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CHESS FIGURES IN PAST AND PRESENT

(Continued From Previous Page.)

Columbus had impressed the queen with the possibility of his scheme of discovering a new way to India, and of the plausibility of his theory that the world was round. But in his offer to the court of Aragon and Castile he had specified that he would carry the Spanish flag into unknown seas only on condition that he be made an admiral and viceroy over the countries which he might discover. This proposition to bestow such honors upon a "mad Genoese" was contemptuously dismissed by the king, and Columbus left the court on his way to France and England.

Won Commission for Columbus.
Shortly after his departure Ferdinand was engaged in a game of chess with Ponce de Leon, one of his daily victims. As usual Ferdinand quickly gained the advantage. Then a discussion of Columbus's proposition arose and queen Isabella advanced the argument that no harm could come of promising the title of admiral and viceroy to Columbus, for if his venture proved as foolish as it seemed there would be no land over which the Genoese could be viceroy. Ferdinand's attention was taken from the game momentarily, and Ponce de Leon took advantage of the royal abstraction to gain the advantage. The king, upon realizing his dilemma, was much nettled. He saw the new line of attack. Ponce de Leon was checked and the king was now in a hilarious mood. It was the psychological moment and the queen said: "Think you, my lord, there can be wrong in granting this title to the Genoese?"

"After all, little harm can come from appointing him admiral of the new seas to be navigated," was the reply. Hardly had the words been uttered when a messenger was riding madly toward the Spanish border with a letter for the footsore wanderer. This letter created Christopher Columbus "Admiral of the Ocean-sea." And thus a game of chess had turned the tide and America was discovered.

WELBORN BRINGS SECOND FLOWING WELL NEAR PECOS
Pecos, Texas, Dec. 16.—W. C. Welborn, who brought in a well which created a good deal of excitement on his ranch, 20 miles south of Pecos, about six months ago, reports that he has brought in another flowing artesian well on Toyah creek. This flow of water was struck at a depth of 90 feet after the drillers had passed through a 20 foot strata of water-bearing gravel, which brought water within 11 feet of the surface. The water is mild sulphur. The strike is considered important here, as there is no other flowing well within 15 miles.



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Married Life the Second Year

Mabel Herbert Urner On Baby's Name and the Telephone Book

"AND you haven't named the baby yet?" Mrs. Willard's voice expressed her shocked surprise.

Helen flushed. Mrs. Willard was an old friend of Warren's family, and on her occasional calls she had always managed to make Helen most uncomfortable.

"No—not yet—we haven't finally decided upon a name yet."

"And she is how old—four months, isn't she?"

"Not quite—three months last Tuesday."

"Three months and no name—why, I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, we have got into the habit of calling her just 'baby' that we haven't felt the need of any other name yet."

"But the child—I should think you would feel you were doing her a great injustice."

Helen repressed a smile. "It doesn't seem to be distressing her."

"Oh, of course, it's your child—you can do as you please. But I would feel that I had been criminally negligent in my duty as a mother, if I had let a baby of mine come to three months without a name."

His Attitude About It.
That night after dinner Helen brought up the subject.

"Warren, Mrs. Willard was here to-day, she seemed very much shocked that we hadn't named the baby."

"Well, what of it, it doesn't concern her, does it?"

"No, but I suppose we really oughtn't to wait any longer; we should decide upon something."

"Well, that's up to you."

Helen flushed at his curt, slangy manner. "Why, I thought you had some interest in it."

"You said I hadn't?"

"I said it was up to you, and it is. Didn't you object to every name mother and father suggested. Didn't you say it was your baby and you were going to call what you pleased?"

"Oh, Warren, you know I never said such a thing."

"Well, if you didn't say it—you implied it so strong, that there wasn't much doubt about your meaning."

"But that was your father and mother—not you. I never implied anything about your right to name our baby."

"You never seemed over anxious for my help. I thought you had half a dozen names you wanted to think over and finally decide upon."

"I did. I wanted Genevieve or Mildred, but somehow I don't like either of them now."

The Way He Suggested.
"I should think not. I told you they sounded like a third-rate novel."

"Well, I've got a long list upstairs; shall I get it? We can go over them now."

"No, I've a better way than that." He went out into the hall and returned with the telephone book.

"The telephone book?"

"Yes, the telephone book," as he sat down and put it on the table before him. "It's the place to get a name for everything; why not for the baby?"

"Oh, Warren, you can't be serious—you wouldn't name our baby out of the telephone book?"

"Why not? I'll suggest names you never thought of; it's a darn sight better than your list upstairs."

He opened it at random—at the H's. Helen was leaning over his shoulder in amazed silence.

"Now here—running his finger down the column.

"But they're all men's names."

