# EL PASO HERALD

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## El Paso City Is Not Affected

THE Santa Fe New Mexican, respecting the New Mexico-Texas boundary question, says: "This territory has a right to claim the land now in El Paso but which in 1850 was in New Mexico because of the Rio Grande at that time having its course several miles further east than today."

The Grady (N. M.) News, concerning the boundary matter, says: "A recent act of our constitutional convention added 600,000 acres of valuable Texas land to New Mexico. It also gives us one of the best and largest towns in the southwest—El Paso."

To put to sleep such absurdly erroneous notions let us say with all the emphasis possible that no part of El Paso's present or future townsite is concerned in this boundary question. The disputed boundary lies between the upper end of the box canyon some miles northwest of El Paso, and the southern boundary of New Mexico as established east of the Rio Grande. The river below the box canyon and near El Paso is the international boundary and not interstate. A considerable acreage of land now claimed as being in El Paso county is in dispute under New Mexico's claim, but not one square inch of the townsite of El Paso city.

It is to be hoped that this crazy idea will be given no further currency in the newspapers of the territory or anywhere else. El Paso has a question of jurisdiction to settle with Mexico next spring, and that will be finally disposed of without alienating an acre of El Paso's soil; but this long standing international controversy has given us trouble enough without faking up an imaginary one involving the boundary of New Mexico.

Did anybody stop to recall that while Roosevelt's state was going Democratic, Bryan's was going Republican? It happened anyhow.

There is this much to be said for the insurgent movement, that although it broke the Republican party up in business in a number of the states it undoubtedly saved the party from defeat in others.

## What We Are Losing

THIS section is well fitted to apple growing, the finest varieties thriving here and shipping in splendid condition. At Dumas, Wash., there is an orchard of 100 acres of apple trees 12 years old, from which there were shipped this year 100 cars of first class apples, netting the owners $60,000 or $600 per acre.

This is only one of hundreds of such apple orchards in Oregon and Washington. The Hood river district of Oregon alone will receive this year $800,000 for apples. The domestic demand is steadily on the increase. Apples are demanded more and more for export to Europe.

There is no need for the land owners in this valley to wait until the big dam is completed. Cooperative pumping plants established at a cost of $20,000 or $25,000 along the main canal and operated only when the water in the river failed would absolutely insure the farmers in the El Paso valley against the failure of crops. By planting orchards now they would be in full bearing by the time the dam is ready and the big movement of homeseekers commences.

All that the southwest lacks is folks, and the way to get them is to advertise our resources. We are not half making use of our opportunities.

An advertisement of money to loan says "will take El Paso realty as security." Who wouldn't? Just like saying "will take government bonds as security."

The way those carloads of cattle continue to romp through here, El Paso is holding title to that claim of being a real livestock center.

The great packing plant of Morris & Co. at Oklahoma City employs 2000 men and adds $5000 a day to the city's payroll. The plant represents an investment of $3,000,000. El Paso is in line for a similar establishment planned by the same people, and no effort should be spared to facilitate the coming of such a vast industry.

## The Duty Of Texas

MEXICO has acted fairly and squarely in crushing with an adequate force of police and military the anti-American mob demonstrations in various cities. Such occurrences do not affect the general relations of two countries further than to call for a formal recognition of responsibility and reparation for damage sustained by foreigners during the disorder.

Such incidents occur in all countries and the real test of governmental efficiency lies in the degree of promptness and finality with which the sporadic outbreaks are quelled. In Mexico the disturbances have been quickly put down and the government has thus demonstrated its strength as an efficient police power and also its friendliness towards the United States.

The quick action of Mexico, finding her people in the wrong, to punish the disorderly characters and put down the senseless outbreak, makes it all the more incumbent upon the government of the state of Texas to institute inquiry into the circumstances of the Rock Springs case and inflict suitable punishment upon the leaders of the mob which defied the laws of this state and reverted to barbarism by torturing to death without legal warrant or trial, a citizen of a foreign country said to have confessed to the crime of murder.

You can't keep Arizona from having a fling at politics. Congress wouldn't let them vote this fall on anything else, so they found that they had to decide the location of a new county seat and began rending the air over it. Those Arizonians are enthusiastic, whether it is in fighting woman suffrage, developing a copper mine, or electing somebody to office.

