AN INDEPENDENT DAILY NEWSPAPER
DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE, THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIVE UNOPPOSED.
H. D. Slater, Editor-in-Chief and controlling owner has directed The Herald for 14 Years; G. A. Martin is News Editor.

EL PASO HERALD
Editorial and Magazine Page
Wednesday, December Eleventh, 1912

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Vote For Dona Ana Good Roads

IN TWO weeks the taxpayers of Dona Ana county, N. M., will be called upon to vote for or against a $100,000 bond issue for permanent roads. Until the last legislature made it possible to issue bonds for this purpose, the county has been held back by the ancient system of local road work, which generally resulted in no roads at all. The old system has been abandoned in all progressive states and communities. As well leave city streets to the careless and lazy neglect of half awake individuals, as leave country highways to haphazard control under the old "work-a-day-or-pay-your-road-tax" method which has prevailed until now in New Mexico. The only proper test to apply to any method or system is, Results, results. Such results as have been achieved under the old system have been due to the ardent and unselfish labor of a few, rather than to any cooperation or decent participation by the many. The system has proved a failure.

The long term bond is the only fair way. All use the roads, whether they be property owners or not. Through the general tax, the cost of road making and road maintenance is distributed equitably. Still further distribution is effected by the long term bond, which justly lays part of the financial burden upon those who come after; the taxpayers of each year must pay their own maintenance cost anyhow, and it is plainly unjust to make the taxpayers of this one year pay all the cost of a road that may last for 20 years. The long term bond distributes the first cost over many years, and makes it possible to complete a big piece of work in a short time for the benefit of all the people through all the seasons to come, whereas only a small fraction of the work could be done out of the annual tax, causing heavy continuous loss present and future.

The cost of bonds is borne almost entirely by the large taxpayers. The railroads carry the bulk of it. The large property owners, merchants, and bankers carry almost all the balance. The small property owner—the small farmer or home owner, the small merchant—bears so very small a proportion of the cost of carrying bonds that his contribution is hardly a matter of the slightest consideration in the year's cost of living.

But while the small property owner has almost nothing to pay, to help carry the road bonds, he has all to say. The railroad assessed at $1,000,000 can only express its will through its officers or employes voting in their own name on the authority of their own private property holdings. The great bank or mercantile house may be able to direct the votes of only a half dozen individuals. Yet the large taxpayers have to pay the bulk of the cost of the bonds. But the small taxpayer if he pay property tax on only $3.44 worth of property, has one vote which is fully equal to that of the bank president or the railroad manager representing hundreds of thousands.

Bond issues for good roads are rarely or never fought by the large property owners. They have wide business experience and they know the value of good roads, so that they are always willing to bear their share of the new tax burden. Opposition generally comes, queerly enough, from people who would not have to contribute hardly anything to the cost of the road bonds, and yet who would share equally in the benefits with all others in the community. A more rational attitude on the part of the "little fellow" would be to vote all the road bonds that are put up to him, because they cost him little or nothing and he gets a big share of the benefits without charge.

A poor road is as much a barrier to commercial and social intercourse as an unbridged chasm would be. A poor road is one of the costliest mistakes a rural community can make. Any roads that are built should be permanent and adequate. The road bonds furnish the only logical method to go about it. Everybody shares in the benefits, but the "little fellow" gets by far the most in proportion to what he contributes.

Anything But Hot Air

COMES NOW the West Wind, returning after seven days absence. The west wind is our friend, but the east wind seldom bodes good, or deserves a welcome. We poor puny little insects priding ourselves upon our race, our ancestry, and our kinship with the Infinite—what creatures of happenstance we are. The wind blows, and our hearts grow cold or warm, our minds are clear or muddled, our bearing is morose or cheerful, our loves burn briskly or subdue themselves under dull gray ashes, our business thrives or languishes, our hopes rise or fall, according as the wind blows out of the east or out of the west.

In the summer time, our friendliest wind comes out of the south—cool and smooth, soft and very steady, refreshing and sweet. The east wind is always a little quarrelsome, but there be times in midsummer when, just at dawn, the east sends us a little welcome mist or sprinkle of rain, or even no more than a wet fragrance of desert shrub and flower, that helps to start the day off right; and the sun shines just the same that day.

