

The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: FEBRUARY 5, 1915.

Number 22.

FIRE DESTROYED SANTA FE SAND HOUSE IN SLATON SATURDAY

The first real fire the Slaton Santa Fe division has ever had occurred last Saturday evening about 6.30 o'clock when the roof of the sand house caught fire, and destroyed the building. The alarm was given and three hose were connected up in record time and streams of water were playing on the flames under 120-pounds pressure. Owing to the construction of the building it was almost impossible to get the water on the inside but the boys put the fire out before the walls fell in. They had some experience handling a live hose that made them step around pretty lively. The building will be rebuilt at once.

BASKET BALL

Lorenzo played basket ball in Slaton Saturday, and both games were won by the home teams.

The Slaton school girls won their game by a score of 8 to 12. Lona Sowell, forward, made two field goals and two free throws. Ruby Moore, forward, made three field goals. Pauline and Beatrice Robertson played center, and Auzilie Brazell and Rachel Haney, guards.


For Lorenzo, Mamie Smyer, forward, made one field goal; Susie Hudgens, forward, made two field goals; McGuire, center, made one field goal; Eva Kelsey played center; Loeta Smyer and Minnie Kelsey, guards.

The men's game was Slaton's from the start. John DeLong, forward, made six field goals; J. H. Paul, forward, made five field goals. Jas. Foster played center, and Alex DeLong and Virgil Brazell, guards.

For Lorenzo S. Smith, forward, made two free goals, and H. Moore, forward, made three field goals. Wallen played center, and E. Smith and S. Smyer, guards.

The game was a clean one, only two or three fouls being called. The final score was 8 to 22 in favor of Slaton.

Frank Anderson of Oto, Iowa, has leased Section 5 just south of Slaton for a period of five years, and will put improvements on it at once. He will fence the land, build a good house, barns, lots, etc., and get the land ready for crops this spring. Ernest Nickelbar of South Dakota recently bought



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

this section, and leased it to Mr. Anderson. Frank said that he received a letter from home (Oto, Iowa) the other day in which his folks stated that the thermometer stood 23 degrees below zero up there; and when he read that he was well satisfied to remain on the South Plains where freezing weather is considered pretty severe. He also enjoyed the novelty of a hunt in the canyon one day last week with H. T. McGee, for blue quail. They got twenty-nine birds. This is great sport for a hunter from the north.

R. P. Morgan arrived in Slaton yesterday from McGregor where he has been working since leaving here two years ago, and will be with his brother, B. C. Morgan, for some time and will work at his trade as carpenter.

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.



Ed Lowery and J. S. Boone of Alief, Texas, arrived in Slaton this week with an immigrant car. Their families will join them here in a day or two. Mr. Boone has rented the Dr. G. H. Branham farm, and purchased the stock, feed, and farming implements owned by L. C. Robertson who is giving possession of the farm to him. Mr. Robertson is leaving the farm on account of the severe illness of his wife.

It is said that petitions are being circulated to build a new court house for Lubbock. The project may carry but it will have rough sledding. Many influential men of the county will be opposed to it. Tax paying time, a government war tax, and high price taxes are making people so nervous right at this time that a man jumps at the sound of the word tax.

RESCUED BLUEJACKET DESCRIBES WAR'S HORRORS IN SEA BATTLE

London, Jan. 31, 2:16 a. m.—The Scotsman today published the narrative of a German bluejacket, a survivor of the German armored cruiser Bleucher, who once lived in the United States.

The bluejacket said the German fleet was advancing at full speed to attack the English coast when the British warships were sighted. Thereupon the Germans turned and made for port. The Bleucher, which was comparatively slow, made desperate efforts to keep up her maximum speed, but the British overhauled her and opened fire at a range of about ten miles.

"We were under fire from first to last," the bluejacket continued. "The British centered their fire on us. Their fire was awful. Our guns were put out of action, our decks were swept and our gun crews wiped out.

"One terrible shell burst in the heart of the ship, where many men were killed. I saw five killed by one shell.

"I do not know what finished the Bleucher, as she was full of holes, but I heard she struck a torpedo. If so, we can thank the torpedo for saving hundreds of lives from the murderous gun fire. When the ship was sinking I jumped clear of her into the terribly cold water, which was full of dead, and men with shattered limbs who were crying for assistance. After being rescued by the British we were warmed, fed and clothed."

The sailor is credited with saying that during the raid on Scarborough the men believed they were taking part in a great naval action which was extending all over the North Sea.

I Am a Candidate for Your Piano Votes

To the Good People of Slaton and Vicinity:

I am in the Piano Contest now being conducted at Howerton's Store and am in the contest to win. I will appreciate your support and your votes. When you make a purchase at the store or secure a subscription to the Slatonite save the votes for me. I am counting on my friends to help me in the race.

As soon as my school duties will permit I will make an active campaign for votes.

Sincerely yours,
MAY STEWART.

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

Received a New Line of
RUGS
 at Howerton's
 COME AND SEE THE DISPLAY

Atrocities on Battlefields
 CONCLUDED FROM PAGE FOUR

their gallant and civilized fight. Such a feeling, however, is not felt for the English.

The story I heard most often repeated about the English was that they had given the sign of surrender, and then, when the Germans advanced, had fired upon them. I have heard several versions of this story, generally from intelligent, cool-minded officers who seemed to know what they were talking about. The last time I heard the story was in Frankfort-on-the-Main from a personal friend who had just come from general headquarters to which he is assigned. The English, he said, had given the sign of surrender, their officers standing at the edge of the trenches, hands raised. The Germans advanced, and when they came quite close up they were met by a deadly fire from English troops firing from

between the officers' legs.

"So now there is no more quarter being given English soldiers," he ended.

Some English Ingenuity.

Another story about the English which has the authority of a German army officer who witnessed it is the following:

In a small engagement in France the Germans were facing the English and were suffering from artillery fire of a rather uncanny nature. In the first place, the location of the enemy's artillery was a mystery, and no reason could be found for its deadly accuracy. Before long the artillery was disclosed. It was in a large building flying the Red Cross flag and was firing from the windows of this "hospital." Later it was found that an English officer was in the town where the Germans had their headquarters, and had walled himself in the cellar. Here he communicated with the outer world through an air shaft, where the village priest gave him observations about the accuracy of the English artillery, which he then telephoned to the "hospital."

With the army corps where I had the privilege of mingling freely with soldiers behind the lines I heard innumerable stories about the English firing on the Red Cross. It was so terrific, this inhuman battle, that during the early days of the trench fighting, I was told, Germans were forced to lie in their trenches for 48 hours with the dead and their dying comrades about them. No Red Cross assistance could be brought because the enemy ruthlessly shot down anyone coming with relief.

"No More English Prisoners."

These stories were always concluded by the statement, always significantly added, that "now no more English are being taken prisoners." I tried to find out just what truth there

was in this oft repeated statement, and, while I found it believed everywhere, I could never run across an officer in whose particular corps or regiment this order had been given. It was always in the "next corps" or the "next regiment." Finally an officer told me that he believed that such an order had been given in only one corps of soldiers facing the English. Certainly it was not with his corps, as I myself talked to two English wounded prisoners in one of the little field hospitals a few miles behind the trenches.

"Why did you fire on the Red Cross?" I asked them.

"The Germans are doing it, too," they said.

The handsome old chateau, where I was a guest of the commanding general for two days, had been previously occupied by the English, and the general himself took me about the place and showed me where the English had smashed open the magnificent pieces of antique furniture in their search for loot. They had broken the glass case containing a rare old coin collection, and had left a few pieces of a jewel collection.

German Looter Punished.

Later I learned that the only German caught at "souvenir hunting" in the castle had been given a sentence of six months at hard labor.

The quiet and picturesque old village which this castle watched over had been plundered by the English, as villagers themselves told me, adding that many of their girls had been cruelly treated by the allied soldiers. They said they were glad to have the Germans there, for the Germans paid for everything, and German army doctors even took care of their sick in the village. I could not, however, get any accurate information as to the extent of English offenses.

I have by no means retold all the stories I heard about the English, confining myself to those which have the best authority.

I heard several stories from Germans about their own misdeeds. When one is with privates he soon finds that war is a great instigator of latent talents of story telling, and I was so ready a listener that something extraordinary had to be prepared for me. Most of these stories had as hero the story teller himself, and while occasionally one dealt with more serious crime, the majority were rather fascinating accounts of the stealing of chickens, eggs, occasionally an ox. One story I heard repeated several times, so that there may be some foundation for it. But when comparing the two most extreme versions one has a clear glimpse of the unreliability of many of the stories told about the war.

"Slaughter" of English Prisoners.

The worst version of the story is that 70 English prisoners were being conducted by some Bavarians to Liege on their way to Germany. When the car arrived only six Englishmen were left. The Bavarians were questioned as to the whereabouts of the 64.

"The poor fellows died on the way," the Bavarians replied. "And if Liege had only been a little farther away the other six would have died also."

I was horrified by this story until I heard the milder version, which had all the same details with the somewhat important difference that six were killed and sixty-four remained. Later I heard a story that a Bavarian, conducting English prisoners, had been insulted by a strapping six-foot English private and had broken his neck by one twist of his powerful hands. This may be the whole truth. It may be another incident or it may be that both stories are without foundation.