One wireless station for El Paso disappeared where its messages were to have gone. El Paso hopes this one will be more material.

It would ordinarily be in order to begin now to get ready for the municipal election next spring, but there is nothing to worry about—the ring gives us assurances that we have officials who shall succeed themselves, and that settles it.

Nick Longworth divides the Republican party into three classes: reactionaries, progressives, and ultra radicals. "The first and third of these classes," says he, "are insignificant in numbers as compared with the second. They consist mainly of certain self-constituted leaders. The second class represents the great body of Republican voters, the progressive rank and file of the Republican party."

## Dorothy Dix Gives Tips To A Bride.

DON'T live in your emotions. Get down to earth as a daily abiding place. You won't get so many bumps if you do.

Don't sit with your finger on your pulse, counting your heart throbs.

Don't narrow your interests down to one person so that if he fails you your world will be left empty and desolate.

Don't think that, because you would die for your husband, it gives you a right to nag and deprive him of his personal liberty.

Don't tag your husband and insist in going out with him every time he leaves home. A man has just as much need of masculine society as a woman has of feminine.

Don't believe that any women is as necessary to a man's happiness as he may be to hers. Men aren't built with that kind of nature.

Don't expect your husband to keep up the high pressure love-making of his courting days through 40 years of dead-level matrimony.

Never worry about your husband's affection as long as he toils like a dray horse to make you comfortable. A beeksteaf is just as much a token of undying devotion as a bunch of American Beauties.

Don't try to cut a man over after you marry him by your own paper pattern. His mother attended to that long before you ever saw him, and what he is he is. You married him on that basis. Accept it with a good grace.

**Reform Begins Abroad.**

Don't put your reform theories to work on your husband. Try them out on the Sulus or the Hottentots.

Give your husband an evening out, and no questions asked, every week. The poor, hard worked domestic drudge deserves it.

And take one yourself. There are no people such dull company as those who know exactly the same things, who have seen the same things, and haven't even a new story to tell each other.

Don't argue. Argument never yet produced any results in the family circle except rasped tempers.

Don't burden your husband with all of your little worries. He has troubles enough of his own.

Play fair with your husband. Be as nice to his family and friends as you expect him to be to yours.

Don't tell your husband everything you think you think, for sometimes you don't think it.

Don't set up your own standard of taste and morals and expect your husband to accept them. He has got just as much right to his opinion as you have to yours.

Don't be Madam Oracle. There is nothing else on earth so afflicting as to have to live with a perfect woman who knows it all.

**Let Him Down Easy.**

Don't be one of the I-told-you-so women. When your husband makes a mistake, let him down easy and forget the incident. He will remember it with tears of gratitude.

Learn how to yield gracefully. It's a great art, and great is its reward.

Don't throw up to your husband what richer women have. If you are crazy to ride in automobiles you should have picked out a millionaire to begin with.

Never correct your husband before company, no matter how big an error he makes. It's bad form and will inevitably make him hate you.

Cultivate a sense of humor. There are many things in married life at which we must laugh or weep, and the ability to see the funny side of things will keep you out of the divorce court.

Don't be a spoil-sport, and raise a million objections to every plan your husband suggests for a little pleasure. The reason that most neglected wives are neglected is because they have first proved themselves wet blankets on every festive occasion.

**Be Chums.**

Try to learn to be chummy with your husband, so that when the flare of the fire of passion dies out you will have the steady glow and warmth of friendship and comradeship to fall back upon, and will not be left, as so many couples are, with nothing.

Learn how to be a good cook and an economical and thrifty household manager. That's just as much your obligation in matrimony as it is a man's to make the money to run the house on.

Don't forget that your husband is your biggest baby and the only one that will never grow up.

Never forget that a man is as much bound to have flattery as a child is to have candy. Deny him sweets at home and he is mighty apt to go to the shop down the street.

Don't bewail the fact that your husband is not all your girlish fancy painted him. What would a perfect man want with you?

