AN INDEPENDENT DAILY NEWSPAPER
DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE, THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIVE UNOPPOSED.
H. D. Slater, Editor-in-Chief and controlling owner has directed The Herald for 14 Years; G. A. Martin is News Editor.

EL PASO HERALD

Editorial and Magazine Page

Wednesday, December Fourth, 1912.

THIRTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION
Superior exclusive features and complete news report by Associated Press Leased Wire and 200 Special Correspondents covering Arizona, New Mexico, west Texas, Mexico, Washington, D. C., and New York.
Published by Herald News Co., Inc.: H. D. Slater (owner of 55 percent) President; J. C. Wilmarth (owner of 20 percent) Manager; the remaining 25 percent is owned among 13 stockholders who are as follows: H. L. Capell, H. B. Stevens, J. A. Smith, J. J. Mundy, Waters Davis, H. A. True, McGlennon estate, W. F. Payne, R. C. Canby, G. A. Martin, Felix Martinez, A. L. Sharpe, and Jonn P. Ramsey.

Unreason and "Uplift"

IF A MAN have plenty of wholesome food, well chosen and balanced, and if he live half way rationally, he will have little desire for stimulants in harmful quantities; nor will he care for the highly spiced dishes or sauces or for elaborate desserts, all of which if taken habitually in considerable quantities have an ill effect on the general health. In much the same way, an analogy suggests itself with the man or woman, the boy or girl, who may be drawn into vicious habits and companionships; in most cases, a craving for the harmful indulgences indicates real hunger for the proper sustenance of mind and soul—real deprivation of needful play and recreation, a deprivation which is due to ignorance and carelessness of officials and public, or to irrational or fanatical attempts to "reform" the race while ignoring the fundamentals of human nature.

In this country we fail to provide suitable places or facilities for rational use of leisure time among the masses of the people. Young and old, men and women, youths and maids, clean and foul, boys and girls, vigorous and weak, serious and flippant, hoyden and grind—all are alike turned into the streets, by night even more than by day, to find their recreation as best they may. No wonder the great majority turns to the bright lights and the warmth, the human companionship and the vapid entertainment, the sensuous or sensual appeal, and the stimulant, that are afforded by the saloon, the dance hall, the keno hall, the cheap theater, the pool hall, or worse places. Nor will libraries and reading rooms, or parks and playgrounds, or churches and night schools, meet all or most of the need. Those affect the few; the craving is of the many—and untrained and inexperienced as many of the idlers are, tired to a frazzle and needing rest, or just lazy and aimless, the line of least resistance is the one that is generally followed. Self improvement is an incentive to but few, as compared with the seekers after mere amusement—anything to kill time and open the way to human contact.

In some of the big cities, where ill digested laws have made a crime of continental habits of using leisure time, far worse usages have grown up. The people are made to feel the law of prevention, but they resent being deprived of their accustomed amusements. "Keep off the grass" say the signs, and no playgrounds are provided. Boys are arrested for playing ball in the streets, and in the next breath they are told that they ought to take plenty of outdoor exercise. Much that the schools try to teach is rendered ineffectual because of the wrong conditions that are allowed to exist outside the schools, and because of the common failure to provide proper means of expression for human instincts, or facilities for innocent recreation and for harmless, or at worst only wasteful and not degrading indulgence.

Compulsory school attendance laws are all right, provided school accommodations be provided for all who are thus "compelled," and provided that such schooling as is offered to the people is worth more to them than the wages and experience they would get from early employment, or than the results of idleness.

Compel every boy to learn to swim? Provide free pools then.

Every boy should learn a trade? What is society doing to teach him?

Prevent the playing of ball in the streets? Where, then, shall the boys play? Why not ample public playgrounds?

Condemn by law the ordinary dance hall? Surely, but provide wholesome recreation in its place—respectable dance halls, for instance, under public control.

Outlaw the coarse cheap vaudeville and low grade moving picture show? Necessarily, but give the people something better and cheaper.

Try to abolish by law the use of strong drink? Better study first the question of effectual substitutes for such manner of indulgence. Remember the bright lights and the hot stove. Were you ever lonely, and shut out of every door but that?

There are some of us who are very prone to censure the devil because he does not serve chocolate ice cream every day for dinner. It would be well to remember that some folk do not like chocolate.

