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hard of hearing. Miss Fortis's married sister caught his puzzled glance, and explained.

"Ethel doesn't believe a woman wrote the play we have seen tonight. She says only a man, and a manly man, could have done it. And she would give her emerald pendant just to shake hands with him—once."

"Well, it's true," said Miss Fortis defiantly.

A tingling thrill shot from Rayland's scalp to his boot heels. His eyes met the eyes of Miss Fortis. Perhaps a similar sensation was experienced by her. She flushed and then paled, but Rayland's great gray eyes held fast. Another step, and she reached the bottom of the staircase. An eddy of people seeking exit brought her close to Rayland; and looking her full in the eyes, Rayland held out his hand.

"Keep your emerald pendant!" he said, softly, looking down into the sweet, astonished eyes.

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Miss Fortis with a little gasp. Her hand was swallowed up for an instant in Rayland's. The crowd surged, and they were swept apart.

"Who is your handsome friend?" asked the military looking gray haired man, as he followed the ladies into their waiting motor brougham.

"You shook hands," said Miss Fortis's married sister. "What is his name?"

"I don't quite know," said Miss Fortis a little dreamily, "but I rather think it may be Smith."

AMERICANS BEAT MONEYLESS PRINCES.



Boston, Mass., Nov. 12.—Mme. Lydia Lipowska, a beautiful Russian singer, who is at present stopping in Boston, heartily coincides with Miss Geraldine Farrar, who, in denying a rumor that she contemplated entering into marriage with royal blood of Russia, asserted that dukes were not "worth a tiling."

"What has a duke but his title," asked Mme. Lydia, "and what good are titles in these progressive days? I would rather marry an American than a prince any time," she concluded with enthusiasm.

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- BIRMINGHAM**—World News Co.
- NEW ORLEANS**—World News Co.
- GALVESTON**—T. B. Lemoine & Co.

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For Thanksgiving

Cut glass and silverware for the Thanksgiving table are among the needs of the present hour. In either, and both, we offer the handsomest qualities at the lowest prices.

We Sell "Gorham," "Alvin" and "Towle" Silverware

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"The Mere Thought of Buying a Diamond Should Suggest Silberberg's."

With the Exchanges

EL PASO'S CENSUS.
From Dallas (Tex.) Times-Herald.
El Paso is the fifth city, having passed Galveston, Waco, Austin and Beaumont. "Forty thousand" is the showing. On the Mexican side of the Rio Grande there is a city of 15,000. El Paso, Greater El Paso, is a real city.

From Santa Fe (N. M.) New Mexican.
The census gives El Paso, Texas, 40,000 inhabitants. This does not include the smelter, Fort Bliss and other suburban districts, nor Juarez, with its 14,000 inhabitants. The entire metropolitan district of El Paso has within its boundaries 56,000 people, or more than the population of all the incorporated cities of New Mexico taken together. In other words, El Paso is in the big city class and by 1920 will have reached the 100,000 mark. After that, it will be a beautiful race between Denver, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City and El Paso for the lead among the cities of this section.

From the San Antonio Express.
By the census of 1910 El Paso rises to fifth place in the rank of Texas cities, the position held by Fort Worth in 1900, when Houston was second, Dallas third and Galveston fourth. By the last census Dallas and Houston change places and Fort Worth moves up to fourth place, while Galveston drops back to sixth place. The population of El Paso is just a fraction under 40,000, as compared with less than 16,000 in the decennial census of the previous decade. At that time Austin, with 22,258, and Waco, with 20,686, were rivals for the distinction which now belongs to the City by the Sea, the Border City having passed all the smaller cities except Fort Worth.

It will be one of the cities to show a population of 100,000 or more in 1920. El Paso's growth has been marvelous. Thirty years ago the census gave it a population of 7,764. Ten years later this had increased to 10,333. The growth of the city commenced with the advent of the railroads and has continued ever since. Though situated in the arid region, irrigation has developed an agricultural production in the country surrounding that is rapidly becoming a large industry. Smelters have been erected, packing houses and other great industries have all contributed to the general development until we find upon our western frontier one of the finest cities in all the west.