## Catholic Communities In America

By Frederic J. Haskin

THE American Federation of Catholic Societies, an association of the leading lay organizations of the Roman Catholic church in America, begins its annual session in New Orleans today. There is nothing more remarkable in the religious world than the success that has attended the work of the Catholic societies and communities of the United States. In view of the fact that there is no governmental support afforded them, as is the case in many European countries, their growth and influence is almost without parallel in religious history.

The first Catholic brotherhood which occurs to the mind of the non-Catholic is that of the Jesuits, or Society of Jesus. World-wide prominence was given to this band of religious workers because of the great protest made in the 18th century, when practically every nation in Europe cried out against its existence, finally resulting in a dissolution of the order by command of Pope Clement XIV in 1773. But the brotherhood was reestablished by Pius VI in 1801 and restored throughout the world in 1804.

**Founding of the Jesuits.**

The Jesuits were founded by Ignatius Loyolla, a Spaniard of noble birth. Early in life he followed the profession of war, but was wounded during the defence of Pampeluna, was captured by the French and during his confinement read many religious works. He was converted and went, barefooted, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Upon his return he went to Paris, where he became associated with Francis Xavier. There, in 1534, he founded the Company of Jesus. The order was recognized by papal bull and immediately became one of the strongest missionary bodies in the Catholic church. The vows of its members provided that they should hold themselves in readiness to go wherever directed by the pontiff, regardless of personal comfort or safety.

The advent of the Jesuits to the United States was attended with many trials and much bloodshed. The first band, composed of three priests and one lay brother, settled at Mt. Desert in Maine in 1613. A few months later they were attacked by a party of English from Virginia, under the leadership of Samuel Argoll. Du Thet, the lay brother, was killed, father Masse was set adrift in an open boat and fathers Biard and Quentin were held as prisoners and started for Virginia, there to be hanged. They were spared the latter fate, however, as the vessel in which they were sent was blown by storm across the Atlantic. After the hardship of colonial times the Jesuits prospered and they today conduct some of the largest Catholic colleges in America, one of the most important being that of Georgetown university in the national capital.

**The Benedictine Brotherhood.**

In priority of service the Benedictine Brotherhood may be said to far outrank any other Catholic community in America. These zealous missionaries are supposed to have visited America long before the time of Columbus, and the claim seems to be established by the researches made by the historical societies of Copenhagen, Denmark, of Rhode Island and the United States. The ruins which were discovered in Rhode Island and in other sections along the North Atlantic coast seem to be those of churches and cloisters. But if these prehistoric claims are rejected, the Benedictines must be relegated to a position of comparative insignificance, as their first center was established during the last century in Beatty, Pennsylvania. Father Balleis of Salzburg, Austria, and the Rev. Boniface Wimmer, first archabbot of St. Vincent, Beatty, Pennsylvania, were the pioneers.

The first religious martrys of the New World came from the ranks of the Dominican brotherhood, who were also the first Catholic missionaries to set foot in the United States. They came in 1526 from the missionary fields of South America. In 1549 Louis Cancer and Diego de Talosa entered Florida and there lost their lives. This brotherhood was founded by St. Dominic Guzman in 1214, seven years before his death.

**Notre Dame, Indiana.**

One of the most prosperous educational centers in America is that at Notre Dame, Indiana. Its development is one of the most remarkable in the history of the Catholic church in this country. It is conducted by the congregation of the Holy Cross, a by-product of the French Revolution and the result of a unification by Rome of two distinct societies—the Brotherhood of St. Joseph, founded by Ruille in 1820 and the Auxiliary Priests of Mans in 1835. Notre Dame was founded by Edward Sorin, a young priest only 27 years old when he was sent out from France and made his way by canal boat and stage to Vincennes, Indiana. He accepted a tract of land on the St. Joseph river, the condition of the grant being that a college should be erected on it within two years. Today Notre Dame is one of the most widely known colleges of the middle west.

One of the early arrivals in the United States was the order of the Sulpician brotherhood, which came to Baltimore in 1791 and opened St. Mary's seminary the following year. One of the most interesting members of this order was Prince Demetrius Galatzin, who belonged to the highest nobility in Russia. His father was at one time ambassador to the Hague from the czar's court. Prince Demetrius was one of the two seminarians at St. Mary's in 1794. After he had completed his work in this institution he went to Loretta, Pennsylvania, and during his missionary work in that section of the country is said to have converted 6000 Protestants to Catholicism.