In summer the evening breeze is southwest, then west, then northwest; they are all good refreshing winds, clear and sweet as honeysuckle, traveling high, clearing away the smoke and dust, and banishing the heat of the day. The north wind is apt to be a cloud wind, and the east wind is the storm wind, but in summer one cares little for storm or cloud, and welcomes the days as they come. The wind always blows into the face of a storm, until just a little while before it breaks, and then storm and wind come sweeping on together in furious company. And be it hail or rain, or just a cleansing wind, in summer one welcomes the change.

In summer the south wind is the wind of contentment and lovemaking; the west or southwest wind is the sleepy wind, the wind of refreshment and repair; out of the northwest comes splendid stimulus for new endeavor, courage for the morrow; the north wind veils the stars and whispers of change; the east wind sets the birds to twittering, and wakes the world sometimes with a kiss like dewy roses, or, if announced after the sun passes the meridian, it marshals the storm clouds and sends the mercury scuttling. The east wind is fickle, but the south wind is constant, and the west wind freshens the spirit.

In winter, the south wind is a balm, and makes our world happy; the southwest wind is cleansing, and makes our world healthful; the west wind is courageous, and makes our world efficient; the northwest wind is stimulating, and keeps our world brisky, fit, and adventurous; the north wind is sharp, and makes us cautious and provident; the east winds are quarrelsome, cruel, selfish, and depressing, and set our world awry. They add to the cost of living, and confer no benefit in exchange. They make men angry, and excite evil impulse. They drive the angels out with the knocking of their heartless little devils at the door.

So it happened, that for the week just past, with the wind in the east, men have been dejected and depressed, their spirits drooped heavy and damp, hearts sank, gloom and regret came upon the soul, disgust of life followed vexation, the megrims and the blue devils came to make despondency more desolate, hopes were deferred or shattered, the pessimist found his audience on every street corner, there was something ghastly even in laughing, blue glasses sold at a premium, men moped, fretted, sulked, or despaired, the company of humans was cheerless, joyless, the outlook dismal and murky, men were too glum even to raise their voices in lamentation, they were sober, longfaced, forlorn, weary, stupid, dashed, and melancholy as a gib cat.

From Messrs. Damp and Wetmore, at Fabens, Texas, came a dispatch which was only a sample of what have been pouring into this office all week. "Find out," it said, "from Col. Lane, quickly, why the sun is out, if he stepped out, has gone out, was put out, thrown out, or extinguished—hasn't been seen for seven days; also wire quick market on boats, ships, brigs, barges, scows, canoes, dongas, rafts, mud flats, rubber boots, slickers, cusswords, and old Scotch." All was lost save the sense of humor, and that had been badly bashed.

Then came the West Wind, friend of the world. With the first break in the clouds, the smile came back. With the first fleck of blue, men breathed deeply again. With the first little flutter of the flags in the dry wind from across the big western mesa, men looked up and forgot their troubles. A sense of comfortable pleasure was felt, a relish for life and company. The mind was at ease; outdoor sleepers were snug under the blankets and happy in their dreams, where before they had been riding dank nightmares through the sloughs of despond; with the sunshine and the cloudless sky came soul refreshment and dauntless cheerfulness; El Paso was Arcadia once more; people again felt willing to be amused; the good things seemed to be coming this way; men and women became genial and friendly as before; the pitiful petty grudges were laid aside, slights forgotten, human contact restored; peace of mind returned; thoughts rose to the eternities; there was a reconciliation with nature and with nature's kind; hate was disarmed; vexation was thrust behind, and beautiful serenity came to possess men's hearts; there was a sense of relief and deliverance, a softening of the rigor of life; encouragement became infectious; gay spirits prevailed once more; vivacity became hilarity; the bright light shone in every eye; there was much rejoicing, and exchange of felicitation upon the passing of the shadow; truth and beauty were restored to their dominion; human hearts were once more in tune with the Infinite, and today we are all as merry as crickets, and ready to fight twice our weight in wildcats, if for no other reason than to amuse the wildcats.

Maybe you hadn't thought it all out in just this way; but the fact is there just the same: that two days ago you were a victim of the East Wind, and had a bad case of the doldrums, while today you face the frosty West Wind with confidence, you tread on air, and you believe all things are working together for your special benefit.

One-Sentence Philosophy

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.
(New York Press.)

Brains don't have to worry about their reputation.

Men get unpopular by getting rich, but they don't get rich by getting unpopular.

It's very foolish of a man not to give his wife a bigger allowance so he could borrow more of it.

The greatest trial to a woman is to have a hat that doesn't look as if she could say it cost $15 more than it did.