The rate of increase, 146.9 percent is large but conditions point to a much more rapid growth than El Paso has enjoyed during the past 29 years. It is the chief city of an area that embraces all of New Mexico and Arizona and more than half of Texas. Statehood for New Mexico and Arizona will prove a great boon to El Paso, just as the influx of capital to Northern

Mexico has. There seems to be no reason whatever why it should not become as great or even greater than Denver. In commercial, agricultural and mining development, the future promises even more for El Paso than for Denver.

And in computing the present importance of El Paso, the city of Juarez, across the river in Mexico, must not be overlooked. A population of not less than 20,000 there must be accounted as a part of El Paso's actual assets. That indicates the present population of the El Paso district as 50,000.

THE BIGNESS OF TEXAS.
From Everybody's Magazine.
The bigness of Texas is evident from a cursory examination of the map. But its effect upon the people of that state is not generally known. It is about 600 miles from Brownsville, at the bottom of the map, to Dallas, which is several hundreds of miles from the top of the map. Hence the following conversation in Brownsville recently between two of the old time residents: "Where you been lately, Bob? I ain't seen much of you." "Been on a trip north." "Where'd you go?" "Went to Dallas." "Have a good time?" "Now, I never did like them damn Yankees, anyway."

The Pretty Cook and the Grocery Boy

By Kennett Harris

"NOW let's see about this," said the pretty cook, briskly, as she took the bill from the grocery boy's basket. "You call them and I'll mark 'em off."

"What shall I call them?" asked the grocery boy, innocently.

"What they are, of course," snapped the pretty cook.

"I don't know whether the boss would like it," said the grocery boy, "but here goes: one jar, an ounce and three-quarters shy of half a pound, containing aniline dye, millet seed, glucose, and glue without coes, labeled, in accordance with the pure food act, as raspberry jam."

"I'll bet you told the truth for once in your life," remarked the pretty cook, moistening the end of her pencil. "Now, quit fooling. Have you got the butter there?"

"I've got something that looks like it and smells like it," answered the grocery boy, putting a package aside. "We'll call it butter."

"Canned pineapple," read the cook. "Paprika? Quarter pound pecan meats? Package matches? Tea—black breakfast and gunpowder?"

"You'll have to telephone to a gun store for the gunpowder," said the grocery boy. "I asked the boss about it and that's what he said. I don't know how you're going to have a black breakfast unless you want to make black coffee and let the bacon burn. That'll make the man look black, probably."

Things They Can—and Cannot.
"Have you got the tea there—two packages?" demanded the pretty cook. "Two packages tea, correct?" said the grocery boy. "Couple dozen eggs each egg in a separate shell and the nut meats without any shells. Here's the matches and—did you say pineapple or pine kindling? Well, I brought pineapple anyway, so you needn't get excited. The only kind of kindling we put up in cans is kerosene and you didn't order kerosene, I know. They can't order everything, though."

"I wish they'd you can," said the cook. "Where's the paprika?"

"I declare I forgot old pappy," confessed the grocery boy.

"You forgot?" said the pretty cook with concentrated contempt.

"Just forgot," said the grocery boy, unabashed. "Slipped my memory, went clear out of my mind. I thought of it once, too, because I knew it went with goulash and I wondered what kind of goulash you would make. But as far as that goes, you might have needed it for oysters or clams or something of that sort. What did you want it for, Evelina?"

"I don't see how you could forget

what you've got right down in black and white on your order slip," said the pretty cook, fretfully.

His Forgettery.
"Perhaps that was it," said the grocery boy. "I used one of these—very violet indelible pencils."

"You make me tired," said the pretty cook.

"Don't say unkind things like that," pleaded the grocery boy. "Anybody's liable to forget something some time. I'll bet you'd have forgot to put garlic in the goulash, even if I'd brought the paprika. I've known you to forget to tell me to wipe my feet when I came in. I suppose if I went away and stayed away a few years, you'd forget me."

"Sometimes you make a good guess," said the pretty cook, "but you seem to be forgetting that I want that paprika. I don't want to wait all morning for it, either."

"There's some things that's best forgot," said the grocery boy. "I don't say that paprika is one of them, but I always try to forget your cruel words. I forgive them, of course, right away, but sometimes they hurt more than tongue can tell. It might be well for me if I could forget your fatal beauty, your fair, cold face, but I can't, and that's all there is to it."

