoes around that way has too extravagant ideas fur us."

Dying Buck Pins Hunter.

Attacked by a 200-pound buck he had wounded, Elmer Middleton of this place, narrowly escaped death while hunting with George Turner in the Fairview Springs district. After sending a high caliber bullet through the shoulders of the buck, Middleton stood his rifle against a tree and started for the animal, armed only with a small ax. As he advanced to end its misery the buck brought both forefeet down upon his chest and then, falling dead from its wound, pinned him to the ground.—Pinoche (Nev.) Dispatch to the Denver Post.

Specious Plea.

"Your honor, if we can show that serious errors were made in the choosing of the jury would you grant us a new trial?"

"That depends. What serious errors were made?"

"There were twelve of them. We thought we were selecting men who would acquit our client."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Caught.

"What a pretty hat Mrs. Pinkey wore this evening."

"Did you like it, dear?"

"Yes, it was very becoming. Why don't you get hats like that?"

"You mustn't blame me if I laugh, John. The hat you like is my hat. Mrs. Pinkey borrowed it this evening. It's the \$30 hat you called a fright."

Improved Circumstances.

"I understand that the Twobbles have decided to move into a more fashionable apartment house."

"Yes. They are doing that on the strength of the fact that Mr. Twobbles has recently been let in on the ground floor of a new enterprise."

MESMERIZED

A Poisonous Drug Still Freely Used.

Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug, caffeine, in coffee has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source I would soon be a physical wreck."

"I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls."

"Finally we saw Postum advertised and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since."

"I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat anything."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.

FRENCH DIG WAY INTO TRENCHES OF THEIR FOES

Wounded Officers Tell of Fierce Hand to Hand Fight With Bombs.

WIVES RISK THEIR LIVES

Meet Soldier-Husbands at Front Just for a Kiss or a Word as They Pass Through a Town—Pathos in Many Reunions.

By RENE ARCOS.

(Correspondent of Chicago Daily News.)
Near the French Front.—Two wounded French officers have given me an account of the recent fighting near Berry-au-Bac. They came and pounded on the door of this wayside inn 12 kilometers (7.2 miles) behind the firing line late at night. The proprietress, fearing that gendarmes had come to arrest her for selling drinks after eight o'clock, did not answer at first, but now pounding kicking and shouting caused her to change her mind.

There entered a second lieutenant and an adjutant, both wounded, one supporting the other. One was wounded in the arm and one in the leg. The second lieutenant was gay and looked well, but how shall I describe the poor adjutant? A rough beard filled the hollows of his cheeks and his pale blue eyes shone with fever. He fell moaning into a chair and seemed to lose consciousness until a plate of steaming soup was placed under his nose.

Wounded Soldiers Tell Stories.

Wine and the warmth of the room gradually reanimated him and he began to relate his exploits. Both officers belonged to the same regiment of infantry and both were wounded the day before. The lieutenant's first words were:

"You cannot imagine how strange it seems to see a civilian again. For three months I have seen nothing but French and German soldiers and I had begun to believe that there was not a civilian left in the world."

These men had been fighting virtually every day and night in the last two months. Their trenches had been advancing steadily at the rate of about fifty yards a week. They had attacked the German trenches hundreds of times, and been attacked an equal number of times. Projectiles had torn their uniforms. Their regiment, digging underground, had here and there burst into the midst of the German trenches. The other evening a section of their comrades composed of 50 men had been surprised and captured. The adjutant could not get over this.

"Those lazy rascals fell asleep despite the music of the shrapnel," he said. "It is true they had not slept for several days and nights before."

Attack the German Trenches.

The lieutenant then related how he and his companion were wounded. Toward ten o'clock on the preceding evening it was decided to attack the German trenches. The French silently left their underground coverts and crept forward. They were discovered when a few yards from their goal, but it was too late and the Germans were overwhelmed.