The problem of preventing waste through idleness is the problem of providing suitable occupation and incentive. The problem of reducing vice in all its forms is the problem of providing, at public expense or under public control, such substitutes for vicious entertainment as will satisfy the natural cravings of men and women, boys and girls, for human intercourse, relaxation, amusement, play, exciting experience, mental stimulus, and sentimental indulgence, without the degradation of moral, physical, and social standards that too often accompanies the misuse of idle hours under existing conditions.

The best meaning "reformers" grope rather blindly. Don't you despise that word "uplift"? We confess to a keen desire to souse in the whey barrel every person guilty of using the word. It sounds so smirkingly self-satisfied—so unctuously incompetent—so self-righteously pretentious. "Betterment" seems to carry the idea of working with the people for the general improvement of conditions; but "uplift" seems like something unwelcome and worthless, imposed from outside, like giving to naked, but hitherto chaste, savages an outfit of irritating and indecently suggestive garments, set off by a celluloid collar and a pair of knit bedroom slippers, and then making a moving picture of the creatures for public display as an evidence of "How the Light of Civilization May Shine Even in Darkest Africa."

The surest test of the real quality of any human being—the standard by which every person may be placed infallibly in this "class" or that—is in the way in which he uses his leisure time. Communities and countries have pure food laws, and sanitary regulations. They are even coming to regulate the conditions of industry. But what are they doing to enable the people to make the best use of their leisure time?

Take the population as a whole; strike the average; half the people are higher, and half lower, than the median line; the people above the line are in greater need of genuine reform than are those below the line; for, knowing the right way, they choose not to follow it; but the others are following more truly the light they have.

The world is 100,000,000 years old. We are 60,000 years beyond the Cave Man. We are what we are. We are the result of 100,000,000 years of effort on the part of the universe to create and perfect a race of demigods. Is it any wonder that we seem ridiculous to ourselves in our most serious moments?

It took two murders to reconcile J. B. Sneed and his wife; some people are right hard to reconcile.

Talking of jury duty, how would you like to be on the "dynamite jury"? They have already heard 550 witnesses and the defence has just started. But the worst is not yet. After the evidence is all in, there are the attorneys' arguments to be listened to.

The Turks have refused to give up Adrianople. Well, the Bulgars will now have to take it away from them.

Jack Johnson knew better than to come south of Chicago to try that mixture-of-races marriage stunt.

Judge Archbald happens to be a Republican; his jury happens to be the other way. He might as well resign. The Democrats need the job for their own faithful.

That circle plan of operation of the Mexican federals would be a fine thing if the rebels would stand still beside the railroad tracks after burning a bridge and wait until the armored train had made the loop.

Pay your poll tax; if you don't, your vote won't be worth any more than that of a Republican.

One-Sentence Philosophy

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
(Chicago News.)

A girl with dimples is always smiling.

He who hits the pipe must pay the piper.

Anyway, a woman can keep secret the mean things she know about herself.

Cheer up! You don't have to go around looking for temptations to yield to.

Not one man in a hundred has sense enough to take care of money after he inherits it.

Give a girl a dollar and she will spend 98 cents of it for a mesh purse to carry the rest of it in.

Love is blind—especially if the woman in the case has more dollars than sense.

Most old bachelors are misunderstood by women—for which they should be thankful.

GLOBE SIGHTS.
(Atchison Globe.)

One doesn't need an extensive vocabulary as much as something to say.

It is hoped the waiter doesn't grow as weary of waiting as his patron does.

It depends on whom one is waiting for whether time drags so blamed slowly.

Foresight would be a greater institution if less of it was devoted to seeing evils that never will befall.

There is always a great deal to remember; also, a great deal to forget, and both of them are difficult processes.

Ab Adkins admits that his children probably have been a great help to him by making him stick to his job better than he used to in the days of single shiftlessness.

JOURNAL ENTRIES.
(Topeka Journal.)

Mules have no monopoly on contrariness. It's a human failing that's mighty common.

From the number of divorces these days it is apparent that Dan Cupid is becoming a poor shot.

Some people seem to live and work on the theory that they should be helped along at every turn.

Many men actually enjoy umpiring a baseball game. There's scarcely any need to say that they are fond of trouble.

It is extremely foolish for a man to think that he is supreme at any one thing. There are thousands of others just as clever.

From the primping and fixing that most women indulge in, it is safe to say that they are not satisfied with the work of nature.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
(Philadelphia Record.)

The ideal woman is simply one who thinks you are the ideal man.

It is sometimes the part of wisdom to avoid the hail fellow well met.