Garlic.
"I can't forget the milkman. I don't think anybody could who'd once seen him, but I don't want to say anything that would hurt your feelings. I don't never forget that I'm a gentleman and you're a lady."

"Do you want me to bring you some garlic with that there paprika? There's one thing about garlic—once you get it into anything, it won't let you forget that it's there. Garlic looks modest and willing to keep itself in the background. Just to look at it you wouldn't think that it believed in advertising itself, but you give it the least chance and white asparagus hasn't got any show with it. There's lots of folks remind me of garlic, Evelina."

"I s'pose that's when they've been eating it," said the pretty cook. "Did you say that you was going to hustle over to the store and get that paprika? Honest, you're the limit. Here I give you an order and you write it down and you bring me the raspberry jam that I ain't going to need until tomorrow, and—"

The grocery boy picked up his basket.

"Aw, forget it!" he said.

Harris Campbell, son of former polo chief, George Campbell, has returned from Emporia, Kans., for a visit with his parents.

H. B. Holt, of Las Cruces, was in the city Saturday.

"A PREMIERE"

(Continued From Previous Page.)

ater with his typescript in a pocket of his well worn overcoat; he remembered how long ago he had kicked his heels in the racoon vestibule before he was admitted to the presence of the manager. He heard that great Belshazzar trying to persuade him to put off the reading; he remembered that he had said: "Hear me out, at least, and if you don't want any more say so."

And he recalled how, at the end of that first act, the great man had been eager to hear the rest. And he heard himself going over the narrow terms of their bargain, the pitiful sum paid down to the unknown, obscure literary backman, the large vague promises of noble, even lavish, remuneration in case of success. And he went over in memory of the rehearsal he had attended, ignored, unconsulted, unwelcomed, leaning at the side of the proscenium by the little desk where, when plays were in process of perigo, the managers, usually reposed the scored and greasy prompt book.

Nobody knew him, the handsome, shabby young journalist, who hunched about the wings, while the great Belshazzar conducted the rehearsal of the new piece. But a great many feminine glances were shot at the unknown. His viking like type attracted the leading lady, his stalwart hugeness of person won the envy of the leading man. His gray eyes, his smile and his school boy like shyness were topics of conversation in the greenroom. He was supposed to be the secretary of Belshazzar Levi or something of the kind. Nobody ever dreamed of his being the author, "T. Smith," whom Gauderby supposed to be a lady.

When the curtain fell upon the last act and the crowded house below for T. Smith, Rayland, with a sensation as though his veins were running lead champagne, belloved and shouted, too. And he looked up at the box where sat Miss Fortis, and she was standing, leaning well forward, softly beating one beautiful bare hand against the other, her white teeth gleaming between her eagerly parted crimson lips, her slate blue eyes shining with delight.

"She applauds me!" thought the young man, and the lead champagne in his veins turned all at once to liquid fire. A deep breath heaved his big chest, and his crumpled sturdiness shirt front gaped as though hungry for more air. In perspective, whole shop windows, full of choice linen, awaited the successful T. Smith; he might henceforth, supposing the new comedy to enjoy a run of 300 nights, be clad by the artists of Savile row, dwell in a Mayfair flat, and spin in the most luxurious of "Gohard" cars, over the same asphalt his thrice-soled boots had traversed. With this glowing conviction came a chill, as in age the cold fit succeeds the hot one. Of what use would success be to a man who had nobody to share it?

For Rayland was utterly alone. Except a remote and unpleasant female relative, there was not, so far as he knew, a living person of his name and race. And, with all his charm for women, he was too brusque and outspoken to be popular with men. Only a rich man can afford to trample on the corns of his fellows. Rayland's big feet in their shabby boots wrought awful havoc—more awful than their short stair led downwards from the boxes on the grand tier. And, descending this stair, with the married sister, who had chaperoned her, and a handsome, gray haired military looking man of 50 or so, came softly rustling wrapped in a great mantle of Persian lamb, her beautiful head lightly covered with a cobwebby scarf of lace—the owner of the slate blue eyes. She was speaking to her sister. Her words reached another ear.

"Yes, I should like to. I don't in the least mind being accused of gush."

"The gray haired man was a little

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