EL PASO HERALD

Established April, 1881. The El Paso Herald includes also, by absorption and succession, The Daily News, The Telegraph, The Telegram, The Tribune, The Graphic, The Sun, The Advertiser, The Independent, The Journal, The Republican, The Bulletin.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AMER. NEWSP. PUBLISHERS' ASSOC. Entered at the Postoffice in El Paso, Tex., as Second Class Matter.

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

The Daily Herald is issued six days a week and the Weekly Herald is published every Thursday, at El Paso, Texas; and the Sunday Mail Edition is also sent to Weekly Subscribers.

HERALD TELEPHONES.	Bell.	Auto.
Business office	115	1115
Editorial Rooms	2020	2020
Society Reporter	1019	—
Advertising department	116	—

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily Herald, per month, 60c; per year, $7.00: Weekly Herald, per year, $1.00. The Daily Herald is delivered by carriers in El Paso, East El Paso, Fort Bliss and Towne, Texas, and Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, at 60 cents a month.

A subscriber desiring the address on his paper changed will please state in his communication both the old and the new address.

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The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The detail report of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figures of circulation guaranteed.

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Rainfall Of the World

FEW regions in the world are any more favored than El Paso with an ideal climate. An El Pasoan recently remarked that no matter which way he went, he did not travel very far until he began to feel a depressing effect and he accounted for it by the fact that there is more humidity in the air elsewhere than in El Paso. The rainfall here is very light, with the result that the climate is always delightful. Nowhere does the air feel quite so good to the El Pasoan, and the El Pasoan is not alone in this sentiment, but people here only a short time will say that they miss the delightful climate of the Pass City and feel the oppressiveness of the more humid regions when they leave here.

In an average season, it is not too dry in El Paso. The annual precipitation of 10 inches is sufficient for all practical purposes, since we have water for irrigation and the growth of crops, so that the absence of so much rain is the greatest benefit El Paso has in a climatic way.

In the United States, there are very few places where the annual rainfall is less than in El Paso. Phoenix has a little less than nine inches, and Yuma has a little over three, but the altitude of these places is so very low that they have not the benefit of the pure and bracing atmosphere that El Paso boasts at an altitude of over 3700 feet. Grand Junction, Colo., has an altitude greater than El Paso and a rainfall of nearly two inches less, but it is farther north and therefore gets so cold in winter that its climate will in no way compare with that of El Paso. The same applies to Nevada, which has a town (Winnemucca) which boasts a rainfall of about two inches less than El Paso.

No other location in the United States, according to the World Almanac for 1911, has as little rainfall as El Paso. Yuma holds the palm for the smallest rainfall and Mobile, Ala., takes the prize for being the wettest place in the country with an average annual precipitation of over 62 inches. Palestine, Texas, records the greatest average rainfall in Texas, with 43 inches a year, while El Paso holds the smallest record in the state with 9.84.

Throughout the entire world, Port Said, Egypt, holds the record for the lightest rainfall, the average annual precipitation being two inches. Port Said is at sea level and it is unspeakably hot and humid there.

The wettest place in the world out of the sea is Cherrapongee, in southwestern Assam, which has an annual average of 610 inches of rain, and where in 1861 there was a rainfall of 905 inches the entire year, or 75 and one-half feet. Madrid, Spain, has an annual rainfall of nine inches, a little less than that of El Paso, but it is not favored with the El Paso altitude. Of all the other places given by the World, throughout the civilized regions of the globe, only Madrid, Port Said and Astrakahn, in addition to the places mentioned in the United States, show a rainfall lighter than El Paso, and in none of these regions is the altitude so favorable or does there exist any of the other conditions so favorable to El Paso.

The average rainfall each year throughout the world is 36 inches.

El Paso has plenty to show for the taxes that have been collected in late years.

What's the matter with the fair? Do we want it or not? Let's decide and let the waiting public know.

What's the matter with a commission government for the United States—one representative from each state?

There is peculiar philosophy in one of these soda fountain checks. The bigger they are, the shorter you will be after paying it.

Value Of Sub-Irrigation

SUB-IRRIGATION is new, but it has been proved effective and is to be given a trial in the El Paso valley. It has already been tested in eastern and southern Texas and also around Del Rio, and has been praised as a success by such men as W. L. Rockwell, irrigation expert for the United States government in Texas; also by the people who have put it in.

