

# The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: JANUARY 8, 1915.

Number 18.

## VICE PRES. STORY VISITS SLATON DIVISION POINT

W. B. Story, Vice President of the Santa Fe lines, was at the Slaton division Wednesday, coming up from Galveston in his special train on an inspection trip over the road. It is said that his trip was made with a view to noting the condition of the road for handling the new Gulf to Coast service. F. C. Fox, Vice President and General Manager, and T. H. Sears, General Superintendent, of the Western Lines, and D. Elliott, Superintendent of the Plains Division, all of Amarillo, went down to Sweetwater to meet Mr. Story and conduct him over their lines.

### With the Boys in Gray

The Confederate Veterans who went out to the home of A. C. Benton, who is a son of a veteran, for a New Year's dinner report one of the most successful foraging expeditions that they ever engaged in. They marched out from the Square to the Benton home. This marching was, we presume, for the purpose of getting in better trim for the feast. Stepping in line were Comrades J. F. Wylie of Co. F 11th Arkansas Reg.; J. J. McCullom, Co. A Burgess Reg. of Missouri; W. S. Adams, Co. F 3rd Georgia Reg.; A. I. Kuykendall of the Texas Rangers, and L. A. H. Smith of Co. F 5th Alabama.

The boys did full justice to the meal which was just such a one as they dreamed of in the old days of '61 whenever provisions got low. The main dishes were turkey, ham, salads, biscuits, corn bread, light bread, butter, gravy, potatoes, cake, pies, coffee and buttermilk.

After this splendid meal they lived the old days over again with a personal experience meeting. They fought the old battles over and recounted the achievements of both comrade and enemy. They surrendered unconditionally to the hospitality of their host and hostess, and counted the day one of the best they had ever enjoyed.

And then they marched back home to know that they could eat just as good a meal as the younger boys without any ill effects. It was a big day for these boys in gray.

## The Slaton Sanitary Grocery

takes great pleasure  
in assuring its patrons  
of its sincere appreciation  
of the business  
with which they have favored it  
during the year just closed. And we  
extend to our customers and friends  
Greetings and Best Wishes for  
a Prosperous and Happy  
New Year.

### The Ladies Aid Society

The Ladies Aid of the Baptist church met Monday afternoon with a good attendance present. After a general discussion of lesson Brother Dixon gave a very interesting talk on woman's work. Installation of officers followed. President, Mrs. A. E. Howerton; 1st Vice President, Mrs. C. V. Young; 2nd Vice President, Mrs. Liggett; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Haney. At close of business an enjoyable social time was spent. Cake and chocolate was served. Next meeting Monday afternoon, Jan. 11. Lesson Psalms 84 to 108. Come join us in this service.

Press Reporter.

Watch for Robertson's ad next week. It's going to show somebody up.

## SLATON DIVISION HANDLING LARGE NUMBER TRAINS

The Slaton railroad yards are handling a constantly increasing business. The November business totaled 189 freight trains in and 206 out of Slaton, handling a total of 4,735 cars, more business than the yards had ever done before. In December 4,885 cars were handled in the local yards. The railroad boys say that this is more business than the main line thru Amarillo is doing. Slaton is getting to be some division point and some town.

The idea has been suggested that since the Slaton school has developed to the extent that it can boast of basketball, football, and baseball games that an athletic park should be provided. Just one block north of the school house is a park of four blocks set aside by the Santa Fe townsite company, and this would make a splendid athletic field.

Mr. McDermott, a cotton buyer from Coleman, was in Slaton last week buying all the cotton on the market at a middling basis of six cents. He left several thousand dollars in circulation in this community.

Dallas Capps and family were in Slaton Saturday on their way home to Dundee, Tex., from Lamesa where they had been visiting. Mr. Capps is an old friend of J. C. Stewart's.

## DIED!

Time, Saturday, Jan. 9th, 1915. Place, Robertson's Dry Goods Store. FORMER PRICES ON ALL ARTICLES.

Cause. The most complete and reduced removal sale to be held in West Texas this year.

Practically our entire \$7,000.00 stock is to be sacrificed at prices at and below cost.

To appreciate the values we are going to offer you, we invite comparison of prices with ANY OTHER merchant or mail order house ANYWHERE.

We are simply going to sell the

## RILEY JURY GIVES HIM 5 YEARS SUSPENDED SENTENCE

The jury in the Riley murder case returned a verdict of a five years' suspended sentence, yesterday morning. The case was given to the jury Wednesday night. The defendant plead the unwritten law and his wife testified to the same in his behalf.

### W. O. W. Installation

The Woodmen, the W. O. W. Boys, and the Woodman Circle had a big installation Tuesday night. W. E. Olive is Council Commander of the Woodmen and B. C. Morgan Clerk. The Circle officers are:

Mrs. Pearl Conway, Guardian.  
Mrs. Nellie Wade, Clerk.  
Mrs. Stella Morgan, Banker.  
Mrs. Pearly Young, Past Guardian.  
Mrs. Almira Hannam, Attendant.  
Mrs. Minnie Hanley, Chaplain.  
Mrs. L. Pierce, Mrs. Nannie Johnston, and Mrs. Campbell, Managers.  
Mrs. Emma Jones and Mrs. Carrie Blackwell, Sentinels.  
Mrs. Carroll, Musician.  
Dr. S. H. Adams, Physician.

goods and at your own prices. If a 40 per cent saving means anything to you, then be here. It awaits you on good dependable merchandise. Come and look whether you buy or not.

Wednesday, Jan. 13, will be Ladies Day—special inducement bargains can be bought by the ladies only. This day will be ladies economy day.

Saturday, Jan. 16, will be the Men's Day. Specials for men will be offered.

Wednesday morning, Jan. 13, a glass bowl of beans will be placed in our window. With every \$1.00 purchase or over you are entitled to one guess. On Saturday, Jan. 23, these beans will be counted. To the person guessing the nearest to the amount therein will be given \$2.50 in cash at our store.

We are expecting you so don't disappoint us.



## Just Received!

A nice shipment of

## Queensware

Prices Right; Quality the Best.

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

## THE STAFF POET RETURNS

Well, Slaton friends, I've been away almost the passing year  
Punching white-face cattle on a ranch not far from here;  
But when the Christmas holidays began to hove in sight,  
I left the ranch and came to town to see things done up right.  
I guess you all remember just about a year ago,  
When I penned a little jingle, the day we had the snow,  
'Bout the memories of the old year, and how sad it was to part  
From such an old acquaintance that had seemed so near our heart.

I notice many changes that have taken place since then,  
A few have moved away from town but more are coming in.  
I notice how the prairies round, where flowers used to grow,  
Are smiling satisfaction from the tickle of the hoe.  
I note that all the farmers, since it commenced to rain,  
Are busy hauling lumber to stow away their grain,  
And, too, I see the merchants are busy every day  
Filling many orders, some from miles away.

C. Eddington informs me that Slaton soon can boast  
Of having access to a train that flies from coast to coast.  
At any rate we are assured a bee line to the Fair,  
That celebrates the Panama, and Slaton will be there.  
Another thing I chance to see, and this with some amaze,  
Is that the Senior Teague has got the motorcycle craze,  
And Hollingsworth, "The Harvey Man," gave us quite a jar  
When he betook unto himself "The Universal Car."

I see that old Bill Knight's come back, I thought he'd gone so far  
That he would never hear about Bob buying back his car.  
And then I see old Ed Shopbell is looking kinder shy,  
I bet that Floydada girl has finally put one by.  
And Alex De Long's looking like he'd had a sour grape.  
B. O. Cloud is down and out—his throat is out of shape.  
Bill Kuykendall is on the job, likewise his brother Joe.  
Vern Johnson's working double now and saving all his dough.

So Clarence Olive took the plunge in matrimony's sea;  
Here's hoping that his ship of fate will sail quite happily.  
Briggs Robertson, the Reo man, is Reo ing no more—  
He's busy taking in the cash at his "Robertson's" cash store.  
Lil' Arthur Woodard has returned, his face is wreathed in smiles,  
His artfulness is unsurpassed in demonstrating styles.  
And H. McGee, The Henry Ford, of Slaton, so they say,  
Is selling lots of real estate to farmers every day.

I see Doc Adams drivin' round a dandy looking car,  
A prosperous look upon his face and smoking a cigar.  
Claud Anderson is still behind the scenes a mixing "dope,"  
While R. L. Blanton's on the job with pipes and perfumed soap.  
Bill Maxwell still is handing out the goods marked C O D,  
While "Home run Davis" is about as busy as can be.  
Geo. Marriott quit the "road" and took the reading room, they say.  
"Peanuts" DeLong is calling crews for old "John Santa Fe."

Bert Howerton is sending out his racket goods galore,  
And A. L. Brannon's opened up a little hardware store.  
Fred Whitehead's bucking cotton now, and buying futures too,  
While Howard Paul is cashing checks on Texas Avenue.  
So everything is lovely, and the New Year's right on hand.  
There is war in all the papers, but peace reigns in our land.  
Then let us pass the old year to the new with hopes so bright,  
And the failures of the past will help to start the new year right.

—Staff Poet. Dec. 27, 1914.

### FRANCE WILL TRAIN BOYS

Physical and Military Instruction Ordered to Be Given 300,000 Youths.

Bordeaux.—The French government, through the minister of public instruction, has directed Baron Pierre de Coubertin, president of the French Olympic games committee, to organize the physical and military training of the young men of France, and especially of those youths who would come normally into the army in 1916.

These young men number between 275,000 and 300,000.

### Canada to Send More Men.

Ottawa, Ont.—Canada will raise immediately and send to the front a second expeditionary force of 20,000 men, with a first re-enforcement of 10 per cent, making 22,000 in all.

This will bring the total of Canada's force at the front up to more than 50,000 men.

British Army Officer Has Many Close Calls From Death in Battle Line.

London.—Lieut. A. C. Johnston, well known as Hants county's premier cricketer, is beginning to believe that he bears a charmed life. He has been sent home wounded from the front, but he said he considers himself mighty lucky to be even alive. He had many narrow escapes from death.

The day before he was wounded the nose of a shell hit a wall six inches over his head. Shortly after a bullet hit the ground a half yard ahead of him, glanced up and hit him on the body, only bruising him. Then a bullet hit him over the heart, "but it was spent," and he picked it out of his breast pocket and sent it home to his wife as a souvenir. His final escape came while he was sitting on the steps of a house. Half the building was blown up and he was not even touched.

## SERVICE

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**The Western Telephone Company**

Everything you want any time you want it. A trial will convince.

## Simmon's Grocery

Headquarters for Good Things to Eat. Watch for Christmas Specials. Prompt Delivery. Phone 7

## NOISIEST OF WARS

It Is Also the Most Nearly Invisible One.

Many Fall by Shells of Foe That Is Unseen—"Adieu, My Dear Wife; Vive la France," Last Message of Dying Soldier.

Paris, France.—A French officer who has been in the battle east of Amiens in France asserts that this is probably the noisiest war the world has ever known. It is also the most nearly invisible war. Many of the first line troops have fought in all the battles from Belgium to the Marne and back to the present position without actually seeing any Germans, save dead or wounded. The men have become so curious to see their enemies that lately, when the trenches are so close that the French soldiers can hear the Germans shouting orders, the French officers have had the greatest difficulty in forcing the men to keep their heads down.

The same officer credits the mitrail-leuse with being Germany's deadliest weapon. Speaking of ordinary artillery he relates how a few days ago a French infantryman was wading through the mud back to the trench, and eating a pear. A shell burst near by, a piece of it striking the soldier's haversack and felling him. He was immediately on his feet again swearing furiously. "Les cochons! They made me lose my pear."

