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 15 Years; G. A. Martin is News Editor.

EL PASO HERALD
Editorial and Magazine Page
Tuesday, May Twenty-seventh, 1913.

THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION
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Cleaning Up the Slums

AT LAST a consistent, rational effort has been begun to rid Washington, D. C., of its slums. Some of the negro districts in the national capital are among the worst, most unhealthy, and most disgraceful slum districts in America. Numerous congressional investigations and studies by sociological and philanthropic organizations have been made, but they have usually come to naught. Now another effort is to be made—this time by the women's division of the National Civic federation.

A fund is being raised, which will be turned over to a corporation headed by Gen. Sternberg, formerly surgeon general of the army, to be used in removing unsanitary dwellings and substituting clean and healthful dwellings that can be rented at nominal price and yet pay fair return on the investment. The buildings will be grouped with due regard to the needs of sanitation, breathing space, and play space for the children. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Gifford Pinchot are deeply interested in the project, toward which Mr. Pinchot has subscribed several thousand dollars.

In Augusta, Ga., Mrs. J. D. Hammond has taken a leading part in seeking to improve housing conditions among the negroes. She has devised a plan even more consistent and thorough than that of the Washington group. Mrs. Hammond wishes to buy a whole city block at a time (about six acres in Augusta), and improve the block as a whole. She would reserve two of the six acres in each block for a playground and a settlement house; on the other four acres she would build little three room houses, with decent sanitary conveniences, necessary plumbing, running water, plenty of windows, closets, a porch, and fly screens everywhere. Such houses, built double and four acres at a time, would cost but a few hundred dollars each. The rent could be far less than the usual rent now paid for far worse quarters, and yet return a fair interest on the investment.

Each lot would be large enough to afford a little garden space, besides the common playground. The "settlement house" in each six acre block would have rooms for the little children to play in and have their kindergarten, and it would have space for boys' and girls' clubs, and mothers' clubs. There would be a few classes in cooking and sewing and laundry work, and a few free baths. A small laundry and drying room would be provided, for the use of which a small fee would be paid; but this would enable the dwellers in the block to do their laundry work under the best conditions, and relieve the little homes of the ugly accumulations of rubbish, the "bilin' pot," the steaming clothes, the burdened lines and cluttered up rooms, inseparable from the family washing in a little house.

About 80 three room houses would be built on the four acres. The rental would easily pay a fair return on the total cost of land and buildings, after meeting all charges.

Mrs. Hammond makes one statement in her prospectus that applies exactly to slum conditions in El Paso, that is, in Chihuahuita. Says she: "Most negroes in Augusta belong to that economic class which, the world over, pays the heaviest rent in proportion to its income, and yields the landlord the largest return on his investment, yet which receives in return little which is compatible with health or decency. It is a world problem—this question of the exploitation of the poorest and most thriftless class of renters for the landlord's greatest profit. The conditions we provide for these people under such a system inevitably breed physical and moral degeneracy."

This is a very clear and suggestive statement of our Chihuahuita problem.

Trying To Enforce Prohibition

IN FIVE counties of Maine, according to the governor, the prohibition law is not enforced, while in 11 of the 16 counties "the law is fairly well enforced."

The governor instituted impeachment proceedings against several county sheriffs, charging gross neglect of duty. The governor in his message asking the legislature to begin impeachment proceedings says that conditions in Portland are especially bad. He submits a "statement showing the number of places and designating the streets where liquor is sold in open violation of the law, also a chart showing the number of places in the vicinity of two public schools where this nefarious traffic is carried on openly, the existence of which should be known to any sheriff and deputies in the exercise of ordinary intelligence and diligence in the prosecution of their official duties."

Statewide prohibition might be enforced if the matter were taken wholly out of the hands of local officials and all power concentrated in state officers, corresponding to the Texas rangers or the Pennsylvania constabulary, only adequate in numbers to police all the counties and see that the state laws were observed.