It is my deep conviction that one of the gravest and most terrible features of the war is the unjustified and seemingly unlimited publicity which has been and will be given to alleged atrocities committed in the war. I do not mean to show the slightest coldness to the horrors of the unquestionably large number of crimes which have been committed, but I am convinced that the publicity has been unmeasured, and given without much success in bringing cool judgment to bear on the accuracy and significance of the evidence published. Looking at the question with what objectivity is possible, the following fact seems to stand out as worthy of thorough consideration. With the exception of the English army now in the field, which is professional, all the armies are people's armies, cross sections of the nation for which they are fighting. There is no system yet perfected by man by which undetected criminals can be omitted from a conscript army, so that the men who, if left at home in the era of peace, would in time commit crimes and be brought to justice under the ordinary procedure of all civilized countries, have been sent out to war, to the most terrible experiences which man can face, demoralized by the man hunt which they are conducting and nearly crazed by the terrible physical conditions under which they live. These men commit the crimes of which the world is



He doesn't wear Ide Silver Collars



He wears Ide Silver Collars

How About You?

If you are experiencing the same sort of trouble as the fellow in the picture at the left, try

Ide Silver Collars 2 for 25c

They have lots of tie space—are easy to put on and take off—correct in style—perfect fitting—and retain all of their original goodness through months of wear because they have LINOCORD UNBREAKABLE NON-STRETCHING BUTTONHOLES—in IDE SILVER COLLARS ONLY.

Call for them. ROBERTSON'S

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Contractor
 and
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WHEN IN LUBBOCK

and in need of a

JOHN B. STETSON HAT

drop in and see us. We have everything from the regular staples to the

Latest Creations in Head Gear

New Shipment just arrived direct from the factory.

CHRIS HARWELL

MERCHANT TAILOR AND GENTS FURNISHINGS
 LUBBOCK, TEXAS

"We Will Make Right That Which Is Not Right"

This Farm \$20 Per Acre

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

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 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

The Richey

Lumber Yard

To Figure Your Bill for Less

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.**

ENDS DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, GAS

"Pape's Diapepsin" cures sick, sour stomachs in five minutes—Time It!

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.—Adv.

Word to the Wise.

"Do you know, Bill, I nearly lost a sovereign today?" said a Londoner to a friend of his the other day. "How was that?" "Well, you see, I went to call on a friend of my wife's, and he asked me to lend him a sovereign. 'Yes, certainly,' said I, and I brought out a sovereign, but it never got farther than my hand." "How was that?" "Well, you see, one of his daughters commenced to sing 'Kathleen Mavourneen.'" "Well, what has that got to do with lending a sovereign?" "Everything, Bill, for she started like this: 'It may be for years, or it may be for ever,' so I popped the quid back in my pocket."—London Tit-Bits.

A WARNING TO MANY

Some Interesting Facts About Kidney Troubles.

Few people realize to what extent their health depends upon the condition of the kidneys.

The physician in nearly all cases of serious illness, makes a chemical analysis of the patient's urine. He knows that unless the kidneys are doing their work properly, the other organs cannot readily be brought back to health and strength.

When the kidneys are neglected or abused in any way, serious results are sure to follow. According to health statistics, Bright's disease, which is really an advanced form of kidney trouble, caused nearly ten thousand deaths in 1913 in the state of New York alone. Therefore, it behooves us to pay more attention to the health of these most important organs.

An ideal herbal compound that has had remarkable success as a kidney remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy.

The mild and healing influence of this preparation in most cases is soon realized, according to sworn statements and verified testimony of those who have used the remedy.

If you feel that your kidneys require attention, and wish a sample bottle, write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Mention this paper, enclose ten cents and they will gladly forward it to you by Parcel Post.

Swamp-Root is sold by every druggist in bottles of two sizes—50c and \$1.00. Adv.

A Philanthropist.

"Yes, sir, I want to get married, and I thought you might give me an increase in salary of five dollars a week."

"So that's it, eh? You want to get married?"

"Yes, sir."

"A man who gets married these days is taking big chances. I am going to reduce your salary five dollars a week in order to keep you from making a fool of yourself. You will thank me some day."

Sometimes Apply It Lightly.

For cuts, burns, scalds, sores and open wounds always apply Hanford's Balsam lightly, but be sure that it covers and gets to the bottom of the wound. A few light applications are generally all that is needed to heal this class of difficulties. Adv.

Badly Aimed.

"Blinks always hits the nail on the head."

"Yes, but usually he drives it into the wrong place."

Pneumonia? Apply Hanford's Balsam. Rub it on and rub it in thoroughly, until the skin is irritated. Adv.

It is sometimes easier to do the proper thing than the right thing.

Many a fellow never gets to the front because he is too fast.

FARM POULTRY

LATE TURKEYS AS BREEDERS

Yearling Toms With Two-Year-Old Hens Make Good Combination for Next Year's Flock.

Late turkeys should not be kept for next year's breeders. It is a costly mistake to sell all the early-bred turkeys because the market is high, forgetting the next year's hatches that you want to make good. Next year's hatches depend on this year's stock. Early yearling toms of this



A Fine Bird.

year mated next spring with two-year-old hens will give you strong hatches. These two-year-old hens may not lay so many eggs as your early-hatched year-old hens will lay, but the number of poult that will live over those of the younger hens, though the latter be mated with two-year-old toms, may astonish you, and yet these early-hatched hens of this year's hatch should be kept over for the making of the future good two-year-olds. Let the turkeys roost in airy quarters until the cold nights come, then give them a shelter dry and free from drafts, though they yet need plenty of air. One good tom will be sufficient to keep over with seven or eight hens, though good results are obtained by keeping ten hens with one vigorous male. When feeding up the market turkeys do not allow the breeders the same ration. Breeders must be kept only in good condition, never allowed to get too fat.

WALLOWING PLACE FOR HENS

Road Dust is Not Recommended for Chickens as it is Composed Largely of Droppings.

A dust bath under a south window makes an ideal wallowing place for the chickens on a wintry day. Do not gather up the road dust, it is the moist and mellow earth which the birds need to keep their feathers clean and the skin in healthy condition; road dust is largely composed of droppings, and, however fine, it is not best for the chickens. Enough earth should be brought in before freezing to change the dust bath during the winter. If a little insect powder, or crude carbolic acid is added, the dust bath is an aid in keeping down lice.

Pigeons for Profit.

Pigeons bred for business, looked at merely from a pot-pie standpoint, are apt to disgust the fancier who cares for nothing but the beauty of his birds, writes Charles R. Harker. It is the old story of "art for art's sake," or art for cold coin, and the latter generally takes first place, because this is a bread-and-butter world. Be it profit and pleasure can be derived from pigeons, however, just as is the case with poultry where beauty and utility go hand in hand.

POULTRY NOTES

Remember that a lousy hen cannot give you the results that she could if free from lice.

Green bone should be fed three times a week to the laying hens and daily to the male bird.

A few drops of tincture of iron in the drinking water make an excellent spring tonic for the fowls.

While grass is necessary to a fowl's proper condition it is not fair to expect a hen to live on grass alone.

Whatever you do, unless you fatten for market, don't give an exclusive corn diet, and better not even then.

Finely sifted coal ashes mixed with an equal quantity of dry dirt make an excellent material for the dust bath.

"MY HEALTH IS PERFECT"

So Says A North Carolina Lady In Telling What She Owes To Cardui, The Woman's Tonic.

Mt. Airy, N. C.—Mrs. Ada Hull, of this place, says: "About six years ago I got in very bad health. I suffered terrible pains in my abdomen and back. I dreaded to see the sun rise and I dreaded to see it set, for I suffered such agony. No one except myself will ever know how badly I suffered. The doctor said I was suffering as a result of the menopause.

As nothing gave me any relief, I asked the doctor if I hadn't better try Cardui. He said, 'It might help you,' and told my husband to get me a bottle. At this time I was so weak I could not lift my head, and my voice was so weak, people had to lean towards the bed to hear what I said. I looked so bad and had such a dark color that I looked like a dead woman, and my relatives thought I would never get up again.

I took one bottle of Cardui and it relieved the pain and suffering so much that my husband got another bottle, and that improved me still more. I began to strengthen and gradually got well. I have now had better health for six years, than I ever had in all my life. I have taken no medicine since, and my health is perfect.

Cardui is the finest medicine a woman could use."

Try it. At druggists.—Adv.

As to Flattery.

J. G. Holland declared that a man whom it is proper to praise cannot be flattered, and the man who can be flattered ought not to be praised. But this is an extreme saying which ignores a common human weakness and assumes a strength of mind few possess. As great a man as Gladstone was often "morally intoxicated" with flattery; George Elliot did her best work under the unreasoning praise of her husband and the exaggerated praise of his Kitty, who believed him the greatest of men and did not hesitate to tell him so, unquestionably strengthened the erstwhile Irish leader, Parnell, to action, even if it occasionally unsteered his reason.

CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

By Frequent Shampoos With Cuticura Soap. Trial Free.

Precede shampoos by touches of Cuticura Ointment if needed to spots of dandruff, itching and irritation of the scalp. Nothing better for the complexion, hair, hands or skin than these fragrant supercreamy emollients. Also as preparations for the toilet.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address: "postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Comparisons.

"Alexander the Great was a wonderful general!" said the student.

"Yes," replied the casual reader. "But I understand he had such a limited map to deal with that compared with the modern output his war news doesn't amount to much."—Washington Star.

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

Had Some Help.

"He is a self-made man, is he not?" "Yes, except for the alterations made by his wife and her mother."—Judge.

FOR BETTER ROADS

BENEFIT OF GOOD HIGHWAYS

Main Market Roads Reach Majority of Producing Areas and When Improved Land Values Increase.