JOURNAL ENTRIES.
(Topeka Journal.)

People with more money than brains don't need many of the latter, anyhow.

If you want to waste a lot of time ask a man how his baby is getting on.

Among the most miserable of men is the active worker who tries to idle through a week or two.

Merchants would probably like it better if many of their customers were as prompt at paying up as they are at paying down.

New Aliens Not Like Old

Nearly Five Millions of Germans Have Become Citizens of the United States.
—By Frederic J. Haskin—

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—Nothing is more significant in the history of immigration to America than the change in the character of the stream of humanity that is coming to our shores. The bulk of immigration always has come from Europe, for to date nearly 93 out of every 100 immigrants arriving have come from that one continent.

Early Immigrants Wanted Homes.

The old immigration differed from the new in many essentials. The former was largely a migration of people who came to become citizens, to acquire homes here, and to establish their posterity upon the land. They entered practically every line of activity in every part of the country. A large proportion of them were engaged in agriculture before they came and they went out as farm laborers when they got here. But they were frugal and the laborer of yesterday became the farmer of today. They formed a very important factor in the development of all the territory west of the Allegheny mountains. So rapid was the process of assimilation that the racial identity of their children was almost lost and forgotten. Among them only 16 out of every 100 go back to their homes in Europe, while 38 out of every 100 from southern and eastern Europe return. The "old" immigration comes with its families, for more than two-fifths are females. The "new" immigration leaves the women folk behind, for only a little more than one-fourth of the arrivals are females.

New Arrivals Land With $16.

The better condition of the immigrant from northwestern Europe as compared with his more unfortunate brother in other parts of the continent is revealed by the money they were able to show. The average "old" immigrant can exhibit $40 to the immigration inspector. The average "new" immigrant has about $16 when he lands. The educational advantages of the "old" immigrant are even more marked. There are more than 13 times as many illiterates coming to us from the "new" immigration as from the "old." The "old" immigration measures up to all the usual tests of good citizenship in about the same ratio when compared with the "new." And yet all authorities agree that in the "new" immigrant we have, as a rule, a diamond in the rough, a human being who is just as capable of transformation into a good citizen as his more fortunate brother from northwestern Europe. The process is simply a longer and more tedious one, and one to which the immigrant does not lend himself as readily.

Nearly Five Million Germans.

Germany has given us more immigrants than any other country, with the single exception of the united kingdom. Nearly 5,000,000 Germans have come across the water to become a part of this nation. The pioneers of the great German migration were the Mennonites, who, in 1682, followed the path of the English Quakers. They were the first people in America to petition the abolition of slavery. They also were the first people in America to raise their voice against intemperance. They were soon followed by the Scandinavians, of whom it has been said that there is no second generation, since the children become so thoroughly Americans.

The coming of the "new" immigration has caused the members of the "old" to move out of their vocations and residential quarters and on up into a higher sphere. Where once the Irish, the German and the Scandinavian worked and lived, now the Greek, the Italian, the Pole, the Bohemian, the Austrian and the Russian Jew are found. The German, the Irishman, the Swede and the Norwegian have moved into better quarters and have taken up more attractive work.

The immigrant from northwestern Europe quickly becomes a citizen. More than nine-tenths of the Swedes and the Swiss entitled to citizenship papers have them, approximately seven-eighths of the Germans, Welsh, Danes and Norwegians have taken them out, and four-fifths of the Irish, English, Dutch and Scotch have cast their lot permanently with us. Compare this with the allies in the Balkan-Turkish war, and the remarkable difference in the character of the aspirations of the two types of immigration will appear. Only one-eighth of the Servian immigrants have taken out citizenship papers, one-fifth of the Greeks and a little more than a third of the Bulgarians. Seven-tenths of the southern Italians hold aloof from citizenship.

Room For Another Billion.

The late Prof. W. J. McGee once declared that the soil of the United States has a sustaining power of 500 to the square mile. Assuming that one-third of our territory is waste land, we still, upon this basis, have room for a round billion of people.

Many economists think the immigration from northwestern Europe has settled down to a basis that is about normal, and that we henceforth may count upon receiving about 250,000 of them during the average year. But there are others who say that the disappearance of cheap farming land and the filling of the factories with cheap labor from southern Europe will cut down the figures probably to half their present proportions. They believe that Germany is about the best example of what we may expect of the "old" immigration in the future; and Germany now gives us only one-eighth as many of her good citizens in a year as she did 30 years ago.

