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

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Keep Your Make-Believe

CHRISTMAS is the children's day, that is true; but it is every year becoming more true that this is the one holiday which is enjoyed by the people of all ages and of every nation wherever even a glimmering of the Christian religion has come to save the ancient rites from extinction and to make the revitalized observance of the winter festival a part of the life of the people now as it was long ago.

As Thanksgiving is the closing festival of the year, so Christmas is the opening festival of the year. Neither New Year's day nor Easter, the ancient festival of spring's returning, has quite the significance of Christmas as a starting place for another cycle. Christmas and New Year's run in together, but Christmas, despite the fact that it falls within the 12th calendar month, is really a starting point, the festival of the winter solstice, revived and revised to be one of the two greatest festivals of the Christian church.

Christmas has always been a fire festival and a tree festival. The yule log is lighted, and when it has been all but consumed, a bit of the wood is carefully removed and saved till the following year to kindle the new yule log with. Candles burn on the trees, and the Christmas trees themselves are survivals of an ancient forest rite. Fire, signifying spirit, burns unceasingly on church altars. Electric candles and bulbs, however safe and convenient, can never have quite the same mystic significance as the burning flame of the torch or the wax candle.

At this season men all over the northern hemisphere rejoice in the return of the sun to his northerly course. The days have begun to lengthen. The new calendar is at hand. There is imminent an annual accounting of stock, not only in business but in individual lives. There is nothing sentimental about this particularly; the rejoicing at the change of seasons is physiological, the accounting is a matter of convenience and habit. But the fact that the habits of thought and act are so nearly universal makes Christmas the most nearly universal festival the world knows.

The children are an excuse for pleasureable self indulgence. In the rejoicing of the child, man rejoices. There is pleasure in living over again in the child's experiences, our own life's progress. We laugh at the child's wonderment, and regret the day when he loses his fresh impressionable spirit.. We tease him with fairies, because we know from our own experience that he loves to be teased with fairies, and that he enjoys his half belief in them. No child was ever hurt by fairy stories, or by enjoying to the utmost the half mystical spell of Christmas time.

It is in our children that we keep these flames of imagination burning. When you first catch the scent of the balsam in the room, do you not for a moment fly back to your own childhood, when you lived for months in ecstatic impatience waiting for the great day? Doesn't the mere sight of a cornucopia make you taste the old fashioned "hair oil" candies that were inseparable from Christmas festivities and were never seen or heard of at any other time? Have you ever made a paper chain in the days before Christmas, and then been utterly surprised at its beauty when you saw it in the first dim dusk of Christmas morning under bright flickering candle light, on the tree sparkling with tinsel and lovelier than the gates of paradise?

Did you ever have a pet name for the angel who appeared each year at the very top of the tree? Did you ever imagine that she really waved her starry wand as you looked at her?

Everything was glorified, by the mere fact of Christmas. The breakfast never tasted so good, you were never so hungry, the aroma from the cooking never made you feel so full of ginger. The cat was never so friendly, the dog never so affectionate. The stove glowed, the fire on the hearth leaped in flashing colors, and the very whistle of the wind made you feel all cosy. The mystery pervaded everything. It came out of the "parlor" in chilly drafts that moved the curtains and made you bolt your porridge in your anxiety to be first at the tree. You knew there was no Santa Claus, but you would have flattened the face of anybody your size or bigger, who suggested such a thing as disbelief in Santa. Even when you were very young, you loved the notion, the idea of Santa Claus, and you clung to him then as you cling to him now, because you half knew that he was your guardian spirit, little boy, little girl—that he alone stood between you and your final loss of the world of the fairies.

On Christmas, the man or woman who cannot see with the eyes and mind of the child at his knee, or of the child he once was, is to be pitied. Watch the tinsel star at the top of the little fir tree—it shines in the dark, it makes you think of the star that used to shine so bright it made you cry with lonesomeness, when once you watched it set. Maybe it reminds you of a tale of another star that hovered over another child, long ago.

Of the gifts that come to you on Christmas, do you not value most the ones that have a little touch of definite personality? Do you not value the little letter or the few written words of friendship and renewal, more than the costly but lifeless gift carrying no heart message? The child too loves to share his fun with somebody who can understand.

