

The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: OCTOBER 16, 1914.

Number 7.

Hunters Went After the Ducks Thursday

Definite authority was received from Washington that the duck shooting season opened Oct. 15th (yesterday), and the local hunters are taking to the game with a vengeance. The boom of the shotgun woke most people yesterday morning, as the hunters vied with each other for the first game. Quail season does not open until Nov. 1st. Game must not be shot between sunset and sunrise. Water fowls have been migrating for some time now, and the season was advanced by the Secretary of Agriculture to allow the north Texas hunters a chance at them.

WHY DID FROGS LEAVE TANK?

Wm. M. Moore called at the Slatonite office Saturday to ask for a little information in natural history. Mr. Moore said that the earthen tank on Walter Robertson's farm, southwest of Slaton, was full of frogs this summer; there were so many that they seemed to number in the thousands—a million, as the common expression is. When the rain came up Tuesday last week, the frogs all left the tank, going out over the south bank and starting in a drove to travel to the south. The Robertson family watched the truly amazing spectacle of the frogs leaving the tank by common impulse, and the ground was literally alive with the moving frogs. This migration occurred just before the rain fell. In a short time the frogs disappeared, and a careful search since has failed to locate any of them. There are no frogs remaining in the pond.

As we are not authority on natural history, either faked or professional, and do not know the ways of the local weather prognosticators, we will ask some nature scholar to tell why the frogs quit the pond.

Gates Won't Go to Reunion

Several days ago Dr. I. E. Gates, president of Wayland college, of this city, received a letter from a man up north, telling him that the Millennium is soon to begin, if the 144,000 "elected" mentioned in Revelations will at once gather at Cold Harbor, Me., bring all their wealth, divide it equally among those who will gather there, and the "elected" ones will then live for a thousand years in peace and have all things in common.

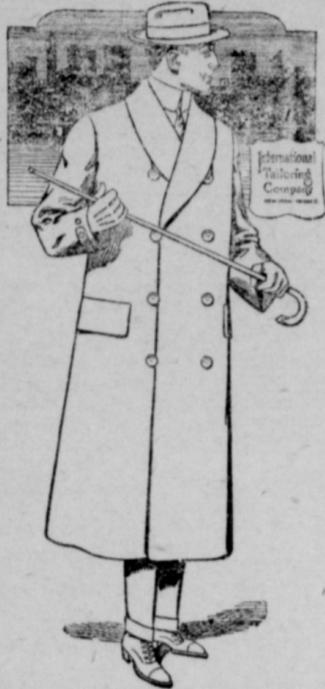
Dr. Gates says he does not intend to go to the rendezvous, as he has a big job here managing Wayland college. It is too bad that he will break the circle, and put off the Millennium indefinitely.—Plainview News.

Community and Rogers 1847 Silverware, all strictly guaranteed, at Brannon's Hardware, where you will find a full line of table cutlery.

Frost appeared Tuesday night in a light form, and much heavier Wednesday night.

Friends and Citizens!

Jack Frost is in the air; Winter is on its way. Many of you have already heard the warning whippers of the little guardian who looks after your bodily comfort. Now you can get a deal of comfort out of a wool sack when Mr. Thermometer hits Zero—but who ever wants to wear a wool sack?



INTERNATIONAL

\$15 TO \$35 Here is a Made-to-Measure service which guarantees ev-

erything in Fit and Custom Workmanship you could desire. Every thread in every fabric is 100 per cent pure wool. Prices to satisfy every purse.

PROCTOR & OLIVE

Gents Furnishing Store : : Slaton, Texas

Decreasing Mortality of Modern Warfare

Heroic as it may be to die for one's country, a soldier no more relishes the idea of being shot than he does of being run over by a railway train. His commanding officer takes good care that he shall not be needlessly placed in danger. Every bush and tree, every mound and hillock is used as a shield. And where there is no natural protection, the infantryman digs one,—digs an artificial cover of some kind. His trenches are of various degrees of perfection, depending on the time he has at his disposal. In some he can stand and fire over a parapet of earth or through loopholes, and in some he kneels. Some are hollowed out at the bottom, shored up like a mine gallery and roofed so that he may huddle up and protect himself when shrapnel is bursting over him. There is more hiding than shooting on the firing line. The covers, some of them hastily improvised during a battle, perform their functions so well that it is astonishing how comparatively small is the number of men who are killed where they stand, or who are even disabled.

During the Russian Japanese war it took 1053 rifle cartridges to put one Japanese out of the fight. Contrast that with 1870, when one bullet out of 375 found

its mark, and it becomes immediately apparent that for all the studied deadliness of modern infantry fire, the soldier's lot has improved vastly and that fewer men are likely to be hit in the present conflict than the newspapers lead us to suppose. Millions of cartridges have already been fired in Europe, but the killed and wounded are numbered only by thousands.—From "The War as Affected by New Inventions," by Waldemar Kaempffert, in the American Review of Reviews for October.

A large amount of building will be done on Slaton farms this winter. Arrangements are being made for houses on the new farms opening near town, and this will make work for the carpenters and painters.

Court Decision Gives McLemore Nomination

Austin, Tex., Oct. 12.—Advices were received here today from Galveston to the effect that the court of civil appeals there had dismissed the appeal of W. P. Lane in the contest for congressman at large, on the grounds that it had no jurisdiction, the office being a federal office. This means that Jeff McLemore has won out and will be one of the two congressmen at large from Texas after the November election. The other is Cyclone Davis.

"Dry and dusty; can't get the wheat planted," is the story from the wheat countries.

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

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

BRANNON HARDWARE

102 Bushels of Maize Harvested on 1 Acre

A Randall county girl, fourteen years of age, produced 102 bushels of maize on an acre of land, according to the figures of H. M. Bainer, superintendent of the Boys' and Girls' Kafir and Maize Club. The girl actually did all the work in connection with the cultivation and growing of the crop.

Commenting on this splendid crop, State Press says:

That Randall County girl's crop is not seeking salvation at the hands of the Texas Legislature or the Federal Congress. Not a bushel of that maize is "distressed." Why is it that a Randall County schoolgirl, working with childish strength, grew a better crop of grain than, probably, was grown on any other single acre of corn land in the most fertile portion of the State? Because she farmed intensely.

FARMER HAS NEW AUTOMOBILE

Claud Hindman has a new motor car of the Duroc Holstein variety or something like that and he was showing me the way to start the critter:

First you pump up the lavatory. That seems to have the effect of rejecting the oil in the carbonator. Then you turn on the magazine and insert your batteries. To your right is a clock that is wound by the transmission. Having ascertained just the amount of time it is going to take you to get there you grasp the incinerator carefully in your left hand, right heel to the ball of your left foot and to right angles of your body facing the east.

With your right hand you turn on the pulmotor, only being careful that the ammeter and heileograph are in the proper position.

Now you are ready to start. Carefully ascertain whether or not the garage man has filled the silo. On the dash port you will find a little thyroid gland that tells you just to the kilometer how much pressure there is in the degenerator. In case you find that it needs adjustment you may have to resort to a major or exploratory operation in which case it would be well to consult a surgeon.

Now by degrees you operate the steering committee and proceed straight ahead until you want to turn. It's exceedingly simple.—Pink Rag.

C. B. Hart, traveling salesman for the 4-W Breakfast Food manufactured in Amarillo, was in Slaton last week, and placed the product in some of our stores. The 4-W Breakfast food is advertised in the Slatonite. It is a home manufactured product; get a box and try it. The 4-W is highly recommended, and if it is worthy of your approbation should have a regular place on the table. It is made from the grain products of the Panhandle and the South Plains.

We want that crop letter.

Child Had Told Her Story and Would Amend It in Only One Way.

She was an extreme example of the modern child. Although her years were few, she seemed the perfect mistress of every situation. Dressed in an extreme frock, she reclined gracefully in a chair, entertaining the caller until her mother appeared.

"I see you like cats," said the caller, who had observed two white kittens tumbling about the rug in the next room.

"Oh, yes, in reason," answered the modern one in her blase voice. "I do not object to two, or even three, cats. But when you have as many as the woman who had the place next to us at the seashore last summer, it becomes annoying."

"Did she have too many pets?"

"She had 50 cats. Fifty large, black cats. They used to sit in a row on our front lawn every evening, and you could see their green eyes gleaming a mile away. It was too uncanny."

"Oh, Jessie," exclaimed the visitor involuntarily. "You're exaggerating dreadfully. No woman ever had 50 cats."

Jessie stared levelly into the caller's eyes.

"Or more," she said nonchalantly. "Fifty or more."

AVALANCHES ON ORDER.

By means of electric mines placed deep in the congealed neves mantling the crests of the Swiss Alps, avalanches are being manufactured to order for the benefit of moving picture photographers and others who find the sport attractive enough to pay the prices charged. The mines are connected by cable with a magneto in the valley, and when all is ready a push of the control lever fulminates a large quantity of gunpowder up on the side of the mountain and down comes the artificial avalanche with all the terrifying rush and roar of a natural landslide.

NEARLY AS BAD.

Skids—Is he one of those fellows who are always tickled to death to get something for nothing?

Skittles—Well, not exactly; but he always acts as if he was a philanthropist when he refuses a transfer.—Puck.

PARADOXICAL SITUATION.

Somebody told me that the barbers are preparing to take advantage of the situation—that even shaves are going up.

"Why, I thought barbers always charged cut prices."

OUTRAGEOUS.

Mr. Lawson—I don't see why you should take it to heart so, just because Wylkyns said that you were fat.

Mrs. Lawson (sobbing)—But it was a great deal worse than that. He said that I was bulky.—Somerville Journal.

NOT THAT KIND.

He—Darling, I would give a lot to make you happy.

She—With an up-to-date cottage on it?

QUIET LONG ENOUGH.

"Here's a woman wants a divorce because her husband hasn't talked to her for years."

"And she noticed it?"

A DOUBT.

"I say give a man rope enough and he'll hang himself."

"I don't know about that. He might rope you in."

OTHER USES.

"This orchestra uses a rack for its music."

"Yes, and the audience is often put on it."

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS

We wish to thank the farmers and railroad people of this town and vicinity for helping us to build up one of the most uptodate dry goods and grocery stores on the plains. We have everything in stock for fall except our shoes, and they are in transit. We have the right goods at the right price. Call and be convinced.

SIMMONS & ROBERTSON

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES

HEART BEAT AFTER DEATH

Switchman's Pulsation Reported to Have Continued Long After Respiration Had Ceased.

Chicago medical circles were interested in the report of an interne in one of the largest hospitals in the city that the heart of a patient who died in his ward had continued pulsation two hours and forty minutes after the man's respiration had ceased. The report was made by Dr. L. G. Morrill of the staff of St. Luke's hospital.

The patient was George Fitch, fifty-two years old, a switchman, who had been caught between two freight cars. His chest was crushed. He was operated on and died the night of July 31. According to Doctor Morrill's report, breath stopped at midnight. Doctor Morrill remained by the man's side and discovered that his heart continued to beat. It did not cease until 2:40 o'clock in the morning, he declared, and, meanwhile, by every test the man's lungs were lifeless.