Many a fellow who is thrown on his own resources falls back on those of his friends.

"You take the palm," remarked the parent of the small boy who was ripe for spanking.

When a man boasts that he is his own master it may be because nobody else wants him.

The man who is sorry he didn't do it yesterday is the same fellow who is always going to do it tomorrow.

The extreme styles in feminine attire inspire a doubt as to whether women have no sense of humor, or an abnormal amount of it.

Fishing Affords Much Sport

Some Enjoy Patient Following of the Trail, While Others Seek Thrills.

By Frederic J. Haskin

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 4.—While Gov. Wilson has not yet announced himself as a disciple of Isaak Walton, fishermen still remember the achievements of the last Democratic leader, and president Cleveland's views upon fishing matters were regarded as final by true sportsmen. While as a writer he is less widely known than one of the more recent presidents, his book upon small fish and the joys of the fisherman is regarded as classic by those who love to angle for piscatorial treasure in the quiet, philosophical manner of a Walton.

Two Kinds of Sport.

There are two kinds of fishing for sport, each of which has its devotees, although there are not a few men and even women who find equal pleasure in both. There is the quiet, patient following of a trail in unfrequented streams and lakes for small fish which call for skill and care in baiting and sometimes almost infinite time in waiting. The time of waiting and trailing gives ample opportunity for quiet meditation and an appreciation of the scenes surrounding. The true fisherman is always a nature lover.

The other kind of fishing is not so quiet and restful. It calls for vigorous action and carries with it the spice of daring, the allurement of adventure. This is the fishing for big game fish in the open sea which becomes more popular each year with athletic, active men. There are many organizations devoted to sport fishing and their activities not only afford pleasure to their members but also materially add to the scientific knowledge of habits of fish as well as helping to prevent their slaughter by improper methods of capture.

One of the most important of the large American fishing clubs is the Tuna club, of California, which has enrolled upon its membership such names as Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot, Henry Van Dyke, Caspar Whitney and the late Grover Cleveland. This club has reduced rod and reel fishing to an exact science and has had great influence in introducing light fishing tackle as a sportsmanlike movement.

Catching Sea Bass.

There are specially designed launches for game fishing and the angler is usually accompanied by one or two helpers. The stern of the boat is equipped with two comfortable chair seats, one fishing to the right and one to the left. For sea bass, the angler buckles on a belt which has a socket in front to support his rod. He baits his hook with a six pound white fish or a piece of Albacore and tosses it out into 40 feet of water. After a bite he plays out 10 or 20 feet more line and then strikes or pulls. If he hooks his fish there is a sudden rush and the boatman steers either to follow the fish or keep the angler stern to it until he brings it near enough the boat to be taken by the gaff. If the fish weighs above 200 pounds it is towed into shore by the gaff alongside the boat. If it is under 150 pounds it is taken on deck. These sea bass average over 250 pounds, but have been known to weigh 800.

What many sportsmen consider the greatest game fish of this country is the leaping tuna, which comes into Catalina Bay in June and remains until August. This fish has been known to tow a boat for 30 miles. The white sea bass is another fish requiring skill to land, and the Tuna club offers valuable prizes to encourage anglers to use light rods in its capture. The club record for this fish is 60 pounds but, in the Gulf of California, white sea bass have been taken weighing 150 pounds.

Ocean Sunfish.

A peculiar fish that appeals to many sportsmen is the ocean sunfish, which is found in temperate waters all over the world. It does not take bait well and generally is speared, but sometimes is hooked from the side of a gasoline launch by a gaff and towed into shore. To do this is a great feat. This fish is taken off the middle Atlantic as well as off the Florida coasts and in Southern California waters it has been known to weigh 2200 pounds. A man who captured one weighing half a ton had an exciting time towing it into shore, where it measured ten feet in height. This fish is most extraordinary in appearance. It has no appreciable tail, but seems all head with two large fins swimming up and down. Its skin is used as sandpaper and its muscles as a substitute for rubber in the center of golf balls.

Squid Fishing Is Dangerous.

The taking of a giant squid is sufficiently exciting sport to satisfy the most venturesome man. These monsters sometimes measure 50 feet in length. The body is barrel shaped with an arrow shaped tail. It weighs a ton or more. Around its head are ten arms provided with sucker like devices which enable it to seize its prey easily. It has a parrot like beak and is provided with a good sized bag filled with an inky fluid which it discharges at its enemies, thereby clouding the water and making good its escape. Squid hunting is not a popular sport, as there are few men intrepid enough to enjoy trying to capture a monster possessing 10 arms, each of which is strong enough to take a man from a boat and drown him. One of these creatures has been known to throw its arms around a boat and overturn it. Small squid are found in most parts of the world and they are excellent bait for a few kinds of fish.

