

The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: DECEMBER 4, 1914.

Number 13.

District Court Jurors

District Court at Lubbock will take up the Riley murder case on December 28th. A special venire of jurymen will probably be summoned for this case.

On the jury list from Slaton for the jury week beginning Dec. 7th are: Elmer Bounds and Joe Kitten.

For the third week beginning Dec. 21 are: A. L. Brannon, E. S. Brooks, F. Simmacher, W. P. Florence, Clem Kitten, Chas. Wild, R. M. Winegar, Joe H. Smith, E. N. Twaddle, C. C. Hoffman, A. H. Grantham, and Jess Joplin.

W. E. Olive of the Sanitary Grocery says he has a place among the record crop farmers. On the Olive farm four miles west of Slaton he sowed seven and one-half acres to cane sorghum the last of June, and the other day finished baling the crop that was harvested thereon. About 40 shocks that would have made 100 bales were hauled to town for feeding without baling, and the balance of the crop made 1,000 bales. Mr. Olive is finding a ready market for this cane at 50 cents a bale, and this makes the cash value of the crop almost \$74 per acre. He stated that he had raised lots of big hay crops in central Texas but never one as big as the Slaton crop nor one with as fine a quality of hay. After the land had been thoroly prepared the cane was sowed broadcast, two and one-half bushels of seed being put on an acre. When the crop was cut the cane stalks were between four and five feet high and no larger than a lead pencil. There is no finer hay raised than this crop. The total expense of producing this crop, including a cash rent of \$4.00 per acre, was \$150.00. We will agree with Mr. Olive that such a crop entitles him to a place among the record farmers.

Petitions are being circulated in Dickens county calling for an election to see whether the voters want to move the county seat from Dickens to Spur. Dickens had a fire last week which burned a considerable portion of the business section of the town.

Mrs. M. A. Woodard and her son, Opal, of Fort Worth have moved to Slaton, and are now at home in one of the Chandler houses. A. H. Woodard, at Robertson's Store, is Mrs. Woodard's son.



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.

J. L. Hoffman and family of Muenster, Texas, arrived in Slaton Tuesday morning to visit Mr. Hoffman's brother, D. C. Hoffman, and his family. Mr. J. L. Hoffman said that he had been reading in the Slatonite about the big crop productiveness of the Slaton country, and if it were all so this is certainly a prosperous place for farmers. He came out to visit his brother and see how many of the reports are authentic, and how much of the boosting is enthusiasm only. He is thinking seriously of locating at Slaton. Mr. Hoffman will find that the Slatonite has never over-told this country; on the contrary, he will learn many things of advantage that this paper has never printed.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Davis Wednesday last week.

Plainview has an ordinance which forbids any person soliciting alms in that city without a permit from the mayor. It is a good law. Begging is a profession at this age, and a very lucrative one.

G. L. Sledge and T. J. Abel went out to Terry and Yoakum Counties the first of the week prospecting, but they did not like the country they saw, so came back home without buying anything.

W. Y. Price, J. F. Frye, W. T. Price, and Ben Sanford, all of Plainview, were visiting Dr. S. H. Adams in Slaton last week and hunting in the canyon. Mr. Sanford is postmaster at Plainview.

Thanksgiving Basketball

The basketball games between the Tahoka and Slaton High Schools Thanksgiving day in this city were attended by a large crowd. The Tahoka representatives came to Slaton on the morning train, going back on the afternoon train, and they were accompanied by a number of Tahoka enthusiasts who cheered their teams at every opportunity before, during, and after the games. It was a merry holiday crowd, whose visit was a pleasure to Slaton.

The boys' game resulted in a victory for Slaton, 10 to 6. The home boys were justly entitled to the victory on better playing, but the teams were pretty evenly matched.

Playing for Slaton: Charles Whalen and Vern Vermillion, guards; Robert McReynolds and Leo Hubbard, goal keepers, and John DeLong, center.

Tahoka: Wallace Donaldson and Ben Montgomery, guards; Oscar Roberts and John Slover, goals, and Wathal Littlepage, center. Carl King and Ovid Louallen, substitutes.

The girls' game was Tahoka's from the start, as the Slaton girls were not as large as the visitors. The score was 18 to 4.

Slaton players: Beatrice Robertson and Auzelee Brazell, guards; Lona Sowell and Ruby Moore, goals, and Pauline Robertson and Marguerite Hoffman, centers.

Tahoka: Willie Davidson and Isabel Crie, guards; Orene Millman and Thelma Davidson, goals; Ola Crouch and Sayre Dyer, centers. Substitutes, Vivian Bouschele and Eva Coughran.

SLATON CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS!

ATTENTION:

Slaton deserves and will appreciate your trade far more than out-lying towns or mail order houses this Christmas. Slaton has seen a very progressive fall and winter in mercantile lines and Robertson's has set the pace.

Do you realize that the Dry Goods Store in your home town is second to none in quality and values?

With our ever increasing stock of quality goods we always show the newest first, the best for less.

Watch this space for Christmas Suggestions.

AND REMEMBER.....

If It's New We'll Have It;
If It's Not We'll Tell You.

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



None
But
The
Best

If You Want to BUY OR RENT A GUN

You will find a stock of
the highest quality

at **A. L. Brannon's**

Also a complete line of the
Best Ammunition

WAREHOUSES, CREDITS AND ACREAGE

SOLUTION OF COTTON
PROBLEM, SAYS FARM-
ERS' UNION.

Diversification Urged and Coer-
cion Opposed.

The marketing problem of the southern farmer is attracting universal attention and the exigencies of the situation fully demonstrate the wisdom of the course pursued by the Farmers' Union in the campaign it has been carrying on for the past ten years for a better marketing system. The best time to prepare for a fire is before it occurs, for while the conflagration is raging it is too late to prevent destruction and the best that can be done is to save the furniture.

The southern farmer has just experienced a four hundred million dollar blaze in cotton values and the lurid flames as they leap skyward have illuminated the horizon of two hemispheres and have assembled the largest body of property holders, spectators and sympathizers that ever witnessed a conflagration and while the crowd is standing around we want to address them briefly from the standpoint of the owner of the property involved. We think the subject has been fully exhausted from every other line of approach.

Every calamity has its froth, and the foam and bubbles that have come to the surface in this discussion, while beautiful as a rainbow and as alluring as a mirage, are in many instances not adapted to solving the problem. Then too many cooks spoil the broth and there must be some one plan universally followed or all will fail. We want to review some of the plans now under discussion and recommend for the adoption of the Texas farmer such plans as we think practicable and feasible.

The problem before us is clearly one of warehouses, credits and acreage. They are business—not political—problems and their solution must be based on sound economic principles.

Warehouse Bill a Farce.

The so-called relief measures passed by the last legislature are, in their present form, of little value. The warehouse bill submitted to the last legislature by the Farmers' Union was thrown together with a lot of other bills on this subject and a hybrid bill prepared, apparently by parties who have no practical knowledge of the cotton industry. While we appreciate the sincerity of the motive and honesty of effort that actuated the legislature, the Farmers' Union hereby washes its hands of the whole affair. The farmers of Texas can hope for no relief from any enactments of the last session of the legislature as they now stand.

The plan of the Texas bankers to force a reduction of acreage by requiring a farmer to sign a pledge to reduce acreage before lending money on cotton no doubt has patriotic motives behind it, but in effect it is vicious. It forces the poor farmer, who must borrow money, to reduce his acreage next year, but leaves the well-to-do farmer and the large planter, who are independent of the power of the banker, to do as they please. No farmer should be coerced by business pressure of the banker to sign such a contract, for he can depend upon the large planter increasing his acreage in the same ratio that the poor farmer decreases his. Likewise, the farmer should pay no attention to agents of self-appointed agricultural administrators who call around with their sample cases filled with advice on when to sell cotton and how many acres to plant next year.

By what authority does the

merchant and the banker exercise the right of eminent domain over the products of the soil?

Acreage a World Problem.

The question of cotton acreage is not a local or state problem, if indeed it can be solved nationally. It is a world problem, for in what way would it profit the south to reduce the cotton acreage, say 10 per cent, if the foreign countries took up the slack? No Texas farmer should be asked to pledge a reduction of acreage unless satisfactory assurance is given that the propaganda will be successfully carried on in other cotton states and countries. The Farmers' Union has been dealing with this problem for the past ten years and has placed its influence behind almost every suggestion that promised solution and out of our experience we are inclined to suggest, at the moment, that there is a peril in planting cotton by law or farming by dictation from bankers. We think planting by the moon is as good a plan as either (although we have never tried it) unless the total world acreage can be regulated by these influences.

We present statistics from the Federal Department of Agriculture dealing with the subject which give a reason why the farmer does not take eagerly to diversification. The following table gives a list of our leading staple products produced in Texas and their average value per acre during the past five years:

Crop	Five year average value per acre
Cotton	\$21.55
Oats	14.35
Corn	12.97
Wheat	12.76

Want Information—Not Advice.

It is information the farmer wants. If some one will fill in the figures on value of the 1915 crop per acre, the farmer will know what to do and he is ready to listen to business reasons and discussions relative to prospective price per pound of the 1915 crop based upon practical, not theoretical, conditions. If he is convinced it will be more profitable to plant other crops he will do so and if not, he will plant cotton and that is all there is to it.

The Farmers' Union stands for reduction of cotton acreage by diversification but it is difficult to induce a farmer to plant a product that will yield \$15.00 per acre so long as he can plant one that will make \$20.00. The subject of diversification always opens up a fertile field of discussion for the book farmers who hold a recipe for doubling production without an increase in the cost. It is passing strange that these magic plowmen who can make a hundred bushels of corn grow where fifty grew before are usually standing on street corners looking for jobs and how they have survived so many hair-breadth escapes from wealth, is truly marvelous. The practical farmer knows that prosperity predicated upon such a basis is a myth and the business man knows it too if he would only stop and think.