Pity the child who stands before his tree today and grunts cynical criticisms and worldly doubts. Better admit the truth, which is this: that truth does not consist of denying sentiment, or of shutting the windows of imagination, which sometimes front on the loveliest views of all.

It was real Christmas weather, even if the snow did melt, for the thermometer was down low enough to make everything taste just right.

Tomorrow, it will be time to begin thinking about the bills; forget it today.

Better be glad you're not on the dynamite jury; you wouldn't have had any Christmas.

It makes us all think we are young again, even if we aren't.

After all, Old Santa Claus is a pretty good old fellow. If it weren't for times like these, there would be a lot of unbroken monotony even in the happiest of lives.

Those who made the little ones happy are the happiest grownups today.

This is the one time when everybody chucks the grouch. A person with a grouch today would be a sorry person indeed.

Eat, drink and be merry, but it is best not to do too much of the former two, even on Christmas. The latter never hurt anybody.

It's not necessary to say "smile, —— you, smile"; "everybody's doin' it now."

Even Jack Frost didn't seem to pinch this morning, and the sun smiled brighter than usual—but most things strike you the way you feel about it.

If modesty helps to make a good president, the United States stands a fair show for the next four years. Wilson's retirement into obscurity has been so complete and effectual that many have forgotten there was an election—have even forgotten to thank heaven that Taft is not perpetual.

Cupid has no respect for millions: witness the overthrow of Helen Gould—ner for honorable widowhood: witness the victim he has made of Frances Folsom Cleveland. But it is just such pranks that make the world young and happy. If Cupid only hovered about the winsome lassies in their teens and the valiant boys of 20 the world would be a dull place.

Arizona is not through with an election on election day, like the rest of the country, but must fight all over in the courts the question of whether there really was an election or not.

One-Sentence Philosophy

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
(Philadelphia Record.)

Many theories refuse to work; also many theorists.

It is one thing to gain experience, and another thing to profit by it.

Put a man on his feet and he will sometimes turn around and kick you.

The fellow who follows his own inclinations doesn't always have a good pacemaker.

A man regards his clothes as something to put on, a woman regards hers as something to show off.

Some people are so fond of hearing themselves talk that they don't know the difference between a conversation and a monolog.

We are told that economy is wealth, but have you ever noticed that the people who practice it all their lives are not the ones who die rich?

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
(Chicago News.

The prophet who predicts trouble nearly always hits it.

The obliging man is poular, and he is also imposed upon.

It takes a barber to descern the weak points of a safety razor.

One way to get inside the door of success is to crawl over the transom.

A docollete gown ought to be the proper garment for a coming out party.

When merchants advertise fall openings women are expected to drop in.

When a girl points the finger of scorn it may be for the purpose of showing off her rings.

Lots of people never cast their bread on the waters until it gets so stale that dogs won't eat it.

GLOBE SIGHTS.
(Atchison Globe.)

We hate a man who is always seeing a crisis.

So many persons who study grammar get over it.

Eleventh commandment: Never give kin any advice.

This world probably seems painfully small to a man trying to hide on it.

A good housekeeper always has her suspicions about a restaurant kitchen.

Occasionally there is a disagreeable man who insists on airing his candid opinion.

The theory that abuse is convincing argument continues to have too many advocates.

Possibly some of the motor bandits are driven to it to raise the price of new tires and gasoline.

JOURNAL ENTRIES.
(Topeka Journal.)

Maybe some of the bachelors are that way because they could not get any girls to have them.

Most individuals who would like to buy places in "society" actually find there are none for sale.

Many people never think of talking to each other face to face the way they do over the telephone.

There may be other things worth while in college besides athletics, but quite a number of boys don't seem to think so.

It may be a little old to call attention to the fact that people are mortgaging their homes to buy automobiles, but that they are doing this very thing can scarcely be looked upon as a joke.

Alien Children Studious

Investigation Shows Immigrants Take Interest in Public School System.