Almost as formidable as the squid in appearance, but much less dangerous, is the California octopus, with its eight radiating arms and its great flabby body which sometimes measures 20 feet across. They are not likely to attack anyone except in self defence and even then they are comparatively harmless excepting to frighten the unwary by their terrifying appearance. The larger varieties of these fish supply the cuttle bone which is placed in the cage for canary birds.

Woman Angler Gets Prize.

There are many women who are enthusiastic anglers and one of the first prizes awarded this year in a country wide fishing contest was given to a woman physician who is in the habit of devoting her vacation to fishing. Her prize catch was a great northern pike, caught in Lake Mary, Minnesota. It was 41 inches in length and weighed 16 1-2 pounds. She also caught a 12 and a 14 pounder during the same season. Her husband, who accompanied her, landed over 45 pounds of wall-eyed pike from the same boat in one morning.

The real trout season begins in June and in this sunny month the speckled beauty seems in a more receptive mood after his long freedom from the activity of the fisherman's fly. The wise trout fisher matches as nearly as possible the particular insect which seems most prevalent over the surface of the water at the time he is fishing. This may change from one day to another, or even from one hour to another in the same day. Sometimes it is the white miller which seems to make the trout leap highest from the water, while, perhaps a little later, it will be a jet black insect which attracts his attention. The good trout fisher is always prepared with a collection of flies more precious to him than a society woman's jewels.

Women anglers frequently enjoy trout fishing and a number of them have been ingenious enough to manufacture their own flies. In fact, most of the finest flies have been made by some fish enthusiast who, by long observation and experience, had learned to know the appearance of the insect most alluring to the timid trout.

Tomorrow: The Federal Council of Churches.

ABE MARTIN

Mrs. Tipton Bud's niece an' her husband have finally split up. She gits th' custody o' th' children an' th' lawyers git th' auto. Th' temptation t' write too much seems t' be even greater'n talkin' too much.

Wastepaper Baskets

By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old Siwash."

A WASTEPAPER basket is a sarcophagus for ideas. Ideas are supposed to proceed from mind to mind, but about three-quarters of them proceed from typewriter to waste-basket by the quickest route.

The wastepaper basket is one of the most important parts of the modern office equipment, and it does a large share of the work of the office. It is always ready and always patient. The boss may only read the first line of a three page letter, but the wastepaper basket will take it all and hold it patiently until relieved at night. The ordinary wastepaper basket begins the morning on an empty stomach, but by night is so full of politicians' cards, applications for positions, gold mine circulars, book advertisements, noble offers to sell priceless preferred stock and miscellaneous literature that it aches in the ribs.

Since the typewriter, the mimeograph and the printing press have become great, the wastepaper basket has had to be enlarged to many times its former capacity. One hundred years ago a two quart wastepaper basket would have accommodated the president of these United States for a week. Today a five gallon basket doesn't last him 20 minutes. There ought to be some way of saving mail carriers by depositing per-

"Enlarged to many times its former capacity."

sonal wastepaper baskets at each post-office. This would shorten the transportation of thousands of tons of circulars and undesired advice and would make us a happier and more useful nation.

The wastepaper basket produces fuel for the furnace and old paper for the mills. But the cost of producing this material is staggering. It takes $17.45 in stamps alone to fill a wastepaper basket. There are hundreds of people who write exclusively for the wastepaper baskets of this nation and who devote all their time to it. For every play which is written for the stage a hundred are written for the wastepaper basket, and the basket of a great and haughty producer will contain in one load the labor of 50 men for six months.

There ought to be some way of boiling wastepaper baskets and of reducing their contents to condensed and useful ideas. Full many a rose is born to blush unseen and full many an idea which might have reduced the cost of living or tickled a nation has died, undiscovered, into some overworked and unappreciative wastepaper basket. If we were president we would recommend a law for the conservation of wastepaper basket contents. —Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

GOOD LOSERS

By Walt Mason.