"We saw them running like rats into their hole," said the lieutenant. "Having advanced 50 yards at one stroke, it was necessary for us to hold this precious gain. Naturally, the German trenches were arranged for defense toward the French trenches. Now the French set to

work to make the trenches defensible from the other side. Sacks of cement were hastily brought, dipped into water and laid end to end along the trenches and packed with dirt. The French then desired to rest a little, but the Germans, wishing to win back the lost position before the French completed the defenses, poured out of their earthworks and advanced.

Hurl Grenades as Foes Advance.

"Don't speak a word," ordered our captain. "Keep still, bring up some boxes of preserves quietly and wait." The Germans came forward at a dog trot in compact masses. "Wait," repeated the captain. "Don't fire a single shot. We are going to play a little game of massacre. Let each man take two grenades and keep well hidden behind the sacks."

"When the Germans were only a few yards away the captain shouted at the top of his lungs: 'Use all the grenades you wish, my children.' The terrible bombs bursting in the ranks caused unbelievable carnage."

"They yelled like pigs slayed alive," said the lieutenant placidly. "It did not take long to clean them up, but several of them fired back at us while retreating. This is how we two were caught."

Gives Autoist Password.

These little hotels close behind the lines present an ever changing variety of war pictures. Besides wounded soldiers there are others who come on errands and who want a solid meal before returning to the trenches. Here, also, are refugees from villages under fire and women come to try and see their husbands who are wounded or stationed in the neighborhood. Transport automobiles stop before the door, the chauffeurs buy each other drinks and depart with faces somewhat redder than before. Yesterday I saw a noncommissioned officer carefully confiding the password to an automobilist who desired to continue along the road.

Near by was another noncommissioned officer hugging a little child with exuberant joy, while his wife, who had just arrived, stood by. This soldier had not seen his little family for three months and wished to have everyone share his pleasure. He turned his beaming countenance right

and left and as his eyes met mine he said:

"It is fine to see one's little world again. I asked myself when I went away if I should ever see this little doll again."

How Wives Meet Their Husbands.

While his wife told him all the small happenings of the last three months he continued to kiss his diminutive heir. Some wives who come far to see their husbands are less lucky, for the regulations are very strict. However, conjugal love inspires some ingenious ruses.

There is a young woman here who is the wife of an officer on the firing line. Knowing the difficulty of approaching the lines, I did not conceal from her that her enterprise seemed doomed to failure, but she smiled quietly and assured me that, nevertheless she would see her husband. After enjoying my astonishment, she explained that her husband had written her that he goes almost daily to carry orders on horseback, 15 kilometers (nine miles) behind the lines. She had only to go to a certain village and wait between six and nine o'clock in the morning in a church where he would go daily until he saw her. They could thus meet and nobody would be the wiser.

"I am leaving for this village at four o'clock tomorrow morning," said the young woman. "I do not dare to go to bed tonight for fear I should oversleep."

Lives in Cellar Eight Weeks.

Last night there was in the dining room a family of ragged, taciturn peasants from some untenable farm near the front. Beside them a solitary young woman ate without appetite. She was from Reims, where she had been living in a cellar for eight weeks. In a countenance of a cadaverous pallor shone two blinking eyes with reddened lids. From the sleeves of her black dress issued white fleshless arms on which the veins stood out like cords. Her whole appearance bore witness to terrible debility and her bearing still breathed dread. As she bent down to rearrange her skirt with her hand her wedding ring fell and rolled away. "I am so thin it won't stay on my finger any more," she said. Insignificant though the incident was it was more moving than I can say.

ARE REWARDED FOR HEROISM

Fifty-Nine British Officers Honored With the Distinguished Service Order.

London.—The Distinguished Service Order has been awarded to 59 officers of all arms, from the special reserves to the guards. Thirty-nine of them have been given to lieutenants or second lieutenants.

Among those receiving the award is Lord Alastair Robert Innes-Ker. It was given him for "conspicuous courage with the advance squadron at Kruseik in bringing wounded men out of action under a heavy fire."

Lord Innes-Ker, who is a captain in the Royal Horse guards, recently was reported as having been wounded in action.

HAS A BARBARA FRIETCHIE

South African Woman Binds on British Flag and Dares Boers to Molest It.

