

The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: NOVEMBER 27, 1914.

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SLATON CROP REPORT PROVES TO BE AN INNOVATION

The crop statements which appeared in the Slatonite last week were an innovation in country building that cannot be surpassed. That is the final test that tells the story of any land, the story of the farmers in their own words, and the Slatonite had to print a second edition last week to meet the popular demand for the papers. We modestly claim a scoop on the rest of the papers of the entire South Plains on these reports which were secured by a personal visit to the Slaton farms. They will appear in some splendid literature that the business men of Slaton have ordered, to be out just as quick as this office can get it off the press, which will be about the 10th of December.

We did not have time to get crop reports from very many of our farmers, only enough to make a representative showing. Undoubtedly, many of the farms we did not get on the list had equally as big crops as those listed; perhaps some had even larger yields. Continuing the reports this week:

W. P. FLORENCE.

Well, I have gathered 400 bushels of peanuts off of ten acres, and 28 tons of grain on 14 acres of maize. My 10 acres of cotton will gin out 10 bales, and 8 acres of corn husked 125 bushels. 10 acres of sorghum filled a 50-ton silo.

Two acres of seeded ribbon cane I will convert into 350 gallons of sirup. I got 250 bushels of sweet potatoes off of three-fourths of an acre. On a 70-yard row of peppers I have sold \$15.00 worth. One of my grape vines two years old yielded a bushel of grapes. I had strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, dewberries, melons, and all kinds of garden stuff. I have been farming here three years, and have made good crops every year.

ANDY CALDWELL.

I had 75 acres of sudan that made a good crop, but I haven't finished threshing yet. It produced over 1,000 pounds per acre. You can say for me that sudan is one of our best crops. Every animal or fowl on the place will leave all other grains and feeds and go right to the sudan field and live there. The hogs



Keep Your Larder Filled, Mrs. Housewife, for the Treacherous Weather is Coming On.

Weather when it is not always convenient to get out and do your shopping. Order in a good supply of such necessities as will always keep well, and you cannot regret the foresight in the wintry days when storms are raging. We have a fine new stock of staple groceries, the best in quality and the lowest in market prices.

Slaton Sanitary Grocery

Proctor & Olive, Proprietors

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

and chickens stay there all the time.

I had 50 acres of maize that made an average crop, and I planted 24 acres of cotton but didn't have time to do anything with it except plow it once. Like "Topsy" it "jes" grewed and made one-third of a bale per acre, at that.

M. F. KLATTENHOFF.

I had 5 acres of sudan that threshed out 1,360 pounds per acre. 16 acres of cotton made a little more than a bale per acre and 7 acres of corn will husk at least 40 bushels per acre. I have 20 acres of kafir and maize that is good for 40 bushels per acre, and 15 acres of good heavy cane.

We had 3 acres of good oats that were harvested in July, when we planted the land to maize and got a splendid crop of that, giving us two good crops in

one season on this land.

We had lots of Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, peanuts, and all kinds of garden truck this year. This is my third year here and I have had a good crop every year.

ARTHUR AND CHAS. WILD.

We had 45 acres of cotton and will get at least 35 bales. 125 acres of maize made nearly two tons per acre, and we bundled 22 acres of kafir that was good for two tons per acre. We had 3 acres of sudan. This is our fourth year here, and we are well pleased with the Slaton country.

T. J. ABEL.

I have farmed 90 acres this year. 20 acres in cotton made 15 bales. 40 acres of maize made a little over 3 tons of heads per acre. 4 acres of corn made 85 bushels per acre. 6 acres of kafir cut 6,200 bundles that I have sold at 3 cents per bundle. 4 acres of sorghum made 3,600 bundles that I also sold for 3 cents per bundle. 7 acres of feterita made a little over two tons per acre.

F. V. WILLIAMS.

5 acres of kafir gave me 11 tons grain in the head, 16 acres of maize made 21-4 tons per acre. 4 1/2 acres of feterita made 8 tons. 30 acres in cotton made a bale per acre, and 1 acre of sudan made a fine crop. 3 acres in cane cut 2,200 bundles.

JIM BENTON.

Well, I have 20 acres of cotton but about a bale per acre is

all I am in hopes of getting out of it. I gathered 50 acres of kafir that is good for two tons per acre, and had 18 acres of feterita that is also pretty fair. 17 acres of sorghum did fairly well also. I filled my two silos that hold 310 tons from 23 acres of sorghum and kafir. I am not much of a record breaker on crops myself.

S. G. BRASFIELD.

I have 50 acres of kafir and 25 acres of maize that made 50 bushels per acre, and 5 acres of corn that made 40 bushels per acre. 20 acres of feterita was good, also. 25 acres of cotton is

CHANGE IN TRAIN SERVICE ON NEW YEARS IS RUMOR

There is a rumor that the Galveston-San Francisco Santa Fe trains de luxe will be started on Jan. 1, 1915. The Lamesa train will run between that town and Amarillo, one each way a day. The Clovis passenger will run thru to Sweetwater, and the Sweetwater train to Clovis. The six trains will pass at Slaton, making the Harvey House here for dinner. If this schedule is put on, the Slaton yards will be a busy place at the noon hour.

The date of the installation of the through service was announced in Tuesday's daily papers as January 1st.

picking me a bale to the acre. 12 acres of sorghum filled our 140-ton silo. Part of this sorghum made 15 tons per acre.

We had all kinds of garden truck this year, and sweet potatoes till you could hardly measure them. We had Irish potatoes and didn't have to use any bug dope to protect them.

I have been farming here three years, have had goods crops, and like my Slaton farm better all the time.

M. G. LEVERETT.

I had 100 acres of cotton this year that made over a bale to the acre. Had 7 acres of sorghum, and my maize, kafir, and feterita made over one and one-half tons on sod land. This is my second year here, and last year's crops were good on my farm.

The best cotton yield reported so far is that on the farm of G. A. Coleman nine miles south of Slaton. Mr. Coleman has sixty acres of cotton from which he has already ginned 65 bales, and on the second picking is getting more than one-half bale per acre. He expects to get 90 bales of cotton from the sixty acres. On the best end of the field he has 30 acres that will make close to 50 bales.

Fresh candy? Yes, sir, and guaranteed to be. Confections for her. Red Cross Pharmacy.

FOR EVERYTHING IN

Builders Hardware

GO TO

A. L. BRANNON'S

He Can Supply You.

WHEN IN LUBBOCK and Want to See a SWELL LINE OF Gents Furnishings "For Men Who Care"

A visit to our store will be of interest to you. Let us show you that we are "On to the Job," and that our efforts are truly visible. Come, see the new things, whether you buy or not.

"We Will Make Right That Which Is Not Right."

Chris Harwell Merchant Tailor

And Gents Furnishings. : : Lubbock, Texas

Local and Personal.

Whenever you find that a friend is not a subscriber to the Slatonite you will confer a great favor on us by recommending the paper to that person and suggesting that he subscribe for it at once.

There were only 232 votes cast in Lubbock County. The Republican party got 8, the Progressives 3, and the Socialists 13. The vote was favorable to all the proposed amendments. There are about 800 qualified voters in the county.

Chris Harwell, the merchant tailor of Lubbock, has an ad. in the Slatonite this week asking you to stop at his store when in Lubbock. Mr. Harwell carries a general line of furnishings—everything for men, and has for his motto, "We Will Make Right That Which Is Not Right."

We want every person in town to feel at liberty to supply the Slatonite with news of any kind that is of interest to the community. Personals, receptions, accidents, property transfers, births, marriages, etc., are always thankfully received at the printing office, and we depend on the public sending this information to us. Country correspondents receive a special welcome here.

Mrs. Jenkins and her daughter, Miss Edith, of Mineral Wells arrived in Slaton Tuesday to co-operate with Mr. Jas. Barbro in planning improvements for the land which they with Miss Alice MacFadin and others purchased southwest of Slaton this fall. There are several interested in the total purchase, and others of the party will arrive today. It is their intention to improve the land, put it under cultivation, and place tenants on it. They will start work on houses, barns, and wells for seven quarter-sections at once.

CRITICISM.

"Do you think this poem of mine will live?"
"It ought to. It's the good that die young."

A \$1,000.00 Bird Dog.

It is said that a load of Slaton sportsmen went out to the Brazos recently to try out a bird dog valued at \$1,000, and the dog was guaranteed to set the quail. The owner of the dog was on a deal to buy a \$2,000 residence property in Slaton and the dog was to be taken as half-payment for the house. The dog and his owner were recently from east Texas where the country was rough and the vegetation scanty, and they had several things to learn about blue quail.

The dog was turned loose and told to go find 'em. The vegetation was so rank and high that the dog was confused but he finally pointed some birds altho he was worried because he could not see them. Next he wondered whether the ground the birds were on was permanently situated or had a habit of moving around, as in a few seconds his nose told him that the birds were in a different place from where he had first located them, and yet they had not taken wing. He was disgusted with quail that wouldn't stay set like any self-respecting bird should.

Next the quail flew, and the owner of the dog, being some marksman of reputation, turned loose two loads of shot at them. He didn't stir a feather, but he was sure quick on the draw and made a close shot. In fact it was so close that J. S. says he has never been able yet to satisfy himself that he wasn't hit, but after that he brought down one of the quail just to show the gentleman how to shoot that kind of game.

Oh, if you want to know about the conclusion of the deal ask this same J. S. He will qualify as an expert on \$1,000 dogs and fancy shooting.

CYNICAL.

He—What do you suppose the soft pillow of a woman's mind is for?
She—To bolster some man's up.

"What on earth is Eliza fretting so about?"
"About the paper she has to read before the Don't Worry club."

GUNS and AMMUNITION

We carry an assortment of standard Guns, Rifles, and Ammunition. Why not buy a good Gun and get the benefit of the good hunting this fall?

Economy Hot Blast Heating Stoves

The stoves are one of the best put up, nicest appearing, and most economical of the hot blast lines. We invite you to look them over; the price will suit.

FORREST HARDWARE

Hardware and Furniture

This Farm \$20 Per Acre

For Sale, 160 acres land, all smooth and level, 5 miles west of Slaton at \$20.00 per acre. \$1100.00 cash, balance one note payable in 15 years at 8 per cent.

H. D. TALLEY, SLATON, TEXAS

NOTICE!

All Accounts Owing Simmons & Robertson Are Now Due and Payable at J. M. Simmons' Grocery.

So please call promptly and settle as we wish to get the business adjusted and straighten up with the wholesale houses at once. Thanking one and all for their past favors and trusting I can serve you in the future, I am, Yours for Honest Dealing,

J. M. Simmon's Grocery

Peter Still Boosting Ferguson.