According to the system most approved in Texas, the water is run into the ground through concrete pipes, cast solid and buried at a depth of 24 to 30 inches beneath the soil. It is claimed that by distributing the water in this way, none of it is wasted in evaporation and the owner of the land does not have to spend money in leveling it for the application of the water, as with surface irrigation. The pipes are laid from 16 feet (for lawns) to 40 feet apart and it is claimed that the pipes will irrigate all the land between them. For fruit trees, requiring more water, a pipe is laid along each row of trees.

The water is conveyed from an elevated tank through a three-inch main and from the main over the space to be irrigated by pipes that have a water space of an inch and a half. Brass shutoff cocks are placed at all points where the laterals leave the mains so that any particular piece of land may be irrigated without irrigating the rest. It is said that the cost of installation is about $100 an acre. Less than one-half the water necessary for surface irrigation will accomplish better results, it is claimed, when applied through the pipes.

The pipes are cast solid in a machine, which lays them in the trench and is moved along as the concrete is dropped. Every few feet a hole is made in the pipe while it is fresh, and a plug is later inserted. This plug has a small hole in it to allow the water to escape, and over this hole a piece of pipe is laid to keep the dirt from filling it. The pressure from the tank then forces the water through the holes and the moisture, it is claimed, will permeate all the soil.

It is claimed that this is the only practical means of irrigating soil above the canals and that it is even cheaper after the system is installed, than ditch irrigation on lower ground.

A hero is a person who grins when a plate of soup is turned over on his best and only suit.

Someone has suggested that the new hotel be put on wheels and moved from one site to another each month. Just so the promoters do not put skates under it.

Wash basins have been installed in the toilet rooms at the union station. Why not tooth brushes for the traveling public as the next convenience?

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

YOU tell me, friend, that Mr. Wax abuses folks behind their backs. I surely do agree with you that such a trick will never do; but Mr. Wax is out of town, and you, who roast him up and down are guilty of the meanness that you say he keeps beneath his hat. I think it is a vicious plan to score and vilify a man as you are doing here today—and Mr. Wax so far away! I think it best to try to find the goodness in a neighbor's mind, to note the virtues of his heart, and not be tearing him apart, and gloating o'er his little sins with fiendish and exultant grins. I hold it wise to seek the best that lies in every human breast, and when that habit's gained, in time, all human nature seems sublime. To look for blemishes and faults in those who on life's highway waltz, to always speak a carping word is foolish, wicked and absurd. The man who does it narrow grows; he fills this sunny world with foes; he's like the digger in a mine who overlooks the ores that shine, the gems that might be all his own, to gather quartz and worthless stone.

BACKBITING

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Success Talks To Men and Boys

THE SUCCESS OF DEFEAT.

By Dr. Madison C. Peters

A GREAT is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale faced fellow who dies in shame,
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

—Joaquin Miller.

To succeed is to do your best; failure is not to be true to the best you know, is to stay where you are and to do what you can just as well as you can. Outside success is what man looks upon and worships; inside success is what you are, and what God looks at in forming the final estimate.

To be the best you can possibly be under your circumstances. And to do the best where you are, patient and uncomplaining—this is to succeed.

Some Who Were Successful.

Did Columbus fail because irons bit into his flesh and neglect into his heart? Did Cromwell fail because his bleached bones were hung in chains and buried among thieves and murderers? Was the gifted musical genius, Mozart, a failure because he died penniless and sleeps in an unknown grave? Was Milton a failure—Milton who sat in his blindness and received $50 for his immortal epic? No true man fails who has lived a life that has accomplished its purpose. George Eliot said: "Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure." Grander, because to plan to do something worth doing, to be a producer and not a mere consumer, is a grand thing in itself; the thing may not have been accomplished, but the man be a more accomplished man. Ruskin says: "It is better to prefer honorable defeat to a mean victory, to lowering the level of our aim that we may more certainly enjoy the complacency of success." With many men the thing succeeded, but the man failed.

The Comprehensive Inquiry.

