

The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: FEBRUARY 12, 1915.

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SLATON DIVISION IS HANDLING GULF TO COAST TRAINS

The new train service that makes the Cut-off from Texico to Sweetwater a main line with transcontinental service was inaugurated at Slaton Sunday morning at 4.25 when the west bound train from Galveston whistled for this division. At the same time the Amarillo or "Eastern Express" train was being made up to depart for Amarillo at 6.40.

This new service puts the South Plains in closer touch with central and southern Texas and with the Pacific Coast. Trains from north, south, east, and west meet at the Clovis division, and four new trains are practically made up right there, giving the New Mexico patrons as well as the tourists almost ideal service.

For the railroad boys this new service makes one passenger run from Carlsbad, N. M., to Slaton, and another from Amarillo to Sweetwater. The Lamesa run remains the same.

AMONG THE SLATON FARMERS

A. M. Hove, Publicity Man for the Santa Fe, H. T. McGee, Ed. Shopbell, and L. P. Loomis took a little auto trip among the Slaton farms Tuesday afternoon to see what our farmers are doing with their 1914 feed crop.

There were about two hundred cattle around the feed lots at J. B. Posey's farm. A bunch of twenty-one registered Hereford heifers, coming twos, that Mr. Posey had bought to start a pure bred herd with were market fat and as pretty a bunch of cattle as a man ever looked at. There were two car loads of steers being fed for the market. The mammoth ricks of feed and the large silo attested to the productiveness of the large Posey fields.

There were 237 head of cattle in the feed lots at Jim Benton's place. Mr. Benton has an excellent system of feed lots, and is just finishing feeding out his first silo.

At the Kitten farms the hog industry claimed the attention of the party. When Clem Kitten came to his farm over two years ago he purchased three brood sows, and last December when he sold his last lot of hogs on the market the total increase from those sows figured 138 head. The hogs sold and butchered

weighed about 250 pounds each, a total of over 35,000 pounds of pork. At an average of 7 cents a pound, which he received on selling them, his investment in the original three sows brought him around \$2,500 in a little over twenty-four months time. He has bought a dozen good sows to raise pigs this year. Two hogs that he butchered weighed 260 pounds each at 8 months old.

Joe Kitten bought three sows in 1913 when he came to his farm and in eighteen months time raised sixty head of good hogs. He has just fattened a bunch of thirty-one which he will top the Fort Worth market with Saturday. Some of them will weigh 350 pounds.

This shows what the stockman can do with cattle and hogs in the Slaton country.



A General Inspection

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

The Slaton Sanitary Grocery

Proctor & Olive, Proprietors

WE WISH TO ANNOUNCE the addition of two new and distinctive lines which complete the modernization of our stock for Spring and Summer, 1915.

KING'S CANDIES and COLGATE'S TOILET ARTICLES

Neither of these lines need an introduction. As you know they spell the utmost in quality. But in addition, let us call your attention to our SANITARY METHODS practised in the handling of our chocolates.

We Cater
Especially to the
Ladies' and
Children's
Patronage

Satisfy your taste for sweets at our STORE.



Easter comes on April 4th this year.

J. M. Simmons will move his grocery about Feb. 20th to the Austin brick on the north side of the Square and will name his store Central Grocery. A. L. Brannon will move his hardware store into the building to be vacated by Mr. Simmons.

S. E. Busser of Albuquerque, N. M., superintendent of the Santa Fe Reading Room System, visited Geo. E. Marriott, manager of the Slaton Reading Room, the first of the week. He found the Slaton Reading Room right up in tip top shape, and that goes without saying for Mr. Marriott is not only one of the most efficient but one of the most popular Reading Room men on the Santa Fe.

PUBLICITY AGENT FOR SANTA FE RY. VISITS THIS CITY

A. M. Hove, Publicity Agent for the North Texas Santa Fe Lines, was in Slaton the first of the week to see what the railroad division, the town, and the country is accomplishing in the way of building development and progress. He called at the Slatonite office to renew acquaintance with the editor, and spoke in very complimentary terms of Slaton and the Slaton country. This was Mr. Hove's first trip to this vicinity, and he was agreeably surprised at our superabundance of agricultural prosperity. His impression of Slaton was that he found a neat, clean appearing town with permanent, substantial business houses and a notable absence of shacks and trash.

Mr. Hove's home is at Carlsbad, N. M., and it was there that the Slatonite editor became acquainted with him and his work. He is one of the men who put the Pecos Valley before the world, and his publicity work for the valley has been a notable feature in its development.

FARMERS INSTITUTE DEC. 17TH

A system of Farmers Institutes is to be organized over Texas and attached directly to the State Department of Agriculture for the purpose of placing the latter in closer touch with the people who are benefited by its work.

W. E. Prescott, representative of the Department of Agriculture, will be in Slaton on Feb. 17th for the purpose of holding an institute and encouraging public discussion. He will perhaps address the school children also while he is here.

The mayor of the city will have charge of the arrangements for holding the institute. It is urged that a large attendance of farmers and business men attend this meeting.

The members of the Christian Church will meet at the Lodge Hall Sunday at 10 o'clock for the purpose of organizing a Sunday School. Brother Matthews will be with us to assist in organization. Also this will be Brother Robertson's last Sunday with us. All members are urged to come, and all others are cordially invited. Committee.

The qualities you look for in good wheeled Implements are Durability, Lightness in Draft, and Ease in Adjustment.

The Emerson Standard

Has the above features and others, such as the One Seed Drop and the Easy Foot

Lift. Sold by

A. L. BRANNON, Hardware

We want to sell you your

Builders Hardware

to build a home, and

Furniture

and cooking utensils to furnish the home.

FORREST HARDWARE

Five for One Votes Feb. 8th to 13th on TINWARE. One week only. At HOWERTON'S

Local and Personal.

J. H. Paul is adding two rooms and a bath to his Slaton residence.

Frank Young is building a tenant house on his land west of Slaton.

The Missionary Study Class will meet with Mrs. Geer next Monday at 3 p. m. The subject is the last division of Psalms.

The little station of Southland is said to be growing into a busy place. The new farms opening has made a demand for the post office to be re-established, and a store is being put in.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Pinkston came up from Post City Saturday and visited until Sunday.

Mrs. A. J. Rhoads is getting lumber in Slaton to build a five-room bungalow on her farm near Wilson.

T. J. Franches, who lives two miles south of Ralls, is hauling lumber out of Slaton to build a six room house.

The Missionary Society will give a Valentine Tea and Measuring Party at the Movie Theater Saturday night, Feb. 13th, immediately after the show.

The Slaton basket ball team thinks that it is some team, after Saturday's game, and it is. The Lorenzo boys brought down their biggest and best players, but they had to go back losers. The Slaton kids say they can trim Saturday's winners.

Albert Brunker received three immigrant cars last week from Nebraska for his farm near Southland, and among other implements was a Bull Tractor that will be used to do the field work on Mr. Brunker's farm. Mr. Brunker is already at work getting the land ready for a 1915 crop.



Oklahoma and Omar

My two Percheron horses will make the season of 1915 at my barns in South Slaton. Both horses are splendidly built, large animals, stylish and full of action. See large posters for particulars.

I take pleasure in recommending Oklahoma and Omar to the stockmen and invite you to look them over before selecting a sire. Terms: \$12.50 to guarantee, \$10 cash for the season; \$5 cash for single service.

T. A. AMOS.

S. C. Marrs

Contractor and Builder

Slaton . . Texas

J. D. Haney, Contractor and Builder, places his ad. in the Slatonite, soliciting work in his line. If you are thinking of building, Mr. Haney wants a chance to figure on the job.

Monday morning the splendid cotton gin at Lorenzo was completely destroyed by fire. So far we have been unable to learn the true facts as to the origin of the fire. We understand that Arthur Kelsey, the owner of the gin will rebuild as soon as he can get the material on the ground. He expects to be able to gin some more this season.—Ralls Banner.

We take pleasure in announcing that Slaton is to have a new fashionable millinery store. The building formerly occupied by the Sanitary Grocery, on the Square, has been secured and Mrs. Graves will open a millinery store with a brand new stock from start to finish. She will leave very soon for the cities to buy one of the most up-to-date lines that can be secured in the best markets. Mrs. Graves is an expert milliner who has had an extended experience in the millinery business, both in managing a business for herself and for others. She comes highly recommended and those who patronize her may be assured that they will have the latest millinery creations. Mrs. Graves is not only a trimmer but a designer as well, and her customers can secure hats both stylish and becoming. With this long needed department in the commercial interests of our fast growing little city, let each one interested "in the science beautiful" look forward to the opening of a line of goods both up to date and stylish. 1tf6

London, England.—The Daily News describes the terrible experiences of one Belgian regiment during the battle on the coast when this regiment withdrew from Antwerp. Through an error it was given two days' drill and inspection, instead of rest, and then went into action again in the network of trenches on the banks of the Yser. The newspaper's correspondent in his dispatch quotes one of the soldiers in this body as follows:

"There was a farm on our right and some of our men were firing at it when the door opened and three officers in Belgian uniforms stepped out, shouting to cease firing. We sent a detachment of men to the farm and they were swept away by machine gun fire.

