

The Slaton Slatonite

Volume 4.

SLATON, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS: JANUARY 1, 1915.

Number 17.

SANTA FE LECTURE AT READING ROOM

Albert James Norton will be at the Santa Fe Reading Room in Slaton on Thursday night, Jan. 7th, to deliver his lecture on Mexico. The lecture is illustrated with stereopticon views.

Mr. Norton gives his lecture under the auspices of the Reading Room Lyceum Course, which insures his ability to entertain and instruct on as prominent a public subject as this one.

A number of Slaton people were called to Lubbock this week by the Riley trial now in progress. Out of the first 105 jurors examined six qualified. The jury was completed Wednesday, and the taking of testimony began yesterday morning.

The weather last week was variable and unpleasant. A half-inch of rain fell Wednesday night and Thursday, and Thursday evening an inch of snow fell. It has been muddy but the sun is trying for the advantage this week.

Engineer Plumleigh now has the Slaton-Lamesa run and Jimmy Smock is wearing the blue clothes on that train.

DENTAL NOTICE

Dr. W. B. Norris, of Floydada, wishes to announce that he is now in Slaton, and will be here throughout the next week, with office in the Jordan building, north side of the square. This is the first of a series of visits, and all whose teeth need attention will do well to call promptly. Prices reasonable, and all work fully guaranteed. I work by the painless method in all dental operations. Consultation and examination free. Special guarantee on plate work.

W. R. Hampton of Peacock, Texas, was in Slaton the first of the week. He is in attendance at District Court in Lubbock at the Riley trial, he being one of the principal witnesses to the homicide.

The Slatonite would like to add several country correspondents to our local columns. Why not put your community before the public by representing it in the Slatonite? Come in and talk the over matter with the editor.

Just Unpacked a Splendid Shipment of Men's Shoes

We have just unpacked a new invoice of Men's Shoes and take pleasure in inviting you in to look them over. This is a splendid shipment and you will find just what you want. Two makes; the famous

Freedman-Shelby Hamilton-Brown

The All Leather Lined Shoe, and the

The Popular American Gentleman Shoe

These shoes are both work and dress shoes and will please the most particular customer.

Proctor & Olive Gents Furnishing Store : : Slaton

SANTA FE OFFICIALS VISIT SLATON YARDS

D. Elliott, division superintendent; I. O. Wilson, trainmaster; J. W. Records, master mechanic, and Henry Blake, road foreman of engines, Santa Fe officials, of Amarillo were in Slaton the first of the week on railroad business.

Santa Claus Gets Scare

Santa Claus at the Methodist Church got a scare that proved his undue denouement and furnished a big laugh for the audience. He forgot the length of his whiskers and tried to blow out a candle flame that threatened the Christmas tree. His whiskers caught fire, and in an instant the flame was tickling his ears. With a full-grown "Pouf" Santa came out of his whiskers like a "bitin' shoat out of a bumblebee's nest." No harm was done, but there stood one of the most embarrassed Santa Claus who ever handed candy to Sunday School children.

The Ladies Aid Society

The Ladies Aid Society of the First Baptist Church will meet Monday afternoon, Jan. 4th, at 2.30 o'clock.

Address by Rev. B. F. Dixon.
Song.

Lesson Subject—41 to 84 Psalm.

Installation of officers for the ensuing term.

Social Hour.

Refreshments.

All members urged to be present.

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

Conductor Worth Smyer, who has been running on the local between Slaton and Amarillo, has been promoted to the passenger run between Amarillo and Wellington, Kansas.

N. C. Gentry and his son, Meredith, of Alief, Texas, are in Slaton looking after Mr. Gentry's property here. Mr. Gentry will improve his Slaton farm land this year.

THROUGH THE COLUMNS of this paper we wish to thank our many customers for the patronage extended us so liberally thru 1914. It is our desire to render you better service and satisfaction if possible thru 1915.

We extend to each and all of you our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

And remember thru and after these glad holidays Robertson's will be ready to ALWAYS serve you just a little better than the other fellow.



New Year's Day: 1915

This day inaugurates the New Year of 1915 and we enter on another year's business, but before we say a final good bye to the old year we want to thank the many customers who have given us a trade during the past twelve months that has made our business prosperous. We appreciate your patronage and hope to continue you as a patron until 1916. May the New Year be a happy day indeed for you is our wish.

A. L. BRANNON, Hardware

TWO WAYS OF EXPRESSING AN OPINION: A COMPARISON

THE TAHOKA NEWS

"The Slatonite was some what offended at the little squib that we printed in our issue of November 27th concerning the Thanksgiving basketball games, and devoted the entire readable portion of his back page to an attempted reply. **REALLY** it was pitiful to read it. In a blind, unreasoning rage he strove to pick the piece apart, and realizing that he was making himself **REDICULOUS**, the last iota of his reason departed and he descended to the level of a common mud slinger, and **ANATHAMATIZED** Taboka's basketball team, their coach, and ye editor. Still he was not content. Like the swine, being unable to desist until he had thoroughly coated him self with mire, he concluded his ravings with the **WHINEING**, weak-kneed breach of the truth that Taboka had only two school girl's on her team, and assigned Slaton's defeat to that."

We will buy a box of candy for anyone who will point out in the above clipping from the Tahoka News even one sentence or idea in reply to the Slatonite that bears any resemblance to logic, argument, refined repartee, rhetoric, grammar, or common sense. The only reason we reprint it is because it is a gem of country newspaperdom, a rare avis of literature. As a masterpiece of ingenious incongruity it deserves wide publicity.

One feature about it is the remarkable avidity with which Editor Crie lets the real subject, the basketball game, alone. It also shows the kind of spirit behind the Taboka basketball team. As to the merit of the respective articles in the News and the Slatonite, the public is the judge. Passing the lie doesn't make a man of even a country editor.

The whole trouble with the darn grapes is they're sour. A man with a sensitive skin should be slow about starting anything. When the News editor saw that he had bought something in his zeal to slur the little city of Slaton (showing plainly a spirit of town jealousy,) he found himself in a bad situation and without evidence to substantiate his attack. So he resorted to cheap personalities, which do not bother us at all. The source of such attacks determines whether or not they should be resented. The editor of the News is a

THE POST CITY POST

"Our friend, Editor Loomis, of the Slatonite takes us to task because in a recent issue we referred to the Coleman farm, on which such a record-breaking cotton crop was raised, as being "near Post City." Our respected contemporary complains that we are taking credit to Post City for crops that were not grown in Garza county. We are sorry that he has this impression and take pleasure in correcting it. Mr. Coleman's farm is near the Post Home Farms (whose crops took first prizes at the State Fair at Dallas) and near the line of Garza and Lynn counties and we did not know in which county it lay, so we did not state. We cheerfully give our sister county of Lynn credit for same. However, as Slaton is in Lubbock county, the Slatonite itself is claiming credit for a crop grown in another county.

"We assure Brother Loomis we had no intention of depriving his town of anything due it or its territory. The Post City Postex Cotton Mills are a cotton center for the whole of West Texas, and handle an enormous quantity of high-grade cotton, buying from all the surrounding towns."

This reply from the Post is a courteous, gentlemanly acknowledgement of an unintentional error, and in response we can only say that the honors belong to the editor of the Post. But he misquoted the Slatonite just a little. Slaton is near the corner of four counties, and our farmers live in Crosby, Garza, Lynn and Lubbock, so when we refer to our farms we say Slaton COUNTRY—never mentioning any COUNTY.

mere tyro, a rank novice at the mud-slinging game and if we did not respect him as a friend and neighbor we might indulge a whim to give him a touch of high life. Crie is too good a man to resort to that kind of a scrap.

We hope that we have grown above personalities, and we have too much respect and fraternal sympathy for a friend to attribute such epithets to him. If occasion ever justifies the extreme measures we might take the restriction off the dictionary and turn loose the dogs of war, but it would have to be some editor whose hand we never expected to shake in friendship.

SURE OF DINING IN PARIS

Discovery in Officer's Pocket Illustrates the Confidence of the German Army.

Antwerp.—The absolute confidence of the German army in its ability to reach Paris is illustrated by the discovery in the pocket of a Prussian officer who died in a Brussels hospital of a manuscript German-French vocabulary, containing the following in the two languages:
"Which is the way to the Place de l'Opera?"
"How far is it to the Moulin Rouge?"
"Is the Louvre open now?"
"Give me three chickens, two bottles of champagne and three bottles of very old Burgundy."

LANDOR A WAR MESSENGER

Has Carried Belgian Notes From Antwerp to Bordeaux via German Lines Six Times.

Paris.—The Paris edition of the New York Herald prints an interview with Henry Savage Landor, the explorer, in which he says he has been acting as a dispatch bearer between Antwerp and Bordeaux for the Belgian government. He says that he passed through the German lines six times without being detected. He also went through the siege of Antwerp and left the city in the last automobile to get out carrying with him some wounded soldiers.

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

SANTA FE SERVICE NEW

ORLEANS TO SAN FRANCISCO

Galveston, Tex., Dec. 13.—The Santa Fe will inaugurate through service between New Orleans and San Francisco Jan. 31st, was announced today by General Passenger Agent W. S. Keenan of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe. The new train will be known as the California Special. Galveston connections will be made both ways. A schedule for the new train service was arranged at a meeting of operating and passenger traffic officials of the Santa Fe system held last week at Topeka, from which Mr. Keenan has just returned. Rumors regarding a New Orleans-San Francisco train have been in circulation for several weeks, but not until the Topeka meeting were they confirmed.

Westbound trains, according to Mr. Keenan, will arrive in Houston about 5.30 o'clock in the morning over the Frisco, making connection with the northbound Santa Fe for Temple. From Temple the train will be run over the tracks of what is generally known as the Coleman Cut-off to Texico Junction, and on west.

THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD

IF YOU WANT A NEWS-PAPER THAT GIVES THE NEWS especially the news from TEXAS and the GREAT SOUTHWEST, as well as from all over the WORLD, one that gives the most of it and in the best possible way, you can get it by subscribing for the SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS along with the SLATONITE.

THIS IS A COMBINATION of general news and local news that can't be equalled or surpassed. In addition to its great news service, THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS has many special features that entertain, amuse and inform. Among these are THE FARMER'S FORUM, THE WOMEN'S CENTURY, OUR LITTLE MEN and WOMEN, and the BEST, LATEST AND FULLEST MARKET REPORTS to be had in any newspaper, hot off the wires. THE NEWS spends many thousands of dollars a year for these telegraph market reports, and they are reliable.

ANOTHER splendid feature of THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS is the DIVERSIFICATION IDEA OF CROPS, which will be more interesting than ever before for YOUR BENEFIT and the benefit of all the PEOPLE of TEXAS and the SOUTHWEST.

The price of THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS and the SLATONITE is only \$1.75 a year. You get the best of everything that is good in reading matter from every standpoint.

Send in your order now and take advantage of the next few weeks posting yourself on matters of deep concern the coming year.



10 Great Serials

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

The YOUTH'S COMPANION

Better Than Ever in 1915

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

CUT THIS OUT

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

52 Times a Year — tot 12.

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

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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

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.