Physicians declared the case of extreme interest, and requested Doctor Morrill to elaborate his official report.

Had Royal Feed on Thousand-Dollar Public Building Bond Belonging to Ohio Bank.

That Cuyahoga county public building \$1,000 bonds are good rat food was evidenced by a long envelope full of the much gnawed remains of one of these bonds brought to the county commissioners' office by a messenger from the First National bank.

The small pieces showed the bond was issued February 1, 1902, bore the serial number 768, maturing August 1, 1917, and that the 1914 coupon is still out.

The messenger explained the mutilated bond was received by the First National bank in Cleveland from the Pomeroy National bank at Pomeroy, O., with the information that rats had gnawed through a trunk where the bond had been kept and didn't stop until they had almost devoured the entire bond.

After a conference, County Commissioner Metzger said the owner of the bond either would be furnished a duplicate or another bond if the Pomeroy citizen will bear the expense.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc., of the Slatonite published weekly at Slaton, Texas, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of editor, managing editor, and business manager, L. P. Loomis; post office, Slaton, Texas. Publishers and Owners, L. P. Loomis and Ed. T. Massey. Known bond holders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: First State Bank, Slaton, Texas.

(Signed: L. P. Loomis, Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1914.

(Seal) J. G. Wadsworth, Notary Public. My commission expires June 30, 1915.

CONTRARY CURRENTS.

"My doctor's bills are running up."

"How's that?"

"I suppose it is because I am so run down."

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Lubbock County—Greeting:

You are Hereby Commanded to summon Chas. R. Brown by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 72nd Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said 72nd Judicial District; to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Lubbock County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Lubbock, Texas, on the Fifth Monday in November A. D. 1914, the same being the 30th day of November A. D. 1914, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 5th day of September A. D. 1914, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 852, wherein Fannie Brown is Plaintiff and Chas. R. Brown is Defendant, said petition alleging that plaintiff has been a resident of Lubbock County, Texas, for more than six months preceeding the filing of this suit and that the residence of defendant is unknown; that on or about September 7th, 1912, plaintiff was lawfully married to defendant in Guadalupe County, New Mexico, and they continued to live together as husband and wife until about November 7th, 1912, when defendant deserted plaintiff, since which time they have not lived together as husband and wife; that during the time plaintiff and defendant lived together she was a kind and dutiful wife and true to her marital vows, but defendant, immediately after their marriage began a course of unkind, harsh, and cruel treatment towards plaintiff, which continued until defendant deserted plaintiff; That defendant often cursed and abused plaintiff and accused her of unchastity, and infidelity, all of which allegations are false; that defendant has failed and refused to provide for plaintiff's support although he was able to do so and that the defendant's actions and conduct towards plaintiff generally were and are of such a nature as to render their future living together as husband and wife insupportable; Wherefore plaintiff prays for judgment dissolving said marriage relations, for costs of court and for all other

relief to which she may be entitled.

Herein Fail Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given Under My Hand and the Seal of said Court, at office

in Lubbock, Texas, this the 8th day of September A. D. 1914.

J. A. Wilson, Clerk District Court, Lubbock County. (Seal.) By C. F. Stubbs Deputy. A True Copy, I certify.

W. H. Flynn, Sheriff Lubbock County, Texas. By W. M. Ross, Deputy.

City Directory and Railway Guide.

MAYOR: R. J. Murray.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST CHURCH.

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

BAPTIST CHURCH.

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

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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

LODGES.

INDEPENDENT ORDER ODD FELLOWS.

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

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.

Slaton Camp 2871 W. O. W. meets 1st and 3rd Friday nights in each month at MacRea Hall. A. E. Arnfield, C. C. B. C. Morgan, Clerk.

WOODMEN CIRCLE.

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

A., F., AND A. M.

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

YOEMEN.

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

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.—Santa Fe South Plains Lines

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 27, Arrives from Amarillo..... 2:30 p. m.
" " Departs for Sweetwater..... 2:55 p. m.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 28, Arrives from Sweetwater..... 10:40 a. m.
" " Departs for Amarillo..... 11:05 a. m.

AMARILLO LOCAL.

No. 93, Arrives from Amarillo..... 5:15 p. m.
No. 94, Departs for Amarillo..... 6:00 a. m.

LAMESA LOCAL.

No. 803, Departs for Lamesa..... 3:20 p. m.
No. 804, Arrives from Lamesa..... 11:30 a. m.

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

By DANE COOLIDGE
Author of "The Fighting Fool," "Hidden Waters," "The Texican," Etc.

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey.)
CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

By the signs the land ahead was full of bandits and ladrones, men to whom human life was nothing and a woman no more sacred than a brute. At the pass all trails converged, from the north and from the south. Not by any chance could a man pass over it in the daytime without meeting some one on the way, and if the base revoltosos once set eyes on Gracia it would take more than a nod to restrain them.

So, in a sheltered ravine they sought cover until it was dark, and while Gracia slept, the heavy-headed Bud watched the plain from the heights above.

As he watched he dreamed of a home in which this woman now sleeping beside him was the queen. He dreamed of years to come with unbounded happiness throughout all of them. Thoughts of Phil and duty to his partner were far away. Nothing on the plain below served to distract him from this dream of happiness. As far as he could see there was nothing that savored of danger for the woman in his keeping. There were no sounds or signs of either federal or revolutionary troops, from both of which they were fleeing, and from both of which he must guard her. Again they were in a world that was all their own, an Eden with but one man and one woman.

For an hour and more he watched and dreamed, and with the dreams came the desire for sleep, the cry of nature for rest. Gracia stirred, then spoke softly to him, calling him by name, and her voice was as music far away.

When she awoke and found him nodding Gracia insisted upon taking his place. Now that she had been refreshed her dark eyes were bright and sparkling, but Bud could hardly see. The long watching by night and by day had left his eyes bloodshot and swollen, with lids that drooped in spite of him. If he did not sleep now he might doze in the saddle later, or ride blindly into some rebel camp; so he made her promise to call him and lay down to rest until dark.

The stars were all out when he awoke, startled by her hand on his hair, but she reassured him with a word and led him up the hill to their lookout. It was then that he understood her silence. In the brief hours during which he had slept the deserted country seemed suddenly to have come to life.

By daylight there had been nothing to suggest the presence of men. But now as the velvet night settled down upon the land it brought out the glimmering specks of a hundred camp-fires to the east and to the north. But the fires to which Gracia pointed were set fairly in their trail, and they barred the way to Gadsden.

"Look!" she said. "I did not want to wake you, but the fires have sprung up everywhere. These last ones are right in the pass."

"When did you see them?" asked Hooker, his head still heavy with sleep. "Have they been there long?" "No; only a few minutes," she answered. "At sundown I saw those over to the east—they are along the base of that big black mountain—but these flashed up just now; and see, there are more, and more!"

"Some outfit coming in from the north," said Bud. "They've crossed over the pass and camped at the first water this side."

"Who do you think they are?" asked Gracia in an awed voice. "Insurrectos?"

"Like as not," muttered Bud, gazing from encampment to encampment. "But whoever they are," he added, "they're no friends of ours. We've got to go around them."

"And if we can't?" suggested Gracia.

"I reckon we'll have to go through, then," answered Hooker grimly. "We don't want to get caught here in the morning."

"Ride right through their camp?" gasped Gracia.

"Let the sentries get to sleep," he went on, half to himself. "Then, just

before the moon comes up, we'll try to edge around them, and if it comes to a showdown, we'll ride for it! Are you game?"

He turned to read the answer, and she drew herself up proudly.

"Try me!" she challenged, drawing nearer to him in the darkness. And so they stood, side by side, while their hands clasped in promise. Then, as the night grew darker and no new fires appeared, Hooker saddled up the well-fed horses and they picked their way down to the trail.

The first fires were far ahead, but they proceeded at a walk, their horses' feet falling silently upon the sodden ground. Not a word was spoken and they halted often to listen, for others, too, might be abroad. The distant fires were dying now, except a few where men rose to feed them.

The braying of burros came in from the flats to the right and as the fugitives drew near the first encampment they could hear the voices of the night guards as they rode about the horse herd. Then, as they waited impatiently, the watch-fires died down, the guards no longer sang their high falsetto, and even the burros were still.

This was their opportunity. If they were to get through that line of sleeping men it must be done by stealth. Should they be discovered it would mean one man against an army to protect the woman, and the odds, great as they were, must be taken if need be.

It was approaching the hour of midnight, and as their horses twitched restively at the bits they gave them the rein and rode ahead at a venture.

At their left the last embers of the fires revealed the sleeping forms of men; to their right, somewhere in the darkness, was the night herd and the herders. They lay low on their horses' necks, not to cast a silhouette against the sky, and let Copper Bottom pick the trail.

With ears that pricked and swiveled, and delicate nostrils snuffing the Mexican taint, he plodded along through the greasewood, divining by some instinct his master's need of care. The camp was almost behind them, and Bud had straightened up in the saddle, when suddenly the watchful Copper Bottom jumped and a man rose up from the ground.

"Who goes there?" he mumbled, swaying sleepily above his gun, and Hooker reined his horse away before he gave him an answer.

"None of your business," he growled impatiently. "I am going to the pass." And as the sentry stared stupidly after him he rode on through the bushes, neither hurrying nor halting until he gained the trail.

"Good luck!" he observed to Gracia, when the camp was far behind. "He took me for an officer and never saw you at all."

"No, I flattened myself on my pony," answered Gracia with a laugh. "He thought you were leading a pack-horse."

"Good," chuckled Hooker; "you did fine! Now, don't say another word—because they'll notice a woman's voice—and if we don't run into some more of them we'll soon be climbing the pass."

They had passed through some perilous moments, but Gracia had hardly realized the danger because of the assurance of Hooker, who was careful not to frighten her unnecessarily. But it was an assurance which he had not felt himself, and he was not yet certain of their safety.

The waning moon came out as they left the wide valley behind them, and then it disappeared again as they rode into the gloomy shadows of the canyon. For an hour or two they plodded slowly upward, passing through narrow defiles and into moonlit spaces, and still they did not mount the summit.

In the east the dawn began to break and they spurred on in almost a panic. The Mexican paisanos count themselves late if they do not take the trail at sundown—what if they should meet some straggling party before they reached the pass?

Bud jumped Copper Bottom up a series of cat steps; Gracia's roan came scrambling behind; and then, just as the boxed walls ended and they gained a level spot, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a camp of Mexicans—men, saddles, packs, and rifles, all scattered at their feet.

"Buenos dias!" saluted Bud, as the blinking men rose up from their blankets. "Excuse me, amigos, I am in a hurry!"

"A donde va? A donde va?" challenged a bearded man as he sprang up from his brush shelter.

"To the pass, señor," answered Hooker, still politely, but motioning for Gracia to ride on ahead. "Adios!"

"Who is that man?" followed the bearded leader, turning furiously upon his followers. "Where is my sentinel? Stop him!"