"Not all. Here—Mrs. Sara J. Warren. Sarah, surely, Warren."

"Now, just hold on; nobody's suggesting Sarah. Here—Mrs. Elizabeth R."

"Your father suggested Elizabeth."

"Oh, I've never liked Amelia; it sounds so—so meek."

"And if the baby's anything like her mother she'll not be meek—eh, Mrs. George H.—why, on earth, don't she use her own name? Here's another—Mrs. Richard L.—and a milliner, too. Now, Kitten, whenever you start a millinery shop, you'll please not use my name. Do you understand?"

Short and Simple.
She laughed and kissed him on the collar. He had been so irritable lately that she responded eagerly to anything verging on tenderness. And Kitten was one of his old pet names for her that she always loved.

"Miss Ida P.—Ida—Ida. How do you like that? It's short and simple."

"Oh, no—no. I had a cousin Ida whom I never liked, and I always associate her with the name."

"Well, here come the hospitals and hotels—I guess we can skip those."

"Why? what a lot of Howard's and Howells, as she settled herself on the arm of his chair. "And they don't look interesting—let's turn to another. I don't think I like the H's," with a laugh. "Let's try something else."

She lifted his hand from the book and opened it at another place. "V—Van Dusen, Van Dyke—that sounds impressive; let's see along here."

Again he started at the head of the column and ran his finger down the column.

In the Telephone Book.
"Miss M. F.—that's enlightening. Mrs. Helen—by Jove, here you are—Mrs. Helen E. Van Norden, Hair Dresser. What on earth is Hair Dresser?"

"Hair dressing, of course."

"Oh, well, since you've taken up that business—"

Helen laughed. "But at least I'm using my own name."

"Mrs. Caroline C.—Miss Winifred L.—"

"Winifred," Helen caught his arm. "Winifred, Winifred. Oh, I've always loved that—and I haven't even thought of it. Winifred, Winifred. Curtis. Don't you like it?" eagerly.

"Yes. That's all right."

"Then shall we decide it now. Shall we call her Winifred?"

"Settled," as he closed the book. "So the telephone book served the purpose—didn't it?"

"Oh," slipping from the arm of the chair into his lap, "the telephone book is wonderful. Winifred—Winifred Curtis. Dear, that's the sweetest name."

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Ther Other Side.
You have seen only the golden side. There is a black side.

The black side was shown recently in the case of poor May Toke.

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Says the Easiest Way Is the Hardest Way.

ARE you tired of work, young woman? Do you sometimes think that honest, self-supporting and self-respecting efforts do not pay?

Perhaps you have seen the play which so long drew large audiences, entitled "The Easiest Way," and possibly you were more impressed with the last sight of the "heroine," as she pinned on a large picture hat preparatory to going to a Broadway restaurant to supper, than you were with any moral which the play contained.

Perhaps you have seen some infamously famous women driving about in their carriages, or sitting at restaurants clothed like the queen of Sheba, and you have wondered where the truth lay in the old saying that "virtue is its own reward," as you went back to your lonely room or to your disagreeable labor.

But that is one side to the shield of vice.

The Other Side.
You have seen only the golden side. There is a black side.

The black side was shown recently in the case of poor May Toke.

For a long time she wore the golden side of it out to the world, smiling and singing across it, to audiences in all parts of the earth.

She seemed to retain her beauty and her powers of pleasing.

She had money and success and what passed for love.

Then, by and by, the shield began to darken, until finally both sides were black. The last decade of this woman's life was a miserable one. She has ended her career a physical, financial and moral bankrupt.

A Tale of Corinth.
The easiest way proved the hardest way, as it so often does.

Centuries ago there lived a beautiful woman in Corinth. Her beauty attracted men from all parts of the world. She dwelt in splendor and was the leader in her own circle, laden with jewels and feeding on flattery and conquest.

Then, as is inevitably the case, she declined in her powers of attraction. Younger women wrested from her the sceptre as a ruler over the senses of men.

Unfortunately, she did not die. She lived on, faded and old, walking the streets first in the hope of attracting lovers (she who for years had attracted them to her as the magnet attracts the steel, finally in the hope of obtaining alms.

The Life Story of Lais.
It is a pitiful story, this story of Lais, when old and all her beauty gone.

Lais, the erstwhile courted pleasure queen, Walked homeless through Corinth. One mocked her mien; she took them and passed on.

Down by the harbor sloped a terraced lawn. Where fountains played; she paused to view the scene. A marble palace stood in bowers of green.

Through yonder portico her lovers came— Hero and statesman, athlete, merchant, sage.

They flung the whole world's treasures at her feet To buy her favor and exalt her shame. She spat upon her dote of coins in rage.

And faded like a phantom down the street.