When the enforcement of these prohibitory laws is left to local officers, local sentiment will guide them chiefly, and in effect, a sort of local option always exists under which obnoxious laws are virtually repealed by general failure to enforce them. Unless a law have the substantial approval of the majority of the people, it is virtually dead most of the time, for elected officers will not arrest or prosecute under it and juries will not convict under it.

If the existing rigid regulatory laws in Texas are not strictly enforced, what reason to expect that absolute prohibition would be enforced in the cities, against the will of the majority? Rigid regulation, and strict enforcement of the laws we have, ought to precede any attempt to enact statewide prohibitory laws that would be so generally defied as to create a new contempt for law.

Needless Fears Dynamited

IN FRANCE since the year 800 a certain town has been threatened by an overhanging mountain mass, which threatened to "fall any minute." The founders of the town probably did not expect to stay there long, so they took chances on the rock. But for 1100 years, the people of the little settlement have lived through their entire lives in mortal fear that the mountain would fall and crush them. Nobody had the enterprise to move the town a few hundred feet out of the danger zone, but they just went on talking about the ever present danger and suffering the tortures of apprehension.

Thus more than 11 centuries went by, in a land where airplanes are common and moving pictures flourish. A week ago, French army engineers put 1000 pounds of dynamite under the loose snag of the mountain, and blew up 86,000 cubic yards. The villagers had previously been induced to remove all their pet animals and dainty house furnishings to a little distance to be clear of the shock and dust from the blast. The mountain did not fall on the town, showing for one thing that the 1100 years of constant fear had been needless. Flying rocks perforated a lot of roofs, but grass and twigs will fix the roofs and cover the scars.

Now the villagers will find that they have sacrificed an important scenic attraction of their quiet valley, and fewer automobiles will pass that way. After cowering in the shadow of the "falling" mountain for 1100 years, it is probable that the town will take a notion to move now that the menace no longer remains.

One-Sentence Philosophy

GLOBE SIGHTS.
(Atchison Globe.)

So many men threaten to bet.

The man who calls his laziness hard luck won't fool very many.

When you put on a "sub," don't select a superior workman.

Fat women wouldn't look so fat if they would quit trying to look so slender.

No matter what your Red Rag is, some one is always hanging around to wave it.

A man will do a lot of unreasonable things in his efforts to become vindicated.

Considering that the critics always come in on comps, their work is pretty rough.

Passing the resolutions isn't a very hard task, there are so many capable of doing Fine Writing.

A deaf person has his troubles, but the college yells don't bother him, which should help some.

Long hair doesn't make a poet or a musician, even if some of the bards and virtuosos do dodge the barber.

When a man is liked best by those who know him best, he has a pretty fair recommendation, as such things go.

While a loafer may get tired of loafing, he prefers that sort of weariness to the kind coming from overwork.

At some time in his life, nearly every man yields to the temptation of having his picture taken in a uniform of some kind or other.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
(Philadelphia Record.)

Never tell a fat girl she is all wool and a yard wide.

The fisherman's motto—All things come to those who bait.

There is nothing platonic about the love of misery for company.

Many a guilty man escapes because he is so small he goes right through the net.

She—"There is no limit to woman's sphere." He—"No; woman's sphere now seems to be the whole earth."

"You should remember that time is money," admonished the stern parent. "But time hangs so much more heavily on our hands," yawned the indolent son.

It is certainly queer.
How a woman that's deep
Can call a man dear
And then make him feel cheap.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
(Chicago News.)

Of two evils choose something else.

Many things are well done that are not worth doing.

You can blind some men by throwing gold dust in their eyes.

A cynic may be one who has discovered the bitterness in stolen sweets.

The man who is only as honest as he has to be is as dishonest as he can be.

No doubt you may be able to fool a lot of people, but there is always some wise guy.

Millions Dodge Tax Levies

Even Whole Counties Joint Tacitly in Movement to Beat State Out of Revenue.

By Frederic J. Haskin

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 27.—The man who can frame a tax law that will not be evaded by many people has not been born. This applies not only to income taxes, but to property taxes as well. One of the principal objections urged against the income tax is that it would make us a nation of liars and put a premium upon perjury. One does not have to go very far to find that if we regard undervaluation as lying and failure to list property as perjury, we are already such a nation and such a premium already has been placed upon perjury.