—By Frederic J. Haskin—

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 25.—The investigation into the status of the children of immigrants in schools was one of the most extensive planned and carried out by the immigration commission. Inquiries were made which reached more than 2,000,000 school children, approximately 250,000 of them in parochial schools. It also reached some 50,000 teachers and upward of 30,000 students in the higher educational institutions of the country. The purpose was to ascertain to what extent the children of foreign parentage make use of our educational system and what progress they make in school work.

Hard Time Getting Started.

The children of the races who do not speak English have rather a hard time getting started. There are a few exceptions. For instance, in the case of the Swedes, there are only a little more than half as many of their children behind in their studies as there are among the native American children. The little Dutch boys and girls show about the same amount of precocity. But when it comes to some of the other nationalities there is a different story. Two-thirds of the Polish Jew children have an unequal struggle in their work, while nearly two-thirds of the children from sunny southern Italy are unable to keep up with their American fellow pupils. More than half of the Slovaks, Magyars, Poles, North Italians, and Jews are behind the normal qualifications of their years.

And yet with all the difficulties experienced by the children of the non-English-speaking foreigner, they show a better percentage of pupils measuring up to the average school standards than is shown by the American negro. Whereas, taking them as a whole, the non-English-speaking foreigner's children show only 43 retarded pupils out of 100, the negro children show 69. These figures are the most extensive ever brought out concerning the relative mentality of white and negro children, and have added interest because they come from 37 cities, only one of which is south of the Mason and Dixon line.

Aliens Among Teachers.

The teachers in the schools of the cities investigated ought to be able to sympathize with the struggles of the children of immigrants, for it is shown that one-half of them were either immigrants themselves or the children of immigrants. The majority of these teachers, of course, came from northwestern Europe, although other races were not without representation. The Irish furnish more than twice as many teachers in the schools investigated as any other race. In fact, they furnish about two-fifths of all the school teachers of foreign parentage in those cities—more than the Germans, English, and Scotch-Irish together.

In the parochial schools covered by the investigation it was found that children of foreign parentage largely predominate, nearly two-thirds answering this description. One-fourth of them are of Irish parentage.

One can scarcely overestimate the assimilation force of the public schools as disclosed by the investigation. It shows that the immigrants do not fail to put their children into the schools, and that once there they are certain to become genuine Americans by the time they leave school.

Take Interest in Schools.

The Immigration commission finds much cause for congratulation on the way the foreigner, generally speaking, takes an interest in the schools and is ambitious that his children should learn to read and write. While in the congested districts this tendency is not as marked as it is in communities having only a normal foreign population, even in those districts the children are given at least an elementary education. And where they have grown up and become the fathers and mothers of children of their own they have made as good a record as the native Americans in the education of their children.

The children of foreigners in the smaller industrial centers do not, as a rule, fare so well in school as those in the cities. The average school in the mining village or camp is poor. Usually it is not in session more than five or six months in the year, and when it is in session, the teaching is often of a decidedly inferior quality. A mother, burdened with a house full of little children, and perhaps keeping a half dozen boarders, very naturally is inclined to keep her girl of 10 home to help her. Likewise, the father, desiring to supplement his own meager wages, puts his boy to work as soon as he is big enough to pick the slate out of coal.

Eager to Play; Reluctant to Wash.

Sometimes teachers have found the children of immigrants eager to play but very reluctant to wash. One teacher encountering this disposition told the boys that they could play in the gymnasium on condition that they first used its shower baths. The desire to play overbalanced the disinclination to wash, and a clean lot of boys was the result. In one of the New York schools there was a boy who would frequently jump out of his seat, make funny gestures and go through other puzzling performances. The teacher tried to break him of his habit, but without success. Later the mother told her the boy was crazy for kymnastic exercises.

The problem of the working boy is one of the hardest with which those who would educate the child of the immigrant have to contend. Thousands of these boys come to America when they are too old to enter the primary grades. If he does try to enter those grades he is so big that he is laughed at and drops out rather than continue to be the butt of the children's laughter. So he gets no education. The same is largely true of the boys born here but forced to work as soon as they are old enough.

The investigations that have been made by various agencies tend to show that there is a markedly greater tendency to crime among the children of foreign parentage than among those of native parentage. The experience of the secretary of the Playground association of Malden, Mass., perhaps explains why this is so. He found that as soon as the playground was opened and the boys of foreign parentage brought out of the alleys and given healthy amusements, the number of petty crimes committed by them fell off fully 50 percent.