### Writes Farewell to Family.

Here are stories of two heroic deaths: The first is simply a letter found in the hands of a soldier who had just finished writing it when the end came. "I am awaiting help which does not come," the letter ran. "I pray God to take me, for I suffer atrociously. Adieu, my wife and dear children. Adieu, all my family, whom I so loved. I request that whoever finds me will send this letter to Paris to my wife, with the pocketbook which is in my coat pocket. Gathering my last strength I write this, lying prostrate under the shell fire. Both my legs are broken. My last thoughts are for my children and for thee, my cherished wife and companion of my life, my beloved wife. Vive la France!"

### Dies at Head of His Men.

When a certain French colonel had walked a short distance ahead of his regiment to examine the German position 500 yards away, which he expected to attack, an orderly handed him a message. As he was reading it a German shell burst near by. The colonel staggered, with his thigh torn and apace and his boot filled with blood. Officers ran to aid him, but he pushed them away.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I beg you to stand back. No, not here! Don't support me. No, no, not before my regiment!"

Making a superhuman effort, the colonel, pale as death, staggered toward the awaiting regiment, to which he managed to read the text of the order which he had received. Suddenly a second shell burst, decapitating the colonel, who thus died the death which a French officer prefers above all others—at the head of his men.

### LOSS TO REIMS \$200,000,000

Insurance Companies Estimate the Damage Caused to City by the Germans.

London.—The correspondent of the Morning Post, who has just returned from Reims, telegraphs from Paris that the insurance companies estimate the damage to Reims at \$200,000,000. More than twelve hundred civilians were killed in the streets and houses during the month's bombardment. About one-fourth of all the buildings were destroyed. The most severe damage was in the best portions of the city, where the finest and most historic buildings are located. The cathedral is a ruin. Forty thousand of the city's population of a quarter of a million still remain, mostly living in cellars.

Five Years to Settle Case. Goldfield, Nev.—After litigation extending over five years the suit of John C. Parale against Domingo Recarturne and Pierre Iribarne, involving the ownership of a large band of sheep, has finally ended. Judge Somers in the district court has accepted the final report of J. P. Camou, receiver in the case, and ordered him to pay over to the plaintiff the sum of \$4,634.80, the balance of money remaining from the sale of the sheep.

### SAVED BY AMERICAN FLAG

New York.—Among the passengers on board the Duca d'Abruzzi, which arrived here, were Mrs. Robert Hineckley of Washington, and her daughter, Miss Gladys Hineckley. They were in Carlsbad when hostilities began, and after that went to Vienna, where, Miss Hineckley declared, it was necessary to wear an American flag and the American colors to keep from being insulted and even mobbed.

### S. H. ADAMS

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**R. B. HUTCHINSON**  
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## WE THANK YOU

For the large and satisfactory Christmas business we have enjoyed.

We wish you every one a HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR. We have made a specialty of catering TO THE MAN WHO CARES for the highest grade goods to be had.

We set SERVICE above everything else at this store, and the BEST SERVICE comprehends everything that you desire both in quality and price.

Again expressing our heartiest wishes for a prosperous and genuine pull together for 1915, I am

Sincerely and gratefully,

**CHRIS HARWELL**  
MERCHANT TAILOR AND GENTS FURNISHINGS  
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

"We Will Make Right That Which Is Not Right"

## This Farm \$20 Per Acre

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

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

**H. D. TALLEY, SLATON, TEXAS**

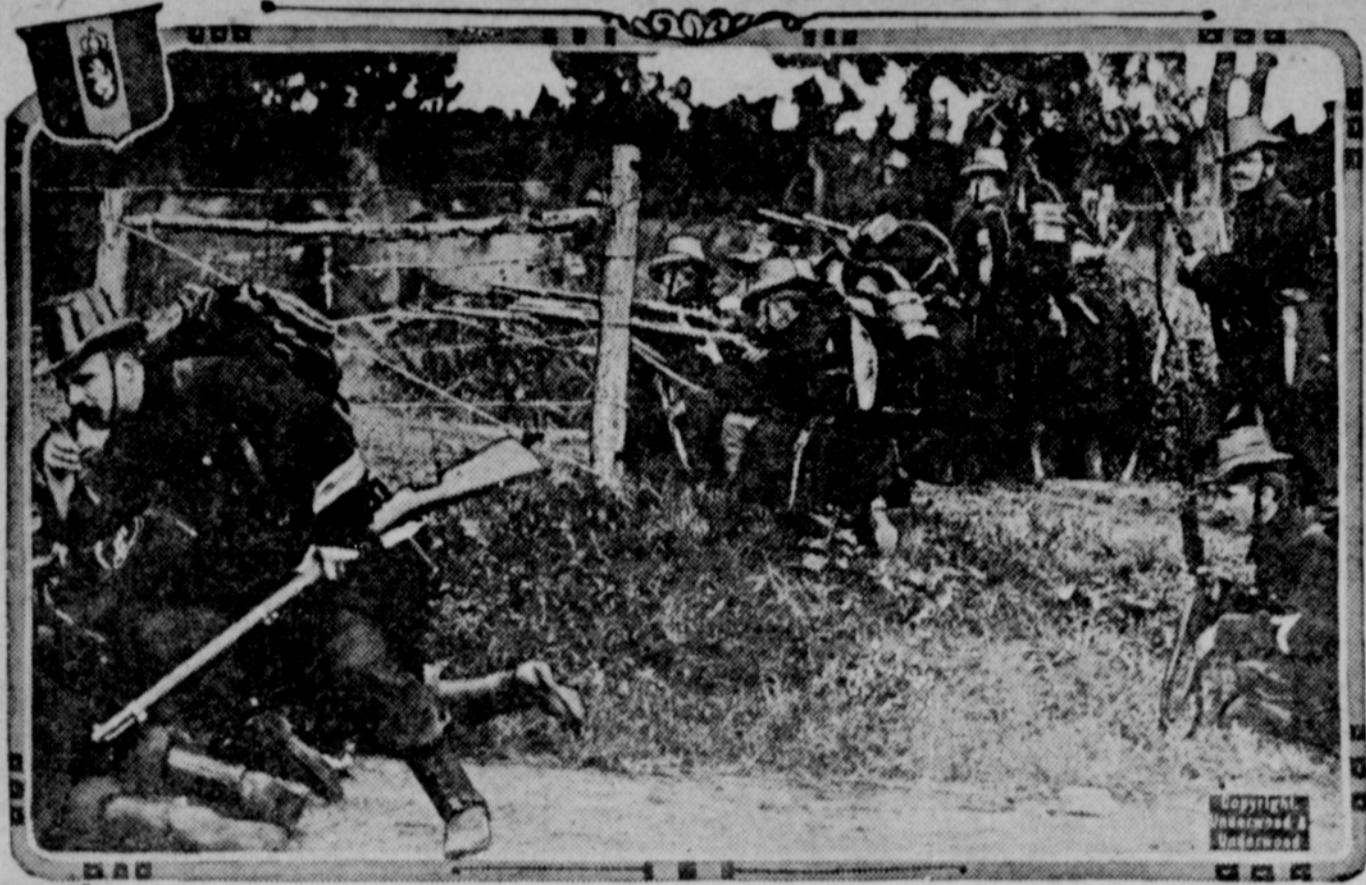
## SLATON PLANING MILL

R. H. TUDOR, Proprietor  
Contracting and Building  
Estimates furnished on short notice. All work given careful and prompt attention. Give us a trial.  
North Side of the Square

**FRED HOFFMAN**  
Painter and Paper Hanger

Interior Decorator. Expert Floor Finisher.  
Slaton, Texas

ACTUAL BATTLE SCENE NEAR YPRES



Detachment of Belgian carabineers in the environs of Ypres during a desperate engagement, holding an outpost against a raiding squad of German uhlans.

TOLD TO KILL SELF

German Soldier Takes Own Life at Officer's Order.

DISCIPLINE IS MAINTAINED

Correspondent Finds Main Army Kept From Atrocities—Outposts in the Country Are Accused of Committing Abuses.

Chicago.—I have just returned from Montdidier, 15 kilometers (nine miles) east of Roye, writes Gabriel Delagarde to the Chicago Daily News. I gleaned there information which tends to show that, while discipline is severely maintained by the German military authorities in the larger communities, the uhlans and scattered outposts in the country districts have committed outrages. I shall give one story illustrating each phase of this situation.

When the Germans reached Compiègne they found the city almost empty of able-bodied men, there being only women, children and aged persons. There were some cases of pillage, but, generally speaking, the invaders conducted themselves well.

Two Hours to Kill Himself.

One Saxon, however, billeted on a house where there was a defenseless young woman, began to court her assiduously. When she resisted his advances he attacked her. She succeeded in escaping and went at once to complain to the commanding officer. The latter accompanied her to the house, where he saw the furniture overturned and every evidence of a violent struggle. The officer turned sternly to the soldier and said:

"I give you just two hours in which to kill yourself. If you are not dead in two hours you will be shot."

A barricade had been erected in the street. The soldier went behind the barricade, fired a revolver bullet into his own head and was buried without ceremony that evening.

While in Montdidier I went, accompanied by a soldier, to interview a young woman whose parents own a large farm close to a village near Roye. She is twenty-five years old and has a sister twenty-four. Her father is old and bent and her mother is about fifty. She has no brothers and all the man employees are in the army.

Thus when about a dozen uhlans came and lodged at the farm there was no able-bodied man to protect the women. The uhlans ate and drank heartily, then began to make remarks which frightened the mother, who ran to hide in the cellar, where she had already concealed her two daughters. Presently the uhlans began to search the house. One came down the first steps to the cellar and shouted in French:

"See here, madame, were there no woman domestics on this farm? Where are they?"

Terrified, the daughters crouched behind a large barrel. Seeing only the mother the uhlan disappeared and all went away.

Nothing is more remarkable than

FRENCH BOY SCOUT



The French boy scouts are playing a prominent part in the war. They are filling the gaps at home left by their elders. The picture shows one of the scouts guarding the railroad tracks.

the simplicity with which the country people relate their terrible experiences. They utter no exclamations of horror or dread, and one feels that they are incapable of inventing the details. They merely tell what they have seen or heard in the same quiet tone with which you might remark that you had a mutton chop for luncheon.

AIRMAN FOILS DOUBLE DEATH

Chops Away Caught Bomb From Aeroplane Despite Storm of Lead.

Northern France.—A remarkable feat has earned distinction for the commander of a dirigible who was sent out to destroy with bombs a railway junction occupied by the Germans. Descending low after evading the enemy's searchlights, the dirigible dropped three bombs in rapid succession, but the fourth, after its mechanism had been set going, failed to slide from its tube. The dirigible was in danger of being blown to pieces by its own bomb.

However, the commander boldly climbed out on the framework with an ax in his hand. Under the full glare of the searchlights and pelted with bullets he hacked away the tube and its projectile, only just in time. The bomb exploded 300 feet below.

The dirigible was tossed in all directions, but got away safely, and its purpose was fully accomplished.

GERMANS CHEER THE CZAR

"Hoch der Czar, Dreimal Hoch!" Cry Wounded When Visited by Nicholas.

Petrograd.—During a fortnight's sojourn with his armies at the front Czar Nicholas had the unique experience of hearing lusty German cheers for himself. His majesty visited and spoke to thousands of wounded in the field hospitals. His tour included an inspection of the wards occupied by Germans and Austrians. In one ward, entirely occupied by wounded Germans, the men, who were unable to rise and salute, simultaneously greeted their visitor with "Hoch der Czar, dreimal hoch."