To what an unimaginable extent tax dodging has been carried on is shown by the records of the census office. In 1904 the unexempted property in the United States was valued at a little more than $100,000,000,000, this caluation being given in by the people to the census enumerators. But when the assessors of taxes went around listing tithables a little later, these same people placed a valuation of less than $39,000,000,000 upon that same property.

Evade Personal Property Tax.

The worst evasion, of course, comes with personal property because such a large percentage of that is intangible and can escape assessment. It is so bad, indeed, in many states, that if an income tax law could make it worse than it would be surprising; so bad that one authority declares that few but the ignorant do not dodge personal property taxes; so bad that an Illinois commission has branded it a school for perjury promoted by law; so bad that in West Virginia they say people regard the payment of personal taxes to be just about as voluntary as a Sunday school contribution.

How extensive the dodging of personal property taxes is may be shown by the figures from many states. The census inquiry of 1904 valued the personal property of Pennsylvania at $4,882,000,000 and the tax returns valued it at $1,104,000,000. New York, according to the census, had personal property valued at $5,500,000,00, and according to the tax lists it was worth only $500,000,000. In the United States as a whole the people informed the census enumerators that their personal property was worth $10,000,000,000 and declared to the tax assessor that its fair value was $9,000,000,000.

Real Estate Is Undervalued.

The dodging of taxes is by no means limited to personal property for in nearly every city and hamlet and farming district there is a systematic undervaluation of real estate. Of course there is no chance of dodging entirely, since land ownership always and everywhere is recorded. But there are innumerable instances where real estate has sold for two, three, four, and even five times the value at which it was assessed. So wide-spread has become the practice of undervaluing real estate in the United States that the tax books show an aggregate value of only half as much as the census records. In other words, the landowners of the country told the census enumerators that their real estate was worth twice as much as they swore to the assessor it was worth.

Counties Evade State Levies.

Property owners are not the only taxe dodgers in the United States by any manner of means. Even whole counties very frequently join tacitly in a movement to beat the state in which they are located out of the revenue that belongs to it. For instance, not long ago the auditor of Virginia announced that of 100 counties in the state 70 took more money out of the state treasury for their purposes than they put in it by tax collections. Some of them have deliberately, and with forethought, fixed a rate of assessing property at a fourth, or even a fifth of its real value. This permits them to pay into the state treasury a very small share of what they ought to, and they pronounce it good business policy, since they take out of the state treasury funds apportioned on population.

From this it will be seen that the evils of tax dodging are by no means limited to income taxes, and there cannot well be a greater tax upon the national conscience with an income tax than with a personal property tax. With an exemption of income below $4,000 it is not probable that more than one man in 25 will have to pay an income tax, so that if every man who is liable to it strains his conscience it will be in no wise comparable, in the number of people affected, to false returns that are made in every state in the union upon personal property.

Income Tax Hard to Dodge.

But with a system of stoppage at its source such as England has, only a comparatively small percentage of the income taxpayers can dodge it by false returns. After the civil war there were less than 200,000 taxpayers under the income tax law, when the exemption was as low as $1000. Assuming that there would be as many in proportion today who would have incomes of $4,000 the total number directly affected would not be more than 750,000, and of these, the bulk of the incomes, (according to the English experience, four-fifths), would have little opportunity for tax dodging.

It is probable that a system of stoppage at the source would reach a larger proportion of taxpayers in the United States than in any other country, including England, since a larger proportion of the wealth of the United States is corporate wealth. For instance, the corporation tax returns show a total corporation capital in the United States of $60,000,000,000, which is probably more than half of the total wealth of the country as it will be revealed when the census bureau finishes its tabulations of wealth. In 1904 the total national wealth was placed at $107,000,000,000.

Methods of Evasion in England.

