

# The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: JANUARY 22, 1915.

Number 20.

## NEW TRAIN SERVICE FEBRUARY 7

The new railway time table is now bulletined, to take effect Sunday, Feb. 7th. This is final, so make your business arrangements to conform with this new service, beginning two weeks from next Sunday.

Train 904 from Amarillo arrives in Slaton at 11.55 a. m., and ties up here. This train is daily.

Train 903, also daily and a Slaton-Amarillo train, leaves Slaton for Amarillo at 6.40 a. m.

Train 922 from Clovis arrives in Slaton at 12.10 p. m. and leaves for Sweetwater at 12.35 p. m. daily.

Train 921 from Sweetwater arrives in Slaton at 4.25 a. m. and leaves for Clovis at 4.35 a. m. daily.

Train 908 from Lamesa arrives in Slaton at 11.15 a. m. daily except Sunday, and 907 leaves for Lamesa at 2 p. m. daily except Sunday.

Trains 921 and 922 will have Pullman drawing room sleepers between Sweetwater and Clovis (to and from New Orleans, Houston and San Francisco).

Trains 903 and 904 will have Pullman drawing room sleeper between Amarillo and Sweetwater (to and from Fort Worth via T. & P.)

The Amarillo "South Texas Express" 901 and the Lamesa train 908 will make good connections at Slaton with the "Texan," the through train from California to Texas Gulf Coast points and New Orleans, La., reaching south Texas points early the following morning with no transfer except from one car to the other on the train.

The west bound through train Gulf to California will be called the "West Coast" train, and the train 903 north to Amarillo the "Eastern Express."

Mr. R. G. Shankle and Miss Birdie Adams were united in marriage at Holdenville, Okla., the home of the bride, on Sunday, Jan. 18, at 2.30 o'clock p. m. The ceremony was a very quiet affair and Mr. and Mrs. Shankle left Holdenville at once for Slaton, but the news of the wedding spread in that town and a large number of Mrs. Shankle's friends gathered at the depot to give the couple a royal departure. Mrs. Shankle has been a teacher in the Holdenville public schools for several years, and is

not an entire stranger to Slaton people. Mr. Shankle has a host of friends in Slaton who take pleasure in congratulating him on winning such an estimable lady for his bride, and in extending best wishes and a hearty welcome to Mrs. Shankle. They are now at home in their residence on Grand Avenue.

Rev. Ledger gives us the information that Bro. Callaway, pastor of the Methodist church here last year, is suffering considerably with rheumatism, and that Sister Callaway is improving. The Callaways have moved to Temple to be near his sons. Rev. Callaway was superannuated at annual conference this year. He is past the sixty mark and has been a Methodist minister for the past forty-three years.—Tahoka News.



## We Fill Orders Personally

We fill them personally so as to be sure they are correctly supplied. Here you will find no mistakes made, so we never have to apologize for errors or delays in the delivery of goods. Busy households recognize the comfort and convenience of doing business with us, in consequence; and, as we pride ourselves on the high quality of all our Groceries, and price them with a view to small profit, there is little wonder that we lead all rivals in the amount of business transacted.

## The Slaton Sanitary Grocery Proctor & Olive, Proprietors

### SHOWER FOR MRS. OLIVE

The commodious Blanton home was the scene of an unusually merry party Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 13, from 2:30 to 5:30 p. m., the occasion being a miscellaneous shower given by Mrs. Blanton in honor of Mrs. Clarence W. Olive, who became a bride, Dec. 27. Each guest was requested to bring a flower sack and after all arrived a tea-towel hemming contest was held. After the contest closed it was moved and seconded to present the tea towels to the bride. Upon the arrival of Mrs. Olive she was blindfolded and led into the dining room, where Mrs. J. H. Smith read some rules to govern the new home and gave some valuable advice after which the blindfold was removed and the shower displayed. Many beautiful and useful household articles were received. An appropriate "Floral Wedding" contest was then enjoyed by all, Mrs. C. W. Olive taking first honors and was given a towel. The bride wore a becoming gown of light blue crepe de chine with lace trimmings. Many beautiful selections on the piano were rendered by the several musicians present. Narcissus formed the floral decorations. At the close of the afternoon a delicious luncheon of fruit salad in orange cups, salmon sandwiches, and chocolate with marshmallows was served to the guests. Mrs. Blanton was assisted with the entertaining by Mrs. Clyde

Pogue. A book of recipes and bits of advice were contributed by the ladies to the guest of honor. The guests who enjoyed the afternoon were: Mesdames A. E. Whitehead, J. W. Proctor, W. E. Olive, I. W. Hudgens, L. P. Loomis, A. E. Howerton, Clyde Pogue, C. F. Anderson, C. A. Joplin, Briggs Robertson, A. B. Robertson, J. G. Wadsworth, Gus Robertson, C. W. Olive, J. H. Smith, L. W. Smith. The Misses Minnie Joplin and Bertha Proctor.

The hunting party to the Z Bar L report a big time until the storm struck Friday, and then it was back to their cozy firesides on the Baldies for them.

For Sale—Flock of chickens, hens and a rooster. Call at the Slatonite office.

## QUAIL SEASON IS OVER FEB'Y FIRST

The open season on hunting duck and quail is often confused because duck is a migratory bird and under the control of federal game laws, while quail is a domestic bird and under control of the state game laws. However the closed season on both duck and quail does not close in Texas until February 1st, according to the game laws. The report to the contrary was an error, based on a confusion of the laws.

Mrs. T. A. Amos returned to Slaton Saturday from a visit at Alief, Texas. She was accompanied home by her son-in-law, C. H. Bassenger, who visited here until yesterday. Mrs. Amos was glad to get away from the disagreeable weather and mud of lower Texas and back to her new home. Mr. Bassenger expressed himself as delighted with the appearance of the Slaton country. He was out to the Brasfield farm Monday, and in speaking of the 1914 crops said that there is more feed stacked on that one farm than there is on the whole of Harris county. His father, J. K. Bassenger, owns a section of land just north of Slaton.

Dr. J. Q. Burton writes from Mt. Selman, Texas, that the Slaton country appears mighty good to him, especially since the severe adverse crop and financial conditions that his section has been experiencing. He added: "The low price of cotton will drive many east and middle Texas farmers to that section. I would like to move to Slaton for I can see a bright future for the town. Your Christmas extra was good and will no doubt attract many to the wonderful possibilities of the South Plains. I can use a car or two myself of South Plains maize or kafir heads if I can buy them right."

Elder Mathews of Lubbock will commence a meeting at the Baptist Church on Friday night, Saturday night, and including the Fourth Sunday at eleven o'clock and at night. Everybody invited.

We want a chance to figure your lumber bill.—J. W. Richey, The New Lumber Yard, south side Square.

## Banner Poultry Netting

is the best for your garden fence.

We have any width you want, and would be glad to have you examine the quality.

A. L. BRANNON, Hardware

## The Season's Greetings to You!

It is with pleasure to us that we have this opportunity of extending the season's greetings to the good people of Slaton and the Slaton country. We thank you most heartily for your patronage during the past year, a patronage that has enabled us to close our books on the most prosperous year in our history in Slaton. We trust we have served you satisfactorily and hope to merit your patronage during the year of 1915.

Here's to a prosperous year for you!  
Sincerely yours,

FORREST HARDWARE



**FOR OLD-FASHIONED CAKE**

Recipe That Has Not Been Improved  
on Since Our Grandmothers  
Used to Make It.

Fruit for this should be prepared in advance as follows: Six cupfuls of currants, washed, dried and picked. Three cupfuls sultana raisins, three cupfuls of citron cut in fine strips, one-half cupful candied lemon peel, two cupfuls of almonds blanched and cut in shreds. In a warm bowl mix four cupfuls of butter and four cupfuls of sugar, granulated or confectioner's, beat these together until very light. Break ten eggs into another bowl, do not beat them.

Cover a waiter with a big sheet of paper; sift four pints of flour over this, add the fruit and the following spices: two teaspoonfuls each of nutmeg, mace and cinnamon, one tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice. Mix these together and stand aside ready for use. Have ready in a little pitcher one-half pint best brandy. Select a deep cake tin and grease with butter, line it inside with white paper and on the outside and bottom with four or five thicknesses of very thick wrapping paper which you must tie on. Have your oven hot and the fire banked so it will not burn out quickly. Now beat the butter and sugar once more, add the eggs two at a time, beating the mixture after each addition. When the eggs are all used, turn in the flour and fruit with brandy, mix thoroughly, pour into the prepared cake tin, cover with several thicknesses of brown paper, and bake eight hours, keeping the oven steady and clear.

Remove from the oven and allow it to stand on tin sheet until quite cold. Ice with a thin coat of white icing top and sides and stand in a cool oven to dry, then give it a second coat of thick icing and ornament according to fancy. An icing made of white egg, a few drops of cold water and confectioner's sugar is the best for the thick icing.

**BEFORE THE HEAVY COURSE**

Some Delicious Appetizers That Are  
Not at All Hard to Acquire  
or Prepare.

The hors d'oeuvre is not much used by private families in America, but a dish of any of the things used will admirably set off a modest meal. For oysters or clams, cooked or raw, two hours before serving chop two or three shallots very fine and put them in a saucedish with salt, pepper, vinegar and oil. Pass this around with the shellfish, supplying small plates for holding the sauce. Another excellent hors d'oeuvre can be made of one green pepper, several slices of Bermuda onion, and one firm, fresh tomato. Peel the tomato and denude the pepper of seeds. Then cut the last in fine shreds, putting these on top of a slice of onion laid in turn on a slice of tomato. But do this individual arrangement after the vegetables have marinated in a dressing of olive oil, lemon juice or vinegar and salt and pepper. Anchovies, preserved in oil, are famous appetizers, and they are served as they come on a little dish with hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, capers and minced parsley.

**A Chef Suggests:**

That small pieces of chicken with the merest bit of its own liver pounded up with some cream and a little coriander pepper make a delicious paste to spread on thin slices of brown bread.

Before attempting to seed raisins cover them with hot water and let them stand 15 minutes; then the seeds can be removed easily without any waste.

The left-over cooked potatoes should not be piled together, as they will sour quickly; spread them out on a large dish.

That a teaspoonful of curry powder added to the cream sauce in which macaroni is baked greatly improves the flavor.

**Save Worn Table Cloths.**

Probably you are convinced that you are practicing all the economies known to the up-to-date housekeeper, but have you ever turned inward the outer edges of a half-worn tablecloth?

It is done exactly as a wide sheet is rejuvenated, and if a very fine seam is carefully felled down on the wrong side of the damask, the joining will never show.

Try it with the tablecloth you have decided to cut up for napkins.

**Golden Cream Cake.**

One cupful sugar, three-quarters cupful butter creamed together, one-half cupful sweet milk and the beaten whites of three eggs, one and one-half cupfuls flour, one and one-half level teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in layers.