Talleyrand's question is ever the main one; not, "Is he rich? Has he this or that faculty? Is he of the establishment? But—Is he anybody? Does he stand for something? That's the comprehensive inquiry of a man's life—Does he represent honor, truth, manhoood? Is his name synonymous with square dealing, has he the respect and confidence of his fellowmen?

The man who has no money may be poor, but the man who has nothing but money, or rather the man whom the money has, is the poorest thing in all the world, and should be ashamed of his life and be afraid to die.

For several years the most "successful" man in my neighborhood was a race track gambler—he had the finest house, the best automobiles and the fastest horses, but he could not enter the homes of those who were far beneath him in money and power, but infinitely above him in character and worth. "Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

The Real Success.

Success consists not in what you want, but in achieving that which will elevate and ennobling yourself confer a benefit on your kind.

Take some of our socalled "successful" men—but failures as souls. They have gradually dried up until all the juices are gone, and nothing remains but the thin, fierce lust of accumulation—the better instincts crushed, hard and dry, impervious to the sorrows of others, cold, bruel calculating, the milk of human kindness pressed out of the system and in its place vinegar; instead of warm, red blood, in the veins flows ice water.

Busy men—you cannot describe how busy they are—they call to mind the question addressed to Southey, by the Quaker lady. The eccentric poet had been relating, in his own enthusiastic way, how he had studied Portuguese grammar while shaving, read Spanish for an hour before breakfast, wrote and studied until dinner, after dinner filled the remainder of the day with reading, writing, talking and taking exercise. "And friend, when dost thee think?" inquired the quiet voice.

God is severely kind to these successful men. Sweden has never recovered from the audaciously successful career of Charles XII. Fired with the glory of one victory, that monarch went on to another, and while many were brilliant, all were ineffectual, bringing no good to Europe in general, but lasting harm to Sweden in particular. His victory over the Russians at Narva was his ruin. Had he been defeated he would have gone home to govern well his own country and develop her resources, but ambition lured him on to plunge his people into difficulties and danger. Many a life has staked its all on a delusive Narva and gone down to defeat.

Story of the Kind Gendarme

By Pierre Mille.

The Herald's Daily Short Story

THE winter had been rainy, and mild, and although it was but the end of January, the snowdrops were pushing their heads through the impoverished grass of the meadows by the narrow, winding river Bresle.

Monsieur Cormenot came cautiously down the steep bank.

Having found the place where he had laid his bait the night before, he began to fit up his beautiful fishing rod.

He despised the boiled wheat bait of the ordinary fisherman when fishing for roach and he baited this hook with a small, light ball the size of a pea, made of breadcrumbs, honey and assafae tida. His soul was filled with an intense, calm delight; a kind of serene intoxication; he was fishing.

Sometimes the sun shone, and the bare trees in the distance took on a very soft lilac tint. From time to time a roach or chub struck at the bait. Then began the fight, between the fish and the man. Sometimes he lost, but oftener brought it to the landing net, then into his fishing basket full of wet grass.

After that M. Cormenot proudly put on fresh bait, quite delighted with the strength and patience displayed in the struggle.

Presently he heard footsteps, on the soft grass above his head. He turned round; a gendarme was watching him attentively.

M. Cormenot was in nowise disturbed; he was not fishing in the prohibited season, the river Bresle was free to everyone and, lastly, his conscience did not reproach him with anything.

The gendarme, in a low and gentle voice, as if afraid to frighten the fish, asked:

"Any bites?"

"Yes," replied M. Cormenot by a silent motion of his head.

Suddenly the float ran out, at right angles with the bank, and dived before M. Cormenot could even tie it.

The long rod bent so abruptly that Cormenot thought it was going to break. With lips closely pressed, he allowed the float to run out as far as the line would allow, drew it in and paid out afresh. The great fish leaped clear of the water, his vivid green body flashing in the sunlight. M. Cormenot followed the pole into the water in an effort to keep the captive fast.

"What a fine catch!" said the gendarme. "What a fine catch! Ah! If you were to lose it!"

And he, himself, held out the landing net when the bounding prey came near the bank.

A prisoner, the fish filled the net, and the handle bent with the weight of his body.

"How big he is!" said the gendarme, with an air of admiration. "He is as big, as big—as one of my feet! But what is it? I have never seen one like that before."