In England many methods of evasion are resorted to, some legitimate and others clearly unlawful. Many corporations which are in reality English corporations with branches in other countries assume to be foreign corporations in England. Some corporations which do business abroad, in order to save their income from that business from being taxed, establish permanent branches abroad and never bring the income home. The English liken this to the policy of American manufacturers who, in order to get around the tariffs which other countries levy against American goods, build branch factories in the countries where they desire to avoid duties, and do their manufacturing there rather than to make their products in the United States and ship them into the countries in question.

Still another way to dodge their income taxes, resorted to by the English, is to turn over shares in corporations to their sons, the income therefrom to serve in lieu of allowances. If the father paid the allowance itself, he would first have to pay his tax upon the income it represents. But when the son gets the dividends from the stock direct he escapes such a tax. But with all the forms of tax dodging that are resorted to in England in connection with the income tax, it is estimated that only about $650,000,000 of income arises from sources where a careful and persistent checking up is not possible.

Penalties for Tax Dodging.

Penalties fixed by law for dodging income taxes as well as those for dodging other taxes vary in the several countries that have such taxes. In some cases a falsification of returns by omissions is penalized more severely than failure to make any returns whatever. In some countries the penalty is made an amount double the tax evaded, in others treble, and in at least one country the person evading any tax is liable for half of the income upon which he dodged the tax. Some countries aim to encourage men who have given false returns to act if any pangs of conscience attack them as a result. This is accomplished by a provision that if any man dodge his tax and voluntarily comes forward at any time thereafter and confesses his fault and pays the taxes dodged no penalty shall be imposed and he shall be absolved from censure.

No Aid for Assessors.

Some men prefer to suffer the penalties imposed for failure to make returns rather than to aid the tax assessor at all. They simply allow the assessor to make his own assessments and abide by the result. In one instance, in England, for illustration, a certain country gentlemin never made a return. The assessors fixed his income at 500 pounds a year, and on this basis he paid taxes for several years. Finally there came a new man upon the board of assessors, and when they came to the 500-pound country gentleman the old members of the board were going to write him down for the same amount. But the new member had better information about him. "Write him down for 50,000 pounds a year and you will not hear a murmur from him," quoth he, and they did so. The erstwhile 500 pound country gentleman was glad to get off even at that.

Some Will Evade Tax.

That there will be tax dodging under an income tax law in the United States is inevitable. A hundred ways within the letter but without the spirit of the law will be found to evade the tax, in whole or in part. But the same is true of taxes on consumption, such as the tariff; and taxes on production, such as the internal revenue taxes. It is also true of land taxes, of corporation taxes, and of personal property taxes. Also a hundred and one illegal methods of dodging income taxes will be devised and carried out, but the moon-shiner, the smuggler, and the tax dodger do the same on other forms of taxation. If absence of evasion were to be made the criterion by which a tax should be judged as to its rightness of principle, then the world would have to live without taxes.

Tomorrow—Public school commencements.

THE RACE GAMBLER.

It is the old, old story over again, repeated so often one would think even the most thoughtless would take warning and fortify himself against the temptation. Charles A. Baker, formerly assistant cashier of the Crocker National bank, San Francisco, was recently sentenced to prison for embezzling $200,000. Hear his sad testimony:

"I fell because of the temptation I was constantly subjected to. The bank paid me $10,000 a year for my services. Every day stock dabblers, financiers, called at the bank, and daily they leaned over my desk and told me of the thousands they had won the day before, with scarcely an effort. These conversations gradually became more and more impressive. I began to think I should be taking advantage of the opportunities put before me. One day a man came to me and gave me a tip on a stock to buy. I took it. I won. I got a second tip a few days later. I took that tip and lost. After that I won occasionally and lost frequently. I tried to recoup my losses and make good with the bank. I intended to stop gambling as soon as I could get even up."

ABE MARTIN

A woman kin vote in Alasky, but she's got t' have a sealskin coat if she wants t' hang around th' polls. Prof. Clem Harner has written a bassoon solo entitled "Echoes From th' Abattoir."

GOOPS
By GELETT BURGESS

DO YOU ABEDNEGATE?