All students of the immigration problem agree that the passing of the "old" immigration accentuates the problems of the "new," and since it is becoming the latter or nothing, it behooves the nation to try to make the most of it, and to aid it to fill the place in the future that the "old" has filled in the past. The consensus of opinion is that this is not so much a matter of the restriction of immigration as it is Americanizing the immigrants.

Tomorrow—The "New" Immigrant.

YAVAPAI COUNTY GETS FREE ROAD

Will Use Old United Verde Railroad Grade—Many Deer Killed In Arizona—Centenarian Dies.

Prescott, Ariz., Dec. 11.—Ex-senator Clark has tendered to the county, free, the road bed of the United Verde & Pacific railway, between Jerome Junction and Jerome, which is to be abandoned in about a year, when the traffic into Jerome will be handled by the Verde Valley railroad, now complete to the new Verde smelter site. It is understood that the offer has been taken up by the state engineer, who will utilize the grade as a part of a state highway, over it reaching to Jerome and into the Verde valley. This determination will obviate necessity for construction of an expensive highway into the valley by way of Cherry Creek.

The city of Prescott has contracted for electrical power for its pumps at Del Rio. The placing of a power line from this city to the pump house has been blocked by the attitude of a dry farmer on the way, who has denied the right of the city to place poles in his ground and against whom the power of the law will have to be invoked.

Many Deer Killed.

The slaughter of deer this season in the forested sections of northern Arizona, despite the limitations of the game law, has been such that sportsmen are considering an appeal to the legislature to prohibit the killing of any deer for two years to come. Deer are said to be about extinct in the Grand Canyon region.

The Arizona corporation commission has ordered free delivery by Wells Fargo & company within the corporate limits of the town of Flagstaff.

Eleven and one half townships, comprising 264,960 acres, are being platted by a crew from the surveyor general's office for the Santa Fe in Mohave county, comprising grant lands.

ABE MARTIN

What's become o' th' feller that used t' say, "If it's a fair question what did that suit o' clothes set you back?" Love may be blind but it's got an awful keen sense o' touch.

Pianos

By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old Siwash."

THE piano was once the parlor mark of prosperity in the American home. It advertised the fact that the owner had more money than he needed or knew how to spend and had passed above the cabinet organ stage of society.

People used to begin saving for pianos when they were married and get them in time for their grown-up daughters to practice upon. The resident of a village who had a piano was more admired than the citizen who now owns an automobile and it cost him just as much for the distinction because all the musical entertainments had to be given at his home.

Pianos have now become as common as bath tubs and mission furniture, and the man who owns one has no reason to be proud and stiff. A piano is now considered as necessary as a front porch and even more necessary than a baby and is the greatest American postponer of prosperity—for every young couple has to buy a piano before it can begin to put money in the bank.

Pianos have become common because

"Young lady with a fine ear for caliope harmony."

they are now easy to buy. Anyone can buy a piano by paying $1 down and $1 a week until Bryan is elected. Pianos cost the average family $52 a year through life, for by the time they have finished paying for the first piano it doesn't match the woodwork of the new house and has rheumatism of the bass strings, thus necessitating the payment of $1 down for a new one.

Pianos are quiet and refined in repose, but when annoyed by strong-wristed performers are capable of keeping entire city blocks awake. A good piano which is being coaxed into melody by a real musician can fill a home full of joy and make better men of the passersby outside; but a poor piano with frazzled strings and a few missing teeth when persistently attacked by a young lady with a fine ear for caliope harmony can bring the price of real estate in the neighborhood down on the run.

It is hard to make a piano and the best ones require months to complete. But it is so easy to sell them that only a genius can refrain from buying one.—Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

A Vision

By Walt Mason.

I dreamed last night that I had flown far from this world of grief and groan, that I had long despised, and found that heaven was a land of ecstacy, supremely grand, as good as advertised. The angels round me played their lyres and on the jasper walls the fires of changless sunrise gleamed; and joyous anthems filled the air, and swaying wings and mansions fair—thus happily I dreamed. And then a statesman from below got through the gate—how, I don't know—and got his choice of crowns; and ere an hour he there had spent I noticed signs of discontent; the seraphim wore frowns. He skirmished round among the blest and told them that they were oppressed, and had them peevish soon; their crowns were bargain counter things, they all deserved much better wings, their harps were out of tune. "Your heaven once was good enough; progressive measures are the stuff, and we will have them here; with old age pensions for the sharps who've grown too old to play their harps, and always played by ear; with sorrow and dismay I note the female angels do not vote—no wonder they feel galled; St. Peter's held his job too long and all his policies are wrong and he will be recalled." Thus spake the statesman, and the sky was ringing with the seraphs' cry, who wearied of their yoke; their gentle souls with wrath were warm, and they were bound to have reform—just then your uncle woke.—Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams.