The road-building specialists of the United States department of agriculture in bulletin No. 136, entitled "Highway Bonds," have the following to say about the benefit of a well-constructed highway to property owners whose property is not directly on the road to be improved:

In planning the highway system or the main market roads it will be found necessary to omit many roads the improvement of which is greatly desired by abutting landowners. The fact that such property holders must pay a tax for the bond issue is only an apparent injustice, for if the highway system is well planned the entire county will feel the benefits of the improvement. As a rule, main market roads reach the majority of producing areas, and when they are improved all land values tend to increase.

The fact that cities and larger towns are frequently taxed for bond issues to build highways outside of their own limits is sometimes made a



Improved Road in the Woods.

point of debate in bond elections. It is argued that because a large part of the county wealth is within the corporate limit of such cities and towns highway bond money should also be used to construct their streets. It is even urged that the expenditure should be made proportionate to the assessed valuation within the city limits. If the proceeds of highway bond issues were distributed in this way, their purpose in many cases would be defeated. The primary object of the county highway bond issue is to build county market roads and not to improve city streets, although a high percentage of the assessed valuation may be city property. It is now known that the expenditure of city taxes on county roads is a sound principle and that it is one of the best features of state aid for highways. In Massachusetts the city of Boston pays possibly 40 per cent of the total state highway fund, but not a mile of state-aid highway has been built within its limits. New York city also pays about 60 per cent of the cost of the state highway bonds. Some state laws prohibit the expenditure of proceeds of state highway bonds within corporate limits of cities or towns.

The improvement of market roads results in improved marketing conditions, which benefit the city. Most cities are essentially dependent upon the surrounding country for their prosperity and development. The development of suburban property for residence purposes is also dependent upon highway conditions, and it is becoming evident yearly that whatever makes for an increase in rural population must be encouraged. Since the introduction of motor traffic country highways are used to an increasing extent by city residents. In fact, the cost of maintaining many country highways has been greatly increased by the presence of city-owned motor vehicles. The general advance in facilities for doing country business from town headquarters when roads are improved is no inconsiderable factor in the commercial life of the community.

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Cries Not Caused by Pain.

A well-known merchant of New York has a \$5 gold piece that he swallowed as a child of five immediately after its presentation to him. Doctors were summoned by twos and threes and stomach pumps brought in a hurry. While waiting the little chap cried and cried, refusing to be soothed. His mother, hugging and moaning over her boy, supposed the cries meant pain. Just before the doctors came, however, a sharp inquiry by the donor of the gold piece brought out the sobbing statement by the little chap that he was in pain, but he wanted his gold piece back. Immediately another piece was placed in his hand and almost immediately his cries ceased.

Adaptability of Brain.

Each vocation makes a different call upon the brain and develops faculties and qualities peculiar to itself, so that as the various professions, trades and specialties multiply, the brain takes on new adaptive qualities, thus giving greater variety and strength to civilization as a mass. When the world was young the brain of man was very primitive, because the demand upon it was largely for self-protection and the acquisition of food, which called only for the development of its lower, its animal part. As civilization advanced, however, there was a higher call upon the brain and more varied development, until today, in the highest civilization, it has become exceedingly complex.—Success Magazine.

GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT, BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Make It Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff—Real Surprise for You.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and just try it. Adv.

Same Thing Nowadays.

"Jane, will you see if that is the grocery man at the door?"

"No, ma'am; it is the postman with a bushel of beets."

About the only man in the world who doesn't want a fat job is the living skeleton.

Every woman's pride, beautiful, clear white clothes. Use Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

Will power may merely be another name for won't power.

Too many men measure success by the standard of their own littleness.

The Last Shot

BY
FREDERICK PALMER

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SYNOPSIS.

At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galland and her mother, entertaining Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron of the Browns injured by a fall in his aeroplane. Ten years later, Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, re-enforces South La Tir and meditates on war. Marta tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, and begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff. Lanstron calls on Marta at her home. She tells Lanstron that she believes Feller, the gardener, to be a spy. Lanstron confesses it is true and shows her a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passage under the tower for use to benefit the Browns in war emergencies. Lanstron declares his love for Marta. Westerling and the Gray premier plan to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike patriotism 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 them. 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 Galland 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 Galland house. Westerling and his staff occupy the Galland 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 Bordir. Through Marta Westerling is led to concentrate his attack on the main line at Engadir. A leak of information is suspected. Bouchard is relieved as chief intelligence officer.

CHAPTER—XVII—Continued.

All on the subject for the present! When it was taken up again his successor would be in charge. He, the indefatigable, the over-intense, with medieval partisan fervor, who loathed in secret machines like Turcas, was the first man of the staff to go for incompetency.

"And Engadir is the key-point," Westerling was saying.

"Yes," agreed Turcas.

"So we concentrate to break through there," Westerling continued, "while we engage the whole line fiercely enough to make the enemy uncertain where the crucial attack is to be made."

"But, general, if there is any place that is naturally strong, that—" Turcas began.

"The one place where they are confident that we won't attack!" Westerling interrupted. He resented the staff's professional respect for Turcas. After a silence and a survey of the faces around, he added with sententious effect: "And I was right about Bordir!"

To this argument there could be no answer. The one stroke of generalship by the Grays, who, otherwise, had succeeded alone through repeated mass attacks, had been Westerling's hypothesis that had gained Bordir in a single assault.

"Engadir it is then!" said Turcas with the loyalty of the subordinate who makes a superior's conviction his own, the better to carry it out.

Hazily, Bouchard had heard the talk, while he was looking at Westerling and seeing him, not at the head of the council table, but in the arbor in eager appeal to Marta.

"I shall find out! I shall find out!" was drumming in his temples when the council rose; and, without a word or a backward glance, he was the first to leave the room.

When Bouchard returned to his desk he guessed the contents of the note awaiting him, but he took a long time to read its stereotyped expressions in transferring him to perfunctory duty well to the rear of the army. Then he pulled himself together and, leaden-hearted, settled down to arrange routine details for his departure, while the rest of the staff was immersed in the activity of the preparations for the attack on Engadir. He knew that he could not sleep if he lay down. So he spent the night at work. In the morning his successor, a young man whom he himself had chosen and trained, Colonel Bellini, appeared, and the fallen man received the rising man with forced official courtesy.

"In my own defense and for your aid," he said, "I show you a copy of what I have just written to General Westerling."

A brief note it was, in farewell, beginning with conventional thanks for Westerling's confidence in the past.

"I am punished for being right," it concluded. "It is my belief that Miss Galland sends news to the enemy and that she draws it from you without your consciousness of the fact. I tell you honestly. Do what you will with me."

It took more courage than any act of his life for the loyal Bouchard to dare such candor to a superior. See-

ing the patchy, yellow, bloodless face drawn in stiff lines and the abysmal stare of the deep-set eyes in their bony recesses, Bellini was swept with a wave of sympathy.

"Thank you, Bouchard. You've been very fine!" said Bellini as he grasped Bouchard's hand, which was icy cold.

"My duty—my duty, in the hope that we shall kill two Browns for every Gray who has fallen—that we shall yet see them starved and besieged and crying for mercy in their capital," replied Bouchard. He saluted with a dismal, urgent formality and stalked out of the room with the tread of the ghost of Hamlet's father.

The strange impression that this farewell left with Bellini still lingered when, a few moments later, Westerling summoned him. Not alone the diffidence of a new member of the staff going into the presence accounted for the stir in his temples, as he waited till some papers were signed before he had Westerling's attention. Then Westerling picked up Bouchard's note and shook his head sadly.

"Poor Bouchard! You can see for yourself," and he handed the note to Bellini. "I should have realized earlier that it was a case for the doctor and not for reprimand. Mad! Poor Bouchard! He hadn't the ability or the resiliency of mind for his task, as I hope you have, colonel."

"I hope so, sir," replied Bellini.

"I've no doubt you have," said Westerling. "You are my choice!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Change of Plan.

That day and the next Westerling had no time for strolling in the garden. His only exercise was a few periods of pacing on the veranda. Turcas, as tirelessly industrious as ever, developed an increasingly quiet insistence to leave the responsibility of decisions about everything of importance to a chief who was becoming increasingly arbitrary. The attack on Engadir being the jewel of Westerling's own planning, he was disinclined to risk success by delegating authority, which also meant sharing the glory of victory.

Bouchard's note, though officially dismissed as a matter of pathology, would not accept dismissal privately. In flashes of distinctness it recurred to him between reports of the progress of preparations and directions as to dispositions. At dusk of the second day, when all the guns and troops had their places for the final movement under cover of darkness and he rose from his desk, the thing that had edged its way into a crowded mind took possession of the premises that strategy and tactics had vacated. It passed under the same analysis as his work. His overweening pride, so sensitive to the suspicion of a conviction that he had been fooled, put his relations with Marta in logical review. He had fallen in love in the midst of war. A cool and intense impatience possessed him to study her in the light of his new skepticism, when, turning the path of the first terrace, he saw her watching the sunset over the crest of the range.

She was standing quite still, a slim, soft shadow between him and the light, which glided her figure and quarter profile. Did she expect him? he wondered. Was she posing at that instant for his benefit? When she turned, her face in the shadow, the glow of the sunset seemed to remain in her eyes, otherwise without expression, yet able to detect something unusual under externals as they exchanged commonplaces of greeting.

"Well, there's a change in our official family. We have lost Bouchard—transferred to another post!" said Westerling.

Marta noted that, though he gave the news a casual turn, his scrutiny sharpened.