Out of the mass of suggestions now before the public the one, in our opinion, most desirable is the plan of the national bankers, headed by Festus J. Wade of St. Louis, which proposes to lend the farmer money on cotton at 6 per cent without any strings tied to it. This plan originated in Texas and proved successful and satisfactory in operation.

The problem before us involves principally organization of the farmer and co-operation of the business interests. We will have more to say on this subject at a later date.

W. D. Lewis, President, Farmers' Educational & Co-operative Union of Texas.

Peter Radford, National Lecturer Farmers' Educational & Co-operative Union of America.

A successful farmer must at least possess three virtues—honesty, energy and economy.

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

MADE POWERFUL GOLF SHOT

Ray Surprised Everybody by Changing From Driver to Cleek, and Justifying Change.

There is still another class of golf shots, not so interesting, as they lack the mental side, but wonderful from the physical power required, writes Jerome B. Travers in the American Magazine. An example is the shot Ed Ray played at the sixteenth hole at Shawnee. This hole is about two hundred and sixty-eight yards from the tee. It is guarded by a deep brook, and beyond the brook a decided up-hill slope. Before Ray came up, Vardon, McDermitt and Alec Smith, all long hitters, took drivers and after clean wallops struck the side of the bank and fell short. The shot had to be nearly all carry, as the ground was soft from recent rains and the up-hill slope prevented much run. When Ray stepped up he took a look at the hole and then stepped back, called his caddie and replaced his driver, taking out a cleek. The crowd around gasped—and then laughed. But Ray knew what he was about. With a tremendous swipe he hurled the head of that cleek into the ball, and when it landed on a full carry the white pill was within ten feet of the cup. He had carried brook, slope and everything else in the way with a cleek, where other long players had failed with a club that is supposed to get 20 yards more distance.

DECIDED TO REMAIN SINGLE

Mountaineer, With No Prospects of Using Marriage License, Wanted His Money Back.

"Here's a license I done got in this here court 24 years ago, and I don't seem to have nary a chanst to ever use it, so I reckoned it best to bring it back and get the money I paid you uns for it."

This speech greeted the clerk in the marriage license office in the courthouse at Williamson, W. Va., shortly after a rugged mountaineer had entered and asked for the "feller that fixes up the marriage papers."

"You see," he said, "me and Euphemia always meant to get married, but she was so consarned contrary-like that she never was ready to have the parson tie the knot when I was."

"I 'lowed that I could worry along a while with Euphemia in her tantrums, but after 24 years I got tired and told her either we uns 'ud get married or we wouldn't."

"Euphemia 'lowed we wouldn't; so I calkerlate we won't."

"I've seen better days, mum," said the tramp at the door. "I once did business in Wall street."

"You surprise me," said the sympathetic housewife. "Did you deal in stocks and bonds?"

"No, mum. Pencils wuz me line."



10 Great Serials

full of life and action, filled with the fire of fine inspiration and followed by 250 short stories of adventure, will make

The YOUTH'S COMPANION

Better Than Ever in 1915

Then the Family Page, a rare Editorial Page, Boys' Page, Girls' Page, Doctor's Advice, and "a ton of fun," Articles of Travel, Science, Education. From the best minds to the best minds, the best the world can produce for you and everyone in the home. There is no age limit to enthusiasm for The Youth's Companion.

CUT THIS OUT

and send it (or name of this paper) with \$2.00 for The COMPANION for 1915, and we will send FREE All the issues of THE COMPANION for the remaining weeks of 1914. FREE THE COMPANION HOME CALENDAR for 1915. THEN The 52 Weekly Issues of THE COMPANION for 1915.

52 Times a Year — not 12.

Send to-day to The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., for THREE CURRENT ISSUES—FREE

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE

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.

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

THE CHARM OF MOTHERHOOD

Enhanced By Perfect Physical Health.

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.



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.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Warranted

Astronomy vs. Art.

Professor—Has anything ever been discovered on Venus?

Student—No, sir, there has not, if the pictures are correct.—Judge.

Makes the laundress happy—that's Red Cross Ball Blue. Makes beautiful, clear white clothes. All good grocers. Adv.

The first woman handed the first man an apple, but her daughters have been handing men lemons ever since.

W. L. DOUGLAS

Over 150 Styles

Men's & Women's Shoes \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4, \$4.50 and \$5.00

Boys' Shoes \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00 & \$3.50

All Sizes and Widths



YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES.

For 21 years W. L. Douglas has guaranteed the value by having his name and the retail price stamped on the sole before the shoes leave the factory. This protects the wearer against high prices for inferior shoes of other makes. W. L. Douglas shoes are always worth what you pay for them. If you would see how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, and the high grade leathers used, you would then understand why they look better, fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes for the price. If the W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Shoes sent everywhere. Postage free in the U. S. Write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail. W. L. DOUGLAS, 210 Spack St., Brockton, Mass.

A GOOD COMPLEXION GUARANTEED. USE ZONA POMADE

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

ZONA COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS

DEFIANCE STARCH

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

IN A FRENCH RED CROSS TRAIN



First photograph showing the interior of a French Red Cross train in which wounded soldiers are being hastily conveyed to the nearest hospital.

Woman Saves Town

"Boss" of Soissons Greatest Heroine of War.

Mme. Jeanne Watteau Macherez, In Absence of Civil Authority, Meets Germans and Convinces Them City Cannot Pay Indemnity.

By WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS.

(United Press Staff Correspondent.) Paris.—In Soissons, while shells from opposing French and German batteries criss-crossed over the rooftops, whistling singularly like the air brakes of a train, I got an interview with Mme. Jeanne Watteau Macherez, the greatest heroine of the war.

Mme. Macherez is president of the Dames Francaises, an organization something like our own Colonial Dames. It was she who, in the absence of all civil authority in Soissons, went out to meet the Germans and outdid them in an attempt to levy a tribute on the city. When others left the stricken place on the eve of German occupation she took charge; she took over the civil business of the city; she ran the hospitals; she superintended the city's sanitation, the city's safety, the city's street cleaning and everything.

The circumstances of my interview with her were of the strangest. A military aviator whom we had seen flying over the city before, dodging behind patches of clouds at an altitude of some 4,000 feet to escape a rain of shells hurled by German batteries planted in rock quarries north of the city, had reported a large force of Germans marching against Soissons at a distance of not more than a mile. The French had gone to meet them. As we talked the rapid-fire guns were making a noise something like a threshing machine in the distance, and an intermittent cackle of rifles could be heard less than a mile off.

We stood in the street in front of the city hall. Fifty feet away, in a tiny public park which had but recently smiled with bright flowers, half a dozen men were burying the car-

cases of seven horses killed an hour before by a German shell.

"If the Germans get back into the city this time," I asked, "are you going to stay?"

"I shall be all the more needed if they come back," Mme. Macherez replied simply.

"When they came the first time how did they behave?"

"They wanted an indemnity from us, but I induced their commander to accompany me about the city to prove to him that he was asking too much. I convinced him that we could give no more than we had."

This was Mme. Macherez's modest way of putting it. Before seeing her I had been told how by infinite tact she had resisted the demand for tons of foodstuffs, tobacco and great quantities of wines, and had finally secured better terms from the Germans. She had bargained like a veteran, tenaciously and at great length, and when at last the Germans were driven back they held her in profound respect.

In all I talked with the woman "boss" of Soissons some fifteen minutes. They tell me that this was the longest time she had stood in one spot since the shelling of Soissons had begun. At that she was constantly giving orders and directions, stopping strangers and otherwise carrying on her duties just as though the street were her office.

"And who's going to win?" I asked as she started away.

"We are, of course," she said with conviction. "The hearts of the women of France are in the fight no less than are the hearts of the men. Then, too, we have the English with us here in France and the Russians on the other side of Berlin."

"And what are you getting out of all this?" I almost shouted, for a shell was making its noisy flight overhead.

"Just what every true French woman is getting," she smiled. "A heart full of satisfaction."

Allow Food to Belgians.

Berlin.—The German government has informed the American embassy that it has no objection to the importation of provisions for Belgian civilians.

MOTOR PLOWS FOR FARMERS

German Government Takes Measures to Foster its Agricultural Resources.

Berlin.—The agricultural pursuits of Germany which last year raised one-seventh of the wheat grown in Europe, will be fostered by the government in every possible way while the country is at war. Steps to this end will be taken at a special session of the Prussian Diet.

Measures providing for the granting of credits to agricultural associations, for buying motor plows in order that the tilling of the grain fields may not be neglected and for the construction of potato-drying plants will be introduced.

These measures have been drafted by Minister of Agriculture Von Schorlemer.

Doctor Lentze, minister of state and finance, has drafted a bill by which the Prussian government is permitted to borrow 1,500,000,000 marks (\$375,000,000) to make up the deficit

in revenues caused by the war. Part of this money will be used to relieve the distress caused in East Prussia resulting from the early Russian invasion.

CALLS BELGIAN DOGS HEROES

They Do Good Work in Drawing Quick Fiers into Action, Says Soldier.

Paris.—A Belgian soldier, speaking of the operations at the front, makes especial mention of the useful work being done by the Belgian dogs. He says they not only are used in searching for the wounded, but that they play an important role in dragging carts on which are mounted quick-fiers.

He assured the correspondent that the greatest din of the cannon never seemed to affect these animals in the slightest degree.

Maxine Elliott to Front.

London.—Maxine Elliott has gone to the front in charge of her own motor ambulance.