EL PASOAN JOINS RANKS OF BIRDMEN

W. A. George, Formerly Chief Auditor of the Mexican Central, Becomes an Aviator.

El Paso is to have an aviation meet some time next May or June, when the Molsant International aviators will be here. Two men are scheduled to make flights in El Paso at that time. One of them, W. A. George, is an El Pasoan. The other is J. Hector Worden. These are the men who gave demonstrations for Gen. Victoriano Huerta at several places in the northern part of Chihuahua several months ago, the flights being for exhibition purposes, and not scouting trips.

George, who resides at 1029 Upson avenue, learned the aviation game only a few months ago. He was for several years a messenger on the Texas & Pacific railroad. Later, for four years, he was chief auditor on the Mexican Central.

GOOD ROADS LECTURER TO TRAVEL OVER ARIZONA

Prescott, Ariz., Dec. 11.—L. E. Boykil, a lecturer employed by the national office of good roads at Washington, will begin a lecture tour of Arizona shortly after the holidays. He is being sent to this state at the request of the Prescott chamber of commerce, and will speak in all the cities and larger towns on the subject of highway improvement. His lectures are to be illustrated with stereopticon views, many being of Arizona road scenes.

Married Life the Third Year

To Helen's Discomfort Warren Returns the Enamelware With a Curt Letter.
—By Mabel Herbert Urner.—

WARREN had gone out into the kitchen to open a cupboard drawer which the damp weather had caused to stick.

He forced it open, drew it back and forth several times, and had turned to leave, when his glance fell on a shelf of white enamelled pots.

"Hello! What's this?" as he took one down and examined several places where the enamel had chipped off, showing the black substance underneath. "This isn't that new enamelware we just bought?"

"Yes, sir, and I don't think it's wearing well," complained Maggie.

"Wearing well? I should say not. Look here, Helen!"

Helen, who was trimming the geraniums in the dining room, came to the door.

"What does this mean? Look at this, and this," taking down more of the utensils and pointing to the chipped and blackened spots. "Why, we haven't had this stuff six weeks."

"Yes, I know, dear," apologetically, "it should wear better than that, but what can we do?"

"Do? Why fire the whole lot back. Don't think we're going to stand for anything like this, do you? I'm not going to eat food cooked in those goings—that black rust may be poisonous."

"But, dear, they won't take goods back after two weeks, will they?"

"Well, they'll take these back," grimly. "Think they can sell us worthless stuff and get away with it? Not if I know it. You write them to call for that lot—make it a good, stiff letter, too."

"Oh, hadn't you better write it? I wouldn't know what to say."

"Well, I'll send them a letter that'll make them sit up," as he strode over to the desk. "Get me their bill for those goods."

Helen got out Reed & Walker's last month's bill. Warren checked off the enamel ware, and then wrote rapidly:

"How's this?" he demanded. "This'll stir 'em up all right:

"On October 17 Mrs. Curtis purchased from you a bill of kitchen utensils. Among them were a number of white enamel pots and pans.

"From the date you see that these have had less than six weeks' use, yet the enamel is cracked and broken off both inside and outside.

"Some of these articles have been used only a few times, and yet all of them have chipped in spots, exposing the black substance underneath and making them impossible for use again by anyone with a regard for health or cleanliness.

"Please send for these articles at once and credit them to my account. Mrs. Curtis supposed that she was buying moderately serviceable utensils—you sold her worthless ones. We feel considerable resentment at being put to this annoyance, due to your carrying in stock such an altogether inferior quality of goods."

Helen was far from being content with the letter. She felt it was asking a great deal to expect Reed & Walker to take all those things back. After all, no white enamel ware is guaranteed. The clerk had advised her to buy aluminum if she wanted something very durable.

To add to her discomfort, Helen chanced to pick up a magazine that afternoon, in which there was an article on "How the Big Store Must Humor Its Customers." It dwelt on the many impositions to which all stores must submit in order to keep their patrons.