"Is that so? I can't say that my mother and I shall be sorry," she remarked. "He was always glaring at us as if he wished us out of sight. Indeed, if he had his way, I think he would have made us prisoners of war. Wasn't he a woman-hater?" she concluded, half in irritation, half in amusement.

"He had that reputation," said Westerling. "What do you think led to his departure?" he continued.

"I confess I cannot guess!" said Marta, with a look at the sunset glow as if she resented the loss of a minute of it.

"There has been a leak of information to the Browns!" he announced.

"There has! And he was intelligence officer, wasn't he?" she asked, turning to Westerling, her curiosity apparently aroused as a matter of cour-

tesy to his own interest in the subject.

"Who do you think he accused? Why, you," he added, with a peculiar laugh.

She noted the peculiarity of the laugh discriminatingly.

"Oh!" Her eyes opened wide in wonder—only wonder, at first. Then, as comprehension took the place of wonder, they grew sympathetic. "That explains!" she exclaimed. "His hateful glances were those of delusion. He was going mad, you mean?"

"Yes," said Westerling, "that—that would explain it!"

"I have been told that when people go mad they always ascribe every injury done to them to the person who happens to have excited their dislike," she mused.

"Which seems to have been the case here," Westerling assented. He did not know what else to say. His pride was recovering its natural confidence in the infallibility of his judgment of human beings. He was seeing his suspicions as ridiculous enough to convict him of a brain as disordered as Bouchard's.

Marta was thinking that she had been skating on very thin ice and that she must go on skating till she broke through. There was an exhilaration about it that she could not resist: the exhilaration of risk and the control of her faculties, prompted by a purpose hypnotically compelling. Both were silent, she watching the sky, he in anticipation and suspense. The rose went violet and the shadows over the range deepened.

"The guns and the troops wait. With darkness the music begins!" he said slowly, with a start of stern fervor.

"The music—the music! He calls it music!" ran through Marta's mind mockingly, but she did not open her lips.

"They wait, ready, every detail arranged," he continued proudly.

The sky merged into the shadows of the landscape that spread and thickened into blackness. Out of the drawn curtains of night broke an ugly flash and farther up the slope spread the explosive circle of light of a bursting shell.

"The signal!" he exclaimed.

Right and left the blasts spread along the Gray lines and right and left, on the instant, the Browns sent their blasts in reply. Countless tongues of flame seemed to burst from countless craters, and the range to rock in a torment of crashes. In the intervening space between the ugly, savage gusts from the Gray gun mouths, which sent their shells from the midst of exploding Brown shells, swept the beams of the Brown search-lights, their rays lost like sunlight in the vortex of an open furnace door.

"Splendid! splendid!" exclaimed Westerling, in a sweep of emotion at the sight that had been born of his command. "Five thousand guns on our side alone! The world has never seen the equal of this!"

Marta looked away from the range to his face, very distinct in the garish illumination. It was the face of a maestro of war seeing all his rehearsals and all his labors come true in symphonic gratification to the eye and ear; the face of a man of trained mind, the product of civilization, with the elation of a party leader on the floor of a parliament in a crisis.

"Soon, now!" said Westerling, and looked at his watch.

Shortly, in the direction of Engadir, to the rear of the steady flashes broke forth line after line of flashes as the long-range batteries, which so far had been silent, joined their mightier voices to the chorus, making a continuous leaping burst of explosions over the Brown positions, which were the real object of the attack.

"The moment I've lived for!" exclaimed Westerling. "Our infantry is starting up the apron of Engadir! We held back the fire of the heavy guns concentrated for the purpose of supporting the men with an outburst. Three hundred heavy guns pouring in their shells on a space of two acres! We're tearing their redoubts to pieces! They can't see to fire! They can't live under it! They're in the crater of a volcano! When our infantry is on the edge of the wreckage the guns cease. Our infantry crowd in—crowd into the house that Partow built. He'll find that numbers count; that the power of modern gunfire will open the way for infantry in masses to take and hold vital tactical positions! And—no—no, their fire in reply is not as strong as I expected."

"Because they are letting you in! It will be strong enough in due season!" thought Marta in the uncontrollable triumph of antagonism. Five against three was in his tone and in every line of his features.

"It's hard for a soldier to leave a sight like this, but the real news will be awaiting me at my desk," he concluded, adding, as he turned away: "It's fireworks worth seeing, and if you remain here I will return to tell you the results."

Turning her back to the range for the moment, she saw the twinkle of the lights of the town and the threads of light of the wagon-trains and the sweep of the lights of the railroad trains on the plain; while in the foreground every window of the house was ablaze, like some factory on a busy

night shift. She could hear the click of the telegraph instruments already reporting the details of the action as cheerfully as Brobdignagian crickets in their peaceful surroundings. Then out of the shadows Westerling reappeared.

"The apron of Engadir is ours!" he called. "Thanks to you!" he added with pointed emphasis. Back in the house he had received congratulations with a nod, as if success were a matter of course. Before her, exultation unbent stiffness, and he was hoarsely triumphant and eager. "It's plain sailing now," he went on. "A break in the main line! We have only to drive home the wedge, and then—and then!" he concluded.

"She felt him close, his breath on her cheek.

"Peace!" she hastened to say, drawing back instinctively.

And then! The irony of the words in the light of her knowledge was pointed by a terrific renewal of the thunders and the flashes far up on the range, and she could not resist rejoicing in her heart.

"That's the Browns!" exclaimed Westerling in surprise.

The volume of fire increased. With the rest of the frontier in darkness, the Engadir section was an isolated blaze. In its light she saw his features, without alarm but hardening in dogged intensity.

"They've awakened to what they have lost! They have been rushing up reserves and are making a counter-attack. We must hold what we have gained, no matter what the cost!"

His last sentence was spoken over his shoulder as he started for the house.

Without changing her position, hardly turning her head, she watched until the firing began to lessen rapidly. Then she heard his step. She rose to face him, summoning back the spirit of the actress.

"This is better yet! I came to tell you that the counter-attack failed!" he said as he saw her appear from the shelter of the arbor.

She wondered if she were going to fall. But the post of the trellis was within reach. She caught hold of it to steady herself. Failed!

"The killing—it must have been terrible!" her mind at last made her exclaim to cover her tardiness of response to his mood.

"You thought of that—as you should—as I do!" he said.

He took her hands in his, pulsing warm with the flowing red of his strength. She let them remain lifelessly, as if she had not the will to take them away, the instinct of her part again dominant. To him this was another victory, and it was discovery—the discovery of melting weakness in her for the first time, which magnified his sense of masculine power. He tightened his grip slightly and she shuddered.

"You are tired!" he said, and it hurt her that he should be so considerate.

"The killing—to end that! It's all I want!" she breathed miserably.

"And the end is near!" he said.

"Yes, now, thanks to you!"

Thanks to her! And she must listen and submit to his touch!

"Then engineers and material were ready to go in," he continued. "Before morning, as I had planned, we shall be so well fortified in the position that nothing can budge us. This success so strengthens my power with the staff and the premier that I need not wait on Fabian tactics. I am supreme. I shall make the most of the demoralization of this blow to the enemy. I shall not wait on slow approaches in the hope of saving life. Tomorrow I shall attack and keep on attacking till all the main line is ours."

"Now you are playing your real part, the conqueror!" she thought gladly. "Your kind of peace is the ruin of another people; the peace of a helpless enemy. That is better—better for her conscience. Unwittingly, she allowed her hands to remain in his. In the paralysis of despair she was unconscious that she had hands. She felt that she could endure anything to retrieve the error into which she had been the means of leading the Browns. And the killing—it would not stop, she knew. No, the Browns would not yield until they were decimated.

"We have the numbers to spare. Numbers shall press home—home to terms in their capital!" Westerling's voice grew husky as he proceeded, harsh as orders to soldiers who hesitated in face of fire. "After that—after that—the tone changed from harshness to desire, which was still the desire of possession—"the fruits of peace, a triumph that I want you to share!" He was drawing her toward him with an impulse of the force of this desire, when she broke free with an abrupt, struggling pull.

"Not that! Not that! Your work is not yet done!" she cried.

He made a move as if to persist, then he fell back with a gesture of understanding.

"Right! Hold me to it!" he exclaimed resolutely. "Hold me to the bargain! So a woman worth while should hold a man worth while."

"Yes!" she managed to say, and turned to go in a sudden impetus of energy. Half running, half stumbling, the light of the lantern bobbing and trembling weirdly, she hastened through the tunnel. Usually the time

for taking the receiver down till Lanny replied was only a half minute. Now she waited what seemed many minutes without response. Had the connections been broken? To make sure that her impatience was not tricking her she began to count off the seconds. Then she heard Lanstron's voice, broken and hoarse:

"Marta, Marta, he is dead! Partow is dead!"

Recovering himself, Lanstron told the story of Partow's going, which was in keeping with his life and his prayers. As the doctor put it, the light of his mind, turned on full voltage to the last, went out without a flicker. Through the day he had attended to the dispositions for receiving the Grays' attack, enlivening routine as usual with flashes of humor and reflection ranging beyond the details in hand. An hour or so before dark he had reached across the table and laid his big, soft palm on the back of Lanstron's hand. He was thinking aloud, a habit of his in Lanstron's company, when an idea requiring gestation came to him.

"My boy, it is not fatal if we lose the apron of Engadir. The defenses behind it are very strong."

"No, not fatal," Lanstron agreed.

"But it's very important."