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FRED HOFFMAN

Painter and Paper Hanger

Interior Decorator. Expert Floor Finisher. Slaton, Texas

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

Office at FIRST STATE BANK
Slaton :- Texas

PREPARING SEED BED

Get Rid of Numerous Air Spaces by Firming Soil.

Effective Work Should Be Done Just After Plowing, Using Either Sub-surface Packer or Disk Set Straight and Weighted.

Two general methods of preparing the seed bed on dry land are in vogue—one by plowing, the other by disking. We occasionally find other methods, such as listing, but not commonly. Far more often we find a seed bed with absolutely no preparation at all and this is surely not good farming where deep tillage is so essential. In preparing the seed bed with the plow we must consider the depth and the time to plow. The depth of plowing depends on the type of soil, the previous tillage, the crop to be grown, the time the plowing is done, the amount of water in the soil and the prevailing climatic conditions. When done shortly before seeding, especially in our dry regions, the plowing should be shallow, unless the furrow slice is sufficiently moist to permit of packing and plenty of help is available to pack the furrow slice.

From observations during two extremely dry years I would say that more crops are lost from a loose, poorly prepared seed bed than from lack of cultivation. It is absolutely essential in dry land that the seed bed be firm. A loose seed bed dries out unless opportune rains keep it moist. If it dries the crop suffers, and the younger the crop and the deeper the loose seed bed extends the greater the extent of injury. Whenever the soil is plowed, numerous air spaces are found in the furrow slice, where clods, weeds or litter are turned under, writes W. W. Burr in Denver Field and Farm. We must get rid of these air spaces by firming the soil, for otherwise the movement of air through these larger open spaces will very rapidly dry out the soil.

Aside from the larger open spaces the soil particles falling from the plow are not set close together. They have comparatively few points of contact. Thus the movement of water from one to the other is slow while the passage of the air through the soil is much greater than when the soil has been firmed and as a consequence the ground dries out more quickly. This is of vital importance. If any crop is sown on a seed bed prepared only by the plow and harrow, there may be sufficient water in the upper part of the soil—where the particles have been brought quite closely together by harrowing—to germinate the seed.

But the harrow stirs only two or three inches of soil. As soon as the crop has used the moisture in these few inches it will suffer unless opportune rains come to supply it with water until its roots can get through the loose layer below. If light rains keep the upper few inches moist, the roots will probably tend to stay nearer the surface rather than push through the loose soil. The time to firm the furrow slice is just after the plowing is done. If the surface is allowed to dry out it cannot be packed. If there is sufficient moisture to plow well there will be enough to pack. The firming may be done with either a subsurface packer or a disk set straight and weighted. This firming of the soil to get rid of air spaces and bring the particles in closer contact is more essential on soils that have a tendency to become loose and ashy and in regions of scant rainfall. Heavier soils settle more readily than the lighter ones. In regions of greater rainfall, the rain falling upon the plowed surface beats the particles more closely together and washes the finer particles down into the open spaces and the soil may not need mechanical firming.

Renovation for Horse.

A bran mash, once a week, is a renovation for the driving horse. Two quarts of shelled oats and the same quantity of wheat bran, scalded about midday and then covered with a blanket or cloth, to keep in the steam, add a pinch of salt and feed at night. Give no other grain with this mash, but of course the regulation ration of hay. This once-a-week mash, given preferably Saturday night, will do your driving or riding horse all the good in the world. The work stock will also appreciate the mash.

Broomcorn on Dry Farms.

Broomcorn will grow well wherever maize will thrive. It is a harder crop than the latter, standing drought to a greater extent and making better growth under adverse conditions. It will not stand frost and is essentially a summer crop. Sandy loams and chocolate soils will give good crops.

Pasture for Sheep.

If one will use common sense in giving his sheep good pasture and will raise plenty of pasture, the cost of pasturing sheep will be very low.

Backache Spells Danger

Do you know that your back may be merely a hint of some hidden, deep-seated kidney disorder? Census records show that deaths from kidney disorders have increased 72% in 29 years. People can't seem to realize that the first pain in the back, the first disorder of the urine, demands instant attention—that it may be a signal of coming rheumatism, gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. The best prevention of serious kidney disorders is prompt treatment—the best medicine is Doan's Kidney Pills.

An Oklahoma Case
 "Every Picture Tells a Story" M. R. A. H. W. Thorpe, Gracemont, Okla., says: "I was in such bad shape with kidney trouble that walking made my back ache. Often I was laid up for several days. The kidney secretions were unnatural and I had rheumatic pains in my arms and shoulders. I felt tired nearly all the time. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me as soon as I used them and three boxes restored me to good health. I am never without a supply in the house."

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

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

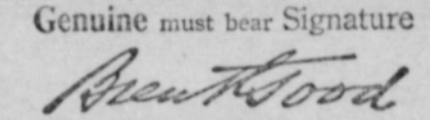
A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists, 50c. large box, or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

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

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



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

Tipping His Hand.
 Rankin—Uncle Sol Sodbuster pretends to be an experienced chauffeur, but I know he hasn't owned a machine very long.
 Phyl—What makes you so certain of it?
 Rankin—When he left home this morning he absently chucked a bag of oats in the back of the automobile.

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 **Dr. J. C. Fletcher** In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

After living on bread and cheese and kisses in a cottage for a few weeks, the young married couple begin to economize by cutting out the kisses.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Why 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.

It may be some consolation to a spinster, when she sees a married man loaded to the slopping over point with corn juice.

Man who makes his wife support seven or 75 cents a week has wonderful control over his wife.

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

New York state has nearly a million working women.

A thoughtless man loses time when he hurries.

WESTERN CANADA'S OFFER IS AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY

GROW GRAINS IN WESTERN CANADA, ENJOY AN EXCELLENT CLIMATE AND MAKE MONEY.

With the European wheat fields desolated, and the farming population more than decimated, there will be for a number of years a demand for food products that has not been experienced in the memory of the present generation. Everyone regrets the horrible war that has brought this about. Its effects are felt not only in Europe, but in every part of the American continent. Many lines of business have been hurt, but only temporarily it is hoped. Financial stringency is being talked of. There is a way of overcoming these things; and Western Canada offers the solution in its immense agricultural area, when the possibility of retrieving losses, making assured gains, and at the same time becoming a factor in providing the world with the one great requisite—wheat—is so pronounced that it cannot be overlooked. There are several ways in which excellent farming lands can be secured in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, and also British Columbia.

In the first place the offer of the Dominion Government of 160 acres of land free to the settler is something not given by any other country. Conditions of settlement are easy. Live upon the land six months in each year, for a period of three years, cultivate about thirty acres, and erect a habitable house. Instead of cultivation, the keeping of a certain number of head of cattle will carry with it the same value. Many of these homesteads may be had in the open prairie area, where every acre can be put under cultivation, but to the man with limited means, in the park area, lying north of the central portion of three of the provinces named, there is afforded the best chance. In this park country are beautiful groves of poplar and willow, small lakes and streams, and sufficient open area to enable one to go into immediate cultivation for crops of wheat, oats, barley and flax, any one of which does wonderfully well, giving prolific yields. In due time when more land is required for cultivation, these groves may be cut down at small cost. In the meantime, however, they have been valuable in providing fuel and shelter for cattle, which thrive wonderfully on the wild grasses that grow in abundance.

Another plan is to purchase from some of the railway companies who hold large tracts, or from some responsible land company. The prices asked are exceedingly low and the terms easy. Whether one may decide to locate in the open prairie area or in the park country the land will be found to be of the same general texture, a rich black or chocolate colored loam on a clay subsoil.

Again attention is drawn to the fact of the great opportunities for farming that are offered in Western Canada. Already a number of holders of tracts of land there, who are residents of the United States—business men, merchants, lawyers, bankers—men of foresight and keen knowledge of business, have decided to cultivate the lands they have been holding for speculation and wait no longer for a buyer to turn up. They are acting wisely.

Canadian laws are as fair and just as can be found in the civilized world. Military service is not compulsory, nor is there one ounce of coercion used. Anything that is given to Great Britain whether in money or men is entirely voluntary. There is no drafting nor conscription of any kind. Already over sixty thousand of the young men of Canada have volunteered for service, and thirty-five thousand have gone forward, many of these having left their farms in their love for Great Britain and a desire to fight for their country. As a consequence, many farms may be left untilled. Therefore Canada invites others to come in and take their places. This then is the opportunity for the American who wishes to better his own condition.—Advertisement.

Treatment.
 "Why are you hard on Doctor Bones?"
 When I broke my arm he pulled my leg to effect a cure."

One-half the world may not know how the other half lives, but it spends a lot of time trying to find out.

It's a wise mining stock that knows its own par.

REWARDS FOR GOOD WORK

Antituberculosis Association Has Plan to Promote Sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals.

Pennants or banners will be given by the American Red Cross and the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis to the seven counties, cities, towns and villages in the United States selling the largest number of Red Cross Christmas seals per capita before January 1, according to an announcement from headquarters in New York.

In order to make the competition even in all parts of the country, the counties, cities and towns have been grouped according to their population in 1910 into seven classes, as follows: From 500 to 2,000; from 2,000 to 8,000; from 8,000 to 25,000; from 25,000 to 50,000; from 50,000 to 150,000; 150,000 to 500,000, and over 500,000. A specially prepared pennant will be given to the county, city, town or village in each class anywhere in the United States selling the largest number of seals per inhabitants.

Last year Cody, Wyo., was among the largest buyers per capita, selling over 22,000 with a population of 1,200. Some cities in New York, Wisconsin, and Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and other states sold from three to six per resident. The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, which is carrying on the promotion of the sale, considers that any city of 10,000 to 100,000 population ought to sell at least three cents worth of seals per inhabitant.

All of the proceeds from the sale of Red Cross seals, except the expenses of the sale, go to fight tuberculosis in the community, state, city or town where the seals are sold.

When the Curfew Tolls.

Curfew memories are revived by these new official orders for "lights out" in London. There are places where the new decree will seem less drastic, because the old law of early Norman times is still observed, so far, at least, as the ringing of the curfew bell. The little Surrey village of Chertsey, for instance, still re-echoes to the ringing of curfew at sundown from September 29 to March 25. Londoners, though few of them seem to know it, may hear curfew tolled every night at nine o'clock in Lincoln's inn. And Canterbury bells still ring out the curfew as they did centuries ago.—London Chronicle.

Wanted His.

"Oh, yes, I got back all right. I had plenty of money."
 "Did you know that congress appropriated \$500,000 for tourists in Europe?"
 "I certainly did not know. I shall at once write to Washington for my share."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fair Proposition.

She—Papa preaches on "Love One Another" this evening. Shall we go and hear him?
 Her Beau—No; let's stay at home and practice what he's preaching.—Philadelphia Ledger.

All the Same.

"I thought you told me that Jones was a yarn manufacturer," said the Old Fogey. "Why, I find he is nothing but a theatrical press agent."
 "Well," replied the Grouch, "what's the difference?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An eccentric woman is one who dresses for comfort, regardless of style.

PEACE!

To promote peace, happiness and good health it is necessary to keep the Stomach, Liver and Bowels working harmoniously and at the first sign of disturbance you should resort to

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It helps Nature restore strength and vigor to the entire digestive system. Try a bottle.