Few Men Left at Home.

Bordeaux.—In many small cities and towns of southern France response to the call to colors has been so great that there are, in some cases, twenty women to every man remaining.

We did not realize the motive of their resistance until we caught sight of a gold and purple flag fluttering in the breeze. They had rallied to save their flag. We rode up to them and shouted a demand for surrender, but the only reply was a volley which sent 20 horses cantering riderless back to our lines. Our officers ordered a charge in scattering formation, and the gallant little group was ridden down. "The flag fell from the hands of a German captain who had received a terrible saber gash across the head. It disappeared for a moment in a turmoil of horses and struggling men, and then we saw it again waved defiantly by a German sergeant, who with three other men fought themselves free. They retreated shoulder to shoulder a few yards, and then, with his back to a tree, the old sergeant was left alone with the flag. But he sank to the ground a moment later, his chest transfixed by a lance. He was a brave man. "When we brought the flag back we saw in golden letters across its torn and blood-stained folds the words, 'Champligny 1871.'"

STRUGGLE FOR FLAG

French Dragoon Tells of Battle With Germans.

Pomeranian Regiment Makes Desperate Fight to Retain Standard—Sergeant Holds Banner Alone After Comrades Die.

By WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS, (United Press Correspondent.)

Paris.—Although regimental standards are no longer carried in the forefront of the battle, modern methods of warfare have not altogether eliminated those picturesque "fights for the flag" dear to the heart of the novelist and painter. Most of the French and German regiments carry their colors with them, and there have been several desperate fights for these silken trophies, the fiercest recorded being that for the standard of the Sixth Pomeranian regiment, which now hangs in the chapel of the Juvallides

for the inspection of French sight-seers. The story of its capture is told by a French dragoon whose regiment brought back the trophy.

"Under a heavy shell fire," he said, "our guns supporting the dragoons had to move to another position, and the enemy, thinking that we were in retreat, hurried their advance, the Sixth Pomeranians coming up at the double. Suddenly three large shrapnel shells from their own guns burst over the regiment, doing terrible execution and throwing the whole column into confusion.

"It was the right moment for us, and the dragoons charged home with lances. The Germans rallied and formed into a square, but the volleys they fired were not sufficient to break the charge, and we rode over them. Trampled on by the horses, sabered and transfixed by the lances, the Germans fled in wild confusion.

"One little group, however, was rallied by its officers near a small copse.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Even the President Had to Be Announced There

NEW YORK.—President Wilson wound up a recent week-end in New York with a final Haroun-al-Raschid experience, over which he laughed heartily. En route to the station the president decided to pay a brief visit to Mrs. Anna Wilson Howe, his sister,



who has apartments at Eightieth street and Columbus avenue. Miss Anderson, one of the proprietors of the apartment house, has had difficulty in impressing upon the elevator boys that no callers shall be taken up until they have first been announced to the guests. Miss Anderson reproved W. Higgins, a West India boy, saying:

"Understand now, Higgins, no one is to be taken up until they have been announced first—no one, understand, not even the president of the United States."

When two distinguished-looking gentlemen, followed by several alert young men, entered and walked directly to the elevator, Higgins promptly intercepted them.

"De rule is for to announce all gemmen fust," he said. "Very well," replied the taller of the two men. "Just say to Mrs. Howe that Mr. Wilson is calling."

Higgins turned toward the telephone when one of the young men halted him.

"It's all right, boy," he said, "this is the president of the United States." "Don't make up diffrunce, boss," he said. "Miss Anderson say even the president of the United States got to be announced fust."

The president burst into a hearty laugh, in which he was joined by Colonel House, his companion.

"That is perfectly right, my boy," he said.

Chicago Midget Is a Bit Rough When Drinking

CHICAGO.—Paul Paulus is little—but, as the saying is, Oh, my! When Paul was arraigned before (or more properly beneath) Judge Torrison he was completely concealed from the judge's eye by the left leg of a fat bailiff.

"Paul Paulus!" called the court, impatient. "Paul Paulus! Where is the defendant?"

"Here, sir," said Paul.

The fat bailiff chose that moment to shift his position and Paul, drawn down to his full height of two feet eleven, stood revealed. Judge Torrison blinked. At his side towered Charles H. Merzer, a 210 pounder, who used to be sheriff in Salt Lake City. Merzer now has a restaurant at 2150 North Clark street.

"This man, your honor," said Merzer, "came into my restaurant last night and started a disturbance. He smashed my watch, scared my customers, and threatened to clean out the place."

"Why didn't you pick him up and set him outside?" asked the court.

"I did that," answered the restaurant man. "I was trying it when he broke my watch. It took me nearly two hours to do it. He's strong and as tough a customer as I ever met."

Judge Torrison called on the defendant.

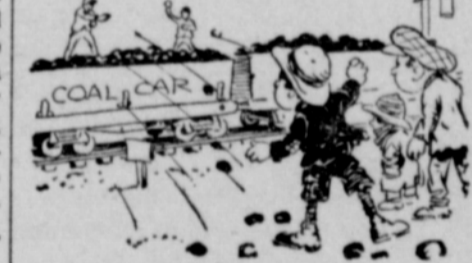
"I guess it's just about the way this man says," said Paul sheepishly. "When I'm not drinking I'm as peaceful as anybody else, but I guess I get a little rough when I have a few."

Paul, after paying a one-dollar fine and promising to have Merzer's watch repaired reached up and grasped the hand of his late adversary.



Residents of Detroit Lay in Their Winter Fuel

DETROIT.—Al Jennings, the James brothers, the Daltons and other train robbers, whose deeds made them the heroes of many hair raising stories, have imitators among boys in the western part of the city who for effective measures cannot be out-classed.



Stones are their weapons. Later on snowballs will be used. Selecting a careful place of ambush, the boys wait for a freight train to come by. The crew is treated to a shower of missiles. Back comes a fusillade of coal, heaved by engineer, fireman and brakeman.

"Hurrah!" shouted the boys—and begin to gather in the coal. After several repetitions enough coal has been home which would otherwise be cold.

With the approach of winter weather the annual fight of the railroads against coal thieves begins in earnest. Each year the railroads in Detroit lose thousands of dollars in stolen coal. Women and children are the principal offenders. Nearly every morning now there are women brought into court, caught taking coal from railroad cars.

Christmas Present Factory in Denver Is Busy

DENVER.—Uncle Sam is busy in Denver turning out the largest order of Christmas presents manufactured in the nation. No factory in the United States will manufacture Christmas produce of greater value than will the government in Denver this fall.

So great is the rush for Uncle Sam's Christmas gifts that he has been at work for some time preparing them and will continue to work until the holidays.

The particular gift to which he is turning his energies is money. Always before Christmas there is a demand from all parts of the nation for gold coins for presents, and the Denver mint has been selected to supply the entire output for the middle West, East and South.

One million dollars' worth of \$2.50 gold pieces are now being coined at the mint. These are distinctively Christmas coins. Always before the holidays there is a heavy demand for them. And after Christmas they drift back to the banks and subtreasuries and only a few remain in circulation.

The order is the second in that denomination which the Denver mint has filed and the local mint will be the only one this year to coin gold in this denomination. The coins are the most difficult to handle of all those turned out by the government. They are smaller than pennies, yet their value is so high that great pains must be taken with them.

The mint will also coin \$5, \$10 and \$20 gold pieces before the holidays.



# The Last Shot

BY  
FREDERICK PALMER

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## SYNOPSIS.

At the home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galland and her mother, entertaining Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron of the Browns injured by a fall in his aeroplane. Ten years later, Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, re-enforces South La Tir and meditates on war. He calls on Marta, who is visiting in the Gray capital. She 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. On the march with the 53d of the Browns Private Stransky, anarchist, is placed under arrest. Colonel Lanstron begs him off. Lanstron calls on Marta at her home. He talks with Feller, the gardener. Marta tells Lanstron that she believes Feller to be a spy. Lanstron confesses it is true. Lanstron shows Marta a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passage under the tower for use to benefit the Browns in war emergencies. Lanstron declares his love for Marta. Westerling and the Gray premier plan to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike patriotism in army and people and strike before declaring war. Partow, Brown chief of staff, and Lanstron, made vice, discuss the trouble, and the Brown defenses. Partow reveals his plans to Lanstron. The Gray army crosses the border line and attacks. The Browns check them. Artillery, infantry, aeroplanes and dirigibles engage. Stransky, rising to make the anarchist speech of his life, draws the Gray artillery fire. Nicked by a shrapnel splinter he goes berserk and fights—"all a man." Marta has her first glimpse of war in its modern, cold, scientific, murderous brutality. The Browns fall back to the Galland house. Stransky forges Marta's name. 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.

## CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Then a staff-officer appeared in the doorway. When he saw a woman enter the room he frowned. He had ridden from the town, which was empty of women, a fact that he regarded as a blessing. If she had been a maid servant he would have kept on his cap. Seeing that she was not, he removed it and found himself in want of words as their eyes met after she had made a gesture to the broken glass on the floor and the lacerated table top, which said too plainly:

"Do you admire your work?"

The fact that he was well groomed and freshly shaven did not in any wise dissipate in her feminine mind his connection with this destruction. He had never seen anything like the smile which went with the gesture. Her eyes were too continuing and challenging flames. Her chin was held high and steady, and the pallor of exhaustion, with the blackness of her hair and eyes, made her strangely commanding. He understood that she was not waiting for him to speak, but to go.

"I did not know that there was a woman here!" he said.

"And I did not know that officers of the Grays were accustomed to enter private houses without invitations!" she replied.

"This is a little different," he began. She interrupted him.

"But the law of the Grays is that homes should be left undisturbed, isn't it? At least, it is the law of civilization. I believe you profess, too, to protect property, do you not?"

"Why, yes!" he agreed. He wished that he could get a little respite from the steady fire of her eyes. It was embarrassing and as confusing as the white light of an impracticable logic.

"In that case, please place a guard around our house lest some more of your soldiers get out of control," she went on.

"I can do that, yes," he said. "But we are to make this a staff headquarters and must start at once to put the house in readiness."

"General Westerling's headquarters?" she inquired.

He parried the question with a frown. Staff-officers never give information. They receive information and transmit orders.

"I know General Westerling. You will tell him that my mother, Mrs. Galland, and our maid and myself are very tired from the entertainment he has given us, unasked, and we need sleep to-night. So you will leave us until morning and that door, sir, is the one out into the grounds."

The staff-officer bowed and went out by that door, glad to get away from Marta's eyes. His inspection of the premises with a view to plans for staff accommodation could wait. Westerling would not be here for two days at least.

"Whew! What energy she has!" he thought. "I never had anybody make me feel so contemptibly unlike a gentleman in my life."

Yet Marta, returning to the hall, had to steady herself in a dizzy moment against the wall. Complete reaction had come. She craved sleep as if it

were the one true, real thing in the world. She craved sleep for the clarity of mind that comes with the morning light. In the haziness of fleecy thought, as slumber drew its soft clouds around her, her last conscious visions were the pleasant ones rising free of a background of horror; of Feller's smile when he went back to his automatic for good; of Dellarme's smile as he was dying; of Stransky's smile as Minna gave him hope; and of Hugo's face as he uttered his flute-like cry of protest. In her ears were the haunting calmness and contained force of Lanstron's voice over the telephone. She was pleased to think that she had not lost her temper in her talk with the staff-officer. No, she had not flared once in indignation. It was as if she had absorbed some of Lanny's own self-control. Lanny would approve of her in that scene with an officer of the Grays. And she realized that a change had come over her—a change inexplicable and telling—and she was tired—oh, so tired! It had been exhausting work, indeed, for one woman, though she had been around the world, making war on two armies.