But it was too late to stop him. Bud laid his quirt across the rump of the roan and spurred forward in a dash for cover. They whisked around the point of a hill as the first scattered shots rang out; and, as a frightened sentinel jumped up in their path Bud rode him down. The man dropped his gun to

escape the fury of the charge and in a mad clatter they flung themselves at a rock-slide and scrambled to the bench above. The path was rocky, but they pressed forward at a gallop until, as the sun came up, they beheld the summit of the pass.

"We win!" cried Bud, as he spurred up the last incline.

As he looked over the top he exploded in an oath and jerked Copper Bottom back on his haunches. The leader of a long line of horsemen was just coming up the other side—there was no escape—and then back at the frightened girl.

"Keep behind me," he commanded, "and don't shoot. I'm going to hold 'em up!"

He jumped his horse out to one side and landed squarely on the rim of the ridge. Gracia drew her horse in behind him and reached for the pistol in her holster; then both together they drew their guns and Bud threw down on the first man.

"Go on!" he ordered, motioning him forward with his head; "pr-r-ronto!" He jerked out his rifle with his left hand and laid it across his lap.

"Hurry up now," he raged, as the startled Mexican halted. "Go on and keep a going, and the first man that makes a break I'll shoot him full of holes!"

He sat like a statue on his shining horse, his six-shooter balanced to shoot, and something in his very presence—the bulk of his body, the forward thrust of his head, and the burning hate of his eyes—quelled the spirits of the rebels. They were a rag-tag army, mounted on horses and donkeys and mules and with arms of every known make.

It was just such an army as was overrunning all northern Mexico, such an army as had been levying tribute on the land for a century. They spread terror throughout all that great country south of the American border.

The fiery glances of the American made them cringe as they had always cringed before their masters, and his curses turned their blood to water. He towered above them like a giant, pouring forth a torrent of oaths and beckoning them on their way, and the leader was the first to yield.

With hand half-raised and jaw on his breast he struck spurs to his frightened mule and went dashing over the ridge.

The others followed by twos and threes, some shrinking, some protesting, some gazing forth villainously from beneath their broad hats. As they looked back he whirled upon them and swore he would kill the first man that dared to turn his head.

After all, they were a generation of slaves, those low-browed, unthinking peons, and war had not made them brave. They passed on, the whole line of bewildered soldiery, looking in vain for the men that were behind the American, staring blankly at the beautiful woman who sat so courageously by his side.

When the last had gone by Bud picked up his rifle and watched him around the point. Then he smiled grimly at Gracia, whose eyes were still round with wonder, and led the way down the trail.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The high pass and the insurrectos were behind them now and the rolling plains of Agua Negra were at their feet. To the northeast the smoke banners of the Gadsden smelters lay like ribbons across the sky, and the line was not far away.

Yet, as they came down from the mountains, Bud and Gracia fell silent and slackened their slashing pace. The time for parting was near, and partings are always sad.

But ten miles across the plain lay Gadsden and Phil—Phil to whom Gracia was promised. There had been no thoughts of him from the time they sat together under the horse-blankets waiting for the rain to pass until now that the dangers were virtually over, and but a short time more would place them beyond the reach of either rurales or rebels. Bud thought of the duty he owed his partner, even though that partner had played him false. Great as was his longing for Gracia, he could not forget that duty. Their companionship had been but a thing to forget if he could, or at best he could only remember the sweetness of it, and must forget the dreams he had dreamed as he watched beside Gracia in the hills. He was taking her to Phil, and all else must be sacrificed for duty.

Bud looked far out across the valley to where a train puffed in from the south, and the sight of it made him uneasy. He watched still as it lay at the station and, after a prolonged stare in the direction of Agua Negra, he reined sharply to the north.

"What is it?" asked Gracia, coming out of her reverie.

"Oh, nothing," answered Bud, slumping down in his saddle. "I see the railroad is open again—they might be somebody up there looking for us."

"You mean—"

"Well, say a bunch of rurales."

He turned still farther to the north as he spoke and spurred his faded

horse on. Gracia kept her roan beside him, but he took no notice, except as he scanned the line with his bloodshot eyes. He was a hard-looking man now, with a rough stubble of beard on his face and a sullen set to his jaw. As two horsemen rode out from distant Agua Negra he turned and glanced at Gracia.

"Seems like we been on the run ever since we left Fortuna," he said with a rueful smile. "Are you good for just one more?"

"What is it now?" she inquired pulling herself together with an effort. "Are those two men coming out to meet us? Do you think they'd stop us?"

"That's about our luck," returned Hooker. "But when we dip out of sight in this swale here we'll turn north and hit for the line."

"All right," she agreed. "My horse is tired, but I'll do whatever you say, Bud."

She tried to catch his eyes at this, but he seemed lost in contemplation of the horsemen.

"Them's rurales," he said at last, "and heading straight for us—but we've come too far to get caught now. Come on!" he added brusquely, and went galloping up the swale.

For two miles they rode up the wash, their heads below the level of the plain, but as Bud emerged at the mouth of the gulch and looked warily over the cut bank he suddenly reached for his rifle and measured the distance to the line.

"They was too foxy for me," he muttered, as Gracia looked over at the approaching rurales. "But I can stand 'em off," he added, "so you go ahead."

"No!" she cried, coming out in open rebellion. "Well, I won't leave you—that's all!" she declared, as he turned to command her. "Oh, come along, Bud!" She laid an impulsive hand on his arm and he thrust his gun back into the sling with a thud.

"All right!" he said. "Can't stop to talk about it. Go ahead—and flay the hide off of that roan!"

They were less than a mile from the line, but the rurales had foreseen their ruse in dropping into the gulch and had turned at the same time to intercept them. They were pushing their fresh horses to the utmost now across the open prairie, and as the roan lagged and faltered in his stride Bud could see that the race was lost.

"Head for that monument!" he called to Gracia, pointing toward one of the international markers as he faced their pursuers. "You'll make it—they won't shoot a woman!"

He reached for his gun as he spoke. "No, no!" she cried. "Don't you stop! If you do I will! Come on!" she entreated, checking her horse to wait for him. "You ride behind me—they won't dare shoot at us then!"

Bud laughed shortly and wheeled in behind her, returning his gun to its sling.

"All right," he said, "we'll ride it out together then!"

He laid the quirt to the roan. In the whirl of racing bushes a white monument flashed up suddenly before them. The rurales were within pistol-shot and whipping like mad to head them. Another figure came flying along the line, a horseman, waving his hands and motioning. Then, riding side by side, they broke across the boundary with the baffled rurales yelling savagely at their heels.

"Keep a going!" prompted Hooker, as Gracia leaned back to check her horse; "down into the gulch there—them rurales are liable to shoot yet!"

The final dash brought them to cover, but as Bud leaped down and took Gracia in his arms the roan spread his feet, trembled, and dropped heavily to the ground.

"He'll be all right," soothed Bud, as Gracia still clung to his arm. Then, as he saw her gaze fixed beyond him, he turned and beheld Phillip De Lancey.

It was the same Phil, the same man Bud had called partner, and yet when Hooker saw him there he stiffened and his face grew hard.

"Well?" he said, slowly detaching Gracia's fingers and putting her hand away.

As Phil ran forward to greet them he stepped suddenly off to one side. What they said he did not know, for his mind was suddenly a blank; but when Phil rushed over and wrung his hand he came back to earth with a start.

"Bud!" cried De Lancey ecstatically, "how can I ever thank you enough! You brought her back to me, didn't you, old man? Thank God you're safe—I've been watching for you with glasses ever since I heard you had started! I knew you would do it, partner; you're the best friend a man ever had! But—say, come over here a minute—I want to speak to you."

He led Hooker off to one side, while Gracia watched them with jealous eyes, and lowered his voice as he spoke.

"It was awful good of you, Bud," he whispered, "but I'm afraid you've got in bad! The whole town is crazy about it. Old Aragon came up on the first train, and now they've wired that you killed Del Rey. By jove, Bud, wasn't that pulling it a little strong? Cap'n,

of the rurales, you know—the whole Mexican government is behind him—and Aragon wants you for kidnaping!"

"What's that?" demanded Gracia, as she heard her own name spoken.

Bud looked at Phil, who for once was at a loss for words, and then he answered slowly.

"Your father is down at the station," he said, "looking for—you."

"Well, he can't have me!" cried Gracia defiantly. "I'm across the line now! I'm free! I can do what I please!"

"But there's the immigration office," interposed Phil pacifically. "You will have to go there—and your father has claimed you were kidnaped!"

"Ha! Kidnaped!" laughed Gracia, who had suddenly recovered her spirits. "And by whom?"

"Well—by Bud here," answered De Lancey hesitatingly.

Gracia turned as he spoke and surveyed Hooker with a mocking smile. Then she laughed again.

"Never mind," she said, "I'll fix that. I'll tell them that I kidnaped him!"

"No, but seriously!" protested De Lancey, as Bud chuckled hoarsely. "You can't cross the line without being passed by the inspectors, and—well, your father is there to get you back."

"But I will not go!" flung back Gracia.

"Oh, my dear girl!" cried De Lancey, frowning in his perplexity, "you don't understand, and you make it awful hard for me. You know they're very strict now—so many low women coming across the line, for—well, the fact is, unless you are married you can't come in at all!"

"But I'm in!" protested Gracia flushing hotly. "I'm—"

"They'll deport you," said De Lancey, stepping forward to give her support.

"I know it's hard, dear," he went on, as Bud moved hastily away, "but I've got it all arranged. Why should we wait? You came to marry me, didn't you? Well, you must do it now—right away! I've got the license, and the priest all waiting—come, paper the rurales get back to

port that you've crossed can ride around to the Maxwell in in at the other side g heartily

"Oh, no, no!" cried refute any him impulsively asid, the South ready now. And—'ght to tell

She paused and gla own in soy

"Mr. Hooker," sh gently toward him what will you do now?"

"I don't know," answered Hooker huskily.

"Will you come with us—will you?" "No," said Bud, shaking his head slowly.

"Then I must say good-by?" She waited, but he did not answer.

"You have been so good to me," she went on, "so brave, and—have I been brave, too?" she broke in pleadingly.

Hooker nodded his head, but he did not meet her eyes.

"Ah, yes," she sighed. "You have heard what Phil has said. I wish now that my mother were here, but—would you mind? Before I go I want to—give you a kiss!"

She reached out her hands impulsively and Hooker started back. His eyes, which had been downcast, blazed suddenly as he gazed at her, and then they flitted to Phil.

"No," he said, and his voice was lifeless and choked.

"You will not?" she asked, after a pause.

"No!" he said again, and she shrank away before his glance.

"Then good-by," she murmured, turning away like one in a dream, and Bud heard the crunch of her steps as she went toward the horses with Phil. Then, as the tears welled to his eyes, he heard a resounding slap and a rush of approaching feet.

"No!" came the voice of Gracia, vibrant with indignation. "I say no!" The spat of her hand rang out again and then, with a piteous sobbing, she came running back to Bud, halting with the stiffness of her long ride.