The Remedy.
 Gladys—I can't get a moment to myself. Charlie insists on calling every day and I don't see how I'll find time to keep up my slumming."
 Yvonne—Marry him, my dear.

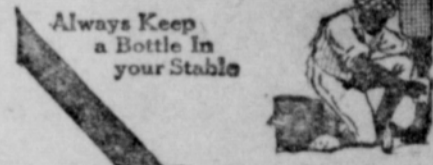
U. S. GOV. LAND FREE

Under special act of Congress the agricultural land in the U. S. Forest Reserve of Arkansas can now be homesteaded in tracts of 160 acres to each person, free of cost. 1,000,000 acres free pasture range where cattle, hogs and sheep fatten eight months in year without grain. No overflow lands. Country very healthy and well watered with running streams. We select these agricultural lands, take applicant to lands and locate you. Send 25 cents for State map showing location of Reserve and copy of Special Act to A. V. Alexander, Locating Engineer, Little Rock, Ark.—Adv.

Russian women are now employed as road repairers.

All the pearl fishing in Japan is done by women.

For Sprains, Strains or Lameness



HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Galls, Wire Cuts, Lameness, Strains, Bunches, Thrush, Old Scres, Nail Wounds, Foot Rot, Fistula, Bleeding, Etc. Etc.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It.
 Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00.
 OR WRITE
All Dealers G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 49-1914.

From Girlhood
 THE change may be critical and cause untold suffering in after-life. The modern young woman is often a "bundle of nerves"—"high strung"—fainting spells—emotional—frequently blue and dissatisfied with life. Such girls should be helped over this distressing stage in life—by a woman's tonic and nerve—that has proven successful for over 40 years.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

is a keen enemy to the physical weaknesses of woman. A medicine prepared by regular graduated physician of unusual experience in treating woman's diseases—carefully adapted to work in harmony with the most delicate feminine constitution.

It is now obtainable in liquid or sugar-coated tablet form at the drug store—or send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box, to Buffalo.

Every woman may write fully and confidentially to Dr. Pierce and his staff of physicians and Specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and may be sure that her case will receive careful, conscientious, confidential consideration, and that experienced medical advice will be given to her free.

DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar coated, tiny granules easy to take as candy.

HORSE SALE DISTEMPER
 You know what you sell or buy through the sales has about one chance in fifty to escape **SALE STABLE DISTEMPER**. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive no matter how they are "exposed." 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 dozen bottles, at all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturers.
SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

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

The Last Shot

BY
FREDERICK PALMER

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SYNOPSIS.

At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galland and her mother, entertaining Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron of the Browns injured by a fall in his aeroplane. Ten years later, Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, re-enforces South La Tir and meditates on war. 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 forages. Marta sees a night attack. The Grays attack in force.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

But she hurried on, impelled by she knew not what, through the dining-room, and, coming to the veranda, stopped short, with dilating eyes and a cry of grievous shock. Two of his men were carrying Dellarme back from the breastwork, where they had caught him in their arms as he fell. They laid him gently on the sward with a knapsack under his head. His face grew whiter with the flow of blood from the red hole in the right breast of his blouse. Then he opened his lips and whispered to the doctor: "How is it?" Something in his eyes, in the tone of that faint question, required the grace of a soldier's truth in answer.

"Bad!" said the doctor.
"Then, good-by!" And his head fell to one side, his lips set in his cheery smile.

His company was a company with his smile out of its heart and in its place blank despair. Many of the men had stopped firing. Some had even run back to look at him and stood, caps off, backs to the enemy, miserable in their grief. Others leaned against the parapet, rifles out of hand, staring and dazed.

"They have killed our captain!"
"They've killed our captain!"—still a captain to them. A general's stars could not have raised him a cubit in their estimation.

"And once we called him 'Baby Dellarme,' he was so young and bashful! Him a baby? He was a king!"

"Men, get to your places!" cried the surviving lieutenant rather hopelessly, with no Dellarme to show him what to do; and Marta saw that few paid any attention to him.

In that minute of demoralization the Grays had their chance, but only for a minute. A voice that seemed to speak some uncontrollable thought of her own broke in, and it rang with the authority and leadership of a mature officer's command, even though coming from a gardener in blue blouse and crownless straw hat.

"Your rifles, your rifles, quick!" called Feller. "We're only beginning to fight!"

And then another voice in a bull roar, Stransky's:

"Avenge his death! They've got to kill the last man of us for killing him! Revenge! Revenge!"

That cry brought back to the company all the fighting spirit of the cheery smile and with it another spirit—for Dellarme's sake!—which he had never taught them.

Stransky picked up one of several cylindrical objects that were lying at his feet.

"He wouldn't use this—he was too soft-hearted—but I will!" he cried, and flung a hand-grenade, and then a second, over the breastwork. The explosions were followed by agonized groans from the Grays hugging the lower side of the terrace. For this they had crawled across the road in the night—to find themselves unable to move either way and directly under the flashes of the Browns' rifles.

Feller's and Stransky's shouts rose together in a peculiar unity of direction and fall of the fellowship they had found in their first exchange of glances.

"You engineers, make ready!"
"Hand-grenades to the men under the tree! That's where they're going

to try for it—no wall to climb over there!"

"You engineers, take your rifles—and bayonet into anything that wears gray!"

"Get back, you men by the tree, to avoid their hand-grenades! Form up behind them, everybody!"

"No matter if they do get in at first! Back, you men, from under the tree!"

There was not a single rifle-shot. In a silence like that before the word to fire in a duel, all orders were heard and the more readily obeyed because Dellarme's foresight had impressed their sense upon the men in his quiet way.

The sand-bags by the tree were blown up by the Grays. Then, before the dust had hardly settled, came a half score of hand-grenades thrown by the first men of a Gray wedge, scrambling as they were pushed through the breach by the pressure of the mass behind. In that final struggle of one set of men to gain and another to hold a position, guns or automatics or long-range bullets played no part. It was the grapple of cold steel with cold steel and muscle with muscle, in the billowing, twisting mob of wrestlers, with no sound from throats but straining breaths; with no quarter, no distinction of person, and bloodshot eyes and faces hot with the effort of brute strength striving, in primitive desperation, to kill in order not to be killed. The cloud of rocking, writhing arms and shoulders was neither going forward nor backward. Its movement was that of a vortex, while the gray stream kept on pouring through the breach as if it were only the first flood from some gray lake on the other side of the breastwork.

Marta had come to the edge of the veranda, at once drawn and repelled, feeling the fearful suspense of the combat, the savage horror of it, and herself uttering sounds like the straining breaths of the men. What a place for her to be! But she did not think of that. She was there. The dreadful alchemy of war had made her a stranger to herself. She was mad; they were mad; all the world was mad!

One minute—the two, perhaps—not three—and the thing was over. She saw the Grays being crushed back and realized that the Browns had won, while the last details of the lessening tumult fixed her attention with their gladiatorial simplicity. Here, indeed, it was a case of man to man with the weapons nature gave him.

"I thought so!" cried Feller. "Attacks on frontal positions by daylight are going out of fashion!"

It was he who mercifully arrested the shower of hand-grenades that followed the exit of the enemy. Two of the guns of the castle batteries, having changed their position, were making havoc enough at pointblank range, with a choice of targets between the Grays huddled on the other side of the breastwork and those in retreat.

One of the Grays, his cheek bearing the mark of a boot heel, raised himself, and, in defiance and the satisfaction of the thought to his bruises and humiliation, pointing his finger at Feller, Marta heard him say:

"You there, in your straw hat and blue blouse, they've seen you—a man fighting and not in uniform! If they catch you it will be a drumhead and a firing squad at dawn!"

"That's so!" replied Feller gravely. "But they'll have to make a better job of it than you fellows did if they're going to—"

He turned away abruptly but did not move far. His shoulders relaxed into the gardener's stoop, and he pulled his hat down over his eyes and lowered his head as if to hide his face. He was thus standing, inert, when a division staff-officer galloped into the grounds.

"Where is Major Dellarme?"
When he saw Dellarme's still body he dismounted and in a tide of feeling which, for the moment, submerged all thought of the machine, stood, head bowed and cap off, looking down at Dellarme's face.

"I was very fond of him! He was at school when I was teaching there. But a good death—a soldier's death!" he said. "I'll write to his mother myself." Then the voice of the machine spoke. "Who is in command?"

"I am, sir!" said the callow lieutenant, coming up. But the men of the company spoke.

"Bert Stransky!" they roared.
It was not according to military etiquette, but military etiquette meant nothing to them now. They were above it in veteran superiority.

"Where's Stransky?" demanded the staff-officer.

"You're looking at him!" replied Stransky with a benign grin.

Seeing that Stransky was only a private, the officer frowned at the anomaly when a lieutenant was present, then smiled in a way that accorded the company parliamentary rights, which he thought that they had fully earned.

"Yes, and he gets one of those iron crosses!" put in Tom Fragini.

"Yes—the first cross for Bert of the Reds!"

"And we'll let him make a dozen anarchist speeches a day!"

"Yes, yes!" roared the company.

"The eyes have it!" the officer announced cheerfully. He lifted his cap to Marta. With tender regard and grave reverence for that company, he took extreme care with his next remark lest a set of men of such dynamic spirit might repulse him as an invader. "The lieutenant is in command for the present, according to regulations," he proceeded. "You will retire immediately to positions 48 and 49 A—J by the castle road. You have done your part. Tonight you sleep and tomorrow you rest."

Sleep! Rest! Where had they heard those words before? Oh, yes, in a distant day before they went to war! Sleep and rest! Better far than an iron cross for every man in the company! They could go now with something warmer in their hearts than consciousness of duty well done; but this time they need not go until their dead as well as their wounded were removed.

Feller started to pass around the corner of the house; he was confronted by Marta, who had come to the end of the veranda. There, within hearing of the soldiers, the dialogue that followed was low-toned, and it was swift and palpitant with repressed emotion.

"Mr. Feller, I saw you at the automatic. I heard what the wounded private of the Grays said to you and realized how true it was."
"He is a prisoner. He cannot tell."
"I feel that I have no right to let you go to your death by a firing squad," she interrupted hurriedly, "and I shall not! For I decide now not to allow the telephone to remain!"
"—he looked around at the automatic ravenously and fearsomely—
"—!"

"It is all simply arranged. There is time for me to use the telephone before the Grays arrive. I shall tell Lanny why you took charge of the gun."
"I've changed my mind! Exit gardener! Enter gunner! I'm going with you!" he cried in a jubilant voice that arrested the attention of every one on the grounds.

CHAPTER XIII.

From Brown to Gray.

"You, Marta—you are still there!" Lanstron exclaimed in alarm when he heard her voice over the tunnel telephone. "But safe!" he added in relief. "Thank God for that! It's a mighty load off my mind. And your mother?"

"Safe, too."
"Well, you're through the worst of it. There won't be any more fighting around the house, and certainly Westerling will be courteous. But where is Gustave?"

"Gone!"
"Gone!" he repeated dismally.

"Wait until you hear how he went," Marta said. With all the vividness of her impressions, a partisan for the moment of him and Dellarme, she sketched Feller's part with the automatic.