Abednegate is
not to go
To bed when Mother
says, you know;
And Goops like
Angelina White
Abednegate
'most every night.
If you're a Goop,
I grieve to state
You probably
abednegate.

Don't Be A Goop!

Photographs

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

A PHOTOGRAPH is a picture of a man as he looks when a photographer has balanced him on a stiff backed chair and has aimed a camera at him.

Photographs are a means of preserving woman's good looks and man's embarrassment for future generations. A woman will look a camera in the eye all day without flinching if she is sure her hair is on straight, but when the ordinary man is ordered to have his picture taken he makes an engagement with the dentist in order to escape.

This is because man thinks he is modest. But it really is because he has no faith in the ability of the photographer to make him as handsome as he would like to be. On the other hand, woman's faith in the photographer is only equaled by her faith in the retoucher.

Photographs are made by exposing a glass plate, which is more sensitive to light than a trust agreement. After this plate has been developed it goes to the hands of a sad-eyed young woman, who puts it in a retouching frame and works over the customer's features and complexion. She is sad eyed because she knows that no matter how shamelessly

"Taken by artists who juggle with lights and shades and bend the sitter around this way.

she improves on nature, the woman who sat for the picture will shake her head when she sees it and say: "Isn't that awful?"

Photographs once cost $2 a dozen, and looked like the sitter regardless of consequences. Nowadays, however, photographs are taken by artists, who juggle with lights and shades, and bend the sitter around this way and that until artistic angles are secured. The artist then prints the results on a half acre sheet, mounts it in a portfolio, signs it in lead pencil and charges $6 apiece for the prints. They are worth it, too, as long as you don't see the original.

Photographs are valuable because some day our descendants will dig them out of the attic, just as we have dug out those of our ancestors. But while we looked at the old tintypes and said, "what horrible features the ancients used to have!" our descendants will exclaim with delight over our beauty when they find our pictures, and they will frame us and hang us on the wall beside prints of Helen of Troy and Apollo Bevelledear.

(Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.)

YSLETA COUPLE HAVE A CHURCH WEDDING

Miss Caroline Smith Becomes the Bride of George Wahl—Many Present From El Paso and the Valley.

Ysleta, Texas, May 27.—Very beautiful was the service at 5 o'clock mass that united Miss Carolina Smith and George Wahl in marriage. Rev. Father Cordova performed the ceremony. The bride, a stately brunet, was charming in her wedding gown of soft white satin made entrain seeded with pearls and bordered with white marabou. Her veil of white tulle was caught with orange blossoms. She carried an arm boquet of cape jasmines. Mr. and Mrs. Julius Lowenstein were the attendants. Mrs. Lowenstein was gowned in white satin and wore a picture hat of white and lavender.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Wahl were born and reared here and their wedding was witnessed by a large number of friends and relatives from El Paso and both the upper and lower valleys.

After an informal reception an elaborate breakfast was served to the bridal party and a large number of friends at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Buchanan, where the bride has made her home since childhood. Mr. Wahl is a son of the late Dr. Wahl and Mrs. Wahl, at whose residence the couple will be at home.

The engineering corps, of the new county road is encamped in the grove just above the post office.

Mrs. Walbridge of Tornillo; Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bryant, Misses Annie Bryant, Elizabeth Bryant and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ascarte, of El Paso, were among the guests who attended the Wahl-Smith wedding.

Mrs R. S. Bamberger, who has been at an El Paso hospital for the past two weeks, is much better and, accompanied by Lieut. Bamberger and a trained nurse, returned to the Valley Inn Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Shedd came down from El Paso and spent the weekend at Valley Inn.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Paget and sons have come down to their ranch for the summer.

Ranger Pat Craighead is here, a guest at the rangers' camp.

Capt. Hughes and ranger Robinson are both at the ranger camp. They have been away several weeks on duty.

Misses Louisa and Marguerite Moon have gone to San Antonio on a visit and will later go to San Marcos.

Letters to The Herald.

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

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

Editor El Paso Herald:

Why are The Herald riddles like a tugboat?