(Peter Radford proposes to the people of Texas the following toast in honor of Governor-elect Ferguson. In order that the prohibition question may be eliminated from the festivities, Mr. Radford suggests that all citizens rise and drink a glass of buttermilk to the health of our next Governor).

Here's to the man who fought the farmers' battles and who planted the flag of agriculture on the parapets of success. A man out of the loins of agriculture and out of the heart of business, unsullied by combinations and unsung by politicians. A man tutored in the school of poverty and disciplined in the university of success, whose ambition is without guile and whose patriotism is without greed, called from the hearthstone of the common people to rule over the land.

A plain man who can hear the feeble cry of the weak and the just complaints of the strong who has toiled by the side of those who labor and worked with those who plan. A man whose life is attuned to the song of the plow, the shrill whistle of the locomotive, the clatter of the dinner pail and whose heart feels the mighty surge of progress as it beats against the border line. A man who owes no debt to his friends and no grudge to his foes, but who answers the call of his country and serves for the joy of service.

A man whose life has been hissed by demagogues, whose heart has been stung by fanatics and whose back has felt the rod of prejudice. The people's friend, the politician's foe and the investor's hope. Whatever may be his will or ambition, fears or hopes, joys or sorrows, he is to wield the scepter of power and will soon be your Governor and mine.



New Maid—Mrs. G. Ossip called while you were out ma'am.
Mrs. Tellit Wright—Thank goodness, I was out.
New Maid—That's just what she said ma'am.

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.

If you were a Scarlet Petticoat
And I were a Burley Bull,
I wouldn't care a Thingumabob
If you were Cotton or Wool:
I'd make you hustle around the Block
At a speed quite Wonderful.....
If you were a Scarlet Petticoat
And I were a Burly Bull.

But! If you were a Surly Bulldog
And I were a Pair of Pants,
I'd hide myself in a Closet—
I wouldn't take any Chance
Of having you teach me Tango Steps,
Or any other Old Dance—
If you were a Surly Bulldog
And I were a Pair of Pants.

The Western Telephone Company hates to furnish space for this stuff, but the Ad. Man thinks he's a POET.

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

FRED HOFFMAN

Painter and Paper Hanger

Interior Decorator. Expert Floor Finisher.
Slaton, Texas

STORIES OF INDIVIDUAL HEROISM DISPLAYED ON FIELD OF BATTLE

Germans Drop on Enemy as Though From Sky—Artillery Works Awful Havoc, But Rifle Fire Not so Good—Wounded Private Tells of Heroic Work of the "Dirty Shirts"— Bombs Success in War.

By LAWRENCE ELSTON.

London.—A guardsman who was wounded near Compiègne, has given a vivid account of the fighting there and of the capture of ten German guns by the British troops.

"We were in a field," he said, "when the Germans dropped on us all of a sudden as though from the sky. The first hint we had of their presence was when a battery of guns on the right sang out, dropping shells into a mob of us who were waiting for our turn at the washtub—the river. There was no panic as far as I saw, only some of our fellows who hadn't had a wash for a long time said strong things about the Germans for spoiling the best chance we had had for four days. We all ran to our posts in response to bugles which rang out all along the line, and by the time we all stood to arms the German cavalry came into view in great strength all along the left front.

"As soon as they came within range we poured a deadly volley into them, emptying saddles right and left, and they scattered in all directions. Meanwhile their artillery kept working up closer on the front and the right, and a dark cloud of infantry showed out against the skyline on our front, advancing in a formation rather loose for the Germans. We opened on them, and they made a fine target for our rifle fire, which was very well supported by our artillery. The fire from our guns was very effective, the range being found with ease, and we could see the shells dropping right into the enemy's ranks.

Race for a Hill.

"Here and there their lines began to waver and give way, and finally they disappeared. Half an hour later more infantry appeared on our right front, but we could not say whether it was the same, or another body. This time they were well supported by artillery, machine guns and strong forces of cavalry on both flanks. All came on at a smart pace, with the apparent plan of seizing a hill on our right. At the same moment our cavalry came into view, and then the whole Guards brigade advanced. It was really a race between the two parties to reach the hill first, but the Germans won easily, owing to their being nearer by half a mile.

"As soon as their guns and infantry had taken up a position, the cavalry came along in a huge mass with the intention of riding down the Irish Guards, who were nearest to them. When the shock came it seemed terrific to us in the distance, for the Irishmen did not recoil in the least, but flung themselves right across the path of the German horsemen.

"We could hear the crack of the rifles and see the German horses impaled on the bayonets of the front ranks of the guardsmen. Then the whole force of infantry and cavalry were mixed up in one confused heap, like so many pieces from a jigsaw puzzle. Shells from the British and German batteries kept dropping close to the tangled mass of fighting men, and then we saw the German horsemen get clear and take to flight as fast as their horses would carry them. Some had no horses and they were bayoneted where they stood.

Ten Guns Captured.

"While this was going on there was a confused movement among the German infantry, as though they were going to the assistance of the cavalry,

but evidently they did not like the look of things, for they stayed where they were. After this little interruption the whole of the Guards continued their advance, the Coldstreamers leading this time, with the Scots in reserve and the Irish in support.

"Taking advantage of the fight between the cavalry and infantry, the German artillery had advanced to a new position, from which they kept up a deadly fire from 12 guns. Our infantry and cavalry advanced simultaneously against this new position, which they carried together in the face of a galling fire. In the excitement the enemy managed to get away two of their guns, but the remainder fell into our hands. The infantry and cavalry supporting the guns didn't wait for the onslaught of our men, but bolted, pursued by our cavalry and galled by a heavy fire from our infantry and artillery, which quickly found the range.

"We heard later that the Germans were in very great force, and had attached in the hope of driving us back and so uncovering the French left, but they got more than they bargained for. Their losses were terrible in what little of the fight we saw, and when our men captured the guns there was hardly a German left alive or unwounded. Altogether the fight lasted about seven hours, and when it was over our cavalry scouts reported that the enemy were in retreat."

Argylls Are Hard Hit.

A private in a Highland regiment, who was wounded at Mons, in the course of a letter to his parents in Musselburgh says:

"The poor Argylls got pretty well hit, but never wavered a yard for all their losses. The Scots Greys are doing great work at the front, in fact they were the means of putting 10,000 Germans to their fate on Sunday morning. I will never forget that day, as our regiment left a town on the French frontier on Saturday morning at three o'clock and marched till 3 a. m. on Sunday into a Belgian town. I was about to have an hour in bed, at least a lie down in a shop, when I was wakened to go on guard at the general's headquarters, and while I was on guard a captain of the crack French cavalry came in with the official report of the 10,000 Germans killed.

"The Scots Greys early that morning had decoyed the Germans right in front of the machine guns of the French, and they just mowed them down. There was no escape for them, poor devils; but they deserved it, the way they go on. You would be sorry for the poor Belgian women having to leave their homes with young children clinging to them."

Bombs Are a Success.

Bombardier A. E. Smith, who was wounded by a bomb dropped from a German aeroplane, in a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, says:

"Those bombs have proved a great success in the war, as they find the enemy's range very accurately. The bomb, when dropped, leaves a thick, black, smoky line to enable the gunners to take the exact range. We were in a good position, but suffered loss. The enemy could not find us until the aeroplane came on the scene. Then we had it rather hot. The gunners had to leave the guns, but later saved them all after being re-enclosed by other guns.

"The Germans have a funny way in fighting. Their infantry, when advancing, fire from the hip and come

on in masses, splendid targets for our guns. As soon as one lot gets mowed down the gaps are filled up with fresh men. They are in terrible numbers—about ten to one in some places. Nearly all the men's wounds are from shrapnel, and heal wonderfully. Men almost cripples a day or two ago are going on splendidly since being treated here."

"Like Blue Murder."

A wounded private of the Royal Munster Fusiliers (the "Dirty Shirts") tells the following story:

"For some reason or other we were left in the lurch, and had to bear the brunt of the whole German attack, while the rest of the brigade fell back.

"They came at us from all points—horse, foot, artillery and all—and the air was thick with screaming, shouting men waving swords and blazing away at us like blue murder. Our lads stood up to them without the least taste of fear, and when their cavalry came down on us we received them with fixed bayonets in front, the rear flanks firing away as steadily as you please. All round us we saw them collecting until there was hardly a hole fit for a wee mouse to get through, and then it was that the hardest fight of all took place, for we wouldn't surrender, and tried our hardest to cut through the stone wall of the Germans.

"It was hell's own work, but I can say that we never hoisted the white flag, and if the battalion was wiped out, as they say, it fought to the last gasp. The spirit of our lads was that grand that you couldn't help being proud of them, and they accounted for a lot of the Germans. First of all, I got a wee taste of a punch in the ribs with a sword, and then I got a bullet in me, but when I was able to see what was going on the men were cutting their way through the Germans. I was floored for I can't tell you how long, but when I got back my senses the Germans were gone, leaving only heaps on heaps of the dying and the dead, our boys and the Germans being mixed up like anything.

"Some of our boys who got away told me that the 'Dirty Shirts' had been almost cleaned up by the Germans, but made the Germans pay dearly for thinking they could cut off an Irish regiment without having to fight."

Admires German Artillery.

Private Charles Dudley Moore of the Yorkshire light infantry, who was at Mons and is now at Lynn, had the misfortune to be wounded half an hour after he went into action.

"The shrapnel shells of the Germans were bursting over the trenches where we were lying, and I was struck in the foot with a piece of shell which took the sole of my shoe clean off. Five minutes later, when I was trying to help a fellow near me who had been hit in the shoulder, I was struck in the right thigh by a pellet from a shrapnel shell. I fired one more shot after that. I fired at the driver of a German machine gun and hit him. This was my first experience of actual fighting, and I can tell you it is a funny sensation at first to see the shells bursting near and around you, to hear the bullets whistling by you, and to see men being killed and wounded near you, but you soon get used to it all. It tries your nerves a bit at first, but you soon get in the way of it.

"I have the greatest admiration for the German artillery, but their infantry is absolutely useless. They fire from the hip and take no aim at all. The Germans are also badly fed. At the hospital at Amiens I saw a wounded German officer who told me he and the others had been living on anything they could lay hold of, and that they had even eaten grass."

Fred Wilson of the Fifth Royal Lancers, who was wounded at Mons and reached Leeds invalided, says he has seen the Germans bayonet our wounded as they came across the field, and force women and children in front of them as they passed our guns.

keep absolute quiet in the hall while the commander slept. Ridley's next order was to post this notice:

"This is a military institution, and the men are under the authority of Mr. Ridley, transport officer. If he calls upon any man to perform any action he is bound to do so, else he will be guilty of a crime against military law, for which he will be punished by the military authorities."