The article gave many instances of how women, particularly, took advantage of this generous policy—how they returned goods that had been used or damaged. And yet if the store refused to accept them, they would angrily declare they would buy nothing more there, and would influence their friends against that shop.

Charge customers were especially unreasonable, but the store usually yielded to their demands rather than have them "cancel their accounts."

This article only intensified Helen's feeling that it was an imposition to return that enamel ware.

Thought It Unfair.

"Well, I suppose we'll have to take them back and stand the loss; they'll raise a row and cancel their account if we don't," she could hear them say.

Helen could never bear to feel that she had been unfair, yet she knew that to demand credit for these goods was unfair, but she knew, too, that it would be useless to argue this with Warren.

The next day he brought home a letter, threw it down with a brief:

"Have those things ready, they'll probably send for them tomorrow."

The very courteousness of the letter seemed to Helen a reproach, and she read it with a deepening conviction of the unreasonableness of their demand:

"Dear Sir—Replying to yours of the 25th inst., we would advise that we have issued a call for the kitchen utensils in question for examination, and upon receipt of same shall give the matter our prompt attention."

The next morning the delivery boy called for the goods, and two days later Warren received another courteous note saying the amount for the enamel ware had been credited to his account.

Helen Makes It Up.

"Huh, guess they thought they'd better be nice about it. They knew from the tone of my letter I wouldn't stand for any tomfoolery."

It was the following week that Mrs. Dawson telephoned. She was on her way down town to look at some Oriental rugs, and wanted to know if Helen could go with her.

"I haven't any idea where to go," she complained. "All the stores are advertising rugs now—it's bewildering."

"Do go to Reed & Walker's," advised Helen eagerly. "I've seen some beautiful rugs there, and I know they're reliable."

Mrs. Dawson admitted that she had not thought of Reed & Walker's, but that it would probably be a very good place.

It ended in her buying over $300 worth of rugs, with which she was so well pleased that she opened an account.

A Matter of Common Sense

Women Should Dress For Comfort Rather Than Style if She Would Be Healthy.
—By Beatrice Fairfax.—

THE pendulum of fashion has swung so far toward what the women like to call "The Artistic," that it sometimes appears it will never again swing back to Common Sense.

If a woman can afford to stay in bed when paying the penalty for appearing in pumps and silk hose in stormy weather, that is a matter that concerns only her. She is the woman who could stay in bed for a long, long time before the world will really miss her.

But it is the woman who is needed; who is useful; who has a work to do, and does it, who cannot be too harshly condemned for risking her life and her usefulness by appearing on the streets in December in attire that is suggestive of June.

She is one of the thousands who have clasped hands around the pendulum of fashion and are swinging on it far, far, away from everything that is sane and sensible.

She is one of the vast army of women who disregard comfort in winter, because comfort in winter carries with it a suggestion of clumsiness.

How She Dresses.

The foot in high shoe with thick sole doesn't look as dainty as one in silk hose and pumps. She clings to her silk hose and pumps when every draft of cold air booms its warning of rheumatism, tuberculosis, pneumonia, and death.

A throat that is covered affords no opportunity for the display of what so many foolish women regard as one of the greatest of their physical charms. So she bares her neck to every throat disease the cold blasts from the north may carry.

Blue and pinched with cold, she imagines she is a pretty and dainty sight. A goose with half its feathers plucked out, wandering in the snow, looks just as pretty and dainty.

She works side by side with men in offices who wear warmer underclothing, heavier coat and vest. She wears the same thin, lace-trimmed waist she wore in July.

She falls sick and drops from the ranks. "Overwork," her sympathetic friends say, with sometimes a look of reproach at the firm that employed her.

Thin clothing," would be their verdict if they were absolutely fair and candid.

If she gets through a week or a month, or a winter without a cold, she boasts that her way of dressing is the right way.

What She Needs.

As I said in the beginning, if a woman has unlimited wealth, and can ride in her limousine, when there are storms, and command a hot house heat in her home, she can be as foolish as she likes, and should she catch cold, the world will not suffer any more than it suffers when any butterfly is indisposed.

But if she belongs to that glorious and useful army of women who work, either in home or in business life, she owes it to herself, to her family, to her employers, to the ultimate good she was put on earth to attain, to be sensible, and to dress sensibly.

No woman with a mission can accomplish that mission if she sets forth on it with the December snow drifting around silk-hose-and-pump-clad feet.