NO COUNT OF DEAD

Germany Ready to Sacrifice Best for Fatherland.

Teuton Writes That Victories Over Allies Have Stimulated Business—Capital of Empire Resumes Almost Normal Life.

Chicago.—Claims of victories over the allies have greatly stimulated business in Germany, according to a letter received by Jacob A. Rosenfield, a manufacturer, from his cousin, E. C. Frank, who is in Constance, Germany. "Business is picking up," says Mr. Frank. "We do about half the usual amount and manage to keep afloat. We still eat three meals a day. There are some branches of industry, especially those catering to foreign trade, that do suffer, but the government takes care of the unemployed and of the women and children whose providers are in the field. The crops help us wonderfully."

"Germany is the only country involved in the war which is getting along without a moratorium. We pay as much as we can, and so do our customers. Today it is considered in the business world a patriotic duty to fulfill a financial obligation."

"One wonderful thing I have noticed—the perfect disappearance of different classes. I speak of those left behind who were kept apart all their lives through political opinion, religion, fortune or other things. Today you find neither poor nor rich, neither employer or employed, neither Jew nor Gentile; they are all united, welded together, to do what they can to save their vaterland."

"And now about our dead. The best and the noblest ones have already fallen; even in our little town scores of them in the prime of life. If you pick up newspapers all over the land your eye sees announcements like this:

"On the 15th of this month fell on the field of honor my only son,

(Name.)

(Signed.)

"No more, no less.

"Condolences are out of order, and there is no desperate mourning. The nation is ready to sacrifice the best they have to defend their home against a barbarian enemy. Germany today does not count its dead."

A correspondent of the Chicago Daily News, writing from Berlin says:

"Life in Berlin is growing more nearly normal every day. It is beginning to be realized by those who were confident of a quick and crushing defeat of the allies that the fighting must progress by inches against a hard-necked foe. This has long been realized by the army, but people far from the front and as yet not faced by the frightful cost of war had to see the city filled with the pitifully wounded and had to wait for weeks without inspiring news before realizing the bitterness of the conflict.

"Though the enthusiasm may be less noisy, there is no lack of confidence in the final victory. General von Hindenburg remains the hero of the hour and it frequently is said that the conqueror of the Russians will be made a prince after the war.

"The socialist newspaper, Vorwaerts, recently published the striking statement that after taking a census of socialist trade unions at the front it was found that up to September 7 the number was 590,000."

Razors for the Army.

London.—Sheffield, Eng., factories will be hard put to it to execute the war office order for 500,000 razors. It is the largest single order on record, and the cutlery works are already working overtime to keep up with the enormous influx of orders from other sources.

MAKE THE BUTCHER HUMANE

Old Horses Are to Be Converted into Food by More Merciful Methods.

London.—The shipping of worn-out horses to the slaughter houses in Holland and Belgium, which created a scandal, has been stopped, perhaps permanently, by the war. To prevent its revival, a commercial company has been formed with the approval and assistance of the Royal society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for the purpose of converting worthless horses into salable products. But unlike in the slaughter houses of the continent, whose revolting methods shocked all England and caused parliament to pass a law regulating the traffic, the animals will have humane treatment until they receive a painless death.

Sea Mines Kill Two Children.

London.—Mines are being washed up on the coast of Belgium, and, according to a Flushing correspondent, two children were killed by one at Blankenberghe.

Time for Action

IS NOW. Don't neglect or postpone helping your stomach, liver and bowels when there is any indication of weakness. To do so only invites sickness. Take

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

today and let it help you back to daily health and strength

Boycott on Veal.

A country boy was leaving home to make a living, and probably a name for himself. His father and mother had given him some money and a great deal of advice. He had a situation in a distant city, and, as he had never taken kindly to farm work, it looked like a good opportunity for him.

"But there's one thing I want to say to you," the old man said, as he handed the boy his luggage out of the wagon at the station, "and I want you to understand that I say it in all kindness. You are going into the world with pretty good prospects."

"Yes, father."

"And at the same time you're to move into the neighborhood of the wicked and ungodly, where your foot's liable to slip any minute."

"Yes, father."

"W-a-a-l, what I want to say is just this: 'The farm's goin' to stay right here, where you can always turn to it; but times has been mighty hard lately, and the farm never was very productive.'"

"I know it, father."

"So you might as well understand that if you come back because you want to see the folks again, you'll get your wish, but if you come back lookin' for the fatted calf you'll be likely to get disappointed. So good-by, son."

Anomalous Position.

"So your friend, the actor, is doing straight work."

"Yes, in a crook drama."

And lots of men in this world seem to have been born to take the place of punching bags.

Unrequited love is one brand of heart failure. But it's never fatal.

PRESSED HARD.

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When people realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are usually glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

"My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making a visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat unusual flavour of the 'coffee' and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum."

"I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family were so well pleased with it that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart, and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was well and hearty."

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

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

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

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

The Last Shot

BY
FREDERICK PALMER

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

SYNOPSIS.

At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galloway 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, decries 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 and strike before declaring war. Partow, Brown chief of staff, and Lanstron, made vice, discuss the trouble, and the Brown defenses. Partow reveals his plans to Lanstron.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Now Dellarme disposed his men in line back of the ridge of fresh earth that they had dug in the night, ready to rush to their places when he blew the whistle that hung from his neck, but he did not allow them a glimpse over the crest.

"I know that you are curious, but powerful glasses are watching for you to show yourselves; and if a battery turned loose on us you'd understand," he explained.

Thus the hours wore on, and the church clock struck nine and ten.

"Never a movement down there!" called the sergeant from the crest to Dellarme. "Maybe this is just their final bluff before they come to terms about Bodlapoo"—that stretch of African jungle that seemed very far away to them all.

"Let us hope so!" said Dellarme seriously.

Choosing to go to town by the castle road rather than down the terrace to the main pass road, Marta, starting for the regular Sunday service of her school, as she emerged from the grounds, saw Feller, garden-shears in hand, a figure of stone watching the approach of some field-batteries. The question of allowing him to undertake his part as a spy had drifted into the background of her mind under the distressing and ever-present pressure of the crisis. He was to remain until there was war. She was almost past him before he realized her presence, which he acknowledged by a startled movement and a step forward as he took off his hat. She paused. His eyes were glowing like coals under a blower as he looked at her and again at the batteries, seeming to include her with the guns in the spell of his fervid abstraction.

"Frontier closed last night to prevent intelligence about our preparations leaking out—Lanny's plan all alive—the guns coming," he said, his shoulders stiffening, his chin drawing in, his features resolute and beaming with the ardor of youth in action—"troops moving here and there to their places—engineers preparing the defenses—automatics at critical points with the infantry—field-wires laid—field-telephones set up—the wireless spitting—the caissons full—planes and dirigibles ready—search-lights in position—"

There the torrent of his broken sentences was checked. A shadow passed in front of him. He came out of his trance of imageries of activities, so vividly clear to his military mind, to realize that Marta was abruptly leaving.

"Miss Galloway!" he called urgently. "Firing may commence at any minute. You must not go into town!"

"But I must!" she declared, speaking over her shoulder while she passed. It was clear that no warning would prevail against her determined mood.

"Then I shall go with you!" he said, starting toward her with a light step. "It is not necessary, thank you!" she answered, more coldly than she had ever spoken to him. This had a magically quick effect on his attitude.

"I beg your pardon! I forgot!" he explained in his old man's voice, his head sinking, his shoulders drooping in the humility of a servant who recognizes that he has been properly rebuked for presumption. "Not a gunner any more—I'm a spy!" he thought, as he shuffled off without looking

toward the batteries again, though the music of wheels and hoofs was now close by.

Marta had a glimpse of him as she turned away. "He is what he is because of the army; a victim of a cult, a habit," she was thinking. "Had he been in any other calling his fine qualities might have been of service to the world and he would have been happy."

A company of infantry resting among their stacked rifles changed the color of the square in the distance from the gray pavement to the brown of a mass of uniforms. In the middle of the main street a major of the brigade staff, with a number of junior officers and orderlies, was evidently waiting on some signal. Sentries were posted at regular intervals along the curb. The people in the houses and shops from time to time stopped packing up their effects long enough to go to the doors and look up and down apprehensively, asking bootless, nervous questions.

"Are they coming yet?"

"Do you think they will come?"

"Are you sure it's going to be war?"

"Will they shell the town?"

"There'll be time enough for you to get away!" shouted the major. "All we know is what is written in our instructions, and we shall act on them when the thing starts. Then we are in command. Meanwhile, get ready!"

Then the major became aware of a young woman who was going in the wrong direction. Her cheeks were flushed from her rapid walk, her lips were parted, showing firm, white teeth, and her black eyes were regarding him in a blaze of satire or amusement; an emotion, whatever it was, that thoroughly centered his attention.

"Mademoiselle, I am very sorry, but unless you live in this direction," he said very politely, "you may not go any farther. Until we have other orders or they attack every one is supposed to remain in his house or his place of business."

"This is my place of business!" Marta answered, for she was already opposite a small, disused chapel which was her schoolroom, where a half dozen of the faithful children were gathered around the masculine importance of Jacky Werther, one of the older boys.

"Then you are Miss Galloway!" said the major, enlightened. His smile had an appreciation of the irony of her occupation at that moment. "Your children are very loyal. They would not tell me where they lived, so we had to let them stay there."

"Those who have homes," she said, identifying each one of the faithful with a glance, "have so many brothers and sisters that they will hardly be missed from the flock. Others have no homes—at least not much of a one—here her temper rose again—"taxes being so high in order that you may organize murder and the destruction of property."

"Now really, Miss Galloway," he began solicitously, "I have been assigned to move the civil population in case of attack. Your children ought—"

"After school! You have your duty this morning and I have mine!" Marta interrupted pleasantly, and turned toward the chapel.