"It is a char!" replied M. Cormenot, who boasted that he knew all the fish of France. "It is a char. It is a rare fish here, it must have been carried down by the floods. And it must have been famished to bite at ball bait."

"Ah!" put in the gendarme, in a voice that was always very gentle. "So that is a char? Good gracious! How provoking this is!"

"Why so?" asked M. Cormenot, who continued to look at his prize with pride.

"From October 15 to January 31 it is forbidden to fish for char, by the act of May 18, 1878. It is forbidden, prohibited! I must make the charge against you. Good gracious, but this is provoking!"

"But I did not take it intentionally, you know, I was not fishing for char!" cried M. Cormenot. "It was not my fault this one got caught on my line! In the first place, char is caught with a fly, and I was fishing with ball bait. I will put it back in the water, if you like."

"It would die of its wound," said the gendarme. "Pollution of the water course! That is also forbidden. Good gracious, good gracious, how very vexing this is!"

His whole attitude revealed infinite compassion—a softened benevolence. Hope reentered the soul of M. Cormenot. He drew a 40 sous piece from his pocket.

"No, no, monsieur!" said the gendarme, waving off the offer by a gesture, but without any indignation. "Do not be uneasy. I am obliged to charge any person who breaks the law, but there is no need for the matter to come into court. I will arrange that. We are not brutes. I shall state the circumstances of the case. To lose such a fine catch of fish all for one char—what wretched luck!"

"To lose my fish?" questioned M. Cormenot.

"Eh, yes," said the gendarme; "I must confiscate that. Good gracious, how extremely provoking it is!"

M. Cormenot, unsuccessfully stifling a sigh, began to collect his bait balls and the fish drum in which he had placed his large lumps of bait.

"Anyone can see that you know how to fish," said the gendarme flatteringly. "What are those lumps of bait made of?"

"It is the mixture as made by Florent—an old recipe, but the best one," declared M. Cormenot, with a touch of vanity. "Some cascarilla bark, some potter's earth and a little rind of the incense gum tree, myrrh, some barley meal soaked in wine, a piece of pork liver, a little garlic and some fine sand. It is wonderful. And it doesn't smell bad either—it is quite a delicacy."

"And it pleases the fish, and makes it tipsy," said the gendarme.

"It is idiotic to say that it makes the fish tipsy—absolutely idiotic!" protested M. Coremnot.

"Certainly, certainly!" concedd the gendarme, always benevolent. "I must be going; au revoir, monsieur, and I am very sorry."

"Gendarme," questioned M. Cormenot timidly, "will this matter take the usual course?"

"Don't be uneasy,' said the gendarme; "they are only small troubles. You have a conscience, too, haven't you?"

M. Cormenot had his conscience also. And this gendarme had been so polite that, as he went home, he was not thinking of anything more than the loss of his catch of fish and his fish basket.

It was, therefore, with profound astonishment that he received, several days later, a summons to appear before the correctional tribunal at Brantes "for infringing the regulations and decrees of the river conservancy police, breaking the laws relating to fishing, insulting a member of the gendarmerie, and attempting to bribe an official!"

"The idiot!" sighed M. Cormenot, thinking of the gendarme.

However, he hoped still at the bottom of his heart that there had been some mistake. His good faith could not fail to be made clear on the day the case was heard, and one would then know how the affair had happened.

The attitude of the gendarme, whom he met on duty in full uniform in the Palais square, confirmed him in this opinion. Candor, kindness and benevolence were pictured on the features of this modest servant of the state.

"What a surprise!" said he, going straight up to M. Cormenot. "Eh? The matter has gone on in the usual course of procedure! I would never have believed it. They must be sorry legal hacks at the bar! But I will arrange that, you'll see. I shall give evidence in your favor—I will see to that."

Hope returned to the soul of the disturbed fisherman, and when his case was called he awaited with confidence the explanation of the gendarme. In fact, the gendarme began to speak in a pleasant manner.

"On January 22," said he, "I had to charge the accused with catching during the prohibited season a fish which I recognized as a char."

"Oh, indeed!" cried M. Cormenot; "it was I, myself, who told him the name of the fish. He knew nothing about it. Ah! What a fool I was!"