Tomorrow—Immigrants and Crime.

Christmas of Yesterday

A Lament by One Who No Longer Has the Stocking to Hang on the Mantelpiece.

—By C. A. Brann—

Christmas isn't like it used to be back home. I haven't any mantel shelf to hang my stocking on and I haven't the stocking to hang, because I have passed that age, but I wish I was back again in the days when we used to hang the hose on the mantel over the grate, back in New York, and find it well filled in the morning.

What goodies there were in that stocking. Always, each Christmas, without exception, there was a full stocking. Always there was candy and and a big peppermint candy cane hanging alongside. In the stocking with the candy there was always an apple, an orange, a banana, some nuts and a piece of coal. If the coal wasn't there it wasn't Christmas. Of course, it was wrapped up, and therefore we had all the more fun finding out what it was. Moreover, it was at the bottom of the stocking, so it was the last thing reached.

There were other presents, lots of them, but they were never put in the stockings. Everyone got presents and everyone got a stocking and there were lots of them in our family. Father wasn't any different from the rest. He had to have one, too, even if he was a big, grownup man, with a mustache, and he had just as much fun about that piece of coal as I did about my toys. That's going some

ABE MARTIN

Th' hardest thing fer some folks t' stand is ther neighbors' prosperity. Lots o' women make ther husbands carve th' turkey jist t' show 'em up.

Sir Isaac Newton

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

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was one of the greatest Christmas gifts that has been made to man in recent centuries. He was born in England December 25, 1642, and while no one but his parents bothered to give thanks for the event at that time, the world has liked Christmas a little better ever since for Ike's sake.

Newton was a bright boy with good financial backing and went through the university of Cambridge, which was quite a job at that time. He didn't make a Greek letter society or the football team, nor did he invent a new college yell or become usher of his class on commencement day. But in a painstaking way he gobbled up all the knowledge on mathematics which had ever been published and when he had finished he still had a vast unsatisfied appetite.

When Newton was 22 he left the university with a head bulging with figures and securing an old second hand telescope began to survey and plat the heavens and investigate the character and habits of the planets. One night while wandering somewhere between Mars and the dog star he discovered the laws of gravitation which had hitherto been overlooked by the scientists of the world.

Previous to this men had been able to weigh turnips, hogs and elephants with

"When his figures showed that the sun was falling off a little during the heated season."

fair success but did not know what weight was. However, Newton, by covering several acres with figures proved that gravitation was the attraction of one planet for another and for everything in its immediate vicinity—immediate meaning within a few billion miles. By the aid of the laws of gravitation Newton now dislodged vast masses of information regarding the solar system and in a few years was able to publish the weight, height and girth of every planet.

These discoveries made Newton very famous and he was knighted by queen Anne. However, he did not mind this much and continued for the rest of his life studying the planets and weighing them ever and anon with the sedulous care of a mother weighing her young infant. So absorbed was he that he took little interest in the world and grieved deeply whenever his figures showed that the sun was falling off a little during the heated season or that Venus wasn't as plump as she had been the year preceding.

Newton died at the age of 85, having contributed a great amount of wisdom to the human race. His life should be a great encouragement to the tired school boy who sighs for death rather than algebra. Even algebra has its uses if mixed with brains.—(Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.)

Santa Claus

By Walt Mason.

We should praise you without measure, Santa Claus, for you've brought us heaps of pleasure, Santa Claus. On a thousand Christmas nights you have brought us rare delights, making of us happy wights, Santa Claus. When the night wind had an edge, Santa Claus, you have come with deer and sledge, Santa Claus; and fond recollection tells how we heard your tinkling bells as you journeyed down the dells, Santa Claus. Oh, you brought us knives and dolls, Santa Claus, trains of cars and rubber balls, Santa Claus; and you brought us dates and figs, steeds of tin and wooden pigs, Noah's arks and thingmyjigs, Santa Claus. There were treasures in the pack, Santa Claus, that you carried on your back, Santa Claus; there were candies rich and rare, there were toys beyond compare, hippopotamus and bear, Santa Claus. But the best thing that you brought, Santa Claus, and the thing that hit the spot, Santa Claus, was the joy that filled our hearts as we gnawed our figs and tarts, and that mem'ry ne'er departs, Santa Claus. Oh, we often, often wish, Santa Claus, now that we are old, ods fish! Santa Claus, that together we might stray to an oldtime Christmas day in the land of Far Away, Santa Claus! Oh, the days when we were young, Santa Claus! And the carols that were sung, Santa Claus! Have you brought the old times back in your large and heavy pack, as you trudge your wintry track, Santa Cleaus?—Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams.