"Later we entered the trenches. They were full of water and I was firing for six hours, thigh deep in water. The German machine guns shot us out of crevices in a raised bank only a few yards across the river. The Germans then got into our cross trenches and fired down our lines. We had to run back. I was too sleepy to run. I must have fallen asleep and then we must have been ordered to advance. I was too tired to get up, but some one kicked me and I got up, as did the man in front of me. He immediately was shot through the head and fell back on me. I got up again. A shell burst near me and three men who were running past just disappeared.

In Trenches With Germans.
"I found myself running forward again with others with fixed bayonets onto the Germans, who were firing from our own trenches. We were 200 left from 600. They did not wait, but scrambled over the bank across the river. We crouched in a big trench in muddy water. It was dark and we heard, we thought, Germans whispering on the river side of our bank only six feet away from us. The speakers were 300 Germans who had stayed on our side, fearing to cross the river under our fire.

Only 100 of Regiment Left.
"So we stayed all night. Neither they nor we slept. Some of our men who crept up the bank to look over were shot. Some of the Germans climbed over and we fired at their heads, hands and arms as they became visible. A few made holes through the loose earth, through which we fired on each other. Then the French got around the end and there was heavy firing. We heard a few of the enemy slipping down to the river edge and the splashing of water. Then we scrambled over the bank and won. Only 100 of our regiment now remain."

Smart Designs, Carefully Selected from the Heart of Eastern Markets

Our Showing for Spring and Summer, 1915

We invite the inspection of the Discriminating, we invite all to inspect the most up to date Dry Goods Store on the South Plains. Our Spring Shipments are arriving daily. These shipments include

Men's Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Suits Ties, Collars, and Underwear Ladies and Children's Shoes Dry Goods and Notions

and everything that constitutes satisfaction in fine wear.



Slaton's Progressive Dry Goods Store

The Richey

Lumber Yard

To Figure Your Bill for Less

This Farm \$20 Per Acre

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

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

H. D. TALLEY, SLATON, TEXAS

Slaton 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.

Fair and Square Clothes For Men and Young Men

The time it will take to view our line of SPRING SAMPLES is of such little consequence and the information to be gained is so great, that you should look—purely as a matter of business policy. Our FAIR AND SQUARE CLOTHES have earned the reputation they hold today by being consistently good and the prices RIGHT. Your request to see the line will have our prompt attention.

CHRIS HARWELL
MERCHANT TAILOR AND GENTS FURNISHINGS
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

"We Will Make Right That Which Is Not Right"

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

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Same Then as Now.

Apollo had proposed taking Venus to the Olympian games.

"How long will it take you to get ready?" he asked.

"About ten minutes," Venus answered.

"By thunder!" muttered Apollo, after waiting half an hour. "When she has only to twist up her hair!"—Judge.

Important to Mothers

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

Bears the Signature of *Wm. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

No Fortune Telling in Germany. Fortune tellers now are forbidden to practice in any part of the German empire. Soon after the war broke out, they began to do an enormous business with relatives of soldiers in the field, who wanted to know how things were going with them. Visits to the fortune tellers often had tragic consequences, as many of the callers were in a high state of nervous tension. The uncertainty of relatives regarding their men folk at the front has been aggravated by an alleged muddle of the field postal organization, which is being severely criticized by the newspapers.

Women as Inventors.

It is probably not generally known that a woman invented the paper bag. Away back in 1870 a patent was granted Miss Margaret Knight, who died only a short time ago at the age of seventy-five. There are said to be 310 woman owners of incorporated establishments in St. Louis, who, besides managing the business, can do the actual manual labor required.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try This! Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Fluffy, Beautiful—No More Itching Scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Adv.

Her Courteous Retort.

Miss Flypp—I wonder if I shall lose my looks too when I get to be your age?

Miss Elder—You will be fortunate if you do.

Ontario cultivates 15,000 acres of tobacco.

STRAIGHT LINES LIKED

SEASON'S STYLES MEET WITH GENERAL APPROBATION.

Few Women on Whom They Do Not Look Especially Well—Afternoon Frock Illustrated is Good Example to Note.

Quite the nicest thing about this season's dresses is that they look well on most of us. You may have felt positive the new frocks would never suit your own particular style, but as soon as you tried on a few in the shops you knew you had seldom seen yourself as becomingly gowned.

After the trying complexity of recent draped designs that were really suited to so few figures, the grace and dignity of the new straight lines come as a blessing. Then, too, with fuller skirts it is a relief to feel able to negotiate lifesized steps. We need no longer give an imitation of a musical comedy chorus of Japanese geisha girls with their hobbled, mincing steps.

Most stylish and practical is the pretty afternoon frock shown in the accompanying cut. It is fashioned in mulberry broadcloth, with band trimmings of skunk.

The loose, skirtlike blouse is held to the figure only along the cording that describes a raglan sleeve line. Its fur-bordered hem hangs unconfined over a hip girdle of the dress material. The



Model Showing the Grace and Dignity of the New Straight Lines.

little V neck is finished with a corded beading, while a collar of white batiste flares away from the back and side of the neck.

The moderately full skirt gathered to the hip girdle is straight and plain, covered across the back and sides by a long tunic, bordered around its edge with fur.

All the red tones are modish, and mulberry is one of the best. The design, however, need not be confined to this color treatment. Putty color will be very good with dark fur or Russian green with bands of fitch.

IN THE BOUDOIR FURNISHING

Wastebasket, Simple or Elaborate, is Something That Must Be Given Consideration.

The boudoir wastebasket is a dainty thing, and not so impracticable as one would think it upon first glance. It may be very simple or it may be very elaborate, according to the time and material which you have to give to it.

An ordinary wire basket, such as is used in offices, of the smallest size, is best for the purpose, but a wicker one may be used if you already have one on hand. Cover the outside of the basket with silk that in color harmonizes with the boudoir or bedroom for which it is intended. From two to three widths of material may be needed for this silk covering, depending, of course, upon the width of the material and the circumference of the wastebasket. One way of adjusting the silk cover to the basket is to run a gathering thread along the bottom edge (after having seamed the widths of the two narrow ends of the whole together) of the silk, and pull the thread tight until a sort of bag is formed. Place the basket in this bag, flattening the little bunch of gathers out so that the basket will stand flat upon the floor without wobbling. Turn down the raw edge of the upper part of the material so that it forms an inch and a half ruffle heading, and proceed to gather it close to the basket. When this has been done an inch and a half or two-inch ribbon band should be tied about the top over the shirring thread and about the bottom of the basket from two to three

EXQUISITE VELVET GOWN



Velvet this year belongs as much to the debutante as to the dowager. The Jenny model of Robin's egg blue pictured here may be worn at an afternoon bridge or foxtrot. The skirt is banded with silver embroidered chiffon and the blouse and sleeves show frills of silver.

inches from the base, each band ending in a bow, one right above the other. A more elaborate basket can be made by covering the whole with metal lace or gold net. It is possible to obtain somewhat the same effect by stretching a piece of old lace curtain on an improvised frame of some sort, gilding it very lightly with gold paint, then removing it and applying it to the basket.

The boudoir baskets are sometimes lined with silk, as well as having an outside covering of it. If such a lining is placed in the basket it should be fastened only with large basting stitches, so that it can readily be removed and washed when soiled.

The silk wastebasket makes a charming and imposing gift for the holidays, and one which is not so expensive as its impression is favorable.

KEEPING THE GLOVES CLEAN

One Woman's Simple Contrivance That May Be Recommended as Most Useful.

Most women are using their furs now, and since white gloves are so popular this year it has become a problem to keep the gloves clean.

A young woman who is well supplied with many practical accessories to dress seems to have solved this puzzle.

She displayed a simple contrivance made of fancy silk.

The silk was sewed together to form a separate lining and made a trifle smaller than the regular lining, with a casing at each end through which was run elastic drawn up to hold the lining tight about the wrists.

Use some material that launders well and often. White silk doesn't. The lining may have to be washed two or three times a week. It is much easier to wash the lining than to clean the gloves.

Interest in Long Tunic.

Although many dress skirts are in circular cut, this is rarely the case with velvet dresses, as the long tunic is especially good in velvet. These long overskirts, as they may be called, require weight in the cloth to make them hang gracefully, and are, therefore, an attractive style for velvet. Circular skirts are very apt to hang unevenly in velvet, as the weight of the cloth drags down the skirt at the sides.

Modish Colors.

Colors that are modish include all tones of orange, reds that tone into yellows, reds that become almost pink, and reds that deftly mingled on the pallet become a reddish petunia. The browns brocaded in gold are fabrics de luxe and many of the reddish purples seem to have a tone of gray and are charming.

COOKING TOUGH MEAT

NO BETTER WAY THAN BRAISING HAS BEEN DEvised.

Especially Should Fowl That is Not as Tender as Could Be Wished Be Prepared in This Way—Some Kidney Dishes.

Braising is an excellent way of cooking rather tough meats, as the long, slow cooking softens the meat and yet all the nourishment is preserved in the gravy. A fowl that is tough should always be cooked in this way. Take a casserole just large enough to hold the fowl. Cover the bottom with slices of fat bacon, add thick slices of onion, carrots and turnips and put in the fowl. Cover the dish and let it cook on the top of the stove for 15 minutes. Then add a pint of hot water. Place in the oven. Let it simmer an hour or longer, according to the age and size of the fowl. Two hours will be needed for an old bird. Dish the bird. Put the vegetables around the dish and pour over it a gravy made from the stock.