"On my observing that it was a prohibited fish," pursued the gendarme, "the accused here present answered with levity that it was rather rare to have the good luck of catching it in the river Bresle, and he did not exhibit any regret. Then, having charged him, he attempted to offer me a 2 franc piece, and, on my refusal, tried to hide some ball bait, of which he had then to admit the intoxicating composition pernicious to fish. Having reproached him with that fact, as being contrary to law and regulations, the accused showed no regret for his conduct and called me 'an idiot,' being in uniform and charging him in the execution of my duty."

"Ah" cried M. Cormenot; "the ras—"

But his solicitor bade him be silent, fearing he would damage his case.

M. Cormenot was condemned to pay a fine of 300 francs and suffer one month's imprisonment.

He was furious at this treatment at the hands of the seemingly friendly gendarme. He hurried from the court room, his face livid with rage and confronted the benignly smiling cause of his troubles.

The latter watched him with an air of benignity which lent something sublime to his countenance—at once gentle and strong. And before the condemned man could open his mouth—

"Ha," said he;; "they have disgraced you! Cheer up. I know the gaoler of the prison, and if you like—"

But monsieur Cormenot at this show of hypocrisy fell fainting in the arms of his solicitor.

Esperanto Grows In Favor As International Language

By Frederic J. Haskin

Its Value Is of Commercial, Scientific and Altruistic Importance.

THE growing interest of the American public in the promotion of the use of Esperanto will receive a new impetus from the establishment this month of a national center which will be located in Washington. This center is now being organized and the January issue of the "Amerika Esperantisto," the official organ of the Esperanto association of North America, which was formerly published in Chicago, has been sent out from the new headquarters in the national capital.

The desirability of establishing an international language has passed the stage of discussion. Instead of questioning the practical value of it, the leading business people, scientists and educators, are vieing with each other in plans to increase it. Esperantists regard their language, not as a universal tongue to displace any of those already in existence, but as an international means of communication. Its value to the world is of commercial, scientific and altruistic importance. From each of these standpoints its utility is already proved.

Commercial Value Is Great.

The commercial value is beginning to appeal strongly to American firms. During the past year two typewriter manufacturers have found it advantageous to issue advertising matter throughout Europe printed in Esperanto. The economy is obvious, for a catalog issued in Esperanto may be used equally well in Russia, France or any other European country. The number of sales placed to Esperanto advertising during the past six months has demonstrated its value to both of these manufacturers.

The Portland Commercial club recently issued a booklet in Esperanto describing the agricultural advantages of Oregon. The responses have been tremendous. Inquiries have poured in from every part of the world asking for information upon every possible subject. This booklet has accomplished much more in the way of acquainting the world with Oregon conditions than any other advertisement ever issued from the state.

A Boston importer's attention was called to the commercial value of Esperanto by a French salesman, who was showing him a special line of goods which he also sold in Russia, Germany and other European countries. He spoke only French and indifferent English so the Boston man asked him how he managed to make sales in so many countries. "It is easy to do business in Europe," was the answer, "for every large firm keeps at least one Esperantist in its employ. It is harder for a foreigner in America because Esperanto is not so much used." This incident was related in the Boston Commercial club and has resulted in a number of firms advertising for the services of Esperantists.

Employ Esperanto Speaking Salesmen.

Several large New York houses have found it necessary to have salesmen speaking Esperanto, while each week increases the number of wholesale exporters who utilize Esperanto in foreign correspondence. Scientists in the employ of various departments of the United States government in Washington are also utilizing Esperanto in their correspondence with foreign countries.

From a scientific and educational standpoint the utility of Esperanto is indisputable. Scientists desire to know the latest experiments made in other countries, which requires a knowledge of various languages. When all scientific news is issued in Esperanto it becomes available to the scientists of every nation with comparatively little difficulty. Two medical periodicals are now published in Esperanto which place the latest discoveries in therapeutics within reach of the physicians of the world, while La Scienceto Revou gives the latest news in general science from every country upon earth.

Americans Weak on Languages.