As he listened, Lanstron's spirit was twenty again.

"I can see him," he said. "It was a full breath of fresh air to the lungs of a suffocating man. I—"

Marta was off in interruption in the full tide of an appeal.

"You must—I promised—you must let him have the uniform again!" she begged. "You must let him keep his automatic. To take it away would be like separating mother and child; like separating Minna from Clarissa Eileen."

"Better than an automatic—a battery of guns!" replied Lanstron. "This is where I will use any influence I have with Partow for all it is worth. Yes, and he shall have the iron cross. It is for such deeds as his that the iron cross was meant."

"Thank you," she said. "It's worth something to make a man as happy as you will make him. Yes, you are real flesh and blood to do this, Lanny."

Her point won with surprising ease, when she had feared that military form and law could not be circumvented, she leaned against the wall in reaction. For twenty-four hours she had been without sleep. The interest of her appeal for Feller had kept up her strength after the excitement of the fight for the redoubt was over. Now there seemed nothing left to do.

"That's fine of you, Lanny!" she said. "You've taken it like a good stoic, this loss of your thousandth chance. You really believed in it, didn't you?"

"Forgotten already, like the many other thousandth chances that have failed," he replied cheerfully. "One of the virtues of Partow's steel au-

tomatoes is that, being tearless as well as passionless, they never cry over spilt milk. And now," he went on soberly, "we must be saying good-by."

"Good-by, Lanny? Why, what do you mean?" She was startled.

"Till the war is over," he said, "and longer than that, perhaps, if La Tir remains in Gray territory."

"You speak as if you thought you were going to lose!"

"Not while many of our soldiers are alive, if they continue to show the spirit that they have shown so far; not unless two men can crush one man in the automatic-gun-recoll age. But La Tir is in a tangent and already in the Grays' possession, while we act on the defensive. So I should hardly be flying over your garden again."

"But there's the telephone, Lanny, and here we are talking over it this very minute!" she expostulated.

"You must remove it," he said. "If the Grays should discover it they might form a suspicion that would put you in an unpleasant position."

The telephone had become almost a familiar institution in her thoughts. Its secret had something of the fascination for her of magic.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "I am going to be very lonely. I want to learn how Feller is doing—I want to chat with you. So I decide not to let it be taken out. And, you see, I have the tactical situation, as you soldiers call it, all in my favor. The work of removal must be done at my end of the line. You're quite helpless to enforce your wishes. And, Lanny, if I ring the bell you'll answer, won't you?"

"I couldn't help it!" he replied.
"Until then! You've been fine about everything today!"

"Until then!"
When Marta left the tower she knew only that she was weary with the mind-weariness, the body-weariness, the nerve-weariness of a spectator who has shared the emotion of every actor in a drama of death and finds the excitement that has kept her tense no longer a sustaining force.

As she went along the path, steps uncertain from sheer fatigue, her sensibilities lived again at the sight of a picture. War, personal war, in the form of the giant Stransky, was knocking at the kitchen door. His two-days-old beard was matted with dust and there were dried red spatters on his cheek. War's furnace flames seemed to have tanned him; war seemed to be breathing from his deep chest; his big nose was war's promontory. But the unexposed space of his forehead seemed singularly white when he took off his cap as Minna came in answer to his knock. Her yielding lips were parted, her eyes were bright with inquiry and suspicion, her chin was firmly set.

"I came to see if you would let me kiss your hand again," said Stransky, squinting through his brows wistfully.

"I see your nose has been broken once. You don't want it broken a second time. I'm stronger than you think!" Minna retorted, and held out her hand carelessly as if it pleased her to humor him.

He was rather graceful, despite his size, as he touched his lips to her fingers. Just as he raised his head a burst of cheering rose from the yard.

"So you've found that we have gone, you brilliant intellects!" he shouted, and glared at the wall of the house in the direction of the cheers.

"Quick! You have no time to lose!" Minna warned him.

"Quick! quick!" cried Marta.

Stransky paid no attention to the urgings. He had something more to say to Minna.

"I'm going to keep thinking of you and seeing your face—the face of a good woman—while I fight. And when the war is over, may I come to call?" he asked.

His feet were so resolutely planted on the flags that apparently the only way to move them was to consent.

"Yes, yes!" said Minna. "Now, hurry!"

"Say, but you make me happy! Watch me poke it into the Grays for you!" he cried and bolted.

Within the kitchen Mrs. Galland was already slumbering soundly in her chair. Overhead Marta heard the exclamations of male voices and the tread of what was literally the heel of the conqueror—guests that had come without asking! Intruders that had entered without any process of law! Would they overrun the house, her mother's room, her own room?

Indignation brought fresh strength as she started up the stairs. The head of the flight gave on to a dark part of the hall. There she paused, held by the scene that a score or more Gray soldiers, who had riotously crowded into the dining-room, were enacting. They were members of Fracasse's company of the Grays whom Marta had seen from her window the night before rushing across the road into the garden.

When, finally, they burst into the redoubt after it was found that the Browns had gone, all, even the judge's son, were the war demon's own. The veneer had been warped and twisted and burned off down to the raw animal flesh. Their brains had the fever itch of callouses forming. Not a sign

of brown there in the yard; not a sign of any tribute after all they had endured! They had not been able to lay hands on the murderous throwers of hand-grenades. Far away now was barrack-room geniality; in oblivion were the ethics of an inherited civilization taught by mothers, teachers and church.

But here was a house—a house of the Browns; a big, fine house! They would see what they had won—this was the privilege of baffled victory. What they had won was theirs! To the victor the spoils! Pell-mell they crowded into the dining-room, Hugo with the rest, feeling himself a straw on the crest of a wave, and Pilzer, most bitter, most ugly of all, his short, strong teeth and gums showing and his liver patch red, lumpy, and trembling. In crossing the threshold of privacy they committed the act that leaves the deepest wound of war's inheritance, to go on from generation to generation in the history of families.

"A swell dining-room! I like the chandeliers!" roared Pilzer.

With his bayonet he smashed the only globe left intact by the shell fire. There was a laugh as a shower of glass fell on the floor. Even the judge's son, the son of the tribune of law, joined in. Pilzer then ripped up the leather seat of a chair. This introductory havoc whetted his appetite for other worlds of conquest, as the self-chosen leader of the increasing crowd that poured through the doorway.

"Maybe there's food!" he shouted.

"Maybe there's wine!"

"Food and wine!"

"Yes, wine! We're thirsty!"

"And maybe women! I'd like to kiss a pretty maid servant!" Pilzer added, starting toward the hall.

"Stop!" cried Hugo, forcing his way in front of Pilzer.

He was like no one of the Hugos of the many parts that his comrades had seen him play. His blue eyes had become an inflexible gray. He was standing half on tiptoe, his quivering muscles in tune with the quivering pitch of his voice:

"We have no right in here! This is a private house!"

"Out of the way, you white-livered little rat!" cried Pilzer, "or I'll prick the tummy of mamma's darling!"

What happened then was so sudden and unexpected that all were vague about details. They saw Hugo in a catapultic lunge, mesmeric in its swiftness, and they saw Pilzer go down, his leg twisted under him and his head banging the floor. Hugo stood, half ashamed, half frightened, yet ready for another encounter.

Fracasse, entering at this moment, was too intent on his mission to consider the rights of a personal difference between two of his company.

"There's work to do! Out of here, quick! We are losing valuable time!" he announced, rounding his men toward the door with commanding gestures. "We are going in pursuit!"

Marta, who had observed the latter part of the scene from the shadows of the hall, knew that she should never forget Hugo's face as he turned on Pilzer, while his voice of protest struck a singing chord in her jangling nerves. It was the voice of civilization, of one who could think out of the orbit of a whirlpool of passionate barbarism. She could see that he was about to spring and her prayer went with his leap. She gloried in the impact that felled the great brute with the liver patch on his cheek, which was like a birthmark of war.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STEADY EVOLUTION OF CHIN

Has Progressed With the Intellectual and Social Advance of Mankind.

In man the chin seems to project more and more as he progresses toward his modern civilized condition. This must imply that, immediately the huge lower canines degenerated, the part took on some other function of vital importance to the race, and that the need has increased with his intellectual and social advancement.

My theory, then, is that the chin is essentially a part of the mechanism of articulate speech.

It is tempting to theorize a little further and to suggest that the human chin perhaps bears testimony to a prehistoric change from carnal weapons to others, which, if not exactly spiritual, were such as appealed to the part of us where spiritual forces work, for apparently long ago, before the pen proved mightier than the sword, the tongue proved mightier than the teeth.

If one could only prove this one might show that even before the Glacial epoch, parliamentary institutions (using the term in its widest sense) began to take the place of lethal weapons in settling disagreements, and that the substitution of arbitration for war is not merely a doctrine of later-day moralists, but is a part of the ordered march of cosmic progress, as inevitable as the other evolutionary changes which have brought us up from among the brutes.—North American Review.

LOCAL Gossip

It is said that ye joyous wedding bells will soon ring again in Slaton.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. King of the town of Wilson Monday night.

J. O'Connor is now delivering laundry. He purchased the Joe H. Teague laundry business.

Let us test your eyes and fit you with a pair of glasses that will rest your eyes.—Red Cross Pharmacy.

Miss Mrytle Edge of Amarillo is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Marriott at the Santa Fe Reading Room during the holidays. Miss Edge is a teacher in the Amarillo public schools.

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

J. S. Edwards thinks that Santa Claus remembered him about the handsomest of any person in Slaton. His wife presented him with a ten-pound boy born on Christmas day.

Mrs. Geo. E. Marriott returned home Saturday from a visit in Amarillo. While she was away, word came of the death of her grandmother, Elizabeth Hise, at the age of 89 years on Dec. 13th at Mrs. Marriott's old home in Shreveport, La.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Anderson of Stamford, Texas, were in Slaton Monday on their way to the New Home community to visit Mrs. Anderson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dee Leavitt. Mr. Anderson is a printer and has several friends in Slaton. He is always a welcome caller at the Slatonite office.

Little Miss Frances Adams was a charming little hostess to the small girls needle club on Tuesday, Dec. 29, from 3 to 5 p. m., and a very happy afternoon was spent. The rooms were appropriately decorated with cedar and red ribbon. A miniature souvenir work bag was given each little guest and contained a request to sing, recite, or play and the responses added to the enjoyment of the afternoon. The little girls seated in kindergarten chairs made a pretty picture as they were served with a lap luncheon consisting of tuna salad, cake and chocolate. Members present were: Ruth and Dorothy Smith, Edith Edwards, Dorothy and Helen Blanton, Allene Loomis, Edda Belle Benton, Frances Blundell, Ruby Dillard and Evelyn Smith were out of town guests.

Home Talent Play Jan. 15th

Friday evening, January 15th, "The Iron Hand" will be staged by local talent in the High School Auditorium. This is widely recognized as a strong play, and has enjoyed signal success in the east, where it has been played by professionals. The local troupe will have some splendid costumes and elaborate stage settings, and the production promises to be one of the best ever seen here. The "Iron Hand" is a beautiful melodrama, full of pathos, quick action and side-splitting comedy. The characters are strong and a splendid cast has been secured. Watch for later announcements in this paper.