For Filling.—Yolks of three eggs, one cupful sugar and two tablespoonfuls thick cream beaten together until very light. Flavor with vanilla. These are very good.

**HAPPY HOLIDAYS**

We wish you "many happy returns"—but happiness is really only a reflection of health. It depends largely on the digestion. If you are poorly as a result of a weak stomach, inactive liver or clogged bowels we urge a trial of

**HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**

It brings back appetite, aids digestion and is beneficial to the entire system. Start today.

**Marching Orders.**

An old Irishman, long desirous of official dignity, was finally appointed marshal in a parade on Memorial day. Veterans, bandmen and school children were lined along the streets of the town patiently waiting the signal to start.

Suddenly Mike, on a prancing charger, dashed up the street. After inspecting the dignified procession he gave his horse a quick clip. Then, standing up in his saddle, he yelled, with a voice filled with pride and authority:

"Ready now! Every one of yez, kape shtep with the horse!"—Everybody's Magazine.

**Explained.**

"I must say," said the man who makes sapient observations, "that the Chinese are mighty quick about catching on to the ways of our higher civilization. They're good sports, too. I saw one with finger nails an inch long."

"Do you think they indicated sympathy with our civilized customs?"

"When a Chinaman makes a freak election bet, not having any whiskers worth mentioning, he has to agree not to cut his finger nails till his party comes into power."—Washington Star.

**At the First Signs**

Of falling hair get Cuticura. It works wonders. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. This at once arrests falling hair and promotes hair growth. For free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book, address post card: Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

**Were Safe Enough.**

"Look here," said the indignant mistress of the house to the peddler of small wares, "do you call these safety matches? Why, they won't light at all!"

"Well, ma'am," said the peddler, suavely, "wot could you 'ave that'd be safer?"

**The Best Liniment.**

For falls on icy walks, sprains and bruises, rub on and rub in Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Apply this liniment thoroughly and relief should quickly follow. Adv.

**One Case.**

"Can you give me a single instance where the less was made to contain the greater?"

"Oh, yes, I've seen a big woman make herself small enough to go through her husband's pockets."

**Society's Viewpoint.**

Reggy Van Velvet—Isn't the war distressing?

Mrs. Wayupper—Oh, I don't know—the European season was about over, anyway!—Puck.

**International Lack.**

"He took French leave."  
"Where was his Dutch courage?"—Baltimore American.

Smile, smile, beautiful clear white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore best. All grocers. Adv.

**No Doubt.**

"What in your opinion is the most appropriate age for travel?"

"Mileage."

For any cut use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Some people assume they can't have a good time by being good.

**MATTER OF HUMAN NATURE**

Really There is Much Similarity Between Conventions of Women and of Men.

Everybody notices the discord in a woman's convention. Some men even smile a superior smile. They never stop to think that the women are doing just about what the men do under similar circumstances.

A woman's convention isn't so different. If it were it wouldn't attract attention. It the women ran a convention in a strictly feminine way people would probably find it natural. It's the simple fact that it's very much the same that attracts the notice.

There's lot of wrangling in a woman's convention—much of it apparently over immaterial matters. There's a deal of personality—often an unnecessary lot. There's frequently a plain lack of a definite decision or even of really fruitful discussion on any particular subject.

All these things are found in men's conventions. Whoever doesn't think so hasn't been to many of them. If they are not found it's because the meeting is a merely cut and dried affair. Personality, irrelevance, violent discussion, sulking in tents—you will find them all.

There's a great deal of human nature in women, after all. Even in convention they just can't help from acting about as men act under similar circumstances.—Chicago Herald.

**Eggs Have Great Nutritive Value.**

Eggs give one of the purest forms of albumen, or proteid, and, consequently, they have great nutritive value. To be easily digested, they should be beaten up so as to separate the particles of the egg, because the stomach juices cannot easily penetrate the viscid mass of the egg, or should be boiled so as to be easily broken up. When athletes are training for a contest they use a diet that consists, in great part, of rare meat, because this gives them strength without fat. So if we wish children to be strong, we must use as an important part of their diet some form of animal food; milk and meat soups for the very young ones, or eggs and fresh meats for those older.

**Tip From a Fighter.**

Richard Bennett, the actor, was a prize fighter when he was a young man, and, as a result of this accomplishment, he has many friends in the ranks of pugilism.

One evening during a performance in the middle West, Abe Attell went behind the scenes and called on Bennett in his dressing room.

"Are you going to play San Francisco?" asked the pugilist.

"Yes," replied the actor, "I think we'll put on the Berkeley for one or two special performances."

"Take a tip from me, Bennett," cautioned Attell, not getting the real significance of the theater's name; "don't do that. If you do you'll lose a lot of money. There ain't enough Greeks in that town to fill a moving picture house."

**Important to Mothers**

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

**Marital Amenities.**

"Why don't you take away that piece of stuff the dog is tearing up?"

"Oh, the poor little beast is only enjoying himself in his own way."

"In my way!"

"Yes; chewing the rag."

**More for the Farmer.**

First Farmer—Think the railroads are doing enough?

Second Farmer—Nope, they should be made to furnish the fences we sit on to watch the trains go by.

Start the year by getting Hanford's Balsam. You will find frequent use for it. Adv.

**Love's Prudence.**

"Darling, will you share my lot?"

"Is it a good building lot?"—Baltimore American.

When a woman is expecting company for lunch she proceeds to build a marble cake and open a can of peaches.

Failure is often the result of a firm belief that all things come to those who wait for something to turn up.

If you can't look a man in the eye when you talk to him, use a phone.

**160 ACRES IN WESTERN CANADA FREE**

**WAITING FOR YOU**

Yes, waiting for every farmer or farmer's son — any industrious American who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is higher but her farm land just as cheap and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

**160 Acre Homesteads are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land at From \$15 to \$20 per Acre**

The people of European countries as well as the American continent must be fed—thus an even greater demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Any farmer who can buy land at \$15.00 to \$30.00 per acre — get a dollar for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is an unusual demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service in the war. 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.

**Substantial Breakfast.**

Substantial breakfasts are championed by a book published recently entitled "Food and Flavor." The author is not an approver of the "No breakfast" idea that prevails among a certain number of persons. He contrasts favorably the solid English breakfast, on which Canadian breakfasts are modeled, with the light early meal that is customarily partaken of on the continent.

"Breakfast, the very word," he says, "suggests a great service Britannia has done the gastronomic world. Nothing could be more irrational for normal persons than the continental habit of eating only bread and butter for breakfast and then having a second heavier breakfast at eleven or twelve o'clock to interrupt the morning's work in its full tide. Far better, both economically and hygienically is the English way of having a substantial breakfast and then nothing more till lunch time, the best hour for which is one o'clock. A healthy person ought to have a good appetite in the morning, after a night's rest, and gratify it."

**Not in a Good Set.**

"No," exclaimed the mother turkey, "I would prefer my children not to associate with those incubator chicks."

"Because they are so heedless and don't know how to feather their own nests?" inquired the duck.

"No, it isn't that so much I have brooded over," replied the turkey, "but there's something so artificial about them."

However, when the incubator chicks heard this they thought of the funeral baked meats of Thanksgiving and remarked significantly, "Death levels all ranks."

**Silencing the Bore.**

He had held forth for so long on the subject of his adventures that the entire smoking room was distinctly bored. Finally, he reached India. "It was here that I first saw a man-eating tiger!" he announced boastfully.

"Pooh! That's nothing!" said a mild-looking little man, edging toward the door. "I once saw a man eating rabbit!" And he sauntered gracefully out.

**The Ideal**

"The Van Troppers seem to be highly amused about something."

"There's a great joke in their family."

"What is it?"

"Since the war has prevented their annual tour of Europe, they are actually going to Niagara Falls!"

**A Boston Babe.**

"This is little Waldo."

"And how old is he?"

"Nearly six."

"Can the little fellow write?"

"Oh, yes," said the proud mother; "but he has not yet published anything."—Judge.

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

**Natural Proceeding.**

"What do you suppose Smith will do with his windfall?"

"He'll blow it in."

For sore feet rub on Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

**The Hero at Home.**

"Did you rise to the occasion when the burglar got into your house?"

"No, but my hair did."

**"NERVE" MATCHED HIS PLAY**

Golfer's Remarkable Luck Almost Equaled the Remark With Which He Followed It.

A member of the Washington American league team, who had always pretended to regard golf as a game for old men and crippled women, was persuaded to try his luck at the sport. Almost the whole club went to the first tee to see him drive off.

"What have I got to do, caddie?" he asked of the boy who went with him.

"You drive off from here," said the caddie, pointing to the tee, "and you're to put the ball in that little hole with the flag flying above it. I'll go on and mark your ball."

The caddie did so, and the ball player, with proper deliberation, drove off. By an extraordinary stroke of luck he drove a beautiful ball, which landed just on the edge of the green, and slowly trickled down into the hole. The caddie, wild with excitement, came dashing back, shouting: "You're down in one—the ball's in the hole!"

"Well," said the novice, nonchalantly, "I'm glad of that. At first I was afraid I might have missed it."

**Laudable(?) Ambition.**

"Is Twobble a victim of the drink habit?"

"I would hardly call him that, but every time he sees an idle cocktail he wants to put it to work."

**Shameless.**

"All that I have I owe to my wife."

"Well, if I were you I wouldn't brag that I had married for money."

**A Nabob.**

"What is a nabob?" asked the teacher.

"A neigh-bob," answered little Lemuel, "is a horse with a docked tail."

**Heard at the Station.**

"Why is it you are going South?"

"For my rheumatism."

"Can't you get enough of it here?"

Rubbing with turpentine will restore the color to ivory knife handles that have turned yellow.

A motorcycle street sweeper has been invented which gathers refuse into a sort of side car.

Beautiful, clear white clothes delights the laundress who uses Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

The man who is wedded to a matter-of-fact woman eventually realizes that facts are stubborn things.

It's a poor aeroplane that refuses to rise to the occasion.

The oldest inhabitant never boasts of how lazy he was when a boy.

**BLACK LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED** by Cutler's Blacking Pills. Laxative, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other remedies fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pills, Blacking Pills \$1.00; 50-dose pills, Blacking Pills 4.00. Use any laxative, but Cutler's is best.

The superiority of Cutler products is due to over 15 years of specializing in medicines and serums only. Insist on Cutler's. If unavailable, order direct. The Cutler Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

**FOR OLD AND YOUNG** Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

**Tutt's Pills** give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 52-1914

**You Look Prematurely Old**

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, 51.00, retail.

# The Last Shot

BY  
FREDERICK PALMER

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

## SYNOPSIS.

At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta 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, reveals forces 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 on Lanstron on the secret telephone and plans to give Westerling information that will trap the Gray army.

## CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"Yes?" the monosyllable was detached, dismal, labored. "A woman can be that!" she exclaimed in an uncertain tone, which grew into the distraction of clipped words and broken sentences. "A woman play-acting—a woman acting the most revolting hypocrisy—influences the issue between two nations! Her deceit deals in the lives of sons precious to fathers and mothers, the fate of frontiers, of institutions! Think of it! Think of machines costing countless millions—machines of flesh and blood, with their destinies shaped by one little bit of lying information! Think of the folly of any civilization that stakes its triumphs on such a gamble! Am I not right? Isn't it true? Isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, Marta! But—I—" If she were weakening it was not his place to try to strengthen her purpose. "It will the sooner end fighting, won't it, Lanny?" she asked in a small, tense voice.

"Yes."  
"And the only real end that means real peace is to prove that the weak can hold back the strong from their threshold?"

"Yes."  
Even now Westerling might be on the veranda, perhaps waiting for news that would enable him to crush the weak; to prove that the law of five pounds of human flesh against three, and five bayonets against three, is the law of civilization.

"Yes, yes, yes!" The constriction was gone from her throat; there was a drum-beat in her soul. "Depend on me, Lanny!" It was Feller's favorite phrase spoken by the one who was to take his place. "Yes, I'm ready to make any sacrifice now. For what am I? What is one woman compared to such a purpose? I don't care what is said of me or what becomes of me if we can win! Good-by, Lanny, till I call you up again! And God with us!" "God with us!" as Partow had said, over and over. The saying had come to be repeated by hard-headed, agnostic staff-officers, who believed that the deity had no relation to the efficiency of gun-fire. The Brown infantrymen even were beginning to mutter it in the midst of action.

Waiting on the path of the second terrace for Westerling to come, Marta realized the full meaning of her task. Day in and day out she was to have suspense at her elbow and the horror of hypocrisy on her conscience, the while keeping her wits nicely balanced. When she saw Westerling appear on the veranda and start over the lawn she felt dizzy and uncertain of her capabilities.

"I have considered all that you have said for my guidance and I have decided," she began.

She heard her own voice with the relief of a singer in a debut who, with knees shaking, finds that her notes are true. She was looking directly at Westerling in profound seriousness. Though knees shook, lips and chin could aid eyes in revealing the painful fatigue of a battle that had raged in the mind of a woman who went away for half an hour to think for herself.

"I have concluded," she went on, "that it is an occasion for the sacrifice of private ethics to a great purpose, the sooner to end the slaughter."

"All true!" whispered an inner voice. Its tone was Lanny's, in the

old days of their comradeship. It gave her strength. All true!

"Yes, an end—a speedy end!" said Westerling with a fine, inflexible emphasis. "That is your prayer and mine and the prayer of all lovers of humanity."

"It is little that I know, but such as it is you shall have it," she began, conscious of his guarded scrutiny. When she told him of Bordir, the weak point in the first line of the Browns' defense, she noted no change in his steady look; but with the mention of Engadir in the main line she detected a gleam in his eyes that had the merciless delight of a cutting edge of steel. "I have made my sacrifice to some purpose? The information is worth something to you?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes, yes! Yes, it promises that way," he replied thoughtfully.

Quietly he began a considerate catechism. Soon she was subtly understanding that her answers lacked the convincing details that he sought. She longed to avert her eyes from his for an instant, but she knew that this would be fatal. She felt the force of him directed in professional channels, free of all personal relations, beating as a strong light on her bare statements. How could a woman ever have learned two such vital secrets? How could it happen that two such critical points as Bordir and Engadir should go undefended? No tactician, no engineer but would have realized their strategic importance. Did she know what she was saying? How did she get her knowledge? These, she understood, were the real questions that underlay Westerling's polite indirection.

"But I have not told you the sources of my information! Isn't that like a woman!" she exclaimed. "You see, it did not concern me at all at the time I heard it. I didn't even realize its importance and I didn't hear much," she proceeded, her introduction giving time for improvisation. "You see, Partow was inspecting the premises with Colonel Lanstron. My mother had known Partow in her younger days when my grandfather was premier. We had them both to luncheon."

"Yes?" put in Westerling, betraying his eagerness. Partow and Lanstron! Then her source was one of authority, not the gossip of subalterns!

"And it occurs to me now that, even while he was our guest," she interjected in sudden indignation—"that even while he was our guest Partow was planning to make our grounds a redoubt!"

"After luncheon I remember Partow saying, 'We are going to have a look at the crops,' and they went for a walk out to the knoll where the fighting began."

"Yes! When was this?" Westerling asked keenly.

"Only about six weeks ago," answered Marta.

"Later, I came upon them unexpectedly after they had returned," she went on. "They were sitting there on that seat concealed by the shrubbery. I was on the terrace steps unobserved and I couldn't help overhearing them. Their voices grew louder with the interest of their discussion. I caught something about appropriations and aeroplanes and Bordir and Engadir, and saw that Lanstron was pleading with his chief. He wanted a sum appropriated for fortifications to be applied to building planes and dirigibles. Finally, Partow consented, and I recall his exact words: 'They're shockingly archaically defended, especially Engadir,' he said, 'but they can wait until we get further appropriations in the fall.'" She was so far under the spell of her own invention that she believed the reality of her words, reflected in her wide-open eyes which seemed to have nothing to hide.

"That is all," she exclaimed with a shudder—"all my eavesdropping, all my breach of confidence! If—if it!"—and her voice trembled with the intensity of the one purpose that was shining with the light of truth through the murk of her deception—"It will only help to end the slaughter!" She held out her hand convulsively in parting as if she would leave the rest with him.

"I think it will," he said soberly. "I think it will prove that you have done a great service," he repeated as he caught both her hands, which were cold from her ordeal. His own were warm with the strong beating of his heart stirred by the promise of what he had just heard. But he did not prolong the grasp. He was as eager to be away to his work as she to be alone. "I think it will. You will know in the morning," he added.

His steps were sturdier than ever

in the power of five against three as he started back to the house. When he reached the veranda, Bouchard, the saturnine chief of intelligence, appeared in the doorway of the dining-room; or, rather, reappeared, for he had been standing there throughout the interview of Westerling and Marta, whose heads were just visible, above the terrace wall, to his hawk eyes.

"A little promenade in the open and my mind made up," said Westerling, clapping Bouchard on the shoulder.

"Something about an attack to-night?" asked Bouchard.

"You guess right. Call the others."

Five minutes later he was seated at the head of the dining-room table with his chiefs around him waiting for their chairman to speak. He asked some categorical questions almost perfunctorily, and the answer to each was, "Ready!" with, in some instances, a qualification—the qualification made by regimental and brigade commanders that, though they could take the position in front of them, the cost would be heavy. Yes, all were willing and ready for the first general assault of the war, but they wanted to state the costs as a matter of professional self-defense.

Westerling could pose when it served his purpose. Now he rose and, going to one of the wall maps, indicated a point with his forefinger.

"If we get that we have the most vital position, haven't we?"

Some uttered a word of assent; some only nodded. A glance or two of curiosity was exchanged. Why should the chief of staff ask so elementary a question? Westerling was not unconscious of the glances or of their meaning. They gave dramatic value to his next remark.

"We are going to mass for our main attack in front at Bordir!"

"But," exclaimed four or five officers at once, "that is the heart of the position! That is—"

"I believe it is weak—that it will fall, and tonight!"

"You have information, then, information that I have not?" asked Bouchard.

"No more than you," replied Westerling. "Not as much if you have anything new."

"Nothing!" admitted Bouchard wryly. He lowered his head under Westerling's penetrating look in the consciousness of failure.

"I am going on a conviction—on putting two and two together!" Westerling announced. "I am going on my experience as a soldier, as a chief of staff. If I am wrong, I take the responsibility. If I am right, Bordir will be ours before morning. It is settled!"

"If you are right, then," exclaimed Turcas—"well, then it's genius or—" He did not finish the sentence. He had been about to say coincidence; while Westerling knew that if he were right all the rising skepticism in certain quarters, owing to the delay in his program, would be silenced. His prestige would be unassailable.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### Marking Time.

Soon after dark the attack began. Flashes from gun mouths and glowing sheets of flame from rifles made ugly revelry, while the beams of search-lights swept hither and thither. This kept up till shortly after midnight, when it died down and, where hell's concert had raged, silent darkness shrouded the hills. Marta knew that Bordir was taken without having to ask Lanstron or wait for confirmation from Westerling.

She was seated in the recess of the arbor the next morning, when she heard the approach of those regular, powerful steps whose character had become as distinct to her as those of a member of her own family. Five against three! Five against three! they were saying to her; while down the pass road and the castle road ran the stream of wounded from last night's slaughter.

Posted in the drawing-room of the Galland house were the congratulations of the premier to Westerling, who had come from the atmosphere of a staff that accorded to him a military insight far above the analysis of ordinary standards. But he was too clever a man to vaunt his triumph. He knew how to carry his honors. He accepted success as his due, in a matter-of-course manner that must inspire confidence in further success.

"You were right," he said to Marta easily, pleasantly. "We did it—we did it—we took Bordir with a loss of only twenty thousand men!"

Only twenty thousand! Her revulsion at the bald statement was relieved by the memory of Lanny's word over the telephone after breakfast that the Browns had lost only five thousand. Four to one was a wide ratio, she was thinking.

"Then the end—then peace is so much nearer?" she asked.

"Very much nearer!" he answered earnestly, as he dropped on the bench beside her.

He stretched his arms out on the back of the seat and the relaxed attitude, unusual with him, brought into relief a new trait of which she had been hitherto oblivious. The conqueror had become simply a companionable man. Though he was not sitting close to her, yet, as his eyes met hers, she had a desire to move away

which she knew would be unwise to gratify. She was conscious of a certain softening charm, a magnetism that she had sometimes felt in the days when she first knew him. She realized, too, that then the charm had not been mixed with the indescribable, intimate quality that it held now.

"In the midst of congratulations after the position was taken last night," he declared, "I confess that I was thinking less of success than of its source." He bent on her a look that was warm with gratitude.

She lowered her lashes before it; before gratitude that made her part appear in a fresh angle of misery.

"There seems to be a kind of fatality about our relations," he went on, "I lay awake pondering it last night." His tone held more than gratitude. It had the elation of discovery.

"He is going to make it harder than I ever guessed!" echoed her own thought, in a flutter of confusion.

"Yes, it was strange our meeting on the frontier in peace and then in war!" she exclaimed at random. The sound of the remark struck her as too subdued; as expectant, when her purpose was one of careless deprecation.

"I have met a great many women, as you may have imagined," he proceeded. "They have passed in review. They were simply women, witty and frail or dull and beautiful, and one meant no more to me than another. Nothing meant anything to me except my profession. But I never forgot you. You planted something in mind: a memory of real companionship."