"I hate you!" she screamed, as Phil came after her. "Oh, I hate you! No, you shall never have the kiss! What! if Bud here has refused it, will I give a kiss to you? Ah, you poor, miserable creature!" she cried, wheeling upon him in a sudden fit of passion. "Where were you when I was in danger? Where were you when there was no one to save me? And did you think, then, to steal a kiss, when my heart was sore for Bud? Ah, coward! You are no fit partner! No, I will never marry you—never! Well, go then! And hurry! Oh, how I hate you—to try to steal me from Bud!"

She turned and threw her arms about Hooker's neck and drew his rough face down to her.

"You do love me, don't you, Bud?" she sobbed. "Oh, you are so good—so brave! And now will you take the kiss?"

"Try me!" said Bud.

THE END.

No Profit in Unjust Gain.

Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that

def but once; this for

STEAM NAVY NOW IS LITTLE OVER 100 YEARS OLD

Strange Craft Which Was Fore-runner of Dreadnaught.

FULTON'S ORIGINAL WARSHIP

Vessel With Twin Hulls and One Paddle Wheel Made Four Miles an Hour in Fair Weather—Rotted in Navy Yard.

Philadelphia.—Just a little more than one hundred years ago the steam navy of the United States had its material beginning. On that day, June 20, 1814, for the same reason, the steam navies of the entire world had their origin. Such is our debt to the mechanical genius of Robert Fulton, who planned and built the epoch-making craft, the Demologos, a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer says.

Of course, as all of us know, steam navigation was not a novelty in 1814, but the vessels so propelled were craft of peace and limited their routes to the protected waters of rivers. Fulton's Demologos was designed to withstand the heaviest blows that the biggest fighting ship afloat could bring to bear, and, at the same time, the craft was to navigate the open sea without drawing her motive power from the free winds of the heavens. Remember, we were then in the throes of our war with England, and it was Fulton's desire to build a ship that would be able to make our harbors unassailable while having the power to destroy whole squadrons of the foe. Rather an ambitious scheme, no doubt, but something that might have been proved entirely practicable had the Demologos ever had a chance to measure her forces against those of the foe.

Fulton's Floating Battery.

Toward the close of 1813 Fulton laid before the president of the United States plans for a war steamer or floating battery. Strange to say, knowing how inventors are commonly treated today, his extraordinary project was favorably received, and in March of the year following congress authorized the building and equipping of "one or more floating batteries for the defense of the waters of the United States." The Demologos, or, as she was afterward officially known, the Fulton, was begun on the 20th of June, 1814, by the laying of her keels at the shipyard of Adam & Noah Brown in the city of New York. The craft had two keels because she really was given two hulls. Fulton used a single paddle wheel and he wanted to place this vital part of his propulsive mechanism where it could not be reached by an enemy's cannon balls.

Notwithstanding many difficulties due to the existing war with Great Britain, the Fulton was launched on the 29th of October, 1814, and the occasion was one of national rejoicing and much local ceremony. To the average eye the body of the craft appeared bulky and unwieldy, but no less an authority than Capt. David Porter said: "I would not alter her if it were in my power to do so."

The Biggest Steamer Then Afloat.

The Fulton had a length of 150 feet, a breadth of 56 feet and a tonnage of 2,475, and at that time was hundreds of tons bigger than the largest steamer of the day afloat. Difficulty was experienced in obtaining suitable guns for her armament. A goodly number of her cannon came from Philadelphia, and in order to escape possible capture by British ships 20 of these weapons were transported overland upon

the miry roads of New Jersey. They were dragged by horses.

Unfortunately, Fulton's untimely death on the 24th of February, 1815, prevented him from seeing the completion of the ship, and, too, his demise likewise delayed her finishing. However, her engines were made ready by the last of June and by a happy coincidence she was taken out for a trial run on Independence day. According to the old accounts, "She made a trip to the ocean eastward of Sandy Hook and back again, a distance of 53 miles, in eight hours and twenty minutes, without the aid of sails, the wind and tide being partly favorable and partly against her, the balance rather in her favor."

Later, on the 11th of September, with all of her guns on board and carrying a considerable quantity of ammunition, the Fulton made another trial trip, during which she fired off her cannon successfully and without the slightest injury to the craft or to her machinery. It is said that her performance more than equaled Fulton's expectations, and that she actually exceeded what he had promised the government—that is, that she should be able to make under steam from three to four miles an hour.

Blew Up at Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Inasmuch as the war with England had been ended, the Fulton had no chance to show what she could do in action, and the government authorities assigned her to the Brooklyn navy yard to serve as receiving ship for the station. There she lay quietly rotting away and inactive until the fateful 4th of June, 1820, when the powder in her magazine—about two and a half barrels—blew up, killing 24 and wounding 19 of her people while incidentally wrecking the historic craft. Not until six years later was any effort made to build another steam vessel for the United States navy.

In June, 1835, the secretary of the navy discovered that congress, back in 1816, had provided money for the construction of a steam vessel and steps were at once taken to profit by that appropriation.

The ship ordered was later known as the U. S. S. Fulton (second), but there was no one in the navy capable of designing the necessary engines, and it was not until the first half of 1836 that a man of sufficient skill was found in Charles H. Haswell, the memorable father of the engineer corps of our fighting fleet. So well did Mr. Haswell do his work that the U. S. S. Fulton, launched May 18, 1837, was able to make about fifteen miles an hour in smooth water. Following the Fulton we built two much larger side wheel frigates, the Mississippi and Missouri, profiting by what Mr. Haswell had shown possible in the earlier craft. The Mississippi was built in Philadelphia and the Missouri in New York, and both ships turned out to be very fine specimens of the steam propelled man-of-war.

But side wheels were a handicap when ships were under sail alone, for then these big wheels had to be dragged through the water, and, besides, they were very much exposed not only to the violence of stormy seas, but to the possible attack of an enemy's shot. The engineering revolution which was to overcome these drawbacks was effected by that notable Swedish genius, the late Capt. John Ericsson, and this time the city of Philadelphia was to be the birthplace of probably one of the most startling changes in warship propulsion—a change that has persisted to this very day for sound mechanical and military reasons.

Ericsson's Screw Propelled Craft.

Ericsson had demonstrated while in England in 1836 the possibilities of screw propulsion, but the august dignitaries of the British admiralty poo-pooed his measure by patronizing indulgence. His only real encouragement came from Americans, and among these was Capt. Robert S. Stockton of the United States navy, then temporarily in London. Captain Stockton persuaded Ericsson to follow

him back to America, and in 1841 induced the navy department to build a screw propelled ship of war. This vessel was the original U. S. S. Princeton.

Apart from this novelty the Princeton was unique in the type of engines with which she was equipped, also due to the engineering skill of Ericsson. By reason of his cunning it was made possible for the first time to put the entire propelling mechanism below the water line and beyond the reach of an enemy's shot and shell. In addition to this, the screw propeller was not the same drag upon the ship when under canvas as were the older side wheels, and later it was found possible to disconnect the propeller from the engines and leave it to revolve easily with still less resistance to progress. On the same ship Ericsson had installed a large gun of his design, and that successful weapon may quite justly be said to have paved the way for the formidable cannon with which his wonder Monitor was equipped for her memorable fight with the Confederate ram and armed battery, the modified frigate Merrimac.

Parent of Modern Dreadnaught.

In the Monitor which Ericsson gave us in the hour of greatest national peril he produced more than he probably then realized. For it is unquestionably from the Monitor, with its heavily armored sides and turrets, that the modern dreadnaught in general principle has evolved. The main difference today lies in the fact that we have virtually built about the essentials of Ericsson's Monitor, with its battery of big guns, a higher ship-shaped structure for the purpose of getting greater seaworthiness and speed and much more habitable accommodations for the present complement of 1,000 men and more.

The advent of the steel ship with us in the early '80s started us anew in the upbuilding of our fighting fleet, which had sadly dwindled during the period following the Civil war. The story of the new navy is something with which we are all pretty familiar, and yet it has grown in fact from the start Fulton gave us in 1814 by the laying of the keels of the craft he dubbed the Demologos. Just fancy the contrast between that strange vessel of 2,475 tons and a speed of four miles and a modern dreadnaught like the Texas of 28,000 tons and a speed of 21 knots an hour! A hundred years has transformed the steam fighting ship with its more frequently used spread of canvas into a seagoing battle monster depending entirely upon machinery and motive energy dug out of the bowels of the earth, and yet, withal, capable of holding her own in the face of the roughest seas and the worst of gales. The steam that Fulton showed us how to use has been turned into hundreds of auxiliary services on shipboard today, and through that energy electricity is generated and the brilliancy of sunshine rivaled, while by virtue of the same potent force its very heat is the agency by which ice is furnished Jacky in the tropics.

Not only that, but this revolution makes it possible for him to have fresh meats and vegetables month in and month out, no matter how far from port, where the ancient sailorman ate "salt-horse," hardtack and beans.

Hen Identifies Owner in Court.

Trenton, N. J.—The saying that chickens always come home to roost was verified in the second district police court here when "Betty," a pet hen, flew across the court room and into the outstretched arms of Patrick McGlone. McGlone was arrested while carrying the chicken, as a policeman thought he had stolen it. The defendant was released after the hen had demonstrated her affection for him.

Defied All Officers; One Caught Him.

Salem, S. D.—Charles Kent, who deserted his wife six months ago and boasted no officer could catch him, is under arrest in Salem. He is wanted in Chicago.

Mass., lost their lives when they were knocked from an elevated track where they had climbed to avoid the police, who were endeavoring to put a stop to the dangerous game.

With heads close together on the track and unwilling to be beaten, the two boys held their position a fraction of a second too long and were hurled down a deep embankment, meeting instant death. For several weeks crowds of boys had been daring each other to place their heads on the track to see which one could keep his there longest in the face of the onrushing train, and railroad men, falling in efforts to stop the practice, called on the police for aid.

The two victims crawled to the top of the elevated and, safe from public disapproval, challenged each other to the usual test of courage, which resulted in the death of both.

Long Journey to the Sun.

If it were possible for an aeroplane, with a constant average of fifty miles an hour, to start from the earth on a journey to the sun, it would be nearly 210 years on the way.

GERMANS SUDDENLY CHANGE PLANS WHEN ALMOST AT GATES OF PARIS

By H. M. TOMLINSON.

(International News Service.)

Nantes.—In this vast war in France a diversion has been developed of far greater significance than that worked on the German plan by Liege. Liege only interrupted that plan. Just when it seemed certain of success, the plan had been definitely changed.

Why was it changed when Paris appeared within reach?

After my first journey along the battle line I indicated the rapid advance of the German right wing moving directly on Paris through Amiens. The tunnels of Amiens were blown up behind the last train of fugitives of whom I was one. Saturday, August 29, the enemy seemed irresistible. The northwest coast of France as far as Dieppe was in their hands.

But even then I had reason to believe the allies were favorably disposed to check that advance.