"They are putting sharpshooters in the church tower to get the aeroplanes, and there are lots of the little guns that fire bullets so fast you can't count 'em—and little spring wagons with dynamite to blow things up—and—" Jacky Werther ran on in a series of vocal explosions as Marta opened the door to let the children go in.

"Yet you came!" said Marta with a hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"It looks pretty bad for peace, but we came," answered Jacky, round-eyed, in loyalty. "We'd come right through bullets 'cause we said we would if we wasn't sick, and we wasn't sick."

"My seven disciples—seven!" exclaimed Marta as she counted them. "And you need not sit on the regular seats, but around me on the platform. It will be more intimate."

"That's grand!" came in chorus. They did not bother about chairs, but seated themselves on the floor around Marta's skirts.

The church clock boomed out its deliberate strokes through ten, the hour set for the lesson, and all counted them—one—two—three. Marta was thinking what a dismal little effort theirs was, and yet she was very happy, tremblingly happy in her distraction and excitement, that they had not waited for her at the door of the chapel in vain.

She announced that there would be no talk this morning; they would only say their oath. Repeating in concert the pledge to the boys and girls of other lands, the childish voices peculiarly sweet and harmonious in contrast to the raucous and uneven sounds of foreboding from the street, they came in due course to the words of the concession that the oath made to militancy:

"If an enemy tries to take my land—"

"Children—I—" Marta interrupted with a sense of wonder and shock. They paused and looked at her questioningly. "I had almost forgotten that part!" she breathed confusedly. "That's the part that makes all we're doing against the Grays right!" put in Jacky Werther promptly.

"As I wrote it for you! I shall appeal to his sense of justice and reason with him—"

Jaws dropped and eyes bulged, for above the sounds of the street rose from the distance the unmistakable crackling of rifle fire which, as they listened, spread and increased in volume.

"Go on—on to the end of the oath! It will take only a moment," said Marta resolutely. "It isn't much, but it's the best we can do!"

CHAPTER IX.

The Baptism of Fire.

All the landscape in front of Fracasse's company seemed to have been deserted; no moving figures were anywhere in sight; no sign of the enemy's infantry.

Faintly the town clock was heard striking the hour. From eight to nine and nine to ten Fracasse's men waited; waited until the machine was ready and Westerling should throw in the clutch; waited until the troops were in place for the first move before he hurled his battalions forward. They did not know how the captain at their back received his orders; they only heard the note of the whistle, with a command familiar to a trained instinct on the edge of anticipation. It released a spring in their nerve-centers. They responded as the wheels respond when the throttle is opened. Jumping to their feet they broke into a run, bodies bent, heads down, like the peppered silhouette that faced Westerling's desk. What they had done repeatedly in drills and maneuvers they were now doing in war, mechanically as marionettes.

"Come on! The bullet is not made that can get me! Come on!" cried the giant Eugene Aronson.

Nearly all felt the exhilaration of movement in company. Then came the sound that generations had drilled for without hearing; the sound that summons the imagination of man in the thought of how he will feel and act when he hears it; the sound that is everywhere like the song snatches of bees driven whizzing through the air.

"That's it! We're under fire! We're under fire!" flashed a crooked lightning recognition of the sound through every brain.

There was no sign of the enemy; no telling where the bullets came from.

Whish-whish! Th-pp-whing! The refrain gripped Peterkin's imagination with an unseen hand. He seemed to be suffocating. He wanted to throw himself down and hold his hands in front of his head. While Pilzer and Aronson were not thinking, only running, Peterkin was thinking with the rapidity of a man falling from a high building. He was certain only that he was bound to strike ground.

"An inch is as good as a mile!" He recollected the captain's teaching. "Only one of a thousand bullets fired in war ever kills a man"—but he was certain that he had heard a million already. He looked around to find that he was still keeping up with Eugene and felt the thrill of the bravery of fellowship at sight of the giant's flushed, confident face reveling in the spirit of a charge. And then, just then, Eugene convulsively threw up his arms, dropped his rifle, and whirled on his heel. As he went down his hand clutched at his left breast and came away red and dripping.

After one wild backward glance, Peterkin plucked ahead.

"Eugene!" Hugo Mallin had stopped and bent over Eugene in the supreme instinct of that terrible second, supporting his comrade's head.

"The bullet is not—made—" Eugene whispered, the ruling passion strong to the last. A flicker of the eyelids, a gurgle in the throat, and he was dead.

"Here, you are not going to get out this way!" Fracasse shouted, in the irritation of haste, slapping Hugo with his sword. "Go on! That's hospital-corp work."

Hugo had a glimpse of the captain's rigid features and a last one of Eugene's, white and still and yet as if he were about to speak his favorite boast; then he hurried on, his side glance showing other prostrate forms. One form a few yards away half rose to call "Hospital!" and fell back, struck mortally by a second bullet.

"That's what you get if you forget instructions," said Fracasse with no sense of brutality, only professional

exasperation. Keep down, you wounded men!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

The colonel of the 128th had not looked for immediate resistance. He had told Fracasse's men to occupy the knoll expeditiously. But by the common impulse of military training, no less than in answer to the whistle's call, in face of the withering fire they dropped to earth at the base of a knoll, where Hugo threw himself down at full length in his place in line next to Peterkin.

"Fire pointblank at the crest in front of you! I saw a couple of men standing up there!" called Fracasse. "Fire fast! That's the way to keep down than in answer to the whistle's call, in face of the withering fire they dropped to earth at the base of a knoll, where Hugo threw himself down at full length in his place in line next to Peterkin.

Hugo was firing vaguely, like a man in a dream. Pilzer was shooting to kill. His eye had the steely gleam of his rifle sight and the liver patch on his cheek was a deeper hue as he sought to avenge Eugene's death. Drowned by the racket of their own fire, not even Peterkin was hearing the whish-whish of the bullets from Dellarme's company now. He did not know that the blacksmith's son, who was the fourth man from him, lay with his chin on his rifle stock and a tiny trickle of blood from a hole in his forehead running down the bridge of his nose.

Young Dellarme, new to his captain's rank, watching the plain through his glasses, saw the movement of mounted officers to the rear of the 128th as a reason for summoning his men.

"Creep up! Don't show yourselves! Creep up—carefully—carefully!" he kept repeating as they crawled forward on their stomachs. "And no one is to fire until the command comes."

Hugging the cover of the ridge of fresh earth which they had thrown up the previous night, they watched the white posts. Stransky, who had been ruminatively silent all the morning, was in his place, but he was not looking at the enemy. Cautiously, to avoid a reprimand, he raised his head to enable him to glance along the line. All the faces seemed drawn and clayish.

"They don't want to fight! They're just here because they're ordered here and haven't the character to defy authority," he thought. "The heaven is working! My time is coming!"

For Dellarme the minute had come when all his training was to be put to a test. The figures on the other side of the white posts were rising. He was to prove by the way he directed a company of infantry in action whether or not he was worthy of his captain's rank. He smiled cheerily. In order that he might watch how each man used his rifle, he drew back of the line, his slim body erect as he rested on one knee, his head level with the other heads while he fingered his whistle. The instant that Eugene Aronson sprang over the white post a blast from the whistle began the war.

It was a signal, too, for Stransky to play the part he had planned; to make the speech of his life. His six feet of stature shot to its feet with a Jack-in-the-box abruptness, under the impulse of a mighty and reckless passion.

"Men, stop firing!" he howled thunderously. "Stop firing on your brothers! Like you, they are only the pawns of the ruling class, who keep us all pawns in order that they may have champagne and caviare. Comrades, I'll lead you! Comrades, we'll take a white flag and go down to meet our comrades and we'll find that they think as we do! I'll lead you!"

The appeal was drowned in the cracking of the rifles working as regularly as punching-machines in a factory. Every soldier was seeing only his sight and the running figures under it. Mechanically and automatically, training had been projected into action, anticipation into realization. A spectator might as well have called to a man in a hundred-yard dash to stop running, to an oarsman in a race to jump out of his shell.

The company sergeant sprang for Stransky with an oath. But Stransky was in no mood to submit. He felled the sergeant with a blow and, recklessly defiant, stared at Dellarme, while the men, steadily firing, were still oblivious of the scene. The sergeant, stunned, rose to his knees and reached for his revolver. Dellarme, bent over to keep his head below the crest, had already drawn his as he hastened toward them.

"Will you get down? Will you take your place with your rifle?" demanded Dellarme.

Stransky laughed thunderously in scorn. He was handsome, titanic, and barbaric, with his huge shoulders stretching his blouse, which fell loosely around his narrow hips, while the fist that had felled the sergeant was still clenched.

"No!" said Stransky. "You won't kill much if you kill me and you'd kill less if you shot yourself! God Almighty! Do you think I'm afraid? Me—afraid?"

His eyes in a bloodshot glare, as

uncompromising as those of a bull in an arena watching the next move of the red cape of the matador, regarded Dellarme, who hesitated in admiration of the picture of human force before him. But the old sergeant, smarting under the insult of the blow, his sandstone features mottled with red patches, had no compunctions of this order. He was ready to act as executioner.

"If you don't want to shoot, I can! An example—the law! There's no other way of dealing with him! Give the word!" he said to Dellarme.

Stransky laughed, now in strident cynicism. Dellarme still hesitated, recollecting Lanstron's remark. He pictured Stransky in a last stand in a redoubt, and every soldier was as precious to him as a piece of gold to a miser.