**Brothers of The Christian Schools.**

St. John Baptist de la Salle, a famous churchman and distinguished educator who lived in Rheims, France, during the latter half of the seventeenth century, was the inspiration for an important order which has prospered in the United States. It is the Brothers of the Christian schools, a religious congregation devoted to the education of youth. The first school was founded in Baltimore in 1845 by the Rev.

(Continued on Next Page.)

## Abe Martin

An auto never returns without a driver. I should think that th' worst feature o' sudden adversity would be gittin' used t' dairy lunches.

## 14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1896.

J. L. Bell left today on a northern business trip.

George R. Harvey qualified this morning as county attorney.

W. W. Hite and wife left this morning on their return trip to Washington, D. C.

Union services on Thanksgiving day are not this year for observance in the Presbyterian church.

Thirty-four carloads of cement arrived last night for the Selden dam, 3000 barrels in all.

John King writes The Herald from the City of Mexico to pronounce his reported death as false in every particular.

Harry Walz has once more taken to the bicycle race track and there is talk of bringing him to this city ere long to race against George Bovee.

Charlie Kiefer wishes that all of the Flambeau club men willing to take part in Saturday night's demonstration would report to him on Friday.

Judge Hunter is resting easy after issuing certificates of election to 10 county officers, four county commissioners, who are Courchesne, Myles, Smith and Robinson; nine justices of the peace and nine constables.

There was a well attended Presbyterian flower social last night at the North Stanton street home of Mrs. Littlehale. There was quite a musical program in which Misses Hattie Robinson, Ritchie, Phelps, Littledale and George Parker participated vocally, with a recitation by Miss Alice Marvin.

The owl in major McGlennon's plaza zoo is no more. The eagle thought last evening that he would like a change of diet, and notwithstanding there was a big chunk of meat where he could get it, his eagleship preferred the more dainty diet of fowl, and as the owl was circling around, he made a dive for it and caught it.

The total number of voters in El Paso county, according to the vote for president, is 3612. The total number in the city is 1866. There are four wards in the city and 12 voting precincts outside the city. The official returns of the election follow: For president, Bryan 2309, McKinley 1246, Palmer, 67; governor, C. A. Culberson, 2221, J. C. Kearby 1585; congress, J. H. Stephens 2257; H. L. Bently 1428; senator, W. W. Turney 2297, W. R. Robinson 1384; representative, J. B. Badger 2074, S. A. Thompson 2095, J. G. Welch 876;; district judge, A. M. Walthall 1457, C. N. Buckler 2246; district attorney J. A. Gillett 1450, J. M. Dean 2131; county judge, J. R. Harper 2181, L. H. Davis 1508; county attorney, G. R. Harvey 2454, J. A. Escajeda 1901, John S. Moss 1813; county clerk, Park Pitman 2239, George Parker 1548; sheriff, F. B. Simmons 1891, J. H. White 1824; collector, John O'Connor 2379, John O'Keefe 1324; assessor, W. H. Winn 2292, M. E. Flores 1390; treasurer, Richard Caples 1993, C. F. Slack 1715; surveyor, A. H. Parker 2317, Irving Johns 1254; school superintendent, George Huffman 2232, W. B. Hawkins 1357.

## AN EXPERIMENT IN MESMERISM

By Morton Howard.

The Herald's Daily Short Story

GEORGE BROWN, mate of the Harriet Constance, had been speaking earnestly to his skipper, Mr. Paul Dupp.

"Mind you," remarked the skipper. "I'm not going to do it just to show off. That's far from my thoughts—though, no doubt, I shall astonish 'em a bit. Now, what do you want me to do?"

"You've got to pretend to mesmerise me," the mate informed him.

"You see, I'm after a gal: Nance, 'er name is—Nance Carter. Now, there's another fellow after 'er—Jack Waters 'is name is—but 'e's very slow, and though 'e knew 'er before me, I've very nearly caught 'im up with 'er. Tonight I'm going to settle 'is chances for good and all. All you've got to do is send me off in a trance, and I'll do the rest.