Kidneys which may be bought for one, two or three cents apiece—never more, even in the city, make a cheap and delicious supper, luncheon or breakfast dish either grilled or stewed. To stew the kidneys scald, skin and cut them in halves, take out the small, hard piece and rub in seasoned flour. Heat a little dripping in small casserole, put in the kidneys and fry them brown. Take them out and keep warm on a plate. Chop a small onion, fry in the casserole until brown, add a little flour and brown. Add a teaspoonful of sharp sauce and one of tomato sauce or catchup. Pour in slowly as much water as required, stirring to keep smooth. Return the kidneys to the pan and simmer for about an hour. Skim off any scum and flavor with sherry. Kidneys that are left over from a supper dish are very good hashed and served on toast for breakfast. They should be rewarmed with a brown gravy.

Grilled kidneys may be grilled in their own fat, or they may be scalded, skinned and split and brushed with oil. They should be served on toast, either well seasoned or with a devil sauce.

Veal and ham pie, a very popular and inexpensive English dish, is made as follows:

One pound veal cutlet, four ounces bacon or ham, two hard-boiled eggs, pastry, seasoned flour and mushrooms.

Make a seasoned flour by mixing one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper; add a little grated rind of a lemon and a pinch of cayenne. Cut the meat into medium pieces, rub in the flour and put into a deep pie or baking dish. Peel the mushrooms and put them in the dish. Pour in enough water to three-quarters fill the dish and cover the top of the dish over with pie crust. Make a hole in the center of the pastry. Put it into the oven and bake for an hour.

Casserole of Rice and Meat.

Two cupfuls chopped meat, pepper and cayenne, one-quarter cupful bread or cracker crumbs, one-half teaspoonful salt, celery salt, one beaten egg, hot water or stock to moisten.

Line a buttered baking dish with cooked rice one-quarter inch thick. Pack mixture in and cover with rice. Steam or bake 30 to 40 minutes. Invert on a platter and surround with tomato sauce.

Salmon Grab.

One can salmon, one-half cupful milk, two eggs, one-half cupful cracker crumbs, salt and pepper. Beat yolks of eggs and then add the other ingredients, adding the beaten whites last. Bake one-half hour. Slice cold and serve with or without mayonnaise dressing.

Silk Handkerchiefs.

Silk handkerchiefs should be washed in a warm lather made with pure soap. This should be blueed, as should the rinsing water. Roll up tightly in a cloth and iron the handkerchiefs between linen or they will turn yellow.

To Keep Cakes Moist.

To prevent cakes from becoming dry, place them in a tin box with an apple, renewing the apple when it becomes withered. The cakes will not taste of the apple.

Will Be Tender.

In preparing chicken, steak, etc., the night before for breakfast, cover with a quart of water to which three tablespoonfuls of salt have been added. There will be no taint, and the meat will be tender.

French Salad.

Stuff stalks of endive with Roquefort cheese, let marinate in French dressing 20 minutes, slip a red pepper ring around each stalk, and lay on green lettuce leaves. Add a little of the French dressing before serving.

To Cleanse and Heal Deep Cuts

Money Back If It Fails



Have it on hand

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chilblains, Lamé Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 All Dealers G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



Brentford

It Pleased Him.

"You never know what a child will do next," remarked a mother last week. "Recently, for instance, I bought some toothpowder highly flavored with wintergreen and gave it to my eldest boy, Charlie, who is ten. I've been having trouble in getting Charlie to clean his teeth properly and thought the new powder, because of its intense flavor, might encourage him.

"A couple of weeks later I noticed that a lot of the new toothpowder was gone. Feeling much pleased, I said to Charlie: 'How is the new powder doing? Is it keeping your teeth nice and clean?'

"I don't know," was the reply. "Don't know—haven't you been cleaning your teeth every day with it? Most of it's gone."

"Sure it's gone. I've been eating it. It's fine."

Age of Compactness.

Dealer—A diary for 1915? Perhaps this new style will suit you.

Customer—Rather small, isn't it? Why, it stops with January 15.

Dealer—Yes, it is very compact—does away with the unnecessary bulk of paper that you find in the old-fashioned diaries.

You can't always judge a man's worth by the taxes he pays.

Nothing pleases a woman more than to be misunderstood by a man.

The Meat of Wheat

The average yearly consumption of wheat in the United States is nearly six bushels for every man, woman and child.

But—

Much of the nutriment of the wheat is lost because the vital mineral salts stored by Nature under the bran-coat are thrown out to make flour white.

In making

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

of choice wheat and malted barley, all the nutriment of the grains, including the mineral values necessary for building sturdy brain, nerve and muscle, is retained.

Everywhere Grape-Nuts food has proven a wonderful energizer of brain and brawn, and you may be sure

"There's a Reason"

The Last Shot

By
FREDERICK PALMER

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

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

Far up on a peak among the birds and aeroplanes, in a roofed, shell-proof chamber, with a telephone orderly at his side, a powerful pair of field-glasses and range-finders at his elbow, and a telescope before his eye, Gustave Feller, one time gardener and now acting colonel of artillery, watched the burst of shells over the enemy's lines. While other men had grown lean on war, he had taken on enough flesh to fill out the wrinkles around his eyes that shone with an artist's enjoyment of his work. Down under cover of the ridge were his guns, the keys of the instrument that he played by calls over the wire. Their barking was a symphony to his ears; errors of orchestration were errors in aim. He talked as he watched, his lively features reflective of his impressions.

"Oh, pretty! Right into their tum-tums! Right in the nose! La, la, la! But that's off—and so's that! Tell Battery C they're fifty yards over. Oh, beady-eyed gods and shiny little fishes—two smacks in the same spot! Humph! Tell Battery C that the trouble with that gun is worn rifling; that's why it's going short. Elevate it for another hundred yards—but it ought not to wear out so soon. I'd like to kick the maker or the inspector. The fellows in B 21 will accuse us of inattention. It's time to drop a shell on them to show we're perfectly impartial in our favors. La, la, la! Oh, what a pretty smack! Congratulations!"

B 21 was the position of Fracasse's company and the pretty smack the one that broke one man's arm and crushed another's head.

The "God with us!" song was singularly suited to the great, bull voice of its composer, born to the red and become Captain Stransky in the red business of war. It was he who led the thunder of its verses.

"I certainly like that song," he said. Well he might. It had made him famous throughout the nation. "There's Jehovah and brimstone in it. Now we'll have our own."

"But we're always losing positions!" complained one of the men. "Little by little they are getting possession."

"They say the offensive always wins," said another.

"Five against three! They count on numbers," said Lieutenant Tom Fragni.

"There you go, Tom! Any other pessimists or anarchists want to be heard?" called out Stransky. "Just how long, at the present rate, will it take them to get the whole range? There's a limit to the number of even five millions."

Then the telephone in the redoubt brought some news. The staff begged to inform the army that the enemy's casualties in the last three days had been two hundred thousand! Immedi-

ately everybody was talking at once in Stransky's parliament, as he sometimes called that company of which he was, in the final analysis, unlimited monarch.

"How do they know?"

"Do you think it's fake?"

"That sums up to pretty near a million!"

"My God! Think of it—a million!"

"We're whittling them down!"

"It doesn't make any difference whether Partow or Lanstron is chief of staff!"

"They're paying!"

"Paying for our fellows that they've killed! Paying for being in the wrong!"

Stransky, his eyes drawing inward in his characteristic slant, was well pleased with his company, and the scattered exclamatory badinage kept on until it was interrupted by the arrival of the mail. Partow and Lanstron, understanding their machine as human in its elements, had chosen that the army should hear from home.

"How's this!" exclaimed one man, reading from a newspaper. "They're going to put up a statue of Partow in the capital! It's to show him as he died, dropped forward on the map, and in front of his desk a field of bayonets. On one face of the base will be his name. Two of the other faces will have 'God with us!' and 'Not for theirs, but for ours!' The legend on the fourth face of the war is to decide."

"Victory! Victory!" cried those who had listened to the announcement.

Stransky was thinking that they had to do more than hold the Grays. Before he should see his girl they had to take back the lost territory. He carried two pictures of Minna in his mind: one when she had struck him in the face as he tried to kiss her and the other as he said good-by at the kitchen door. There was not much encouragement in either.

"But when she gets better acquainted with me there's no telling!" he kept thinking. "I was fighting out of cussedness at first. Now I'm fighting for her and to keep what is ours!"

CHAPTER XIX.

The Ram.

In the closet off the Galloway library, where the long-distance telephone was installed, Westerling was talking with the premier in the Gray capital.

"Your total casualties are eight hundred thousand. That is terrific, Westerling!" the premier was saying.

"Only two hundred thousand of those are dead!" replied Westerling.

"Many with only slight wounds are already returning to the front. Terrific, do you say? Two hundred thousand in five millions is one man out of twenty-five. That wouldn't have worried Frederick the Great or Napoleon much. Eight hundred thousand is one out of six. The trouble is that such vast armies have never been engaged before. You must consider the percentages, not the totals."

"Yet, eight hundred thousand! If the public knew!" exclaimed the premier.

"The public does not know!" said Westerling.

"They guess. They realize that we stopped the soldiers' letters because they told bad news. The situation is serious."

"Why not give the public something to think about?" Westerling demanded.