The fact that Americans are weak upon languages is the reason that Esperanto has made less progress in the United States than in Europe, but its advance during the last few months will speedily tend to lessen this deficiency. All the large cities now have Esperanto classes under various auspices, such as the Y. M. C. A. and private schools. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg and Detroit are all working towards having Esperanto placed on the public school curriculum. Special classes in the international language are supplemental to the regular high school work in many places where the study is not sufficiently recognized by the board of education. Maryland is the first state to place the language on the list of elective studies in the public school course

Owing to the fact that there have been no text books published suitable for college use, American universities have not given Esperanto a place upon their schedule. The text books in general use have been designed for private or individual study and are not suitble for college work. The publication of a college text book, issued last August, written by Dr. Ivy Kellerman, A. M. Ph. D., formerly of Chicago university, and now chairman of the International Esperanto examination committee, has obviated this difficulty. The first institution to recognize this is the University of Pittsburg, which has just added Esperonto to its January semester.

Its Altruistic Advantages.

The altruistic advantages of Esperanto are based upon the development of fraternal spirit. Where all speak one language there are really no foreigners. A German speaking broken French may be looked upon with distrust by a Frenchman, but when they converse in Esperanto neither speaks brokenly, and the bond of speech is strong. Consequently, Esperanto is the most practical aid to the much discussed peace movement that can be devised.

In traveling, the advantages of Esperanto are very tangible. It is always possible to secure the names of Esperantists in every city in Europe. A card written in advance to any of these secures much attention for the traveling Esperantist. The little green star worn by those who speak the language is recognized the world over. When Dr. Yemans was in Madrid he had difficulty in making a Spanish police officer understand his questions, until that official noticed the green star. Then he stopped a gentleman wearing a duplicate and conversation was thus made easy.

Paris the Center.

Paris is the international center of Esperanto. In the Paris Esperanto library may be seen copies of all the books printed in that language in the different countries of the world, as well as all of the Esperanto pediodicals. The library now includes over 1500 different volumes and it is being increased continually. It is now possible to secure many works of classic literature in Esperanto and new translations are being made constantly. The latest addition in America has made to the literature is a manual of baseball which gives the rules, history and requirements of our great national game that is as yet a sport practically unknown in Europe.

There are in the United States about 150,000 persons actively interested in Esperanto. Most of these are in some way affiliated with the National association or some of its branches. The national organization, in addition to "Amerika Esperantisto," publishes a small monthly for propaganda purpose called the Esperanto Herald. Most of the states have active Esperanto associations, while some of the larger cities have several Esperanto clubs. One of

(Continued on Next Page.)

Abe Martin

Some fellers git credit for bein' conservative when ther only afraid o' hurtin' their business. Politics makes strange bed fellers an' ruins lots o' hut-tel carpets.

14 Years Ago To-day

From The Herald Of This Date 1897

Mayor Heintz, of San Elizario, is in town.

J. L. Campbell came up this noon from Selden.

Mrs. E. A. Schulte, mother of Mrs. W. G. Walz, is down from Santa Fe on a visit.

The bridgemen are 22 miles out on the Corralitos grade and in close company with the graders.

Mrs. James Marr left on the noon train for Philadelphia, her former home, to visit until May.

Collector Davis and Mr. Shapleigh, of St. Louis, went down to the collectors ranch this afternoon.

Mike Brannigan leaves tomorrow for a two months' visit in San Francisco and on the Pacific coast.

A. P. Coles, A. M. Loomis and H. W. Broaddus are the jury commissioners and will draw juries for the March, May and July terms of court.

A smelter is talked of for the Black mountains, and it is said the projectors have pledged 500 tons of mined carbonate ores valued at $25 per ton.

The First Baptist church has called Rev. William T. Tardy, of Palestine, vice Rev. L. R. Millican, who has resigned to engage in missionary work.

There was a social hop and dance last night at Fort Bliss, given by the officers in honor of the new quartermaster, Lieut. Griffith, of San Antonio.

D. Y. Hadley has sold to Thomas Gray 90 feet on the southwest corner of block 21, Mills map, to A. F. DeSmeth, consideration $3000. Dan Carr has purchased two corner lots on Myrtle street at $550.

Married Life the Second Year

Mabel Herbert Urner on "When the Maid Leaves"

IT was Monday morning and Helen was making a list for the laundry. Sheets, 4; pillow cases, 6; table cloths 2; napkins, 8; towels—

Here Anna came to the door with a letter in her hand. "Oh, ma'am, what do you think? I just got a letter from —"

"Don't bother me now. I'm counting the clothes. How many towels did I say?"