Transport Officer Ridley remained several days in unquestioned command and then disappeared.

WINE FIELDS SUFFER LITTLE

Refugees From North Only Too Glad to Work in the French Vineyards.

London, England.—Telegraphing from Epernay, France, the correspondent of the Times says:

"The ebbing of the German invasion has left the vineyards virtually undamaged. The labor question in connection with the harvesting of the grapes has been solved by the pres-

ence of numerous refugees from the north who are only too glad to earn the good wages offered by the vineyard owners.

"In ordinary times the grapes, as soon as harvested, are bought by the big champagne makers for their presses. During the present year, however, this has been impossible, owing to lack of transportation facilities. The grapes, therefore, are being pressed by the growers themselves and the juice will be preserved in barrels until its delivery to the wine makers is possible. The weather has been favorable and it is predicted that the wine this year will be of excellent quality."

Joy Kills Him.

Copenhagen.—Joseph Felnesics, sixty-four, general director of the Vienna museum art industry, died at Reinch enhall from overjoy on hearing of a German victory in the Vosges.

Petrograd.—The Novoe Vremya is raising funds for the erection at Reims of a monument in remembrance of the cathedral bombardment.

HINTS FOR PRESERVE CLOSET

Pickled Peaches Should by All Means Be Among the Condiments Stored —Brandied Cherries.

Pickled peaches are a dinner condiment of unparalleled excellence. Many people prefer pickled fruit to the sweeter jellies and preserves and the good housekeeper always puts up pickled dainties as well as preserves, jellies and jams for her well-stocked winter fruit closet.

Here is a tried and true recipe for pickled peaches: To seven pounds of selected peaches allow half as many pounds of granulated sugar, one quart of vinegar, two ounces each of stick cinnamon and cloves. Dissolve the sugar in the hot vinegar, add the spices and boil for six minutes; add the peaches and boil slowly until the peaches have become soft enough to be pierced easily by a fork. Turn out the fruit and boil the sirup down to one-half. Now put in the peaches again and let the whole just come to a boil. Pour into a deep crock and cover when cold.

A Virginian housekeeper recommends this recipe for brandied cherries: Cover large, oxheart cherries which have been stoned with some excellent brandy and let stand for 48 hours. Add to the mixture sugar in a proportion of pound for pound. Do not cook, but seal in glass jars and set away in a cool, dry place. These cherries are delicious for garnishing whipped cream and frozen desserts. They may also be served in home-mixed cocktails.

AN OYSTER STEW RECIPE

Expert Recommends This as an Unusually Appetizing Way of Serving the Bivalves.

Fannie Merritt Farmer, cookery editor of the Woman's Home Companion, presents a number of "Recipes for October" in that publication. Among them is her recipe for Boston oyster stew, which follows:

"Put one quart of oysters in a colander and pour over three-fourths cupful of cold water. Carefully pick over oysters, remove tough muscles from half of them, and slightly chop remaining half with removed tough muscles. Add chopped oysters to water drained through colander, heat to the boiling point, and let simmer three minutes. Strain through a double thickness of cheesecloth, add reserved soft part of oyster, and cook until oysters are plump. Remove oysters with a skimmer and put in a tureen with one-fourth cupful of butter, one-half tablespoonful of salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Add oyster liquor, strained a second time, and one quart of scalded milk. Always remember to scald milk in a double boiler, which overcomes the danger of scorching. Serve with oyster crackers."

Sponge Cake, Orange Filling.

Mix well together three egg yolks, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, the grated rind of one lemon, one cupful of sifted flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder. When well beaten together add a little salt and the whites of the three eggs beaten stiff. Bake for 15 minutes in Washington pie tins. For the filling beat together the juice of one orange, with a little of the grated rind, one egg, one cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of warmed butter, and cook in a double boiler until it thickens. Spread between the layers of cake.

Sour Milk Johnny Cake.

Two tablespoonfuls of butter and one cupful of flour mixed with one cupful of cornmeal; add half a cupful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of sour milk, and two well beaten eggs. Turn the mixture into a well-buttered pan and bake in a hot oven. Sour cream may be substituted for sour milk.

More Uses for Salt.

A pinch of salt thrown on eggs will make them beat lightly in about half the time usually required. When broiling steak over a coal fire sprinkle a little salt on the burning coals and the flame will not blaze up and scorch the steak. If you are broiling meat in a gas oven and it catches fire quickly turn the gas off and throw a handful of salt on the blazing meat. You do not need to use any water. The salt will put out the fire and you can then scrape off the salt from the meat.

Boston Brown Hash.

Chop any remains of steaks, roasts or stews very fine. Grease a deep pie dish. Put a layer of mashed potatoes (old ones, left over, will answer) in the bottom of the dish, then a layer of meat, then a layer of stale bread crumbs; sprinkle with salt and pepper, a few bits of butter; moisten with a half cupful of beef gravy, then put another layer of potatoes. Dip a knife into milk and smooth the top. Bake in a moderate oven until brown. Serve hot.

The plainer the woman the more she moralizes,

For harness sores apply Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Matches are made in heaven; that is, those that are not made in ham-mocks.

Anyway, a mere man can wear his best hat in the rain without getting the curl out of the feathers.

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

Love in a cottage and castles in the air are not so far apart as they sound.

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

There Was Doubt.

D'Auber—I am a self-made man. Knocker—Bragging or apologizing? —Boston Evening Transcript.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy. Adv.

A Heroine.

Maude—Alice never passes a mirror without looking into it. Jack—Brave girl.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Still Need Mules.

The army mule still reigns. The Army and Navy Journal says the military authorities are not convinced that motor cars, armored or unarmored, will be needed under the present conditions of roads and terrain in this country. Europe's experience with motor cars will be consulted in the United States only when pavements are generally laid equal to those of European roads. Of the 16 types of motor car now being tested on the Texas border none has proved satisfactory in transporting material on cross country marches. Good roads are not yet a characteristic of America.

The Sanitary Kiss.

Dr. W. F. Snow, secretary of the American Social Hygiene association, has suggested that if people must kiss they should kiss through a square of tissue paper that has been prepared in an antiseptic bath.—News Report.

The doctors state an awful fate lurks in the mildest kisses, I can't conceive—you get me, Steve—of medicated blisses. Though they affirm the deadly germ makes kissing complicated, who'd have the nerve for to observe, "Are your lips carbolated?" These chilly cynics from the clinics think of naught but drugs. Yet who would sip them from a lip in preference to "bugs?" To sterilize a lady's sighs would simply be outrageous. Who'd not prefer to humor her and let her be contagious?—New York Sun.

Tone Up! Not Drugs— Food Does It

—wholesome, appetizing food that puts life and vigor into one, but doesn't clog the system.

Such a food is

Grape-Nuts

The entire nutrition of wheat and barley, including the vital mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc.—

Long baked, easily digested, ready to eat; an ideal food with cream or milk, and fine in many combinations.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers.

FAKE OFFICER FLIES HIGH

Makes Recruits Obey Him and Hotel Men Feed Him in Yorkshire, England.

London.—A rogue with a sense of humor has played a double trick on a military officer and on the landlord of a workingman's hotel at Sheffield, which has made both men the laughing stock of Yorkshire.

The officer in command of the Sheffield barracks received one day recently an invitation by telephone to billet 300 recruits at a new workingman's hotel owned by a prominent citizen. The offer was, of course, accepted. The manager of the hotel was then called up by the same voice and ordered to prepare quarters as well as supper for 300 recruits under His Majesty's Transport Officer Ridley. The men arrived, and so did the mysterious "Transport Officer Ridley," who thereupon chose one recruit to shave him, another to clean his boots, while a third was placed as sentry at the door, with orders to

The Last Shot

BY
FREDERICK PALMER

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SYNOPSIS.

At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galland and her mother, entertaining Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron, staff intelligence officer of the Browns, injured by a fall in his aeroplane. Ten years later, Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, reinforces South La Tir, meditates on war, and speculates on the comparative ages of himself and Marta, who is visiting in the Gray capital. Westerling calls on Marta. She tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff, and predicts that if he makes war against the Browns he will not win. On the march with the 53d of the Browns, Private Stransky, anarchist, declares war and played-out patriotism and is placed under arrest. Colonel Lanstron overhearing, begs him off. Lanstron calls on Marta at her home. He talks with Feller, the gardener. Marta tells Lanstron that she believes Feller to be a spy. Lanstron confesses it is true. Lanstron shows Marta a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passage under the tower for use to benefit the Browns in war emergencies. Lanstron declares his love for Marta. Westerling and the Gray premier plan to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike patriotism in army and people.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"And the press—the mischievous, greedy, but very useful press?" asked the premier.

"It also shall serve; also obey. No lists of killed and wounded shall be given out until I am ready. The public must know nothing except what I choose to tell. I act for the people and the nation."

"That is agreed," said the premier. "For these terrible weeks every nerve and muscle of the nation is at your service to win for the nation. In three or four days I shall know if the public rises to the call. If not—" He shook his head.

"While all the information given out is provocative to our people, you will declare your hope that war may be averted," Westerling continued. "This will screen our purpose. Finally, on top of public enthusiasm will come the word that the Browns have fired the first shot—as they must when we cross the frontier—that they have been killing our soldiers. This will make the racial spirit of every man respond. Having decided for war, every plan is worthy that helps to victory."

"It seems fiendish!" exclaimed the premier in answer to a thought eddying in the powerful current of his brain. "Fiendish with calculation, but merciful, as you say."

"A fast, terrific campaign! A ready machine taking the road!" Westerling declared. "Less suffering than if we went to war carelessly for a long campaign—than if we allowed sentiment to interfere with intellect."

"I like your energy, your will!" said the premier admiringly. "And about the declaration of war? We shall time that to your purpose."

"Declarations of war before striking by nations taking the aggressive, are a disadvantage," Westerling explained. "They are going out of practice. Witness the examples of Japan against Russia and the Balkan allies against Turkey. In these days declarations are not necessary as a warning of what is going to happen. They belong to the etiquette of fencers."

"Yes, exactly. The declaration of war and the ambassador's passports will be prepared and the wire that fighting has begun will release them," agreed the premier.

"Yet if we did lose! If when I had given you all you ask your plans went wrong! If our army were broken to pieces on the frontier and then the nation, kept in ignorance of events, learned the truth—the premier enunciated slowly and pointedly while he looked glances with Westerling—"that is the end for us both. You would hardly want to return to the capital to face public wrath!"