When counted were the recent votes we found (and were dismayed) that 57,000 goats were stolen, lost or strayed. And some who lost their treasured goats were grouchy, sad and sore; dire threats came smoking from their throats, they pawed the ground and swore. "We were the victims of a clique, a faction or a ring, but we'll get even yet," they shriek: "we'll grind our knives, by jing, and when the traitors, villains, knaves, themselves for office strive, their goats will fill dishonored graves, as sure as we're alive!" The also rans who talk like this but fill their friends with aches; for folks don't make a hit who hiss like locoed garter snakes. Some other losers go around as though they felt relief, and from their lips there comes no sound of mourning or of grief. "Our goats are gone, so let them go!" exclaim these dauntless men; "but when we have the time, you know, we'll round them up again! Some other day the people's votes in our behalf may fall; then will come back our wand'ring goats, with whiskers, horns and all!" The people mark the joyous sport, and on some future day when he their influence shall court, their votes will come his way.—Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams.

SNEED VERDICT REACHED ON THE SECOND BALLOT.

Fort Worth, Texas, Dec. 4.—It has been learned that the verdict of acquittal returned in the case of John Beal Sneed, accused of murder in connection with the killing of A. G. Boyce sr., was reached on the second ballot. On the first ballot it is said 11 jurors voted for acquittal and one for conviction.

THE TRAITOR

By Victor Petrovitch.

"I HAVE told you, Ivan, that I do not love you." Vera made the statement calmly.

"Then you love somebody else," flashed Ivan Turgoff angrily. "It is Slavinski who has won your heart! You cannot deny it!"

The girl blushed.

"You turn away from me, an honest man, and give your love to one who is a spy and a coward, an enemy of our society and an agent of the police," continued Ivan.

Vera straightened proudly and said: "I confess that I love him and I am proud of it. Perhaps the love of a woman may lead him back to the paths of righteousness."

There was a moment of silence.

"And have you realized," said Ivan at last, "what your marriage to him will mean? You will never have an hour's peace, for an order may come at any moment from the headquarters of our society which will put an end to his life."

"You think they will murder him?" she asked, with a shudder.

"Yes. I am not allowed to say any more. My lips are sealed. So far we have no proof against him, but sooner or later he will be found out and then he is doomed. And you think of marrying him!"

"Yes," she said firmly. "I will stand by him and share his peril."

Ivan turned and left the house. He went to a dingy residence in the Latin quarter. Here he whispered a password at the door and entered a room dimly illuminated by a single gas jet. Half a dozen men were smoking and talking together in low voices.

Ivan sat down on a chair and the man next to him asked in a whisper:

"Did you hear about the latest report?"

"What do you mean?" asked Ivan.

"I mean the report of the committee which was appointed to investigate the case of Michael Lestroff, who is now on his way to Siberia. You know, we had some difficulty is discovering who betrayed him."

"Yes."

"Well, it was Petroff Slavinski."

Slowly the room filled with people and a tall, white-bearded man, the president of the secret court, sat down at the end of a table and began to read from a document.

"The Brotherhood of the Black Seal," he said, "has at last discovered that the person who betrayed our comrade, Lestroff, was no other but Petroff Slavinski. It is our duty to try the traitor. Call the witnesses."

The witnesses told what they knew, and the faces around the table grew dark. Finally the votes were cast, and Slavinski was found guilty.

The judge then arose to pronounce sentence.

"This branch of the Brotherhood of the Black Seal," he said, "sentences Petroff Slavinski to death, the executioner of the sentence to be chosen by the drawing of lots, as usual."

Turgoff listened with beating heart. Suppose he was chosen to kill his rival? He felt he could not do it, no matter how he hated the man.

Five minutes later he breathed easier, for the terrible task had fallen to another. Slavinski was to be killed the same night.

Ivan's first thought was of Vera. He thought he could hear her sobs as she heard the dreadful news. Perhaps the blow would kill her, for women love deeply.

He tried to smother these gentler feelings, but his good heart conquered. Vera's lover must be saved, if it were within his power.

He knew that Loris Bobrikoff, who was to carry out the execution, could not start before midnight, and it was then only half past 11. Ivan drove quickly to Slavinski's house. All the lights were out. Slavinski must have gone to bed.

There was a ladder leaning against the wall and, mounting this, Ivan entered the house through an open window. As luck would have it, it was Slavinski's bedroom. The man was sleeping as peacefully as a child. He touched Slavinski's shoulder and he awoke with a start.

"Who are you?" cried Slavinski. Then he recognized the man he had wronged so deeply. Pale as death, he whispered:

"Ivan Turgoff! So you have found me at last! Have you come to kill me?"

