

EL PASO HERALD

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Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

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Table with 3 columns: Business Office, Editorial Rooms, Society Reporter, Advertising Department. Includes phone numbers and rates.

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WARRANTED CIRCULATION. The Herald bases all advertising contracts on a guarantee of circulation. Includes a circular logo for 'The Association of American Advertisers'.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."—Charles Lamb.

Las Cruces Farmers' Institute

SAURDAY, January 7, the farmers' institute at Las Cruces will offer a program of vital interest to every farmer in this valley and to every owner of land whether he be a practical farmer or not.

For years the farmers in the upper valley have had cooperative organizations for comparing methods of farming and of marketing their produce; but outside of the water users' association there has been no successful attempt at cooperation in the El Paso valley.

The farmers' institute at Las Cruces has already proved its genuine usefulness, and farmers and land owners by attending in large numbers and taking part in the discussion will not only receive inspiration and valuable ideas for themselves, but they will be promoting in the most practical way, the general development and welfare of this whole valley region.

That wasn't much winter after all. Now it's spring again. Bank deposits are increasing markedly—a good sign of general business improvement. Good resolution for 1911—to finish some of the things we have started.

What's become of the great boulevard to Juarez? El Paso struts the street for it. Crooked racing helped to set public sentiment against the game in almost every state of the American union, and no state has lost anything by outlawing the gamblers.

What Does Your Money Buy?

A MERCHANT who does not thoroughly investigate the actual circulation of the newspapers in which he buys advertising, is as far behind the age as if he were trying to keep store without a set of books.

The truth about a newspaper's circulation is not "the publisher's private business"; it belongs to every advertiser who buys space in the paper. You wouldn't think much of a merchant who would pay for a car of mixed merchandise without checking the invoice; yet you pay advertising bills without requiring proof of circulation—and circulation is after all what you are buying with your advertising money.

Reputable newspapers nowadays afford advertisers every possible facility to find out the exact truth about circulation. The Herald will take pleasure in demonstrating to any advertiser what factors necessarily go to make up a real proof of circulation. The banker would instantly suspect any merchant who would attempt to conceal essential facts about his business or to evade direct answers to pertinent questions. Just so the merchant should require the newspapers selling advertising space to prove beyond all doubt the quantity and quality of circulation.

Attempt at concealment or evasion by a publisher justifies the users of advertising space in assuming that false circulation claims are being made that will not stand investigation.

Chicago will limit the height of buildings to 200 feet. El Paso might adopt that figure as a minimum. The two driest years or rather the driest two years in El Paso's history didn't run more than scotch us. By the law of averages we ought to have two or three fat years now for it has been a long dry spell.

If the Mexican government would announce that no troops would be carried on passenger trains it would help to increase passenger traffic.

A Railroad Manager's Troubles

A RAILROAD manager in the north has set his complaint to an entirely new tune. We have been trying it over on the piano, and it is not only catchy, but possesses lasting interest and artistic merit—none of which could be said for the tunes proposed by president Ripley and J. J. Hill.

The song of the manager referred to, goes like this: "We have had hard times (underscored) on the road of late, the direct result of having more traffic to handle than facilities with which to handle it, hence the cost of operation was very excessive."

The complaint is well founded, but it cannot be said to be born of pessimism. Congratulations seem to be called for rather than sympathy.

In El Paso the wind always blows very steadily in one direction, making this an ideal locality for airplane trials. Our clear sky and atmosphere and equable climate make this the safest and best place in the United States for air sport or scientific experiments.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

Oh, yes, I am a joyous jay! I chortle all the livelong day, I sidestep grief and sorrow; on yesterday I was as gay and frolicsome as I'm today, and I'll be gay tomorrow. It's just a habit, and no more; some men may practice being sore, and looking round for evil; for them each rose is mostly thorn, they see the cob and not the corn, their wheat is full of weevil. They can't enjoy a sunny day; they'll paw around and snort and say: "A storm will soon be ripping; 'twill knock the steep of the church, and blow the rooster's tail."

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Married Life the Second Year

Mabel Herbert Urner on "The Sequel of the Cut Glass Pitcher"

AFTER all, Helen did not have the family at New Year's dinner. Warren's father was taken ill the day after Christmas, and the whole family were so concerned that any kind of a dinner or celebration was not to be thought of.

And Helen was glad—secretly, wickedly glad. She told herself that of course she was sorry Mrs. Curtis was sick, but as it was only acute indigestion from eating too much Christmas dinner, she could not be seriously alarmed.

So she and Warren and the baby had a quiet and restful New Year's at home. It was several evenings afterwards that Warren went over to see his father and came back frowning fiercely.

A LEGEND

By Count Leo Tolstoy.

A RICH man was on his death-bed, and through his life he had been a greedy, avaricious person and had gathered enormous wealth.

When anybody blamed him for his greedy and selfish manners he always said: "In this life money is the only thing that counts."

And now with death approaching he thought: "Of course, I need be just the same way in heaven. Money will be the only thing of value there, too, and if one wishes to be treated well there, one must be well provided with money."