"And Westerling will think it fatal. Yes, I understand his character. Yes—yes; and if our counter-attack should fail, then Miss Galland's position would be secure. Hm-m-m—those whom the gods would destroy—hm-m-m. Westerling will be convinced that repeated, overwhelming attacks will gain our main line. Instead of using engineering approaches, he will throw his battalions, masses upon masses, against our works until his strength is spent. It would be baiting the bull. A risk—a risk—but, my boy, I am going to—"

Partow's head, which was bent in thought, dropped with a jerk. A convulsion shook him and he fell forward onto the map, his brave old heart in its last flutter, and Lanstron was alone in the silent room with the dead and his responsibility.

"The order that I knew he was about to speak, Marta, I gave for him," Lanstron concluded. "It seemed to me an inspiration—his last inspiration—to make the counter-attack a feint."

"And you're acting chief of staff, Lanny? You against Westerling?"

"Yes."

The colonel of the 128th and Captain Fracasse were eating their biscuits together and making occasional remarks rather than holding a conversation.

"Well, Westerling is a field-marshal," said the colonel.

"Yes, he's got something out of it!"

"The men seem to be losing spirit—there's not doubt of it!" exclaimed the colonel, more aloud to himself than to Fracasse, after a while.

"No wonder!" replied Fracasse. Martinet though he was, he spoke in grumbling loyalty to his soldiers. "What kind of spirit is there in doing the work of navies? Spirit! No soldiers ever fought better—in invasion, at least. Look at our losses! Spirit! Westerling drives us in. He thinks we can climb Niagara Falls! He—"

"Stop! You are talking like an anarchist!" snapped the colonel. "How can the men have spirit when you feel that way?"

"I shall continue to obey orders and do my duty, sir!" replied Fracasse. "And they will, too, or I'll know the reason why."

There was a silence, but at length the colonel exploded:

"I suppose Westerling knows what he is doing!"

"Still we must go on! We must win!"

"Yes, the offensive always wins in the end. We must go on!"

"And once we have the range—yes, once we've won one vital position—the men will recover their enthusiasm and be crying: 'On to the capital!'"

"Right! We were forgetting history. We were forgetting the volatility of human nature."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Retracing Steps.

Have you ever hurried away from your place and then turned back for something you've forgotten? If so, sit down before starting out again, or you are asking for bad luck, they say. A well-known city man tells how he did this one morning during the last rubber boom, and left the house again without having sat down.

Everything went wrong with him that day! A slight fall in prices induced him to sell some rubber shares which before nightfall were worth double what he had sold for at midday. He will never turn back now, when once he has started from home, upon any consideration whatsoever. He says it isn't worth the risk.

A Matter of Looks.

Seedy individual (stopping pedestrian)—Pardon me, sir, but you look very much like a man I know.

Pedestrian—Indeed! Well, you look very much like a man I don't want to know. Good day!—Boston Evening Transcript.

The Hopeful Angler.

"Going out for a little sport, eh?"

"Yes," answered the man with a rod and line. "I hope to be able to abuse the confidence of a few fish."

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Our candies are always fresh.—Red Cross Pharmacy.
Buy Tinware next week, 5 for 1 on tinware next week only.—Howerton's.

C. C. Cherbonnier and Wright Gunn of Crosbyton were in Slaton Monday on a short visit.

Walter Davis, B. G. Norman, and C. E. Carter are new Santa Fe conductors, running out of Slaton.

Joe Smith is pulling the throttle on the Lamesa limited now and Engineer Plumleigh is handling the local between Slaton and Sweetwater.

The Rev. Ingles of Quanah preached at the Baptist Church Sunday, and alternated with the Rev. N. B. Graves in services the first part of this week.

Evangelist L. E. Finney and E. M. Yeakley, publicity man, were in Slaton Tuesday on their way to Lamesa to hold a meeting. They had just closed a successful revival at Post City.

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.

Buy Tinware.—Howerton's.
Sudan Grass folders for sale at the Slatonite office.
E. P. Hicks of Tahoka was in Slaton the first of the week.

G. H. Branham, Jr., arrived from Dallas yesterday to visit his father for two or three weeks.

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

L. W. Smith returned Saturday from Topeka, Kans., where he had been receiving treatment for his eyes, in the Santa Fe hospital.

Miss Flora Lee Smith, youngest daughter of Col. L. A. H. Smith, came down from Plainview Saturday to visit relatives here for several days.

C. W. Eddington is in the Santa Fe hospital at Topeka, Kansas, and Ed Cementell of Amarillo is holding down his place as division foreman during his absence.

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.

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

GREETING:

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

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

Plant trees.

Every building place in Slaton should have trees on it.

A storm last Saturday afternoon brought a quarter of an inch of rainfall.

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.

Jas. Foster went to the Santa Fe hospital at Clovis, N. M., the first of the week for medical attention.

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

Mrs. S. H. Adams and daughters returned the first of the week from a visit with Mrs. Adams' parents in Plainview.

W. T. Stewart returned to his home at Cooper, Texas, last week to help his brother in an oil station. He has been carpentering with S. C. Marrs.

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.

Chris Harwell, the hustling merchant tailor, is having more improvements added to his already attractive store. He is determined to make his place of business one of the neatest in this whole section.—Lubbock Avalanche.

The male quartette of the Oregon Athletic Club of Corvallis, Ore., will give an entertainment at the Santa Fe Reading Room on Tuesday, Feb. 9th, under the auspices of the Reading Room Lyceum Course. The personnel of the quartette is L. Ross Johnson, first tenor; H. W. Russell, second tenor; G. R. Thomas, bass; F. J. Greene, baritone.

T. J. Abel is building a fine house on his farm which he purchased just west of Slaton from J. S. Edwards, recently. The house will represent an outlay of about \$1,500.00 and the contract for its erection was let to S. C. Marrs. Mr. Abel will build also a large barn, and other improvements.

The Woodmen Circle met yesterday afternoon at the hall, and had a splendid meeting. Refreshments were served. The next meeting will be on Feb. 18th, and refreshments will be served. The Circle will give a pie supper at the hall on Tuesday night, Feb. 16th. Free coffee with the pie. Everybody invited to the supper.

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
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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

COMING!
at the Picture Show Theater
in Slaton on Monday, Feb. 8th
Chant's Dramatic Show
In a repertoire of standard plays such as "St. Elmo," "East Lynne," and several good western dramas
Monday Night "The Girl and the Gambler"

Lots of Good Specialties Between the Acts.
Prices: 25c for Children; Adults, 35c

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

SOUTH BOUND.	
No. 27, Arrives from Amarillo	2:30 p. m.
" " Departs for Sweetwater	2:55 p. m.
NORTH BOUND.	
No. 28, Arrives from Sweetwater	10:40 a. m.
" " Departs for Amarillo	11:00 a. m.
AMARILLO LOCAL.	
No. 93, Arrives from Amarillo	5:15 p. m.
No. 94, Departs for Amarillo	6:00 a. m.
LAMESA LOCAL.	
No. 803, Departs for Lamesa	3:20 p. m.
No. 804, Arrives from Lamesa	10:30 a. 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, 1879.

The hunters gave the close of the open season last week a heavy run on ammunition, and Saturday night put their guns away for eight months.

Ever tell a funny story to a right sober man who frowned instead of laughing? Try it once. It's worse than an icicle down your back in the winter time.

Building activity in Slaton will start with a rush in a short time. About a dozen new residence houses of the better class will be put up during the next few weeks.

Tuesday was Ground Hog day, and if that esteemed weather prophet has an observatory on the South Plains he caught more sunshine than he has dreamed of during the whole year just past. If his sign is reliable prepare for forty days more of winter.

After reading a few of the recent interviews given the newspapers by Henry Ford, manufacturer of the universal car, we are about to conclude that, aside from being a shrewd financier, he is more of a freak or accident than he is a really big man.

Senator Johnson has our hearty endorsement in trying to divide Texas into two states. West Texas is, has, and always will be the also ran part of the Lone Star. The eastern half of the state governs the whole state, and never will give us proper representation in the state legislature nor in the national house of representatives.

Garrett Dobbin, the hustling colonization man for the Double U Company at Post City, was in Slaton Tuesday and called at the Slatonite office to renew acquaintance with the editor. Dobbin is one of the few really big immigration men who ever came to west Texas. When the Capitol Freehold Land and Investment Company (the Farwells of Chicago) needed a land commissioner for their vast holdings in the Panhandle, they took Garrett Dobbin away from the Santa Fe. He was then Colonization and Industrial Agent for the Texas lines. When the Post people needed a man to put farmers on Garza County land they went after Dobbin. And he has been successful to a degree that has astonished west Texas. In one fall and winter he has sold one hundred sixty Post farms to actual settlers, men with families. Has started a little empire on a prairie that has been a big cattle ranch. He is selling more farms every day, and when he has sold one hundred sixty more, he will have disposed of all the Post land on the Plains. The Brakes, the broken land below the Cap Rock, will be sold in small ranches.

When we heard about the large number of farmers being brought into Garza County, we asked right away who was doing the immigration work. The answer was: "Why, Garrett Dobbin, of course."

Railroad Building.

The Q. A. & P. railroad, it is stated, will soon be extended west, at least as far as Roswell, N. M., and this just as quick as the money can be raised in New York.—Clarendon News.