"I have come to save you," said Ivan. "But you must hurry. Time is short."

"What do you mean? What brings you here at this hour?"

In as few words as possible, Ivan explained the situation to him.

"The executioner may be at your door even now. I have come to warn you and save you, if it is possible."

Slavinski dressed hurriedly and ran to the door.

"Where are you going?" questioned Ivan.

"I am going to my nephew's house. He will give me shelter tonight. Tomorrow I leave for England, where I shall be safe, thanks to your warning."

Ivan nodded and Slavinski left the room. A moment later he slammed the outside door behind him.

Turgoff drew a sigh of relief. He turned to leave the apartment, but a face apeared in the window. It was Loris Bobrikoff, who had mounted the ladder.

"You, Turgoff!" he cried. "What are you doing here?"

His eyes fell on the empty bed and he understood everything.

"Traitor!" he hissed. "You have warned him and helped him to escape. Perhaps you have also helped to betray Lestroff."

"I admit that I helped him to get away," said Turgoff calmly. "But I had nothing to do with Lestroff's arrest and I am no traitor to the brotherhood. I helped this rascal to escape because his life was dear to a woman I love higher than my life. I would be proud to do the same thing over again."

"You lie!" cried Bobrikoff, "and as I am too late to kill one traitor, I will kill the other."

A knife glistened in the light and Ivan Turgoff fell mortally wounded.

His slayer looked at him contemptuously and left the room.

He who had fought so hard for the woman he loved, was dying. Blood was gushing from the wound as he crawled towards the table and picked up Vera's portrait.

"Vera," he cried. "Vera, my beloved. I die in the hope that we will meet in the next world."

And the lips of the picture seemed to whisper: "I will come."

TEXAS.

Some may sing of far-off islands
Washed by waves of scented seas,
Where the spring-time ever lingers
And the winds weave melodies,
Where, from out the purple ocean,
Ride proud argent Argosies:
But to me give sunny Texas,
Kissed by sea and shower and breeze.

'Tis a land of health and promise,
Land of song-crowned summer days,
Where by night the moon-drenched roses
List the mockingbird's soft praise.
Fairer than all flights of fancy
Are its dear, familiar ways.
Blooming Mays and gold Octobers,
Gleaming through a mellow haze.

—Mrs. Aline T. Michaelis.

Powell Roberts, who has been in Douglas in charge of the Mexican secret service force, has returned and is now connected with the El Paso secret service of the Mexican government.

Little White Christmas Lies

Women Are Accused of Telling Them More Than Men—Advice to the Lovelorn.

By Beatrice Fairfax

"There is no playing fast and loose with the truth, in any game, without growing the worse for it.—Little Dorrit.

THE flakes that fall in the Christmas snow are beyond any man's power of calculation, and the counting of the little white lies that fall at this season would prove as great a task.

There seems to be an accepted theory, born in the brain of some one whose highest ambition is to be agreeable, that no one at Christmas time must speak the truth. The lies are so little, and so very, very white, and are sent out in such a spirit of agreeableness, that the strictest moralists finds no fault with them.

On the contrary, she takes the little white lie with her when she buys her gift, uses it in writing the card that goes with it, and works it overtime in her acknowledgement of the gift she receives in return.

Man's Habit.

I say "she," for the reason that men are not so addicted to the Christmas habit. Neither are men given to telling little white lies. When a man tells a lie, he tells a big black one and makes it count.

When a woman makes out her Christmas list the little white lie of what she calls "Necessity" compels her to put names on her list that are not there in any spirit of love. They are there for the same reason that the name of the grocer or the butcher appears in her monthly accounts.

She takes the little white lie with her when she buys, and under its influence she buys a costly gift for the friend who doesn't need it, and a senseless little shabby make shift for the friend whose needs are great.

The little white lie directs her pen when she writes "with love" on her Christmas cards, though no love attends, and the little white lie leaps to the tip of her tongue and serves as a sentinel to keep back the truth, when she expresses thanks for the gift she receives.

"We must keep our friends," argue the little white lies, "and we cannot keep them by telling the truth at Christmas."

Be Honest.

Can't we? Let's try it. Let us make out a Christmas list that carries no name written there in a spirit of policy or indebtedness. Let us be honest at Christmas just once.

Let us prune and trim and cut down that list till it holds only the names of those we sincerely love.

Let us spend most on the poor, and not add to the burdens of the wealthy. Let us write no Christmas sentiment that the heart and the head fail to indorse.