OLIVE--JOPLIN

Mr. Clarence W. Olive and Miss Hattie Joplin were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Joplin, in Slaton on Sunday, December 27, 1914, at 2 o'clock p. m. The Rev. C. H. Ledger pronounced the beautiful wedding ceremony that made them husband and wife.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Olive left Slaton on the 3 o'clock passenger en route for Bells, Texas, where they are spending their honeymoon. A large number of admiring friends were at the depot to give the couple a royal "We Are Just Married" send off. They will soon return to Slaton and will be at home to their friends in the groom's residence in South Slaton.

Mr. and Mrs. Olive are among Slaton's most highly esteemed and popular young people, and the Slatonite takes pleasure in joining their many friends in extending congratulations and best wishes.

Mrs. Briggs Robertson entertained the 500 club with a very enjoyable session last Tuesday. Her home was beautifully decorated with Christmas colors, red and green, and each guest was presented with pretty hand painted score cards. Miss Talley rendered several selections on the piano. Miss Twaddle won the high score, and Mrs. Paul was second. A delicious two-course lunch was served. Mrs. Gus Robertson will be the next hostess.

The Confederate Veterans of Slaton will hold an impromptu reunion and New Year's dinner at the home of A. C. Benton today. Col. L. A. H. Smith will be commander in chief of the occasion. He will be right at home commandeering the dinner.

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

Senator Terrell Would Enact New Liquor Law

Four years ago Governor O. B. Colquitt came into office with the pros in the Thirty-Second Legislature attempting enactment of certain liquor regulatory measures before he could become Governor, and while Governor T. M. Campbell was yet in the chair, so the latter could sign them before Governor Colquitt, who was opposed to the measures, became Chief Executive of the State. The effort of the pros failed because a party of anti Senators left Austin and retreated into the wilds of Bandera County, breaking a quorum.

In January Governor Colquitt will go out of office amid conditions the reverse of four years ago. An effort will be made in the Legislature to enact regulatory liquor measures—a rejuvenated and strengthened "Allison Law"—and get it to Governor Colquitt before he goes out office, and Governor Ferguson comes in. And Senator H. B. Terrell of West, Comptroller-Elect, who helped defeat the five-mile law four years ago—although he didn't go to Bandera County—will head the fight to get the new liquor legislation through both houses, and into the Governor's office while Colquitt remains in the chair. He has a week to do it in, and believes that is sufficient time.

Senator Terrell, who has served in the Legislature a number of years, has been known as an anti-prohibitionist throughout his political career.

"Four years ago the pros could have put their bill through in one week but for the filibustering expedition to Bandera County," said Senator Terrell. "I believe I can get the necessary bills through in one week. My anti views are well known, but I don't believe in taking the bride off. I believe in regulation. The people elected me Comptroller, and I am going to be held responsible for the enforcement of the liquor laws. So I decided, when the recent Allison law decision was announced, that the thing to do was to try to get some liquor laws to enforce. I believe the defects of the Allison law can be cured, that the objections of the courts can be met, that the laws can be made stronger, and that such a bill can be passed in a week and signed by Governor Colquitt before Governor Ferguson comes in. I don't know what Governor Ferguson's attitude is and haven't discussed the subject with him. I am his friend and want to see his administration a success, as I am sure, he does mine. It seems to me that if this bill can be signed by Governor Colquitt it will save a lot of prohibition agitation during Mr. Ferguson's administration."

J. F. Utter returned Tuesday from a short vacation spent in Arizona.

The Slatonite scooped the rest of the papers on the new train schedule.

A. L. Brannon returned Wednesday from a short visit with his father and mother at Marlow, Okla.

Conductor J. F. Utter has been promoted to the passenger run between Amarillo and Wellington, Kansas.

Ed. Shopbell is in Dallas this week on business. He recently traded his Floydada farms for land between Dallas and Fort Worth.

CHICAGO GIRL BUYS ARMS

Miss Gladys Lewis Acts as Agent for One of the Nations of Europe.

New York.—That a European government has commissioned an American girl to purchase firearms for use along the battle front in Europe developed when it was learned that Miss Gladys A. Lewis of Chicago is the mysterious "G. A. Lewis" who has been negotiating with the Standard Arms Manufacturing company of Wilmington, Del., for all the military rapid-fire guns that concern can make in the next two years, regardless of cost.

The name of the government has been withheld for obvious reasons, but it was confirmed that Miss Lewis is the official representative in the negotiations.

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.

During the time the Allison Liquor Law was operative, many hundred dollars were saved that would have been spent for liquor, and we do not recall recording any deaths from snakebites during the time.—Floydada Hesperian.

The demand for rent houses in Slaton is becoming more insistent every month. With the new families moving to Slaton and the new families forming here at home by property owners getting married, it is making the rent proposition serious. It is conservatively estimated that twenty-five additional good residence houses would rent here just as rapidly as they are made ready for occupancy.

The demand for the harvest edition of last week's Slatonite has been marked and a large number of them have been sent to folks or friends "back home." Anyone wanting one or more of these booklets can secure them at any of the business houses or real estate offices in Slaton for the asking. The Slatonite office has no more of them on hand, as the edition is now exhausted. Orders from people at a distance for a number of the folders will be filled as long as the literature can be secured in town. The idea is to send this literature where it will reach people who might become interested in the Slaton country. Send out a few of the booklets; let your friends know what kind of a country you are living in.

American Invents a Remarkable Projectile

A new type of projectile which would scatter a white-hot mixture of molten steel over the object of attack and at the same time permeate the atmosphere with a deadly gas, which would make it impossible for fire fighters to approach, has been invented by John Hays Hammond Jr. of Gloucester, Mass., according to a statement made by the inventor.

The new missile may soon appear in the European war, as some of the belligerent nations are now negotiating for its purchase, he said. The United States Government at present is conducting experiments with the new projectile at Sandy Hook, he added.

The missile is designed for use in siege guns as an aid in destroying towns and dirigible balloons.

Mr. Hammond explained that the projectile carries an aluminothermic mixture, which, five seconds after the projectile is discharged, turns the steel inside into a white-hot mixture at a temperature of 5,400 degrees Fahrenheit.

When the projectile hits the target, the inventor said, it explodes, its white contents setting fire to whatever inflammable material it strikes. To avoid the possibility of any one in the locality quenching the flames Mr. Hammond said he had equipped the projectile with a chamber filled with hydrocyanic acid, the fumes of which are deadly.

WE NEED LAWS THAT WILL STAND THE TEST.

Quite often some important law of a state is declared unconstitutional by the higher courts, and this after vast sums of money have been spent by candidates to be elected to the legislature for the express purpose of helping to frame that law, and after thousands upon thousands of dollars have been paid by the people as expenses of the legislators in session devoting their time to enacting that law.

There is a serious defect in our law making, in the framing of laws and the manner of having them finally approved. A law in often in effect for years before being declared unconstitutional by the supreme courts, and then only when somebody with sufficient money and patience to do so takes a notion to carry their cause of action thru all the courts to that tribunal. Our suggestion would be a board of legal supervisors of the same dignity as the supreme court to examine all proposed legislation as to its legality and make such recommendation as would make it constitutional. And then after the law is passed by the legislature have the supreme court review the bill at once and sign it before it goes to the governor for his signature. If there should be any fault in the proposed law it could go right back to the legislature for modifying.

This plan might not suit the politicians but in addition to saving the taxpayers' money it would put a stop to years of wearisome toil in expensive litigation. And time will more often cause justice to miscarry than any other feature of the courts.

The recent court decision on the Allison Liquor Law will do more to bring prohibition to Texas than other thing that could have happened. Texas is a local option state, and the antis are the most ardent boosters of the law; they say that where the people of a county want an absolutely dry county it is the intent of the local option law to give them that franchise. The Allison Liquor Law was enacted by the people of the state thru the law makers and when the intent of the law is destroyed by a technical interpretation, the will of the people of the state is thwarted. This will bring local option voters to the pros.

The article last week about the amount of business the mail order houses get is one to think seriously about. If the mail order houses had to pay their pro rata of taxes in every state in the union it would mean several million dollars lifted from the tax payers' shoulders. It would also mean that much cut down from the profits of the mail order people, and they would have to raise their prices or go out of business. Our present mode of taxation puts a handicap on the home merchant and gives the mail order house the advantage. It isn't fair competition. It isn't American.

Ben F. Smith, editor of the Lockney Beacon, pulled down a right handsome political plum for his support of Jim Ferguson before the primary. Smith gets a position as special inspector for the Insurance Department, with the Panhandle as his territory. The job pays \$1,800 a year, and Smith continues to manage his newspaper. Velvet? Go on!

SPARTAN RUSSIAN COLONEL

Kissed His Dead Son and Continued to Give Orders to His Troops.

Petrograd.—The Russian journal Sviet tells the following story of the Spartan conduct of Colonel Loupoukhine. He was listening, after the first great battle of Galicia, to the reading of the report of his regiment's casualties.

"We have lost 200 killed and wounded," he was told.

"How many soldiers killed?" demanded Colonel Loupoukhine.

"So many."

"How many officers killed?"

"Only one."

"What is the name of this officer?"

"Lieutenant Loupoukhine."

"Not a muscle of Colonel Loupoukhine's face moved."

"Where was the officer killed?" he asked.

"The place was indicated. He went to the body of his dead son, dismounted from his horse, kissed the forehead and lips of his child, made the sign of the cross, remounted, and continued giving orders."

An old woman was waiting nervously for a train on the Katy. We will call it No. 2. The agent came out and chalked up, "No 2 is twenty minutes late."

The old woman sniffed.

Presently he returned and chalked up, "No. 2 is forty minutes late."

The old woman groaned.

But when he re-appeared and wrote, "No. 2 is sixty minutes late," she could stand it no longer.

"For the land's sake," she said, "will somebody please take that piece of chalk away from that man, or we never will get away from this place?"—Farm and Ranch.

New Year's Greeting!

We wish to extend to our patrons and friends our most sincere thanks for their patronage during the past year, and we hope to be able to serve you better during the new year.

It is with pleasure that we extend the holiday greetings and wish you a happy New Year.

Howerton's

Slaton Livery Barn

G. L. SLEDGE, Proprietor

Good Teams and All Livery Accommodations.

We have for sale at all times—

**Hay, Grain and Feed, Chicken Feed
Ground Oyster Shells, etc.**

LISTEN!

If you are going to build or repair,

You owe it to your pocketbook

to come right to our establishment.