And so it came about that, that evening the mate entered the small sitting-room of the Carters, accompanied by Mr. Dupp. The skipper had assumed a bearing calculated to foster the impression that he was a human enigma, and, at first, his efforts to maintain a mysterious demeanor caused some misapprehension.

The skipper sought to create an impression by assuming a rapt expression.

"The poetry 'e can make up!" mentioned the mate. "Don't 'e lookl like a poet, now?"

"I don't 'ardly know what 'e looks like," said Mrs. Carter. "But if it's my droring-room makes 'im smile like that—"

The mate judged it best to display the captain's cleverness without further delay.

"There's nohing Cap'n Dupp can't do," he asserted loudly. "'E can mesmerise, read thoughts—"

"It wouldn't be hard for him to read my thoughts—about you," said Jack Waters, displaying an unusual enterprise in conversation.

"Now don't you two get quarreling!" directed Mrs. Carter interested in the tale of Capt. Dupp's genius. "And does Cap'n Dupp just do these things as a amachoor?"

"Oh, quite!" said the mate. "'E thinks it wouldn't be right to take money for showing 'is gifts."

"Very sensible of him, too," said Mr. Waters.

"I wish he'd show us some tricks now," mentioned Mrs. Carter. "It's years since I 'ad a good 'earty laugh—not since I've been married."

"I bet he can't tell me what I'm thinking now," pursued the aggravating Mr. Waters.

"I can," said the skipper loftily. "But I decline to, seeing there's ladies present.

Mr. Waters sat back in his chair helplessly.

"The skipper knows, you see," crowed the mate. "But what 'e's best at is mesmerising."

"Wish he'd do some now," said Mr. Carter.

"All right, I will," said the skipper, with alacrity. "I shall want a medium. I'll 'ave my mate, George."

The skipper advanced into the center of the room and drew the mate forward.

He made a series of extraordinary passes in front of George. For a while the mate stared back at him, and then, of a sudden, he fell into the skipper's arms.

"He's gone off," announced the skipper. "You wait a minute and you'll be surprised."

He placed the mate in a chair and stood beside him with the air of a showman. The mate sat staring into vacancy.

"Speak!" he exclaimed, in supulchral tones.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the mate drowsily.

"Tell me what you can see," directed the skipper. "'Ave a look into the future."

"I see Miss Carter," murmured the mate. "She's married."

His hearers bent forward with interest.

"She sits by the window, sewing. A cab comes to the door and 'er 'usband gets out and rushes into the 'ouse. She clasps 'im in a loving embrace. He fetches in his bag and gives 'er lots and lots of presents what he's brought from foreign parts, 'im being a sailor. She kisses him again and again. She says, 'I'm glad I married a sailor!' Now the light fades and I can't see any more."

"'Ow's that for surprising?" asked the skipper proudly, turning to his audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter clicked their tongues loudly to betoken amazement.

"Does he know what he's saying?" demanded Miss Carter, with indignation.

"Not a word. 'E's quite in my power once I get 'im under control," explained the skipper.

"Wonder if 'e could look into the future and tell me what's going to win the two-thirty tomorrow?" speculated Mr. Carter, idly. "I'd risk a bob if only I could be certain."

"Mesmerism don't concern itself with worldly affairs," said the skipper. "Can you see anything else, George?"

"I see a man in yellow gaiters with a dark moustache what she thinks a lot of," muttered the mate in reply. Mr. Waters suddenly ceased to caress his upper lip, and gazed down in a startled way at the brown leggings which adorned his limbs."

"What about him?" asked the skipper.

"'E stands in a dock, charged with swindling people right and left. The jury finds him guilty. He's sentenced to prison for seven years, and the judge says he's sorry for his poor wife, only, fortunately, the prisoner 'as never been able to persuade anyone to marry 'im. They dress 'im in broad-arrows and lead 'im away to Portland. The warders call 'im Jack something—Porters, or Daughters, or Waters, or something like that. I can't see nothing more."

The superstitious Mrs. Carter glanced with horror at the astounded Jack Waters, and even the less susceptible Mr. Carter glanced at him with a sort of fascinated interest. Miss Carter alone remained calm.

"How amusing!" she remarked.