The general staff-officer of the Grays, who had tasted Marta's temper on his first call, when he returned the next morning did not enter unannounced. He rang the door-bell.

"I have a message for you from General Westerling," he said to her. "The general expresses his deep regret at the unavoidable damage to your house and grounds and has directed that everything possible be done immediately in the way of repairs."

In proof of this the officer called attention to a group of service-corps men who were removing the sand-bags from the first terrace. Others were at work in the garden setting uprooted plants back into the earth.

"His Excellency says," continued the officer, "that, although the house is so admirably suited for staff purposes, we will find another if you desire."

He was too polite and too considerate in his attitude for Marta not to meet him in the same spirit.

"That is what we should naturally prefer," and Marta bowed her head in decision.

"We should have to begin installing the telegraph and telephone service on the lower floor at once," he remarked. "In fact, all arrangements must be made before the general's arrival."

"He has been a guest here before," she said reminiscently and detachedly. Her head dropped lower, in apparent disregard of his presence, as she took counsel with herself. She was perfectly still, without even the movement of an eye-lash. Other considerations than any he might suggest, he subtly understood, held her attention. They were the criterion by which she would at length assent or dissent, and nothing could hurry the Marta of today, who yesterday had been a creature of feverish impulse.

It seemed a long time that he was watching that wonderful profile under the very black hair, soft with the softness of flesh, yet firmly carved. She lifted her head gradually, her eyes sweeping past the spot where Dellarme had lain dying, where Feller had manned the automatic, where Stransky had thrown Pilzer over the parapet. He saw the glance arrested and focussed on the flag of the Grays, which was floating from a staff on the outskirts of the town, and slowly, glowingly, the light rippling on its folds was reflected in her face.

"She is for us! She is a Gray!" he thought triumphantly. The woman and the flag! The matter-of-fact staff-officer felt the thrill of sentiment.

"I think we can arrange it," Marta announced with a rare smile of assent.

"Then I'll go back to town and set the signal-corps men to work," he said.

"And when you come you will find the house at your disposal," she assured him.

Except that he was raising his cap instead of saluting, he was conscious of withdrawing with the deference due to a superior.

In place of the smile, after he had gone, came a frown and a look in her eyes as if at something revolting; then the smile returned, to be succeeded by the frown, which was followed by an indeterminate shaking of the head.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Tea on the Veranda Again.

It was more irritating than ever for Mrs. Galland to keep pace with her daughter's inconsistencies. Here was Marta saying coolly:

"'Unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's!' We have our property, our home to protect. Perhaps the Grays have come to stay for good, so graciousness is our only weapon. We cannot fight a whole army single-handed."

"You have found that out, Marta?" said Mrs. Galland.

"We have four rooms in the baron's tower and a kitchen stove," Marta proceeded. "With Minna we can make ourselves very comfortable and leave the house to the staff."

"The Gallands in their gardener's quarters! The staff of the Grays in ours! Your father will turn in his grave!" Mrs. Galland exclaimed.

"But, mother, it is not quite agreeable to think of three women living in the same house with a score of strange men?" Marta persisted.

"I had not thought of that, Marta. Of course it would be abominable!" agreed Mrs. Galland, promptly capitulating where a point of propriety was involved.

When Marta informed the officer—the same one who had rung the door-bell on his second visit—of the family's decision he appeared shocked at the idea of eviction that was implied. But, secretly pleased at the turn of events, he hastened to apologize for war's brutal necessities, and Marta's complaisance led him to consider himself something of a diplomatist. Yes, more than ever he was convinced of the wisdom of an invader ringing door-bells.

Meanwhile, the service-corps men had continued their work until now there was no vestige of war in the grounds that labor could obliterate; and masons had come to repair the walls of the house itself and plasterers to renew the broken ceilings.

All this Marta regarded in a kind of charmed wonder that an invader could be so considerate. Her manner with the officers in charge of preparations had the simplicity and ease which a woman of twenty-seven, who is not old-maidish because she is not afraid of a single future, may employ as a serene hostess. She frequently asked if there were good news.

"Yes," was the uniform reply. An unexpected setback here or resistance there, but progress, nevertheless. But she learned, too, that the first two days' fighting along the frontier had cost the Grays fifty thousand casualties.

"In order to make an omelet you must break eggs!" she remarked.

"Spoken like a true soldier—like a member of the staff!" was the reply.

In her constraint and detachment they realized her conscious appreciation of the fact that in earlier times her people had been for the Browns; but in her flashes of interest in the progress of the war, flashes from a woman's unmilitary mind, they judged that her heart was with the Grays. And why not? Was it not natural that a woman with more than her share of intellectual perception should be on the right side? For her associations it was not to be expected that she would make an outright declaration of apostasy. This would destroy the value and the attractiveness of her conversion. Reverence for the past, for a father who had fought for the Browns, against her own convictions, made her attitude appear singularly and delicately correct.

The war was a week old—a week which had developed other tangents and traps than La Tir—on the morning that the first installment of junior officers came to occupy the tables and desks. Where the family portraits had hung in the dining-room were now big maps dotted with brown and gray flags. Portable field cabinets with sectional maps on a large scale were arranged around the walls of the drawing-room. In what had been the lounging-room of the old days of Galland prosperity, the refrain of half a dozen telegraph instruments made melody with the clicking of typewriters. Cooks and helpers were busy in the kitchen; for the staff were to live like gentlemen; they were to have their morning baths, their comfortable beds, and regular meals. No twinge of indigestion or of rheumatism from exposure was to interfere with the working of their precious intellectual processes. No detail of assistance would be lacking to save any bureaucratic head time and labor. The bedrooms were apportioned according to rank—that of the master awaited the master; the best servant's bedroom awaited Francois, his valet.

When Bouchard, the chief of intelligence, who fought the battle of wits and spies against Lanstron, came, two hours before Westerling was due, the last of the staff except Westerling and his personal aide had arrived. Bouchard, with his iron-gray hair, bushy eyebrows, strong, aquiline nose, and hawk-like eyes, his mouth hidden by a bristly mustache, was lean and saturnine, and he was loyal. No jealous thought entered his mind at having to serve a man younger than himself. He did not serve a personality; he served a chief of staff and a profession. The score of words which escaped him as he looked over the arrangements were all of directing criticism and bitten off sharply, as if he regretted that he had to waste breath in communicating even a thought.

"I tell nothing, but you tell me everything!" said Bouchard's hawk eyes. He was old-fashioned; he looked his part, which was one of the many points of difference between him and Lanstron as a chief of intelligence.

It lacked one minute to four when Hedworth Westerling, chief of staff in name as well as power now, alighted from the gray automobile that turned in at the Galland drive. His Excellency had not occupied his new headquarters as soon as he expected, but this could have no influence on results. If he had lost fifty thousand men on the first two days and two hundred thousand since the war had begun, should he allow this to disturb his well-being of body or mind? His well-being of body and mind meant the ultimate saving of lives.

Confidence was reflected in Westerling's bearing and in his smile of command as he passed through the staff rooms, Turcas and Bouchard in his train, with tacit approval of the arrangements. Finally, Turcas, now vice-chief of staff, and the other chiefs awaited his pleasure in the library, which was to be his sanctum. On the massive seventeenth-century desk lay a number of reports and suggestions. Westerling ran through them with accustomed swiftness of sifting and then turned to his personal aide.

"Tell Francois that I will have tea on the veranda."

From the fact that he took with him the papers that he had laid aside, subordinate generals, with the gift of unspoken directions which is a part of their profession, understood that he meant to go over the subjects requiring special attention while he had tea. "Everything is going well—well!" he added.

"Well!" ran the unspoken communication of confidence through the staff. So well that His Excellency was calmly taking tea on the veranda! For the indefatigable Turcas the detail; for Westerling the front of Jove.

He had told Marta only two weeks ago that he should see her again if war came; and war had come. With the inviting prospect of a few holiday moments in which to continue the interview that had been abruptly concluded in a hotel reception-room, he started down the terrace steps. Above the second terrace he saw a crown of woman's hair—hair of jet abundance, shading a face that brought familiar completeness to the scene. Their glances met where the path ended at the second terrace flight; hers shot with a beam of restrained and questioning good humor that spoke at least a truce to the invader.

"You called sooner than I expected," she said in a note of equivocal pleasantry.

"Or I," he rejoined with a shade of triumph, the politest of triumph. He was a step above her, her head on a level with the pocket of his blouse. His square shoulders, commanding height, and military erectness were thus emphasized, as was her own feminine slightness.

"I want to thank you," she said. "As becomes a soldier, your forethought was expressed in action. It was the promptness of the men you sent to look after the garden which saved the uprooted plants before they were past recovery."

"I wished it for your sake and somewhat for my own sake to be the same that it was in the days when I used to call," he said graciously. "Tea was from four to five, do you remember? Will you join me? I have just ordered it."

A generous, pleasant conqueror, this! No one knew better than Westerling how to be one when he chose. He was something of an actor. Leaders of men of his type usually are.

"Why, yes. Very gladly!" she assented with no undue cordiality and no undue constraint, quite as if there were no war.

Neutrality could not be better impersonated, he thought, than in the even cleaving of her lips over the words. They seemed to say that a storm had come and gone and a new set of masters had taken the place of the old. As they approached the veranda Francois was placing the tea things.

"Just like the old days, isn't it?" he exclaimed with his first sip, convinced that the officers' commissary supplied excellent tea in the field.

"Yes, for the moment—if we forget the war!" she replied, and looked away, preoccupied, toward the landscape.

If we forget the war! She bore on the words rather grimly. The change that he had noted between the Marta of the hotel reception-room and the Marta of the moment was not altogether the work of ten years. It had developed since she was in the capital. In these three weeks war had been brought to her door. She had been under heavy fire. Yet this subject of the war was the one which he, as an invader, considered himself bound to avoid.

"We do forget it at tea, don't we?" he asked.

"At least we need not speak of it!" she replied.

"I am staying tonight. I was going to ask if you wouldn't remain on the veranda while I go over these pa-

pers. It—It would be very cozy and pleasant."

"Why, yes," she agreed with evident pleasure.

Turcas came, in answer to Westerling's ring. The orders and suggestions on the table seemed to be the product of this lath of a man, the vice-chief, but a lath of steel, not wood, who appeared a runner trained for a race of intellects in the scratch class. One by one, almost perfunctorily, Westerling gave his assent as he passed the papers to Turcas; while Turcas's dry voice, coming from between a narrow opening of the thin lips, gave his reasons with a rapid-fire's precision in answer to his chief's inquiries.

With each order somewhere along that frontier some unit of a great organism would respond. The reserves from this position would be transferred to that; such a position would be felt out before dark by a reconnaissance in force, however costly; the rapid-firers of the 19th Division would be transferred to the 20th; despite the 37th Brigade's losses, it would still form the advance; General So-and-So would be superseded after his failure of yesterday; Colonel So-and-So would take his place as acting major-general; more care must be exercised in recommendations for bronze crosses, lest their value so depreciate that officers and men would lack incentive to win them.