Advice To the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

A STUBBORN PAIR.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am a blonde of 16 and considered growing more beautiful every day. I have a lot of admirers, and, of course, one best one. I went with a young fellow of the same age and loved him. Some dispute came up and neither of us have been speaking. He goes with another girl. He seems to want my friendship, and, of course, I want his, but he won't speak till I speak first, and I won't speak till he speaks first.

Blue-Eyed Blonde.

If you continue in your present course you will never make up. I do not advise a girl to "speak first" unless she was the one to give offence.

But if you care so very much, and he continues stubborn, make some friendly advances. But don't repeat them if he receives them in a spirit of indifference.

THE GIRL IS RIGHT.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am deeply in love with a girl named Agnes. We have been friends for the last few years, but upon my asking her for her hand she thought I had better wait until I go out with my tools, as now I am only a plumber's apprentice at $6 per week.

William McS.

An engagement is out of the question on your salary, and I admire the girl for her good sense.

Wait till you are in a position to support a girl before you ask for her hand.

END YOUR HYPOCRISY.

Dear Miss Farifax:

I have a gentleman friend whom I do not like. I pretend I like him whenever we meet. He shows in every respect that he loves me. What is the best way to get rid of him.

M. T.

I do not like your attitude toward him. It is not honorable, and I hope you will make speedy reformation. Be honest and tell him you don't care for him.

STICK TO YOUR BOOKS.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am in love with a girl who does not reciprocate my love.

I am kept busy at school, but she insists on my taking her out to dances and parties. I would like to study for two years and let her have a good time the while.

Would it be proper for me to tell her to wait and have a good time, or should I continue my courtship with her? Or would it be advisable to get engaged to her? F. S.

Doesn't the girl show a greater interest in her own good times than in your progress at school.

That isn't an admirable spirit, and you must meet it by giving her up and devoting your time to your studies. I assure you that you can't do justice to both.

I TRUST SHE WOULD OBJECT.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am deeply in love with a young lady, but do not know whether my love is reciprocated, as she does not in any way show me that she loves me. Is it wrong for me to kiss the young lady when saying good night? E. C.

Tell her you love her and ask if that sentiment is returned.

Until you have made the discovery that the love is mutual, don't attempt to kiss her. A kiss given to a casual acquaintance cheapens the girl who gives it.

"B." IS RIGHT.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

"A" says that a gentleman when walking with a lady should always have the lady on the right side; "B" says that a gentleman shall all the time walk on the socalled "outside," and it does not matter whether he walks on her right or left. G. A. G. D.

A gentleman should always take the outside of the walk, though he commits no great act of impropriety in failing to swing to the outside at every turn.

THAT DEPENDS.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

Is it proper for a young girl to send an invitation to a young man with whom she has never corresponded, but was out with several times, and has known him a number of years?

Also, is it proper for a young girl to go out with several young men at different times if she is not engaged? S.

I take it for granted that the invitation is to call on her or attend some social gathering at her house, in which event it is perfectly proper for the girl to extend it.

There is no impropriety in a girl receiving attention from several men at the same time, if the attention is paid in a spirit of friendliness. But I hope no girl will encourage promiscuous attentions that savor of love making.

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am 22 and dearly in love with a girl of 20. I have been in business twice, as I thought to marry her when I made good; but the business went badly and I lost all my money. Now if I go to work I can make $18 a week. A. T. Z.

Very much depends on the girl. If she is trained in habits of economy, it will be possible to live on $18 a week; but it will be wiser to wait till your income is a few dollars more.