I was unpleasantly surprised on my second journey south to find that at Beauvais, south of Amiens, I was actually between the French and German forces.

A rapid and perilous flight from there along the German front brought me to Criel, 30 miles north of Paris. I found the British headquarters and center of the allies there. That night, September 2, the main armies were in contact. I spoke to British soldiers engaged that day at Senlis, only 12 miles from the Paris fortifications.

Big Battle Beginning.

Paris was within sound of the German guns. A stupendous battle was beginning.

The German forces were beginning to strike as I got into Paris. But the allies were between and ranged on either flank of the Germans in the northeasterly direction to Aumale and Mezieres.

The scenes in Paris will never be forgotten.

Parisians could learn nothing from their heavily censored press. They could not believe me when I told them the English infantry had encountered the Prussian cavalry close to their city. There were, however, no signs of panic.

Indeed, I have seen nothing of that sort in the whole French war area. What one saw in Paris was grief.

The streets and railway stations became filled with weary, anxious fugitives. Was there anything on earth which could stop the Germans?

The French soldiers smiled contentedly when discussing the matter. It looked bad enough, they admitted, but what if the Prussians thought so, too?

Driven Back Now.

And now there is not one Prussian so close to Paris. They realize that something to their disadvantage has occurred and have changed their minds about at 3:30 a. m. The train was so full of refugees that they were massed in corridors propped up against each other asleep. I had part of a compartment floor to sleep on.

The horrors of that journey are part of the Armageddon, no doubt. But they do not come into this narrative.

We crept stealthily through long lighted tunnels. The wheels hardly moved.

A few days before the country to the east "was only possible," as Frenchmen put it. The Germans were everywhere. As we now progressed I became conscious that a weight had been lifted from that part of France.

The Germans Gone.

The Germans had gone. There was no doubt of it. We saw men fishing and pulling carrots in a district that but a few days before seemed overrun by the enemy's legions.

What was to stop them? Apparently very little. The French force, I can vouch, was far too weak to be effective. It really looked as though there were an invitation for them to come that way.

Had the three days' battle at Criel checked the enemy? Something momentous had happened.

To the northeast the Germans had passed Rheims. A hurried motor journey showed in that direction the land was clear.

It was quite evident they had changed their plan of attack and their front and were marching southeast with their usual rapidity.

New Move Seen.

I set out to discover what had happened. Was the battle fought by the German right at Criel intended to mask a new German movement to break through the French forces ranged northeasterly through Rheims?

The German forces had been moving with exceptional mobility and strength almost due south from the line of Lille and Namur.

The French and British forces had been forced back from position to position. Indeed, it is wonderful the

KAISER PROTESTS AGAINST CRUELITIES

London.—The correspondent of the Daily Mail at Rotterdam has telegraphed the text of the message sent by Emperor William to President Wilson under date of September 4. It is as follows:

"I consider it my duty, sir, to inform you as the most notable representative of the principles of humanity that after the capture of the French fort of Longwy my troops found in that place thousands of dum-dum bullets which had been manufactured in special works by the French government. Such bullets were found not only on French killed and wounded soldiers and on French prisoners, but also on English troops.

"I solemnly protest to you against the way in which this war is being waged by our opponents, whose methods are making it one of the most barbarous in history. Besides the use of these awful weapons the Belgian government has openly incited the civil population to participate in the fighting and has for a long time carefully organized their resistance. The cruelties practiced in this guerrilla warfare, even by women and priests, toward wounded soldiers and doctors and hospital nurses—physicians were killed and lazarettos fired on—were such that eventually my generals were compelled to adopt the strongest measures to punish the guilty and frighten the bloodthirsty population from continuing their shameful deeds.

"Some villages and even the old town of Louvain, with the exception of its beautiful town hall (Hotel de Ville), had to be destroyed for the protection of my troops.

"My heart bleeds when I see such measures inevitable and when I think of the many innocent people who have lost their houses and property as a result of the misdeeds of the guilty.

"WILHELM I. R."

German war engine did not smash our lines.

I was a witness to re-enforcements being poured eastward and northward continually to build up and strengthen the allies.

The French and British fell back almost as far as Paris, temporizing and resisting with a vigor that must have astonished the Prussians.

Left Flank Exposed.

It became clearer to the German general staff that just when they were within reach of Paris the strength opposed to theirs was more than their fatigued and shaken men could penetrate.

Their left flank was opposed to France's army. While that force remained unbeaten any attack on Paris might be fatal to them.

So they wheeled as in desperation. Time as well as their enemies is against them. Whether they will eventually succeed is, of course, more than I can say.

Obviously the French troops holding the line of the eastern forts are now in a different position.

No doubt, too, the Germans expect to open a way so that their Luxembourg army can join them.

South of Rheims.

The Germans are well south of Rheims. Some days since they were advancing down the west side of the Argonne hills. Chalons-sur-Marne has been abandoned by the French. British cavalry has been engaged at Nogents-sur-Seine.

The German line last Saturday was from La Ferte-sur-Jouarre, on the River Marne, fifty kilometers east of Paris, through Chateau Thierry to somewhere below Rheims. It is possible a great battle is now raging south of Troyes with the French army of the east.

I have evidence to show that the new German move did not take our military authorities by surprise. Last Thursday a rapid movement of French troops began to the eastward and northward. It was aimed to meet a new southeasterly move of the Germans. In towns like Dijon, in the south and southeast of France, large garrisons existed a week ago. They are now empty.

A week ago Versailles was an armed camp. The troops had disappeared when I was there on Friday.

For nearly a week a mass of men have been gathering to intercept the deflected Prussian tide.

When I left the scene I saw no reason to doubt that eventually the allies will be able to dam that ominous torrent.

I have spoken everywhere with French officers and men. Nowhere at any time have I seen anything but quiet confidence about the ultimate issue in France.

COTTON IN IMPERIAL VALLEY

Experiments With Fleecy Staple in California Indicates New Industry Is Established There.



A cotton field in the Imperial valley—not an experiment but a staple crop.

Washington.—Cotton has been tried out very fully for several years in the Imperial valley of California. There were 15,000 acres planted to

cotton in 1910. From the results since that time it is now certain that a new industry is fully established in this section, the short-staple upland cotton producing a good commercial fiber, and the first planting by men knowing little of the industry producing a bale and a half per acre. Something has now been learned about irrigating and planting the seed and excellent results are expected from this new industry. The growing season lasts from March to December and the cotton is uniform in staple and color. It is believed that the dryness of the air will keep the boll weevil out of the Imperial valley.

FATAL TEST OF COURAGE

Dared to Hold Heads on Train Rail, Two Boys Lost Their Lives as Train Struck Them.

Lynn, Mass.—Because they had dared to keep their heads on the railroad track longer than their comrades, while the train was bearing down upon them, Fred Jordan and Peter Lolorongos, two boys of Lynn,

citizens

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Residence Phone 28
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Office West Side of Square
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LOCAL GOSSIP

Stoves and stove accessories. —Brannon Hardware.

Pat Whalen is in Wellington, Kansas, blacksmithing for the Santa Fe.

Wanted—October number of the Cosmopolitan; will gladly pay for same, at Slatonite office.

W. A. Turner was in Slaton the first of the week looking after property interests.

See me for winter pasture for your milch cows. Pasture joins town; plenty stock water.—R. J. Murray.

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

WANTED—To Trade Lynn county land for Slaton residence property or for acreage tract.—I. W. Meyer, owner.

Ab Tucker of Amarillo is the new engineer on the switch engine in the Slaton yards, and has moved his family to Slaton.

The school boys put in their Saturdays earning spending money by picking cotton. The small boys earn from 50c to \$1.50 each for the day's work.

First State Bank

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

FIRST STATE BANK OF SLATON

Mrs. R. J. Parsons of Waco is visiting her niece, Mrs. S. H. Adams, in Slaton.

J. H. Standefer has closed a deal for a section of land at Lamesa and will move to it later.

The Vortex Hot Blast Stove cuts down your coal bill. You buy the Vortex at the Brannon Hardware.

I have five acre tract close in that I will trade for farm team and farm implements.—R. J. Murray.

The Vortex Hot Blast Stove is the economical stove in figuring your winter's coal bill. Ask at the Brannon Hardware.

EDISON HOME PHONOGRAPH with \$25 large solid brass horn and 100 well selected records, for sale very cheap. Same as new. Ask at Slatonite office for owner.

Messrs. Young and Joplin delivered their bunch of spring calves at the Slaton stockyards today as per previous contract sale. There were 358 head of calves in the bunch.

J. W. Williams was in Tahoka Wednesday looking up watches that need adjusting. Mr. Williams has received his commission as local wathch inspector for the Santa Fe at Slaton.

P. L. Everline, yardmaster for the Santa Fe at Canadian, was in Slaton the first of the week looking after property interests and visiting G. E. Marriott at the Reading Room.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Patterson at Brady, Texas, are the parents of a daughter born to them a few days. The girl weighs eight pounds, and Pat says she is hollering to come to the Plains.

The Russell emigrant car from Pandura, Texas, arrived at Slaton the first of the week. The family was already here, and they will soon be at home on the Hurd Standefer farm which Mr. G. J. Russell purchased.

The engine head blew out Saturday night at the planing mill, and the movie show had to be cancelled. This was hard luck for the management, as there was a big crowd out. The engine was repaired in time for the show Tuesday night.

Jno. W. Baker, who moved a few weeks ago to Austin, has returned to Lubbock, to make his home. He and family arrived last Sunday morning and are receiving a hearty welcome at the hands of their many friends in this city. Mr. Baker stated to the Avalanche man that prospects in the capital were not good, nothing much doing, and he decided that Lubbock was a better place for him, hence his return. It is very commendable of Mr. Baker to return to this good country, and his friends here will be pleased to see him settle down and be one of us again.—Lubbock Avalanche.

An Iowa farmer has devised a rat trap upon which he claims no patent, but which any one troubled with rats can use. He purchased a big galvanized iron bucket—or garbage pail—and placed it in the barn. He filled it two-thirds full of water and on top of the water a layer of chaffy oats an inch deep. The next morning he emptied out a mixture of water, oats and drowned rats. He re-baited his trap and next morning he figured results and found that he aimlessly but with malice aforethought, had gotten rid of eighty-nine rats. He declares it will rid a barn of rats in a short time.

CONTRARY TACTICS.

"Now all the Irish Nationalists will have a round-up."
"What then?"
"Then they'll square off."

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES

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

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

Other nominees, who did not carry their announcements before the primary, may place them in the paper subject to the general Democratic ticket, run until the election for:

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

J. W. Williams
JEWELER

Located at Red Cross Pharmacy, Slaton

Bargain in Slaton Farm

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

H. D. TALLEY, SLATON, TEXAS

4-W Breakfast Food
For the Whole Family

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

YOUR GROCER HAS IT

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

4-W BREAKFAST FOOD COMPANY
AMARILLO, U. S. A.

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.