"I've tried. It doesn't work. The murmurs increase. I repeat, my fears of a rising of the women are well grounded. There is mutiny in the air. I feel it through the columns of the press, though they are censored. I—"

"Then, soon I'll give the public something to think about, myself!" Westerling broke in. "The dead will be forgotten. The wounded will be proud of their wounds and their fathers and mothers triumphant when our army descends the other side of the range and starts on its march to the Browns' capital."

"But you have not yet taken a single fortress!" persisted the premier.

"And the Browns report that they have lost only three hundred thousand men."

"Lanstron is lying!" retorted Westerling hotly. "But no matter. We have taken positions with every attack and kept crowding in closer. I ask nothing better than that the Browns remain on the defensive, leaving initiative to us. We have developed their weak points. The resolute offensive always wins. I know where I am going to attack; they do not. I shall not give them time to reinforce the defense at our chosen point. I have still plenty of live soldiers left. I shall go in with men enough this time to win and to hold."

"The army is yours, Westerling," concluded the premier. "I admire your stolidity of purpose. You have my confidence. I shall wait and hold the situation at home the best I can. We go into the hall of fame or into the gutter together, you and I!"

For a while after he had hung up the receiver Westerling's head drooped, his muscles relaxed, giving mind and body a release from tension. But his spine was as stiff as ever as he left the closet, and he was even smiling to give the impression that the news from the capital was favorable.

When he called his chiefs of divi-

sion it was hardly for a staff council. Stunned by the losses and repulses, loyally industrious, their opinions unasked, they listened to his whirlwind of orders without comment—all except Turcas.

"If they are apprised of our plan and are able to concentrate more artillery than our guns can silence, the losses will be demoralizing," he observed.

Westerling threw up his head, frowning down the objection.

"Suppose they amount to half the forces that we send in!" he exclaimed.

"Isn't the position, which means the pass and the range, worth it?"

"Yes, if we both take and hold it; not if we fail," replied Turcas, quite unaffected by Westerling's manner.

"Failure is not in my lexicon!" Westerling shot back. "For great gains there must be great risks."

"We prepare for the movement, your excellency," answered Turcas.

It was a steel harness of his own will that Westerling wore, without admitting that it galled him, and he laid it off only in Marta's presence. With her, his growing sense of isolation had the relief of companionship. She became a kind of mirror of his egoism and ambitions. He liked to have her think of him as a great man unruffled among weaker men. In the quiet and seclusion of the garden, involuntarily as one who has no confidant speaks to himself, reserving fortitude for his part before the staff, while she, under the spell of her purpose, silently, with serene and wistfully listening eyes, played hers, he outlined how the final and telling blow was to be struck.

"We must and we shall win!" he kept repeating.

Through a rubber disk held to his ear in the closet of his bedroom a voice, tremulous with nervous fatigue, was giving Lanstron news that all his aircraft and cavalry and spies could not have gained; news worth more than a score of regiments; news fresh from the lips of the chief of staff of the enemy. The attack was to be made at the right of Engadir, its center breaking from the redoubt manned by Fracasse's men.

"Marta, you genius!" Lanstron cried. "You are the real general! You—"

"Not that, please!" she broke in. "I'm as foul and depraved as a dealer in subtle poisons in the middle ages! Oh, the shame of it, while I look into his eyes and feign admiration, feign everything which will draw out his plans! I can never forget the sight of him as he told me how two or three or four hundred thousand men were to be crowded into a ram, as he called it—a ram of human flesh!—and guns enough in support, he said, to tear any redoubts to pieces; guns enough to make their shells as thick as the bullets from an automatic!"

"We'll meet ram with ram! We'll have some guns, too!" exclaimed Lanstron. "We'll send as heavy a shell fire at their infantry as they send into our redoubts."

"Don't. It's too like Westerling. It has become too trite!" she protested.

"The end! If I really were helping toward that and to save lives and our country to its people, what would my private feelings matter? My honor, my soul—what would anything matter? For that, any sacrifice. I'm only one human being—a weak, lunatic sort of one, just now!"

"Marta, don't suffer so! You are overwrought. You—"

"I can say all that for you, Lanny," she interrupted with the faintest laugh. "I've said it so many times to myself. Perhaps when I call you up again I shall not be so hysterical."

Lanstron was not thinking of war or war's combination when he hung up the receiver. It was some moments before he returned to the staff room, and then he had mastered his emotion. He was the soldier again.

An hour or so before the attack the telegraph instruments in the Galloway house had become pregnantly silent. There were no more orders to give; no more reports to come from the troops in position until the assault was made. Officers of supply ceased to transmit routine matters over the wire, while they strained their eyes toward the range. Officers of the staff moved about restlessly, glancing at their watches and going to the windows frequently to see if the mist still held.

No one entered the library where Westerling was seated alone with nothing to do. His suspense was that of the mothers who longed for news of their sons at the front; his helplessness that of a man in a hospital lobby waiting on the result of an operation whose success or failure will save or wreck his career. The physical desire of movement, the conflict with something in his own mind, drove him out of doors.

Westerling was rather pleased still with the fact that he could still smile; pleased with the loyalty of younger officers when, day by day, the staff had grown colder and more mechanical in the attitude that completed his isolation. Walking vigorously along the path toward the tower, the exercise of his muscles, the feel of the cool, moist air on his face, brought back some of the buoyancy of spirit that he craved. A woman's figure, with a cape thrown over the shoulders and the head bare, loomed out of the mist.

"I couldn't stay in—not to-night," Marta said as Westerling drew near. "I had to see. It's only a quarter of an hour now, isn't it?"

She seemed so utterly frail and distraught that Westerling, in an impulse of protection, laid his hand on her relaxed shoulders.

"Our cause is at stake to-night," he declared, "yours and mine! We must win, you and I! It is our destiny!"

"You and I!" repeated Marta. "Why you and I?"

It seemed very strange to be thinking of any two persons when hundreds of thousands were awaiting the signal for the death prepared by him. He mistook the character of her thought in the obsession of his egoism.

"What do lives mean?" he cried with a sudden desperation, his grip of her shoulders tightening. "It is the law of nature for man to fight. Unless he fights he goes to seed. One trouble with our army is that it was soft from the want of war. It is the law of nature for the fittest to survive! Other sons will be born to take the place of those who die to-night. There will be all the more room for those who live. Victory will create new opportunities. What is a million out of the billions on the face of the earth? Those who lead alone count—those who dwell in the atmosphere of the peaks, as we do! The pressure of his strong hands in the unconscious emphasis of his passion became painful; but she did not protest or try to draw away, thinking of his hold in no personal sense but as a part of his self-revelation. "All—all is at stake there!" he continued, starting toward the range. "It's the Rubicon! I have put my career on to-night's cast! Victory means that the world will be at our feet—honor, position, power greater than that of any other two human beings! Do you realize what that means—the honor and the power that will be ours? I shall have directed the greatest army the world has ever known to victory!"

"And defeat means—what does defeat mean?" she asked narrowly, calmly; and the pointed question released her shoulders from the vise.

What had been a shadow in his thoughts became a live monster, striking him with the force of a blow. He forgot Marta. Yes, what would defeat mean to him? Sheer human nature broke through the bonds of mental discipline weakened by sleepless nights. Convulsively his head dropped as he covered his face.

"Defeat! Fail! That I should fail!" he moaned.

Then it was that she saw him in the reality of his littleness, which she had divined; this would-be conqueror. She saw him as his intimates often see the great man without his front of Jove. Don't we know that Napoleon had moments of privacy when he whined and threatened suicide? She wondered if Lanny, too, were like that—if it were not the nature of all conquerors who could not have their way. It seemed to her that Westerling was beneath the humblest private in his army—beneath even that fellow with the liver patch on his cheek who had broken the chandelier in the sport of brutal pascion. All sense of her own part was submerged in the sight of a chief of staff exhibiting no more stoicism than a petulant, spoiled schoolboy.

While his head was still bent the artillery began its crashing thunders and the sky became light with flashes. His hands stretched out toward the range, clenched and pulsing with defiance and command.

"Go in! Go in, as I told you!" he cried. "Stay in, alive or dead! Stay till I tell you to come out! Stay! I can't do any more! You must do it now!"

"Then this may be truly the end," thought Marta, "if the assault fails."

And silently she prayed that it would fail; while the flashes lighted Westerling's set features, imploring success.

In the Browns' headquarters, as in the Grays', telegraph instruments were silent after the preparations were over. Here, also, officers walked restlessly, glancing at their watches. They, too, were glad that the mist continued. It meant no wind. When the telegraph did speak it was with another message from some aerostatic officer saying, "Still favorable," which was taken at once to Lanstron, who was with the staff chiefs around the big table. They nodded at the news and smiled to one another; and some who had been pacing sat down and others rose to begin pacing afresh.

"We could have employed two lines of automatics, one above the other!" exclaimed the chief of artillery.

"But that would have given too much of a climb for the infantry in going in—delayed the rush," said Lanstron.

"If they should stick—if we couldn't drive them back!" exclaimed the vice-chief of staff.

"I don't think they will!" said Lanstron.

To the others he seemed as cool as ever, even when his maimed hand was twitching in his pocket. But now, suddenly, his eyes starting as at a horror, he trembled passionately, his head dropping forward, as if he would collapse.

"Oh, the murder of it—the murder!" he breathed.

"But they brought it on! Not for

theirs, but for ours!" said the vice-chief of staff, laying his hand on Lanstron's shoulder.