Marta was having a look behind the scenes at the fountainhead of great events. Power! power! The absolute power of the soldier in the saddle, with premier and government and all the institutions of peace only a dim background for the processes of war! Opposite her was a man who could make and unmake not only generals but even the destinies of peoples. By every sign he enjoyed his power for its own sake. There must be a chief of the five millions, which were as a moving forest of destruction, and here was the chief, his strength reflected in the strong muscles of his short neck as he turned his head to listen to Turcas. Marta recalled the contrast between Westerling and Lanstron as they faced each other after the wreck of the aeroplane ten years ago; the iron invincibility of the elder's sturdy, mature figure and the alert, high-strung invincibility of the slighter figure of the younger man.

He had taken up a paper thoughtfully after Turcas withdrew, when he looked up to Marta in answer to a movement in her chair. She had bent forward in a pose that freed her figure from the chair-back in an outline of suppleness and firmness; her lips were parted, showing a faint line of the white of her teeth, and he caught her gazing at him in a kind of wondering admiration. But she dropped her eyelids instantly and said deliberately, less to him than to herself:

"You have the gift!"

No tea-table flattery that, he knew; only the reflection of a fact whose existence had been borne in on her by observation.

"The gift? How?" he inquired, speaking to the fringe of hair that half hid her lowered face.

She looked up, smiling brightly.

"You don't know what gift! Not the pianist's! Not the poet's! Why, of course, the supreme gift of command! The thing that made you chief of staff! And the war goes well for you, doesn't it?"

Delicious morsel, this, to a connoisseur in compliments! He tasted it with the same self-satisfied smile that he had her first prophecy. To her who had then voiced a secret he had shared with no one, as his chest swelled with a full breath, he bared another in the delight of the impression he had made on her.

"Yes, as you foresaw—as I planned!" he said. "Yes, I planned all, step by step, till I was chief of staff and ready. I convinced the premier that it was time to strike and I chose the hour to strike; for Bodlapoo was only a convenient excuse for the last of all the steps."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### No Change.

Smith and Jones, while talking over the garden fence one afternoon, became tangled in a discussion that required some mental calculation.

"I tell you, Jones," declared Smith, in response to an assertion of the other, "that you are entirely wrong in your conclusions!"

"You will pardon me, old man," was the emphatic rejoinder of Jones, "but I am absolutely right!"

"And I say that you are not!" shouted Smith, losing patience. "Didn't I go to school, stupid?"

"Yes," was the calm reply of Jones, "and you came back stupid."

### Great Discovery.

"Why do you constantly spray your throat with that ill-smelling compound?" "Greatest discovery of the age, my boy. My wife never accuses me of drinking now."—Kansas City Journal.

### Earliest Riser Among Birds.

The earliest riser of the bird family is the greenfinch, which sometimes begins to sing at one o'clock on a summer morning.

## LOCAL Gossip

Study Robertson's ad this week—it's a saving to you.

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

You don't want to miss guessing at those beans in Robertson's window. Don't cost you nothing to guess.

The Misses Ruby Ellis and Matt Ray and Mr. R. Alsbrook of Lubbock attended the New Year's Ball in Slaton.

Geo. Branham was called back to Dallas yesterday to return to work. He had intended to extend his vacation until Feb. 1st.

Yes, others may try to show you where their prices meet ours, but if they do meet ours the quality is not there.—Robertson's. Broad, isn't it? But it's true.

Miss Ollie Connell returned Sunday from a visit at her home at Gilmer, Texas, during the holidays. Miss Connell is music teacher in the Slaton schools, and is a very enthusiastic South Plains booster. She says a trip back home is all one needs to make them appreciate the real merit of this country.

The Rev. A. E. Arnfield and family moved to Lamesa Wednesday and are now at home in the Methodist parsonage at that place. Mr. Arnfield has always been active in church and lodge work and his ability to take prominent positions whenever called upon made him a popular figure in social and literary circles. The best wishes of a large number of friends go with him and his family to their new home. The Lamesa charge of the Methodist church is a desirable one, and Mr. Arnfield is justly proud of having been appointed to it.

The Estacado basketball team came to Slaton last Friday for a game with the Slaton school boys. The visitors had a picked team and won 16 to 9. The Slaton boys were off form and lost the game by fouling and poor goal throwing. If the Slaton boys had been in form they could have beaten the visitors even if they did come with a semi-professional team. The principal of the Estacado schools played with his team and he was a perfect goal thrower. So every free throw meant a score for his team. He threw goal after goal clean without the ball touching anything as it went thru for a score. The visitors were gentlemanly fellows and played a clean game. Their visit was enjoyed very much.

Don't forget that A. L. Brannon will save you money on builders' hardware.

G. W. Guinn has purchased the C. J. Baer residence property just east of the Square and will make a home place of it.

Sam Johnston had a smile on his face Tuesday that wouldn't come off. A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Johnston Tuesday morning.

E. H. Dorlin went to Cooper, Tex., Saturday to make arrangements to move to Slaton. He says the Slaton country looks good to him.

It is said that an independent lumber yard is arranging to locate in Slaton, some of the lumber having already arrived. J. W. Richey of St. Augustine, Tex., is the owner of the new yard, and he says he will put in a complete stock. His yard is on the south side of the Square. Mr. Richey owns Slaton acreage land on which he will erect a large residence for his own family.

### Glad to Get Back to Plains

F. V. Williams and family arrived home Monday from their visit in Grayson county. Floyd says it has been fifteen years since he had been back to his old home, and while he had a preference for the South Plains before he went down to old Grayson he came back congratulating himself on the fact that he had come west. For a man who has lived with the progressive, modern people of the South Plains, the customs of the lower countries seem to be behind the times. Floyd found that his folks had decided to win him from his wild and frontier home, and had already picked out a farm for him. He looked at the old, rough hill-sides that they call farms, and told them that there was no possibility of influencing him to make the change.

"Why," he exclaimed, "I would be afraid to plow here for fear of falling out of the field and breaking an arm. Not only that but if I had every cent of my money invested here and had to lose it to cut loose and go back to Slaton, I would go right back to Slaton." This was just a little too much for his old friends, who this year raised five bales of cotton off of thirty acres. They also are buying grain this early in the winter, and Mr. Williams thought he would ship a car of grain down there as soon as he got home, but when he learned that the farmers didn't have any money to pay for grain he knew that he didn't want any more of that country except what he saw on a visit to old friends whom he values highly. He and wife had a fine visit but the South Plains looked mighty good when they came back.

### HONOR ROLL.

The pupils named below have made an average of 90 per cent and above and have been neither absent nor tardy during the month ending Dec. 25, 1914.

Respectfully,  
N. A. Terrell, Supt.

### HONOR ROLL.

Rachel Haney.  
Lona Sowell.  
Mabel Robertson.  
Marguerite Hoffman.  
William Hanley.  
Leo Hubbard.  
Beatrice Robertson.  
Pauline Robertson.  
Ruby Moore.  
Willie Johnston.  
Marguerite Haney.  
Chester Meyers.  
Francis Hoffman.  
Ruby Hoffman.  
Lee Conway.  
Virta Zuma McReynolds.  
Robert Sledge.  
Howard Brazell.  
Fay Hoffman.  
Bennett Smith.  
Carl Weaver.  
Ethel Spooner.  
Edith Edwards.  
Vilas Tudor.  
Noel Loomis.  
Willie Sledge.  
C. C. Hoffman, Jr.  
Earl Edwards.  
Harvey Austin.  
Gordon Shelby.  
Earl Florence.  
Ray Bessing.  
Ruth Smith.  
Mamie Haney.  
Noel Bessing.  
Eldon Emboden.  
Bessie Conway.  
Pauline Shelby.  
Frances Blundell.  
T. A. Worley, Jr.  
Marie Wilkins.

C. C. Hoffman had to move the first of the week to give possession of his home place to N. C. Gentry, who bought it last fall. And thereby hangs quite a continued story. Mr. Hoffman moved to his house occupied by E. P. Nix. Mr. Nix then has to move to his house now occupied by G. W. Guinn. This left Mr. Guinn out on the prairie as there are no houses to rent. Not to be outdone Mr. Guinn bought the Baer property which was on the market but is occupied by H. C. Bessing. Just what the Bessings will do for a house to rent, that family is busy trying to figure out. All because of the insufficient number of houses in Slaton.

An autoing party consisting of Cap Lester, Judge Klett, and Mr. Barkermeyer and the Misses Suttle and VanRosenberg of Lubbock met with hard luck in crossing the canyon of the Brazos north of Slaton last Friday night. One car stuck in a low, muddy place and the other car went to its rescue when it too became anchored in the mud. Then the party walked to Slaton to remain until teams could pull the cars out.

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

E. N. Twaddle had a twenty-foot addition built to his store building this week. Has to have more room to handle his 1915 business.

Mrs. R. M. Winegar has recovered from her severe illness. Her recovery seems miraculous as the eminent physicians in the Post City sanitarium pronounced her illness hopeless and sent her back home. The many friends of the family rejoice with them in Mrs. Winegar's recovery.

Mrs. C. V. Young entertained her Sunday School class last Thursday evening, December 31,

at her home on Chestnut Ave. Those present were: The Misses Adams, Allen, Willie Vermillion, Mae Stewart, and Rachel Haney, and Mrs. Maxwell. Messrs. Tapp, Maupin, Higbee, Ferrel, Charlie Whalen and Leo Hubbard. Music was furnished by Fred Higbee and Mr. Ferrell. Many games and contests were enjoyed by all until a late hour when refreshments were served, and the crowd of merry makers adjourned to the Santa Fe round house, where with many a shrill shriek from the whistles and many a loud tap from the bells they greeted the arrival of the New Year of 1915.

## 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, 1879.

### SLATON LITERATURE RECEIVES ATTENTION

The following comments show how the Slatonite's special issue appeared to the outside world, and what people think of the Slaton country as our literature put it up to them. We highly appreciate the comments by the newspaper boys.

Your Slatonite received today is a Hummer.—P. E. Jordan, Portales, N. M., Dec. 28th.

The Slatonite of Slaton, Texas, issued an illustrated Christmas section with their regular edition. It was nicely gotten up and was a good advertising proposition for the South Plains country.—Balmorhea Herald.

We have a copy of the South Plains folder, and wish to congratulate you upon the splendid job you got out as it looks VERY good—much better than many well equipped city offices turn out. Yours very truly,  
Western Newspaper Union,  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

The Slatonite, published by L. P. Loomis, came to us last week with eight extra pages devoted to booming the South Plains country around Slaton. It contained maps, and photos of crops and buildings in that country. It was as neat a piece of work as we have seen for many a day, and must have cost a right smart penny to get it out.—Star, Stratford, Texas.

The Slatonite of Slaton, Texas came out with a booster edition for Slaton. It was printed on heavy enameled paper and consisted of well written information about the South Plains Country. Several half tones of farm scenes, etc., lend proof to its statement that it is a fine country. Anyone wishing information about that part of Texas is welcome to see the paper. The Slatonite is a well edited and arranged paper and deserves far more patronage than it gets. It is unlike most papers in that it does not drop the amount of reading matter when advertising takes a slump. The editor is always on the job and gives the town a paper of which it should be proud. It will be a serious loss to the town should the editor spy a more profitable field and move.—Langdon, (Kans.) Leader.

"The South Plains," a brochure from the pen of Editor Loomis, of Slaton, which appeared last week as a supplement to The Slatonite is one of the most creditable, substantial and truthful expositions of a section of country it has been our pleasure to see in many days—or years.

One thing we especially like in this little preachment is the fact that Mr. Loomis does not try to cover the entire southwest in his descriptions of Slaton. He conservatively places Slaton in the South Plains, tells what's around it and what its people are doing and have done, then tells his readers that the folder does not apply to the whole southwest, which is large enough to make a

kingdom of itself and embrace a dozen different sections of climatic and crop conditions.