"Yes, I made the prophecy that came true!" she put in. This ought to bring him back to himself and his ambitions, she thought.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, his body stiffening free of the back of the seat. "You realized what was in me. You foresaw the power which was to be mine. The fate that first brought us together made me look you up in the capital. Now it brings us together here on this bench after all that has passed in the last twenty-four hours."

She realized that he had drawn perceptibly nearer. She wanted to rise and cry out: "Don't do this! Be the chief of staff, the conqueror, crushing the earth with the tread of five against three!" It was the conqueror whom she wanted to trick, not a man whose earnestness was painting her deceit blacker. Far from rising, she made no movement at all; only looked at her hands and allowed him to go on, conscious of the force of a personality that mastered men and armies now warm and appealing in the full tide of another purpose.

"The victory that I was thinking of last night was not the taking of Bordir. It was finer than any victory in war. It was selfish—not for army and country, but born of a human weakness triumphant; a human weakness of which my career had robbed me," he continued. "It gave me a joy that even the occupation of the Browns' capital could not give. I had come as an invader and I had won your confidence."

"In a cause!" she interrupted hurriedly, wildly, to stop him from going further, only to find that her intona-

tion was such that it was crawling him on.

"That fatality seemed to be working itself out to the soldier so much older than yourself in renewed youth, in another form of ambition. I hoped that there was more than the cause that led you to trust me. I hoped—"

Was he testing her? Was he playing a part of his own to make certain that she was not playing one? She looked up swiftly for answer. There was no gainsaying what she saw in his eyes. It was beating into hers with the power of an overwhelming masculine passion and a maturity of intellect as his egotism admitted a comrade to its throne. Such is ever the way of a man in the forties when the clock strikes for him. But who could know better the craft of courtship than one of Westerling's experience? He was fighting for victory; to gratify a desire.

"I did not expect this—I—" the words escaped tumultuously and chokingly.

He was bending so close to her that she felt his breath on her cheek burning hot, and she was sickeningly conscious that he was looking her over in that point-by-point manner which she had felt across the tea-table at the hotel. This horrible thing in his glance she had sometimes seen in strangers on her travels, and it had made her think that she was wise to carry a little revolver. She wanted to strike him.

"Confess! Confess!" called all her own self-respect. "Make an end to your abasement!"

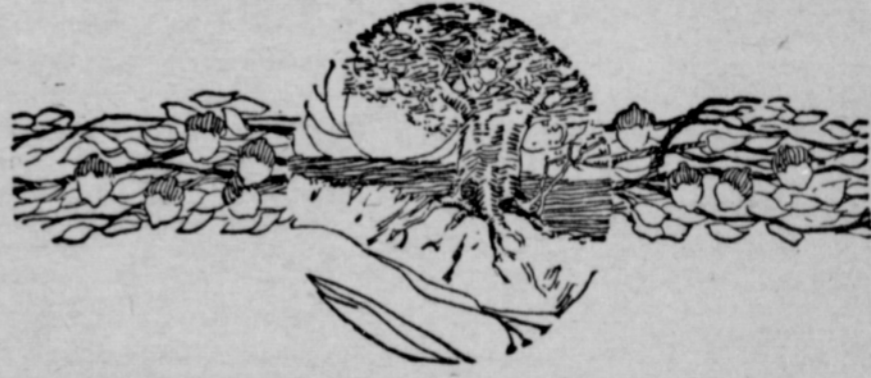
"Confession, after the Browns have given up Bordir! Confession that makes Lanny, not Westerling, your dupe!" came the reply, which might have been telegraphed into her mind from the high, white forehead of Partow bending over his maps. "Confession, betraying the cause of the right against the wrong; the three to the conquering five! No! You are in the thing. You may not retreat now."

For a few seconds only the duel of argument thundered in her temples—seconds in which her lips were parted and quivering and her eyes dilated with an agitation which the man at her side could interpret as he pleased. A prompting devil—a devil roused by that thing in his eyes—urging a finesse in double-dealing which only devils understand, made her lips hypnotically turn in a smile, her eyes soften, and sent her hand out to Westerling in a trancelike gesture. For an instant it rested on his arm with telling pressure, though she felt it burn with shame at the point of contact.

"We must not think of that now," she said. "We must think of nothing personal; of nothing but your work until your work is done!"

The prompting devil had not permitted a false note in her voice. Her very pallor, in fixity of dew, served her purpose. Westerling drew a deep breath that seemed to expand his whole being with greater appreciation of her. Yet that harried hunger, the hunger of a beast, was still in his glance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## SAVING THE VENUS OF MILO

Extraordinary Precautions Taken to Guard Art Treasure Impossible to Replace.

When, during the war of 1870, the German army drew near the French capital, one of the first measures the Parisians took was to place the art treasures of the Louvre in safety. The paintings of Raphael, Titian, Paolo Veronese, Rembrandt and Rubens were carefully packed and shipped to Brest. There they could, if necessary, be put on shipboard and taken from the country.

It was not so easy to save the piece of marble statuary, for their weight and fragility made them difficult to handle; but the French determined that the famous Venus of Milo, at least, should not fall into the hands of the Prussians.

So they took her down from her pedestal and laid her in a casket carefully padded and wrapped. At night the casket was taken out through a secret door and hidden secretly in the cellar of the police prefecture, at the end of a certain passageway.

They walled in the casket and cleverly gave the wall an appearance of great age and dilapidation. In front of this wall they laid a number of valuable public documents, so that if they should happen to be found their importance would lead the discoverers to think there was nothing else hidden there. In front of the papers they built another wall. Here the Venus of Milo remained, much to the distress of those patriotic Parisians who did

not know where she was and supposed that she had been stolen, through the siege of the city by the Germans and through the disorders of the commune.

One day the prefecture caught fire and was pretty completely destroyed. The distress of those who knew that the Venus was concealed there can be imagined. As soon as the fire was extinguished they hastened to the sinking ruins and after some digging found the casket, buried in heaps of dirt and stones, but uninjured.

It is understood that the Venus has gone into hiding again this year, not to reappear until peace is restored and Paris is free from danger of the invader.—Youth's Companion.

### His Heart Failed Him.

The young man had threatened suicide if she rejected him. And, although she did, he didn't. "Why didn't he?" was asked. "Said he'd given his heart to her." "What's that got to do with it?" "Oh, he didn't have the heart to kill himself."

### Interrupted Communication.

"You don't mean to say that this is the first you've heard of it?" "Absolutely." "Why, it's the talk of the neighborhood." "Yes, but my wife is away on a visit."

### But Not on That.

However, the city chap who imagines he could get rich raising chickens on a two acre farm may be perfectly sane on all other subjects.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Your home sale closes Saturday. Let your \$ do its duty.

When you start that building go to A. L. Brannon for the hardware.

J. W. Richey went to St. Augustine, Texas, yesterday on a short trip.

A Jew complimented Robertson's Store last week for selling goods so cheap.

The New Lumber Yard, South Side Square, is a candidate for your favor. Come in and talk to us about your building plans.

Mr. Tudor of Throckmorton, Texas, has been visiting his nephew, R. H. Tudor, in Slaton and looking over the country with a view to locating.

**FOR SALE**—90 Head Cattle. 25 one-year olds, 50 two-year-olds, 15 four-year-old cows. Also 12 head of springer Jerseys. Will sell or trade for stock cattle.—Ed Hicks, at McDonald's Livery Barn, Lubbock, Texas.

**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.

Henry Leininger of Pyrom was on the west bound passenger Monday morning on his way to the Santa Fe hospital at Clovis, N. M. He had sustained an accident that laid him up, but his condition was not thought to be serious.

J. J. Riney of Merkel, Texas, arrived in Slaton last Friday with his immigrant car, and is busy this week hauling lumber to his farm, the northwest quarter of the Klattenhoff section four miles south of town, which he purchased last fall. He will put good improvements on the land and make a home place of it.

Somebody moved the first of the week, and the re-adjustment that followed has kept the moving vans busy ever since.

H. A. Workman purchased the Pat Trammell house for his own family, and J. D. Haney moved from that place to the Burton house which was vacated by Ty Ferrell.

J. N. McReynolds moved to the country, and H. C. Bessing moved to the McReynolds house. G. W. Guinn moved to the Bessing home and E. P. Nix to the Guinn home.

R. G. Shankle moved into his house, and J. D. Butler had no place to move to, so stored his household goods and went to boarding.

N. R. Thomas moved from town to his farm.

## CHURCHES

### The Missionary Society.

The whole intellectual, moral and spiritual life of mankind is dependent upon the ministrations of Christ's church, and even the material prosperity of men cannot extend far beyond the limits of its quickening and inspiring influences. In thus speaking an exorbitant claim is made for our Methodist church of Slaton, and we wish to give an account of this church for the past year.

We might say that the Rev. J. P. Calloway laid the foundation for our work here. He appealed to men and sought to uplift the Church, always hiding behind the Cross. Owing to the illness of his wife he resigned his pastorate in September. Brother C. H. Ledger was appointed to fill out the rest of the term, and was returned to us by the Conference for another year. Under Brother Calloway's ministry, assisted by our present pastor, Brother C. H. Ledger, two successful revivals were held, increasing our membership at least one hundred and fifty. In December our pastor went to Conference with a clear record and upon his return together with an appointed committee raised the debt that hung over our church. This debt amounted to \$225. Not one of the members fails to see and appreciate the work begun under the leadership of Bro. Ledger.

What can we say of our Sunday school? It is here that "we shine." Well organized, with a live, consecrated, efficient Superintendent, C. C. Hoffman, who is assisted by an equally able corps of officers and teachers. Our attendance is splendid. It has grown during the past year from about 30 to 125. The collections range from \$2 to \$5 each Sunday. The contributions to our Birthday Box which was brought into the Sunday School in March, 1914, up to Jan., 1915, amounted to \$13.10. With the throbbing, pulsing life of the Sunday School, we surely know that a firm foundation is being laid for our church.

Last but not least is the work of the Missionary Society, with a membership of twenty, each belonging to both departments, Home and Foreign. The first work of the Society was to raise funds for the papering, lighting, and a part of the seating of the church. The ladies also paid the janitor's fees and a month's rent on the parsonage at Littlefield. Furnishings were sent to the parsonage at Tahoka, amounting to \$28. The pledge \$25 was sent to the Conference Treas-

urer. The Society recently paid \$15 towards raising the church debt. A meeting is held every Monday. First, Business meeting; Second, Study Circle; Third, Devotional meeting; Fourth, Study Circle.

We feel that we are laying good foundations. Our members are united, our working forces are well organized and under good leadership. Only a few things are necessary to make our hope a realization and a foregone certainty. First, we want to be true to our ideals as christian women, we want to be honest with ourselves and with our neighbors so that confidence in our sincerity will remain unimpaired. But what of the New Year as we enter upon it? Does it hold promises before us? The indications all point that way. God has certainly been good to us. Now let us put forth greater effort for this year than we have for the one past.

