

EL PASO HERALD

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Gambling In El Paso

THE HERALD prints some facts today on page one to which the county attorney, the district attorney, the sheriff and the police chief are welcome. It is the information that handbooks have been operating in El Paso; that at least one is still operating here; that Herald men placed two bets on the Juarez races in El Paso yesterday afternoon.

The Herald stated when the races first commenced that handbooks would be operated in the saloons in a short time. It has come about. Such places always follow the races. Young boys who cannot get off to go to Juarez to see the races; railroad men at work in the yards who can run into the saloon for a few minutes; clerks and others about the city with not time enough to gamble at the tracks, are led into gambling by such temptation as this.

The Herald warned the people against it—repeatedly said that betting would soon be going on in El Paso. Now it proves its assertion. It is not with any degree of pride that it makes the statement, however, but necessity compels it to do so; the exposure is necessary to regulate the evil. One place operated until the racing men themselves became frightened about it and closed it—that's the story the hangerson tell as to why it was closed, anyhow—and it did not close until after The Herald's editorials on gambling last week. The other was still operating yesterday.

The Herald has shown up these bookmaking operations, just as an example to the lawless that they are being watched. Now it will gather its evidence against the other gamblers—if they don't close. The Herald does not care to go into the business of prosecuting gambling as a profession; it merely wants to see the laws observed and if the gambling is stopped, there will be no necessity for this paper to gather the evidence, but if it is not stopped, the evidence will be gathered and presented—first to the great jury of people who read The Herald, then to the grand jury if it wants it, and there is reason to believe that it does.

Aberdeen, Washington, has a prisoner who ought to get all sorts of bouquets from the women while he is in jail. He is accused of having committed 30 murders. Another actress has found a good home. Eleanor Robson is to wed August Belmont.

An erratic prince is reported to have started a newspaper for the purpose of roasting the government, but as the erratic one lives in the empire of Germany and as the kaiser has a faculty of putting the muzzle on the press over that region, he will probably have more trouble than he bargained for.

The next mining congress is to be held in Los Angeles. It was held in El Paso a few years ago, but since that time El Paso has not given it very much attention. El Paso ought to take an active interest in the mining congress, the irrigation congress and the Dry Farming congress.

The Cold Storage Eight

THE cold storage men have put a press agent to work since the investigation of foods has been under way. The storage men claim that they are not responsible for the keeping of foods for months and months, but that their customers are the responsible people; cold storage concerns do not deal in products, they declare, but only furnish storage for others who deal in foods.

Here is one of the quotations from the cold storage men "The present cold storage business is the result of evolution and the absolute necessity of carrying perishable products for reasonable periods to prevent heavy losses to the producers and middlemen. Reflect, for a moment, what would become of the fresh fruit business if there were no such thing as guaranteeing low and equitable temperatures from the time the fruit is picked, while it is in transit and until it is offered for sale to the consumer. Consider what a blow the meat trade would suffer, and how the prices of eggs, poultry, and other very perishable goods would slump at times and go to unheard-of prices at other times, if such goods could not be held safely to break the market when it gets unreasonably high."

After this, the cold storage men quote secretary Wilson as telling congress that cold storage is a necessity and then get down to Dr. Wiley, the chief chemist of the United States agricultural department and the pure food expert for the government. He is quoted as saying that "cold storage is a great blessing to the public." As to eggs, Dr. Wiley is quoted as saying:

"If eggs are fresh when put in, they will be good still in six months, and could be kept longer. I should say nine months would not only be a wholesome and ethical, but also a legal, provision, so that they should not be held over to interfere with the next year's crop.

The cold storage men may be perfectly nice men themselves, but some sort of legislation to control their business is necessary. There should be a supervision of their books and an accurate record should be kept of all goods stored, so that inspectors might have them destroyed if kept too long. At present cold storage warehouses are like any other warehouses; customers can store their goods when they wish and take them out when they wish, and if a butcher keeps meat or eggs two years, nobody but the butcher and the cold storage man knows it.

If there was a system of keeping records for inspection of the proper officials, the public would have some protection.

Congress now has a rival. British parliament is in session again.

A woeful lack of business ability was shown in the keeping of the records of the state penitentiary.

The water question may be said to be a burning issue and with all the water it refuses to be quenched.