"One ought to be enough to kill me if you're going to do it to slow music," said Stransky. "You might as well kill me as the poor fools that your poor fools are trying to—"

Another breath finished the speech; a breath released from a ball that seemed to have come straight from hell. The fire control officer of a regiment of Gray artillery on the plain, scanning the landscape for the origin of the rifle-fire which was leaving many fallen in the wake of the charge of the Gray infantry, had seen a figure on the knoll. "How kind! Thank you!" his thought spoke faster than words. No need of range-finding! The range to every possible battery or infantry position around La Tir was already marked on his map. He passed the word to his guns.

The burst of their first shrapnel-shell blinded all three actors in the scene on the crest of the knoll with its ear-splitting crack and the force of its concussion threw Stransky down beside the sergeant. Dellarme, as his vision cleared, had just time to see Stransky jerk his hand up to his temple, where there was a red spot, before another shell burst, a little to the rear. This was harmless, as a shrapnel's shower of fragments and bullets carry forward from the point of explosion. But the next burst in front of the line. The doctor's period of idleness was over. One man's rifle shot up as his spine was broken by a jagged piece of shrapnel jacket. Now there were too many shells to watch them individually.

"It's all right—all right, men!" Dellarme called again, assuming his cheery smile. "It takes a lot of shrapnel to kill anybody. Our batteries will soon answer!"

His voice was unheard, yet its spirit was felt. The men knew through their training that there was no use of dodging and that their best protection was an accurate fire of their own.

Stransky had half risen, a new kind of savagery dawning on his features as he regained his wits. With inverted eyes he regarded the red ends of his fingers, held in line with the bridge of his nose. He felt of the wound again, now that he was less dizzy. It was only a scratch and he had been knocked down like a beef in an abattoir by an unseen enemy, on whom he could not lay hands! Deafeningly, the shrapnel jackets continued to crack with "ukung-s-sh—ukung-s-sh" as the swift breath of the shrapnel missiles spread. The guns of one battery of that Gray regiment of artillery, each firing six 14-pound shells a minute methodically, every shell loaded with nearly two hundred projectiles, were giving their undivided attention to the knoll.

How long could his company endure this? Dellarme might well ask. He knew that he would not be expected to withdraw yet. With a sense of relief he saw Fracasse's men drop for cover at the base of the knoll and then, expectation fulfilled, he realized that rifle-fire now reinforced the enemy's shell fire. His duty was to remain while he could hold his men, and a feeling toward them such as he had never felt before, which was love, sprang full-fledged into his heart as he saw how steadily they kept up their fusillade.

Stransky, eager in response to a new passion, sprang forward into place and picked up his rifle.

"If you will not have it my way, take it yours!" said the best shot in the company, as he began firing with resolute coolness.

"They have a lot of men down," said Dellarme, his glasses showing the many prostrate figures on the wheat stubble. "Steady! steady! We have plenty of batteries back in the hills. One will be in action soon."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Zest in Uncertainty.

It would be fine if the ideas could be manufactured and stored away by conscious effort. But after all that might take away some of the adventure of living. As it is you never know when you go to the mental cupboard whether you are going to find it full of good things or empty. At least there is the uncertainty to give zest to existence.

One Viewpoint.

Hemmandhaw—Kangaroo farming is a very important industry in Australia. Mrs. Hemmandhaw—fancy hosing a kangaroo.—Youngstown Telegram

LOCAL Gossip

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Robertson went to Fort Worth Wednesday for a few days' trip.

Mrs. Grant Price of Hale Center is visiting her sisters, Mrs. Vern Johnson and Mrs. B. M. Atwood. Mr. and Mrs. Price will probably move to Slaton.

W. T. Knight, real estate broker, arrived from Jefferson City, Mo., the first of the week, and is again located in Slaton. He will be with the R. J. Murray Realty Company.

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.

Miss Myrtle Dunscomb entertained the 500 Club Thanksgiving Eve. Mrs. I. W. Hudgens received the high score, and Mrs. A. E. Howerton second. A two-course lunch, very appropriate to the occasion, was served. The next hostess will be Mrs. J. H. Paul.

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**

Howerton frames pictures.

One-half of an inch of rain fell Tuesday.

F. E. Shuey is back to Slaton after a vacation trip.

A new Santa Fe depot was unloaded at Wilson the first of the week.

Watch Robertson's special window displays for timely Christmas suggestions.

Our Christmas Goods now on display. Come and inspect them. Red Cross Pharmacy.

The Slaton Lumber Company invites your attention to their adv. in the Slatonite this week.

Jas. Foster, Guy Nix, L. C. Odom, and Wm. Guinn attended the football game at Lubbock on Thanksgiving.

Miss Octavia Manley, who has been visiting at the V Ranch for several months, left for her home at Stamford Wednesday.

Atty. R. A. Baldwin attended district court in Lubbock the first of the week looking after cases which he had on the docket.

NOTICE.—All stock at large in the city limits will be taken up and impounded at my livery yard. See me. G. L. Sledge, Deputy.

J. D. Worswick, a machinist, is working at the garage of the Slaton Auto Supply Company, and is contemplating putting in an extensive business in that line with Briggs Robertson.

Ed. Fertsch, manager of the Wilson Lumber Company, was in Slaton Tuesday on business. The Wilson gin keeps Mr. Fertsch so busy this fall that rainy days are the only times when he can get away from his town.

The Joe H. Teagues, Junior and Senior, went hunting in the canyon last Thursday. That is not remarkable because many other people went hunting, also. But the number of birds they got is. They secured 41, at least Joe Senior says that is the way he figures it, for he got 4 and Junior got 1. Standard oil multiplication tables have no place on a hunting trip.

Miss Alice McFadin went to Circleville, Texas, last Friday and will spend some time there in closing up business affairs preparatory to returning to Slaton and making her residence here permanent. Miss McFadin is very enthusiastic over this country, and the little city of Slaton as well. She and associates are pushing their plans for colonizing the large body of land southwest of Slaton which they purchased last summer, and her brother, W. A. McFadin, will return with her. Her sister, Mrs. Jenkins, is already living here, and Mr. Jas. Barho is located on the land.

DOES IT PAY TO ADVERTISE? Well, yes. Some few months ago we asked the people of this community thru the Slatonite for their patronage after marketing this bountiful crop. The results show in the following

STATEMENT:

Loans and Discounts . . .	\$30,514.41	Capital Stock	\$15,000.00
Banking House, Fur., Fix.	5,000.00	Surplus and Un. Profits . .	2,375.78
Cash and Sight Exchange	29,455.89	DEPOSITS	47,594.52
	\$64,970.30		\$64,970.30

ON THIS SHOWING WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS

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.

Pictures framed at Howerton's make nice Christmas presents.

Let us fit your eyes. We have the best line of glasses, all guaranteed. Red Cross Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith went to Waco last Friday on a pleasure trip in connection with Joe's attendance at the Masonic Grand Lodge.

DRESSMAKING.—Sewing of all kinds. Your patronage respectfully solicited. Call at my rooms on the lower floor of the Higbee building, west of the Singleton Hotel.—Mrs. C. B. Hubbard.

Geo. H. Branham, Jr., arrived in Slaton Tuesday from Dallas to visit his father until the first of the year, when he will be transferred to Houston by the Western Electric Company.

G. W. Guinn has purchased C. W. Olive's interest in the People's Moving Picture Theater, and he and W. E. Olive have purchased a new 6 H. P. International engine to pull the dynamo. They will improve the theater and make of it a new entertainment house, even to the name.

Your attention is directed to the statement in the First State Bank adv. this week. The statement shows a larger business than the bank has ever had before, in its history. It also shows the unusually splendid condition of the bank. Slaton is growing right along.

T. A. Amos has purchased a ten-acre suburban tract from C. C. Hoffman and will build a residence on the land, and otherwise improve it for a home place. Mr. Amos says that this land is one piece of Slaton property that absolutely is not for sale, that he bought it for a home and will not change his plans for a little profit. Mr. and Mrs. Amos recently came to Slaton from South Texas and they are well pleased with their new home. They came because they wanted to find a country with a more agreeable climate and with less adverse weather than that of the Houston country. Of course, they are delighted with the change they made, and a review of the splendid crops raised on Slaton farms was enough for them to decide to buy a permanent home here. Mr. Amos, however, told the editor that he is looking for the fellow who said that it did not rain out here.

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

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.

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

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

Boys!

Do you want this dandy BICYCLE?

No Money Needed

This is not a Prize Contest. Every boy who fills out and mails the corner coupon can earn this high-grade Bicycle for very little effort during spare time. ASK "The Bicycle Man."

Mail this coupon TO-DAY.

"The Bicycle Man"
The McCall Co.
236 W. 37th Street
New York City

Dear "Bicycle Man":
Please tell me how to get one of your high-grade Bicycles, without money, and for very little effort.

Name _____
Address _____

FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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.

A deluge of adv. changes made the Slatonite late this week.

The cold, rainy days have a curious effect on men's breaths. Such weather gives them an odor like fermented molasses and cabbage leaves.

If we could just induce eastern Texas farmers to come to Slaton to investigate with an idea of locating if all the things the Slatonite says about this country are facts, it would take only a few weeks to put a farmer on every 160 acres of land. The Slatonite has no desire to misrepresent. The truth alone is good enough.

"Say, that Coleman cotton crop is too much cotton," said a Slatonite reader Tuesday. The record in the cotton countries is a little over two bales, but for some previous year. The Slaton South Plains holds the record for 1914. G. W. Pilley, neighbor to Mr. Coleman, gathered nine bales of cotton from a seven-acre patch, and is reported as saying that there are between three and four bales yet unpicked in the patch.