It gives us pleasure to recommend this return to the plain and simple yet beautiful exposition of the country, which in our opinion, is the best part of Texas—The South Plains.

"The South Plains" is a product of the Slatonite office. Without going into the realms of hysteria, we will just remark that it must have done the soul of Editor Loomis good to present the folder to the world and say: "We done," for it is indeed a delight to the eye.—Floydada Hesperian.

I am deeply indebted to you for the showing presented by your farmers which you have sent me in your Slaton literature.

I have had much experience and spent a great deal of time with people trying to get this character of matter, and will say that I have never had a better showing than you have been able to secure from your farmers.

Quite a number of these letters will be used by us in Santa Fe publications issued from our Chicago office.

I am heartily in accord with your movement for the awakening of a legitimate interest in your country, and am hoping and believing that it will meet with success. Yours very truly,

H. M. Bainer,  
Agricultural Demonstrator  
Santa Fe System.  
Amarillo, Texas.

It is often remarked that Lake grass will not grow except around lakes, but I can show Lake grass growing as well on high land as can be found on the Plains. This grass has the advantage of remaining green the year around. Several farmers have promised me to plant Lake grass on fields turned back to grass. One farmer informs me that he gets as much grazing from 80 acres of Lake grass as he does from 320 acres of mesquite grass.—Harmon Benton, demonstration agent for the United States Department of Agriculture for Potter County.

It seems that the pardoning craze is extending to the people. About two years ago a man of Sherman county assaulted and ravished a highly respectable young lady, and the jury sent him to the penitentiary for 99 years. Some of the jurors wanted to hang him. The courts affirmed his sentence. The crime was one of the most dastardly and repulsive that we ever heard of. And now a petition is being circulated to secure his pardon. If such crimes can be condoned with such little punishment then there need be no law.

It is a relief to the public to know that the sale of the New York Highlanders, American League baseball club, has been consummated. The daily papers have been featuring the proposed sale for two months.

The average price of cotton heretofore from 1890 to 1913 has been 9.30 for the 24 years. The lowest price was 5.50 in 1898 and the highest 14.70 in 1910.

The Staff Poet's New Year greeting last week made quite a hit with Slatonites.

The Post people are locating homeseekers on their land near Southland.

### PUT UP DESPERATE FIGHT

German Battery Holds Off French Force Until Every Man is Killed or Wounded.

Rome.—An incident of the battle between the French and Germans near Esternay and Sezanna is thus described in a Paris dispatch to the Corriere Della Sera.

"A German battery, which had been caught in a swamp, and which for this reason had been cut off from the main force, managed finally to free itself from the mud. Instead of surrendering it continued singlehanded the fight against the advancing French. The German artillerymen beat their assailants off with a terrific fire, which the French artillery tried in vain to silence. Until late in the evening the battery continued its deadly work until its ammunition became exhausted and the men were either dead or wounded. When I arrived the brave crew had already been buried and the guns still rested on trees which the men had placed under the wheels in order that the pieces might not disappear in the mud."

### COUNT RAZES OWN CHATEAU

Husband of Cincinnati Girl Directs Artillery in Dislodging Germans on His Estate.

Paris.—The Countess de Chambrun, formerly Miss Clara Longworth of Cincinnati, a sister of ex-Congressman Nicholas Longworth, has received a letter from her husband, who was at one time a French military attache at Washington, and is now an officer of an artillery company at the front. In his letter Count de Chambrun says:

"I am now having the great pleasure of directing the artillery fire against our own chateau, and I take great enjoyment in seeing piece after piece come down."

The De Chambrun chateau is near St. Mihiel, where a stubborn struggle has been going on for six weeks, since that point has been occupied by the Germans.

## FRED HOFFMAN Painter and Paper Hanger

Interior Decorator. Expert Floor Finisher.  
Slaton, Texas

## SERVICE

A small word with a world of meaning.

WE are offering YOU service

24 hours every day.

Better put in a TELEPHONE.

## The Western Telephone Company

## Take Our Advice

The day-after-tomorrow will soon be the day-before-yesterday.

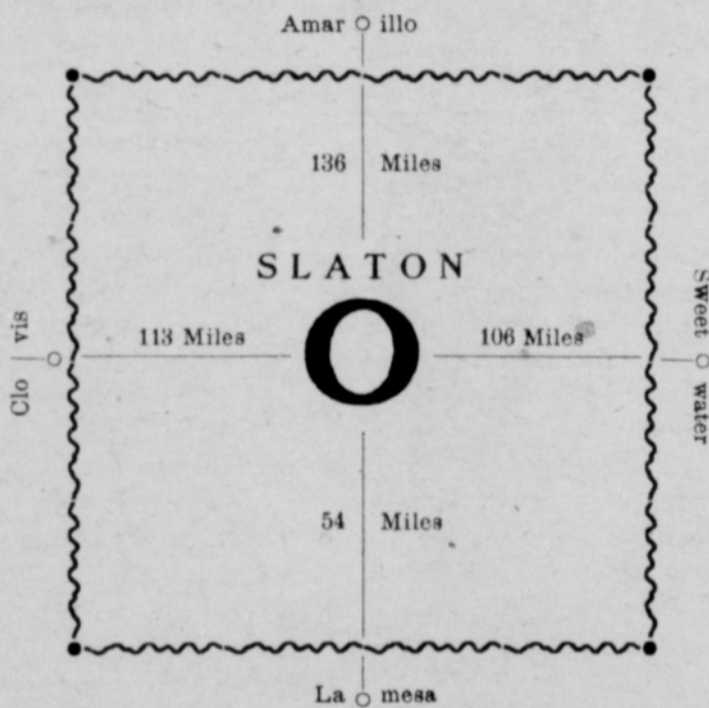
Make your plans right now, Early in the New Year, to build you a home and occupy it.

Our facilities are at your disposal.

**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.

**NUTRITIOUS FEED FOR STOCK**

**When Weather Is Unfavorable and Too Dry for Other Hay Grasses Alfalfa Leads Them All.**

Alfalfa is the greatest drought-resistant plant. Compared with any grass field or cornfield that has no cultivation alfalfa will produce more nutritious feed for animals on the farm than any other crop can grow. Do not understand me as saying that heavy yields of alfalfa do not require abundant rainfall, but when it comes to withstanding drought or producing some kind of helpful crop when the weather is unfavorable and too dry for any other hay grasses, alfalfa leads them all.

If dry weather comes for a short season during the crop-growing time every crop is damaged to some extent. If the meadows are maturing the dry weather spoils permanently the yield of hay for the season. A short spell with water short works a hardship that other crops can never catch up on, but alfalfa is not an annual plant and is cut several times a year, so that there is good opportunity to catch up on one crop what is lost on the previous one.

In this section of the southeast we had an early spring drought with a short spell of rain in midsummer and then another drought, writes J. C. Courtier of Amiba county, Virginia, in Breeders' Gazette. Alfalfa will not yield as it should, but is outyielding other hay crops and stands ready and green where the other grasses are killed out. Three times our mower has cut alfalfa from one field while a clover field near it was hardly worth cutting once. In plowing on land like that in our alfalfa field alfalfa roots five feet long have been pulled up. Nitrogen is a needed plant food from which leaf and stem are made. With the mixed grasses the only practical course is the decaying humus in the soil. Now humus does not decay much in dry soils, therefore the leaf and stem food is cut down during a drought. With alfalfa it is different. On the roots of thrifty alfalfa are countless little colonies of microbes whose work it is to gather nitrogen from the air for the alfalfa. In dry weather there is still an abundance of nitrogen. In this way a fair supply of nitrogen is available, regardless of the decay of the soil humus. Therefore the roots can find a small supply of other plant food, and some little moisture down in under the soil, and even after the top soil is dry, a crop is forthcoming.

What hope is there for farmers when dry weather continues as it has continued for the last few years? Surely with the old style of farming we shall have to farm with scant returns, but if a change can be made in which the rains of winter are captured by good cultivation of fields rich in humus, early crops and big fields of alfalfa, a good living will still be possible on the farm. Green alfalfa is a wonderfully rich stock feed, and green alfalfa is possible when the seasons are too dry for hay crops. It behooves every farmer to establish on his farm thrifty fields of alfalfa.

**GENERAL FARM NOTES**

Every farmer should raise a hog for every member of his family and some to sell.

Farmers should feed more grain and less hay to their horses during the winter.

In the fields a big team makes haste by the width of the furrow or swath they cut.

If the eggs from a certain pen are found to be largely infertile, lose no time in getting a new male to head the pen.

A hog that can be fattened while young will be the most profitable one to breed.

Provide box stalls for the colts, if possible. Keep the stalls well littered and clean.

A well-groomed horse resists the cold and changes better than a horse neglected.

Don't allow the hogs to sleep in or around the stable stalls, unless you want fleas in the barn.

Cut green and fed to the hogs in inclosures, alfalfa makes one of the best feeds in the world.

Give each colt its regular grain ration and enough clean, bright hay to keep it growing and thrifty.

**Best Food for Rams.**

Bran and oats mixed are better food for rams than corn. A little corn along with the stronger protein food is good, but all corn is too fattening and heating.



**Rheumatism**

Just put a few drops of Sloan's on the painful spot and the pain stops. It is really wonderful how quickly Sloan's acts. No need to rub it in—laid on lightly it penetrates to the bone and brings relief at once. Kills rheumatic pain instantly.

Mr. James E. Alexander, of North Harpswell, Me., writes: "Many strains in my back and hips brought on rheumatism in the sciatic nerve. I had it so bad one night when sitting in my chair, that I had to jump on my feet to get relief. I at once applied your Liniment to the affected part and in less than ten minutes it was perfectly easy. I think it is the best of all Liniments I have ever used."

**SLOAN'S LINIMENT Kills Pain**

At all dealers, 25c. Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE. Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc. Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.

**IF YOU HAVE**

no appetite, indigestion, flatulence, Sick Headache, "all run down" or losing flesh, you will find

**Tutt's Pills**

Just what you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies.

**He Knew.**

John R. Drexel, discussing his detention in Germany, said:

"The Kaiser has forbidden the German troops to drink, the czar has forbidden drink to the Russian troops and France has stopped the sale of absinthe.

"The war, instead of relaxing temperance morality, has stiffened it. In this stiffening effect the war isn't like Blanc's case.

"A ragman knocked at Blanc's door. 'Any old rags or bones, sir?' he said.

"No. Go on away,' said Blanc. 'My wife's gone South for the winter.'

"The ragman beamed. 'I give three cents apiece for empty bottles, sir,' he whispered?"—Washington Star.

**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 *Chas. H. Fletcher*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

**Matched.**

"I am sure that theirs is a love match."

"Why?" "Because both the bride and groom feel certain that they are marrying above their position."

**Limitations.**

"Is Jinks eccentric?" "He ain't rich enough; he's just a blamed crank."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Why Money is Feminine.**

Teacher—In French, money is feminine. Can anyone tell me why? Pupil—Yes, ma'am; because it talks.

**Twice Answered.**

Amelia—Is your husband domestic? Marie—No, French.—Judge.

Always keep Hanford's Balsam on hand for accidents. It's good insurance. Adv.

Husbands are as anxious to make money as wives are to spend it.

Cuts clear to the bone have been healed by Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

The worry germ causes a lot of unnecessary trouble.

**ALL FOR TUBERCULOSIS WORK**

None of the Proceeds of Sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals is for War Relief.

None of the proceeds from the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals which are being sold widely throughout the United States for the benefit of the antituberculosis movement will be used for war relief purposes, according to a statement issued by Ernest P. Bicknell, national director of the American Red Cross.