If the New York legislature really means to probe all legislative actions since the organization of the state government, it has a job that will last considerably longer than the Smoot inquiry did.

Fighting Bob Evans hasn't much faith in the patriotism of the railroads. He thinks they will wreck the Panama canal if they can—not by the anarchistic dynamite route, but by cutting freight rates and killing ocean competition.

Dry farming is spreading over the whole world. Exhibits will be shown at the Spokane congress next fall from many of the leading agricultural nations. El Paso ought to be there with a display, for El Paso is the center of one of the biggest Dry Farming Regions in the country and the prospects are no brighter anywhere. There will be men from all over the world who are interested in Dry Farming at this gathering and an El Paso display would be a good advertisement.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

At the hash-works where I board, but one topic now prevails: "How the price of grub has soared!" Drearly the landlord wails. In his old, accustomed place, he is sitting, at each meal; and corpse-like in his face, as he carves his ancient rind. When I ask that solemn jay, if he'll pass the butter round, "butter costs," I hear him say, "almost half a bone a pound." When I want a slice of duck, his expression is a sin: "this thin drake cost me a buck, and the quacks were not thrown in!" Through the muddy coffee's steam, I can hear him saying now: "I desired a pint of cream, and they charged me for a cow." "Let me have some beans," I cried—I was hungry as could be; "sure!" he wearily replied; "shall I give you two or three? Beans," he said, "long years ago, of rank cheapness were the signs; now they cost three cents a throw—and you do not get the vines." Once, at morn, I wished an egg and the landlord had a swoon; with his head soaked in a keg, he regained his mind by noon; "once," he moaned, "an egg was cheap; times have changed, alas! since then; now the price would make you weep—and they don't throw in the hen!"

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Brightside and His Boy

"Woman's Newest Crown of Glory" Their Latest Tabloid Sketch. By Lafayette Parks.

"A WOMAN'S crowning glory is her hair," quotes Brightside, in a poetic mood, as the son and heir enters to bestow the usual mind of filial advice upon his parent. "And she doesn't have to be a queen or a near queen to get any style crown she wants in these days when the department stores are handing out the silken tresses at so much per," declares Son.

"It is a beautiful sight to see a woman with a fine head of hair," continues Father. "There isn't anything but the price to stop any lady from taking on a hair mattress, with ornamental scallops to suit almost any taste," comments Son. "Under the present rules and regulations of the Amalgamated Society of Puffs and Rolls nothing is barred in the hair line that will pass through the average city street without scraping off the signs on the buildings. Compared with a real blown in the bottle crown a dame's headpiece today is like a stack of wheat straw on a Nebraska farm compared with a stack of wheat cakes in a Sixth avenue beanyery."

"Seems to me I have noticed an undue abundance, recently, of nature's adornment on the heads of young women," says Father, dreamily.

"The style first began with an ordinary roll something like a chocolate éclair, which was hung with studded disorder among what there was left of the real," Son explains. "When she found she could get away with that, she began to put on additions until the layout looked like a cross-stitch trolley just after the 6 o'clock whistle blows."

"I liked the old fashioned way of doing up hair, in a couple of braids or combed down plain," says Father, "and then one could be sure it was real."

"They will all tell you now that after using 'Em Grow what you can see is real, and they can prove it. Even if

her golden hair is nothing but a rope grabbed off in a bargain counter rush for \$2.38, she likes to think she can throw a 'con' into us that the stuff is home grown. If a gink has tenderly watched his last few sentences of respectability far away and die, and then tries to spring a modest little toupee to keep off the frost, there's an awful rumpus among his feminine friends."

"I can see nothing objectionable in a neat wig," Father answers.

"Neither do I," Son responds, "but the women folks seem to think that every little bit helps and they don't want any mere man to cop off any of their glory. It's got so now that a married man never knows until he lands in bed at night whether the family mattress is still safe from the hands of wife in her ambitious desire to build up a bunch of curls that will make the giddiest Broadway show girl weep with envy."

"It seems a pity a woman doesn't realize that almost any man prefers a modest coiffure to these monstrous affairs," Father laments.

"We'd just got 'em nicely trained to take off their lids in the theaters," Son complains, "when they spring this bale of South American moss as an imitation hair orchard. They ought to be made to check 'em at the door or line them up in the lobby like a bunch of performing prompries."