The Post City Post says that Mr. C. A. Coleman (who had the record cotton crop spoken of in the Slatonite) lives near Post City, and because of that crop as a sample invites homeseekers to "Come to Garza County." Mr. Coleman lives in Lynn County east of Wilson and south of Slaton. Now, we have no objection to Post City coming up to the Slaton country to get sample South Plains crops, but it doesn't seem just logical to invite immigration to Post on representations secured on our farms. Come to the Slaton country where the crops that advertise the Plains are raised.

The scene of the last shooting homicide in Texico has a touch of the humorous to those who are acquainted with the setting, with western habits, and with the individuals in this particular case. The shooting was between cowmen and of course the setting was in a saloon. Attendant were saloon men, gamblers, and idlers and we will bet our last summer's straw hat they had a good idea as to what was about to happen. The flip of a coat and the peculiar hitch of the hand that reaches for a gun was a signal for everybody to vamoose. And scatter? Every man of them including the bartender was so busy getting out of range that none of them saw what actually happened. No one had eyes that could see out of the back of his head while he was running! A western character may have a badly notched gun himself, but when a shooting comes off that he is not interested in he is the first to duck. No innocent bystander funeral for him. Besides it is a mighty good thing sometimes not to see too much. A dead man is a thing of the past, and the survivor will have many tomorrows. So they ducked, and being "hep" to such a layout they had a hunch as to the exact psychological time to duck.

ANOTHER SLATON COUNTRY BOOSTER

T. C. Overstreet of Jefferson City, Mo., sent a subscription remittance to the Slatonite last week, and the letter would perhaps be of interest to our people. He said:

"I think the Slatonite is a good paper, and am always glad to get it to learn what is going on in Slaton and the surrounding country, as I have a tract of land in Lynn County near Slaton. I see from your paper that the country around Slaton has fine crops, and it seems to me that it is the coming country for farming, and if I wasn't tied here with my business I would come down and farm my land. I was born and raised on a farm, and every time I get your paper and see the way crops turn out it makes me want to be down there."

If Mr. Overstreet could only see the Slaton South Plains in the beauty of its bounteous, golden harvest he would want to come here more than ever.

HONOR ROLL.

The below named pupils have made an average of 90 per cent and above, and have been neither absent nor tardy during the month ending Nov. 27, 1914.

N. A. Terrell, Supt.
Slaton Schools.

HONOR ROLL.

Marguerite Hoffman.
Mabel Robertson.
Lonie Sowell.
Birl Guinn.
Beatrice Robertson.
Pauline Robertson.
Francis Hoffman.
Ruby Hoffman.
Willie Johnston.
Earl Edwards.
Harvey Austin.
C. C. Hoffman, Jr.
Frank Hanley.
Gordon Shelby.
Clarence Stewart.
Bessie Conway.

If your eyes get tired rest them with our glasses. They are guaranteed. Red Cross Pharmacy.

There have been several queries as the exact figures on T. J. Abel's prize corn crop which has been talked about so much. Of this prize crop there were seven rows in his field which runs nine and one-half rows to the acre. These seven rows husked three loads of corn that weighed 23 bushels to the load by actual scales weight, 67 bushels in all. This is 9 6-7 bushels to the row, and 93 1-2 bushels per acre.

The publishers of the Youth's Companion will, as always at this season, present to every subscriber whose subscription is paid for 1915, a Calendar for the new year. It is a gem of calendar making. The decorative mounting is rich, but the main purpose has been to produce a calendar that is useful; and that purpose has been achieved.

Big line of Christmas goods now on display and more coming. Buy early.—Red Cross Pharmacy.

"This new play is about a trunk mystery."
"Then it ought to be able to draw packed houses."

"What on earth is the meaning of all that racket back there?"
"I guess the neighborhood cats are mobilizing."



"Did your friend make a success as a trained nurse?"

"Yes, indeed! She married her wealthiest patient."

"That young under officer seems to be very much embarrassed."

"I suppose it is a case of sub-consciousness."

Old men have visions, young men have dreams. Successful farmers plow deep while sluggards sleep.

Whatever change the tenant farmer makes, it is bound to be for the better—it couldn't be for the worse.

The soil is like a man's bank account. It can soon be exhausted by withdrawing and never depositing.

The growing of legumes will retard soil depletion and greatly add to its power to produce.

Education is a developing of the mind, not a stuffing of the memory. Digest what you read.

Santa Claus
Has Established Headquarters at
Howerton's
Buy Early and Get the Choice

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.

Let Us Figure Your
Lumber Bills.

Slaton Lumber Company

We Carry a Full Line of Paints, Oils, Varnishes,
Cement, Lime, Etc.; Everything for the
Building, and Want to Supply You.

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.

AS TO MAKING CAKES

EXPERT ADVICE FROM DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Cases Where Rendered Beef or Veal Fat May Be Substituted for Butter—Introducing Variety into the Confections.

There are, generally speaking, only two kinds of cake made by the American housewife; namely, sponge cakes and butter cakes. The former never have butter in them and are frequently raised entirely by means of eggs. The eggs usually provide the only moisture used, but when eggs are expensive, economy sometimes demands that water be added and baking powder used. In the latter kind, butter is generally used on account of its flavor. Its effect on dough is to make it tender and brittle instead of tough and elastic.

Sponge cakes are mixed differently from butter cakes and should be baked in a cooler oven and about one and one-fourth times as long. The tests and rules for baking are the same for sponge cakes and butter cakes.

Gingerbread and other highly spiced cakes may be classed as "butter cakes," but for economy's sake pure rendered beef or veal fat may be substituted for butter as the flavor of the fat will not be so evident as in other kinds of cake.

A cookie also comes under the class of "butter cakes," any butter-recipe being applicable to cookies if only one-third to one-half the amount of milk called for is used. The dough should be rolled out on a floured board. Cookies should bake in a slow oven for 8 to 10 minutes.

Much variety can be made in cakes by introducing fruits, nuts, spices or different flavoring extracts into the dough, or by using only the whites of eggs for white cakes, or a larger number of yolks than whites for yellow cakes. Brown sugar may be used for dark fruit cake.

Pastry flour will make lighter and more tender cake than standard flour. If standard flour is used take two tablespoonfuls less for each cupful measured. In making cake only fine granulated or powdered sugar should be used as a rule.

In preparing the pans for cake they should be greased well with butter or lard or lined with paraffin paper. Bright, new pans will not need to be buttered for sponge cakes and if left unbuttered a more delicate crust is formed.

If a wood or coal fire is used there should be a small or moderate-sized fire, but one that will last without much addition through the baking. Regulate the oven long enough before the cake is to go in to have the dampers adjusted as they are to remain throughout the baking. If this is not done the dampers must be changed to regulate the heat during the baking, and the cake will not be so well baked. Most cakes can be at once removed from the pan when baked, but very rich cakes and dark fruit cake will be liable to break unless allowed to stand about five minutes.

Spley Chill Sauce.

To make chill sauce cut 24 tomatoes up in small pieces and cook as for the table. Run twelve green peppers and eight onions through the meat chopper. Rub the tomatoes through a sieve or colander and have the peppers and onions ready to add to the tomatoes, with two tablespoonfuls each of ground cinnamon, ground cloves and allspice, four tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, four tablespoonfuls of salt and three quarts of elder vinegar. Mix all together and boil for three hours. Put, when hot, in sterilized jars or bottles and keep in a cool place.

First Love Kisses.

Beat together the whites of two eggs. Add to these a teaspoonful of sugar and stir until it is so thick it will not slip from the spoon. Stir in three tablespoonfuls of grated coconut. Drop teaspoonfuls of the mixture on buttered paper and bake in a hot oven until light brown.

To Prevent Glass From Cracking.

When pouring hot drinks into a thin glass, if a silver spoon is placed in the glass first it will prevent it from cracking.

For Those Who Wear Glasses.

To prevent steam from settling on your eyeglasses, when out of doors in cold weather, rub both sides of the lenses with soap, afterward rubbing the soap off with a soft cloth and polishing with tissue paper.

To Curl Ostrich Feathers.

To curl an ostrich feather that has become damaged with rain, sprinkle it thickly with common salt and shake it before a bright fire until it is dry. This will bring the curl back into it again.

CALOMEL SICKENS! IT SALIVATES! DON'T STAY BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED

I Guarantee "Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Give You the Best Liver and Bowel Cleansing You Ever Had—Don't Lose a Day's Work!

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quicksilver and it salivates; calomel injures your liver.

If you are bilious, feel lazy, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches or stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone instead of using sickening, salivating calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working. You'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone

under my personal guarantee that it will clean your sluggish liver better than nasty calomel; it won't make you sick and you can eat anything you want without being salivated. Your druggist guarantees that each spoonful will start your liver, clean your bowels and straighten you up by morning or you can have your money back. Children gladly take Dodson's Liver Tone because it is pleasant tasting and doesn't gripe or cramp or make them sick.

I am selling millions of bottles of Dodson's Liver Tone to people who have found that this pleasant, vegetable, liver medicine takes the place of dangerous calomel. Buy one bottle on my sound, reliable guarantee. Ask your druggist or storekeeper about me.

The Victors.

"I met in Milan," said a returned tourist, "Gen. Angelo Gatti, the famous Italian tactician. Gatti talked luminously on the war. This, remember, was about September 1.

"General Gatti said that the allies in France had been too audacious at first—hence their hard luck. He said they had now learned their lesson and were doing better.

"In warfare," said General Gatti, "the rash are annihilated. The timid are crushed. Victory crowns those alone who mingle rashness and timidity together—those, so to speak, who run risks at a slow walk."