We feel that the work of our church as a whole has progressed well, taking into consideration that this town will only be four years old in June, but we want a deeper concentration of heart and life personally to the claims of our religion. If these things be in us and abound the New Year will be one of success and brotherly love. May the God of our fathers lead us into paths of righteousness, and may Christ our Savior dwell in our hearts by Faith that we may be filled with the fruits of the Spirit.

—Contributed.

**Astonishing Performance of Ten-Year-Old Philadelphia Girl Who Has Won Many Medals.**

Philadelphia.—One of the sensational features of the recent police carnival held in Philadelphia, was the exhibition by Florence McLaughlin, who is best known to fame as the little girl who has won more cups and medals than any other child in the country. The photo shows how easily



Throwing 200-Pound Man.

Florence can throw a 200-pound man. The man shown is Sergeant Rodman, the athletic instructor of the Philadelphia police. Grasping him by the arms at a moment when he made a rush at the little lady and stooping suddenly as shown, the momentum of the attacker threw him over in a complete somersault.

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

**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**  
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INSURANCE and RENTALS

Fire, Tornado, Plate Glass, Automobile, Accident, Health and Burglary Insurance . . .

Office at FIRST STATE BANK  
Slaton -:- Texas

Slatonite Printing Pulls

## 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. F. V. Williams, N. G. J. G. Wadsworth, Secretary.

#### WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.

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

#### WOODMEN CIRCLE.

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

#### A., F., AND A. M.

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

#### YOEMEN.

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

### RAILWAY TIME TABLE.--Santa Fe South Plains Lines

#### SOUTH BOUND.

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

#### NORTH BOUND.

No. 28, Arrives from Sweetwater..... 10:40 a. m.  
" " Departs for Amarillo..... 11:00 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.

## 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**

## The Slaton Slatonite

L. P. Loomis Editor and Manager

### SUBSCRIPTION, A YEAR \$1.00

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

The cold weather the first of the week was just a notice of the storm that was raging in the north. Snow fell as far south as Tulia.

When we see the price of wheat going so high we cannot help but strike an estimate on the hundreds of thousands of bushels that might have been harvested on the Slaton country in 1914.

Plainview has a creamery which has a capacity of several thousand pounds of butter each week, but it cannot get enough cream to run one day in the week.—News.

The feed that can be raised on the South Plains would maintain enough dairy cows to supply a dozen creameries.

A splendid family in a neighboring town has been planning several months on moving to Slaton the first of this year, and had a house rented, but the demand for houses became so urgent that holding a house unoccupied was out of the question. So when the family completed arrangements to come to Slaton they could not come. The gentleman was financially able to be of much benefit to the community. Business men have been kept away from town because they could not secure houses for their families. Slaton certainly needs more and better rent houses.

Amarillo is making a big protest on what the Daily News terms a discrimination in freight rates on coal. From the mines in Colorado to Amarillo the freight charge per ton is \$2.25, while from the mines to Fort Worth, more than twice the distance, the charge is only \$2.50. In other words, the charge for the longer haul, Amarillo to Fort Worth, is only 25 cents while the charge for the shorter haul, Colorado to Amarillo, is \$2.25. The freight rate per ton on coal to Slaton from the mines is \$3.90. Such indiscriminate as the Amarillo to Fort Worth haul is what makes the people legislate against the railroads.

A few requests have been made on the Slatonite to publish a market report each week. We hesitate to do so for several reasons. The local consumption of produce has always exceeded the supply, and the market price is high and not always determined by the city markets. The prices of cotton, grain, hay, feed, hogs, cattle, and all other marketable farm products are based on the Fort Worth, Houston, and Galveston quotations. Again, to hunt up the different sources of the local market information is quite a task on press day, the real busy day of a small force country printing office. And if an error creeps into the report when the editor gets censured for it. A market report is a particular task, too particular for one man to handle when he has a dozen other lines to hold steady in a grand stand whirlwind finish to get the paper on the press on time each week.

## THE IRON HAND

A crowded house greeted the presentation of "The Iron Hand," a stirring comedy-drama, by local talent at the high school auditorium last Friday night. The play was a decided success, and brought many rounds of applause from the audience.

The cast of characters: Montford, a heartless polished financial rogue, A. Harry Woodard.

Harmon VanHorn, a wealthy young artist, James Foster.

Jack Minton, Montford's ward, O. H. Woodard.

Old Ikey, "Der most moralest man as efer vos," R. A. Baldwin.

Gambling Abe, Old Ikey's Pal, Andrew B. Robertson, Jr.

Hawkins, butler, Walter West.

Bella, Harmon's wife, Miss Frankie Vermillion.

Lizzie, Jack's wife, a popular actress, Miss Vyola Talley.

Mrs. Dibble, Lizzie's mother, Mrs. Maud Wallace.

Hannah, a servant, Miss Lona Sowell.

Pianist, Miss Cade.

Violinist, G. W. Guinn.

Banjo, R. A. Baldwin.

The play was given in four acts with specialties between.

O. H. Woodard gave a dramatic reading, "The Italian's Story," which drew a hearty encore.

Leo Hubbard and Vyola Talley gave a singing and dancing specialty, "Chesapeake Bay," with Mrs. Andrew Briggs Robertson, Jr., piano accompanist. This number also drew an encore.

The entire cast handled their lines remarkably well, and all working together made the play the splendid success that it was. This was the first appearance of the Woodard brothers before a Slaton audience, but their acting won the favor of the crowd from the first.

The entertainment was a fine success from a financial standpoint, and the receipts were applied towards the payment of the piano in the auditorium. R. A. Baldwin coached the play.

## For Sale or Trade for Slaton Property

An ideal Oregon home 6 miles from city, 2 miles from school house and Sunday School, 1 mile from R. F. D. route. 80 acres of land. Has bearing fruit trees of apples, peaches, plums, prunes, cherries, and almonds, and lots of berries. There are several springs on the place, and about 1000 cords of wood can be cut on the farm, consisting mostly of fir, pine, oak and laurel. Wood sells at \$5 to \$6 in the city, and some haul as much as 2 1-2 cords with two horses.

The farm has improvements consisting of well, wood shed, chicken house, barn, and five-room house with porches, pantry, and cellar. House insured for \$1,000 and barn for \$200. A few acres are under cultivation; the rest of the place is mountainous land. Eggs here sell at 45c a dozen now.

I am the owner and living on the place with my family, but am interested in Slaton and would consider a trade for property there, either city property or either an improved on an unimproved farm tract. This is a desirable home of mine, nicely located, and priced right. If you have something to trade call at Slatonite office or address C. L. B., care Slatonite. We can strike a trade to our mutual advantage.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

The State of Texas, County of Lubbock. In District Court, Lubbock County, Texas.

J. C. Schetrompf vs W. A. Turner No. 864.

WHEREAS, by virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Lubbock County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 1st day of December, A. D. 1914, in favor of the said J. C. Schetrompf and against the said W. A. Turner, No. 864 on the Docket of said court, I did, on the 7th day of January, A. D., 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., levy upon the following described tract, lot or parcel of land situate in the County of Lubbock, State of Texas, and belonging to the said W. A. Turner, to-wit: Lot No. Twelve (12) in Block No. One Hundred Seven (107) in the West Park Addition to the Town of Slaton, Lubbock, County, Texas; and on the 2nd day of February, A. D. 1915, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of ten o'clock a. m., and four o'clock p. m., on said day, at the court house door of said county, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest that the said W. A. Turner had in and to said property on the 24th day of October, A. D. 1911, or at any and all times thereafter.

Dated at Lubbock, Texas, this 7th day of January, A. D. 1915. W. H. Flynn, Sheriff of Lubbock County, Tex.

## FRED HOFFMAN Painter and Paper Hanger

Interior Decorator. Expert Floor Finisher.  
Slaton, Texas

**"It Can Be Did"**  
YES IT CAN  
**Use the Telephone**



**The Western Telephone Company**

## THRIFT.

Thrift does not mean a pinchy miserliness or the hardship of great self-denial. It means a lessening of extravagance, the cutting off of useless expenditures, the cultivation of the saving habit and preparation in time of prosperity for the inevitable hour of need.

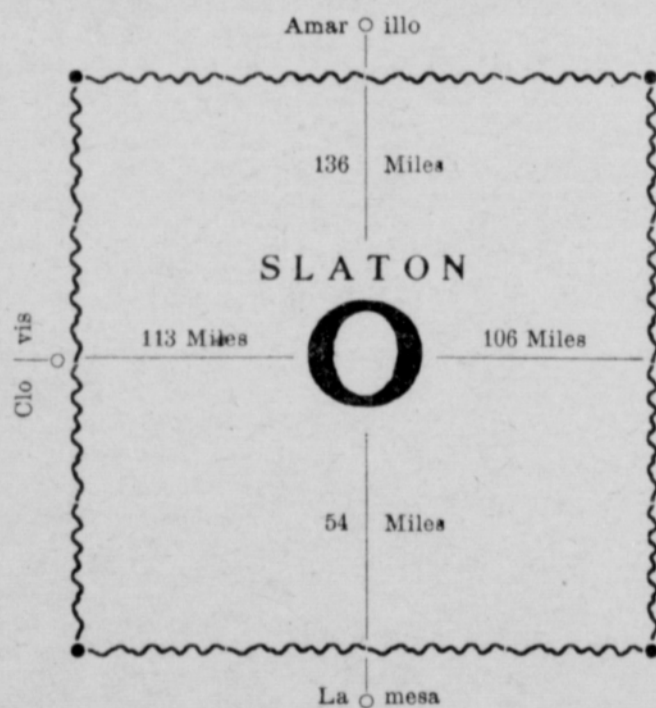
BUILD YOU A HOME.

**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.

# Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M.D.

(Copyright, 1914, by A. S. Gray)

## THE RADIOACTIVE ELEMENTS.

The discovery of the X-ray by Professor Roentgen in 1895 familiarized the minds of men with a type of radiation invisible to the unaided eye but able to traverse opaque objects and affect a photographic plate behind them. It had long been known that certain substances exposed to sunshine afterwards glow in the dark, a property known as phosphorescence, and it had been discovered that the X-ray developed these same qualities in these substances. This led to experiments to see if similar types of rays were not produced in other ways.

Like many other great discoveries, the culmination of the search owed something to luck or accident. Henri Becquerel in Paris in 1896 chanced to use a piece of uranium and discovered in compounds of that element emanations closely allied to the X-ray in their general nature, a property we now call radioactivity. These new radiations in varying extent pass through all matter quite independent of whether it is opaque or transparent to light. In addition to the properties possessed by light of acting on a photographic plate and of causing certain substances, like the platinum-cyanides, to fluoresce, the new radiations resembled the X-rays also in "ionizing" the air and other gases, rendering them for the time being partial conductors of electricity.