"In my day real old ladies might wear switches, but you would never know it," Father says.

"If you can find a girl these days who is satisfied to stroll down Broadway in a rumpus like grandma wore, you can make up your mind she is asleep at the switch," declares Son, giving an imitation of a marcel wave toward Father as he departs.

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An Eyelet Embroidery Gown



PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER.

This lingerie frock is an instance of how large a quantity of embroidery is now lavished upon so-called simple frocks. Most of the batiste is used in the skirt which, from the knees to the hem, is an entire deux de batiste and English eyelet allover bordered with narrow Valenciennes lace insertion. The lace edged tunic, pointed in front and back, and almost entirely of the muslin embroidery, is fitted to a batiste yoke and the allover eyelet blouse has a yoke and sleeve tops of pin-tucked batiste. The large black Leghorn has a rather flat crown draped with black and white ribbon of the same stripe and material as the satin parasol.

THE MAKING OF VIOLINS

NOT AN INDUSTRY IN THE UNITED STATES

VIOLIN making, recognized as having reached its highest perfection over a hundred years ago, has not only failed to improve, but has descended from an art to an industry, from being the work of a master hand to that of a machine. Hundreds of thousands of instruments are now turned out by machinery, many of which are later sold as "one of the few remaining Strads."

With the aid of a carefully copied label, and the powers of eloquence and persuasion, the glib collector or the amateur is continually taken in by these frauds. Although it is claimed by many that there are no good violin makers in America, there have been a few, who, both in Europe and this country, have been recognized as being among the most scientific makers who ever lived. One of these was George Gemunder of Astoria, New York, who died a few years ago, and whose son now ranks almost as high as his father.

Not An Industry Here. Violin making never has reached the point of being an industry in the United States. What instruments are made here are for what might be termed "select" buyers, and in the majority of cases these bring good prices. There are practically no factories which are devoted solely to the making of violins, and few that turn out any large number.

However, the country is full of amateurs, expert repairers and others who make violins. There are several amateurs in Portland, Oregon who have produced specimens that have been favorably commented upon by judges.

It is said that the principal reason for the lack of violin factories in this country is the poor scale of wages paid here also the cheapness of the German instruments. Although the duty on these articles is 45 percent, they can nevertheless be imported into this country and sold for less than it would be possible to make them here.

The "Lost" Varnish. It was about the year 1760 when the secret of the famous Italian varnish was supposed to have been lost, and along with it the varnish itself. This varnish, which it is believed gave the violins that are known as the "Italian tone," recognized as the finest, has been the object of constant search by violinists and has been the means of keeping numberless chemists awake nights in an attempt to rediscover it.

Time after time a hue and cry has been raised by some who claimed to have found the cherished article, but always with the same result—failure. The most recent instance of this, so far as the United States is concerned, was a wealthy violin collector in Baltimore. This varnish has been experimented with and instruments which were once harsh have been turned into sweet-toned ones. The theory of its finders is that it is the expensive varnish formerly used on the gondolas of Venice.

After the law was passed decreeing that all gondolas should be painted black, the demand for the varnish fell off, and its secret perished. A tradition in Venice says that in reply to solicitations on the subject a Venetian varnish dealer said: "My supply is exhausted, I know not what it is, nor where it came from."

Priceless Violins. Whatever the cause may have been, all those violins made by the Italian makers have, since about the beginning of the 18th century, gradually risen in value until today they are almost priceless. One made by Joseph Guarnerius was sold in New York a few years ago for the record price of \$12,000, while a Stradivarius brought \$15,000. It is claimed that there have been violins made by Stradivarius which have sold in Europe for as high as \$22,000, and that \$25,000 has been refused for great specimens of this master's work. Violins made by these two masters which were bought for \$2,500 20 years ago, now bring from \$500 to \$10,000 each.

It is estimated that Stradivarius made over 2000 instruments during his lifetime, which he used to sell for \$20 apiece. At that rate his instruments aggregated a sum of \$40,000, an amount which would not buy more than three of them today. These violins have been given the highest place among their kind, and have been used by many of the world's greatest performers.

Viola Collecting. The habit of violin collecting is steadily growing. It is claimed that the majority of the best specimens of Italy's art in this line are now in the possession of American collectors.