YOU MUST NOT SEE HIM AGAIN.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am 16 years of age and am considered pretty. Some time ago I was introduced to a young man about eight years my senior, who later told me that he loved me dearly.

Being of different religions, I was positive that my parents would not permit me to go with him, and, not wanting to part, we have met secretly. But now, after keeping company for almost six months, he has asked me to elope with him, but, before consenting, I write to you asking for advice, by which I intend to abide.

Dotty.

I do not like this young man. You are only 16; he is eight years your senior, and for six months he has been meeting you secretly and now wants you to elope!

My dear girl, if he loved you in the right way he would never ask you to do this. You must never see him again. You must let your parents decide for you in all matters for at least five years to come.

IN WHAT WAY?

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am 23 years old and engaged to a young man the same age. My mother does not like him and said I must give him up. She will not let him call on me or let me go out with him. I love him. He is very kind to me. I cannot see how I am going to give him up. My mother thinks I can do better and that is her only reason. W. R. C.

If your mother thinks you can do better in a financial way, cling to your young man. Love has a way of amounting to more in the end than dollars.

If her objections are to his morals, she should make them known to the young man that he may disprove the charges, or make some improvement.

THAT DEPENDS.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

Is it proper for a girl to kiss a young man whom she has known for about a year and who has taken her out to many places of amusement during that time? Since lately he has asked me to kiss him when he takes me home. R. H.

Do you love him? Does he love you? Is it the belief of each of you that you will never love any one else? If so, kiss him, of course.

YOU WERE THE OFFENDER.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I have known a young man for a good many years. In fact, we played together as children. He came to see me very often and also took me out. About two months ago I heard he said something I did not like and I asked him about it. He denied it, but gave his denial in a peculiar way, so I told him I doubted his word.

I know he loves me as well as I do him, but we are both stubborn and won't advance any. Undecided.

You doubted his word and for no other reason than your suspicious nature. You owe him an apology. I hope you will be fair enough to make it. But I beg of you that, having eaten your just due of humble pie, you do not make it a regular diet. That is woman's most fatal mistake.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am a young man of 20, and I kept company for two years with a girl the same age and was engaged. Three months after our engagement we parted. Do you think I ought to send back a pin she gave me? She has one of my silver mesh bags. F. R.

There are many young men in your circumstances who don't want their gifts back. That is largely a matter of taste, and a question for the lady to decide. Unless she takes the initiative by asking for a return of gifts, you can do nothing. Such a request on the part of the man, however justified he may be in making it, smacks of commercialism.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1898.

The board of health met this afternoon at the office of the president, Dr. Vilas.

William Anderson, of the G. H., left over that line today for San Antonio on a business trip.

El Paso is in need of a union depot; most of the depots are anything but a credit to the city.

Assistant United States district attorney Redford Sharp was a passenger on the incoming G. H. this morning.

Ft. Bliss has quarantined against El Paso and Juarez and the commandant has ordered that all persons, both civilians and soldiers, be vaccinated.

Walter Earhardt, of this city, who is making a trip around the world, is now in Yokahama, Japan. Mr. Earhardt reports fine weather and a fine time.

Dr W. M. Yandell, who has been appointed by the city council to assist the city physician, announced this morning that there were 20 cases of smallpox in the city.

A large audience attended the city park benefit entertainment Saturday night. All those taking part did very well, but it was not hard to pick out Julius Krakauer as the best one in the cast. He shared with Mrs. Greig the honors of the evening.

The city council met this morning in special session to count the vote of the city for the issuance of bonds and for the purpose of looking into the smallpox situation. The following aldermen and mayor answered to the roll call: Mayor Magoffin, aldermen McDuffie, Badger, Brunner, Burton and Scott. Alderman Badger made a motion that the ballot of the city of November 30, in regard to the issuance of several class of bonds, be recognized as official.

Tonight the kirmess for the benefit of the public library will be given at the opera house. Those who will take part in the cast of characters are as follows: Miss Lucy Kneeland, Miss Ethel Catlin, William Marr, Gertrude Windsor. The first scene is upon the village green; the peasants are: Misses Josie Marr, Alice Maple, Ollie Lockhart, Clara Mundy; Messrs. Wm. Marr, Frank Hughes, Lewis Alvis, Herbert Bishop, Ernest Hughes, Tom Davis and Eddie Berrien. The double quartet will be made up of Mrs. W. D. Howe, Mrs. F. E. Baker, Mrs. J. F. Williams, Miss Estelle Jones; Messrs Parker, Beach, Baker and Slater.