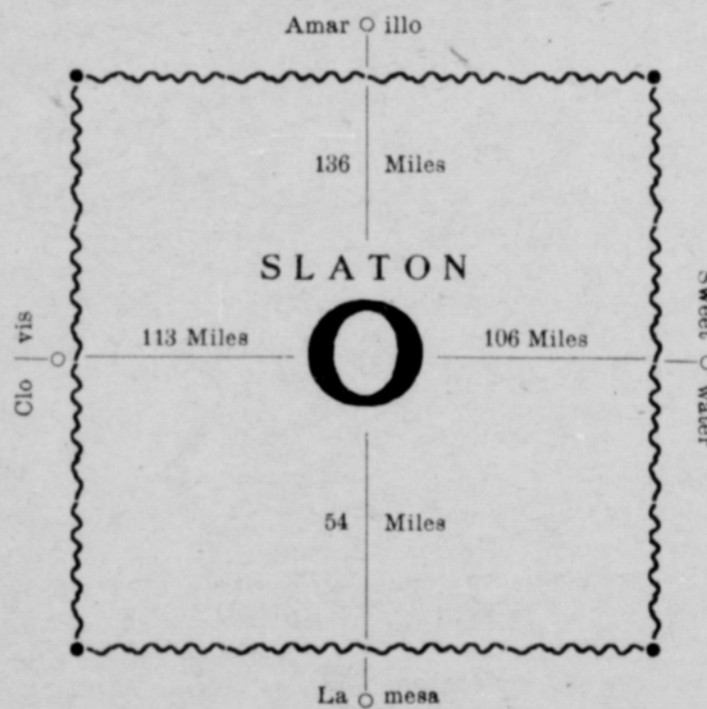
Quality, Service and Price

is what we offer and supply.

Slaton Lumber Company

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

4-Way Division Santa Fe System



SLATON LOCATION

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

Advantages and Improvements

The Railway Company has Division Terminal Facilities at this point, constructed mostly of reinforced concrete material and including a Round House, a Power House, Machine and Blacksmith Shops, Coal Chute, a Sand House, Water Plant, Ice House, etc. Also have 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.

HOW FARMER MAY HARVEST THE ICE CROP

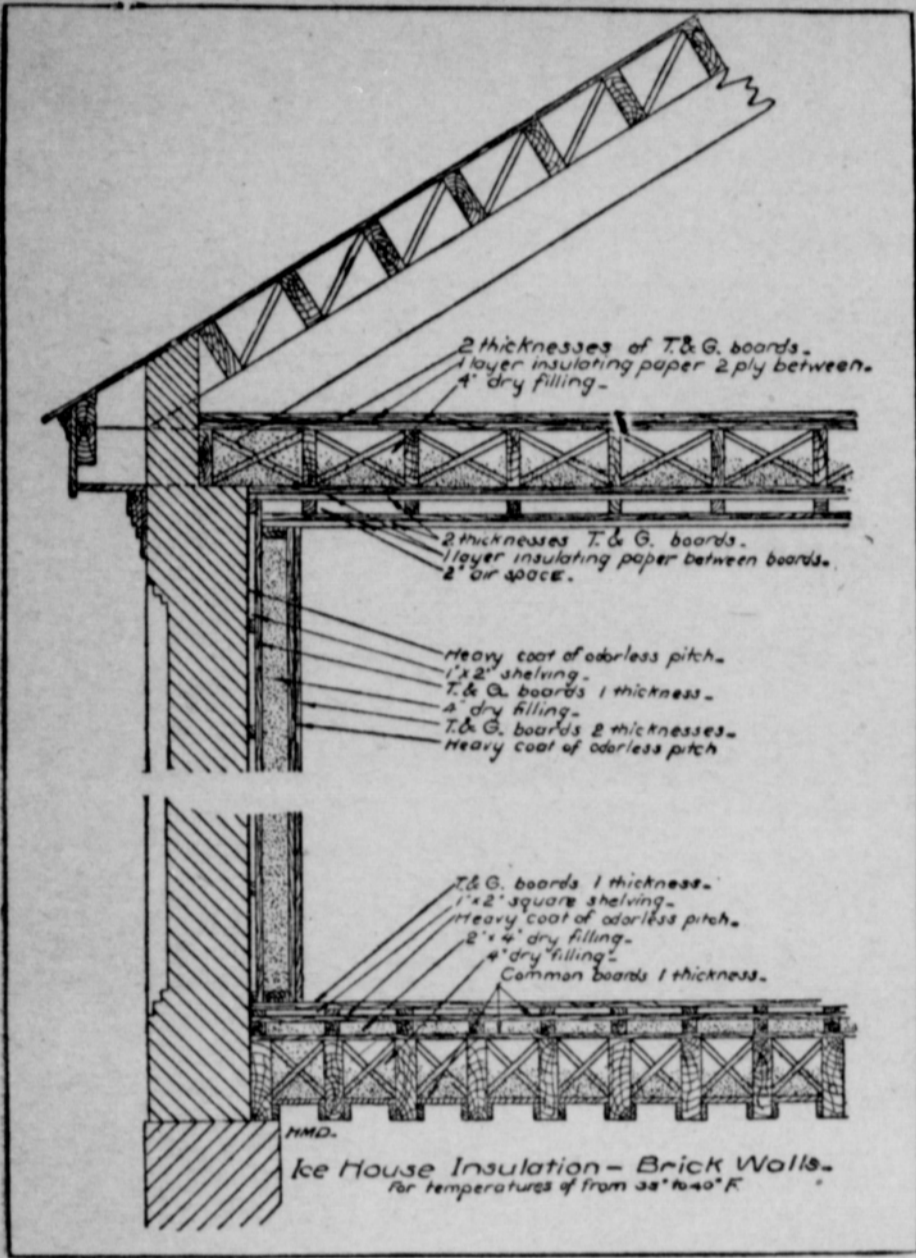


Diagram Showing the Insulation of an Ice House for Storing Ice Without Sawdust or Shavings.

In harvesting ice, very different methods are required for that which is not over four inches thick and ice from six to fifteen inches in thickness. The thin ice generally will be broken into fairly regular cakes, which will be loaded as best they may into sleds or wagons and hauled to the storehouse. Here they should be arranged in layers and adjusted as closely as possible. The spaces between the cakes should be filled with crushed ice or snow to cause the whole mass to freeze into a block of ice as solid as it is possible to make. It is more difficult to store and keep ice of this character than that harvested in regular cakes.

Thin ice is characteristic of the southern limits of the storage of natural ice. The supply is more or less uncertain and the storage period is long. The irregular form of the cakes makes it difficult to pack the ice so as to prevent air passages, which may form air passages and cause rapid loss. Irregular blocks and cakes are less easily insulated than cakes of uniform size and thickness. If the mass is stored in a building without packing material about it, insulation must be provided in the construction of the house. The walls must be thick, well packed with mill shavings or dry sawdust, and tightly boarded on both sides of the packing material. A space of 15 inches between the walls, tightly packed with good insulating material, is none too much. An added safeguard would be to double both the outside and inside walls.

Harvesting ice from six to fifteen inches in thickness permits the use of tools and implements that find no place in harvesting thin ice. The field may be laid off so as to cut the cakes to standard dimensions of 22 by 22-inches or 22 by 32-inches. Ob-long cakes have some advantages over square ones, as they can be lapped to break joints as they are stored thus reducing the possibility of the

formation of air passages in the ice heap.

In order to obtain cakes square or rectangular in form, a square made from light strips of boards with straight edges may be used. A square with sides twelve to sixteen feet long will serve the purpose nicely. Draw a line across the ice field parallel with each side of the square and with a hand marker or with a saw accurately follow this line.

Floe Ice.

Under certain conditions the only practicable way of obtaining a supply of natural ice is to catch it as it is going out in the spring. When the snow melts and the spring rains come, the ice at the headwaters of streams breaks up and is carried down in large masses, which can be caught at considerable distances from the localities where it was formed. In this way ice can be obtained at small cost. In the early days many plantations along the Potomac harvested an annual supply of ice of this character and stored it for the most part in pits. Those fortunate enough to live near large streams may often obtain their ice supply in this way.

FEEDING ROUGHAGE TO HOGS

Where Field Roots Grow Readily and in Good Form They Will Be Found Better Than Alfalfa.

Attention has been called time and again to the advisability of the feeding of roughage to swine during the winter. Some claim that alfalfa is the best for this purpose. In alfalfa areas it may be true that such roughage is cheaper than that obtained from any other source, but in areas where field roots grow readily and in good form, they will be found more suitable for feeding swine than the hay referred to. Both are good, and the important question in deciding which shall be fed is the cost.

MOST PROFIT FROM POULTRY

Many People Making Comfortable Living Raising Chickens and Producing Eggs for Market.

Is there progress in poultry-keeping? Read the market reports. Look at the amount of poultry advertising done today compared with five years ago. How did the winter prices of eggs in the last five years compare with other years?

Thousands of people are today making a comfortable living and many have become independent by raising poultry and producing eggs for the market. It has been proved by experience that it costs no more to produce a pound of poultry than it does to produce a pound of pork or beef, yet poultry is always worth more per pound than any other meat and sells just as readily.

Do not deceive yourself with the belief that you can successfully raise poultry without admitting plenty of sunshine to the poultry yard and the houses.

FARMER MUST KNOW HIS COW

Feeding and Caring for Animal is Not All That is Necessary for Profitable Dairy Returns.

The man with the hoe is a failure unless he knows how to use it. The man with a cow is a failure unless he knows how to feed and care for her. Feeding and caring for a cow, however, is not all that is necessary to success in dairying; the farmer must also know whether the cow is actually profitable to him. The business man would laugh at such a statement, wouldn't he? Of course, he would. He would consider it a foregone conclusion that the farmer knows that or he would not keep the cow, and yet thousands of cows are fed year in and year out without their owner's knowing whether or not they pay. Are you sure you are not boarding a few of that kind. If not, investigate and make a few records of milk and butter yields.

Good wheat land is good orchard land.

PRETTY, USEFUL BAGS

ALWAYS HANDY, AND QUITE SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION.

One Designed to Hold the Duster and the Other for Broom Covers—Illustration Shows Method of Designing.

A duster bag that the hand can slip in and out of easily, is the best kind. This one is made in flowered chintz or cretonne, lined with sateen and bound with braid or with a bias strip of the sateen, having a loop at the top to hang it by. It is twelve inches



Easy to Reach the Dusters.

long, and nine wide at the rounded base. The shaped outside piece is slightly larger around than the back piece, allowing the pocket part to bulge slightly.

The broom bag is not a broom cover itself, but a pretty holder for such covers and holds six of these made in canton flannel. The case is



Holds Broom Covers.

made in figured material, is 13 inches wide at the bottom, tapering slightly toward the top, and is 15 inches long. It has a flap of 6 inches' depth. Three loops of the braid are sewed at the back to hang it by. The broom bags are made very much the same shape, only smaller, to fit the broom; a drawing string is put at the top to draw it up tight around the handle.

VOGUE OF ARTIFICIAL FLOWER

Universally Popular, and Certainly Add Distinction to the Plainest of the Street Frocks.

Probably never before have artificial flowers had such a vogue as they have just now. And a small corsage flower is one of the best means of giving color to a dark street frock or suit.

There are bunches of tiny flowers in brilliant red that are very good. There are bouquets consisting of a rosebud, a few forget-me-nots and a sprig or two of green that are good. Then there are zinnias, nasturtiums, poppies and many other flowers in their own natural, rich coloring.

The placing of the flower is rather important. It can be placed on the left shoulder with good effect. It looks well at the closing of a ruff or a close collar of velvet and fur.