London.—South Africa has a Barbara Frietchie. She is Mrs. Pienaar, who resides at Winburg, Union of South Africa. When General De Wet, heading the rebels, captured the town, some of his troops hauled down the British flag from the courthouse and flung it in the dirt. Mrs. Pienaar snatched it up and brushed it off and bound it around her waist.

"You daren't touch it," she declared. "I'll carry it and when decent people return we'll hoist it again."

Dispatches say Mrs. Pienaar was cursed by the rebels, but they did not offer to molest her.

HONOR IS PAID DEAD DOG

Marquis, Regimental Dispatch Bearer, is Mentioned in French General Orders.

Dunkirk.—Marquis, the regimental dispatch dog of the Twenty-third French Infantry, has been mentioned in the orders of the day, having fallen in duty at the battle of Sarrebourg on the Belgian frontier.

At this action it became necessary for an officer to send a report immediately to his superior, but at the time the German fire was too intense to allow a man to cross the fire zone and Marquis was charged with the mission.

Off he ran, across the fire-swept zone, and arrived nearly at the objective point when a German ball struck him in the right side and brought him down. He struggled to his feet, though losing a great deal of blood, and dragged himself up to the position where the officer was directing a section of machine guns. He let fall the order, reddened by his blood, and breathed his last.

His soldier comrades are raising a fund for a monument on which is to be inscribed "Marquis—Killed on the Field of Honor."

RUSES FOOL THE GERMANS

Indian Troops Praised by General French for Their Initiative and Resourcefulness.

London.—in a report on the British operations in Belgium and France Field Marshal Sir John French says of the Indian troops:

"Since their arrival in this country and their occupation of the line allotted to them I have been much impressed by the initiative and resource displayed by the Indian troops. Some of the ruses they have employed to deceive the enemy have been attended with the best results and have doubtless kept the superior forces in front of them at bay.

"Our Indian sappers and miners have long enjoyed a high reputation for skill and resource. Without going into detail, I can confidently assert that throughout their work in this cam-

paign they have fully justified that reputation.

"The general officer commanding the Indian army describes the conduct and bearing of these troops in strange and new surroundings to have been highly satisfactory, and I am enabled from my own observations to fully corroborate this statement."

War Helps American Music.

Philadelphia.—The European war is proving a great boon to American musicians, composers and teachers, according to Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, professor of music at the University of Pennsylvania, who addressed the annual convention of the Sinfonia Phi Mu Alpha fraternity.

"The war has been the means of overthrowing the great European fetish which was held sacred by Americans," he said. "Formerly no American artist could appear as a soloist with an orchestra unless he could claim foreign lineage."

"The American public is beginning to see the true worth of their artists and will hereafter furnish the support which they have so long denied."

RESTING IN CAMP



British soldiers on the Belgian-French frontier awaiting orders to go to the firing line.

Heroine is Honored.

Vienna.—Austria has bestowed the cross of the Francis Joseph order on the wife of a lieutenant who followed her husband into the field and even into the trenches, and displayed conspicuous bravery.

Where He Gets His Training.

"Yes, he's an awful hustler. Always ahead of time. Seems to anticipate everything. Used to be a newsboy."

"I see. Probably sold six o'clock editions at noon!"

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Philadelphia Has a Great Family of Foundlings

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The city of Philadelphia is the official father and mother of thousands of children, according to Miss Ella F. Harris, children's agent of the department of public health and charities. The city has selected their names and religion and is trying to be the best parent that an impersonal city government can be. In addition to supervising the health, safety, entertainment and general welfare of its citizens, the city also assumes the parental obligations of the many nameless little strangers that are each year found within its limits.

The foundling, the orphan, the delinquent, and the child who for some other reason has been cut off from its parents are very numerous in the city.

They are well taken care of in the City of Brotherly Love and but few know of the presence of more than twelve thousand children in nearly seventy-five institutions within the city limits. A social worker in touch with the facts has said that nearly \$1,000,000 are spent annually in the care of the city's future citizens, who have been deprived of a home training.