Those Who Do Things

They Generally Do Not Have Time to Think; They Act, and Think Later.

By Winifred Black

HERE'S looking at you, Mr. Brown, of California.

The poor, crazy man, with his bag of dynamite, scared them all half to death, didn't he? All but you; you weren't scared, you were too busy to remember to be anything like that, weren't you?

The crazy man went to the city hall and police station of Los Angeles and told the people there that he had brought a bag of dynamite with him and that he intended to blow the whole place into what he called "Kingdom Come" when he got what he considered "good and ready."

And then, Mr. Brown walked into the room where the crazy man was.

"What's the trouble here?" said Mr. Brown. "Oh, yes, I see. Why doesn't somebody take it away from him?" and Mr. Brown walked up to the crazy man and grabbed the bag of dynamite.

Here's looking at you, Mr. Brown, of California. You did what you did for the same reason that the rest of the men didn't do it. Because you are made that way. Scared? Of course, you were not scared; you never thought of that, you didn't have time; there was something to do and you did it; that's the way men like you always act.

They never have time to be scared or they aren't quick witted enough to "realize."

I know a man who was promoted for bravery on the field of battle. He insists that it was all a foolish mistake.

"They sent me to let down some bars for the cavalry," he says, when you ask him about it, "and I went. I ran into a regular wasps' nest down the field and when I came back they said it wasn't wasps—it was bullets—and they promoted me. Perfectly ridiculous; I just thought it was wasps all the time."

That's just it, Mr. Brown, of California; your kind never does know, never does think; there isn't time. You're busy thinking of other people; the other kind of man is busy thinking about himself. "What shall I do? How shall I get out?" is the refrain of his meditations.

"That rock may fall on me," shivers the coward. "Why, it's falling now, I do believe," and away he runs to safety.

"That rock is dangerous to all who pass this way," says the Brown, of California kind, and he stops and mends the road and makes it safe for those who come behind him.

"No man shall get the drop on me," mutters the coward, and he carries a pistol day and night. The brave man walks unarmed in all kinds of fateful places. He hasn't time to think of being frightened, he's too busy.

The woman who jumped into the river to save a baby last week in Kansas wasn't brave. She says so herself, and she ought to know. She just thought more quickly than the others, that's all.

The man who stands up against his whole community doesn't do it to be brave; he does it to be right and never thinks of doing anything else. That isn't the way he's made.

Dogs Painlessly Killed

City Uses an Acid That Ends Their Lives Without Much Suffering.

During the past year about 800 dogs have been humanely put to death at the El Paso city pound, and, during the previous 12 months, about 700 were killed there.

There is some question as to the most humane way of killing dogs and Dr. T. A. Bray, president of the El Paso Humane society, thinks that the use of hydrocyanic acid is the most humane. Speaking of the various methods, Dr. Bray says: "The method that we use here is, to my mind, the most humane. An attendant opens the mouth of a dog and drops the poison in. Within 30 seconds the dog is dead. The acid arrests the heart and nerve action simultaneously. Some dogs die within 15 seconds after the poison is put in their mouths. Larger dogs sometimes require as much as two teaspoonfuls, but the smaller ones are given a dose of only half a teaspoonful.

"There are many methods in vogue for the humane killing of dogs and the latest is electricity. However, I doubt if there is anything that will act more quickly than this acid. Gas is sometimes used, but that causes suffocation and is therefore at times painful. At the time the El Paso Humane society took over this work for the city, it had been the custom of killing dogs in El Paso with sulphur.

"The large tank wagon used by the city sanitary department was covered with damp sacks and sulphur was burned in the tank. The sacks prevented the escape of the fumes. When the death chamber became filled with the fumes, the dogs were placed in it. They were killed, but the method was not humane, because sulphur causes suffocation and acts as a corrosive on the lungs.

"Hydrocyanic acid is not good for killing horses, nor is chloroform. The best method for getting rid of disabled horses is to shoot them. They may recover from chloroform after having suffered, for chloroform causes suffocation. It is a mistaken idea that a death caused by chloroform is painless.

"If a horse is properly shot, the bullet will penetrate the brain and cause instant death. However, the bullet must be well directed in order that it will not miss the brain and inflict a painful and not fatal wound below the brain. If a person attempting to kill a horse will draw a cross from the ears to the eyes and then shoot in the center of that cross the ball will strike the brain."