The pioneer in developments on the chemical side was Mme. Curie, who, with her husband, isolated radium and polonium. Other investigators following these lines developed some thirty individual radio elements. As a result of experiments, observations and deductions, we are beginning to suspect that there exists in every form of matter the process of its own decay, and this suspicion is gradually crystallizing into a belief, a new philosophy, a philosophy destined profoundly to influence the thoughts and actions of future generations of men.

The emanations from radioactive elements have been classed as alpha, beta and gamma rays, and are distinguished by enormous differences in power of penetration. The alpha rays have been shown to be atoms of helium carrying an electrical charge, and shooting out from radioactive materials in the course of their disintegration. The alpha rays of radium are distinguishable in penetrating power from the alpha rays of Uranium and from Thorium, but the differences among alpha rays as a class are small and unimportant, relatively compared to the enormous differences between any alpha ray and a beta or a gamma ray.

The most penetrating alpha ray known is not more than twice as penetrating as the least penetrating alpha ray known, but beta rays as a class are 100 times more penetrating than alpha rays and the gamma rays in turn are fully 100 times more penetrating than the beta rays as a class. Alpha rays are completely absorbed by thin screens of paper or a few inches of air, while beta rays pass through a visiting card or ordinary tinfoil with ease. But Soddy shows that a gamma ray will penetrate one-half inch of steel or a stack of twelve pennies, six inches of lead or one foot of solid iron.

The compound microscope became an efficient weapon of scientific truth about 1830, and in 1829 Schwann demonstrated that "all the higher animals are commonwealths of cells."

Every human individual begins life as a single cell about a hundred and twentieth of an inch in diameter and in the brief period of forty weeks attains an average weight of approximately seven pounds. After birth there ensues a period of growth. Growth is not a simple augmentation of volume, but an alteration in form and type.

For instance, if we compare the skeleton of a new-born child with that of an adult, we discover vast differences between the relative proportions of the different parts. The child's head is enormously larger than that of the adult in proportion to its stature and the chest measure also is markedly greater in the child. These facts imply the presence of some check, a balance wheel or growth regulator. It is easy to understand that anything that will throw these growth regulation factors out of gear must produce grave results and

in the extraordinary increase in the mortality from cancer we have the results of such a disturbance.

The power of human resistance to this disease seems to be steadily declining. In Massachusetts and New Jersey and in sixteen American cities the government reports indicate that mortality from cancer has increased 100 per cent since 1880, and during the ten years from 1901 to 1911 it has increased 25 per cent. Cancer costs the United States about 75,000 lives annually and the rate in the registration area per 100,000 in 1911 was 78; in England and Wales it was 97.

There is a deep significance to many minds in all the foregoing facts, and men everywhere are searching for the key to the riddle, and some day, half by chance perhaps, it will be found.

## A WORD ABOUT CANCER.

United States government reports show that during the ten years preceding 1911 the population of this country increased 21 per cent. During this period the death rate per 100,000 from cancer increased 30 per cent among males and 22 per cent among females. "The extraordinary increase in the mortality due to cancer in this and other countries has long since raised that malady to the proportions of a great plague," says an authority who wrote on this subject recently. "The power of human resistance to this disease seems to be steadily declining." He then proceeds to predict that at the present rate of increase in another 25 years cancer will cause more deaths than tuberculosis, typhoid fever and malaria combined.

Scientists throughout the world are diligently searching for the cause of this fearful scourge of mankind, in order that a specific preventive and cure may be found. Meanwhile every individual should be informed that cancer is to a large degree preventable if we will but apply the knowledge we already possess to guard against it.

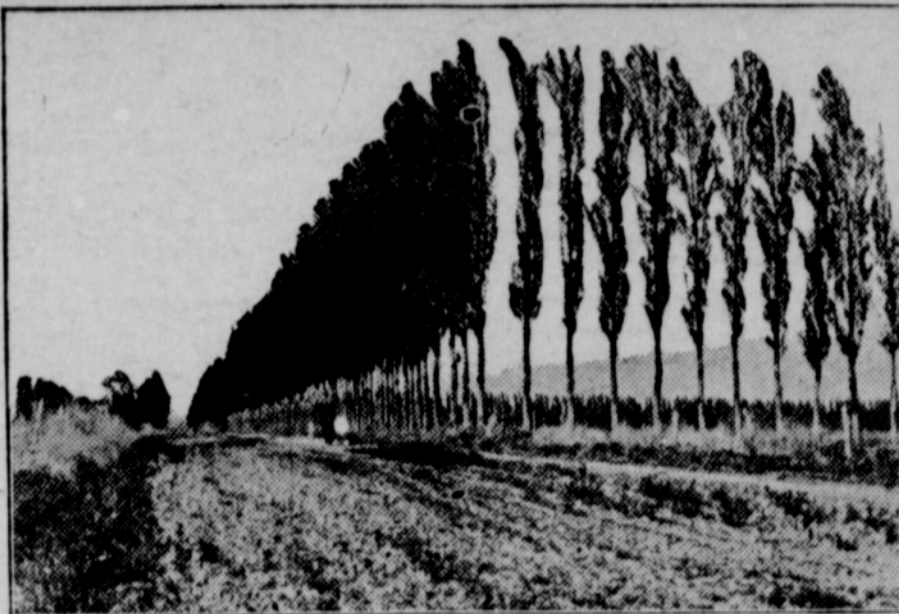
There are many theories as to the cause of cancer, the most logical one being that advanced by a group of microscopists working along biological lines. The basis of this theory is that cancer is a state of anarchy within the body. To be able to grasp the theory and also to understand why the X-ray is at all effective in cases of cancer it is necessary to have a thorough comprehension of the proposition advanced by Virchow in 1858, which I have noted in a previous article; namely, that each one of the cells composing the human body is a distinct individual possessed of all the characteristics of life. That is to say, every reader of this article is composed of many billions of individuals, each having all the powers and faculties that the reader is conscious of possessing and differing in no way save in degree. Every living thing is constructed of these same individual cells, composed of the same protoplasm, and differs only in organization.

It is during the first few years and more particularly during the first year of life that the highest human mortality takes place. The newly proliferated cells are not thoroughly organized and the entire organism is therefore weak and unstable. Ordinarily we do not think of working young children or animals, because we know that their tissues are soft and therefore that they may very easily be broken down and ruined; but at maturity we know there is a more perfect organization, the cells are more fixed, stable and adaptable and are therefore highly resistant. This fact forms the basis for the action of the X-rays on cancer.

There is no remedy known to medicine that has a selective influence, there is nothing that can be put into these bodies of ours that will drive disease out and not touch healthy tissues. But, depending on the state of the individual cell vitality, tissues react differently to the same influence; hence tissues having marked power of proliferation are necessarily composed of masses of these young or "juvenile" cells and are of course vastly more susceptible to any influence than are the more fully formed and stable "adult" cells which may often remain unchanged for years.

An "anarchist cell" finds a favorable location and proceeds to proliferate; that is to say, it multiplies by division, as all the somatic cells do, and these young and weak cells form what is technically known as "juvenile" tissue within the more stable, older, or "adult" tissue of the organ in which the cancerous process is taking place. If now the "hard," very penetrating rays of the X-ray are turned upon this diseased area one of two things takes place—either the short, sharp oscillations, which we have noted approximate more than 800,000,000,000 per second, shake these weak "juvenile" cells into a healthful reaction, or they destroy them as a dog kills a rat by shaking it, and the healthy cells are stimulated by the light.

## HOW TO PREVENT SOIL FROM BLOWING



A Border of Lombardy Poplars That Serve as a Windbreak.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Careful investigation has shown that the soil is always changing. Water and wind are always at work moving its particles from place to place, carrying them ultimately into the sea. For the most part this is a beneficial process. Were each particle of soil to remain forever in one place, the fertility of the land would be rapidly exhausted. As it is, new, unweathered and unexhausted fragments of the underlying rocks are continually adding to the fertility of the soil zone by taking the place of the wornout particles which nature removes.

Under certain circumstances, however, it frequently happens that this process takes place too rapidly, that the particles of topsoil are removed before the underlying rock fragments have been sufficiently prepared to take their places. This is the case especially in the arid and semiarid regions and in sections where the soil is particularly sandy in character. Under such conditions "soil blowing" may be the cause of serious damage. In the first place the soil itself may be so blown away that subsoil insufficiently weathered and filled with humus to be ready for crops, comes to the surface; and secondly, the crops themselves may be lost through the blowing out of the seed or the uprooting, burial or cutting off of the young plants.

### Few General Expedients.

The best remedy, according to the United States department of agriculture, for the farmer who finds himself confronted with difficulties of this sort is to adopt a system of crops which will cover his land with vegetation at seasons when strong, dry winds are most prevalent. The exact system which the individual farmer should follow depends, of course, upon the climate, the available markets, and other local factors. There are, however, a few general expedients which it would be well for him to bear in mind. For example, if fall plowing is not necessary, the stubble of the last crop should be left on the soil as late as possible in the spring, or oats or barley may be sown in the late summer or early fall. The plants will be killed by the frost and will form a protective mat on the soil surface. Another expedient is to protect a slow-growing crop from wind damage by a nurse crop which, planted at the same time, will grow more rapidly and shield the former until it is sufficiently far advanced to take care of itself. A thin seeding of rye and barley used in connection with alfalfa is a common instance of this method. On dry lands, however, where the scarcity of water must be considered, this plan is open to the objection that the nurse crop deprives the soil of a certain amount of much-needed moisture. Many farmers, therefore, prefer to introduce alfalfa and similar slow-starting crops by drilling in the seed in high-cut stub-

ble of thinly sown millet or thickly seeded kafir corn.

### Summer Fallow Facilities.

The use of the summer fallow greatly facilitates excessive soil blowing in sections where dangerous winds are prevalent in the summer time, because the land is left fully exposed. This danger may be avoided to a considerable extent by seeding rows of coarse-growing crops at intervals across the fallow fields at right angles to the direction of the prevailing winds. Where the wind danger is especially great it might even be desirable to abandon the summer fallow altogether, substituting for it a leguminous crop which may be plowed under in the fall. This practice has the great advantage of adding humus to the soil, thereby not only increasing its fertility but also its resistance to wind action. The presence of humus is indeed one of the best protections against blowing, the presence of organic bodies in the soil increasing its water-holding power and therefore aiding in keeping the surface moist. The sandy trucking soils of the East may nearly always be made naturally resistant to wind action by the addition of humus through the systematic planting of leguminous crops.