"Jim's very sick, ma'am—he's in the hospital."

"Jim," Helen repeated vaguely, her mind still on the laundry lists. "Who's Jim,"

"Why, my brother, ma'am," reproachfully. "Don't you remember—his wife died last spring?"

"Oh, yes."

"He has three little ones, you know, and there's nobody to look after them and he wants me to come."

"But Anna—you're not going."

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but I guess I'll have to."

"For how long, How long will you be gone?"

"I can't tell, ma'am. Maybe a week—maybe longer. I'll have to stay until Jim gets out of the hospital."

"Oh, Anna," wailed Helen. "I suppose you must go—but I do wish your brother hadn't selected just this time to get sick. Well," resignedly, "when do you want to start?"

"Jim writes me to come at once. I thought I'd get ready as soon as I got the breakfast things cleared away."

Helen could only consent. If Anna's brother was sick and his children alone of course she would have to go.

To do without Anna for several weeks. Anna, who had been with them since their marriage, and who was so good and faithful. Helen supposed she could get Mrs. Fitzgerald, but the thought of having that loquacious, untidy old woman about was not pleasant. She resolved not to send for her until she talked it over with Warren that evening.

Her Brave Decision.

In the meantime she would get dinner all by herself today. The butcher had already left the roast which Anna had ordered early that morning. But for this dinner Helen wanted something less commonplace than roast beef. So she put it in the refrigerator for the next day, and then telephoned for a small, plump chicken. She began early in the afternoon to get things ready, to prepare the vegetables and make the salad dressing.

But first of all, she drew Warren's big chair into the kitchen, filled it with a comfort and pillows and there installed the baby. Winifred delighted with her new surroundings, cooed and shook her silver rattle and watched her mother with big, wondering eyes.

A Surprise for Warren.

Helen got out one of the best tablecloths and the prettiest china and silver and set the table as attractively as she could. Would it be extravagant to telephone for a few flowers for a centerpiece? They would add so much. She hesitated for some time and then called up the florist in the next block and ordered a dozen pink carnations. They were only 75 cents. Surely she ought to have them.

And she would burn candles. It would be a real party. Just she and Warren—at this, the first dinner she had really cooked alone since their marriage. So she got out the silver candlesticks with their pretty pink silk shades. And then she stood back and viewed the table with nappy satisfaction.

When everything about the dinner was ready, she turned into her room to dress. Quickly she slipped into one of her daintiest gowns. Wouldn't Warren be surprised? She pictured his pleased astonishment when he found she had done this all alone.

The Message Over the Telephone.

She had just finished dressing when the telephone rang. It was Warren.

"I'm bringing Jack home for dinner. Tell Anna to do the best she can—am sorry I couldn't let her know sooner."

"But Anna's not here," she gasped, before she had time to think.

"Not there?"

"No—her brother's sick and sent for her."

"Jove, that's too bad. Then I'll have to take Jack to the club."

"No—no. I've cooked dinner myself—there's plenty for three. And it's all ready—I'll have it on the table by the time you get here."

"Oh, no. Jack's a mighty stiff, conventional chap. I wouldn't bring him to any pick-up dinner."

"But it isn't a 'pick-up' dinner. I've been all afternoon preparing it. It's really a very"——

"Well, it's all right for you to experiment on me—but it wouldn't be fair to drag old Jack in. He hasn't done anything to deserve it, you know." And he laughed as though that was an excellent joke.

"But, Warren, listen," excitedly. "I have chicken paprl"——

"Good-bye," He Said, and Hung Up.

"Here comes Jack now. I can't say anything more—he'll hear me. Good-bye; I'll be home around 10," and before she could prevent it he had hung up the receiver.

Even if she wanted to call him up again she couldn't. It was too late for him to be at his office, and she had no idea from where he was phoning.

Asthough dazed by the sudden disappointment she still stood by the telephone. Through the open dining room door she caught a glimpse of the table she had so carefully prepared—the dainty china, the silver, the flowers, the pink shaded candles.

For a moment she looked at it all with dimming eyes. Then she leaned her head against the wall by the telephone and burst into tears.