"We must win though we lose a million men!" he answered. "I stake my life!" he cried hoarsely, striking his fist on the table.

"You stake your life!" repeated the premier with slow emphasis.

"I do!" said Westerling. "Yes, my life. We cannot fail!"

"Then it will be war, if the people want it!" said the premier. "I shall not resist their desire!" he added in his official manner, at peace with his conscience.

Partow was a great brain set on an enormous body. Partow's eyes had the fire of youth at sixty-five, but the pendulous flesh of his cheeks was pasty. Jealousy and faction had endeavored for years to remove him from his position at the head of the army on account of age. New governments decided as they came in that he must go, and they went out with him still in the saddle.

Let officers apply themselves with conspicuous energy and they heard from a genial Partow; let officers only keep step and free of courts martial, and they heard from a merciless taskmaster. Peculiarly human, peculiarly dictatorial, dynamic, and inscrutable was Partow, who never asked any one under him to work harder than himself.

Lanstron appeared in the presence of Jove shortly after eight o'clock the next morning after he left La Tir. Jove rolled his big head on his short neck in a nod and said:

"Late!"

"The train was late, sir," Lanstron replied, "and I have some news about our thousandth chance."

"Hm-m! What is it?" asked Partow. When Lanstron had told his story, Partow worked his lips in a way he had if he were struck by a passing reflection which might or might not have a connection with the subject in hand. "Strange about her when you consider who her parents were!" he said. "But you never know. Hm-m! Why don't you sit down, young man?"

"The way that the Grays gave out our dispatch convinces me of their intentions," Partow said. "Their people are rising to it and ours are rising in answer. The Grays have been transferring regiments from distant provinces to their frontier because they will fight better in an invasion. We are transferring home regiments to our frontier because they will fight for their own property. By Thursday you will find that open mobilization on both sides has begun."

"My department is ready," said Lanstron, "all except your decision about press censorship."

"A troublesome point," responded Partow. "I have procrastinated because two definite plans were fully worked out. It is a matter of choice between them: either publicity or complete secrecy. You know I am no believer in riding two horses at once. My mind is about made up; but let me hear your side again. Sometimes I get conviction by probing another man's."

Lanstron was at his best, for his own conviction was intense.

"Of course they will go in for secrecy; but our case is different," he began.

Partow settled himself to listen with the gift of the organizer who draws from his informant the brevity of essentials.

"I should take the people into our confidence," Lanstron proceeded. "I should make them feel that we were one family fighting for all we hold dear against the invader. If our losses are heavy, if we have a setback, then the inspiration of the heroism of those who have fallen and the danger of their own homes feeling the foot of the invader next will impel the living to greater sacrifices. For the Grays are in the wrong. The moral and the legal right is with us."

"And the duty of men like you and me, chosen for the purpose," said Partow, "is worthily to direct the courage that goes with moral right. The overt act of war must come from them by violating our frontier, not in the African jungle but here. Even when the burglar fingers the window-sash we shall not fire—no, not until he enters our house. When he does, you would have a message go out to our people that will set them quivering with indignation?"

"Yes, and I would let the names of our soldiers who fall first be known and how they fell, their backs to their frontier homes and their faces to the foe."

"Our very liberality in giving news will help us to cover the military secrets which we desire to preserve," Partow said, with slow emphasis. "We shall hold back what we please, confident of the people's trust. Good policy that, yes! But enough! Your orders are ready, in detail, I believe. You have nothing to add?"

"No, sir, nothing; at least, not until war begins."

"Very well. We shall have the orders issued at the proper moment," concluded Partow. "And Westerling is going to find," he proceeded after a thoughtful pause, "that a man is reader to die fighting to hold his own threshold than fighting to take another man's. War is not yet solely an affair of machinery and numbers. The human element is still uppermost. Give me your hand—no, not that one, not the one you shake hands with—the one wounded in action!"

Partow inclosed the stiffened fingers in his own with something of the caress which an old bear that is in

very good humor might give to a promising cub.

"I have planned, planned, planned for this time. The world shall soon know, as the elements of it go into the crucible test, whether it is well done or not. I want to live to see the day when the last charge made against our trenches is beaten back. Then they may throw this old body onto the rubbish heap as soon as they please—it is a fat, unwieldy behemoth of an old body!"

"No, no, it isn't!" Lanstron objected hotly. He was seeing only what most people saw after talking with Partow for a few minutes, his fine, intelligent eyes and beautiful forehead.

"All that I wanted of the body was to feed my brain," Partow continued, heedless of the interruption. "I have watched my mind as a navigator watches a barometer. I have been ready at the first sign that it was losing its grip to give up. Yet I have felt that my body would go on feeding my brain and that to the last moment of consciousness, when suddenly the body collapses, I should have self-possession and energy of mind. Under the coming strain the shock may come, as a cord snaps. At that instant my successor will take up my work where I leave it off."

"The old fogey who has aimed to join experience to youth chooses youth. You took your medicine without grumbling in the disagreeable but vitally important position of chief of intelligence. Now you—there, don't tremble with stage fright!" For Lanstron's hand was quivering in Partow's grasp, while his face was that of a man stunned.

"You are to be at the right hand of this old body," continued Partow. "You are to go with me to the front; to sleep in the room next to mine; to be always at my side, and, finally, you are to promise that if ever the old body fails in its duty to the mind, if ever you see that I am not standing up to the strain, you are to say so to me and I give you my word that I shall let you take charge."

Lanstron was too stunned to speak for a moment. The arrangement seemed a hideous joke; a refinement of cruelty inconceivable. It was expecting him to tell Atlas that he was old and to take the weight of the world off the giant's shoulders.

"Have you lost your patriotism?" demanded Partow. "Are you afraid? Afraid to tell me the truth? Afraid of duty? Afraid in your youth of the burden that I bear in age?"

His fingers closed in on Lanstron's with such force that the grip was painful.

"Promise!" he commanded.

"I promise!" Lanstron said with a throb.

"That's it! That's the way! That's the kind of soldier I like," Partow declared with change of tone, and he rose from his chair with a spring that was a delight to Lanstron in its proof of the physical vigor so stoutly denied. "We have a lot to say to each other today," he added; "but first I am going to show you the whole bag of tricks."

His arm crooked in Lanstron's, they went along the main corridor of the staff office and entered a vault having a single chair and a small table in the center and lined by sections of numbered pigeonholes, each with a combination lock. At the base of one section was a small safe. It was not the first time that Lanstron had been in this vault. He had the combination of two of the sections of pigeonholes, aerostatics and intelligence. The rest belonged to other divisions.

"The safe is my own, as you know. No one opens it; no one knows what is in it but me," said Partow, taking from it an envelope and a manuscript, which he laid on the table. "There you have all that is in my brain—the whole plan. The envelope contains the combinations of all the pigeonholes, if you wish to look up any details."

"Thank you!" Lanstron half whispered. It was all he could think of to say.

"And you will find that there is more than you thought, perhaps; the reason why I have fought hard to remain chief of staff; why—" Partow continued in a voice that had the sepulchral uncanniness of a threat long nursed now breaking free of the bondage of years within the sound-proof walls. "But—" he broke off suddenly as if he distrusted even the security of the vault. "Yes, it is all there—my life's work, my dream, my ambition, my plan!"

Lanstron heard the lock slide in the door as Partow went out and he was alone with the army's secrets. As he read Partow's firm handwriting, many parts fell together, many moves on a chessboard grew clear. His breath came faster, he bent closer over the table, he turned back pages to go over them again. Every sentence dropped home in his mind like a bolt in a socket. Unconscious of the passage of time, he did not heed the door open or realize Partow's presence until he felt Partow's hand on his shoulder.

"I see that you didn't look into any of the pigeonholes," the chief of staff observed.

Lanstron pressed his finger-tips on the manuscript significantly.

"No. It is all there!"

"The thing being to carry it out!" said Partow. "God with us!" he added devoutly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Close to the White Posts.

On Saturday evening the 128th regiment of the Grays was mustered in field accoutrements and a full supply of cartridges. In the darkness the first battalion marched out at right angles to the main road that ran through La Tir and South La Tir. At length Company B, deployed in line of skirmishers, lay down to sleep on its arms.

"We wait here for the word," Fracasse, the captain, whispered to his senior lieutenant. "If it comes, our objective is the house and the old castle on the hill above the town."

The tower of the church showed dimly when a pale moon broke through a cloud. By its light Hugo Mallin saw on his left the pinched and characterless features of Peterkin. A few yards ahead was a white stone post.

"That's their side over there!" whispered the banker's son, who was next to Peterkin.

"When we cross war begins," said the manufacturer's son.

"I wonder if they are expecting us!" said the judge's son a trifle huskily, in an attempt at humor, though he was not given to humor.

"Just waiting to throw bouquets!" whispered the laborer's son. He, too, was not given to humor and he, too, spoke a trifle huskily.

"And we'll fix bayonets when we start and they will run at the sight of our steel!" said Eugene Aronson. He and Hugo alone, not excepting Pilzer, the butcher's son, spoke in their natural voices. The others were trying to make their voices sound natural, while Pilzer's voice had developed a certain ferocity, and the liver patch on his cheek twitched more frequently.

"Why, Company B is in front! We have the post of honor, and maybe our company will win the most glory of any in the regiment!" Eugene added. "Oh, we'll beat them! The bullet is not made that will get me!"

"Your service will be over in time for you to help with the spring planting, Eugene," whispered Hugo, who was apparently preoccupied with many detached thoughts.

"And you to be at home sucking lollipops!" Pilzer growled to Hugo.

"That would be better than murdering my fellowman to get his property," Hugo answered, so soberly that it did not seem to his comrades that he was joking this time. Pilzer's snarling exclamation of "White feather!" came in the midst of a chorus of indignation.

Captain Fracasse, who had heard only the disturbance without knowing the cause, interfered in a low, sharp tone:

"Silence! As I have told you before, silence! We don't want them to know that we are here. Go to sleep! You may get no rest tomorrow night!"

But little Peterkin, the question in his mind breaking free of his lips, unwittingly asked:

"Shall—shall we fight in the morning?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows!" answered Fracasse. "We wait on orders, ready to do our duty. There may be no war. Don't let me hear another peep from you!"

Now all closed their eyes. In front of them was vast silence which seemed to stretch from end to end of the frontier, while to the rear was the rumble of switching railway trains and the rumble of provision trains and artillery on the roads, and in the distance on the plain the headlight of a locomotive cut a swath in the black night. But the breathing of most of the men was not that of slumber, though Eugene and Pilzer slept soundly. Hours passed. Occasional restless movements told of efforts to force sleep by changing position.