"And we sit here while they go in!" Lanstron added. "There's a kind of injustice about that which I can't get over. Not one of us here has been under fire!"

Even the minute of the attack they knew; and just before midnight they were standing at the window looking out into the night, while the vice-chief held his watch in hand. In the hush the faint sound of a dirigible's propeller high up in the heavens, muffled by the fog, was drowned by the Gray guns opening fire.

Before the mine exploded, by the light of the shell bursts breaking their vast prisms from central spheres of flame for miles, with the quick sequence of a moving-picture flicker, Fracasse's men could see one another's faces, spectral and stiff and pasty white, with teeth gleaming where jaws had dropped, some eyes half closed by the blinding flashes and some opened wide as if the lids were paralyzed. Faces and faces! A sea of faces stretching away down the slope—faces in a trance.

Up over the breastworks, over rocks and splintered timbers, Peterkin and the judge's son and their comrades clambered. When they moved they were as a myriad-legged creature, brain numbed, without any sensation except that of rapids going over a fall. Those in front could not falter, being pushed on by the pressure of those in the rear. For a few steps they were under no fire. The scream of their own shells breaking in infernal pandemonium in front seemed to be a power as irresistible as the rear of the wedge in driving them on.

Then sounds more hideous than the flight of projectiles broke about them with the abruptness of lightnings held in the hollow of the Almighty's hand and suddenly released. The Browns' guns had opened fire. Explosions were even swifter in sequence than the flashes that revealed the stark faces. Dust and stones and flying fragments of flesh filled the air. Men went down in positive paralysis of faculties by the terrific crashes. Sections of the ram were blown to pieces by the burst of a shrapnel shoulder high; other sections were lifted heavenward by a shell burst in the earth.

Peterkin fell with a piece of jagged steel embedded in his brain. He had gone from the quick to the dead so swiftly that he never knew that his charm had failed. The same explosion got Fracasse, sword in hand, and another buried him where he lay. The banker's son went a little farther; the barber's son still farther. Men who were alive hardly realized life, so mixed were life and death. Infernal imagination goes faint; its wildest smiles grow feeble and banal before such a consummation of hell.

But the tide keeps on; the torn gaps of the ram are filled by the rushing legs from the rear. Officers urge and lead. Such are the orders; such is the duty prescribed; such is human bravery even in these days when life is sweeter to more men in the joys of mind and body than ever before. Precision, organization, solidarity in this charge such as the days of the "death-or-glory" boys never knew! Over the bodies of Peterkin and the barber's and the banker's sons, plunging through shell craters, stumbling, staggering, cut by swaths and torn by eddies of red destruction in their ranks, the tide proceeded, until its hosts were oftener treading on flesh than on soil. And all they knew was to keep on—keep on, bayonet in hand, till they reached the redoubt, and there they were to stay, alive or dead.

"After hell, more hell, and then still more hell!" was the way that Stransky expressed his thought when the engineers had taken the place of the 53d of the Browns in the redoubt. They put their mines and connections deep enough not to be disturbed by shell fire. After the survivors in the van of the Grays' charge, spent of breath, reached their goal and threw themselves down, the earth under them, as the mine exploded, split and heaved heavenward. But those in the rear, slapped in the face by the concussion, kept on, driven by the pressure of the mass at their backs, and, in turn, plunged forward on their stomachs in the seams and furrows of the mine's havoc. The mass thickened as the flood of bodies and legs banked up, in keeping with Westerling's plan to have "enough to hold."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Deadly Weapons of War.

Individuals attain considerable skill in handling the bayonet. It is almost a mooted question in military circles whether the bayonet or saber is the better weapon. The saber, undoubtedly, is the quicker weapon, and more skill is needed to handle it. Its user, however, depends entirely on the strength of his right wrist and right arm, whereas the man with the bayonet can so regulate his thrusts and parries that nearly every muscle of his body is brought into service. That, it is seen plainly, gives the bayonet the advantage in the latter stages of a duel between men armed with bayonet and saber.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Our candies are always fresh.—Red Cross Pharmacy.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Dennis on Monday night.

Col. L. A. H. Smith went to Galveston Monday to visit for several weeks.

A. E. Howerton built a twenty-foot addition to the warehouse part of his store this week.

W. C. Pritchett moved to Sweetwater this week. His passenger run is from Sweetwater to Amarillo.

Joe H. Teague, Jr., is back at the depot again, working for the Santa Fe. He landed a nice job as night ticket agent, a new place created at the Slaton depot by the new Gulf to Coast train service.

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

J. A. Ethridge purchased the P. O. Williams house the first of the week and moved it to his lots in West Slaton which he purchased recently from C. C. Hoffman. He will add more improvements to the property.

Plant trees.

Of the last ten children born in Slaton nine have been boys.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Simmons are the happy parents of a son born to them Sunday night.

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

The old bakery building was moved out to the Posey farms the first of the week to be converted into a farm residence.

There are rumors that a new brick business building with a frontage of one hundred and fifty feet will be put up in Slaton this spring.

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

Miss Mary Spetter was married to George Schiefelbein at the St. Joseph's Church in Topeka, Kansas, Wednesday morning this week. Miss Mary is an accomplished and talented lady, and has a large number of admiring friends in Slaton who take pleasure in giving her their best wishes and congratulating the groom on the estimable lady he won for his bride.

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

G R E E T I N G :

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

FIRST STATE BANK OF SLATON

Slaton farmers still have a few bales of cotton in the fields to pick.

Bring your harness and shoes to Kimbrough. He can repair them.

C. H. Chandler has let the contract for two good residence houses to be built at once in Slaton.

W. C. Eddington writes from Topeka, Kans., that he will be home on the 17th of this month, and that he is rapidly recovering.

Jas. Foster returned from the Santa Fe hospital at Clovis, N. M., Thursday last week, and has about recovered from his indisposition.

H. H. Robinson came down from Canadian Wednesday to make arrangements to move back to this city. Mrs. Robinson will probably be in Slaton next week.

The Chants Dramatic Company has been playing to crowded houses at the Movie Theater this week. They play "East Lynn" tonight and a comedy-drama tomorrow night.

MARY E. ROBERTSON

Mary E. Newman was born in east Tennessee on Dec. 20, 1850. In 1857 her father moved to southwest Missouri, and in 1867 to Denton County, Texas. She was married to L. C. Robertson on Aug. 28, 1873, and confessed Christ as her Savior in October of that year. She departed this life at the sanitarium in Post City on Feb. 6th, 1915.

Funeral services were conducted from the First Baptist Church of Slaton Sunday at 2.30 o'clock p. m., by Elder Matthews of the Christian Church, and interment was made in the Slaton cemetery. A large number of friends and old neighbors attended the services to pay their respects to the life of a good woman. Mrs. Robertson held the respect and esteem of all who knew her, and will be missed from the community. She has been suffering from asthma for several years.

Mrs. Robertson is survived by her husband, by two sons, and one daughter. One son, E. L. Robertson, is a druggist of Bisbee, Ariz., and the other son, D. W. Robertson, is a merchant of Enid, Okla. Her daughter is Mrs. J. W. Price, who lives in El Paso where her husband is in the automobile business. All the children were with their mother during her last illness.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank the good people of this town and vicinity for the kindness and aid extended to us in our bereavement, and especially the good women who were so attentive to Mrs. Robertson's wants. My daughter and sons join me in thanking you.

L. C. Robertson.

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

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

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

Slatonite Printing Pulls

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

This is the UNIVERSAL question of the AGE. Can YOU give an INTELLIGENT answer? The great South Plains area of Texas is sufficient to supply every industrious family, within her borders, with a comfortable home; and the SLATON country has proven itself to be the NUCLEUS.

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

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

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

C. C. HOFFMAN SLATON, TEXAS

320 Acres Adjoining Slaton for \$25 Per Acre

This land adjoins Slaton on the south and is the biggest bargain ever offered on the South Plains

We Have Also Six Ten-Acre Blocks Adjoining Slaton for Sale

BRANHAM & BRANHAM, Owners, Slaton, Texas

The Richey Lumber Yard

To Figure Your Bill for Less

City Directory and Railway Guide.

MAYOR: R. J. Murray.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST CHURCH.

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

BAPTIST CHURCH.

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

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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

LODGES.

INDEPENDENT ORDER ODD FELLOWS.

Slaton Lodge No. 861 I. O. O. F. meets every Monday at 8.30 p. m. G. L. Sledge, N. G. L. P. Loomis, Secretary.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.

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

WOODMEN CIRCLE.

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

A., F., AND A. M.

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

YOEMEN.

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

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.--Santa Fe South Plains Lines

California and Gulf Coast Limiteds, daily.

No. 921 (west bound) from Galveston arrives in Slaton at.....4.25 a. m.
Departs for all points west to California.....4.35 a. m.
No. 922 (south bound) from California arrives in Slaton at.....12.10 p. m.
Departs for central Texas and Galveston.....12.35 p. m.

Slaton-Amarillo Trains, Eastern and Northern Points, daily.

No. 908 leaves Slaton for Amarillo at.....6.40 a. m.
No. 904 from Amarillo arrives in Slaton at.....11.55 a. m.

Slaton-Lamesa Local, Daily Except Sunday.

No. 908 from Lamesa arrives in Slaton.....11.15 a. m.
No. 907 departs from Slaton for Lamesa.....2.00 p. m.