Not having improved for over 100 years, the violin at the present time is composed of the same number of parts as in the time of Stradivarius. There are 50 in all, only two of which, the strings and loop, are of any other material than wood. The greatest bow maker ever known to select his material from billets of dye wood shipped from Brazil. Sometimes it was necessary to go through eight or 10 tons of this wood before a few suitable pieces were found. The hair used in a bow is another point of interest. The present number used in a French bow ranges from 175 to 250.

Curious Instruments. A curious instrument was completed not long ago. It was made entirely of white wood, and consisted of which there were 3,374 used. Thomas Atkinson, of Greensfork, Indiana, is its maker and he spent over a year in the operation. Violinists have experimented on the instrument, and they say that all reports, never been tried before, are exceptionally good violin.

A Canadian recently has invented a new head for the violin, the idea being to arrange it so that the player can string his instrument without loss of time. The pegs on which the strings are tightened, are removable, and can be removed without detaching the string. It is the inventor's plan to furnish additional pegs with the strings attached. It is claimed that removing the old strings, putting in a new one, and tuning, consumes but 15 seconds, and can be accomplished in the dark. Tomorrow—Laws of the Sea.

14 Years Ago Today

Council Criticizes Governor; County Property Worth \$8,884,281

Alderman Roberts introduced a resolution at the meeting of the city council last night censuring Gov. Culberson for sending the ranger force here and it was passed by the city council which demanded that the rangers be withdrawn.

A reward of \$2000 is now offered for the apprehension of the murderers of Col. J. Fountain and his sons.

Parson Davis, John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan are still in town and will remain here until Feb. 20.

Felix Martinez of Las Vegas, N. M. is in the city on his way to Mexico City.

A party of masqueraders visited the homes of several prominent residents on the north side last night.

Joe Copeland was arrested last night on a charge of assault to murder W. E. Quarles. It is said that Copeland quarreled with Quarles and hit him over the head with a six shooter, then when Dr. Loesser, a special ranger attempted to take the man away from him, he fired a shot, the bullet penetrating the Santa Fe office window.

Considerable complaint is being made regarding the noise made by the Southern Pacific pump.

Beggars are very numerous in El Paso at the present time.

Cardinal Satelli is expected in El Paso the end of this month.

The value of El Paso county real estate for 1909 is figured at \$8,884,281, which residents own \$2,271,653; non-residents \$72,030; unrendered \$377,930; railroad stock and rails, \$2,058,832.

From 25 to 40 excursionists are making the trip to Mexico City each day. Used a shot: Silver 67c; lead 33c; copper, 9 1/4c; Mexican pesos, 54c.

Father and His Boy

Their Latest Tabloid Sketch. "Let Hubby Work the Scrub Brush." By Amete Mann

A NEWLY married woman in an interview has just said that she believes men ought to be taught how to sew, cook and scrub in their boyhood days, just as well as the girls. "Father," comments to his Boy, "as that amiable youth wanders in for the evening consumption of smoke.

"Let the Sawdust Twins do the scrub act. Why should hubby soil his lily-white mitts with such slavish toils?" sarcastically queries Son.

"I think it is a splendid idea," hopefully retorts Father, preparing to champion the gentler sex with his accustomed optimism in regard to their frailties.

"Very punko," says "I," warmly responds Son. "Nix on the sewing bet or cooking school matinee for mine. A man has far more important things to do than to sew on buttons, broil spaghetti and wash his back steps."

"Of course he might not have to do things all the time," Father continues encouragingly, "but I am sure any wife would appreciate a man who knows how to make himself useful around the house in case she happened to be ill or away."

"Oh, what a lovely chance," muses Son. "And hubby wouldn't go to it like the little duckling to the old swimming hole. It's a hundred to one that man's better half would turn out a line of excuses to break away from the gas stove that would put a crimp in any pinocchio club member's finest assortment. Would she appreciate such a hubby? Would a Vassar girl eat a chocolate drop?"

"I have yet too much faith in woman-kind," protests Father, "to believe that she would resort to trickery to escape performing her household duties."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Ben E. Dick isn't much of an artist when it comes to handing out lemons," says the coy cynic. "She merely sends 'em along by the crate. None of this 'be gentle to the erring' dope in her little catechism. She seems to think—that all hubby has to do in the office is to look wise, keep his feet on a rolltop desk and smoke high priced cigars."