"It's the waiting that's sickening!" exploded the manufacturer's son under his breath, desperately.

"So I say. I'd like to be at it and done with the suspense!" said the doctor's son.

"They say if you are shot through the head you don't know what killed you it's so quick. Think of that!" exclaimed Peterkin, huddling closer to Hugo and shivering.

"Yes, very merciful," Hugo whispered, patting Peterkin's arm.

"Sh-h-h! Silence, I tell you!" commanded Fracasse crossly. He was falling into a half doze at last.

In marching order, with cartridge-boxes full, on Saturday night, the 53d of the Browns marched out of barracks to the main pass road. One company after another left the road at a given point, bound for the position mapped in its instructions. Dellarme's, however, went on until it was opposite the Galland house.

"We are depending on you," the colonel said to Dellarme, giving his hand a grip. "You are not to draw a gun till you get the flag."

"No, sir," Dellarme replied.

"Mind the signal to the batteries—keep the men screened—warn them not to let their first baptism of shell fire break their nerves!" the colonel added in a final repetition of instructions already indelibly impressed on the captain's mind.

Moving cautiously through a cut, Dellarme's company came, about midnight, to a halt among the stubble of a wheat-field behind a knoll. After he had bidden the men to break ranks, he crept up the incline.

"Yes, it's there!" he whispered when he returned. "On the crest of the knoll a cord is stretched from stake to stake," he said, explaining the reason for what was to be done, as was his custom. "The engineers placed it there after dusk and the frontier was closed, so that you would know just where to use your spades in the dark. Quietly as possible! No talking!" he kept cautioning as the men turned the soft earth, "and not higher than the cord, and lay the stubble side of the sods on the reverse so as to cover the fresh earth on the sky-line."

When the work was done all returned behind the knoll except the sentries posted at intervals on the crest to watch. With the aid of a small electric flash, screened by his hands, Dellarme again examined a section of the staff map that outlined the contour of the knoll in relation to the other positions. After this he wrote in his diary the simple facts of the day's events, concluding with a sentiment of gratitude for the honor shown his company and a prayer that he might keep a clear head and do his duty if war came on the morrow.

"Now, every one get all the sleep he can!" he advised the men.

Stransky slept with his head on his arm, soundly; the others slept no better than the men of the 128th. The night passed without any alarm except that of their own thoughts, and they welcomed dawn as a relief from suspense. There was no hot coffee this morning, and they washed down their rations with water from their canteens. The old sergeant was lying beside Captain Dellarme on the crest, the sunrise in their faces. As the mist cleared from the plain it revealed the white dots of the frontier posts in the meadow and behind them many gray figures in skirmish order, scarcely visible except through the glasses.

"It looks like business!" declared the old sergeant.

"Yes, it begins the minute they cross the line!" said Dellarme.

His glance sweeping to the rear to scan the landscape under the light of day, he recognized, with a sense of pride and awe, the tactical importance of his company's position in relation to that of the importance of the other companies. Easily he made out the regimental line by streaks of concealed trenches and groups of brown uniforms; and here and there were the oblong, cloth stretches of waiting hospital litters. On the reverse slope of another knoll was the farmhouse, marked X on his map as the regimental headquarters, where he was to watch for the signal to fall back from his first stand in delaying the enemy's advance. Directly to the rear was the cut through which the company had come from the main pass road, and beyond that the Galland house, which was to be the second stand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT BAROMETER SHOWS

Some Short Rules for the Intelligent Reading of This Most Useful of Instruments.

Do you properly understand the barometer? Many people tap the glass, note a rise or fall, say it will therefore be wet or fine, and there end. But there's more in barometrical science than that. The following key might be cut out for reference.

A steady rise shows that fine weather may be expected, and, in winter, frost. A rapid rise indicates unsettled weather. Fine weather immediately after a rise must not be expected to last. The barometer often rises from a northward change in the wind. A fall of half a tenth or more in an hour is a sure warning of a storm. A fall with a low thermometer foretells snow or rain. With a rising thermometer, wind or rain from the south.

A fall in winter indicates warmer weather; in hot weather, thunder. Fine weather may occur with a low glass, but it precedes wind or rain. The rise or fall of a barometer rather than its absolute height shows an approaching change, so the usual words, "Fair," "Change," etc., cannot always be depended on. The rise from a low point indicates the close approach of gales.

Would Cause Colleagues to Smile.
"That's a smart thing I've done," said the doctor to his assistant. "What's that doctor?" "I have put my signature in the column which is headed 'cause of death' in this death certificate."

Appropriate Action.
"What a foolish dance that is, Jane. What do you call it?"
"It's the 'hesitation' pa."
"Then I think it is the kind of hesitation that ought to stop."

LOCAL GOSSIP

H. D. Hollingsworth, manager of the Slaton Harvey House, is driving a new Ford car.

Miss Alice MacFadin arrived in Slaton last Friday and joined her sister, Mrs. Jenkins, here.

Misty, damp weather all week but only about one-fourth of an inch of precipitation has resulted from the drizzles.

Our candy customer, you will agree, because you want the best. It's always at the Red Cross Pharmacy. Loose-Wiles stands every test.

The Lubbock County Teachers' Institute will be held at Lubbock December 19-23, 1914. For program and other information write to E. R. Haynes, county superintendent.

Dr. I. E. Smith, Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat Specialist of Big Spring, will be here Saturday, Dec. 5th, will have a good stock of Glasses, as well as treat all diseases in his special branch.

Mrs. I. W. Hudgens entertained the Five Hundred Club Wednesday last week. Mrs. J. H. Paul won high score. Luncheon was served at the close of the game. The club will meet next at Miss Myrtle Dunscomb's.

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

R. A. BALDWIN
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office West Side of Square
Slaton, Texas

HUTCHINSON & HAMILTON
DENTISTS
Citizens National Bank Building
Lubbock, Texas

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

A FEW BARGAINS FOR SALE

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

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

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

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

Ed. Shopbell was in Ft. Worth last week on business.

Wilmer Berry of South Houston accompanied J. D. Hainey to Slaton last week and will make his home here.

Chas. Stewart of Shreveport, La., arrived in Slaton Sunday to visit his brother, J. C. Stewart, for a few weeks.

Mrs. H. F. Meadows of Lamesa was in Slaton Wednesday on her way home from the Baptist convention at Abilene.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Wadsworth of Hartley, Texas, are visiting their son, J. G. Wadsworth, in Slaton this week.

You want only the chocolates perfection, the kind that always meets public inspection. That's the Loose-Wiles, don't you see? Sold at Red Cross Pharmacy.

The Slatonite was misinformed last week regarding the purchase of the Edwards residence. It was A. J. Tucker who bought the property instead of L. C. Tucker and the family is already at home therein. Mr. Tucker also bought a five-acre tract. He is engineer on the switch engine in the Slaton yards.

H. T. McGee reports sales of land at Southland during the last ten days as follows: Two quarter-sections to South Dakotamen, and a half-section to a Nebraska man. All three of these farmers will improve their land and move to it this winter. He sold also 415 acres to a South Dakota investor and 209 acres to an Iowa man. A deal is under way for the sale of the land which holds the Southland hotel, but it has not been consummated as yet.

J. W. Ritchie of St. Augustine, Texas, was in Slaton last week prospecting, and was so well pleased with the city and country that he purchased twenty acres of suburban land from R. J. Murray. He will build a large residence on the land and otherwise improve it for a home place, as he and his family will move here soon. Mr. Ritchie is a business man and will probably soon be enrolled on Slaton's commercial list, but he has made no announcement yet as to what line he will follow.

Mrs. H. D. Hollingsworth entertained at croquet and tennis on Tuesday, Nov. 17th. Mrs. A. B. Robertson, Mrs. Gus Robertson, and Miss Octavia Manley won at croquet, and Mrs. Briggs Robertson and Mrs. Chas. Marriott won championship at tennis. A two-course lunch was served between games. Those present were: Mesdames Paul, Utter, Hudgens, Howerton, A. B. Robertson, Gus Robertson, Briggs Robertson, Geo. Marriott, Brannon, and Twaddle, and Mrs. Chas. Marriott of Amarillo; the Misses Twaddle, Manley, and Dunscomb.

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

County Teachers Examination

There will be held at the Court House in Lubbock a regular examination for teachers' certificates on the first Friday and Saturday and Thursday preceding in December. This examination is for both county and state certificates.

E. R. Haynes,
Co. Supt. Lubbock Co.

Our candies are fresh and fine and guaranteed to give satisfaction every time. To this statement you will a witness be, if you buy of us—The Red Cross Pharmacy.

The Postex Cotton Mills at Post City are buying lots of cotton this fall. One day last week there were 84 carloads of cotton on the sidetrack to be unloaded.

Thru a misunderstanding, the cash payment required for the farm advertised last week by H. D. Talley was placed at \$1100.00 when it should have been \$400.00. The farm was a bargain at the larger figures, but Talley says he wants to give his customers the best terms he can secure, so wants the ad. corrected. For that reason the figures appear changed this week.

The new Santa Fe Hospital is a busy place just now, as a dozen or more patients are quartered there. While the majority of these are railroad employees, many are outside patients. Several Mexican employees have been treated. One was brought in from the Cut-off Sunday with typhoid fever. The hospital will receive outside patients so long as it does not interfere with the railroad practice. There were recently 20 patients in the hospital.—Clovis, N. M., News.

GUNS and AMMUNITION

We carry an assortment of standard Guns, Rifles, and Ammunition. Why not buy a good Gun and get the benefit of the good hunting this fall?

Economy Hot Blast Heating Stoves

The stoves are one of the best put up, nicest appearing, and most economical of the hot blast lines. We invite you to look them over; the price will suit.

FORREST HARDWARE

Hardware and Furniture

The letters "R. I. P." as seen Upon a tombstone always mean, "Rest In Peace." But Farmer Brent When he bot his wife a monument Made quite a bad phonetic slip, For the passerby reads, "Let Her R. I. P."

Aint that just the limit for The Western Telephone Company Ad. Man?

This Farm \$20 Per Acre

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

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

H. D. TALLEY, SLATON, TEXAS

DRY GOODS CLOTHING
ROBERTSON'S
BOOTS SHOES

The Clothes Shop in This Town

Robertson's guarantees the truth of this ad. to the Slatonite which in turn guarantees it to its readers.—Truth Adv.

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.

The Taylor County Vidette at Abilene is a new one from the pen of S. L. Neely. A paper put out by Editor Neely always has a favorite place on the exchange table.