The Slaton Slatonite

L. P. Loomis, Editor and Manager

SUBSCRIPTION, A YEAR \$1.00

Entered as second-class mail matter September 15, 1911, at the post office at Slaton, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1897.

The Slaton railroad yards look like a real city now since the new train service puts the trains in here at noon.

Carranza has taken quite a notion to Vera Cruz since Uncle Sam's boys cleaned it up for him, and so decided to move the government headquarters down there. Uncle Sam put Vera Cruz on the map.

A dividend of twenty million dollars has just been distributed by a Chicago mail order concern among its stockholders. If that company had to pay taxes in every township in the United States according to the amount of goods sold in each township during the year, that twenty million would be sent back to the communities where it rightfully belongs.

Those who are making arrangements of any kind based on the full moon in February may have to do a little calculating to make their plans materialize. Likewise, the men folks can with impunity promise their wives to do all the gardening if they will plant in the full moon of this month. The moon in January was full on the 1st and again on the 30th, and will be full again on the same dates in March. So there will be no full moon in February. This circumstance has not occurred before since the year 1866 and will not happen again in this generation.

HONOR ROLL.

The pupils named below have made an average of 90 per cent and above and have been neither absent nor tardy during the month ending Jan. 29, 1915.

Respectfully,
N. A. Terrell, Supt.

HONOR ROLL.

Rachel Haney.
Lona Sowell.
Marguerite Hoffman.
Beatrice Robertson.
Pauline Robertson.
Francis Hoffman.
Ruby Hoffman.
Leo Hubbard.
Noel Loomis.
Chester Meyers.
Ethel Spooner.
Earl Florence.
Harvey Austin.
Eldon Imboden.
Frances Blundell.
C. C. Hoffman, Jr.
T. A. Worley, Jr.
Pauline Shelby.
Annie Ward.
Bertha West.
Flake Young.
Mable Winegar.
Frank Hanley.
Georgia Farschon.
Edna Wadsworth.
Ethel West.
Albert Hoffman.
Albert Brasfield.
Margo Harris.
Kate Rutherford.

FOR SALE.—My home in South Slaton. 5-room house, well and windmill, fences and outbuildings. One acre land; or will sell 4 1-3 acres with the improvements if purchaser wants more land. Will sell on terms, if wanted.—Pearl Dunscomb, Slaton, Texas.

THE SAFETY LECTURE

The "Safety Lecture," given at the Slaton Reading Room last Thursday night by Isaiah Hale, Commissioner of Safety for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company, was attended by a full representation of railroad employes and their families. The lecture was illustrated by moving pictures, views, and railroad scenes that reach the heart of every loyal railroad man.

The pictures were prefaced by a ten-minute lecture by Mr. Hale that was a splendid education on safety for every person present, whether in the railroad service or not. It is astounding to learn how many children, hobos, trespassers, and loiterers meet with death or accidents by being on railroad property when they have no business there. The railroad boys in the shops and in the train service sometimes fall into a habit of taking a short cut in their work that means taking a chance, and a gambler always loses in the end. These features were all strikingly illustrated with the pictures, and made a vivid impression on the audience.

The Santa Fe points with pride to its record for safety. During the year ending June 30, 1914, there were only 66 employes killed on their System of over 11,000 miles. The record for the previous year was 103. There were 68,569 more days of work done this year, so the Safety Movement has lessened the chances of accident 44 per cent in one year. The Santa Fe says that "It is better to be safe a thousand times than crippled once."

Entertaining features of the lecture were pictures showing the world famous Fred Harvey Hotels along the Santa Fe lines; some beautiful views of Yosemite and Grand Canyon, and some up-to-the minute pictures of the Panama Pacific Exposition. Then a two-reel motion picture that was a lecture in itself. The safety pictures were prefaced by a stereopticon showing the popular features of E. P. Ripley, President of the Santa Fe Railway Company.

The Bureau of Safety, under the able guidance of Mr. Hale, is doing a great work for the railroad boys.

Voters in Lubbock County

There are 763 voters in Lubbock and attached counties this year, compared to 848 poll tax receipts issued last year. Following is the list by precincts.

Prec.	Polls.	Exempt.
No. 1	167	10
No. 2	78	1
No. 3	29	11
No. 4	149	5
No. 5	108	
No. 7	10	
No. 8	28	
No. 9	42	2
No. 10	40	
No. 11	49	
No. 12	9	
No. 13	13	
No. 14	3	
No. 15	9	
	764	29

The Valentine Tea, Measuring Party and Pie Social advertised for Saturday evening, Feb. 13, at the Movie Theater, under the auspices of the M. E. Missionary Society, will be held Saturday afternoon, commencing at 2.30, in the building formerly occupied by the Sanitary Grocery, West side of Square.

Sudan Grass folders for sale at the Slatonite office.

FOR SALE—160 acres 2 1-2 miles east of Wilson. V. R. K., Box 703, Lubbock, Texas.

FOR SALE.—Pure White Orphington eggs \$2.00 per setting.—Mrs. S. R. Cade, Slaton, Tex.

FOR SALE or trade, cheap.—Fine young stallion and jack. Also three fine jennets. I. W. Meyer, Slaton, Texas.

Fiddler Robertson was in Slaton yesterday from his neighborhood across the Brazos, and said that about the biggest news that he knew of in his vicinity was the birth of a daughter recently to Mrs. and Mrs. T. J. Morrison.

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

J. D. Haney

Slaton, Texas

Contractor and Builder

Estimates Furnished Promptly
Let Me Figure Your Job.

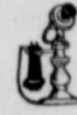
FRED HOFFMAN

Painter and Paper Hanger

Interior Decorator. Expert Floor Finisher.
Slaton, Texas

USED FROM COAST TO COAST WHAT?

THE TELEPHONE



HAVE YOU ONE?

The Western Telephone Company

L I S T E N !

Spend your money with your home merchants—
This includes your home printer when you need printing,
And your local lumberman when you need lumber.
You will find this to be the best kind of commercial philosophy.

Slaton Lumber Company

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 Fred Harvey Eating House, and a Reading Room for Santa Fe employes. 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.

ALFALFA ON DRY FARM

One of the Best Drought Resisting Plants Known.

Cause of Many Failures in Semi-Arid Sections is Shallow Plowing—Good Stand Obtained by Planting in Deep Seed Bed.

(By E. R. PARSONS.)
Years ago alfalfa was considered as a sort of watercress that had to be irrigated every few days. The fact is, however, that it is one of the best drought resisting forage plants known. It has been the salvation of dry central Asia and also of the South American deserts, where it seldom rains. It is considered so valuable in Peru and Chile and other countries adjoining that it is often raised in seed beds and planted out by hand in valleys where there is no rain but some damp soil on account of underflow from the mountains.

Many plant alfalfa in the dry farming states and fail. The reason is usually the same—shallow plowing. The art of obtaining a good stand of alfalfa lies in planting it in a deep seed bed. In a dry farm paper some years ago I remember reading that a good way to plant alfalfa was to plow the sod two to three inches, roll it, run a slanted harrow over it and then put in the seed. This was the worst advice that could be possibly given to a dry farmer. Unfortunately, many believed it and lost their work and their seed. Some obtained a poor stand which eventually died out, but a few who were farming over wet ground managed to raise a little. Alfalfa planted in shallow plowed land seldom amounts to anything, even if a stand is obtained, which seldom happens except in a very wet year.

Many will say "Don't plant alfalfa on sod." This is all right as far as it goes, but when these people talk sod they mean the shallow breaking that they are accustomed to.

In countries where it blows, alfalfa should always be planted on sod, but it should be plowed as deeply as possible—eight to ten inches at least, and well worked up on the surface.

The sod, when plowed under deeply, holds the moisture, and the old roots hold the soil together and prevent it from blowing.

The deeper the seed bed for alfalfa the sooner it becomes established and the heavier the crops will be as long as the field lasts.

Almost any soil will raise alfalfa if deep enough, but if there is any rock or hardpan near the surface it will not amount to much unless there is some seepage or permanent moisture to help it out.

TIME FOR PLANTING ALFALFA

Best Results Secured by Doing Work in Wettest Season of the Year—Avoid Crust on Soil.

It is very important when planting the seed that no crust should form above it, therefore it is advisable when using a press drill to plant only when the top inch is dry. The drill with chain drags should be used in clay soil or in moist weather. Half an inch to an inch is the best depth to plant it in sandy soil, but in clay loam even less is better. The best time to plant alfalfa is the wettest season of the year. The seed is small, it cannot be put in very deep, and if it sprouts and then dries out before the next rain comes it is gone. For this reason we do not recommend fall planting.

Some have been successful with late planting and recommend it to their neighbors, but taking it by and large we find that only about 40 per cent obtain a stand, while spring planting gives over 75, when the plowing and other work has been properly done.

Insure Pure Seed.

The only way for the farmer to know that he is getting pure seed is for him to examine or have examined by someone who knows, the seed he proposes to purchase. He should secure a sample of the seed, pour it on a sheet of white paper and with the aid of a magnifying glass and a pocket knife separate out the weed seeds and the dirt and determine the percentage.

Peculiarities of Hens.

Some hens never cackle after laying. Usually the hen that lays the most eggs never says a word about it. Again, some hens that lay brown eggs at the beginning of a clutch lay very light eggs toward the end of it.

Sanitary Stables.