"Amusin'?" echoed the skipper indignant. "I calls it 'orrible."

"Ask 'im just to 'ave a peep at the colors worn by the winning jockey in the two-thirty tomorrow," said Mr. Carter, winningly. "That wouldn't be telling, would it?"

But the mate, having determined that the bounds of discretion had been reached, now showed signs of returning consciousness. He blinked dazedly at the skipper, and, heaving a huge sigh, asked where he was, and remarked that he had been enjoying a lovely dream all about his mother.

For a while the skipper's audience remained spellbound. And then Mr. Jack Waters carelessly remarked:

"I suppose you couldn't send off anybody else—someone what you hadn't ever seen before?"

The skipper hastily admitted that it would be difficult.

"He can send off anybody what's got any brains," added the mate.

"But he sent you off," pointed out Mr. Waters. "I bet he can't send me off—and I bet he won't try."

"Some minds ain't receptive, so to speak," said the skipper, slowly.

"I guessed you'd say that," replied Waters. "Anyway, dare you to try me."

"Of course, I'll try you!" blustered the skipper uneasily. "Come 'ere and look me straight in the eye!" he ordered.

Mr. Waters rose and stood opposite the skipper.

"Which eye?" he asked politely.

"Both of 'em," was the skipper's terse reply.

He stood waving his hands before Mr. Waters's face, making elaborate passes, and endeavoring to think out a feasible excuse for failure.

"I told you you couldn't," began Mr. Waters, and then suddenly he ceased speaking and fell heavily against the skipper. It would be difficult to say who was the most surprised—the skipper or the mate.

"'Old up!" grunted the skipper, lifting Mr. Waters into a chair. He stood amazedly mopping his forehead while Mr. Waters lay passively back in the chair staring into space.

"'Ow about a pin or a needle?" suggested the mate vindictively.

Before any reply could be made Mr. Waters started nervously into speech.

"I see before me," he declared impressively, "a lovely girl. She is married to—to a young man. She is happy. The young man is honest and industrious. He stoops to kiss the back of his beautiful young wife's head. He pushes back the curly squiggles of hair and there he sees, just under her left ear, a mole—a beauty spot, that is. It has taken him years to win her because he knows at present he is not good enough for her. At least, he used to know it. I see his face—no—yes—no—yes—it is mine!"

Miss Carter, absently feeling beneath her left ear, smiled thoughtfully and gazed at the medium with enhanced respect.

"Now, I'm in a police court. In the dock is a seafaring man unpleasant to look upon. The court is crowded, and the judge puts on a black cap. 'Prisoner,' he says, 'you've been found guilty of murdering your nigger wife in Jamaica, and for this you must hang. And there's an end of you, Mister George Brown!, says the judge."

The skipper stood gazing at his medium, breathing stertorously.

"You're a beauty, you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter. "Fancy she was your wife—though she was black!"

"I suppose," said Mr. Carter, "Jack Waters couldn't see anything what's going to happen in that race? He never bets, so it wouldn't do him no harm to know."

But Mr. Carter's query came too late for, of a sudden, Jack Waters started up and yawned.

"I must have been to sleep," he declared. "I seem to remember looking at Captain Dupp's eye, but nothing after that."

With something of awe for his own powers, the skipper sat down in a chair and lit a cigar.

"I wonder if you'd send me off?" asked Miss Carter, wistfully. "I'd love to be mesmerised."

"No, 'e couldn't," said the mate.

"You don't know," George," retorted the skipper, with intense satisfaction in his new-found power. "Why shouldn't I be able to? It was easy enough to send you off; but I sent the other fellow off, too, and that was much 'arder."

Miss Carter took her station before the skipper; to his gratification she succumbed to his influence in a very few minutes.

"There you are, George!" said the skipper happily. He winked, unobserved, at the mate to intimate that he would now endeavor to help set right the state of affairs Mr. Waters had upset.

"Can you 'ear me?" asked the skipper of the tranquil Miss Carter.

"Yes," murmured Miss Carter.

"Tell me what you can see. Can you see my friend, Mr. George Brown, in the future?"

"No, I can't, and don't want to. He's nothing to me, and never will be."