Our real estate dealers say they could turn every acre of our South Plains land if the owners would trade it for east Texas land. The east Texas fellows want to come to our lands, the Farm and Ranch to the contrary notwithstanding.

We who have been backing the New York Giants in the World's Series heretofore only to have them fall down in a pinch took sweet revenge in getting behind the Boston Braves this year. The Braves played the Philadelphia Athletics off their feet, and won by all 'round superior, clean cut baseball, the kind that makes Americans love the game. Incidentally, the Braves set a new record by winning the first four

whole series, and hanging a string of ambitious schemes, a thing that might have the Athletics that no tirely practicable ha-Series contender has ever had a chance to be duced before.

Fulton's Floating

Toward the close of the Lane-Mc before the president contest places the States plus for a w floating battery. Strange w light. The deciding how

off the tickets, the courts do not have authority to declare the votes void, and they shall be counted the same as those containing the pledge. It means that Republicans, Socialists, and Independents can go with the Democrats into the primary by scratching the pledge, and their vote will be as good as the Democrats; they will not have to subordinate party principles in so doing. Many have said that it means the beginning of the end of the primary. We believe that the pledge was left off the ticket in those counties on purpose to let all others go into the primary to help elect some special candidate.

The last installment of "The Land of Broken Promises" appears in the Slatonite this week, and we believe that you will agree with us that the last broken promise of the story was one that you would have been sorely tempted to make yourself, had you been the heroine. Next week a new story starts, called "The Last Shot," and is written by the noted war correspondent, Frederick Palmer, who is now at the front in Europe. The story is intended as an educational feature as well as fiction, and deals with the technic and science of modern war conditions. You will be interested with it, coming as it does from the pen of a man who knows modern warfare and has the language to tell it. The story is a sequel of The Land of Broken Promises, altho there is no connection between the two. It takes you from the pitiable peon playing at guerrilla war in Mexico to the deadly effect of modern artillery and marksmanship as shown now in Europe.

A REMARKABLE WAR STORY

Frederick Palmer Now Witnessing Fulfillment of Prophecy Described in "The Last Shot."

Frédéric Palmer, the author of the remarkable story, "The Last Shot," is a typical cosmopolitan. He not only knows war and the men who make war, but he knows the world and has been practically all over it.

Mr. Palmer is a native of Pennsylvania, born at Pleasantville in that state in 1873. He was residing in England at the time the Greco-Turkish war of 1895 began and went to the front as a correspondent. At the close of this war he went to the Klondike as a correspondent. He was in the Orient in 1898 when the war between the United States and Spain began, and was with Admiral Dewey at the battle of Manila, reporting it for the London Times and a number of American newspapers. He remained with the American army in the Philippines throughout the campaign against Aguinaldo. When the international expedition for the rescue of the foreign residents in Peking was organized at the time of the Boxer uprising in China he joined it in the capacity of a correspondent for his papers.

From 1900 to 1903 Mr. Palmer saw service in the Central and South American and the Macedonian insurrections. With the breaking out of war between Japan and Russia he joined the first Japanese army in the field as the representative of the London Times and Collier's Weekly, and was almost the only correspondent who saw active service with the Japanese army. He was in Constantinople during the Turkish revolution of 1909, and was with the Bulgarian army throughout the Balkan war of 1912-13.

In addition to this active career as a war correspondent, Mr. Palmer has circled the globe with Admiral Dewey, and again with the American battle-ship fleet in 1907-8. He is familiar with every capital of Europe, and has a personal acquaintance with a very large number of prominent European government officials and military and naval commanders.

Mr. Palmer is now at the front reporting the present war for the papers he represents, and is witnessing the fulfillment of the prophecy contained in his notable story, "The Last Shot." We have arranged to print Mr. Palmer's remarkable story, "The Last Shot," serially in these columns.

A MURDER—MERELY ANOTHER CRIME AT TEXICO.

Arthur L. Britain, night marshal at Texico, and former cattle inspector and peace officer at Amarillo, was shot at Texico about 9:15 Sunday night and died an hour later as a result of his injuries. The shot was fired by Herschel Taylor, a young man about twenty-three years of age who came to Texico about a month ago, it is stated, from Fort Worth. Britain was unarmed at the time of the shooting. As an officer he was expected to look after the "red light" district, and it was there the shooting occurred. Reports say that Taylor shot without giving Britain any chance at all, firing three times.

This brings back reminiscences of the little town of Texico. Some eight years ago the town was a border town proper, a wide open town for gamblers and gutter characters of every description who follow the saloons. A peace officer was shot and killed in a saloon. The bawdy element took the town, but another shooting affair was pulled off so raw that the people came to their senses and morality was enthroned. The sentiment against the lawless element grew until at one time all that was needed to banish the saloons was backbone in one man on the city council. He did not have the nerve to command his own ideas of the better things in life, and morality again ceased to be an asset of the town. The town went busted, business went to Clovis, and the once busy mart became a mere country trading place; yet a half dozen saloons remained to drain every dollar of that poor little community out of the circles of legitimate

live and let live business. The driving of the saloons from the Panhandle sent the social and financial renegades to Texico. Clovis instituted a clean-up campaign, and the lawless took their ill fame companions to Texico. Curry county officials have tried to clean up Texico, but the city council legalized prostitution; they tried to break up gambling but couldn't get convictions. At a prohibition election this year there were just two votes in favor of ousting the saloons. It is a vice town strictly. What a foundation for a town!

The justice of the peace there is under indictment on one count for bribery, on another for acting as a notary without a commission, and a third count for removal from office. He was removed once before, but the boys stayed with him and put him back in office. And now the peace officer is shot down, apparently in deliberate cold blood, and sentiment appeared to the poor fool who committed the crime as being with him in lawless acts.

It is time for the people of Texico to respond to outraged humanity and put a stop to such immorality which means only lawlessness.

Slaton was a Boston Braves town strictly. The report of each day's game was on the streets ten minutes after the game was finished.

Don't forget that crop letter.

ALL KINDS SIZES AND PRICES AT

Stoves

HOWERTON'S

\$325.00 Worth of Cooking and Heating Stoves

39 Stoves of 34 Varieties

Anything You Want in the Stove Line

South Park Heights

FIVE ACRE TRACTS

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

R. J. MURRAY, SLATON, TEXAS

Slaton Livery Barn

G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor

Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations.

We have for sale at all times—

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

Dealers Who Want Your Trade Solicit It by Ads

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

4-Way Division Santa Fe System



SLATON LOCATION

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

Advantages and Improvements

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

BUSINESS SECTION AND RESIDENCES BUILT

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

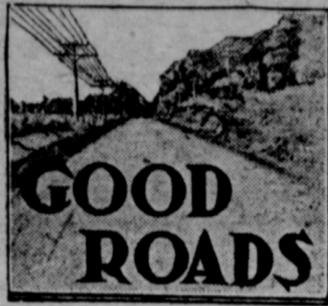
SURROUNDED BY A FINE, PRODUCTIVE LAND

A fine agricultural country surrounds the town, with soil dark chocolate color, sandy loam, producing 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.

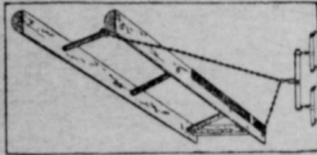
SOUTH PLAINS LAND COMPANY, and HARRY T. MCGEE, Local Townsite Agents, Slaton, Texas.



MAKING A SPLIT-LOG DRAG

Every Farmer Should Possess One of These Implements for Use on Roads After a Rainfall.

The halves of the drag should be framed together by wooden braces so that the split surfaces of the log shall be in front. The face of the drag should lie at an angle of 45 degrees with the lines of the road, thus drawing the earth toward the center. The rear log should follow in the track of the first. Drags should be used after rains, or continued wet weather to smooth the earth's surface and prevent ruts from forming to hold water.



Split-Log Drag.

The drag not only smooths the road, but crowns it and puddles the mud so that it is hard when dry.

These drags have been used with great success on clay or water-holding soils. Many stretches of black gumbo roads in the West are maintained by the use of this implement alone.

Every farmer should own one, and after a rain he should spend a few hours on the road adjacent to his farm. If there are many depressions to fill, the drag should be used when the road is wet.

After it has been used long enough to make the road fairly smooth, the drag gives the best results if used when the earth begins to dry.

GRAVEL TO SURFACE ROADS

With Good Material and a Little Attention Highway Should Last for Several Years.

(By E. B. HOUSE, Colorado Experiment Station.)

There has been much agitation during the past year concerning the surfacing of our principal roads and as in many parts of the state we find deposits of gravel it seems that this is the material which may be economically used. A few words concerning the construction of these roads may not be out of place.

First of all the construction should be such that the gravel is confined and held in position on the road. This is accomplished by so grading the earth foundation that shoulders are formed at the sides. The earth forming the shoulders should be well compact and solid, otherwise they will fail in the function required of them. Loose earth thrown up from the ditch at the sides of the road will not answer the purpose unless moistened and rolled with a seven or ten-ton roller.

The whole surface of the earth foundation should be graded to the required form and compact with the roller and the gravel then spread in a layer about four inches thick, in the center and two and one-half inches at the side. Enough sand or loam is then added to make the gravel "bind" well, this is mixed with the gravel with a harrow and the layer is then sprinkled and rolled until solid. Another layer of gravel is then spread over the first and treated in the same way. The result is a graveled surface 15 feet wide and six inches thick at the center and three and one-half inches thick at the sides, and if the gravel is of a good quality this road with a little attention should last for years.

Why a Country Road Unit.

A stretch of road of the utmost importance to a locality may be of little concern to a particular township involved (the people using another road), and hence there is no opportunity to have the entire stretch of the road improved as it should be. And we conclude that no system of roads that will answer present needs can be built under township units, because they are too small to carry on the work. Moreover, the cost would fall wholly on the township, whereas the center toward which the road goes is as much benefited, but may be in a different township. County control of the main roads would be better; the law could let each county vote for or against county control.—A. N.

Work Weakens the Kidneys

Many occupations weaken the kidneys, causing aching backs, urinary disorders and a dull, drowsy, discouraged feeling. Work exposing one to chills, dampness or sudden changes; work in cramped positions; work and the fumes of turpentine; constant riding on jolting vehicles, is especially hard on the kidneys.

Taken in time, kidney trouble isn't hard to stop; neglected it is dangerous. As a kidney tonic, there is no other medicine so well recommended, so widely used and so universally successful as Doan's Kidney Pills.

An Oklahoma Case.

"Every Picture Tells a Story" J. T. Fincher, Hugo, Okla., says: "For eighteen years I suffered terribly from kidney disease. My back ached constantly and the kidneys were secretions burned in passage. I doctored and tried different medicines, but Doan's Kidney Pills brought me the first relief. Six or eight boxes cured me and the benefit has lasted. I can't be too grateful."

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

PREVENTION

better than cure. Tutt's Pills if taken in time are not only a remedy for, but will prevent SICK HEADACHE, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases.

Tutt's Pills

TYPHOID is no more necessary than Smallpox. Any experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Carriers, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill. Producing Vaccines and Serums under U. S. License

Pettit's Eye Salve QUICK RELIEF EYE TROUBLES

Argumentative Finesse.