Slaton is thankful for the best and most prosperous period of the town's history. Thankful that we are progressing more rapidly than any other town on the South Plains.

The Panhandle newspapers are after Congressman Stephens' scalp, but that is nothing new with Stephens. As long as the voters favor perpetuity in office the trail is cold, boys.

At the recent general election in New Mexico the vote on amending the state constitution to change the term of state and county officers from four years to two years carried by a large majority. From past experience, New Mexicans learned that four years is too long to keep an official in office after he develops into a rascal.

Strangers visiting in Slaton are anxious to talk about their big crops back home, but when we go to them with one and two-third bales of cotton per acre, 85 bushels of corn, 80 bushels of maize, 1,360 pounds of sudan, 30 bushels of wheat, and 15 tons of silage, acre yields, and a continuous crop record of thirteen years, they take out and change the subject.

The Taboka News thought to criticize the Slatonite last week, but the efforts were so palpably insignificant, irrelevant, and immaterial that they are not worth straightening out. The News, for instance, criticized the printed newspaper service of the Slatonite by which we supply our readers with the serial story and special features on current topics, yet the News tries to imitate this service in its own columns, but in such a pitifully weak faltering manner! Glass house dyspeptics better stay under cover. It might possibly be that we were mistaken after all as to where that bat landed.

The editor of the Slatonite has heard lately several young men make a statement that is truly remarkable both in its significance and the similarity of the way the boys express it. The remark comes up over some test of strength or skill or mind, and when the cigaret devotee has to give way to a superior he says in defense of his defeat: "Why, before I took to smoking cigars I could have beaten that easily. Look at my nerves! Cigarets did that." You have heard that remark several times right here in Slaton. Seemed to be proud of the fact that they had a habit that they could place their defeat on, and they were prouder still of the fact that they are continuing the habit. A boy may smoke cigarettes and become a ball player, make his way in the business world, or win recognition in the professional ranks, but he can never achieve that distinction he is naturally capable of if he is raised on cigars. "Cigarets did that!"

ABOUT THE RAINFALL.

If there is one thing that tries a Slatonite's patience more than another it is for some tenderfoot to come to town and make wise remarks about the "dry climate" we have. A few days ago a gentleman from Oklahoma was in the Slatonite office and in response to a query as to what he thought of the Slaton country, said: "Why, you have a fine country; all you need is more rainfall. If it wasn't so dry you would command the attention of the whole Southwest. Now, you have a better soil, country, and water than we have, and if your rainfall were only as heavy as ours you—"

"Wait a minute. What is the average annual rainfall in your county in Oklahoma?"

"Oh, about 24 inches." "Why, my dear sir, that isn't any rain at all! The rainfall at Slaton for the first ten months of 1914 has been a little over 40 inches. Last year the rainfall was 34 inches. Look at the fine crops our farmers raise and then tell me whether you think they were grown without rain!"

The Oklahoman was never more chagrined in his life, and he acknowledged that he must have had his wires crossed. If there is one thing we like to have a stranger curious about it is the rainfall at Slaton.

There has never yet been a country we have seen or read of but what had its disadvantages. This country has her disadvantages but her advantages offset them by a wide margin.—Ralls Banner.

There is not a perfect country and if there were existence in it would be too monotonous. We may be too enthusiastic but we don't acknowledge to any serious feature in connection with the Slaton country that might be termed a disadvantage. An ideal climate, a perfect soil, an abundance of pure water, plenty of rainfall, a splendid crop record for years—what a combination! We don't know of a disadvantage to put up against it.

Quite frequently there is an agitation started to secure the location of a public institution of state wide importance on the Plains, but the project never survives the agitation. The politicians and wire pullers of central Texas can't see the Plains at all when the location of public improvements is before the people. J. W. Crudgington, state representative from Amarillo, advocates the establishment of a state penitentiary and state asylum in the Panhandle. The only way this part of the state will ever get its share of public investments will be to divide Texas and have a state of own in western Texas.

Every person coming from central and southern Texas brings the same report: The farmers are looking to the South Plains, and are coming to this section from all districts of Texas. Scheming real estate men and magazines cannot stop the tide of immigration. Those immigrants who come to the Slaton South Plains will never be disappointed.

The way investors are buying Slaton land and improving it we may expect a raise in price for the next few years. But the land must be improved and cultivated to get this increase. Idle, unimproved lands never command the better prices.

SOLDIERS LOST TO AUSTRIA

Indignant Females Put Spokes in Plans of Reservists Who Would Fight for Native Land.

Master Cupid shot his arrow into the lines of the homeward-bound Austrians in New York city and John Rzesnik and Romald Ulosinsky will be temporarily deprived of the delight of aiding their country.

Both Rzesnik and Ulosinsky were recently named as defendants in breach of promise suits in which Miss Catherine Kobryniewicz of 643 East Eleventh street, demanded \$10,000 damages from Rzesnik, and Miss Veronika Makowska asked \$10,000 of Ulosinsky. The young women, hearing their erstwhile admirers were about to sail for Austria to join the army, obtained orders of arrest.

"You shall not go to war until you have married me," Miss Kobryniewicz told Rzesnik after he had been arrested.

"I'd rather go to war and get shot than marry you," retorted Rzesnik.

Miss Makowska was also at the sheriff's office when Ulosinsky was brought in, and Ulosinsky told her if she would let him go to war he would marry her when he returned.

"No, sir," shouted the young woman. "If you won't marry me now, I'll let you go to jail and stay there."

Neither man could furnish the required \$500 bail and they were locked up in Ludlow street jail.

SUSPICIOUS.

Harper—Fozzle has a great scheme and he invited me to "get in on the ground floor."

Carper—Don't forget that that is where the trapdoors are.—Town Topics.

Furniture Just Unloaded a Car

Buy, Sell, Trade Second Hand Furniture and Stoves

Cole's Original Hot Blast Heaters Accept No Imitations

Charter Oak Cook Stoves

Licensed Embalmer

HOWERTON

South Park Heights

FIVE ACRE TRACTS

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

R. J. MURRAY, SLATON, TEXAS

Slaton Livery Barn

G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor

Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations.

We have for sale at all times—

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

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

4-Way Division Santa Fe System



SLATON LOCATION

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

Advantages and Improvements

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

BUSINESS SECTION AND RESIDENCES BUILT

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

SURROUNDED BY A FINE, PRODUCTIVE LAND

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

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

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

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

SAVING THE SOIL MOISTURE

Surface Evaporation May Be Reduced in Two Ways—Many Materials Used for Foreign Mulches.

If the moisture is not wasted, there seldom is a season so dry that farmers cannot grow excellent crops, says Dry Farming. The problem is to conserve the soil moisture by checking evaporation.

"Surface evaporation may be reduced in two ways, by the application of some protective covering to the moist soil and by such treatment as will reduce the tendency to evaporation," says R. I. Throckmorton, assistant in soils at the Kansas Agricultural college.

There are two kinds of mulches. These are natural soil mulches modified by tillage, and foreign mulches which are applied to the surface of the soil. The natural soil mulch consists simply of an air-dry layer of soil covering the moist soil below.

"The effectiveness of the natural soil mulch is dependent upon the size of the soil particles, the coarseness of crumb structure, the thickness of the mulch, and the frequency of stirring," says Professor Throckmorton.

Care should be taken not to have a very fine dust mulch, because it will tend to prevent the ready entrance of moisture into the soil, and the cultivation necessary for its formation will destroy organic matter. A deep mulch is desirable, but there is danger in getting it too deep, because the roots of the plant will be harmed by the deep cultivation. The mulch should be stirred frequently in the spring. The sooner it is stirred after a rain, the better.

Many materials are used for foreign mulches. The more common ones in use are: Manure, straw, dead weeds and sawdust. They are applied to the surface of the ground, and serve as a cover to the moist soil. These are used to a considerable extent on grain and pasture fields. All of them are efficient as a mulch, their efficiency depending upon their thickness and porosity. The foreign mulch is not used extensively in general farm work, and is not as practical as the natural soil mulch.

KEEPING MOISTURE IN SOIL

Rye to Turn Under in Spring Pays on Land Inclined to Pack and Puddle—Vetch Aids Humus.

Disk the stubbles, kill the weeds and prevent evaporation of soil moisture. It will often pay to sow from forty to sixty pounds of rye to turn under in spring, especially on land inclined to pack and puddle.

Winter vetch added to the rye will make more humus and nitrogen, but before laying too much of this expensive seed it is better to use a couple of pounds to the acre, as the ground may need inoculation, or if you think you may use vetch next year buy a pound or two and see how it thrives.

Vetch has a place in our rotations, especially where it is desired to take repeated silage crops from the same land with a short haul to the silo. Land that grows rye or vetch as a winter improver is best irrigated in spring before plowing, as they draw heavily on soil moisture. Do not trust to surface indications; dig the rye roots, go deep and mat, making a good, pliable, light sod from their roots. It is not necessary to wait for a very heavy top growth, nor indeed desirable, unless for late crops of following till late summer, in which case the land will have time to settle.

Reasons for Soft Shells.

Two principal reasons may be assigned why some hens lay eggs with soft shells. Internal weakness is generally caused by too rapid production or something may be wrong with the feeding by reason of which the bird gets an insufficient supply of lime for shell formation.

Root Crops for Stock.

Build a root cellar and store the root crops for use of cattle and poultry during the winter. In the spring you can use it for an incubator cellar, as many insurance policies prohibit the use of an incubator in the house.

Will Cut Down Milk Yield.

Pasturage that is too short or too scant keeps the cows too busy many hours a day. The cow is a contemplative animal and feed too short to give her the time to contemplate comfortably will cut down her milk yield.

Setting Out Trees.

If you are going to set out trees this winter after the ground is frozen, it is well to dig the holes now and fill them with barnyard manure, that can be easily removed at planting time.

Milk Machine Popular.

The milking machine is rapidly growing in popularity. It is proving itself successful, practical and eminently suited to the needs of farmer dairymen everywhere.