Stables where any live stock is confined should be kept perfectly sanitary and thoroughly ventilated, as the health and comfort of the animals will depend much upon these conditions.

Watchword of Dairyman.

Cleanliness first, last and all the time, should be the watchword of every dairyman.

CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS! STOP USING SALIVATING DRUG

Don't Lose a Day's Work! If Your Liver Is Sluggish or Bowels Constipated Take "Dodson's Liver Tone."—It's Fine!

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel lazy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick, you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your

sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

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.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children! Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.

MADE A NEW CLASSIFICATION

Montana Waiter Announced Lobsters as the Only "Game" on the Menu That Night.

The man from Montana was eating lobster Newburg the other night in a Broadway restaurant.

"Lobsters are common enough to you people here on the seacoast," he remarked to a New Yorker, "but when one gets well inland the fresh lobster becomes a bit more of a novelty. Not that we don't get plenty of lobsters in Montana, but, naturally, there they're not as numerous as down here, and they are regarded as more of a luxury."

"This fact was brought to my attention one night recently in a hotel in Butte. I got in on a rather late train and went into a restaurant about nine o'clock in the evening for dinner. I happened to feel like eating a grouse or a duck or something of that sort. I glanced at the menu and failed to see any birds.

"Haven't you got any grouse or other game?" I asked the waiter.

"We ain't got any grouse," was the reply. "The only game we have is lobsters."

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

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

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is the difference between a chef and a cook?

Paw—About \$75 a month, my son.

The Cause.

"How did you lose your hair?"
"Worry. I was in constant fear that I was going to lose it."

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

Maybe the man who says he takes a cold plunge every morning means that he takes it internally.

Millions of particular women now use and recommend Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

Tennessee limits the work of women to 54 hours weekly.

Time of Disturbance.

Church—The spirit of unrest seems to be growing.

Gotham—How so?

"Why, I see a New York inventor has patented an attachment for talking machines that repeats a record as long as the mechanism is running."

TALK ON WESTERN CANADA.

You Don't Have to Lie About Canada—The Simple Truth Is Enough.

The natural resources of the country are so vast that they cannot be told in mere figures. Man can only tell of what tiny portions have done. He can only say, "I am more prosperous than I ever expected to be." And yet if a farmer expects to succeed on land that he has been forced to pay \$50 to \$100 an acre for he ought to feel assured of attaining prosperity when he finds the richest prairie soil at his disposal absolutely free. If he has a little capital, let him invest it all in live stock and farm implements—he will find himself ten years ahead of the game. Some day such a chance will not be found anywhere on the face of the globe. But now the same opportunities await you as awaited the pioneer and not one hundredth part of the difficulties he encountered and overcame. Success in Canada is made up of two things, natural resources and human labor. Canada has the one and you the other. A postal card stands between you and the Canadian government agent. If you don't hold these two forces and enjoy the fruits of the result it is your own fault.

Debt and Canada Will Not Stand Hitched.

You want a cozy home, a free life, and sufficient income. You want education for your children, and some pleasure for your wife. You want independence. Your burden has been heavy, and your farm hasn't paid. You work hard and are discouraged.

You require a change. There is a goal within sight, where your children will have advantages. You can get a home in Western Canada, freedom, where your ambitions can be fulfilled. If the Prairie Provinces of Canada are full of Successful Farmers why should you prove the exception? Haven't you got brains, experience, courage? Then prove what these are capable of when put on trial. It is encouraging to know that there is one country in the world where poverty is no barrier to wealth; own your own car; own yourself; be somebody.

For facts write to any Canadian government agent. Advertisement.

Scared, but No Coward.

"You look scared, lieutenant," said a coarse grained fellow in the ranks to an intelligent young officer as the regiment was ordered to charge.

"I am scared," was the frank reply. "If you were half as scared as I am you would be on the run five miles in the rear."

She Dyed.

"I thought you were in love with a light-haired girl last year?"
"I was, but she dyed."

Vincent Astor has expended \$100,000 on a farm home for convalescent children of New York hospitals.

Panhandler Failed.

This is a panhandle story that failed. Douglass Fairbanks, the actor, was "touched" today for 35 cents by a man who said he wanted to get to New Rochelle to see his sick wife. The actor gave up willingly. Shortly after he met the panhandler on Sixth avenue inviting a couple of bums in to have a drink. "I thought you were going to New Rochelle to see your sick wife?" questioned the actor. "I guess I made a mistake replied the young man. "No you didn't," said Mr. Fairbanks. "You're going to New Rochelle." He took the man in a nearby cafe and spying an athletic young fellow hired him to take the panhandler to the Grand Central depot and put him on a train for New Rochelle, using the 35 cents to buy the ticket. "And knock his block off if he doesn't go," were Mr. Fairbanks' parting instructions to the athletic one.—New York Times.

Another Luxury.

Payton—We hear a great deal lately about the high cost of living, and loving.

Parker—Yes, and the high cost of loafing ought not to be sneezed at, either.—Life.

National Rose Garden.

The American Rose society is having a rose garden planted at the nation's capital, on Uncle Sam's soil. Already 320 varieties are growing therein.

Any Old Excuse Goes.

"What is his excuse for getting off the water wagon so soon?"
"He says he got down to crank it."

Mere talk is cheap, but some advice is expensive.

But the male of the species is never too hoarse to sing his own praise.

Good Cause for Alarm

Deaths from kidney diseases have increased 75% in twenty years. People overdo nowadays in so many ways that the constant filtering of poisoned blood weakens the kidneys.

Beware of fatal Bright's disease. When backache or urinary ills suggest weak kidneys, use a tested kidney medicine.

Doan's Kidney Pills command confidence, for no other remedy is so widely used or so generally successful.

An Oklahoma Case

B. M. Horsman, Wynnewood, Okla., says: "My back ached almost constantly and I got so lame and sore that I couldn't stoop. The kidney secretions passed far too often, obliging me to get up at night. Finally, I got Doan's Kidney Pills and they helped me so much that I procured more. They made my kidneys normal, removed the soreness and pain and benefited me in every way."



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

DEFIANCE STARCH

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

10 ACRE TRUCK FARMS

\$1 cash and \$1 weekly, no interest, no taxes. In the Little Rock-Fine Blue District of Arkansas. Close to markets and railroads. Very productive. Send for literature. Trentman Land Co., 217 Beason, Wichita, Kan.

"The Law of Financial Success"

a book with real Bread and Butter value, complete 2c postpaid. May mean thousands of dollars to you. The Fidelity Company, Box 602, Fresno, Cal.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 3-1915.

Women Everywhere

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Women from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from all sections of this great country, no city so large, no village so small but that some woman has written words of thanks for health restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. No woman who is suffering from the ills peculiar to her sex should rest until she has given this famous remedy a trial. Is it not reasonable to believe that what it did for these women it will do for any sick woman?

Wonderful Case of Mrs. Crusen, of Bushnell, Ill.

BUSHNELL, ILL.—"I think all the trouble I have had since my marriage was caused by exposure when a young girl. My work has been housework of all kinds, and I have done milking in the cold and snow when I was too young to realize that it would hurt me. I have suffered very much with bearing down pains in my back and such miserable pains across me, and was very nervous and generally run down in health, but since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my back never hurts me, my nerves are stronger, and I am gaining in health every day. I thank you for the great help I have received from your medicine, and if my letter will benefit suffering women I will be glad for you to print it."—Mrs. JAMES CRUSEN, Bushnell, Illinois.

A Grateful Atlantic Coast Woman.

HODGDON, ME.—"I feel it a duty to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely straighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine."—Mrs. HAYWARD SOWERS, Hodgdon, Maine.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

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



For PINK EYE

DISTEMPER CATARRHAL FEVER AND ALL NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES
Cures the sick and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for brood mares and all others. Best kidney remedy; 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or sent, express paid, by the manufacturers.
SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, GOSHEN, INDIANA

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

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

**SYSTEM FULL OF URIC ACID—
THE GREAT KIDNEY
REMEDY.**

Two years ago I was very sick and after being treated by several of the best physicians in Clinton, I did not seem to get any better. I was confined to my bed. Seeing Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root advertised, I resolved to give it a trial. After using it for three weeks, I found I was gaining nicely, so I continued until I had taken a number of bottles. I am now restored to health and have continued my labors. My system was full of uric acid, but Swamp-Root cured me entirely. I am sixty years old.

Yours very truly,
W. C. COOK,
Clinton, Iowa.

1203 Eighth Ave.
State of Iowa }
Clinton County } ss.

On this 13th day of July, A. D. 1909, W. C. Cook, to me personally known appeared before me and in my presence subscribed and swore to the above and foregoing statement.

DALE H. SHEPPARD,
Notary Public,
In and for Clinton County

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores. Adv.

Good Advice.

Bacon—I see it said that many persons are apt to remain too long in a cold bath, and care should be taken to avoid this mistake, which has a debilitating effect if indulged in often.

Egbert—If you happen to break through the ice this winter, remember that. Don't stay in too long.

**SAGE TEA DARKENS GRAY
HAIR TO ANY SHADE. TRY IT!**

Keep Your Locks Youthful, Dark,
Glossy and Thick With Garden
Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger. Adv.

Not Greedy.

Passenger—I'd give you a tip, only I've nothing but a ten-dollar bill.
Porter—Oh, that'll be enough, sir.

Every time a woman gets married some man's troubles begin.