Of course, the flower on an evening frock is usually part of the frock. That is to say, it is placed in position when the frock is made. However, a frock that needs a little refreshing can be brightened up with a new flower, and one of the newest places to put it is about half way down the back.

OF ORGANDIE AND BOBBINET

One of the Smartest Designs in Collars, Copying the Sailor Shape to a Large Extent.

Smarter than the elaborate lace collar is that of plain white organdie and bobbinet. The collar is to be of the laydown variety, and is smartest when shaped like a short but long pointed sailor collar, the points coming well on the shoulders. The collar, which is of organdie, is hemstitched about the edge. The net ruffle should be from one-half to one and one-fourth inches wide, and is double. That is, there is no hem on the net, it being simply a double fold of the material,

the creased end being used as the bottom or edge of the ruffle. The bobbinet ruffle may be simply whipped to the collar, or after this is done a finish of buttonholing in color or plain white thread can be made over the joining of collar and ruffle. These dainty collars buttonholed in old blue, old rose or that gray-green are pretty indeed.

GOWN FOR THE YOUNG LADY

Velvet Dresses Considered Most Appropriate—Changes in the Color of Neckwear.

Velvet dresses for young girls are the smart thing of the afternoon wear. They are made with a long waist and a short skirt, made of two circular flounces; between these is a satin belt or sash. A collar of pique or lace, cut sailor or rounding, is the usual neck finish. The sleeveless over blouses of velvet that are seen on the grown-up dresses are also a feature of those worn by girls of fourteen.

They are rather like a middy blouse in shape, but not so long, and the arm-hole is very much enlarged, so that the foundation dress of serge shows.

Different shaped buttons not only come in plain colors in dark modish shades, brown, plum, blue and fawns, but are also decorated by odd stripes of a contrasting color. Sometimes there is only one stripe across the center, sometimes it is the button edge that has pencillike lines of a deeper or lighter color.

The suit coats are made both in the long and in the short lengths. Some of the smart models are of the redingote type, the coat reaching the three-quarter length.

Some of the lace gumpes are of embroidered net of the applique type of lace, and they finish at the top with a round neck that does not come quite up to the base of the throat.

Last summer the lovely touch of white neckwear was in organdie and lawn; now it is of cream net and lace in the finer costumes, and of pique in those dresses that smack of the tailor-made.

HOW TO ATTAIN PLUMPNESS

Simple Routine Will Enable Thin Girl to Secure Results in Three or Four Weeks.

The thin girl is coming into her own these days, but there is such a thing as being too thin. The words of Joseph Cawthorne, "I like 'em plump," set the standard. This plumpness can be obtained by careful effort.

The first step towards this is to avoid nerves, fretting and irritability. Retire early and remain in bed as long as possible.

Drink no tea or coffee, rather milk, cocoa or chocolate. Take mashed potatoes, with butter or cream, oatmeal, fresh bread, honey, eggs, tapioca; in short, all sugary and oily foods. No meat.

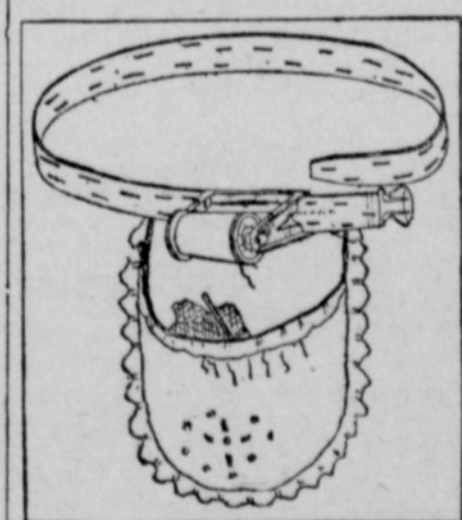
Take great care to eat slowly and masticate each morsel thoroughly.

A nap either before or after dinner is beneficial. Exercise must be regular and moderate. Horseback riding, tennis and boating are good. Vocal exercises enlarge the chest.

Small doses of cod liver oil should be taken several times a day.

With strict application of these rules an improvement should be noted in three or four weeks.

IMPROVED WORK BAG



Adelaide S. Hemstreet of Indian Head, Canada, has just been granted a patent for a combination crochet work bag and spool holder. The work bag is suspended on a belt. On the belt also is placed a sheet metal bracket with arms for holding the spool. This allows the thread to be easily unwound as it is being used. There is no chance for the spool to slip off one's lap and roll across the floor and for the thread to become tangled. It is a practical invention, which should appeal to all women who are still old-fashioned enough to do crocheting.

Bedmaking is hard on nails and it is advisable to wear an old pair of washable gloves when tucking in the sheets.

GOT THE PHRASES MIXED

Small Boy's Idea of Occasion Would Have Been a Surprise to His Teacher.

He was a Muncie boy of six years who was "serving" his first term in school. The honor was thrust on him to ride in a gayly decorated float in the Disease Prevention day parade, given under the auspices of the Muncie city officials.

As he was hurrying away from home after his noon meal, anxious to be early on the school grounds in order that he might not miss anything, a playmate shouted at him: "Hi, Willie—what's your hurry?"

Willie, his chest inflated, strutted up to the other with all possible dignity and replied: "W'y, don't you know the teacher 'pointed me t' be in the health prevention parade?"—Indianapolis News.

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mr. F. C. Case of Welcome Lake, Pa., writes: "I suffered with Backache and Kidney Trouble. My head ached, my sleep was broken and un-



refreshing. I felt heavy and sleepy after meals, was always nervous and tired, had a bitter taste in my mouth, was dizzy, had floating specks before my eyes, was always thirsty, had a dragging sensation across my loins, difficulty in collecting my thoughts and was troubled with shortness of breath. Dodds Kidney Pills have cured me of these complaints. Dodds Kidney Pills have done their work and done it well. You are at liberty to publish this letter for the benefit of any sufferer who doubts the merit of Dodds Kidney Pills."

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

Judicial Tribulations.

A defendant in Whitechapel county court called witness a liar, and Judge Cluer ordered him out of court.

When he apologized, Judge Cluer said:

"If people in this court, when they hear an untruth, call out 'It is a lie,' there will be such a noise that we shall not hear the trains go by."

His predecessor at the court was once told by a woman that she would fall down if she heard an untruth.

"Madam," Judge Bacon replied, "if it affected me in that way I should always be lying on the floor of this court."—London Tit Bits.

FOR SKIN-TORTURED BABIES.

A hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by a light application of Cuticura Ointment, gently rubbed on the surface, afford immediate relief and point to speedy healing of sleep-destroying eczemas, rashes, itchings, burnings, scalings and crustings of the skin and scalp of infants and children, bringing rest to worn-out, anxious mothers and peace to distracted households. For free sample each with 32 p. Skin Book, address postcard Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

In the Hospital.

Nurse—Can you stand alone?
Patient—Yes, and I can stand a loan, too.

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

Canned whale meat is used extensively in Japan.

The key to success is seldom used as a night key.

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, 173 Broadway, New York.

A GOOD COMPLEXION

GUARANTEED. USE ZONA PCMADE

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

ZONA COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS

DEFIANCE STARCH

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

LIFE OF SPY IS BRIEF AND FULL OF EXCITEMENT

Notebook of Official in France Discloses Stories of Many Daring Feats.

SHORT SHRIFT WHEN CAUGHT

Take Most Desperate Chances and Usually Die With Back to Wall—If Taken in Zone of Battle They Are Tried on the Spot.

London.—These notes were written by a man engaged by the allies in an official capacity, whose duties continually called him from Paris to the firing lines of the Belgian, English and French, and who thus has unusual opportunities of talking with the soldiers and frequently seeing the battle:

The general and his staff have established their headquarters in a village a few hundred yards from the Belgian frontier. From the north comes the roar of heavy German artillery brought up during the night, from the west the duller sound of the big guns of British warships maneuvering four miles from the coast and doing good work.

A shuffling of feet in the roadway and shouted orders awaken me. A squad of French soldiers led by a lieutenant is gathered at the door, around two civilians, hands tied behind their backs. Spies! Caught on top of a haystack within a hundred feet of the general's headquarters. They had been in the neighborhood for a week, it seems, getting food no one knows where. They refused to speak. They had field glasses and note books, with the numbers of French and British regiments. The names of generals and numbers of batteries were found buried in the hay. On both men, sewn in the linings of their caps, were passes through the enemy's lines signed by one of General von Kluck's aide-de-camps.

Their case is settled in advance. Interrogated, they neither make denials nor confessions. Simply refuse to speak. Caught at eight o'clock, they are tried at 8:30, a broken table serving as judge's bench for a colonel and three captains called hurriedly from staff headquarters.

Six Shots End Their Lives.

A few questions to which no answers are forthcoming, a glance at the notebooks and passes found on the prisoners and it is over. Back of the farmhouse are a poultry yard and decrepit stable. Against the stable wall, eyes bandaged, hands tied, kneeling, the two Germans are placed, the six soldiers ten paces away. The lieutenant's sword is raised, six shots mingle into one. The law of war is carried out. It is nine o'clock.

Such incidents form a part of every day conversations in the camps and trenches on the firing line. If a spy is caught within the zone of battle he is tried on the spot, the trial consisting of an examination of the papers and documents found on the suspect, the hearing of witnesses and of the prisoner's defense. If no papers or documents are found and the witnesses are not sufficiently affirmative the suspect is released or sent to Paris for further examination, according to the views of the commanding officer.

If a suspected spy is caught outside the battle zone, say in Paris, a lawyer is designated to defend him, and in nine cases out of ten the spy is found guilty, and, unless he is French, in which case he is a traitor and dies, is

USE RUSE 600 YEARS OLD

British Employ With Success, Trick Used by Scots at Bannockburn.

London.—A correspondent of the London Chronicle in northern France states that the ruse employed by the Scotch to help bring about the defeat of the English at Bannockburn in 1314 has been repeated successfully by the British in the battle of the Yser. He says:

"About twenty-five yards in front of our trenches deep pits were dug. These were covered with branches and loose turf, as at Bannockburn, and into these the Germans fell in heaps, calling out pitifully when, too late, they discovered the stratagem."

"Although the Germans more than filled the pits, others came on in great numbers and the pits soon became a scene of appalling horror. The Germans struggled, cried and fought one another in their vain attempts to extricate themselves. Many were accidentally transfixed by the bayonets of

only sentenced to hard labor or imprisoned in a fortress.

Serves for Country.

A French counter-spying system with headquarters in Paris has done good work in sending to a quieter and, we hope, better world, several hundred too well informed Germans. Unlike that of Germany's, the French organization is recruited among volunteers, all civilians. None are paid in any way and no other incentive but to serve France is offered them. In this way the government has secured from all walks of life a good number of men, and even women, fond of excitement, who are after neither gain nor honor, but who would not stoop to such work in time of peace.

Up to date a dozen or so of these unarmed soldiers have disappeared, some prisoners, most have ended their lives, eyes bandaged, against a farmhouse wall, 12 German bullets in their bodies. When they started out it was with the understanding that the French government could not recognize them in case of trouble. Those that have died took a chance and lost. The "flyer" is worth while, for a week at counter-spying will often furnish more excitement than a month in the trenches.