### Another Protection Method.

Another method of protecting fields is to plant rows of trees or bushes or to build fences as windbreaks. This is effective but apt to be expensive not only because of the actual cost outlay involved but because of the amount of land which is left unproductive. For this reason the use of such artificial windbreaks can hardly be recommended for extensive agriculture, and is usually restricted to the cultivation of fruits, garden vegetables, etc. Where windbreaks are erected, care should be taken to see that they are composed of trees or bushes which do not harbor insect pests and whose roots will not spread out into the adjoining fields.

### Supply of Protein.

Clover belongs to the same family as alfalfa, and can also be used to excellent advantage in connection with corn. Both hay plants supply the nutrient which is lacking in corn, namely, protein, to give a well-balanced ration, though alfalfa is somewhat richer than clover in this.

### Plant Trees.

Plant trees. Nothing adds more to the appearance of a country home or, in fact, makes it look more like home than a house set in the midst of a beautiful lawn dotted with trees, shrubs and flowers.

### Success With Poultry.

The successful poultryman has not stepped into that all at once. He has arrived at that by the slow and arduous road of experience. He cannot stay there except by traveling the same road.



Roots of a Tree Exposed by Soil Blowing.

## HAS APPROVAL OF ALL

NO MISTAKE POSSIBLE WHEN A SPONGE CAKE IS PROVIDED.

Method of Preparation Carefully Given by an Expert Who Knows Just How It Should Be Put Together for Best Results.

One of the finest little things for the expert housewife to know is how to take certain portions of flour, eggs and sugar and whip them swiftly into the shape of sponge cake. Is there any man, woman or child of right mind who does not like a properly baked "sponge cake?" Echo answers none. An old hand furnished the Star with the necessary method in careful detail. Here it is:

The proper requisites for cake baking are some deep, round-bottomed bowls for mixing, one to be large enough to hold entire mixture when done; a regulation graded one-half pint measuring cup, standard tea and tablespoon, a good perforated mixing spoon, flat egg whip and revolving egg beater.

The correct molds for cake are so constructed that they require no greasing; a German "spring form" or those with removable slides where a knife can be slipped in to cut out the cake are the best; if round molds are used select those with a tube in center; they hold up the delicate mixture while raising and cut more evenly.

The object of ungreased molds is twofold. It is decidedly cleaner, and cake baked that way is more delicate. As the batter rises it clings to sides and tube and stays there until cut out, while a greased mold lets cake slide down and sag even during the baking. The egg cakes should be inverted with the mold as soon as taken from the oven and allowed to hang while cooling; this stretches the cake and increases it materially in size. If mold has no projections for that purpose set rim on three cups or rest center tube on a Mason jar; this will raise it from level of table and let air circulate freely around cake while cooling.

When whipping whites for cakes always use a flat egg whip and use it with long even stroke; this incloses air and makes cake light; on the other hand, for icings or meringue a revolving egg beater should be used, as a close-grained consistency is desired for that purpose. When told to fold in sugar or flour use a flat whip or spoon and combine material with a dipping motion, never beat, whip or stir at that stage, or cake will be tough. The care of these light cakes while baking can be summed up as follows: The first ten to twenty minutes the heat should be moderate, the cake must rise slowly to top of pan without browning, then heat can be increased. At all times watch carefully. As soon as oven gets too hot open oven door and let hot air escape; this will change the temperature at once.

Do not be afraid that cold air may chill cake. As the hot air escapes it will keep the cold from penetrating. A few asbestos sheets are useful to place above or below cake if it browns too fast. To ascertain when cakes are done press top with finger tips, if it rebounds without making a hissing sound and the cake has shrunk slightly, it is done. Take from oven, carefully invert the mold, being careful that no draft can strike it, and let stand until cold. When cake has been cut from mold place inverted on flat plate, rub off the little loose furry particles that may be on sides and top, then cake is ready for icing.

As a last caution to the inexperienced cook let me say never substitute other material for that called for in these recipes; especially does this apply to the flour. Pastry flour is so superior to the "spring wheat" for all cakes and pastry that the small difference in price should not be considered. Granulated sugar must be fine grained, and be sure to note the difference in "powder and confectioner's sugar"—the former is extremely fine grained and used in baking, while the latter is smooth like starch and is best for icing, etc.—Washington Star.

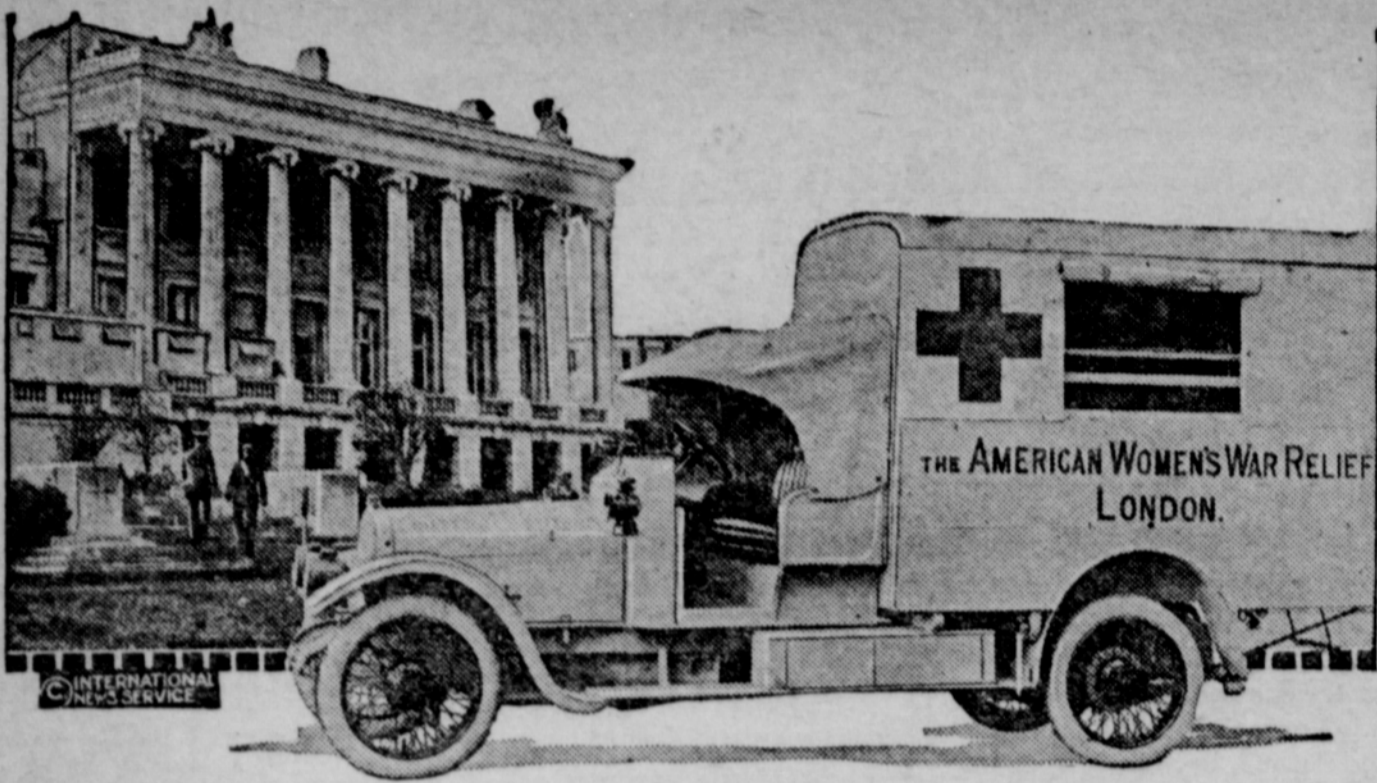
### Watch the Garbage Pail.

A careful survey of this receptacle indicates the part of the kitchen supply that is lost as refuse or as waste. Poor cooking, unwarranted purchases and unwise planning contribute to this extravagance. The unnecessary waste should be eliminated by the use of good cook book and wiser planning as to the amounts needed and individual tastes.

### Refrigerator Hint.

To avoid buying ice in winter, the refrigerator should be kept chilled by this plan: Set a pail of water outdoors to become ice cold. Put the pail in the ice compartment of the refrigerator. In case the water should freeze solid, place a small stick in it. The ice will crack and rise up around the stick instead of bursting the vessel.

AMERICAN HELP FOR WOUNDED BRITISH



Six motor ambulances like the one in this photograph have been given to the British war office by the American Women's War Relief fund. With their fittings they cost about \$20,000. At the left is Oldway house, the residence of Paris E. Singer in Devonshire, transformed into the American Red Cross hospital.

GERMANY USES STAGE TRICK TO SWELL PROCESSION OF PRISONERS

Order to Give Air of Verisimilitude to Tales of Foe's Regiments Annihilated, Trainloads of Captives Are Sent Through Same Town Many Times—Belgian Trooper Becomes Peeved at Twelfth Trip Through Aix-la-Chapelle.

London.—It is a relief to extract a little humor out of this tragic war. French and English alike are wondering, and laughing not a little, at the tremendous number of prisoners which the Germans, according to their own reports, are capturing, both east and west. If they had taken as many prisoners as they say they have they would have no enemy to fight. But the explanation is simple enough. Take but one instance.

A Swiss who was at Aix-la-Chapelle at the beginning of this month, and who is now at Easle, writes:

"The German government is very ingenious in its efforts to keep up the spirits of the population. It reports the annihilation of regiment after regiment daily, and in order to foster the delusion it has to produce formidable convoys of French, British and Belgian prisoners. Aix-la-Chapelle is the spectacular spot chosen. It is the busiest railway station in the German empire just now. The German general staff sends long train loads of prisoners through this junction going east every day. You can imagine how impressive it is. You can also imagine how industriously the newspaper correspondents record the incident in their dispatches to Berlin, not forgetting the downcast demeanor of the captives and the cheers of the German populace.

"The crowds are unaware that these trains are switched onto a loop line at night, and return in triumph the next day. The other morning a Dutchman was watching one of them go slowly by. He saw a Belgian soldier excitedly gesticulating at an open carriage window. He was shouting: 'This is the twelfth time we have come through this station.'

**Fight for Pig Under Fire.**  
"Very little scares us nowadays," writes an artilleryman from the Woivre. "The Germans are in the

FOR RELIEF OF BELGIANS



New York society girls serving behind the counter in "Little Belgium," the novelty shop established in New York for the purpose of raising money for the relief of destitute Belgians.

woods and are as reluctant as carrion crows to leave. Last night we heard heavy footsteps, an odd noise like 'jatapoum, patapoum.' Was it a batch of German deserters coming to us, or outposts returning with some warning? I peered into the darkness, and within a few feet of my head was—a fat pig. He was more frightened than I, and decamped. We followed, and in five minutes Mr. Cochon was tied to the wheel of an ammunition cart. He grunted all night long.