Always sure to please, Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell it. Adv.

England and Wales in 1912 had 283,834 marriages.

**YOUR
WELFARE**

is at stake when you neglect the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Poor health will soon overtake you. Keep up "to the mark" by assisting these organs in their work with the help of

**HOSTETTER'S
Stomach Bitters**

It makes the appetite keen and aids digestion. Try a bottle.

**PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM**
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.

WANTED to hear from owner of good farm for sale. Send description and price. Write to Business Agency, Dept. A, Slaton, Ia.

**150 FRENCH SOLDIERS IN GERMAN
LINES FOR MORE THAN FOUR MONTHS**

Fugitive Fighters Cut Off From Retreat in Belgium in Early Stages of War Conduct Guerrilla Warfare Against Foe, Inflicting Heavy Losses and Damage and Successfully Elude Every Attempt to Capture Them.

Paris.—In all its wealth of heroic actions the present war contains no more surprising episode than that which has just been brought to light. The facts are as follows:

For more than four months, ever since August 23, an organized company of 150 French soldiers have been living in the Belgian provinces of Luxemburg and Namur, and although surrounded entirely by the German forces occupying Belgium, they have constantly escaped capture. For almost four months they have conducted a guerrilla warfare against their foes, inflicting heavier losses and more damage than could be done by an entire regiment in the open, and every attempt of the Germans to dislodge them from the mountain forests where they have found refuge has failed.

The story is vouched for by an unimpeachable authority who has personally seen and interviewed the commander of this fugitive force and several of his men.

These 150 men are all that is left of the French troops who vainly attempted in a two-day battle to resist the German advance between the Rivers Liesse and Semois on August 22-23. The order for general retreat sent out by the allied forces on Sunday, August 23, reached them too late. Their only way of retreat, through Mezieres, having been cut off, and realizing that they were surrounded, they decided to seek refuge in the thick forests with which this region is covered and to await there the return of the French forces, which in their minds then was a matter only of days.

The informant who brings this story to Paris makes no secret of the hiding place of these soldiers, which, he says, is between the towns of Saint-Hubert and Givet, in the Belgian section of the Ardennes mountains. Their presence there is known to all the inhabitants of the surrounding villages and to the Germans as well.

Villagers Help Frenchmen.

Having decided to remain within the enemy's lines, the men were organized by the few officers who had survived the battle and after a careful survey of the country a place of concealment was selected from which it would be possible to do the most harm to the enemy with the least danger of detection. Scouting parties were sent to the nearby villages, who enlisted the aid of the inhabitants, all of whom have long ago fled the country and are now beyond the reach of German reprisals. A good supply of ammunition was the most urgent need of the soldiers and women and children volunteered to make a search of the Liesse-Semois battlefield and to empty the cartridge belts of the dead French troops still unburied. A supply of 17,000 Lebel cartridges was gathered in this manner and carefully concealed in the forest.

In exchange for the food and clothing which were furnished by the villagers the commanding officer gave regular army requisition papers which will be redeemed when the war is over and the Belgian peasants were only too glad to save their property from the Germans in this manner, knowing that they will obtain payment for it from the French government at a later date.

But this was not the soldiers' only means of obtaining supplies. Believing the surrounding country cleared of hostile troops the Germans continued to send provision trains through with

only a small guard to protect them and one by one these trains were held up and their escorts killed by the Frenchmen. These attacks occurred at points so far apart that the Germans were unable to discover the exact location of the hostile force and although strong bodies of troops have been sent against it every search has failed. Cavalry and infantry troops have ventured as far into the forests as they have dared, but so thorough a knowledge of the ground have the fugitives acquired that they have been able to conceal themselves successfully every time.

During the first few weeks of their forest life the soldiers might have succeeded in getting over the border had they accepted the offers of the inhabitants to furnish clothing with which they could disguise themselves as peasants and pass through the German lines as refugees. These offers, however, were refused.

German Commander Killed.

On one occasion in the village of Houyet, on the Liesse, 20 kilometers from Dinant, the fugitive soldiers had a narrow escape. A German force, which the French believed to be small, had occupied the royal chateau l'Ardenne and was making merry with the contents of a well-filled larder and wine cellars of the place, while the few remaining inhabitants in the village were starving. The commander of the French soldiers decided to put an end to this condition of affairs and undertook personally to trap and capture the German commander. The surprise of the latter can well be imagined when during a morning stroll he came suddenly face to face with a French officer in full uniform who ordered him to hold up his hands. He drew his revolver instead, but the Frenchman was quicker and shot him dead.

The report was heard by the sentry

GUARDING BRITISH COAST



Pickets from the Somersetshire regiment guarding the coast from a possible attack by German submarines.

at the chateau and brought a strong force of Germans on the run. The French soldiers were waiting near by to assist their chief, but one glance was enough to see that they were greatly outnumbered and all fled back to the woods, not one being even wounded.

A similar incident had occurred only a few days before at Beauraing, ten miles away, when a German captain had been killed, and the military authorities thereupon decided to make a thorough search of the forest to round up the French troops. More than one thousand men took part in the search, but not a Frenchman was found.

Meanwhile the attacks have continued and the Germans in the regions of Houyet, Gedulne, Saint-Hubert, Beauraing and Givet are terrorized. No officer dares venture out alone, no stranger is allowed to pass. M. Speyer, the Belgian senator, who has taken charge of the feeding of the remaining inhabitants of these regions, has been subjected to a close watch during all his visits, and he is practically the only one tolerated in these towns.

The authority for this story saw the French commander only two weeks ago and succeeded in getting through the German lines and back to Paris. At that time the German military authorities had posted throughout the two Belgian provinces of Luxemburg and Namur the following announcement addressed to the fugitive soldiers:

"French soldiers:

"We know where you are and have full information regarding your strength. In your own interest we advise you to surrender and promise that your lives will be safe. If you refuse every one of you will be shot."

On the following morning the Germans were amazed to find written in a bold hand across several of the posters the following line:

"If you know where we are why don't you come and get us?"

And underneath appeared the signature of the French commanding officer, with his full name and rank and the number of his regiment.

SAVED FOR PRINCE'S SAKE

Germans Spare Maubeuge, France, Because of Treatment Given the Kaiser's Dying Nephew.

Boulogne, France.—Because a young French Red Cross nurse took interest in an eighteen-year-old German lieutenant, who was brought unconscious into the hospital at Maubeuge, and died three days later, the city of Maubeuge has been favored by its German conquerors, and is enjoying a greater degree of freedom than any of the other French border towns in German territory.

The wounded German was the prince of Saxe-Meiningen, nephew of the emperor. He had suffered a fractured skull and died without regaining consciousness.

At the suggestion of the nurse, the local authorities gave the prince the funeral honors due his rank, photographed the body and coffin, and sent the photographs, together with the personal belongings of the prince and a detailed account of his illness to his family at Meiningen.

The young man's father, the duke of Saxe-Meiningen, acknowledged the courtesies in a letter expressing deepest appreciation and later—when the Germans entered Maubeuge—he proved his gratitude by directing the troops occupying the fortress town to treat the inhabitants with the utmost consideration. The nurse was given a safe conduct through the German lines.

Bar English Language.

Berlin.—The Berliner Tageblatt asks all Americans to communicate with German firms, associations or individuals in German, explaining: "We all know English, but we'd rather have you approach us in our own language just now."

FRENCH CARE FOR HORSES

Wounded, Ill and Overworked Animals Treated in "Hospitals" by Blue Cross.

London.—There have been established in France, largely through the co-operation of the French government, veterinary hospitals which are now caring for some 2,000 animals. Three of these farm hospitals are in Normandy and others at Gisors, Fontainebleau province and Troyes.

Seven camp hospitals are also established at the front, which look after animals suffering from overwork, exposure and sickness, as well as from wounds.

The Blue Cross fund is an offshoot of the Dumb Friends' league, which corresponds to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of the American cities.

To Exchange the Disabled.

Rome.—Through the efforts of the pope, an agreement has been reached providing for the exchange of permanently disabled prisoners of war.

**STOMACH MISERY
GAS, INDIGESTION**

"Pape's Diapepsin" fixes sick, sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes.

Time! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, or foul breath.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless.

Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest relief known. Adv.

Preparing a Substitute.

"We are to have company for dinner and I don't believe there is a grapefruit to be had in town! What in the world shall I do?"

"Got any oranges?"

"Plenty of them."

"All right. You be splitting the oranges and I'll run down to the drug store and get a pound of quinine to dust them with."

Commercial Courtesies.

"So you think the system of taxation is unbusinesslike?"

"Absolutely," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "The idea of the government's refusing to give a big influential customer like me a liberal discount for cash."

LOOK YOUR BEST

As to Your Hair and Skin, Cuticura Will Help You. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These fragrant super-creamy emollients preserve the natural purity and beauty of the skin under conditions which, if neglected, tend to produce a state of irritation and disfigurement.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Let's Hope So.

Bill—This paper says the invention of an Englishman is a machine to permit a singer to hear his own voice just as an audience hears it.

Jill—Do you suppose that will make certain people who sing more merciful?

**SALTS IF BACKACHE OR
KIDNEYS TROUBLE YOU**

Eat Less Meat if Your Kidneys Aren't Acting Right or If Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

Sure.

"Do you believe that there is a higher power?"

"My dear sir, I married her."

The Hague peace tribunal was formed 15 years ago.