The stories of spy chasing are now innumerable in French and British army circles. Here are a few of the most daring attempts made by the Germans since the beginning of the war: S— is a large town, 55 miles northeast of Paris. The houses are low, the church steeple alone being visible at any distance. The German artillery bombarded S— for three days, the church and its steeple alone, much to the surprise of the inhabitants, remaining untouched.

The third night of the bombardment a French sentry saw a light from one of the small windows high up in the steeple. The guard was called, and three men sent into the tower, which had seemed to bear a charmed life. There a man was found. For three days his lantern had served the Germans, who trained their guns a few points to the right and left of the light, certain their shells would strike the town. The spy was janitor of the courthouse; had been for four years, and confessed he was a German, having been sent to S— to report regularly to the military authorities in Berlin.

Spy Poses as Priest.

Two sentries guard a railway bridge near A—. It is ten o'clock at night. The village is a mile away. All day trains loaded with British and French troops have passed over the bridge. A priest approaches the sentries, going to the next village, he says, to give the communion to a dying farmer. Disregarding orders the sentries, good Catholics, allow the priest to pass. He disappears on the other side of the bridge. Suddenly one of the sentries sees a flicker of light along the ground 50 yards away. A rush to the spot and the good priest is discovered stooping at the base of one of the bridge arches. The stick of dynamite on the ground and blackened fuse in his hand leave no doubt as to his intentions. The sentries did not wait for a court-martial, but executed the "priest" on the spot. Papers found on him proved him to be a captain in a Hessian Hussars regiment.

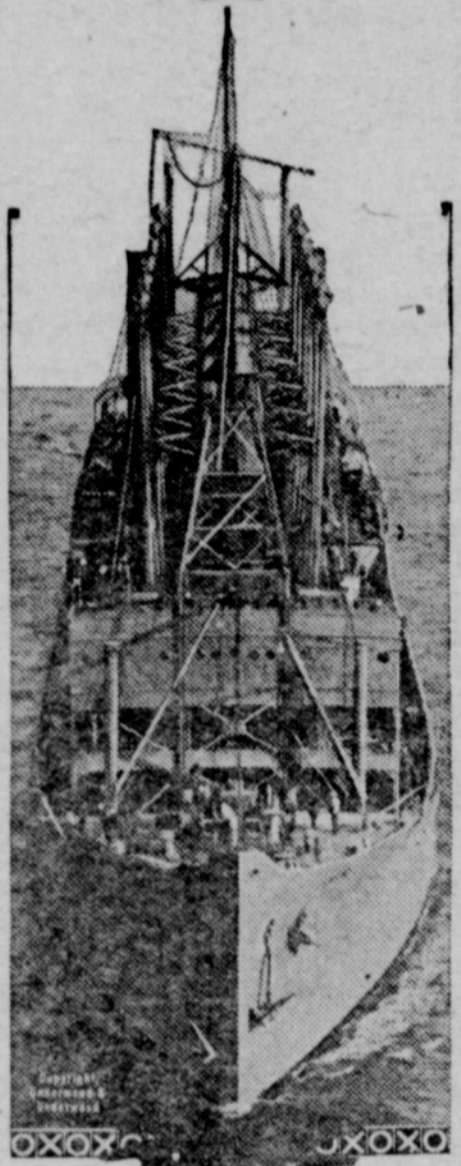
In a trench near the Belgian border, a few days ago. A jovial old chap, a farmer, comes along with a basketful of pears. The shooting has stopped for an hour or so, both sides needing a rest after 12 hours of uninterrupted fighting. A number of farmers in the region having refused to abandon their homes, no one questions the farmer's presence among the troops, and his basket is soon emptied. As they are given away the farmer is thanked all around and is just leaving when he is grabbed by the throat suddenly by one of the troopers, who half chokes his victim before shouting, "He's a German. He was my boss in Paris." And so it was. For 12 years Joseph Habig had been chief accountant in a big Parisian wall paper factory. He was German, every one knew it, but

he was a good accountant. Under him worked half a dozen young Frenchmen. Two days before the declaration of war his consul had warned him to leave Paris—and he had. His knowledge of French had been used by his officers when he joined the German army, and he returned. This time he stayed.

The last is the best. In Paris last month, at the war department offices, officers hurry in and out, orderlies pass like the wind, generals and their staffs discuss the campaign in the hallways, a young artillery officer, lieutenant of the general staff, according to the insignia on his collar, walks up and down idly smoking. A captain passes by, asks for a light for his cigar, and remarks, "Nice weather, lieutenant." No answer. The captain, surprised, repeats his remark. The lieutenant turns away. Angered the superior officer goes after him.

It's all over in a jiffy. Friend Lieutenant brought into a private office, answers questions with an over-the-Rhine accent, which is a trade mark. He is a lieutenant all right, but in the Eleventh Bavarian regiment. He has made the French war office his headquarters for over a week. Some of the Paris papers got hold of the story, which was, of course, cut out by the censor.

GIFTS FOR WAR ORPHANS



This picture shows the U. S. S. Jason as it left New York carrying 10,000,000 Christmas gifts contributed by the boys and girls of America and their elders for the orphans and refugees in the war zone.

PAPER RUN BY TELEPATHY

French Prisoners in Germany Publish Sheet to Overcome Longing for Home.

Amsterdam.—French prisoners in the concentration camp of Zossen, near Berlin, are publishing a weekly paper in the French language, which they call *Le Heraut* (the Herald). *Le Heraut* boasts of being the only paper which is in connection with the whole world—by telepathy. The aim of the paper is "to overcome the ardent longing for their country by the reaction of a sound, amiable, inoffensive and salutary humor."

GOATS AS SPY SIGNAL

Shepherd Who Aided Germans With His Flock Sentenced to Death for Treason.

Chalons-sur-Marne.—A Frenchman, Alfred Durot by name, has been sentenced to death by court-martial for treason.

During the battle which raged around Reims the French artillery operating near the village of Puiseux was subjected to a terrific bombardment by the Germans, no matter how often they changed their position. A careful watch was kept, and it was discovered that a mile in front of the French batteries a shepherd was feeding his flock, among which were five snow-white goats.

The shepherd was arrested, and inquiries showed that during the German occupation of Puiseux he was the only inhabitant who had not been molested, and that he had been given the white goats whose presence was to signal the position of the French guns.

Durot, at his trial, admitted his guilt.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

Made Their Hotel Bathroom Into a Duck Pond

NEW YORK.—When Miss Jennie Libby and her sister of Masardis, Me., arrived at the Hotel Laureton with several bags and a large box, they demanded a room with a large bathroom and a proportionately large tub. In the morning when the two ladies went out shopping they forgot to turn the key of the bathroom.



"I was making my usual morning inspection," said Manager Nobles, "when I heard a familiar sound. Having been accustomed to shooting on the shores of the Maine lakes, I thought at first it was the call of the wild, but a second sound convinced me it was the quacking of tame ducks. As I reached the open door of the room occupied by the ladies from Maine, I found the chambermaid with a broomstick marshaling four wet ducks that had just waddled out of the bathroom.

"When the Misses Libby came home, I explained our rules and those of the health department, and asked, as tactfully as I could, how it was they had traveled with so much aquatic poultry.

"Miss Jennie said it was because her elder sister was not in good health, and that the doctor had said she must have every day eggs that were only a few hours old.

"She said they had read in the papers of people bringing hens to New York hotels, and that the hens had given the show away by cackling whenever an egg was laid. After they had talked the matter over the elder Miss Libby had remarked, 'Well, ducks don't cackle over an egg.'"

Chicago Hotel Bellhops Give a "Biere Dansante"

CHICAGO.—The 1914-15 social season of the Chicago Hotel Bell Responders' association was formally inaugurated with a reception and "biere dansante" in the Coliseum annex. Never in the history of this splendid professional organization has the season been entered upon more auspiciously. Practically every hotel and club of importance, as well as some of the foremost cafeterias, was represented. And although the gayety did not reach its height until well along toward morning, equipages on the Cottage Grove and Indiana lines began discharging their loads of merry-makers several hours earlier.



In the first dances of the evening such well-known steps as the Castle walk, the hesitation and the fox-trot were frequently seen. But later, as the dancers began to catch the rhythm and swing of the Bellhop hop, arranged especially for the occasion, the old steps were forgotten.

The Bellhop hop—the invention of Mr. Peter Bullen—seems destined to become the official dance of the association. With his right hand the gentleman grasps the left arm of his partner between elbow and shoulder, holding her at arm's length, after the manner of a pitcher of ice water, he advances with a slight bend to the right from the hips. The lady executes what Mr. Bullen calls the "tinkle glide."

Misfits of Austrian Army Guests of Pittsburgh

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Two Austrians, Steve Breskovitch, aged thirty-seven, six feet six inches tall, and Andy Mudder, aged sixty-eight, five feet two inches in height, who said they have been "buddies" for the past five years, lodged at Allegheny police station the other night. They applied to Sergeant Kennedy together and the contrast in their height dazed the genial sergeant for a minute.



"Stand up," ordered Kennedy of Mudder while taking his pedigree. "You needn't get on your knees here in order to get a night's lodging. You're welcome to the best we've got even if you are a foreigner."

"Me is up," insisted Mudder, trying to increase his height.

"Well, you get down off the rail, then," Kennedy told Breskovitch. "I like to see things more even than you two appear. I don't want to strain my voice making both of you hear me at the same time."

"Me stand on the floor," said Breskovitch, trying to crouch down as low as possible. "He little man; me big, tall fellow."

"Oh, I see," said Kennedy. "You are the long and the short of the Austrian army and have come here to escape the bullets of the allies."

"We no want to fight," said Breskovitch. "Me never in army. Been in this country sixteen year. Mudder he fight for Austria long time ago. But lose his arm in Ohio sawmill."

The two were a strange looking pair. Breskovitch wore a sort of carpenter's apron, no coat and a pair of corduroy trousers. Mudder had on an old blouse with the empty sleeve tied in knots. They said they are making their way south for the winter and are anxious to get as far as possible from the hostilities of Europe.

They Can't Get Rid of Ahmed Ali, Arabian Sailor

BALTIMORE, MD.—What is to be done with Ahmed Ali? He is an Arabian sailor, who for several months has been confined at Bay View asylum. He has been declared a public charge and ordered deported, and he is causing much concern to the local immigration authorities, who are experiencing trouble in finding a ship to take the man out of the country.



Like a man without a country, Ahmed is without a ship. He is anxious to leave and says he will ship on any vessel sailing from here to a foreign port. Various attempts have been made by the local immigration authorities to find a berth on some vessel leaving the port, but all efforts have proved unavailing, for the reason that the masters decline to add Ahmed to their crew list.

What will be done with the man the immigration officials are unable to say. He is here at an expense to the government and the order from the Washington department is to deport him. Ahmed only has \$1 and is unable to speak English. All communication with the man requires the services of an interpreter.

Ahmed Ali arrived in New York last March on the Austrian steamship Siam from Trieste. He was a fireman on the vessel and was paid \$20 a month for his services. When the Siam arrived at New York Ahmed and several other Arabians, it is said, deserted the ship without the formality of being inspected by the immigration authorities, which brought him under the ban of being unlawfully in this country.