Recently a policeman had occasion to bring a young colored boy to his station house. When asked his name by the house sergeant he gave the same name as the policeman. Investigation showed that this name, even to the initial, was all that he had ever had. It later developed that this same policeman had about seventeen years before picked up a small colored baby from an ash can and taken it to the Women's Homeopathic hospital. The hospital authorities had taken the officer's name for their record and had also given it to the baby who was the same that he picked up again over seventeen years afterward.

Many Chinese Farms Within the City of New York

NEW YORK.—One who from a skyscraper window looks across the East river to the Long Island part of Greater New York commands a view of a patch of rural China thriving there, its farmers using ancient methods of tilling, mostly by means of the tools of Marco Polo's time, and cultivating the very vegetation immemorably cultivated along the Sikiang and the levels of Quanguang. Using their native intensive methods, these Cantonese farmers average in profits about \$500 per man per season. When the growing season is over they come farther into the city, take jobs as cooks and waiters in chop-suey restaurants or as helpers in laundries, returning to the farm lands in the spring. They prosper and are healthy and peaceable. Doubtless they could do something with the cost of living problem if they took over more nearby farms and "truck" gardens. But the Chinese farmers raise no more than they and their New York countrymen consume. They are in competition with no one outside their own people. Mon Foon Jung, editor of the Chinese Daily News (Mon Jee Yat Bo), enumerates the vegetables grown, as follows:

- Goy-choy—a green plant, boiled for eating.
 - Bak-choy—a white plant, boiled with rice.
 - Dungwa—a melon, not sweet, weighing from ten to twenty pounds, boiled for eating.
 - Tak-wa—a green, bitter squash, used in chop-suey.
 - Lunga-baktu—a sort of elongated cabbage or Chinese artichoke, used for soups.
 - Doog-wa—a bean with a pod one to two feet long.
 - Chinese cucumber—as large as a squash, used in chop-suey.
 - American corn—as fodder for the mules on the farms.
- Also a few of the American vegetables for ingredients of the chop-suey made for Americans.

Chicago Has Produced a New Type of Irish Beauty

CHICAGO.—Chicago has evolved a new type of Irish beauty. It tumbles down all the old traditions of the Irish race and stands forth as the new ideal of Celtic pulchritude. Its sole exponent—at least as far as is known—is a girl of sixteen years—Miss Agnes Daley of 4236 St. Lawrence avenue. She is blonde instead of brunette, and short and slender instead of tall and stately.

Five judges selected her at the annual ball of the Irish Counties Social union as the most beautiful colleen in Chicago. These are the charms which led the judges unanimously to declare her beauty superior to that of 400 other contestants:

Hair, light blonde; eyes, deep blue; lashes, jet black; complexion, "pink and white;" height, 5 feet 5½ inches; weight, 128 pounds.

That the new type is unique is shown by the fact that selections of the judges for second and third prize were girls of the conventional type of Irish beauty.

Dig Up Skulls on Site of Old Fort Pontchartrain

DETROIT, MICH.—The annual crop of skeletons is now being harvested on the site of Fort Pontchartrain. Souvenir fiends are dashing madly up and down and across Jefferson avenue, carrying skulls, arrow heads, beads, wampum, bayonets, musket locks, horse-shoes, brass buttons and other mementoes of a gory but historic past.

Merchants along the big thoroughfare are preparing to decorate their windows with grisly remnants of an ancient burial ground.

A workman digging in a trench in Jefferson avenue, near Griswold street, made the first important find. His spade struck something hard, and in a few seconds he unearthed a skull of magnificent proportions. In close proximity he found two others. He grew voluble and everybody quit work. Business men dashed out of their stores and shops and people got off street cars. There was much comment. The Old Residenter was among those present. He said the skulls were resting on the site of the gateway to old Fort Pontchartrain. He said no doubt many more skeletons will be found before the trenches are completed.

A man in shirtsleeves said the skulls probably were once the property of members of the Iroquois tribe of Indians.

The workmen were digging a sewer and the excavations extend east in Jefferson avenue as far as Mt. Elliott avenue. This serves to bring to light a collection of fine old ruins, as it includes the ground where the battle of Bloody Run was staged.