So he called his children together at his death bed and said: "My last wish is that you shall fill my coffin with as many gold coins as it will hold. Do not be stingy with the gold," he groaned, "be sure and fill the coffin well."

During the same night he died. And his children pliously complied with his last wish and filled his coffin with thousands of gold coins.

He then came into the next world. Here he had to go through the usual formalities—with questions and entries in various books, opening of protocols, examinations and cross-examinations and settling of accounts (which took up a whole day. For in the other world, of course, they must have police courts and registrations and all that nonsense).

The poor man rushed from office to office and at last he was so hungry and thirsty that he felt quite faint. "This will never do," he thought, "I must have something to eat and drink."

Suddenly he caught sight of a lunchroom with an immense counter piled high with all kinds of food and drinks. There was even a grill behind the counter where a delicious steak was just being broiled.

"That is fine," he thought, "now I can get something to eat. He was quite sure it must be the same here as down below. How fortunate I brought some money along. I will have a good square meal now."

The feeling of his purse heavy with gold was a great pleasure to him and smilingly he walked up to the counter.

"How much is that?" he asked pointing to a sardine. "Five cents," said the man behind the counter.

"That is cheap enough," the rich man thought.

"And that one," he asked again, pointing to a delicious game pie. "That is five cents too," the man replied with a smile. He seemed amused at the rich man's surprise.

"Then it is as cheap as that," the rich man said. "Will you please give me ten sardines and six pies and some of these."

He pointed out some more dishes on the counter. The man behind the counter took his order, but did not move to fill it. "You will have to pay in advance," he said sternly.

"Why certainly, with pleasure,"

Buying Drinks in Dry Places Easy

If One Is Familiar With The Ropes

Bootlegging Has Become An Art In Many States Where Prohibition Has Put a Ban On Liquor.

THE growth of the temperance sentiment throughout the country has given rise to a class of artful dodgers whose business in life is to furnish the means for thirsty folk to dodge the law. Some men are naturally bold and can get through a bottle of water, no matter what the statute to the contrary may be. Just as naturally there are others with perverse minds who will serve them at any cost.

A perfectly moral but very dry modern drummer in a prohibition city in the south not long since when a great craving came over him for strong drink. It was a wicked impulse and it was Sunday, but he regarded neither of these details. He was having his shoes shined and hinted to the colored friend and brother that he would like a stimulant.

Some Oklahoma officers had an old, but very trick spring of them when they tried to locate a "blind tiger" in their town. They caught frequent whiffs of alcoholic breath but could find no trace of the dispensers. One bright fellow took a chance and raided a room from which emerged numerous genial persons who had no special reason for going there. The officers found nothing but a bare apartment with the gas turned low. The raiders tried to break the high turned gas cock, but the wrong way and a stream of liquor poured onto the floor. The keg which furnished the stream was craftily concealed between the ceiling and the room above.

Even penitentiaries have not been proof against the activities of the illicit distiller. A prisoner in a northern penitentiary some years ago was making off with some whisky in a cell when he received in a careless moment a spurious half dollar in return for some of his output. He complained to the keepers that he had been getting bad money, the counterfeiter, however, told him he in return betrayed the striped bootlegger. Both received additional sentences. The liquor was carried in a pipe around the waist of the dispenser and he drew drinks as required.

The hollow collar for a horse is an ancient method of getting liquor our past actions in the same true spirit in which we have given them for we have done so, even to the extent of the turtle doves. Yes, we have given all we have and we now feel that we should not longer be a burden to our mother country, but should get together, organize a little home of our own for the mutual benefit of ourselves and the education of our children.

To do this, it is necessary for us to have a firm financial standpoint, as well as others, are located so far from you as to make it impracticable for us to derive any benefit from El Paso and her many opportunities.

Whisky has been called all sorts of names, both by its users and opposers. So has beer, which is known in some places as nectar, in others as pear cider and others as ambrosia. In one state it is called some counties wet and some dry. It was customary for a man wanting a drink to go to the local merchant-dispensing place when the town was dry, and ask for a load of locust posts. If he was served with whisky, and made no protest, all well and good. If he did not happen to be a drinker, the clerk pretended to have made a mistake and assured him the locust posts would be forwarded the next day. This

lady, even if she is married to you, and treat her with as much courtesy as you would any other woman. One of the most pathetic things I ever heard in my life was said by a poor, weak creature who had left a respectable husband and run off with another man. Speaking of this other man, she said, while her whole face glowed: "He treats me so beautifully! He always takes off his hat when he is talking to me! Doesn't that turn a searchlight on the utter lack of courtesy and consideration with which the average man treats his wife? Treat your wife as you do your richest woman customer or client, and it pays."

Don't be one of the men who dump all of their temper and ill nature on their own hearthstones, and of those men with the m-m-m-m habit, who treat their wives as you do your richest woman customer or client, and it pays. Don't be one of the men who dump all of their temper and ill nature on their own hearthstones, and of those men with the m-m-m-m habit, who treat their wives as you do your richest woman customer or client, and it pays.