MRS. THOMSON TELLS WOMEN

How She Was Helped During Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I am just 52 years of age and during Change of Life I suffered for six years terribly. I tried several doctors but none seemed to give me any relief. Every month the pains were intense in both sides, and made me so weak that I had to go to bed. At last a friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I tried it at once and found much relief. After that I had no pains at all and could do my housework and shopping the same as always. For years I have praised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me, and shall always recommend it as a woman's friend. You are at liberty to use my letter in any way."—Mrs. THOMSON, 649 W. Russell St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to carry women so successfully through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Low-grown, fresh, salable, preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose package, Blackleg Pills \$1.00 50-dose package, Blackleg Pills 4.00 The superior of Cutter's products is due to over 18 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Insist on Cutter's. If unavailable, order direct, The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

WINCHESTER Self-Loading Shotgun 12 GAUGE, 5 SHOTS. The recoil reloads this gun. You simply pull the trigger for each shot. This new gun is safe, strong and simple. It has all the good points of other recoil-operated shotguns, and many improvements besides. Among them are Nickel steel construction and a reloading system that requires no change for different loads. It's the Fowling Gun Par Excellence.

Good Definition. One day there was fish for dinner, and little Margie said: "Mamma, do you know what a shad reminds me of?" "No, dear," was the reply. "Well," said Margie, "it reminds me of a porcupine turned outside in."

DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

P. O. Box 3, Wanego, W. Va.—"I was troubled with dandruff, falling hair and itching scalp for two or three years. It was so bad at times my coat-collar would be covered so I was ashamed to go in company. It itched so my head was irritated and pimples would come on my scalp. My hair came out badly; it became thin and dry, so dry that it seemed as though there was no life in it. Remedies failed to do me any good. About a year ago I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample. After the first treatment I discovered I was getting better. I purchased some Cuticura Soap and Ointment and continued using them until I was completely cured." (Signed) Geo. W. King, Jan. 1, 1914.

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

Germany has more women than men by over 800,000.

Yet a man may not be lazy because he tries to do things the easiest way.

BREEDING FOR THE FUTURE

Industrial Type of Horses Will Be in Demand at the Conclusion of the War.

The American farmer who seeks to take advantage of the horse famine now being made by Krupp and Creusot guns should dismiss all thought of supplying the armies now in the field. In all probability the war will be over before his first foals are weaned. What he should do is breed industrial types of horses to fill the gaps made by the present war, with perhaps a small percentage of the type of horses actually preferred for military use.

Wars may not cease with the end of the present masterpiece of deviltry, but there is good reason to believe that martial glory will be at a discount in Europe for many years to come. Let us get ready, therefore, to supply the needs of peace, rather than to satisfy the demands of a Moloch who soon may be hurled from his throne.

Timmy Atkins' Plan.

During General French's retirement on Paris, a British officer overheard the following dialogue between Tommy and Timmy Atkins:

Said Tommy: "We'll beat the beggars nearer Paris and finally rout them."

"Shure," replied Timmy, "phwy not lick thim here an' save thim an' us the devil of a long walk?"—Boston Transcript.

War Styles.

"Have you heard anything about the fall fashions as yet?"

"Not as to how the go-ons will be made. I suppose the girls are bound to wear cartridge belts, though."—Kansas City Journal.

Money for Christmas.

Selling guaranteed wear-proof hosiery to friends & neighbors. Big Xmas business. Wear-Proof Mills, 3200 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.—Adv.

Dreaming sweet dreams comes as natural to a girl as a fly to a plate of butter.

Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, has three policewomen.

Unwelcome.

"George," said the wife to her generally unappreciative husband, "how do you like my new hat?"

"Well, my dear," said George, with great candor, "to tell you the truth—" "Stop there, George, dear. If you're going to talk that way about it I don't want to know."—Stray Stories.

For Nail in the Foot.

Horses and cattle are liable to blood poisoning from stepping on rusty nails. For such an injury apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh and get it into the bottom of the wound. It should kill the poison germs. Always have a bottle in your stable, because you will find different uses for it. Adv.

Her Vote.

"Is this where you vote?" said an Ohio votress to the election officer.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then please cut off samples of all the tickets and I'll take them home and see which I like best."

American Flags in Demand.

There is a market in Europe now for miniature American flags in the form of silk or cotton bunting and stickpins. American citizens there find the flag the most convenient.

One of the world's largest retaining walls has been built to prevent the River Rangoon, Burma, from shifting its channel.

New York has five women builders and architects.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

COUNTRY AWAKE TO DANGER

Legislation Dealing With Tuberculosis Has Been Enacted in Majority of the States.

Legislation dealing with tuberculosis has been enacted in 48 states and territories of the United States, according to a comprehensive bulletin on this subject published by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Only in the states of Arizona, Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming and Alaska has the subject been given no legislative consideration.

State tuberculosis sanatoria to the number of 42 have been established in 33 different states. Special laws providing for the establishment of local hospitals by municipalities or counties have been passed in 14 states. In 34 states laws are in force providing for the reporting and registration of living cases of tuberculosis. In four states, New York, New Jersey, Wisconsin and Minnesota, special laws have been enacted giving state and local health authorities power to remove and detain tuberculous persons who menace the health of their families or associates. Six states, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, New York and Texas, have laws which give the people the privilege of voting at general or special elections on the establishment of county or municipal tuberculosis hospitals. Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, Wisconsin and Washington grant subsidies ranging from \$3 to \$5 per week to such local hospitals. Laws prohibiting spitting in public places have been enacted in more than twenty states.

Not a Handsome Man.

He—They say, dear, that people who live together get in time to look exactly alike.

She—Then you may consider my refusal final.—New York Sun.

Course of Wisdom.

Crawford—What do you do when a woman asks your advice? Crabshaw—Find out first what she has made up her mind to do.—Judge.

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

Mexican Embargo Lifted.

There is now no embargo on the exportation of arms and ammunition to Mexico.

Hanford's Balsam is used to cool burns. Adv.

A man's repentance is always sincere—at the time.

A course in an agricultural school isn't absolutely necessary in sowing a crop of wild oats.

England and Wales have 94,841 women farm laborers.

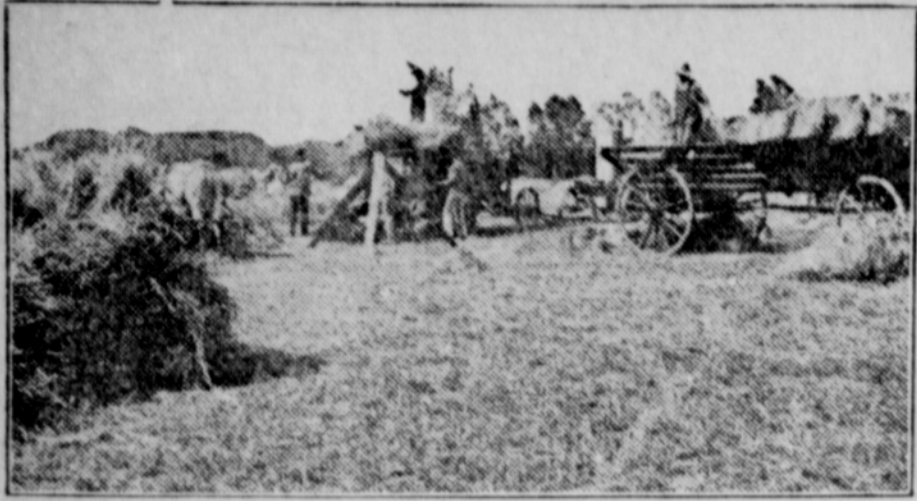
Neuralgia. There is no need to suffer the annoying, excruciating pain of neuralgia; Sloan's Liniment laid on gently will soothe the aching head like magic. Don't delay. Try it at once. Hear What Others Say. "I have been a sufferer with Neuralgia for several years and have tried different liniments, but Sloan's Liniment is the best liniment for Neuralgia on earth. I have tried it successfully; it has never failed."—F. H. Williams, Augusta, Ark. Mrs. Ruth C. Claypool, Independence, Mo., writes: "A friend of mine told us about your Liniment. We have been using it for 13 years and think there is nothing like it. We use it on everything, sores, cuts, burns, bruises, sore throat, headaches and on everything else. We can't get along without it. We think it is the best Liniment made."

Tutt's Pills. To cure constiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative; it must contain tonic, alterative and cathartic properties. Possess these qualities, and speedily restore to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity. Pettit's BEST FOR EYE EYE SALVE

Boils Biliousness Malaria Constipation. Are You Troubled? Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps this case may be similar to yours. J. Wesley Tilly of (Box 672,) Selma, Cal., writes: "Gentlemen—It gives me much pleasure to be able to send you a testimonial, if by its reaching some sufferer your medicines will do as much for him as they have for me. At the age of fourteen I was troubled a great deal with malaria and biliousness, accompanied with the worst sort of large boils. I was persuaded by my parents, who have always been strong believers in Dr. Pierce's remedies, to try the Golden Medical Discovery. I took one bottle and the boils all disappeared, but I did not stop at one bottle, I took three and the malaria all left me and I have had no more boils to this day, thanks to the Golden Medical Discovery for my relief. "Following an operation for appendicitis two years ago I was troubled very much with constipation and I have been trying Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills and they have rid me of the troublesome gas and have aided me in conquering the whole trouble; thank you for the 'Pills' and for the advice I have obtained from 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser.' Send only 21 cents for this 108 page book. Your druggist will supply you in liquid or tablet form, or you can send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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

TEN ESSENTIALS IN GROWING ALFALFA



Baling Alfalfa Hay Direct From Windrow on 1,400-Acre Farm Near Sherman, Texas.

Alfalfa, one of the oldest and most widespread of crops, can be grown in this country as far as climate is concerned, in every state, but in the humid sections it is very exacting in the character of soil and treatment required. The following list of "don'ts," published by the U. S. department of agriculture in Farmers' Bulletin No. 339 will, therefore, be of interest: **Ten Don'ts for the Alfalfa Grower.**

Don't fail to provide for ample inoculation.

Don't sow poor or weedy seed.

Don't sow on a weedy soil.

Don't sow on any but a sweet, well-limed soil.

Don't sow on poorly drained soil.

Don't sow on any but a finely-prepared, well-settled seed bed.

Don't pasture the first or second year.

Don't lose the leaves; they constitute the best part of the hay.

Don't seed a large acreage to begin with. Experiment on a small area first.

Don't give up. Many prominent alfalfa growers finally succeeded only after many failures.

The first essential, as these "don'ts" show, is proper soil. A deep, fertile, well-drained soil, rich in lime and reasonably free from weeds is indispensable, and it is useless to attempt to grow alfalfa on any other kind of land. The lack of any one of these qualities is very apt to be the cause of failure especially in the East and South, where at best alfalfa is produced with some difficulty.

The plant is a deep-feeding one and usually sends its roots down many feet to obtain food and moisture which are out of reach of the shallow-rooted crops. On soil that lacks depth alfalfa is unable to utilize its deep-feeding roots and is, therefore, less able to withstand the attack of surface-feeding weeds. An exception to this seems to be found in the case of soils that are underlaid by limestone at a depth of some eighteen inches or two feet.