Yes, the road will be built just as quick as the money can be raised in New York, and this road will come thru the Slaton division. But here's a tip:

There will not be any money raised in New York to build railroads for two or three years, on account of the condition of the financial world as affected by the war situation and also because the money loaners have not yet determined what effect the change of national policies in 1912 will have on the general prosperity of the United States. We would like to see railroad construction resume operations, because it means also a Santa Fe road from Slaton to Fort Worth, the first railroad work that will be done as soon as conditions justify railroad building.

Towns too often build for the future solely on prospects as a railroad center, and overlook the golden opportunity in the wealth of natural resources in the land. The splendid productiveness of the South Plains soil will itself make of this land a heavily populated, prosperous commonwealth. And when the wealth of the country calls for more railroads, they will come. The men who build railroads are ever watching a country to see when it is ready for railroads, and they don't have to be urged when the time gets right.

Railroad building is a master undertaking, and there is such a small per cent of those who strive along that way that ever achieves success. There is a wonderful allurements in trying to construct a railroad that will prove a real winner, and there are dozens of penniless promoters going over the country constantly agitating, hoping to accidentally land on a winner.

So let's go to farming and let the railroad builders come when the country gets ready for them.

Secretary James B. Reynolds of the Republican National Committee has announced that the new plan of representation will be followed in the next Republican convention. He made the statement also that the official returns were compiled by the Republican National Committee on national issues (namely, the vote for United States Senators and Representatives, only—and not for State officials) and they showed that in the election last November the vote of the country was Republican 5,915,270, Democratic 5,752,580, Progressive 1,474,243.—Dallas News.

The press dispatches say that the shortest distance between the English and German ships in the recent naval battle was ten miles, and yet the German vessel that sank was literally raked with shot from one end to the other. In 1812 on Lake Erie the naval battle was fought with the ships lashed together. In 1864 the Monitor and Merrimac fought with the remarkable distance of a few hundred yards between them. Now ten miles is close.

Remember the new time table on the Santa Fe next Sunday. Mail and train times will make a decided change.

Real late news: Who is the next to build in Slaton?

Little Rear Guard Stood Ground Against the French Till Last Man Perished.

Rome.—Recognition is given German discipline by Luigi Barzini, war correspondent with the French of the Corriere Della Sera, in a recent article on the fighting about Chambry.

"Along the road of Chambry a story of a combat of man against man was told by the dead," wrote Mr. Barzini. "A troop of Germans who had been left behind to guard the rear, and had taken cover in a ditch along the road, offered resistance to the very last—the last dead Frenchman lay three meters from the ditch. Then the storm passed over them and killed the last one. Stabbed through and through with the bayonet, the German soldiers lay against the embankment in a row. Bent bayonets and broken rifles spoke of the violence of the desperate struggle.

"The first in the row was a sergeant. It seemed that even in death he still uttered commands. Another group of dead lay about the body of the officer who had been in command. The similarity of expression on the faces of the dead was striking. Only the uniform told the private from the officer. There was a sort of fraternity among them in death. The dead Germans still had their knapsacks on their backs, were splendidly dressed, and appeared to be ready for parade."

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

S E R V I C E

THAT IS WHAT WE OFFER



The Western Telephone Company

OUR CREED

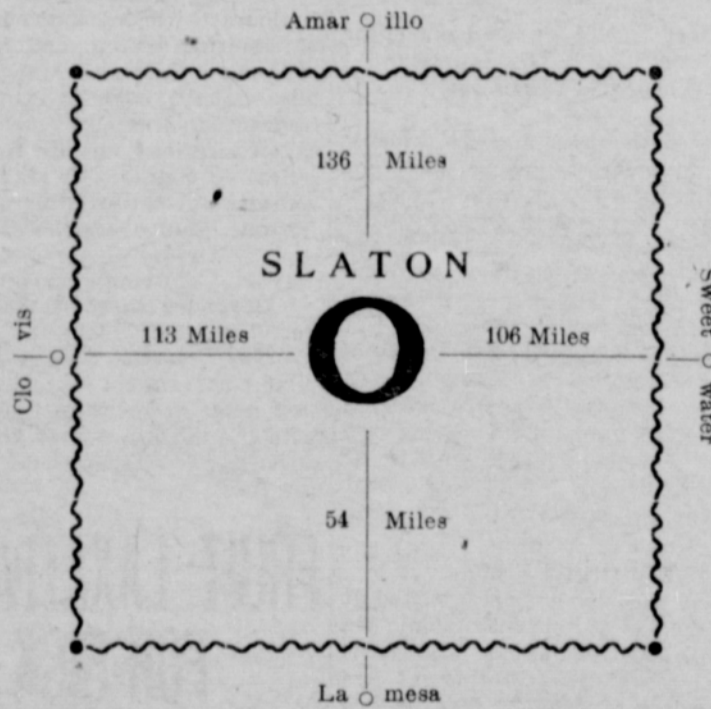
We believe in the goods we're selling and in our ability to succeed. We believe that honest goods can be sold by honest methods. We believe in giving value received, and we believe we have done so only when we give a man the full worth of his dollar in satisfaction and service. We believe in working, not waiting; in laughing, not weeping, and in the pleasure of selling our goods. We believe in today and the work we are doing; in tomorrow and the work we have to do, and in the sure reward which the future holds. We believe in courtesy, in generosity and in good cheer.

Slaton Lumber Company

LUMBER DEALERS

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

4-Way Division Santa Fe System



SLATON LOCATION

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

Advantages and Improvements

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

BUSINESS SECTION AND RESIDENCES BUILT

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

SURROUNDED BY A FINE, PRODUCTIVE LAND

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

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

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

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

CHEAPER MEAT DISHES

FOR THOSE TO WHOM ECONOMY IS OF MOMENT.

Flank Beef Cooked in Casserole May Be Made as Desirable as the More Expensive Cuts—Good Stew of Neck of Mutton.

To the women who are compelled to economize in household expenses, the following recipes will prove of interest:

Cut up from two to three pounds of the thick flank or leg-of-mutton piece of beef into neat pieces, place it in a casserole with one quart of cold water or bone stock, bring this to the boil, then let it simmer gently for an hour, when you add to it the white part of six leeks and two or three turnips sliced, a lump of sugar, a small teaspoonful of salt, and half that quantity of pepper, and let it all stew gently together for one and a quarter hours to one and a half hours longer. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked.

Take a pound of liver, wash it to get rid of all blood, etc., and dip it in flour. Wash, peel and slice four pounds of potatoes, chop up finely two onions and two apples (the latter softens the liver); put one ounce of dripping in a pan and when melted and quite hot put in the liver, sprinkle it with a little of the onion and apple and fry till nicely colored; add a little powdered sage; now put the liver into a saucepan or casserole, add the sliced potatoes, the rest of the onions and apples, a seasoning of salt and pepper, and three-quarters of a pint of water; bring just to the boil, then draw the pan to the side of the fire and let the contents simmer for 45 minutes. Serve in the casserole or turn out onto a hot dish.

Take the scrag end of a neck of mutton and cut it up into neat pieces, cutting away all unnecessary fat; dissolve two ounces of clarified dripping in a casserole, and add to this two ounces of flour, and when thoroughly blended and of the consistency of cream, but only lightly colored, lay in the meat and cook for 20 minutes, stirring it constantly; now add enough stock or water to cover the meat thoroughly and stir it all together till it comes to the boil, when you draw the pan to one side and let the contents simmer gently, seasoning it with salt and a dust of pepper; it will take from two to three hours slow cooking. Meanwhile peel and cut up into dice two carrots and two turnips and slice thinly an onion; now toss all these vegetables in a pan over the fire with one ounce of dripping till nicely colored, when you add them to the meat, etc., and let them all stew gently till the meat is cooked. Lift out and serve with the vegetables in the center.

Put into a casserole a dessert spoonful of dripping and let it get hot, then fry in this two sliced onions. Take one and a half pound of neck of mutton, wash it well and put it in the pot with the water which clings to it, cover down closely and let it cook gently for 45 minutes. Meanwhile trim, and slice down a cabbage into eight pieces and put these in water; peel six potatoes and cut them into slices about half an inch thick and place these also in water. When the meat has been simmering for forty-five minutes lift out the cabbage and potatoes dripping with water and pack them round the meat, season with a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper, cover down the pan closely again and simmer for forty-five minutes longer. It must be cooked very slowly or it will burn.

Stains on Hardwood Floors.

A good way to remove obstinate stains from hardwood floors is to rub them with a cloth that has been dipped in turpentine.

Swiss Potato Soup.

Wash, pare and cut in halves four small potatoes. Wash, pare and cut in slices one large white turnip. Parboil together ten minutes, drain, add half an onion cut in slices, and three cupfuls of boiling water. Cook until vegetables are soft; drain, reserving the water to add to the vegetables after rubbing them through a sieve. Add one quart of scalded milk, reheat, and bind with shortening and flour cooked together, using four table-spoonfuls shortening and half a cupful of flour.

Hazelnut Taffy.

Mix a pinch of salt, a pinch of cream of tartar, a teaspoonful of vinegar and half a cupful of water and add to a pound of lump sugar which has been put into a saucepan with two table-spoonfuls of butter, melted. Stir constantly until boiling and then add two cupfuls of hazelnuts, which have been shelled and halved. Stir and cook until the candy is brown, add a scant teaspoonful of vanilla and pour into butter pans. Mark into squares when cool.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOW SHE GOT HIM LANDED

As an Example of Really Clever Manipulation This is Surely Hard to Beat.

Of course, when she stopped in front of the jeweler's window, he had to stop, too. It would hardly have been polite to walk on and leave her there.

"O, see the tray full of lovely diamonds rings!" she cried.