The mate stiffened in his chair and eyed the proceedings malevolently.

"I see," continued Miss Carter, without the slightest trace of maidenly reserve—"I see Jack Waters. He approaches me. He looks shy—he always is shy with me. He's going to ask me a question. I make up my mind that I will say 'Yes.' But shyness overcomes him, and he does not ask the question. He thinks he is not good enough for me but I know that he is."

Mr. Waters gave vent to an exclamation, and the mate scowled across at him.

"Somebody ought to stop 'er," said the mate primly. "A gal oughtn't to be as forward as all that."

"If only Jack knew that I'd say 'Yes' if he asked me to marry him, I believe he'd ask me at once. But he does not know, and there's no way I can tell him. Oh!"

Miss Carter came suddenly to her senses.

"Well, it's wonderful," said Mrs. Carter.

"Passes believing," said the mate.

"Some of it does," admitted Mr. Waters.

"Wonder if you'd put me under the 'fluence?" hazarded Mr. Carter. "There's one or two little private concerns I'd like to 'ave a peep at."

"Some other night," said the mate hoarsely. "We ought to be getting along now."

"You are a wonderful man, Mr. Dupp," said Miss Carter, giving him her hand. "Fancy sending me off and me not knowing a word I said!"

Miss Carter went to the door to see the last of the skipper and his mate. Mr. Waters went with her to the door—to help her.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter discussed the affair in all its bearings.

"After all, Jack's the best man," said Mrs. Carter.

It was some time after the front door had closed behind the skipper and his mate that Mr. Waters and Miss Carter returned to the sitting room. They made a statement to Miss Carter's parents.

"If Nance says 'Yes,' there's nothing more to be said," replied her parents, "except to wish you both luck."

"Were you really under the 'fluence?" Mr. Waters asked Miss Carter, subsequently.

"Were you?" she asked.

Both laughed—but neither answered the question.

## Beatrice Fairfax Asks Would You Die For Love

A YOUNG woman killed herself the other day because the man she loved was not what she had believed him to be.

She believed him to be a millionaire. He was in reality a workingman earning a small weekly salary. She left a note saying that it was not the discovery that he was a poor man that had broken her heart, but the thought that he had deceived her.

"Life is too hard," she wrote. "Perhaps there is something in men's lives that is better than love. It is all in all to women, I cannot live without it.

"Now I find that you have lied to me. You are not what you said. Of course, I do not think that a man's work changes the color of his soul, but I hate to be deceived. To lie seems to me to be the lowest, the last resort. Try, when you think of me, to be truthful to other women and men. Do what you will, but don't lie."

If the men who read those words will profit by them, the poor girl will have accomplished something for her fellow sisters.

For men do lie to women constantly and consciously.

But the mere fact that she was disappointed in a man was not sufficient reason for throwing away her life.

To die for a man whom you believe to be unworthy is indeed a waste of life.

Do you realize that it is always the bad men for whom women kill themselves?

Excepting in cases of insanity you rarely find suicide attempted a second time.

The person brought back from the edge of the grave is usually very willing to finish out his allotted time on earth.

This poor girl was undoubtedly disappointed that the man was not as well-to-do as she had thought him to be.

It does not place love on a very high basis.

Do you love a man for what he can give you or for what he is?

He may be able to give you every luxury on earth and yet not give you an hour of real happiness.

If you love him for himself you'll be happy, even though you may have no luxuries.

Women are easily deceived, because they are always ready to listen to a love story and to believe it.

A love story slips off the average man's lips as smoothly as honey from the heart of a flower.

He may love one woman the best of all, but he can tell a dozen women a very convincing love story.

A great many girls set their hearts on making what they call a good match.

That is a worthy enough ambition if they have the right conception of what constitutes a "good match." But I am afraid that most of them think of money and social position principally when they dream of their good match. Money is an excellent thing, but it is not the only thing nor the best thing in the world by any means. If a girl marries a good, kind, industrious man, who can give her a comfortable home, she is making a good match. If she marries a broken down, dissipated duke or millionaire she is making a bad match. Think about your future husband's heart rather than his pocketbook. If you are marrying for money and you find you have been deceived, it is simply a case of the grabber being overreached.