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mr. F. C. Case of Welcome Lake, Pa., writes: "I suffered with Backache and Kidney Trouble. My head ached, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I felt heavy and sleepy after meals, was always nervous and tired, had a bitter taste in my mouth, was dizzy, had floating specks before my eyes, was always thirsty, had a dragging sensation across my loins, difficulty in collecting my thoughts and was troubled with shortness of breath. Dodds Kidney Pills have cured me of these complaints. Dodds Kidney Pills have done their work and done it well. You are at liberty to publish this letter for the benefit of any sufferer who doubts the merit of Dodds Kidney Pills."

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, Dainty Recipes; also music of National Anthem. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Women in Church Council.
The high council of the Church of England, sitting under the joint presidency of the archbishops of Canterbury and York, voted to give women the suffrage in the election of church councils and also the right to sit on parochial councils. In view of the fact of its former conservatism, this is very significant in the ruling of the church. Women have always been the most loyal workers, but have hitherto had no voice in molding its policies.

FINE RASH ON BABY'S BODY

1341 Parkwood Pl., N. W., Washington, D. C.—"When my babe was about two weeks old I noticed a scurf on her scalp which gradually grew worse. It started with a fine rash over head and body and made her very restless at night. The rash left the thick scurf on her head. We used _____ and other remedies recommended by friends, but nothing seemed to do any good.

"This continued until she was three months old and by that time it formed sort of a crust, so that her scalp never looked clean. Nothing helped until we used the Cuticura Soap to bathe her and Cuticura Ointment to anoint her. They acted like magic, clearing the scalp entirely. The trouble disappeared." (Signed) Mrs. H. L. Anderson, Mar. 20, 1914.

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

My son, there are two things you should never borrow—money or trouble, especially trouble.

RELICS TO BE PRESERVED

Mexican Authorities Make Discoveries of Parts of Bodies of Maximilian and His Generals.

The heart of Gen. Tomas Mejia and fragments of the bodies of Emperor Maximilian and General Miramon, all of whom were executed together on the Cerro de las Campas, just outside the city of Queretaro, when Maximilian surrendered there to the forces of President Juarez, were found recently in a search which was made by the constitutionalist authorities of the library of the house of Luis Garcia Pimentel, in Calle de Donceles, No. 68.

The house of Garcia Pimentel is at present occupied by General Davila Sanchez. When the constitutionalist authorities were going through the library of this residence, taking an inventory of what they found there, they came upon the greswome relics, which were carefully preserved.

The heart of Mejia and the portions of the body of the emperor and his other trusted general had been kept, it is said, by Doctor Liceaga, who performed the autopsy upon the bodies after their execution, and acquired from him by Garcia Pimentel as relics. They probably will be donated to a museum, it is said, by the authorities.—Mexican Herald.

Distinguished Political Career.

Elbridge Gerry Lapham, who represented New York in the United States senate in the early '80's, was born in the town of Farmingham, N. Y., 100 years ago. In early life he followed the profession of a civil engineer. Later he studied law and in 1844 was admitted to the bar. He was a member of the constitutional convention of New York in 1867; a representative in congress from 1875 until 1881, in which latter year he was elected to the United States senate to take the place of Roscoe Conkling, who had resigned. Senator Lapham was a Republican in politics. He died at Canandaigua Lake, N. Y., in 1890.

Mamma's Kiss.

This pretty child story is from the French:

A mother tells her little girl that because she has been naughty she will not kiss her for a week. Before two days have gone by the child's lips hunger so for her mother's kiss that she begs her not to punish her any more.

The mother says: "No, my dear. I told you that I should not kiss you, and I must keep my word."

"But, mamma, mamma, says the little girl, "would it be breaking your word if you should kiss me just once tonight when I'm asleep?"

Extracting Bullets by Magnet.

The system of extracting German bullets by electro-magnets is being tried with success at Lyons, says the London Times.

An electro-magnet has been installed in one of the military hospitals, and has permitted the extraction of a bullet imbedded four and a half inches in the flesh of a patient. This would have proved a difficult operation by other processes.

And sometimes the girl who marries her ideal gets a divorce and lives happily ever after.

Never blow your own horn in public—unless you are a musician.

The only thing some women lay up for a rainy day is silk hosiery.

HAD NEGLECTED ONE POINT

Mr. Porter's Magnifying Glass Did Its Work All Right, But Its Owner Forgot Important Thing.

Mr. Porter's judgment was vindicated.

"Ah, ha," he exclaimed, triumphantly, "do you remember that little magnifying glass I gave a dollar for the other day? You say it was a clear waste of money. Well, it has more than paid for itself."

"How so?" inquired Mrs. Porter.

"I detected a counterfeit \$2 bill to which I had the presence of mind to apply it. Those bills are so well executed that even the experts can hardly tell them from the genuine, but my little magnifying glass brought out all its defects."

"How clever you are," said Mrs. Porter, "to think of examining money with a magnifying glass. Now you can make the person who gave you the bill take it back. Who did give it to you, anyway?"

"By George!" he said, "I don't remember."

No Consolation Possible.

Chartres and Amiens may in part console us for a lost Reims; but there is nothing—not even at Constantinople—that would comfort us for a lost St. Mark's. And, supposing Italy at war, and a bombarding fleet in the Adriatic, what should we have to expect in Venice? That little Piazzetta is surrounded by a brief anthology of Italian architecture: the Byzantine church, the Lombard tower, the Gothic Ducal palace, the Renaissance library, one of the masterpieces of its date. And round the corner is the dome of the Salute, and across a little water the beautiful tower of San Giorgio, and further, the Redentore. And besides all these, all Venice!—London Chronicle.

Saw Women Harvest.

Miss Anna Morgan, Miss Elizabeth Marbury and Miss Elsie De Wolfe went in their automobiles into those parts of France where the women were taking in the grain, as they had been asked to do by the minister of agriculture. Miss Morgan said it was wonderful to see the way in which the women of France responded to the call for their help.

Every woman thinks she's worth her weight in gold.

Diplomacy is the art of concealing our dislikes.

Peruna Did Wonders



For My Boy

Mrs. Nellie Courter, 88 Franklin Ave., Norwalk, Conn., writes: "Peruna has done wonders for my boy. I cannot praise it enough."

"I think it is the best medicine on earth. Let me tell you why I think so.

"My son has been afflicted with catarrh since he was a baby five months old, so that for years I had to watch him all night long, and keep his mouth open so he could breathe, as he could not breathe through his nose. "He has always been very delicate. "Since he commenced taking the Peruna I can go to bed and sleep all night."

To Cleanse Rusty Nail Wounds

Always Get It to the Bottom



HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Galls, Wore Cuts, Lameness, Strains, Bunches, Thrush, Old Sores, Nail Wounds, Foot Rot, Fistula, Bleeding, Etc., Etc. Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00

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

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 45-1914.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral
NOT NARCOTIC
Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEL
Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Rhubarb -
Sassafras -
Sulphur -
Licorice -
Cinnamon -
Cloves -
Mint -
Peppermint -
Wintergreen -
Flavor
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP
Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 DROPS—35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



Catarrhal Fever

2 to 6 doses often cure. One 50-cent bottle SPOHN'S guaranteed to cure a case. Safe for any mare, horse or colt. Dozen bottles \$5. Get it of druggists, harness dealers or direct from manufacturers, express paid. SPOHN'S is the best preventive of all forms of distemper.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

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

TRUE VALUE OF WOOD LOT NOT REALIZED



Wood Lot Composed Mostly of Young White Oak in Excellent Condition—There is Thrifty Growth and Plenty of Young Trees Starting to Renew the Stand.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Most farmers already own wood lots; every farmer ought to own one. Yet the wood lot is frequently not a paying proposition financially, and is almost never as profitable as it should be. Why? Simply because the farmer does not realize its true value. As a result, he neglects to care for the trees during their life, and is at a disadvantage when it comes to selling them. Any effort to improve present conditions must, therefore, take these two facts into consideration.

The essential point for every farmer to recognize, is that the trees in his wood lot are just as much a farm crop as are his corn, oats, hay, or other products. Moreover, they have many advantages over other crops—they require comparatively little care and labor; they can be harvested during the winter when other work is slack; there are no storage charges on the crop because trees can be left standing without deterioration an indefinite time until they can be sold profitably or used to advantage on the farms; and they furnish protection to buildings, to cattle, and to crops, from wind, drought and frost.

Unquestionably, then, the wood lot deserves better than the present neglect, or often worse, to which it is now subjected. No farmer would think for a moment of burning over a crop of young wheat. Yet that is just what many do with their crop of young trees. Nor is the damage confined to the young growth; even the larger trees, though seldom destroyed outright, are weakened so that eventually they will fall a prey to insects, fungi, or wind; furthermore, the fertility of the soil is greatly lessened by fires. Every fire that runs through a wood lot is a direct source of loss to the owner. The absolute exclusion of fire is, therefore, the first and most important step in the rational management of the wood lot.

Closely connected with this is the exclusion of stock, which do much damage in destroying and retarding young growth, particularly of broad-leaf trees, and in packing down the soil and exposing the roots of trees.

Finally, the farmer should select the trees to be cut in such a way as to improve rather than impair the wood lot. Too often the reverse has been the case and the wood lot has deteriorated steadily through the removal of the best trees, leaving the less valuable species and poorer individuals to take possession of the ground. No knowledge of technical forestry is necessary to enable the farmer to recognize the trees which are defective, crooked, unusually branched, or of undesirable species; or to realize that the cutting of these for fuel and other uses to which they

can be put on the farm will greatly increase the value of the remaining stand.

Equally important with the raising of the crop is its final disposal. Every farmer knows what his wheat is worth and what is the best way to sell it. Very few have any similar knowledge regarding their trees. In that fact lies the real explanation of the present unprofitableness of the wood lot. So long as the average owner knows less concerning the value of the timber than any other crop on his farm, he cannot hope to sell it at its true value.