"Next morning men from the neighboring battery heard of our interesting capture and claimed it as theirs. What cheek! We squabbled, and everybody asserted his right to the prisoner. Suddenly shrapnel began to fall in the midst of the debate. Did Prussian shells stop the row over that pig? No, sir! For ten more minutes the two batteries argued, while bullets flew and the pig squealed.

"The chef of a portable kitchen has his little joke. 'How polite the Boches are,' he said. 'They even send us their marmites (black Marias) in which to cook our puddings.' Then along came the captain. 'In the name of heaven!' he exclaimed, 'get back to your 75's. Cut the pig in two!' A military Solomon had solved the difficulty and both battalions had pork for supper that night."

**Germans Without Humor.**  
Describing the conditions surrounding the British army, a lieutenant in the Royal Army Medical corps, writing home, says:

"In front of us are the German trenches, only a hundred yards away. A bobbing head, a shaking fist, an occasional spade wave, bespeak the presence of our foe. Yesterday one of our merry men fixed up a target. On white paper he drew a bull's-eye with a charred stick, tied it on a cardboard box, placed it in front of the trench and with flag behind recorded the misses of our friend Fritz. I feel sure that if in those trenches we had a more humorous foe instead of the phlegmatic Teuton we might pass away many of the weary hours of watching in friendly joke. But we are up against a wary foe. There is no leisure, for barbed wire, artfully contrived hoops and loopholes forever claim the attention of our brave men.

"There are times, though, even under fire, when the humor of our soldiers bursts forth. On one occasion, after a German shell had fired some wood, our men, seeing the fire, seized the opportunity to cook their food. Yesterday I heard an amusing story under trying circumstances told concerning a man in the regiment lying in the thin red line next to us. Shrapnel had burst, killing two men on his left and badly shattering another. He was trying to light a pipe, and having some difficulty he said to his mate, 'Sure 'tis Belgian tobacco, and these French matches will be the death of me.'

**German Shot Spoils Milking.**  
"I sometimes help the officers to censor the men's letters home. One man says, 'We shall have shells for breakfast—not egg-shells. I shall be in Berlin in a fortnight, and I'll send you some sausages.' I overheard on the march one 'Pat' say to another, 'I never believe anything I hear, and only half of what I say.'"

Here are two humorous touches from the letter of a Dublin fusilier:

"At one point of the line German and French troops were not more than one hundred yards apart. They could hear each other talk, and sometimes talked to each other. One day a cow strayed between the lines. Both sides wanted milk. They agreed whoever hit a horn first would be let milk the cow. The first shot came from the German lines. Bad as usual, it killed the cow."

"When both sides dig in there is continuous rifle sniping, on the German side usually very bad. An officer of ours with a sense of humor put up a target for them to practice on and gave them a marker with a flag to signal the misses. The target was pretty large, with a sketch of the kaiser's head and shoulders for a bull's-eye. Only one shot was fired at it, and that bullet hit the kaiser right under the chin. We appreciated the joke."

**Death of the Gallant Lancer.**  
And here is one about a gallant Irishman with some pathos in it:

"One afternoon when I was riding from the transport to the battalion I met a lancer going the same road. We were chums at Aldershot a couple of years ago. I met his wife when he brought her to the married quarters, a bonnie bride. He was a squat little Irishman with a pair of lively eyes that spoke the language of all tongues. He had fought at Mons and been right through the campaign, and as we rode together through the town we talked over past and present. As we passed a butcher's shop a pretty girl came to the door and gave him 'Bonjour,' with a charming smile. Against regulations he doffed his cap and made her a sweeping bow. Their eyes met—it was a mere passing salute, but one could see he had passed that way before. He turned to me with a light laugh. 'We are all single at the seaside.'"

"Two days afterward I made the same journey on foot. Just at that same shop door I met a stretcher—my lancer friend was lying on it—shrapnel through the chest. As I spoke to the stretcher bearers the girl came to the door. Her grief was passionate. I doubt if the wounded man was conscious of her tears. Later in the day I called at the field hospital. He was dead. A woman in Ireland is teaching his little one to pray for his soul. A girl in France is putting flowers on his grave."

A FRENCH BOMB-PROOF



One of the bomb-proofs in the advanced trenches on the eastern frontier.

WITH CHANTILLY LACE

EXQUISITE MODEL FOR A FALL EVENING GOWN.

Every Detail of the Present Mode Contained in the Accompanying Design—Favorite Black and White Are the Colors.

The model illustrated today is typical of the fall evening gowns. Dainty and feminine looking, there is a very obvious dignity about it that marks it for the new order of things and enhances its charm to a degree. Since black and black and white



Black Lace is Back in Favor.

effects are so modish this season, black lace has been brought into favor once again, especially Chantilly. Black laces have in general been out of the reckoning, but now it is just the thing for long transparent tunics, and there is a variety of ways of using it.

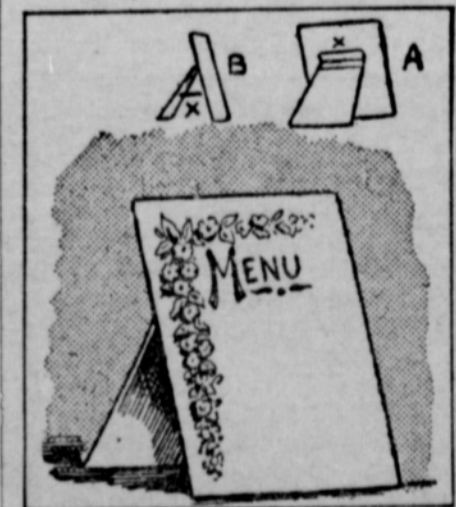
The illustrated evening gown shows a Chantilly tunic effectively bordered with white fur. The body part of the corsage and the short-pouched tunic are of black chiffon velour ornamented with circles of smoked pearl beads. The V decolletage allows a glimpse of white malines folded over the bust, and there is a little flaring collar of the same at the back. Chantilly is again employed in the sleeves, and these, too, are bordered with a narrow white fur banding. The lace tunic veils a white taffeta skirt, which is completed below the length of the tunic with black chiffon velours, bordered, in turn, with the white fur.

A recent twist of this idea of the lace tunic substitutes a net foundation built upon with flounces of lace, wide or narrow, or it may be that the net is crossed and recrossed with lace insertions, finished about its lower edge with a wide self hem, or with a broad band of black velvet or taffeta. Velvet ribbon is playing an important part in the decorative schemes of both day and evening dresses as a tunic border.

MAKES DAINTY MENU CARD

Design That May Be Colored at Home—Most Appropriate for Simple Formal Dinner.

Those of our readers who are artistically inclined may like to try their hands at producing some dainty menu cards of the nature shown in our



sketch. Gilt-edged cards of various pale shades of color can be purchased very inexpensively for this purpose and they should measure about three and a half inches by four inches in size. To the back of the cards a support should be fitted made of a wedge-shaped piece of white card, hinged on at the top with a short piece of tape.

Diagram A on the right at the top of the illustration shows this, the cross indicating the tape. Between

the support and the back of the card another short piece of tape should be fastened with a drop of glue, to prevent the support opening too far.

Diagram B illustrates this, a cross again indicating the tape.

On the front of the card running down the left hand side and along the top, some pretty little floral design, such as suggested in our sketch, can be painted in water colors, and the word "Menu" can be painted in the center in a color chosen possibly to match or harmonize with the color of the blossoms. Sets of, say, half a dozen of these cards with different pretty floral designs painted upon them would make a novel feature on a stall at a bazaar and be sure to sell well.

RIBBONS IN GREAT VARIETY

All Descriptions and Shades Called In to Use Both for Girdles and Trimmings.

Rich satin, faille and moire ribbons are used for girdles and hat trimmings. Girdles are either plain, of striped broche, or a combination of ribbons. Velvet brocades have entire velvet figures, or satin flowers outlined with velvet. Velvet stripes appear in dark, rich roman ribbons.

Many rich ribbons are very dark, such shades as dark brown, navy, purple, mahogany, russian and stem greens, etc., and are blended with hair lines of black, yellow, scarlet, pale blue and green satin, or one wide one of black satin. Girdles and sashes of brocade have a rich effect with a plain colored gown. For evening or dancing gowns rich satin girdles are worn, and fancy stripes set off a simple serge or cotton dress. Soft finished ribbons are used for crush girdles.

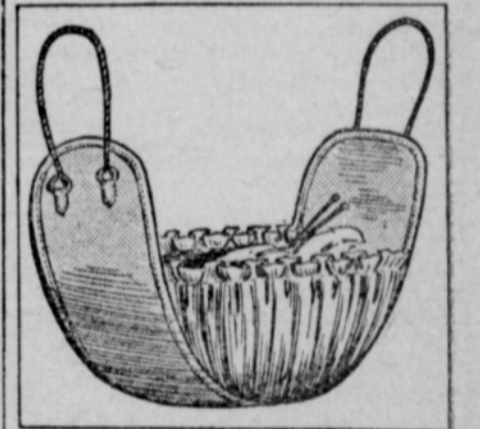
Tinsel ribbons heavy with gold or silver scrolls or flowers are very handsome and are used for girdles or for collar, vest or cuffs. Ribbon tassels of black ribbon are fur tipped and used as a coquettish finish on some of the close turbans worn tipped sharply on the side.

FOR KNITTING OR CROCHET

Novel and Easily Made Bag, Which Requires Only Remnants for Its Material.

Our sketch shows a useful bag of a very novel nature that can be carried out with the aid of a remnant of almost any strong material and that is convenient to use and easy to make.

It can be prepared in any size to suit the requirements of the owner,



and consists of a broad band of material, lined with sateen and bound at the edges with narrow ribbon.

The side pieces are made of soft satin gathered into a little frill at the top and they are semicircular in shape and sewn on to the edges of the center piece. The handles are made of silk cord attached to small key-rings fastened on to the sides of the bag with tabs of ribbon. To open it the handles have merely to be pulled apart, and the bag can then be laid almost flat upon the table so that the whole of the contents will be exposed and any article it may contain selected in a moment.

To make the tabs for fastening on the rings, cut a short piece of ribbon into points at both ends, then pass one end through the ring, fold the ribbon and sew it together at the edges. It can afterward be sewn in place upon the side of the bag and the handle tied on in the manner shown in the sketch.

Good Plan.

A young woman who was making some soft cushions and comforts found that the cotton filling that she was using had become slightly damp. This made it difficult to thrust the needle through in tying the comfort, so she placed the cotton in the oven to dry and become slightly browned. As a result it became very light and fluffy and held its fluffiness. Treated this way it holds its resilience, and does not mat and pack down.

Chantilly Capes.

Capes of Chantilly, ornamented with embroidery, are formed in loose sacks, dark blue, silver and deep red appearing in the stitchery. Sometimes the Chantilly is mounted over a cape of black tulle for young girls. They are just little sacks with kimono sleeves, the long fronts turned under and caught into the belt; this makes a pretty little addition to a dress.