The Last Refuge.
Ofttimes in the parks of our large cities in the early dawn, or indeed, any hour of the day or night, may be seen the modern type of "Lais, when old."

Some woman, who has in her day been a queen of the Tenderloin, or of the cafes, and who has held her court of lustful, idle men, now sits in the park bedraggled, sordid-faced, homeless and old.

They do not all marry lords and millionaires, as so many foolish girls think.

Over in Paris you will see them swarming about the theater-shaped old women, seeking to make a few pennies by doing odd little jobs of some sort about the scenes of their past greatness, where they lived a butterfly existence of folly for a brief time.

The Mass of Potage.
The potter's field, the suicide's grave, the insane asylum and the almshouse contain many of these women.

One of these leaders in the primrose path of folly said in the height of her recalled successful "career," "It is a mistake for any girl to think that this is the easiest way to earn a living. She doesn't know what she is coming to. She had better keep out of it and work her hands to the bone."

So even putting all moral considerations aside, my dear young woman, do not let the temptation rest one moment in your mind to sell your brightness of honesty for a mass of potage.

Work, hope, aspire. Let your life be an open book which all the world may read. It is better that the record be a good one and a sad one than a black one. Copyright, 1910, by the New York Evening Journal Publishing Company.

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"Jungle Jingles," a Mirthful Medley

By Indiana Girl Now in El Paso

Written for Little Folk, It Is an Attractive Little Volume for Holiday Reading.

The Indiana literary crop has been increased with a holiday rhyme book, "Jungle Jingles," by Miss Hattie Irene Herriott, now of El Paso, recently of Washington, D. C., less recently from Indiana, hence the book. It was written for the entertainment of the little folks in general and for one little nephew who will enjoy his first Christmas this year. The book sells for 25 cents in the bookstores. It was illustrated by Miss Ruth Herriott, the sister of the author, who was in El Paso until this fall. They are the daughters of Daniel W. Herriott, of the treasury department in Washington, whose back home residence is Franklin, Ind. The Misses Herriott are relatives of Rev. C. L. Overstreet of El Paso and of the late congressman Jessie Overstreet of Indianapolis.

Is a Mirthful Medley.
The "Jungle Jingles" is a mixture of "Aesop's Fables," "Mother Goose." It tells of the doings of the hop-toad, the squinch bug and the chifadee.

"The oyster and me and the muskotee All went to sail on the dark blue sea. Over the sea on a can of tea, Called the oyster and me and the muskotee."

On another page the "Jungle Jingle" version of the chancleer runs:

"The turtle went out one day for tea, Looking as gay as gay could be; He borrowed the rooster's big red comb, But lost it on the way back home. When the rooster found his comb was gone, He refused to crow next day for dawn, 'Because,' he said, and began to bawl, 'Without my comb I'm no cock at all.'"

Deals With Jungle Folk.
Although the greater part of the jingle book is devoted to the doings and sayings of the jungle folk, of the little people of the forest and the grasshopper and the squirrel who opened a store to sell nuts to his friends, the monkey the dog and the cat, and the firebug whose lamp was blown out by the wind; there are touches of real poetry in the pocket size book for children.

"The humming bird was humming in her nest away up high, Humming to four baby birds a little lullabye. Their eyes were getting drowsy, they could but scarcely peep, Mother bird hummed softly till she hummed them fast to sleep."

One of the best examples of Miss Herriott's jingle verse, one that has a reminder of the child poet-laureate, Eugene Field, is the one about the little wee maid:

"A little wee maid In a little wee hat Had a little wee dog And a little wee cat. The dog was rubber, And the cat was braids, But both were beloved By the little wee maid."

Lame back may come from over-work, cold settled in the muscles of the back or from rheumatism. In the two former cases the right remedy is BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT. It should be rubbed in thoroughly over the affected part, the relief will be prompt and satisfactory. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Dr. J. C. White, Co., 204 Mills street, and Depot Pharmacy.

May Prove Fatal
When Will El Paso People Learn the Importance of It?
Backache is only a simple thing at first. But when you know 'tis from the kidneys; That serious kidney troubles follow; That diabetes, Bright's disease may be the fatal end, You will gladly profit by the following experience.

'Tis the statement of an El Paso citizen. Mrs. N. J. Griner, St. Louis and Popular St., El Paso, Tex., says: "About three years ago while living in Carlsbad, N. Mex., a member of our family suffered from Bright's disease. For over a year the person's feet and limbs were badly swollen and a severe pain in the small of the back caused much misery. Smothering spells were common and we often thought that the patient would die. Doan's Kidney Pills were finally recommended to us and we procured a box. They proved of benefit from the first and in three or four months the sufferer was in much better health. Doan's Kidney Pills have our highest endorsement."

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