BLUE FOR GIRLS.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

To settle an argument, would you kindly tell what colors are used for babies in sending out birth notices? Whether it is pink for boys and blue for girls, or blue for boys and pink for girls?

It is not important which color is used, but custom has given blue to the girl baby and pink to the boy.

SELFISH AND UNGALLANT.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

A friend of mine asked me to the theater a few nights ago, but refused to call for me at my home. He wanted me to meet him at the theater. A friend of his took me the same night and called at my home for me. Now, my friend does not talk to me. Do you think he has any ground for being insulted? Perplexed.

You are the one who should be the aggrieved party. If he sulks because of the rebuke you gave him, don't let it worry you. He needs the lesson.

TAKE HER AT HER WORD.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

A girl friend of mine asked me this question: If she told me emphatically that she did not want me to call on or try to see her, would I try to see her?

She declared that if a fellow did not try to see a girl, even after she had told him repeatedly not to call, he was not of much account.

I would like to know what answer you would give her. She was not satisfied when I said I did not know what I would do. She says it is a test to see whether I am sincere or not.

Puzzled.

This is an unusual test, and not one that is fair to the man.

If it were a proposal of marriage and she declined, he would be justified by his love to refuse to take "No" and to persist in courting her.

But when a girl tells a man he must never call, or try to see her, he owes it to his self respect to take her at her word. Such a demand from her is proof that she cares neither for his acquaintance nor friendship.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1898.

Charley Hunt arrived last night from Chihuahua.

Geo. E. Bovee returned from Midland, Tex., this morning.

Division superintendent Hurley of the Santa Fe, went north today in his private car.

The heat of the sun today has removed a great portion of snow from the railroad yards.

Gen. Anson Mills arrived today on the Santa Fe from Washington, on boundary commission work.

H. K. Theel, expert draughtsman in the employ of Maj. G. C. Wimberly, city engineer, has prepared one of the most complete maps of the city ever exhibited. Every lot and tract of land within the corporate limits is exhibited.

The cold snap and heavy fall of snow has caused a great deal damage to many of the merchants and property holders of the city. The rear end of the Wigwam building received considerable damage, while the Union Clothing company suffered a heavy loss.

The city council met in special session yesterday afternoon for the purpose of reconsidering its previous action in awarding a contract to McCutcheon, Payne & Co., for furnishing two gasoline engines to be used in the sewer pumping station. Mayor Magoffin and all aldermen were present except McDuffie and Stewart. The award to McCutcheon, Payne & Co. was reaffirmed.

WEBBER REPUDIATES HIS STORY TOLD AT TRIAL OF GUNMEN

New York, N. Y. Dec. 11.—"Bridgie" Webber, one of the four informers whose testimony convicted Charles Becker and the four gunmen of the murder of Herman Rosenthal, has returned from Havana and issued a statement repudiating in many respects the story he told on the witness stand. He said the gunmen went to the Hotel Metropole to frighten the gambler, but two of them got drunk and the fatal shooting resulted

The Auctioned Wardrobe

(By Paul Villiers.)

"I TELL you once more, M. Dupont, that I cannot consent to my daughter marrying you."

"But you cannot overlook, M. Briand, that Yvonne and I love each other."

"Love! What is love! You cannot live on love!"

For more than half an hour, I, Alfred Dupont, had tried my utmost to persuade the old gentleman that he could not celebrate the arrival of the new year in a better way than by accepting me as his soninlaw.

I was not ignorant of the reason why M. Briand did not favor my suit. My economic circumstances were anything but brilliant, and there was a certain Theodore Halevy in the way, the rich manufacturer of the celebrated "Halevy's Salad Dressing." I had more than reason to suspect that the visits of this middle aged man to M. Briand's house had something to do with Yvonne's future.

I was employed by a well known law firm and as Briand in his quality of auctioneer very often did business with my employers, I had made his acquaintance. He had plenty of money, and I was rather surprised when he invited me to visit him for the first time.

Later on I found out that he needed my assistance in what he called the "literary" department of his business. He wanted me to write the alluring advertisements he put into the papers whenever a villa or a rich man's collections were to be sold at auction.

I understood that in order to keep my eye on M. Halevy I must continue my friendly relations with M. Briand, and this was the reason why I apparently became resigned to my fate and said:

"Well, M. Briand, if you really cannot accept me as your soninlaw, I hope you will permit me to visit your house occasionally.

"Why, with the greatest of pleasure, young man. Come as often as you like, but don't let me catch you courting Yvonne."