"Yes," he admitted.

"They're engagement rings!"

"Shouldn't be surprised," he replied.

"But come on, we've seen them now, you know."

"They're the gorgeouset engagement rings!" she sighed. "The diamonds look diamond colored now, but when you put them on your finger they're a bright pink."

"Peruke, I hardly believe that," he rebuked.

"They do! They do! Come and I'll show you." And she dragged him into the shop and had the jeweler bring the rings in out of the window. "Now slip one on my finger and we'll see," she pouted, and held out the dangerous finger of her left hand, and, with considerable curiosity, he slipped a ring on it.

"Sigourd!" she exclaimed happily.

"This is so sudden!"

"Peruke!" he cried.—Detroit Free Press.

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEYS OR BACK HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Clean Kidneys If Bladder Bothers You—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a table-spoonful 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 flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

Girls' Class in Physics.

Stella—What would happen if an immovable body met an irresistible body?

Bella—I should say: "This is so sudden."

The less money a woman has the more things she can afford to see that she would like to buy.

It's well to know how to do some things, and better to know how to not do others.

There is only one way to get along with some people, and that is their own way.

NOT SUCH A BAD OLD WORLD

Glimpses of Light Easy to Find Even to Those Confirmed in Pessimism.

It does not require battles to bring out the finer side of human nature—the side always nearer to the surface of the individual than the cynic is willing to admit.

In the everyday round we see frequent exhibitions of it. Here is a sample sent me by a Philadelphia business man:

"I was walking with my wife in the country on the outskirts of Burlington, N. J., last Sunday, and we noticed ahead of us a man leading by the hand a little boy.

"The little boy wore one of those metal braces, running from his hip to his foot, and the poor little fellow was hobbling along as best he could, with the help of the man. As we caught up with the pair, the man stopped and did something to the brace and then told us in broken Italian that he found the 'kid' lying in the road crying, and had learned that he wandered from home, about a half mile, and while playing he had fallen and broken his brace.

"Then he told us he had 'fixa d' fixa' as best he could and was taking him home.

"Then they started out and the little beggar reached up his little hand to the poor Italian and they started off together. The man said, 'Take it easy, son, we got lots o' time.'

From fields of war to roadsides of peace the story is the same. Where the smoke of battle darkens the sunset and where the thin stream that curls upward from the home fireside beribbons the evening sky, the heart of the average person ever is ready to respond to the call of human suffering, even though it come from one who an hour before was despised as an enemy.

With all its faults and shortcomings—which are our faults and shortcomings!—this is a pretty good world.

Prized Relics for Museum.

The collection of Egyptian antiquities in Dundee museum has just been enriched by a selection of interesting articles presented by the Rev. Dr. Colin Campbell. In a letter to the committee, Doctor Campbell said that he could vouch for all the articles being genuine, as he had got most of them himself, and they were found at Thebes. Included in the gift are nine inscribed funeral cones, 18 ostraca, or potsherds, consisting of letters, petitions, receipts for taxes, contracts, accounts, etc., written with black ink in Coptic and Demotic, several fragments and strips of mummy linen cloth, inscribed in hieratic writing to serve as charms for the deceased, and other similar objects.

It should be the constant endeavor of every man to deserve the good opinion he has of himself.

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

A new broom may sweep clean, but it never comes with a guaranty not to raise blisters.

In his effort to be known as a good fellow many a man shows evidence of overtraining.

No man can be popular unless he has learned to keep his troubles to himself.

Decidedly Quenched.

"I wish to see Miss Bluffham," said the young man with brown shoes and red hair.

"She is not in, sir," answered the maid, with a glibness that told of long practice in the ways of deceit.

"Are—are you sure?" faltered the youth, nervously twisting a mustache that only became apparent when attention was thus directed to it.

The maid's eyebrows elevated themselves.

"Do you doubt her word, sir?" she asked, reproachfully.

Blushing deeply over his unworthy thought he turned and went away.

Wouldn't Work Twice.

"Hello! Just the man I wanted to see! I was just telling friends—or trying to tell them—that story you told me last week, but I could not begin to make it as ex-cru-ci-atingly funny as you made it. Come on, tell it to them."

"I cannot tell that story again until—"

"Until what?"

"Until you have repaid the \$5 you borrowed from me the last time you laughed at it."

What Did She Mean?

Miss Modern—Do you suppose that one could catch disease from kisses? Mrs. Wise—Well, I caught a husband.

Always proud to show white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue does make them white. All grocers. Adv.

Fond of Engravings.

Grubbs—Who is your favorite artist? Stubbs—The gentleman who designs Uncle Sam's \$20 gold certificates.

I Took Cold It Settled In My Kidneys.

I Used Peruna. Am all Right Now. I owe my Health to Peruna.



Mrs. Anna Linder, R. F. D. 5, Dassel, Meeker Co., Minn., writes: "For two years I suffered with that terrible disease, chronic catarrh.

"Fortunately, I saw your advertisement in my paper. I got your advice, and I took Peruna. Now I am well and the mother of two children. I owe it all to Peruna.

"I would not be without that great tonic for twice its cost, for I am well and strong now. I cannot speak in too high terms of its value as a medicine."

TAKE
Tutt's Pills
The first dose often astonishes the invalid, giving elasticity of mind, buoyancy of body, **GOOD DIGESTION,** regular bowels and solid flesh. Price, 25 cts.
W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 2-1915

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Canada is Calling You to her Rich Wheat Lands
She extends to Americans a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.
This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help to feed the world by tilling some of her soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think what you can make with wheat around \$1 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain growing.
The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is a great demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to
G. A. COOK
125 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.
Canadian Government Agent

You Look Prematurely Old
Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA GREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, 51.00, retail.

A Real Foe To Health is a Weak Stomach

From this source arises such ills as Poor Appetite, Nausea, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Constipation. You can conquer and fortify the system against such foes by the timely use of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

Be Sure you get the Genuine.

BLACK LEG LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blanking Pills. Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkg. Blanking Pills \$1.00 50-dose pkg. Blanking Pills 4.00 Use any injector, but Cutter's best. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Inquire at Cutter's. If unsatisfactory, order direct. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

SORE LEGS HEALED Open legs healed to stay healed. Write for book "How to Heal My Sore Leg at Home." Describe your case. A. C. Lipe, 1510 Green Bay Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

One Day Missing. He got carried away by the spirit of the times and remained away for several days. He came to himself in his own room without knowing exactly how he got there. A friend sat beside him. "Hello," he said, as he opened his eyes, "what day is this?" "This," said the friend, "is Thursday." The invalid thought it over a minute. "What became of Wednesday?" he asked. — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Don't Look Old! Try Grandmother's Recipe to Darken and Beautify Gray, Faded, Lifeless Hair.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair. A well-known druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant. Adv.

Some men are ambitious to do good; others to make good.

For frostbites use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

The man who enjoys single blessedness is doubly blessed.

Backache Warns You

Backache is one of Nature's warnings of kidney weakness. Kidney disease kills thousands every year. Don't neglect a bad back. If your back is lame—if it hurts to stoop or lift—if there is irregularity of the secretions—suspect your kidneys. If you suffer headaches, dizziness and are tired, nervous and worn-out, you have further proof.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a fine medicine for bad backs and weak kidneys.

An Oklahoma Case

Mrs. L. L. Freshour, Bristol, Okla., says: "I was suddenly seized with a pain in the small of my back and could hardly stoop or get up after sitting. I began to suffer from a heavy ache through the small of my back and my kidneys didn't act right. Seeing Doan's Kidney Pills advertised, I used some and three boxes entirely rid me of the ailment. Others of family have also taken Doan's Kidney Pills with fine results."

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

KNIT BABY'S BONNET

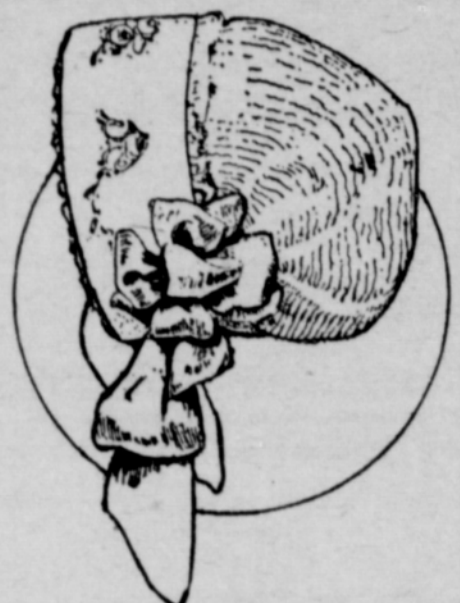
PRETTY HEAD COVERING THAT IS EASY TO MAKE.

Best, Perhaps, in Rabbit Yarn or Saxony—Success Will Be Sure if One Will Follow the Directions Given Here.

How cunning the little baby bonnets are knitted in rabbit yarn or saxony, and so easy to make! Indeed, anyone who can do the plain knitting stitch can make a bonnet by following directions:

First, it is necessary to find the face size. This will be 12, 14 or 16 inches, according to the age of the child to wear it. Four skeins of two-fold saxony wool will be required, white or pink, as preferred. To make the bonnet cast on 82 stitches, using No. 2 bone needles. Knit in ridges for 14 inches, or 107 ridges, and bind off.

To make the band round the neck of the crown, with a steel needle pick up one stitch from the 107 ridges.



Made of Rabbit Yarn.