"Well, I am sure if she believes that," argues Father, "her mistake is an honest one. Nearly half a century's experience with women has strengthened my faith in their shrewdery. It's really true that a woman with a family works every moment that she isn't asleep, while a man gets through in eight or 10 hours."

"Then you advocate a husband's hurrying home from the office, pinning on a big gingham apron and getting busy with the scrub brush on the kitchen floor while wife pounds the piano in the parlor?" asks Son.

"Well, not exactly that," hedges Father, as he catches a glimpse of Mrs. Brightside listening for the verdict in the dining room in regard to man's attitude toward woman. "Oh, woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee to temper man; we had been brutes without thee!" he quotes.

"She sure is there with the temper," asserts Son, "and if she didn't have us poor ginks to practice on there'd be an avvil chorus in skirts that would put on the blink the very best little minstrel troupe that ever hit the one night stands."

"Your Mother, sir," answers Father, with a sudden assumption of dignity meant to crush, "has always known my sentiments in regard to man's attitude toward woman. Oh, woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee to temper man; we had been brutes without thee!" he quotes.

"She sure is there with the temper," asserts Son, "and if she didn't have us poor ginks to practice on there'd be an avvil chorus in skirts that would put on the blink the very best little minstrel troupe that ever hit the one night stands."

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LETTERS To the HERALD

(All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will not be published, where such request is made.)

MAYBE HE FORGOT TO GIVE CREDIT El Paso, Feb. 14th, 1910.

Editor El Paso Herald: Having read in Monday's Herald, an article entitled "The Dog, Man's Most Faithful of All Friends," and signed I. M. White, I should like to say that perhaps well informed readers would have been more deeply impressed had the article been entitled "Senator Geo. G. Vest's Eulogy on the Dog," it being an address to the jury made by the late Senator Vest of Missouri in the course of the trial of a man who had shot a dog belonging to a neighbor. Yours Very Truly, A Missourian

MEXICO MINES. From San Antonio Light.

Minister Limantour, of Mexico, has just issued a bulletin dealing with the production of precious metals in the southern republic. This report indicates that Mexico has in Canada, a rival in the production of silver. The lower price of this metal is, in this report, attributed partially to the increased production in the north, which, however, has its compensation for those interested in mining in Mexico, in the fact that the amount of gold mined is showing a phenomenal gain. In 1891 only \$2,000,000 worth of gold was mined while during the past year more than \$45,000,000 worth of the precious metal was extracted. In spite of the depreciation in the value of silver, the amount mined shows a steady increase and Minister Limantour does not take a very hopeful attitude in discussing a better market.

The mining of argentiferous ores is increasing the values of the products of Mexican mines and the production of more lead, zinc, iron, copper and antimony will more than offset the loss due to the low price of silver ore.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE YELLOW LABEL.

All subscribers to The Herald should watch the yellow label pasted on the wrapper or on the first page of their paper. The date printed thereon is the date of expiration of subscription. When a remittance on subscription account is made, this date should be changed. When it is not changed soon after remittance is made, allowing, of course, reasonable time to reach El Paso, the subscriber should immediately call the attention of this office to the matter. By doing this when the matter is fresh in the minds of all concerned, all further trouble and inconvenience will be avoided.

MANGLED BOY HAS CHANCE TO LIVE

Jesús Garcia, of Juarez, Will Be a Cripple For Life.

"Will I die, father?" This seemed the only fear of 10 year old Jesús Garcia, almost cut through the middle of a bullet by a freight train in Juarez Tuesday noon.

"No, you will not die," answered Antonio Garcia, the father, as the doctors worked over the shattered body of his son.

Then the little school boy smiled, and the doctors when they had finished declared him to be the bravest of boys.

The little chap was scooped the lips and hips and fractured legs were pieced together without the production of a profound anaesthesia.

Little Jesús Garcia will live, as he wants to do. But he will live and that he will be a cripple—maybe a public charge.

CITY TO OPEN BIDS ON DISPOSAL PLANTS

March 2, city clerk McGhee will open the bids for the construction of the sewer and garbage disposal plants.

In September, 1908, \$100,000 in bonds for this purpose were issued and sold.