I thanked him and added: "I believe I am not too conceited when I say that I think you rather like the duets your daughter and I sing and play together."

"Indeed I do, and I see no reason why you should not continue these. I am very fond of music."

Again I thanked him and continued: "You have been frank enough to tell me that you have no objections to me personally, but that my income does not appear sufficient for your daughter's husband."

"Exactly."

"Will you then perhaps kindly tell me how much I must make a year in order to be acceptable to you?"

"Well, if you had an income of say 10,000 francs a year, I might think the matter over."

My courage left me; he might as well have said 50,000.

"Otherwise you will never get my daughter," he continued with a smile.

The same night I visited Yvonne and told her the sad result of my effort.

A little later Halevy entered and we began to talk about an auction to be held a few days later. Briand asked me to help him with the advertisement, emphasizing especially the beauty and value of a large antique wardrobe. When he described it, Halevy said that he would attend the auction and buy it.

At 11 o'clock we left and on our way home Halevy repeated his intention of buying the wardrobe, if the price did not go up too high.

As I sat eating my modest breakfast on the morning of the auction, I received the following telegram: "Buy number 11, the antique wardrobe, on today's auction no matter what the price. Yvonne." M. A. B.

I reached the auction room on time. Briand seemed rather surprised to see me, while Halevy looked glum, as if he suspected that I intended to bid against him on number 11.

At last our struggle began. Somebody offered 25 francs for the wardrobe.

"Absurd," said the auctioneer.

"Let us see it inside," said one of the loafers who always hang about auction rooms.

"With pleasure," said Briand, "but I assure you there is nothing inside, not even a shelf. Jean, open the door."

"There is no key," said the assistant.

"It was there an hour ago," said the auctioneer, "but it makes no difference, though I am sorry I can't accommodate you."

"But if there is anything inside does that go in with the bargain?"

"The buyer gets the wardrobe, including anything he may find inside. Does that satisfy you?"

There were two other bidders besides myself and the price went up quickly. Halevy dropped out very early and at last the wardrobe was knocked down to me for 750 francs. This was much more than I had expected, but as Yvonne's agent I had to obey orders.

As there were not many numbers in the catalog I decided to stay until the auction was over. I liked to have a look at the wardrobe, since Yvonne wanted it so much. There must be something extraordinary about it.

When the sale was over the wardrobe was carried into Briand's private office and I followed. For a moment or two I sat looking at my new acquisition, but discovered nothing unusual, but suddenly the rear wall of it moved and a woman's hand appeared. A moment later it disappeared and the panel slid back, closing the opening. I rushed toward the wardrobe.

"Who is in there?"

"It is I, Yvonne. Father has said me to you."

Just then Briand entered.

"I am ready now," he said, "are you coming?"

"Take me along, papa," came Yvonne's voice from inside the wardrobe. "You sold me to M. Alfred Dupont."

Again the rear panel slid back and Yvonne appeared. Briand was too dumbfounded to say a single word.

"It is all my work, papa," said Yvonne. "I discovered yesterday that the rear panel was movable. I slipped inside. I belong to the buyer of number 11. Here is the key."

I turned to the auctioneer and said solemnly: "I claim this lady in accordance with the conditions of the sale as laid down by yourself."

At first the old man was furious, but at last he declared that the word of an auctioneer was sacred and that the sale must stand.

And it did, for today Yvonne is my wife. The wardrobe we gave to M. Halevy.

COMMITTEE NAMED FOR THE CATTLEMEN

The first move toward the entertainment of the cattlemen has been made in the appointment of committees who will have charge. The convention of the Cattle Raisers' association of Texas will be held in El Paso on Tuesday, March 18.

President Walter S. Clayton, of the chamber of commerce, has appointed the following committees:

Executives' committee—Walter S. Clayton, W. W. Rose, W. R. Brown, J. F. Coles, J. A. Krakauer, John M. Wyatt, R. B. Ornderff, Crawford Harvie, W. T. Hixson, H. C. Ferris, R. P. Marsh.

Program, W. W. Rose, chairman; finance, John M. Wyatt, chairman; invitation, Crawford Harvie, chairman; transportation, W. R. Brown, chairman; decoration and illumination, R. B. Ornderff, chairman; public comfort, J. F. Coles, chairman; public safety, Walter S. Clayton, chairman; publicity, J. A. Krakauer, chairman; reception, W. T. Hixson, chairman.