"What makes you staid right in eatin' lasses when you sits down to de table?" exclaimed Aunt Daphne to her son. "Seem like de education I been gittin' you ain' doin' no good."

"Don' you know de Good Book say de fus' shall be las'?"

"I knows dat."

"Den it follers dat de lasses shall be fus'es."

PIMPLES ON SCALP ITCHED

Lewisburg, Tenn.—"Four years past I had a very bad scalp trouble that commenced with itching. Later my hair got thin and my scalp sore and I could not sleep for scratching at times. I did not get the sleep that was restful and refreshing. I was losing my hair fast. I had pimples on my scalp which itched and burned so that I scratched and irritated them. I had dandruff which scaled off and showed on my clothes.

"I tried almost every noted scalp remedy and hair tonic without success. Then I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and was relieved of the itching and sore scalp after three shampoos and applications of the Ointment. After using both the Cuticura Soap and Ointment for three months I was completely cured." (Signed) F. B. Lewis, Jan. 1, 1914.

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

Growing old gracefully is an accomplishment we cheerfully postpone studying.

Man's Poor Memory.

Bacon—What have you got that piece of string tied to your finger for?
Egbert—Why, I forgot to mail a letter my wife gave me this morning, and that is to remind me to tell her.

Cleanses the Wounds.

For injuries from rusty nails or any other external hurts, apply Hanford's Balsam. It should kill any germs, cleanse the wound and remove soreness. Then quick healing will follow. Adv.

Close.

"Isn't Morton something of a miser?"
"I should say so. Why, he's too tight to risk a suggestion."—Lippincott's.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

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

Many of the "straw" hats of Europe are made of wood.

SPUR FARM LANDS

Many farmers making a hard or doubtful living on high-priced lands in localities cursed with insect pests, or floods, or drought, or weed plagues, or other enemies to successful farming. The end of each year finds time and energy practically wasted—no progress made. Spur Farm Lands offer relief from these conditions.

The tenant on the high-priced lands further east can make a payment and be master of his own acres here. Any good farmer can pay for them from the products thereof. The Spur Farm Lands offer productive, virgin lands—easily cultivated—at low prices and on easy terms. Splendid crops are raised without irrigation. No boll weevil ever known here. Altitude 2,000 to 2,600 feet.

Considering the reliable production of these lands, prices are lowest in Texas; new country, settling fast; splendid climate, no malaria, chills or fever; good churches and schools. We offer the homeseeker a wide range for selection and are selling direct—no commission to anyone. The purchaser receives full value in his lands in dealing direct with the owner as opposed to paying a middleman several dollars per acre.

Stock Farms and Small Ranch Tracts. We also offer fine grazing tracts, perfectly adapted to this purpose—one section to fifty—at prices from \$5.00 per acre up. Free illustrated booklet, giving all particulars, on application to Chas. A. Jones, Manager for S. M. Swenson & Sons, Spur, Dickens County, Texas.—Adv.

Ammonia in Rain.

At one time it was erroneously supposed that rain is the original source from which the earth gets its nitrogen and ammonia. Ammonia is, indeed, always present in rain water, and of course falls with it upon the soil; but the question was how it got into the rain. The question was answered by assuming that it came from the sea, especially from the sea in tropical regions, but when rain water was collected near the sea in tropical countries, and analyzed, nothing was found to support the assumption. Now, according to the Electrical World, the theory is that the soil, or at any rate, arable soil, constantly gives off ammonia to the air. If that view is correct, the rain, instead of contributing three or four pounds to the acre, is simply restoring what the atmosphere has taken from the earth.—Youth's Companion.

Nora's Reference.

Nora was applying for a place as cook, and when asked for a reference presented the following:
"To whom it may concern:
"This is to certify that Nora Foley has worked for us a week and we are satisfied."—Everybody's Magazine.

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

Quite Enough.

Penman—Did you wade through that last book of mine?
Wright—Yes, I did.
"Were you much stuck on it?"
"Only a dollar twenty-five, that's all."

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

A woman worries more about her complexion than she does about her prospective harp and crown.

For chronic pain in the back apply Hanford's Balsam. Rub it on and rub it in thoroughly. Adv.

How particular is a bald man concerning the care of his hair!

How To Give Quinine To Children FEBRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for 3-ounce original package. The name FEBRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

Many a man who paints the town red would object if his wife painted her cheeks.

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

Some fellows strike out for themselves, while others depend on a pinch hitter.

5 Women Avoid Operations

For years we have been stating in the newspapers of the country that a great many women have escaped serious operations by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is true.

We are permitted to publish in this announcement extracts from the letters of five women. All have been recently received unsolicited. Could any evidence be more convincing?

1. HODGDON, ME.—"I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached and I was so nervous I could not sleep, and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation, but I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman."—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Hodgdon, Me.
2. CHARLOTTE, N. C.—"I was in bad health for two years, with pains in both sides and was very nervous. I had a growth which the doctor said was a tumor, and I never would get well unless I had an operation. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I gladly say that I am now enjoying fine health."—Mrs. ROSA SIMS, 16 Winona St., Charlotte, N. C.
3. HANOVER, PA.—"The doctor advised a severe operation, but my husband got me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I experienced great relief in a short time. Now I feel like a new person and can do a hard day's work and not mind it."—Mrs. ADA WILT, 196 Stock St., Hanover, Pa.
4. DECATUR, ILL.—"I was sick in bed and three of the best physicians said I would have to be taken to the hospital for an operation as I had something growing in my left side. I refused to submit to the operation and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and it worked a miracle in my case, and I tell you what it has done for me."—Mrs. LAURA A. GRISWOLD, 230 William Street, Decatur, Ill.

5. CLEVELAND, OHIO.—"I was very irregular and for some time my side pained me so that I expected to have to undergo the operation. Doctors said they knew of nothing that would help me. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I became regular and free from pain. I am thankful for such a good medicine and will always give it the highest praise."—Mrs. C. H. GRIFFITH, 7305 Madison Av., Cleveland, O.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Covering Their Tracks.
"London burglars have things down to a fine point now."
"How so?"
"They have a 'movie' outfit along. If they are discovered entering a house, it's a picture film. See?"
"I see."
"Then, after they have looted the establishment, they leave some fragette literature behind."
AUSTIN
Cooped.
"Why is he looking so crooked?"
"His wife gone to the court."
"Better than that. Switzerland."
"I of Austin."

Only One "BROMO" Best week to get the genuine, call for full or further TIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. Stops cough and headache, and works off cold. 25c.

Love may laugh at locksmiths when the milliners and the dressmakers don't even get a pleasant look.

Nearly every successful man has had a failure somewhere along the line.

Hanford's Balsam. Economy in large sizes. Adv.

An ounce of intention is better than a pound of indifference.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 38-1914.

WINCHESTER

12, 16 AND 20 GAUGE
Hammerless Repeating Shotguns

The Model 1912 Winchester is the lightest, strongest and handsomest repeating shotgun on the market. Although light in weight, it has great strength, because its metal parts throughout are made of nickel steel. It is a two-part Take-down, without loose parts, is simple to operate and the action works with an ease and smoothness unknown in guns of other makes. See one at your dealer's or Send to Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., for circular.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT, NICKEL STEEL REPEATER.

You Look Prematurely Old

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

STYLE IN UNDERDRESS

PETTICOAT IS AGAIN TO BE GIVEN CONSIDERATION.

Popularity of the Dance Responsible for Return of Garment Once Considered Indispensable—Chiffon Favored as Material.

By MARY DEAN.
Though petticoats have in recent seasons shrunk almost, and sometimes quite, to the vanishing point, they are again in favor and are one of the most important items in the wardrobe of the modish woman.

The popularity of the new dances has brought about the change. The slit skirt which is necessary to give freedom of movement when dancing calls for a petticoat which must be equally as attractive as the gown with which it is worn, and sometimes, indeed, it is even more so.

The petticoat that is to be worn with dance frocks is likely to have a foundation of some soft silken material. This foundation fits like a glove but widens toward the bottom to admit of freedom of movement when dancing, unless the silken material gives way altogether to an accordion flounce of net over chiffon, of chiffon or of lace.

When the foundation is continued to the skirt bottom a diaphanous flounce is often set on over this soft narrow foundation, but the flounce without the plain under section affords more freedom.

When there is no flounce at all, not the scantiest and most subtle while having whole squadrons of inset with accordion-ambitious scheme, trimmed, panels thing that might have lace or piping and tively practicable net motifs and tiny forces against those

Fulton's Flounce model of this last toward the close trimmed about the before the president's net frill following the curves of the skirt and around the skirt bottom. About twelve inches above a line of the plaited net ran straight around the skirt. At the sides there were inset accordion plaiting of lace. These were inset with motifs of lace outlined by tiny flounces, and the narrowest of net frill.

There are many variations upon flounce trimming, and some very charming evening petticoats have narrow flounces, set at intervals with insertion and shirrings. For instance, one petticoat had a foundation of white crepe de chine; attached to this foundation were three flounces of shadow lace, flared at intervals, headed by two-inch panel insertions of shadow lace.

There were two band shirrings of chiffon and the frills of lace were also headed by a line of small roses.

Another charming petticoat had a flounce made up of serpentine insertion. Lace motifs and inset shirrings of chiffon, ribbon and flowers were also included in the trimming. The ribbon ran through eyelets in the chiffon and ended in a flat bow at one side.

One skirt of pink chiffon had a deep flounce of shadow lace trimmed with lines of tiny flowers running around the skirt flounce in zigzag shape. A Chiffon and Lace, narrow lace frill trimmed the bottom of the skirt.

Early in the season many of the shops which made a specialty of fine lingerie, showed petticoats of chiffon which had a little more fullness than usual at the top and were shirred on to a rubber waist band. The skirts opened down the front with small steel clasps close to the bottom. The fullness of the skirt was held in by a rubber band which encircled the skirt about six inches from the bottom.

These shops also showed the dancing garters made of deep flounces of plaited chiffon or fine shadow lace, shirred on to an elastic band. The elastic band was placed just below the knee.

Less Darning Needed.
To do away with some of the darning rub the heels of new stockings with paraffin. Put the stocking over the darning egg and warm the paraffin enough to make it soft in the hand. Then rub well. It will be found that this protects the heel against rubbing and that it will not wear out.



White Chiffon.

STYLE THAT IS INDIVIDUAL

Distinctive Taste in Dress Marks Those Who Are Undeniably "of the Elect."