IT IS NOT ADVISABLE.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am in love with a young lady of 20. I am 22. As I am contemplating marriage with this lady, I would like to know if it is advisable for me to marry on my present salary, $15 per week. C. W.

One cannot live on love alone, and $15 a week will purchase little in these days of high cost of living.

If you doubt this, try the experiment of putting $7.50 away every week and living on the $7.50 left.

SHIPS COLLIDE BUT PROCEED TO PORT UNDER OWN STEAM.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 25.—The steamship Merion, which sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool, and the British steamer Oceano, bound from this city to Narvick with a cargo of iron, collided last night in the lower Delaware bay, 75 miles below Philadelphia.

Fearing his vessel was badly damaged Capt. Hill, of the Merion, ran her in the sand off Narrow Shoal, but later started back to Philadelphia under the steamer's own power. The Oceano, whose bow was stove in and leaking badly, also proceeded upstream and reached Reedy island.

Answering wireless calls for assistance after the collision, the life savers from the Lewes station went to the scene, but were informed that help was not required. On board the Merion are 22 first cabin and 132 second class or steerage passengers.

Power

A Short Story.

MRS. Arthur MacKenzie was not only an exceedingly pretty woman, but it was said of her that no London or Paris model could display a perfect gown to better advantage than she. And yet, as she stood in the drawing room of her Kensington flat and studied herself in the mirror, she frowned. On the sofa sat her husband, fair, fat, and forty, immersed in his evening paper. Presently, with the utmost caution, she stole a glance at him. Then, perhaps with the object of attracting his attention, she made a curious little noise in her throat. He looked up irritably. Mrs. MacKenzie was smiling at her own reflection in the glass.

"Hello, what's the joke? he said.

"Nothing." She threw him a casual glance. "I was only making a mental comparison between Ruth Miller and myself at the show this afternoon."

"Humph. That all!"

"And it amuses me. I was looking my best today."

Her husband chuckled grimly to himself. Yes, remembering a time when he himself had been as putty in the hands of this splendid wife of his, and could deny her nothing, he positively chuckled. Thank heaven, he reflected, that period of infatuation was past—he had seen visions of the bankruptcy court in consequence of it more than once. He still liked to see Elise nicely dressed, but she could not bam-boozle him now. Therefore, he was glad she seemed so satisfied with things generally. A lot of trouble and unpleasantness would be saved thereby.

"Ruth simply makes me wild," continued Elise. "The amount that woman must spend on clothes! Well, well. Of course, they're very well off."

Her husband looked up sharply.

"Tony draws a jolly sight less than $5,000 a year," he said.

"Then I'm glad I'm not him," was the reply. "And, after all, pretty dresses aren't everything. What does it matter what silly people think or say?"

Arthur MacKenzie put down his paper. A very decided wave of opposition was beginning to agitate his mind. Just as he had once submitted to his wife's merest whims, so now he was apt on principle to contravert everything she said. Was Elise, he asked himself, in danger of becoming a frump?

Elise herself, shrewdly guessing the trend of his thoughts, came and seated herself on the sofa at his side.

"Dear old boy," she whispered, stroking his bald head, "the fact is you've always spoiled me and taught me to be extravagant, but I'd rather go without clothes at all than badger a husband for money."

"Who said I couldn't afford money?" demanded her victim, growing distinctly uneasy—he didn't know why.

"Nobody did, old silly. I was talking of Ruth."

Her fingers crept downwards till they rubbed against his cheek. He found the sensation pleasing. For a long time he had not been so favored—perhaps he had not demanded it.

"This isn't a very new frock?" he asked presently at random, voicing the vague discontentment that was in him.

"Oh, yes it is—last year's."

"Last year's!" His paper slipped to the floor. Formerly dresses had lasted Elise weeks, sometimes months, but never years. Yet she had spoken apparently without regret. This was a new and sensational development of her character altogether. It alarmed him. More, it served to give his opposition definite shape. As Elise swung round into his usual attitude towards dress and dress allowance, so he automatically swung round into hers.

"You really musn't grow into a frump at your time of life," he said.

"D'you think I am?"