Weeds are, in fact, one of the greatest enemies of alfalfa. The young plants are very tender and are apt to be killed during their early stages of growth. For this reason it is good practice to raise some cultivated crop on the ground for two or three seasons before alfalfa is planted. If this is not practicable some such crop as cowpeas, which naturally prevent the growth of weeds, can be seeded. Alfalfa sown in the spring is especially susceptible to harm from weeds, and spring seeding, therefore, should be avoided wherever possible. It is, however, preferable in Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Dakotas where any but spring or early summer stands are very apt to winterkill. In general, the principle underlying the time of seeding is to sow as far in advance as possible of what promises to be the most trying season for the young plants. In the East and South a late summer seeding is usually best. This enables an earlier crop to be removed from the land

and gives alfalfa ample time to make a growth before the winter sets in; a fact which gives the plants a good start in the following spring, and aids them successfully to resist the inroad of weeds.

The conditions that determine the time for seeding alfalfa indirectly determine also the crops which should precede it. Where late summer seeding is practiced a truck crop which matures early will enable one crop to be secured that season and still allow time for the preparation of the land for alfalfa. Under such circumstances the fertilizer demanded by the truck crop will probably be sufficient for the alfalfa.

The efficiency of green manure crops in increasing the humus content of the soil makes them especially valuable as a preliminary crop for alfalfa. If the soil is not fertilized in this way, or does not obtain the benefit of manure used for previous cash crops, well-rotted barnyard manure or commercial fertilizers must be employed if the best results are hoped for. It must always be borne in mind that alfalfa requires rich soil. It cannot be grown on any kind of land that happens to lie handy for the farmer. On the other hand, with proper conditions and care its yield will be sufficient to justify the use of the richest and best drained land on the farm. In the East it is usually best to develop the fertility of some of the high, rolling land and seed that. Bottom lands should be avoided; not only is the danger from weeds on such soils greater, but alfalfa absolutely requires well-drained land. Overflows from streams are usually fatal to it during its growing period, in fact, it is unusual for it to survive more than 24 hours of complete submergence, although during its dormant period in the winter it is less susceptible.

Not the least difficulty that the alfalfa grower must face is the necessity for thorough inoculation of the soil in regions where the proper bacteria are not supplied by nature. Throughout the western half of the United States inoculation in general does not appear to be necessary, but in the East the grower who neglects this precaution is practically certain to lose his time. There are two methods now in general use. The bacteria may be supplied either by scattering the soil from a successful alfalfa field, or by cultures. The artificial cultures are supplied by the United States department of agriculture and their use explained in detail in the printed matter which accompanies the bottle of culture. After being mixed with the clean water and certain chemicals these cultures are applied to the seed, which is then dried in a shaded place and sown as soon as possible. When this method is successful at all it appears to be fully as much so as the scattering of soil.

Do black hens make you think of crows? Then don't keep them. Look for the hens you like to look at best.

DESTROYING LICE ON CATTLE

Spray Animals With Good Stock Dip by Means of Barrel Spray Pump and Bordeaux Nozzle.

Not infrequently cattle are more or less lousy at this time of year; particularly in this time of young calves that are not so thrifty as they should be. It is true that after cattle are turned on grass and their hides become more oily they will to a large extent get rid of the lice without treatment, but that is a slow process and by no means economical.

A good way to get rid of lice on cattle is as follows: Drive a convenient number into a small shed so that it is about two-thirds full. Then by means of a barrel spray pump, rubber hose, and Bordeaux nozzle spray the cattle thoroughly with a good stock dip. As the spraying progresses the cattle will move about and in rubbing against each other work the material well into the hair and hide. In ordinary cases one spraying will be sufficient, but when badly infested spray a second time ten days after the first

to kill such lice as have hatched from eggs present at the first spraying, for stock dips do not destroy nits or eggs of lice.

Occasionally an animal will be found in a herd that persists in remaining lousy after such treatment as mentioned has been given. Such cases should be given individual attention by rubbing the dip thoroughly into the hide by means of a brush. Lice are most numerous around the eyes, nose, back of the ears, withers, brisket, and flanks, a fact that one should bear in mind when spraying or giving bad cases individual treatment.

Leaf Mold is Valuable. Save all the leaves that have been raked off the lawn and pile them up in some out-of-the-way place to decay. Leaf mold is a valuable asset to greenhouse or window-gardening.

Market Surplus Poultry. Market the fowls you do not intend to winter while the price still holds good. Those you do not intend to keep are best marketed before they molt.

GIVES TOO WIDE LINE

NEW SKIRT NOT PLEASING TO THE LARGE WOMAN.

Accentuates Size, and is Hard to Handle Properly—Chemise-Like Bodice is to Continue in Fashion, it Appears.

No other style has been invented that could make the large woman appear so large as the new skirts with their plainly drawn back, their widely flaring circular sides and front, or sometimes a plaited front dividing the circular sides. You can quickly see what a wide line is given across the figure, back and front. The front is able to stand it better than the back.

Another error that is easily fallen into, is a swinging upward movement of the middle front of such a skirt. This ugliness happens even under the hands of the best regulated dressmakers. The weight and fullness of the material causes this sagging at the sides and back and, although one does not object to an irregular hem, it must come through foreknowledge and not through bad workmanship.

None of the dressmakers advocate fullness over the hips. Here and there one sees isolated cases of hip drapery, but the newest fashions do not call for it. In all the best gowns for street and evening, the hips are flattened out.

The green serge skirt of the frock illustrated makes its claim to newness by reason of the group of wide-giving tucks at the side, and the black-braided velvet tunic by its absence of a waist line.

as though they had been pressed with a hot iron. This is to accentuate the fullness at knees and hem.

There are various ways of obtaining the desired flatness. It is not all a question of hip yokes. There are box plaits running from waist to hem; there are long pointed segments of cloth that run nearly to knees which divide the fullness and keep it away from the hips; there are plastered bits of barbaric embroidery from which spring circular sides that flare at the hem. Each of the French dressmakers has a different way of maintaining smoothness just below the waist, and to these original methods the Americans have added.

One of the fashions that France introduced last June is the foundation stone of all the clothes of today. This



is the long, straight upper part of the gown which sometimes develops into a tunic, or which ends at the wide sash placed over the hips.

There is nothing strikingly new about this chemise-like bodice, for it has been worn continuously for three months, but the dressmakers exploited it in the new clothes and we shall doubtless wear it until Christmas. If anything newer is invented, it will probably come from an American atelier, for there is no reason to suppose that France will produce new ideas in the nearby months; there are quite enough over here now to satisfy even the most exacting woman.

It is probable that this long, child-like garment—for it really is juvenile—which has slim simplicity as its foundation, and is called Moyen-age for want of a better term, will prove an obstacle to a good appearance as much as the over full skirts will do,

Suit for Early Fall.



Model of gray broadcloth effectively trimmed with nickel buttons. A new feature of this suit is the long tunic.

but if care is taken with it, and attention paid to the way it is cut and trimmed, the general result will not be as bad as prophesied.

One sees the garment in every fabric, and it will be unfortunate if one sees it on every figure. It, like all the fashions for the last four years, is primarily intended for the modern figure that has been developed through fashion, or the other way around—no one knows which.

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IN THE LINE OF ECONOMY

Matter Should Be Handled in a Systematic Way After Being Given Much Consideration.

When one has to spend a greatly diminished dress allowance to the very best advantage, as a great many women have to do this year, the chief economies must be effected by limiting the number of gowns, wraps and hats, and of the ornaments on which we often fritter away so many dollars in the course of a season. The few garments bought should be of good style and quality as possible, while the principal expenditure should be in such things as corsets, underwear, footwear and gloves, which are of equal importance for health and for appearance.

If these be irreproachable one will look "well turned out" in the simplest gown, provided it is trim and tidy, of good quality and becoming in color and cut. The great fault of the average woman, as a rule, is that she expends too little, in proportion, on those first necessities—corsets especially—hence she often appears dowdy even when expensively attired.

SKIRTS SURE TO BE WIDER

Change is Being Made Gradually But it is Noticeable in All the Newest Models.

The most noticeable feature of the ever-changing fashions is the gradual widening of skirts. There are suits made with full circular skirts set on a deep yoke. Other styles are in tiered designs, with three circular flounces. Some plain suits with long coats have plaited panels introduced to give fullness. A few skirts are gathered and set on deep yokes.

Many dressy afternoon gowns have a flounced or plaited skirt. On the newest models, even when the extremely long tunic is employed, the underskirt is sufficiently wide to give ease in walking. In evening gowns the skirt fullness is quite marked, the side sections being rippled sufficiently to allow of a broader train than has been seen for several seasons.

The skirts of all garments are extremely short, except in the case of a few evening gowns, which have the skirt very short in front only, with a gradual tapering off to a point in the back, where the skirt is long enough to touch the floor.

To Keep the Hat Dustless.

A traveling hat bag costs five dollars. It is made of waterproof cloth on a collapsible frame, that, when open, is strong and big enough to protect the largest hat and, when closed, is small and light enough to be almost unnoticeable in the bottom of the trunk. It comes in navy blue and black.

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W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 44-1914.

Some people never borrow trouble so long as they can borrow anything else.

To prevent gangrene use Hanford's Balsam because it cleanses and heals the wound. Adv.

Some people's idea of a bargain is a 50 cent article marked down to 49—that may be worth 40.

When a young man begins to attend church regularly it's an easy matter to discover the female in the case.

Work for Women.

Miss Theodora Butcher, head of the Bureau of Occupations for Trained Women, says that there is a great demand for dietists, to plan diets for from 50 to 500 persons. She says there are requests for all sorts of women workers, the new rhythmic dancing being very popular with great demand for women who can teach it. She says that one of the best occupations for women is that of secretary, as it is pleasant work and gives a wide range for the woman employed and is generally not too strenuous.

Cut Out Waste; Result, Beauty.

When Joseph Pennell was in Panama he stopped to admire the lock at Pedro Miguel. "How is it," he asked the engineer, "that you make your arches and buttresses as fine as those of a cathedral?" "Oh, that's done to save concrete," was the reply.

Economy as the basis of beauty is not so strange as it may seem. It was through elimination of the superfluous that the loveliness as well as strength of that Panama structure grew, and the same principle may be found at the root of every successful work whether of art or industry. —The Craftsman.

The "Meat" of Corn

— the sweet centers of choice Indian corn; cooked, seasoned just right, rolled thin as paper and toasted until they become golden brown flakes—crisp and delicious!

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