There are many women who slavishly follow the dictates of fashion, but even among them individuality will creep out. Three sisters may dress alike, as far as the make and materials of their clothes are concerned, but there will be ere long a decided difference in the aspect of the three. Very certainly each nation of Europe can be detected by the manner in which the women put on their garments and select them. Parisians own that present fashions are an expression of the feminist movement of today. A prevailing style seen on most of the mannequins is a draped overskirt and a very narrow underskirt, indeed, a short coat, and a sash about the hips. Dark blue is more in favor than almost any other color, but it is relieved by trimmings of colored stripes or checks. Tulle is the prevailing fabric for dancing frocks, and nothing is more appropriate or prettier for young people. Sometimes it is garlanded with an embroidery of naturally colored tiny roses and leaves. A useful addition to the wardrobe is the new shaped jacket, which is far more like a sack, following the lines of the figure without confining it in any way, and is mostly made to slip on with almost any dress, and not part and parcel of one. It requires to be carefully worn, and, like most of the modes of the day, is suited to slender figures. Hip sashes get lower and lower, and are an important feature in the modes. Though we have not got back to the long waist, these sashes are helping to prevent us missing them. Sometimes the hip sashes are replaced by rows of narrow ribbon or cord brought down over the hips, the cord holding any fullness down.

The Gladstone Collar.



The very latest thing in rolling collars is shown here. This is called the Gladstone and is, of course, of white linen. With it is worn a soft knotted tie of silk in any desired shade.

VOGUE OF THE BEADED SASH

Arranged as Fancy Dictates, Ornament is One of the Distinctive Parts of Costume.

Following out the Indian note that every now and then creeps into our symphony of fashion features comes the beaded sash. The beads used are usually of bright-colored wood, arranged in various and weird patterns. Sometimes the wooden beads are made to combine with silk thread and so form a fringe, while at other times they are fastened into a symmetrical design by a needle and silk thread. These sashes sell for rather high prices at the shops, but an examination of one or two of them will reveal to you the secret whereby you can procure the beads at the bead counter in the fancywork department and make your own beaded sash. The average beaded sash is not more than from three to five inches wide, but it is sufficiently long to wrap about your waist twice and fall in two hanging ends.

Compact Face Cloths.

Small disks of cotton, compressed into pill-box size, expand when they are dropped into water to the size of ordinary face cloth. These are sold, ten of them, in a little Morocco case, for three dollars, and they find favor with the woman who is traveling rapidly—so rapidly that the face cloth has no time to dry before it must again be packed into its receptacle for further journeying.

The Transformed Lingerie Frock.

Two years ago the lingerie frock was of mousseline de communion; last year it was of white chiffon; but this year it is to be of white taffeta, or of white or black taffeta or satin, veiled with white or black lace. Never by any chance is the lingerie frock of the Parisienne a tub frock. It is only in warmer climates that a tub frock is a necessity.—Vogue.

SANITATION IN HOG HOUSES AND LOTS

Sanitation in the hog house, lot and herd is important and no small problem, states the United States department of agriculture. Swine are affected by many serious diseases and parasites. Tuberculosis, cholera, lice and mange attack vast numbers of hogs and cause a consequent heavy loss to swine growers annually.

Thumps cause great loss in thrift in young pigs. Sunlight, dry, clean beds and plenty of exercise with nutritious foods are essential to a proper control or lessening of these losses. Dusty or damp sleeping quarters are especially favorable to disease infection, because they furnish a favorable place for germ life. Dipping furnishes an excellent means of controlling external parasites, and the dipping vat is an economical and convenient part of the equipment of any large piggery. Galvanized iron vats are cheaper and easier to put up than concrete vats, but do not last as long.

The hog louse makes pigs unthrifty and, though the actual loss due to this cause cannot be estimated because it rarely kills an animal, its annoyance to the pig is an important factor in decreasing the rapidity with which gains are made. The louse is easily and effectively controlled by repeated dipping in almost any of the standard dips, if they are used in strong solutions.

If a vat is not available one of the three following methods of treatment may be found to suit conditions: (1) Spraying with kerosene; (2) putting up a rubbing post filled with crude oil; (3) putting crude oil or kerosene on the surface of the water in the pigs' wallowing vat. Mange is a serious though not so common parasite as the louse, and is best and most effectively treated by dipping.

The brood sow is the first animal to select in laying a foundation for a herd. The better she is the greater the chances for success. A good brood sow must possess depth and length of body, a good heart girth, smooth shoulders, well-sprung ribs and long, deep, well-turned hams. Her sides should be long, deep and straight.

A slightly arched, or straight, broad back is much desired, as it is much stronger than a low back. The back should carry its width and the side lines should be straight. She should stand well up on her toes and have smooth, straight joints with hard but not coarse bone, and must have feminine characteristics, which are indicated by a rather small head and ear, a fully developed, even udder, and absence of shields in the shoulders.

A brood sow should show early maturing qualities and have sufficient capacity to do the work for which she is intended. A smooth coat of fine hair and a broad head with sufficient weight for her age are good indications of early maturity. If selecting more than one sow, uniformity of the lot is desirable and important.

The nearer alike the sows the more probability of the pigs being uniform. If pure-bred sows are selected, breed type should be carefully observed. "Breed type" means the characteristics of a breed, and will be discussed later.

In selecting the herd boar the same points are essential, except that the animal should show masculinity. A strong, broad head and neck, sufficient bone, with strong, straight pasterns, hock and knee joints are important. He should show early maturing characteristics and have well-developed testicles. Shields, or thick plates of skin, should not show on the sides of the shoulder before he is one year of age.

A strong, slightly arched back, with large heart girth, is essential in a first-class boar, for he must have room for the vital organs, namely, heart, lungs, etc. Remember that the boar is at least half of the herd as far as breeding is concerned, and he is usu-

ally more, so his selection cannot command any too much care or patience. Get a good boar and he will pay you well.

The farrowing pen should provide a quiet, safe and comfortable place for the sow. Light, cleanliness and freedom from dampness and drafts are essential. A guard rail should be provided to keep the sow from crushing the pigs.

Feeding the sow so that she is properly nourished and not overfat is the most important of the herdsman's duties. She should have succulent feeds, such as pasture or forage in summer, and in winter bran or other laxative feeds should be given, so that constipation and fever may be less likely to develop.

At farrowing time no feed except a little bran or oatmeal gruel should be given, and only moderately warm water for a few days. A little bran or green feed can then be offered, and as the litter grows and all signs of fever leave, more concentrated feeds may be given. Corn and other heating feeds should be fed in limited quantities for some time, but as the pigs grow and there is more demand on the sow she should be fed liberally.

There is no place equal to good pasture for the brood sow and her litter. Alfalfa, clover, rape, oats, rye, vetch, peas, or native pasture afford succulent, nutritious feeds which keep both sow and pigs in good condition. Little pigs will learn to eat the forage with the sow at ten days of age if they have some palatable pasture.

Sun light and clean dry sleeping pens aid materially in starting the pigs off and in securing rapid, economical growth. Feed the sow well and teach the little pigs to eat as soon as possible. Cause both the sow and pigs to take plenty of exercise, whether or not on forage or pasture crops.

The dry sow or bred sow should be handled as economically as possible, so they should have pasture and be fed a well balanced ration and just enough of it to keep them in good condition without permitting them to become fat. As farrowing time approaches the sows should be separated in order to prevent their crowding or injuring one another.

The herd boar is best handled by giving him a pasture lot by himself. His feed should be liberal enough to keep him in good breeding condition only. This will be very light when he is not in use for breeding purposes, but during the breeding his feed should be increased. His ration should consist of some high-protein feeds, along with mill feeds and a little corn. The care of the boar is important because of his relative importance in the herd, and his care, quarters, feed and watering should be carefully seen to and provided.

The term shote is applied to all swine from the time the pig reaches weaning age until the fattening or breeding age is reached. Pigs should be weaned at from eight to twelve weeks, depending on whether or not the sows are to be bred again. It is always wise to have them taught to eat well before weaning, in order that the rate of gain may not be checked. Weaning should be done gradually, the sow's feed being reduced to cause her to dry up properly and at the same time increasing the feed for the pigs. The pig at this age should have a ration rather high in protein and low in carbohydrates.

The boar pigs should be castrated after weaning, but before they reach breeding age; usually a week or two after weaning is a satisfactory time. The loss in gains or by death is less if done while the pig is young. Spaying the females is not advisable under modern conditions and will not be found profitable enough to justify the risk of the operation.



Healthy Sow and Her Litter.

Garden Crops.
It is exceedingly important to plan for the proper rotation of garden crops. This is the only certain means of avoiding heavy losses from the ravages of the fungous diseases and insect pests.

Fresh Air Houses.
Fresh air poultry houses give good results, even where winters are cold and severe.

Silos Increasing.
The number of silos is increasing

Madam, if you want your clothes snow white and sweet use RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPHTHA SOAP—"Carbo" kills germs—"Naptha" cleans instantly. No rubbing—no wash-day grief—no ruined clothes.



RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPHTHA SOAP is just as effective for wood, metal, glass, etc. Cleans and disinfects your wash—it does not need hot water.

Carbo Disinfects RUB-NO-MORE Carbo Naptha Soap **Naptha Cleans RUB-NO-MORE Washing Powder**
Five Cents—All Grocers

The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

St. Louis is the largest primary fur market in the world.

DICKY'S OLD RELIABLE EYE WATER cools and soothes sore eyes. Adv.

The best thing a knocker can do for his home town is to purchase a railway ticket one way and use it.

Red Cross Ball Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

Their Preference.
"Do you like the gold and silver pieces of money to be in relief?"
"Yes, if it is to be my relief."

The target on the ground to test the accuracy of aeroplane bomb-throwers is 66 feet in diameter. The 15-pound bombs are dropped at an elevation of 656 feet.

Not Discouraged.
"I have declared a moratorium," said Mr. Harduppe to the collector at the door.

"But when are you going to pay this bill?" asked the collector, whose vocabulary did not include so long a word.

"Why, a moratorium means that the payment of debts is indefinitely postponed."

"Oh," said the collector, "I thought you meant something serious. I'll call around again tomorrow as usual."

Innocent, But—
A bad case of highway robbery, tried several years ago before Chief Baron Green, on the last day of the Ennis Assizes, resulted in an acquittal. The chief Baron, addressing the sheriff, said:

"Mr. Sheriff, is there any other indictment against this innocent man?"

"No, my lord," was the reply.

"Then you'll greatly oblige me if you don't let him out until I have half an hour's start of him on my way to Limerick."

LEARNING THINGS
We Are All in the Apprentice Class.

When a simple change of diet brings back health and happiness the story is briefly told. A lady of Springfield, Ill., says:

"After being afflicted for years with nervousness and heart trouble, I received a shock four years ago that left me in such a condition that my life was despaired of."

"I got no relief from doctors nor from the numberless heart and nerve remedies I tried, because I didn't know that coffee was daily putting me back more than the doctors could put me ahead."

"Finally at the suggestion of a friend I left off coffee and began the use of Postum, and against my expectations I gradually improved in health until for the past 6 or 8 months I have been entirely free from nervousness and those terrible sinking, weakening spells of heart trouble."

"My troubles all came from the use of coffee which I had drunk from childhood and yet they disappeared when I quit coffee and took up the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many people marvel at the effects of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, but there is nothing marvelous about it—only common sense.

Coffee is a destroyer—Postum is a re-builder. That's the reason.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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.