What kinds of products (posts, poles, ties, mine timbers, lumber, etc.), are in greatest demand in the locality? What species of trees are best adapted for each? In what sizes should the material be cut? By what unit of measure (cord, lineal foot, board foot, piece, etc.) should they be sold? What price should they bring on the basis of their value to the purchaser? These are samples of the questions that every farmer should be able to answer to his own satisfaction before attempting to dispose of his wood lot products. Even then he may be at a disadvantage when dealing singly with a purchaser who is more experienced in such matters and may have more or less control over the local market. Co-operation among wood lot owners in the disposal of their timber is consequently as necessary as in the disposal of their fruit, vegetables, or grains, and is frequently the only way in which they can secure its full value.

Above all, the secret of success in handling the wood lot, lies in the recognition of the fact that trees are a distinctive farm crop. When this is once thoroughly understood and the same attention is paid to their production and marketing as to other crops, the wood lot may confidently be expected to become one of the most profitable portions of the farm.

Roots for Feed.

Roots are excellent feed for dairy cows and are especially desirable for the fall and early winter, as they are palatable, easy to digest and stimulate the flow of milk. Less grain is required while roots are being fed. The change from roots to more grain should be made gradually, adding grain at the rate of one pound for ten pounds of roots withdrawn.

Build a Strong Fence.

It takes time and some money to build a good fence, but it costs quite as much of both to rebuild a rundown one. One of the most important parts of a fence, above all others, is the quality and setting of corner and gate posts. On the corner posts depends the stability of the fence, and time and expense should not be spared in setting them firmly.

The ground dries out more quickly under a high-headed tree and more fruit is blown off by the wind. When you find cross branches rubbing each other cut one of them out.

The bushel box is a favorite with the average family, because it suits them better than a barrel at one time.

The unsightly trees with rotted and split crotches to be seen everywhere might have been saved had they been pruned to form a central stem.

Some fruit commission men who have a very particular trade are learning that they can get more for apples packed in barrels without heads than when packed in the usual way, and pressed down tightly.

Cabbage should be stored in the ground, roots up, covered with five or six inches of earth. But do not cover until freezing weather comes.

Sows that have raised a spring litter when pigs are weaned must be fed well, for a pig can be easily stunted when born. Pasture will not do,

MOISTURE IN WHEAT

Grower Must Receive Market Value for Product.

Importance of Having Grain Receive Fair Treatment Has Been Lost by Farmers in Semi-Arid Section—Buyers—Set Standard.

The western grain grower is beginning to realize that it is not only necessary to grow his grain, but that he must receive full market value for his product. In the past he has ignored the importance of having his product receive fair treatment in the grain markets of the world. The buyers at the great central wheat markets attempt to standardize the grain brought in by classifying them as No. 1, 2, 3, etc., and they base their classification almost wholly upon certain physical characteristics such as weight, hardness, plumpness, color of berry, etc., characteristics which may not be the controlling ones in determining the value of the wheat for flour production, writes Robert Stewart in Denver Field and Farm. In fact, they may often mislead the buyer. It would seem that reliable information regarding the actual moisture content of the wheat and the protein content and actual baking value of the flour would be more reliable guides.

The wheat of the arid west is not receiving the consideration due it at the great grain markets of the country. It is regarded as having poor quality from the millers' and bakers' point of view, and is merely classed as western red or western white. This is a condition which must be corrected, and the growers must see that this is done. But the farmers of a given district must first unite in growing a few varieties of wheat having the combined properties of high yield, good milling and good chemical characteristics. The farmers of the intermountain region must overcome the stigma of growing a heterogeneous mixture of grains before they can receive the treatment which should be accorded them because of the high quality of our product. The millers are very keen on picking up things of this kind to urge as objections as to cut down the price of the grain.

The flour produced from the winter dry-farm wheat has a slightly lower moisture content than that produced from the other kinds of wheat. The protein content of the flour produced from the wheat receiving the greatest amount of irrigation water is 3.11 per cent lower than that produced from spring dry-farm wheat and 2.01 per cent lower than that produced from dry farm winter wheat. In case of the irrigated varieties of wheat as the amount of water applied decreases the protein increases. The protein content of the flour produced from wheat which received no irrigation water is one per cent greater than that produced from wheat receiving an application of 25 inches, notwithstanding the fact that the seed wheat in both cases was the same and the non-irrigated wheat was grown on land which had been irrigated in previous years. The moisture and dry-gluten content of the flour produced from the irrigated wheat is considered lower than that produced from either spring or winter dry-farm wheat.

Lime on Orchard Land.

When you are preparing land for orchard use plow in two or more tons of ground lime rock to make sure that the soil is not acid and will not soon become so. Ground lime rock cannot injure anything, as it has no caustic properties or other properties that can injure plants.

Yet the lime in this lime rock will be let loose for the use of the plants as they need it. More and more scientific agriculturists are coming to take this precaution.

Care for Trees and Shrubs.

Trees and shrubs should have immediate attention when received from the nursery. Remove them from the crates, cut the bundles apart, and unless you are ready to plant, "heel in" where water does not stand. "Heeling in" means digging a trench and covering the roots of the stock, working the earth in well. Stock cared for in this way may be left for a week or more. In cases of necessity, nursery stock may remain "heeled in" all winter, but such cases require careful covering. Where this is necessary with peach trees they should be covered completely.

Qualities of Sow.

In selecting mature sows from your own herd you know whether or not the one selected is gentle and quiet. These qualities are very largely bred into the animals.

Limited Butter Supply.

Fine butter is falling farther and farther behind the demand. The farmer who can produce gilt-edge butter can sell it for 40 to 60 cents a pound the year around.

Happy Bake Days



CALUMET BAKING POWDER



The cook is happy, the other members of the family are happy—appetites sharpen, things brighten up generally. And Calumet Baking Powder is responsible for it all.

For Calumet never fails. Its wonderful leavening qualities insure perfectly shortened, faultlessly raised bakings.

Cannot be compared with other baking powders, which promise without performing.

Even a beginner in cooking gets delightful results with this never-failing Calumet Baking Powder. Your grocer knows. Ask him.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

Parliament "Palace."

It is said that the new home of Australia's national parliament at the federal capital city of Canberra will be a "palace." Provision is being made in the new building for accommodating 300 members in the house of representatives, and 150 in the senate. The fact that women have the vote in Australia, and are eligible for election to the federal parliament, has not been overlooked. The means of access to the chambers are to be so designed that all members may be able to respond to a call on three minutes' notice. Public accommodation will include reading rooms, studies, and correspondence rooms. So that members may obtain recreation, 14,000 square feet of space is being devoted to billiard and other rooms. For the official reporting of the doings of the parliament, about twenty rooms will be set apart. The building is to cost \$5,000,000.

His School Report.

"What did they say to you?" asked little Harry's mother, after his first visit to the new Sunday school.

"The teacher said she was glad to see me there."

"Yes?"

"And she said she hoped I would come every Sunday."

"And was that all she said?"

"No, she asked me if our family belonged to that abomination."

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

Time works wonders, and so would some people if they were as tireless as time.

Don't be misled. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Makes beautiful white clothes. At all good grocers. Adv.

Appearances are often deceptive. Luxurious whiskers hide many an ugly mug.

Greedy.

"What kind of candy do you want, my little man?" said the storekeeper patronizingly.

"Gimme somepin' real soft and sticky, soze sister won't want any of it."

Money for Christmas.

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

Naturally.

"What does her husband do when she asks him to foot her bills?"
"Kicks about it."

The only way to flatter a really bright woman is not to.

A Home-Made Poison

Uric acid, unknown in the days of a simple, natural, out-of-door life, is a modern poison created inside the human body by a combination of meat-eating, overwork, worry, and lack of rest. Backache or irregular urination is the first protest of weak kidneys. When the kidneys fail behind in filtering out the excess uric acid, there is danger of gravel, drusey or Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills strengthen weak kidneys, but if the diet is reduced, excesses stopped, and fresh air, exercise and sleep increased, the medicine acts more quickly. Doan's Kidney Pills have a world-wide reputation as a reliable kidney tonic.

An Oklahoma Case

"Every Picture Tells a Story" C. L. Cutter, E. Main St., Watonga, Okla., says: "I had kidney and bladder disease for several years and was laid up for weeks at a time. Doctors said I must undergo an operation. Whenever I did a little work my back got so lann I could hardly move. I had almost given up hope of relief when I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills. They restored me to good health and I have never suffered from kidney complaint since. I give Doan's Kidney Pills all the credit for this cure."

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

HORTICULTURAL NOTES

In some cases the orchardist ought to employ a disinterested person to do his packing.

Line the fruit basket with burlap, two or three thicknesses, to prevent bruising and scratching.

It tries a man's eyes and his honesty as well to see all the worm holes when packing his apples.

The high-headed tree is easier to cultivate, but the low-headed tree makes the fruit picking easier.

It is generally true that self-pollinated fruit is not as large or vigorous as fruit from crossed-fertilized blossoms on the same tree.

Never leave a sharp fork, that is, a branch which extends at right angles out from the trunk. Such forks generally split down sooner or later and destroy the entire tree.

To the Woman Who Realizes She Needs Help

You are nervous. You have "crying spells." You are dejected. You don't sleep well. You have backache. You have lost ambition for your work. You are beginning to feel old and look old.

These symptoms, more than likely, are produced by some weakness, derangement or irregularity peculiar to the feminine organism.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

(In Tablet or Liquid Form)

will aid you in regaining youthful health and strength—just as it has been doing for over forty years for women who have been in the same condition of health you now find yourself. It soothes and invigorates. It rebuilds and uplifts.

Your medicine dealer will supply you in tablet or liquid form, or send 50 one-cent stamps for trial box. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Easy to take.