Mr. Bicknell says: "While the Red Cross is trying very hard to raise a large war relief fund and is anxious to secure contributions that will increase this fund, we do not feel justified in adopting any policy which will tend to cripple the tuberculosis work in this country, which is dependent for its support to so large an extent on the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals.

"At the present time there are over one thousand antituberculosis societies distributed over nearly every state in the Union, and even in Vera Cruz, the canal zone and far off Hawaii, which are dependent almost entirely upon the receipts from the Red Cross seal sale for their work during the year 1915. The people of the United States must support this local war against tuberculosis, which annually kills 200,000 people, and at the present time is leaving a trail of a million wounded."

**Surely Fitted for the Job.**

A farmer who lived in a certain rural village had 20 employees on his farm, and as none of them was as energetic as the farmer thought he should be, he hit upon a plan which he believed would cure them of their lazy habits.

"Men," he said, one morning. "I have a nice easy job for the laziest man on the farm. Will the laziest man step forward?"

Instantly 19 of the men stepped forward.

"Why didn't you step to the front with the rest?" inquired the farmer of the remaining one.

"Too much trouble," came the reply.

**Bell Rings When Fish Bite.**

John Blow, a farmer in Escambia county, Alabama, has devised a new method of catching big fish without consuming his time. For years he has been taking large catfish and trout on trot lines. His home and truck farm are on the Conecuh river banks.

By an alarm device he continues his plowing and other work without danger of his fish escaping when hooked. On the ends of the trot lines he fastens small bells.

When they ring during his work hours or in the night he steps down to the river and pulls in the fish. The device works like a charm and saves much time.—Atlanta Journal.

**Somewhat Awkward.**

A young Parisian, noted for his grace and readiness as a second in many duels, had been asked by a friend to accompany him to the mayor's office and affix his signature as a witness to the matrimonial ceremony.

He consented, but when the scene was reached awkwardly forgot himself.

Just as the mayor was ready for the last formalities, he broke out, to the astonishment of all parties, with the remark:

"Gentlemen, cannot this unhappy affair be arranged? Is there no way of preventing this sad occurrence?"

**To Get Rid of Pimples.**

Smear the affected surface with Cuticura Ointment. Let it remain five minutes, then wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing a few minutes. These fragrant, super-creamy emollients quickly clear the skin of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, the scalp of dandruff and itching and the hands of chaps and irritations. For free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book address post card: Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

**Opposite Methods.**

"I am going over my poor district thoroughly, for I want to be square." "That's why you go 'round."

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

If you don't owe a dollar you can look any man in the eye and tell him to go to work.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes, use Red Cross Ball Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

After doing the volplane love is apt to land in cold water.

**America's "Busy Bertha."**

During the Spanish war America was rather proud of her gunnery. But it proved nothing to what the navy has since accomplished in range and accuracy.

In the same way, even the excellent showing made by the new siege guns which have just been given their trial at Fort DuPont will, of course, be outdistanced ultimately. At present, however, it is very satisfactory. These four-ton guns are not quite "Busy Bertha," but they are a big advance over present army ordnance in this country.

America will probably never need such guns as the Germans built to batter the great forts of the allies. The army authorities are putting emphasis on something that will be more important in any battles America may fight—marksmanship. Without that even the latest siege guns are useless.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Not Taking Her From Him.**

She—I'm afraid poor papa will miss me when we are married.

He—Why, is your father going away?

It's enough to make a horse laugh to see a male flirt nursing a broken heart.

Red Cross Ball Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

If a man is seasick it's natural for him to want the earth.

**VITAL FORCE**

Disease germs are on every hand. They are in the very air we breathe. A system "run down" is a prey for them. One must have vital force to withstand them. Vital force depends on digestion—on whether or not food nourishes—on the quality of blood coursing through the body.

**DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery**

Strengthens the weak stomach. Gives good digestion. Enlivens the sluggish liver. Feeds the starved nerves. Again full health and strength return. A general upbuilding enables the heart to pump like an engine running in oil. The vital force is once more established to full power.

Year in and year out for over forty years this great health-restoring remedy has been spreading throughout the entire world—because of its ability to make the sick well and the weak strong. Don't despair of "being your old self again." Give this vegetable remedy a trial—Today—Now. You will soon feel "like new again." Sold in liquid or tablet form by Druggists or trial box for 50c by mail. Write Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. Pierce's great 1008 page "Medical Adviser," cloth-bound, sent for 31 one-cent stamps.

**Daily Thought.**

Accustom yourself to master and overcome things of difficulty, for, if you observe, the left hand for want of practice is insignificant, and not adapted to general business, yet it holds the bridle better than the right from constant use.—Pliny.

**Always Have it on Hand.**

Don't wait until you get scalded or burned because that will mean much suffering while you are sending to the doctor's for Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Always have it on hand and be prepared for accidents. The Balsam should give you quick relief. Adv.

**Base Suspicion.**

It is said that when women get the vote, ballot boxes will button up the back.—Life.

Most women have an idea that men couldn't get along without them.

It advertises itself—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Antidote for a girl's pride—a younger brother.

**"WATCHFUL WAITING"**

Keeping watch on the appetite—the digestion—the liver and bowels will enable you to quickly detect the first sign of weakness and with the prompt aid of

**HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters**

you can guard and protect yourself against all Stomach and Liver Ills.

**TYPHOID**

is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost intraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill. Producing Vaccines and Serums under U. S. License

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 50-1914.

**SOMETHING USEFUL FOR XMAS**

**Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen** Sold at the best stores most everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply, we will gladly assist you. Illustrated folder on request. L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY, 175 Broadway, New York

**More Valuable Than Gold.**

The value of the stone production in the United States in 1913 reached the grand total of \$83,732,995, according to E. F. Burckhard of the United States Geological Survey. This is an increase of \$5,539,775, or seven per cent, over the former record-breaking figures for 1912. The value of the granite produced increased eight per cent, that of trap rock nearly 23 per cent, sandstone two per cent, marble one per cent, and limestone over five per cent.

A man may feel sorry after stealing a kiss from a pretty girl—sorry that he didn't begin sooner.

The man who quarrels with his bread and butter is likely to dine on scraps.

**Canadian Wheat to Feed the World**

The war's fearful devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and there is an unusual demand for Canadian wheat. Canada's invitation to every industrious American is therefore especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves while helping her to raise immense wheat crops.

**160 ACRE FARM IN WESTERN CANADA FREE**

**You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands can be bought at remarkably low prices.** Think of the money you can make with wheat at its present high prices, where for some time it is liable to continue. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops 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 extra demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. The Government this year is urging farmers to put extra acreage into grain.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

**G. A. COOK,**  
125 W. 9th STREET, KANSAS CITY, MO.  
Canadian Government Agent

**You Look Prematurely Old**

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

**FARM REFRIGERATORS AND ICE CHESTS**

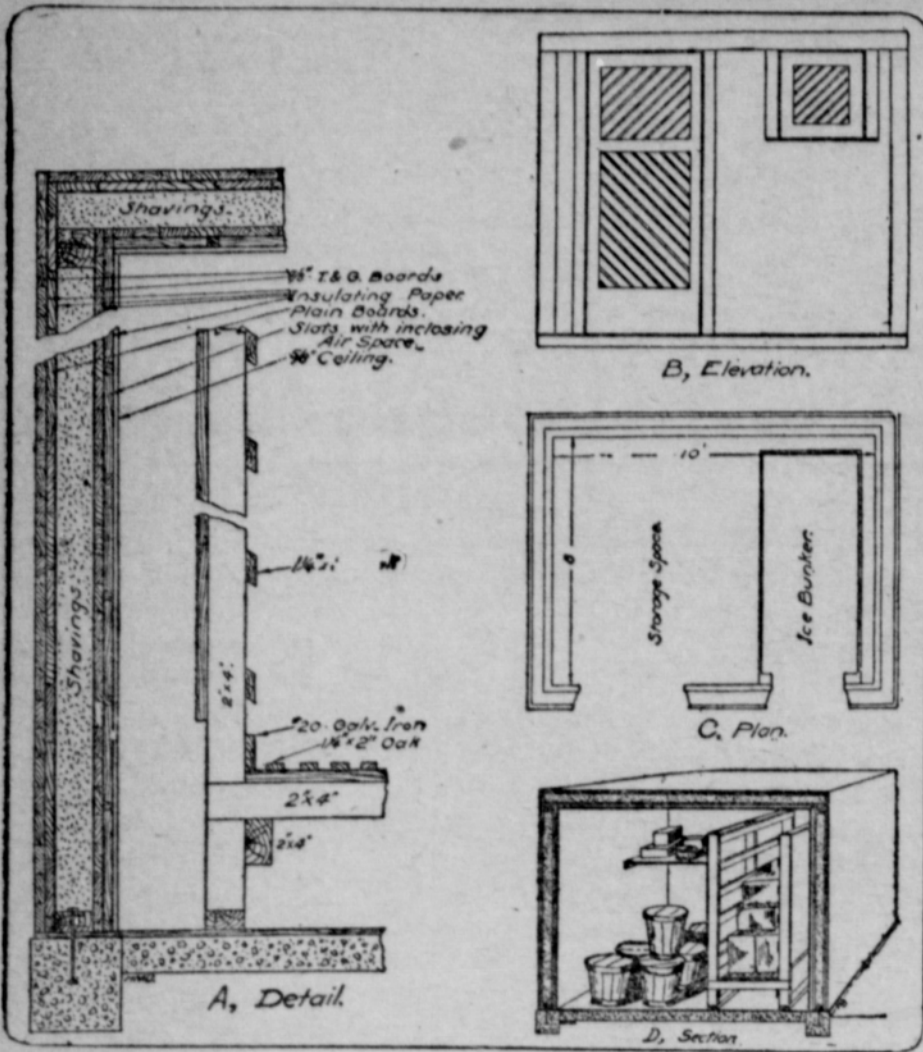


Diagram Showing Cross Section and Details of Construction of Farm Refrigerator—A, Detail of Wall Construction and Ice Bunker—B, Front Elevation—C, Floor Plan—D, Sectional View.

The cost of constructing a refrigerator or an ice chest is small in comparison with economic returns and the comfort they offer the farmer. They are even of greater importance in the country than in the city, although many of our rural population do not avail themselves of the opportunity to enjoy the luxury of ice.

The United States department of agriculture in a farmer's bulletin (No. 476) on "Ice Houses" outlines the manner of construction of a farm refrigerator large enough to meet the requirements of a well-equipped farm for the storage of butter, eggs and fresh meats and for chilling fruit in small quantities.

This refrigerator can be constructed in a cellar, in the lean-to of an ice house, or in any other farm building where convenient and suitable protection can be provided. If none of these alternatives is possible the refrigerator may be constructed as an independent building. If built as a separate structure the same care in the choice of a site should be exercised as in choosing the location of an icehouse. The construction is shown in detail in Fig. 1.

Such an arrangement will require about 100 tons of ice during the year, but it can be used to hold eggs and butter over the season of abundant production. A supply of fresh meat can be kept by such means in localities where distributing wagons are not run, and even where a local supply is available the producer can arrange to supply his table at wholesale rather than retail prices by killing his own sheep, pigs or veal.