Because they're a pull for the liners.

E. G. Piper.

CASE IS DISMISSED.

Antonio Morales, charged by the police with coming out of the window of a saloon, was discharged from custody Monday afternoon by judge Ballard Coldwell, of the corporation court. The proprietors of the saloon testified that the defendant was given permission to go into the place

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1899.

Chester Hunt arrived from California yesterday, where he has been attending school.

Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, teacher in the Central school in this city, left for Chicago this morning.

A. W. Gifford came in from the Jarilla mining camp last evening, and will remain in the city several days.

Mrs. Dr. White, Mrs. W. S. McCutcheon and Alward and Leigh White returned from Alamo Alto ranch today.

The Mexican Central people are transacting their business in box cars across the river, since the building was burned.

The Houston Post, of the 25th, contains an excellent likeness of W. W. Bridgers, a member of the legislature from El Paso county.

The hose wagon, which has been in the shop for some time past, was turned over to the department this morning looking fine.

Jim Thornton, the Santa Fe switchman, who has been rusticating at Santa Rosalia springs for several days past, returned last night.

W. Roussain and C. Peterson, both of the carpenter department of the G. H. & S. A., are going to resign their positions on the first of next month and go into the contracting business in this city.

The foundation for the second ward school is progressing rapidly. The contractors have a large force of men at work and the building will undoubtedly be completed within the prescribed time.

Prof. G. P. Putnam, who will have charge of the summer normal in the Sacramentos, said that all the tents have arrived and that he will leave for the mountains in a few days to personally superintend their erection.

Flames completely gutted the one story adobe building at 214 and 216 South El Paso street this morning. For some time it looked like the whole row would burn. The buildings were owned by Mr. O'Fallen, Thomas Rankin, jr., and the Howard estate, all of St. Louis. All were badly damaged.

The G. H. boys are going to celebrate the Fourth of July in proper style. Preparations for this event have been going on for some time and enough money has been secured to purchase a fine new silk flag. It will cost $105 and will be hoisted on the nation's holiday to a high pole with appropriate ceremonies.

The question of the fruit crop is an important one to El Pasoans during the summer months. For the past two or three years the output has been very small, and of the fruit used in this city a xreat percent has been obtained from California, Arizona, and other western points. Due to the early spring and the heavy rains of a few months past, indications are that El Paso will enjoy this summer a very fair season of valley produce.

The directors of the International Electric Light & Power company held a meeting yesterday and organized by the election of J. P. Dieter, president; J. J. Taylor, vice president; A. Krakauer, treasurer; W. S. McCutcheon, secretary. It was announced by the committee on subscriptions that they had more than $15,000 subscribed, with a large number of people yet to see and no doubt that the full amount of the authorized capital would be subscribed.

A meeting of delegates from the Woman's club of El Paso, the Ruth Winthrop Ceramic club, and the Music Study club was held this morning at the residence of Mrs. Leigh Clark, for the purpose of organizing a city federation, the object of the federation being to hasten the building of a club house by united effort. The following were elected officers: Mrs. E. Kohlberg, president; Mrs. Leigh Clark, vice president; Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Eugene Neff, recording secretary; Mrs. Voss and Mrs. Cooper. The directors elected are: Mrs. G. C. Wimberly, Miss Alive Fitzpatrick, Miss Gillespie, Miss Florence Beall, Mrs. Hyde, Dr. Alice G. Merchant.

The council meeting last night was one of the most interesting sessions of that body that has been held for months. Leigh Clark took the floor in behalf of the citizens' committee. He had certified checks for $2000 in his fist, but the council concluded that it wasn't necessary, and Mr. Clark put it in his pocket. Ben Caitlin read a petition signed by George Wallace, asking that the El Paso Dairy company be required to move its dairy from Leon street. As the terms of Dr. M. O. Wright and H. C. Myles had expired as members of the board of health, the mayor stated that as Mr. Myles did not want to serve any longer, he would propose Dr. Wright and E. C. Pew.