Remember that it is the little things that count with women. Make it a rule to notice your wife's appearance, and compliment her upon her new dress and millinery. Observe anniversaries, and don't forget that an occasional box of candy or a bunch of violets will hit a sure spot in a wife's heart that it did in a sweetheart's. Women don't really shed their sweet tooth when they marry. Thought most husbands appear to think they do.

Don't think that a man is a good husband just because he provides his wife with a home and enough to eat. No man does his duty as a husband unless he does something actively to make his wife happy. Most men appear to consider that just being married to them is such a picnic that it ought to satisfy any woman.

This is not the case. The life of the average domestic woman is a hard one. Full of dreary, monotonous work. After making her husband all day with pots and pans and teething babies, she needs some relaxation, some diversion, at least some cheerful companionship. It is up to you to furnish that, and to devote just as many little treats and outings for your wife as your means afford.

A little appreciation, a few compliments—just love, that's all that's needed to make a wife happy, son.

Abe Martin

By Frederic J. Haskin



A clean collar makes some folks look like they'd just got out of a sick bed. Tipton Bud says he's sorry he didn't learn 't be a dentist so he could charge folks'n'thin' he pleased.

became such a farce eventually that the "locust post" communitarians nearly all went dry at the next election. The excuse for buying a drink legally is often as hard to find as the drink itself. One of the favorite pleas for liquor in arid spots has been snake bite. In this connection an actor tells a story of a man who went to a drug store in a dry town in Kansas and asked how he might get a drink of prohibition whisky. He had no coin or other complaints and the highly moral druggist was at a loss how to get the money and at the same time escape arrest. Finally he remarked: "If you were bitten by a snake it would be all right for liquor is the only cure for such afflictions. If you want to take a chance there is a snake in the barber shop next door." The visitor went to the barber shop and found 40 men in line ahead of him. He waited until 44 of

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14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1897

The Wigwam saloon has closed. Mrs. McClure went north on this morning's Santa Fe. S. W. Purcell, esq., has been appointed clerk of the District court.

Charles B. Smith has taken charge of the Pecos Valley News. H. T. Ware and wife, of Amarillo, are visiting with George Major. J. H. Brennan, an American Chinese agent, has been transferred to Nogales, at his own request.

Customs Inspector Jack Kyle, of Deming, has gone to Chihuahua on special business. The McGinty band has resumed its twice a week practices. This means good music on the plaza next summer. "Nik," the fire department's pet dog, was run over by a wagon and fatally injured.

Miss Meekins, principal of the High school, returned yesterday after having spent a pleasant week in Austin. George Park, the well known contractor and builder, left here yesterday for Zacatecas and Guadalupe. The Chihuahua Enterprise mentions the following visitors to that town: A. H. Leitch, Britton, Darius and wife, C. B. Brown and J. R. Danach. Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hagadorn are now nicely settled in their new home in Mexico City.

J. A. Buckler, son of Judge Buckler, has removed with his family from New York. Mr. Buckler has become associated in business with Buckler & McCarty of this city. Jack Connors of the fire department has sprung the hook and ladder wagon and John Sanders is working the pilot house at the rear of the machine.

Dorothy Dix Writes An Open Letter To a Bridegroom

MY DEAR JOHN—When the preacher pronounced the words that gave into your hands the life and keeping of a woman, you were robed girl at your side, there was a lump in your throat about the size of a Saratoga trunk and down in your soul you swore an oath that whatever else you did or left undone, you would be true to that trust, and that she never should regret it.

You want to make her happy, but as you get better acquainted with her and get a line on what a queer creature a woman really is, you look upon the job you have undertaken with awe at your own rashness, and wonder how you had best set about it.

Let me give you a few tips. Man's idea of being good to a woman is to lap her in luxury and keep her in perfect idleness. Dozens of men whose marriages have turned out disastrously have said to me bitterly, "What more could my wife have asked?"

The Best—The Worst. These men, in trying to do the best by their wives, have done the worst. Idleness in women is the parent of extravagance, discontent and general side-stepping. Give a woman no real work to do, and she will get to fill in the time with fashion, and gossip, and harping upon her own emotions. Put responsibility on your wife, make her share in your work, develop her into a competent friend, instead of a doll that does nothing but dress up.

Then, don't stop your love making just because you are married. Most men do. This is why there are so many disgruntled wives in the world. Never forget that while a man can take love for granted, a woman requires to be continually assured of it. Don't get so absorbed in business, son, that you have no time for your home. A woman marries a man because she loves him, think she gets it, or that she is unable to be very thrillingly interested in a man who is too tired to go out with her of an evening, who is too busy to ever take her anywhere, and who is so absorbed in the paper at breakfast and of an evening that he only grunts when she speaks to him?

Be Fair About Money. Be fair to your wife about money. Give her a definite allowance. Don't make her come to you for every penny. No man can have any idea of the humiliation that a wife feels when her husband forces her into the attitude of a mendicant.

Try to remember that your wife is a