**Construction of Ice Chest.**  
Where a less expensive cooler is desired an ice chest will be found to serve a useful purpose. Such a chest can be made from two boxes, one 12 inches longer and wider than the other and 6 inches deeper. If the inner box is 2 feet wide, 2 feet deep and 3 feet long, the outer box should be 3 feet wide, 4 feet long and 30 inches deep. The inner box, which should be made of matched white pine or cypress, should be lined with zinc and provided with a drip pipe in the bottom near one end and a metal grating 12 inches from that end, so as to make a cage in which to store a block

of ice. A layer of 6 inches of cork dust or dry white pine shavings should be placed in the bottom of the larger box after it has been lined with waterproof building paper. Place the smaller box on the layer of insulation, making provision for the drain, and then pack the same insulating material tightly in the space between the outer and the inner box. Fit a board over the packing between the boxes so as to cover the edge of both. Then hinge a thick, well-insulated cover to the entire top of the chest. The joints can be made tight by weather strips and felt. The cover should be provided with a counter weight and a good ice-chest hasp to hold it in place.

**How to Make Ice.**

Where there are no ice ponds block ice can be made easily by allowing water to freeze in cans of heavy galvanized iron provided with a heavy band-iron or wire re-enforcement around the top. Any tinsmith can make such cans.

The cans should be of the dimensions of a standard cake of ice; that is, 22 inches square at the top, the bottom being somewhat smaller so as to make the sides of the can slightly flaring, and the depth to be 22 or 32 inches as desired. As soon as settled cold weather comes arrange the cans on a level plat of ground or on a level platform near the well or other water supply. Fill the cans with clear, fresh water, and when a sufficient thickness of ice has formed to permit them to be turned over, even if the shell of ice is not more than 1 1/2 or 2 inches thick, pour a quart or two of boiling water over each upturned can to loosen it from the shell of ice. This will give a hollow shell of ice about 2 inches thick on the bottom, which was formerly the surface of the water in the can, 1 1/2 inches thick on the sides, and with only a thin shell on the top, which was at the bottom of the can.

Remove this shell carefully from the can, break the thin ice over the top and remove all but about 2 inches of the water in the cavity. Place the shell of ice in an exposed but well-shaded situation and as rapidly as the water in the shell freezes add a few quarts at a time until the entire cavity is filled and a solid block of ice is produced.

**FOR SEVERE WEATHER**

**COSSACK COAT HAS CAUGHT FANCY OF FASHION.**

Has a Great Deal to Recommend It, Both for Beauty and Real Comfort That It Affords the Wearer.

It is rather remarkable when you think of it that remote Russia has had so much influence on the fashions of the world. The Russian blouse and dolman have so often been played upon and made very popular that they have come to be considered standards. Since this very noticeable influence made itself felt in times of peace, it is no wonder, then, that in present troublous times, with that great nation under the limelight, it is felt increasingly, as evidenced in the great, full-skirted and fur-bordered Cossack coats that have recently made an appearance.

One such is depicted here, and very modish it is, too, in tan, castor-colored woolen velour, with collar, cuffs and foot banding of otter fur.

In fact, it is double-breasted, with a straight line of closing from neck to hem, buttoned as far as the hip with a close line of rather large cloth-covered buttons. A belt strap from under-arm seam to under-arm seam buttons across the back, holding in a bit of fullness at a slightly empire waist line. Straight wide sleeves are set under kimono shoulder extensions. The skirt

**EVENING COAT**



This evening coat is a New York design. It is of white velour and black fox. Very narrow long waist line at the back. The bottom is very full and made in square scallop effect; wide fox band at bottom. The fur on the sleeves when brought together gives the effect of a muff. High fur collar scalloped.

**SENSIBLE HANDS AND FEET**

Women of Today Refuse to Cramp Their Extremities Into Coverings That Are Too Small.

An old cartoon of the 80s shows us a group of girls of the period with wasp-like waists, huge bustles and tiny French heels viewing the statue of the Venus de Milo with horror and disgust and commenting upon the size of her waist and feet. In these days there are plenty of women—young as well as middle-aged—who are as perfectly proportioned as that Venus herself or her great rival, the Samothrace of the glorious draperies. Their hands and feet are larger than those of the women of yesterday, as every bootmaker and glovemaker knows, but the hands are far more graceful, expressive, characteristic, the feet much better shaped.

Moreover, no well-bred woman nowadays dreams of attempting to cram her hands or feet into shoes or gloves a size too small. It is "not done," that is all. The modern woman refutes the old French proverb which translated means: "It is necessary to suffer in order to be beautiful."

**MAKING AN EVEN SKIRT HEM**

Not Hard Thing to Do If Instructions Given Here Are Carefully Followed.

Here is a helpful tip for girls who do their own dressmaking. It is an easy matter to turn up the hem of a dress on one's self if the following directions are followed:

Put on the skirt; rest one end of a yardstick on the floor, and, holding it straight up and down, mark where the other end comes on the skirt with a piece of chalk, going all around the skirt in this way. This will make a mark all around the hips one yard from the floor.

Remove the skirt and, using the yardstick as a measure, turn up the skirt one yard from the mark. This will be absolutely even. If you wish to make the skirt shorter—say two or four inches from the floor—turn it up two or four inches less than a yard from the mark. This plan has proved invaluable in actual experience.

**Black Filets Smart.**

Black filet veillings are perhaps the foremost of the many types now in favor. Plain black filets are a strong feature. Black filets, with huge velvet squares arranged in border design or else sparsely scattered over the mesh, are smart.

Hexagon and hairline novelties occupy a good position. There is a slightly increased demand for tete de negre brown, taupe and myrtle novelties. New sand colored veillings are shown for wear with sand colored hats. White veillings are in moderate demand for use with smart white hats.

**Jet on All Fabrics.**

Jet cloths are very much in vogue; they are employed for tunics often, and jet glitters on lace and on thin fabrics set frequently on the side opening of bodices gathered into the shoulder pieces and then reappearing on the tunic.



Huge "Cossack" Coats Show the Russian Influence.

portion measures almost four yards around the lower edge.

What more can be asked so far as style, warmth and comfort are concerned in the way of a winter wrap?—Washington Star.

**FOR WORKER IN EMBROIDERY**

Old Fashion is Being Revived With Modern Ideas That Are an Improvement.

The old fashioned embroidery is being revived and improved upon. The lusterless warm wools are relieved with a touch of silk that gives them life. Leaves are done in solid stitch and edged with silk of a lighter shade. The leaves are also veined with the silk. Flowers are edged and sometimes intersected in much the same way with silk. The wool embroidery consequently takes on a new life and beauty foreign to the old wool work of our grandmothers. This work of wool and silk can be done on any materials but those of cotton and linen, unless, of course, the linen or cotton materials be very dark. Silk materials and wool fabrics are excellent for the purpose. Velvet, while sometimes used, is really too heavy for the purpose and is not a good contrast for the lusterless wool. Table runners and cushions are effective when done in wool embroidery, as are also portieres, provided the portieres are lined to conceal the back of the embroidery.

**Convenience for the Muff.**

Sew inside your muff a small bone ring about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, such as are used for fancy work, attached to a short piece of ribbon. A handkerchief may be drawn through this ring. Gloves may be buttoned into it, and it will securely hold one's veil or even a small parcel.

**Square Train.**

The square train is shown on some of the new importations. It is especially good when it is used on a frock with a square-cut neck, back and front, just as the long, pointed train was good with a frock in which the V-shaped neck was used.

**BOTH BATTLED FOR POSITION**

Efficiency Experts in Humorous Contest for Best Place at an Important Conference.

"They carry drill and discipline too far. They're like the two efficiency experts."

The speaker was Representative William Gordon. He was criticizing one of the contending armies.

"Yes," Mr. Gordon went on, "in their worship of drill they remind me of Black and White."

"Black, old fellow, that was a queer conference you had with White the other day," a friend said. "When I looked in on you, you were both sprinting round and round the office like two racers or two prize fighters."

"Black frowned. "Well, you see," he said, "I'm very well read up on efficiency, and I know of course, that in an important conference you must always have your back to the light, so that your thoughts can't be read. But White, too, has been taking an efficiency course, I guess. He is certainly on to that dodge. Why, when we finally got down to business we were both sitting on the window sill!"

**How Luxury Kills.**

The disastrous effects of luxury are well shown in the death rate in New York city's west side between Eighty-sixth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth streets, a region which consists largely of palatial residences and elaborate apartments, and where sanitation and hygiene have done their utmost to provide against disease. Here the mortality is 18.70 per thousand, a startling figure when it is remembered that the rate for the whole country is about fifteen and the highest rate in New York, that for the East side district south of Grand street, only 26.31 per thousand. Late hours, heavy eating and drinking, and sedentary habits are advanced by the statisticians as being responsible for this high death rate among New York's well-to-do.

**Red Sox Annoyed the Bull.**

A pair of vivid red socks that showed brightly between a somber-hued black suit and white shoes he was wearing, nearly caused the death of John Schroyer, a young farmer, when a big Jersey bull, evidently enraged by the sight of the bright colors, attacked and tossed him about its pasture, which he was crossing. Schroyer's cries attracted men in an automobile and they beat the animal off with fence rails. Schroyer suffered three broken ribs and a lacerated face and was nearly scalped.—Klines Grove (Pa.) Dispatch to New York World.

**Cat is a Hardened Hobo.**

A belt line car stopped near where Daniel Ross and several other men were standing. One of them discovered a cat crouched on the forward trucks, seemingly satisfied. Supposing the animal had been placed there by some heartless person, and was afraid to jump off, the men pulled it out, though it objected.

After being turned loose it jumped upon the trucks of the next car that came along, spitting in feline fashion at the men who interrupted its trip.—Prosperity (Mo.) Dispatch to the St. Louis Times.

Some men are too tender-hearted to heat a rug.

**To Build Strong Children**

Supply their growing bodies with right food, so that Brain, and Muscle, and Bone development may evenly balance.

**Grape-Nuts FOOD**

was originated to supply, in proper proportion, the very elements required by the human body for growth and repair.

To supply children a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast regularly, is to start them on the road to sturdy health.

**"There's a Reason"**

for Grape-Nuts

Sold by grocers.

**CARE OF WAGONS AND CARTS**

General Practice of Allowing Vehicles and Farm Machinery to Stand Out Doors Is Poor One.

A well-built wagon or cart, properly used, will last for many years. The general practice is to allow vehicles and farm machinery to stand out of doors in all kinds of weather. The action of rain, and sunshine will do more injury than actual use. A wagon or cart, when not in use, should be kept under a dry shed or in the barn. Keep the wagon painted and greased. Before applying fresh grease scrape off the old grease, rub the axle clean, then grease. Get a good kind of axle grease. For light wagons and carriages sweet oil is best—only a few drops will be needed for each wheel.

The wagon wheels will last much longer without the tires being reset by giving each wheel a good coat of hot linseed oil spring and fall. The oil keeps the fellos and spokes sound and dry and the tires should be cut and reset.

**LITTLE LEAKS AROUND FARM**

Numerous Small Things Cut Down Farmer's Profits—Many Are Easy to Avoid or Prevent.

(By C. E. DAVIS.)

Here are some of the farm leaks—rickety gates and slip-shod bars; tumbledown fences; no shed for cows on a rainy day; and no shelter in the field on a hot one; ashes thrown in a pile to leach; cabbage leaves left to rot in the patch when cows are near; hog manure left to wash away for years; old boards and big apple trees limbs hauled away as waste instead of putting them on the wood pile for fuel; dish water and soap suds thrown aside instead of on the garden; using good farm papers for waste instead of exchanging or saving to read over; wagons and plows left unsheltered; and turkeys allowed to roost on fences or in trees.

**Purchase Breeding Stock.**

Now is the time to purchase your new breeding stock while the surplus poultry is being sold.