Start on the right side and decrease to 54 stitches by knitting two stitches together to end of row. Knit 13 ridges on these 54 stitches, then bind off. If the bonnet is white, make the turn-back flap of white satin or corded silk—a strip of ribbon about 3/4 or 1 inch wide will answer. Decorate with embroidered rosebuds, or, if this is beyond the knitter's skill, bought embroidery could be applied. The outer edge should be trimmed with a fringe of narrow val lace and the flap lined with a bit of pink india or other soft silk.

The knitting is laid in three plaits at the ears to shape the bonnet, the stitches to be concealed under rosettes of pink ribbon.

The raw edge of the flap is turned under the knitted edge and a cap lining of soft white silk fitted in. Then a ruffling of lace is sewed in around the face, and lastly the ties of white or pink ribbon are added.

Of course, one may keep the bonnet all white, all one color, or a combination of white and a color. For instance, if the baby is a boy the knitting and silk flap might be white and the ribbons blue. The embroidery could be forget-me-nots, or the entire bonnet, with the exception of the lace fringe and the ruffling, which would be white, of course, might be blue. In that case pink rosebuds would be more effective than forget-me-nots upon a blue background.

FIRST TEST THE CRETONNE

Cheaper Grade Not Always a Good Investment—Makes Excellent Furniture Cover.

A cheap cretonne is not always a good investment, as it often becomes thin after a few weeks' wear and looks more like a coarse muslin than a good cretonne, so before investing in a low-priced material it should be tested. To do this take a small piece and rub it thoroughly as if washing. If the threads separate and it becomes thin, it will wear badly, and is not really economical, no matter how cheap the price, but if it passes this ordeal it will probably last as long and wear as well as a much higher-priced one.

A cretonne with a dark background is far more serviceable than one of lighter coloring, and need not make the room appear dark if some cheerful tones are introduced into the floral design.

To cover furniture is not really such a difficult task as many would imagine, provided a reliable pattern can be obtained, and it is first carefully pinned to the sofa or chair and fitted so that any parts which are too large or too small can be altered and arranged. Cretonne is generally 30 inches wide, and a full-sized sofa requires six yards.

When cutting the cover for the sofa the pieces for covering the arms must be laid, before cutting, with their right sides together, or when cut it may be found that they are both for the right or left, and this would involve an enormous waste of material. Also the pat-

tern should be planned in such a way that the design will run up the seat and back of the sofa, and over the sides, or arms, and the pattern must be carefully matched in the center, where the material will be joined.

KEEP HANDS FROM CHAPPING

Or If They Are Now in Bad Condition Here Are Remedies That Will Help.

The first chilly day is the day one should begin to wage a war against chapped hands. If you can keep your hands from becoming chapped in the transitional weather between hot and cold, you will have little difficulty with them later on, for it is in the first cold days that they are especially sensitive to cold. Still, it is never too late.

Chapped hands are almost always caused by insufficient drying after washing, or perhaps the water was icy cold and very hard, or used too hot. Both extremes are bad for the skin.

To preserve the hands in good condition in cool weather, they should, whenever possible, be washed in tepid water, and if this is softened by a teaspoonful of borax so much the better.

Be sure to use a soap of good quality, and when drying the hands take the precaution of rubbing each finger separately.

If the hands are rubbed over once a day with a slice of lemon and a little cold cream, or if mutton tallow is rubbed into them thoroughly before going to bed at night, there will be little danger of the skin becoming chapped or rough.

FOR THE GIRL WHO SKATES

Appropriate and Attractive Costume of Biscuit Tan Cloth Is Latest Idea of Fashion.

One sees young women in velvet and even silk skating frocks at the rinks in the city, but the real outdoor girl wears a proper skating rig of which an attractive example is il-



lustrated here. Severely tailored coat and skirt are of biscuit tan cloth and the snug little skating hat is red brown beaver with a band to match. White woolen gloves and a warm scarf, which may be tied over the ears if needed, complete the costume.

SUITABLE FOR FLESHY MAID

Many Fabrics Especially Adapted to Her, and Some She Should Be Careful to Avoid.

The girl who is too fleshy should never wear shiny stuffs such as satin. They catch the light on the curve of your figure and make you look much stouter than you really are. Soft dull stuffs are the right things for you.

Never wear a blouse of one stuff and the skirt of another, but always have whole dresses or costumes. A contrasting vest collar or front on a dark dress is quite allowable.

Wear stripes or plain stuffs rather than checks or flowered patterns. Don't have a contrasting belt—it cuts you in two and, by taking away your height, increases your apparent width.

Wear becoming collars. High ones are very unbecoming to a thick throat and, besides, you are nearly sure to have a pretty neck—most stout people have—so you may as well show it.

Let your indoor skirts touch the ground always. Have them made close-fitting on the hips with a good flare out at the foot. A skirt which draws in round the feet always increases the apparent size of the hips

Rheumatism Sprains Lumbago Sciatica

Why grin and bear all these ills when Sloan's Liniment kills pain?



"I have used your Liniment and can say it is fine. I have used it for sore throat, strained shoulder, and it acted like a charm."—Allen Dunn, Route 1, Box 83, Pine Valley, Miss.

"I am a painter and paperhanger by trade, consequently up and down ladders. About two years ago my left knee became lame and sore. It pained me at nights at times till I could not rest, and I was contemplating giving up my trade on account of it when I chanced to think of Sloan's Liniment. I had never tried it before, and I am glad to state that less than one 25c. bottle fixed me up apparently as good as ever."—Charles C. Campbell, Florence, Texas.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

All Dealers 25c. Send four cents in stamps for a free TRIAL BOTTLE. DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. B

BRINGS DEATH TO SWIMMERS

Cold Water Penetrating the Ear Declared to Be One Source of Great Danger.

Sudden death of swimmers has never been explained satisfactorily, but it is generally assumed that it is due to cramps that affect the respiratory muscles. The Medical Record says there is another theory that "has never had the attention it merits." This is that cold water penetrating the ear sets up an irritation in the delicate passages of the inner ear. It cites an address delivered by Doctor Guettich before the Berlin Otological society, in which he revived this theory.

The irritation of the labyrinth of the inner ear by cold water might cause sudden paralysis, just as a shock to it through a sharp blow on the chin will cause a "knock-out." The symptoms of the swimmer and the fighter are similar; they can make motions but cannot direct them; they may become temporarily unconscious. In the case of the swimmer, of course, drowning follows unless some one helps him.

The Medical Record says that persons with perforated ear drums are those chiefly menaced by this accident, although it may occur to others. And this in spite of the fact that children with large perforations of the ear drum often swim and dive with impunity.

His Lower Extremity.

He—I hear that you are knitting socks for the fighting soldiers. She—Yes; man's extremity is woman's opportunity, you know.

STICK TO IT Until Coffee Hits You Hard.

It is about as well to advise people to stick to coffee until they get hit hard enough so that they will never forget their experience.

A woman writes and her letter is condensed to give the facts in a short space:

"I was a coffee slave and stuck to it like a toper to his 'cups,' notwithstanding I frequently had severe attacks of sick headache; then I used more coffee to relieve the headache, and this was well enough until the coffee effect wore off.

"Finally attacks of rheumatism began to appear, and ultimately the whole nervous system began to break down and I was fast becoming a wreck.

"After a time I was induced to quit coffee and take up Postum. This was half a year ago. The result has been most satisfactory.

"The rheumatism is gone entirely, nerves practically well and steady, digestion almost perfect, never have any more sick headaches and am gaining steadily in weight and strength."

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

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

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

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

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

Out of the Question.

"In this breach of promise suit we must try to get a jury composed of men who won't flirt," said the lawyer.

"I'm afraid that won't do," answered the defendant.

"Why not?"

"I wouldn't have much confidence in the judgment of a jury composed entirely of paralytics."

OVERWORK and KIDNEY TROUBLE

Mr. James McDaniel, Oakley, Ky., writes: "I overworked and strained myself, which brought on Kidney and Bladder Disease. My symptoms were Backache and burning in the stem of the Bladder, which was sore and had a constant hurting all the time—broken sleep, tired feeling, nervousness, puffing and swollen eyes, shortness of breath and J. McDaniel. Rheumatic pains. I suffered ten months. I was treated by a physician, but found no relief until I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I now feel that I am permanently cured by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free.—Adv.

Famous Woman Inventor.

Miss Margaret E. Knight, who died recently, is an example of woman whose brain could work as readily on mechanical lines as on household lines. It is said that Miss Knight patented 87 inventions and that her picture has been hung in the patent office in Washington.

Miss Knight may have been the youngest inventor among women, as she invented, when she was twelve years old, a stop-motion device for preventing the steel-tipped shuttles of mill looms from falling out and injuring the operators.

One may invent hourly, and yet produce nothing practical, but the true test of Miss Knight being a successful inventor is answered by the fact that most of her patented inventions were taken up by manufacturers. A machine she invented for making and folding square-bottomed paper bags in 1871 is still in use, and a tin can which she invented only a few years ago was at once taken up by several canners. Most of her inventions related to rubber, cotton and shoe machinery. —Women Lawyers' Journal.

Both Puzzled.

Politics—What is your attitude in regard to our present form of government?

Autobug—The same that I entertain toward my automobile. I know there's something wrong with it, but I don't know how to fix it.—Puck.

An Awful Mistake.

"That was an awful mistake the surgeon made. The man he operated on didn't have what he thought he did." "Didn't have appendicitis at all, ah?" "Oh, he had appendicitis, all right, but he didn't have any money."

You might buy some people's thoughts for a penny and get badly cheated.