"No, no, of course not, my dear; but still you—you—why, you used to love new clothes once," he muttered in an injured tone.

"So I do still, Arthur, but I get attached to my old ones too. This dear old hat for instance—"

"Yes, I was just looking at it," he interrupted. "Bend down."

"There's nothing wrong with it," grumbled Elise. "It's better than Ruth's." However, she bent down.

"Why, the feathers are all soiled," he exclaimed. "It must be centuries old." There was a wrench, a little scream from Elise, and he had torn one of the offenders out.

"Oh, Arthur, you've spoiled it! I hate you!"

But Arthur was past stroking. Arthur stood up. Rightly or wrongly, he flattered himself he had always stood up to Elise—not in the trifles of life, of course, but in the big things, proving he was the master.

"Now look here," he said, the vulgar side of his nature coming out strongly, as it always did when his temper was roused. "I won't 'ave you become dowdy!"

"But it was quite a good hat," pleaded Elise, with triumph glistening eyes.

Without condescending to reply, he went to his desk, unlocked it, sat down and wrote a check.

"I'm not angry," he said, as he gave it to her, "only determined. I don't want to see that hat or that dress again. I am far richer than Tony Miller, and," he said condescendingly, with the memory fresh upon him of Elise's well timed caress, "you're a far finer woman than Tony's wife. I won't tolerate this new fad of yours—that's all it is, a fad—no, not for a moment I won't! Understand?"

"Yes, Arthur, I understand," she replied meekly. "I'll try not to offend again."

"You'd just better—well not," he remarked with truculent redundancy. Then he kissed her and stalked out.

Elise looked at the check. "Five hundred!" she cried aloud in her ecstacy. "Heigho!" with a luxurious stretch, "the new way is not so bad."

Unluckily the strong man had not closed the door properly. Also he had paused outside to pick up and read a letter that was lying on the hall table. Therefore he overheard.

"Stung! stung! By all the gods!" he muttered furiously. "And I kissed her. Oh, the deuce!"

Then he slunk away.

ASSERTS STEEL COMPANY IS VICTIM OF FRAUD.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 25.—A dozen large business concerns, including the Carnegie Steel company and several great packing firms, in cities of the east and middlewest have been defrauded through a collection scheme of upwards of $300,000 in the last few months according to R. R. Mundelle, postoffice inspector of Chicago, who arrested W. W. Fellers and Joseph Finkleman here, charged with the use of the mails to defraud in connection with the alleged fraudulent operations.

The charge against Fellers and Kinkleman was that they had used the mails to defraud the Reimier Lumber company, of Cincinnati, last June.

TAFT CONFERS WITH FORMER PRESIDENTS OF PANAMA

Panama, Dec. 25.—President Taft has inspected the Atlantic division of the Panama canal, the new dock at Colon and the Gatun dam. He also had a conference on local questions with three ex-presidents of the Panama republic, Frederico Boyd, Rodolfo Chiari and Carlos Mendoza.

Four hundred bluejackets from the United States battleship Delaware will be taken through the canal zone on a special train Sunday.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1898.

Attorney Jay Good left today for Abilene, Tex.

J. H. Harvey left on the G. H. today for San Antonio.

Felix Martinez left for Las Vegas on the Santa Fe today on a business trip.

T. J. Beall jr is at home from college spending the holidays with his parents.

J. A. Eddy and wife went to Alamogordo this morning in the private car of the El Paso & Northeastern.

John P. Ramsey, general manager of the Sierra Madre line, went out to Alamogordo this morning in his private car.

Superintendent A. S. Greig, of the E. P. & N. E., returned from the mountains today in his private car, Paso del Norte.

H. S. Church, superintendent of the Jarillas Mining company, went out on the White Oaks road this morning to his camp.

Freight traffic was very light yesterday on all railroads leading into this point, but the train crews had to work, nevertheless.

P. Markham, a mining man from the Organ mountains, arrived today over the Santa Fe and left over the White Oaks road for the Jarilla mountains.

J. H. McCutcheon, one of the proprietors of the Graphic, was a passenger on the northbound Santa Fe this morning for Socorro, N. M., his old home.

A buggy belonging to Horace B. Stevens was yesterday wrecked and the horse injured by a heavy coal wagon, which was coming down St. Louis St. at a rapid rate.

County attorney Peyton J. Edwards left this afternoon via the T. & P. During his absence attorneys Eylar and Sweeney will look after the business of the county attorney's office.

Christmas was enjoyed by the T. & P. railroad employes, at least. The paycar arrived and there was plenty of money in sight. One business man said that he sold two men a bill amounting to $150.

Christmas day passed off quietly in this city. Appropriate services were held at all of the churches and in several of them the Sunday school children were entertained with Christmas trees. At the courthouse the offices were closed and the employes were away, taking advantage of the holiday.

Letters to The Herald.

[All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will be withheld if requested.

FILTHY STREET CARS.

Editor El Paso Herald:

It would seem to an observer—and a victim—that the city council might see that the Street Railway company do a little house cleaning, at least once during its entire existence, or else allow the men carte blanche to smoke the strongest kind of tobacco in simple self protection against every known form of contagion, while going back and forth on the cars.

I'm sure that the street cars used on the Fort Bliss line, especially, would furnish rich diggings for medical students, and they would need to look no further for all the specimens required to graduate them.

I have ridden in many street cars, in many cities of the United States, belonging, as I do, to that degree of affluent humanity who must need use them or walk, but it has never been my lot to sit in any street car and gaze through—or at—such artistically embellish window panes as those adorning the street cars of El Paso. The crack clean city of the southwest! And the filthy window ledges and woodwork one loathes to touch.

Women have not even the protection of tobacco smoke, the odor of which is infinitely more preferable to that of the refuse of a rebellious stomach. And all she can do is to hold her skirts away from the filth and pick her way gingerly through discarded and decayed fruit cores and parings, and pools of emitted tobacco juice, than which there is little more that is filthier. Far better inhale the smoke than eat the weed—and sit inhaling dirt and germs.

A few weeks ago it was my lot to sit across the isle from a creature who found it necessary to relieve an over loaded stomach without the formality of putting his head out of the window. A few days ago I had the misfortune to strike the same car, and near the same seat for the woodwork still bore evidences of that, or a like occurrence, and the odor reminded one of anything but "the vase in which roses had once been distilled."

This contributor to the Street Car company did not wear "olive drab," nor was he in the working man's garb, but was desecrating a good suit of clothes, such as clerks and bankers wear. He was one of those mistakes we meet some times, who are up walking around on two feet when they ought to be down on all fours eating swill from a trough.

Of course, it is not the fault of the Street Car company if an animal boards a car and pays his fare, but they certainly could use water enough to clean their car of his dirt. The city pumping plant, is doing efficient work, I am told, and the water should be used for cleansing purposes as well as being good enough to drink.

A Grandviewer.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

El Paso, Tex., Dec. 25.

Editor El Paso Herald:

I have read so much of late of our good women of America not having the right to vote. I would rather see my sisters go to the polls and cast their votes than any foreigner to poll his vote, who cannot read or write, or speak the English language.

The queen of Spain outfitted Columbus with ships and he discovered America. She was a woman. Great Britain was ruled and governed, for over 60 years by a woman—queen Victoria; Britain flourished under her rule.

Take a family of children, let the father die, the mother will hold those children together; but let the mother die, and those children will be scattered.

I am for woman suffrage. In a few months I will be 71 years old. I hope to live to see a woman president of the United States. Let the women vote.

Ben Moore.

WHEN WE ALL COME HOME.

It's the day when we all come home
Over the land and the sea;
It's the day when we want our own,
Yes, and our country.
No matter how far away
Is the path in life we roam,
The call comes clear at Christmas time—
It's the day when we all come home.

It's the day when we all come home
To the ones we love the best,
Who wait us there we know
Back in the dear home nest.
The call is in the winds,
In the speeding ocean foam,
The call of the heart at Christmas time—
It's the day when we all come home.

It's the day when we all come home,
When the bells in gladness ring,
When sweet-voiced children carol
Of Christ, the new-born king;
No welcome is like this one,
No matter where we roam;
There's no time like the Christmas time—
The day when we all come home.

—By Grace L. Hosmer.