The following list of notaries public for the county of El Paso, Texas, was appointed by the governor and confirmed by the senate at the late session thereof: George Parker, John Julian, W. A. Julian, R. G. Singler, L. H. Davis, J. D. McKie, H. P. Durrell, A. P. Coles, C. B. Holmes, T. H. Conklin, Leigh Clark, Manuel Flores, Z. B. Clardy, F. E. Hunter, Wyndham Kemp, A. N. Loomis, J. C. Lackland, Millard Patterson, W. C. McGown, John F. Mitchell, J. H. Russell, H. B. Stevens, I. A. Burnes, R. F. Burges, Peyton F. Edwards, J. H. Harper, A. G. Foster, W. D. Howe, H L. Newman, D. Storms, M. W. Stanton, W. S. Smallwood, J. U. Sweeney, J. Wallace, H. R. Wood, C. B. Patterson, A. S. J. Eylar, T. E. Shelton, J. H. Townsend, D. A. Richardson, W. H. Burges, W. H. Long, W. S. Aiken, O. C. Coles, J. W. Wright, J. A. Buckler, J. A. Escajeda, J. L. Marr and F. B. Hughes.

Advice To the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

GET A BOOK.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

Can you tell me of any new games they play at parties, and how they are played? Some in which there will be very little kissing, if any. I do not favor these kissing games, and therefore am in trouble, as there is to be a party at my home within a short time and I do not know what games to play, as they know all about the old ones.

The list you give does not include anagrams, a very fascinating and wit-developing pastime. Please omit the kissing games. Children under 10 have that privilege, but it is not the best taste for any one older. You will find a complete list of suitable games on any book counter.

PAY AT THE TIME.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I was introduced to a young woman one night, and she handed me a ticket for a dance that her club was giving. After she left some of my boy friends said I should have paid for the ticket immediately. Were they right, or I, in thinking that I should pay for the ticket the next time I meet her? Stupid.

It is not a matter of importance. The best way is to pay at the time. It puts a man in a better light and might save the girl some embarrassment.

LET THE HOST DO IT.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am an orphan 18 years old. Will you please tell me the best and simplest way of ordering a dinner when invited to go to a fashionable restaurant with a young man. K. K.

Let the host give the order, assisting with a few suggestions when he defers, as he will, to your preferences.

Insist that there be no intoxicating liquors

The Operation

A Short Story.

EVERYTHING was confusion in the great chateau. The young master of the house was hovering between life and death. His horse had bolted, thrown him and kicked him in the abdomen. An operation was absolutely necessary if his life were to be saved and the chances of his survival were exceedingly slim, and now his young wife and the old family doctor were standing at his bedside waiting for the famous Paris specialist who had been telegraphed for and who was on the way as fast as a 60 horsepower motor car could carry him.

"Oh, will he never come," moaned the wife wringing her hands. "Armand will die if he does not get here soon."

"Try to be calm, my dear countess," said the old doctor. "I wish to God I dared operate on the count, but I am unfortunately no surgeon. Professor Chabert will be here in a very few moments."

"But he ought to have been here long ago," she cried and looked at her husband's pale lifeless face. "Every moment's delay lessens Armand's chances and I heard you say yourself that if he were not operated upon before 6 he would die before midnight."

The doctor had no idea that she had overheard these uncautious words spoken over the telephone to Paris, and found no answer ready.

"There is professor Chaubert now," he said in a tone of great relief, as he heard an automobile rushing up the long avenue and stopping in front of the main entrance of the house.

Professor Chaubert entered a moment later. He was a tall and very thin man of about 55 and in his hand he carried his case of surgical instruments.

"Oh I am so glad you have come, professor," cried the young countess, taking his hand.

"I put everything aside to come here," said professor Chaubert with a deep bow.

"Will you come with me immediately, professor, and see the count?" said the countess. Her voice was slightly impatient, for the professor appeared to be in no great hurry. "He is very sick," she added.

"I know," said the professor, and followed her upstairs where the family doctor had arranged an operating room in one of the bath rooms.

When he entered the bedroom where the young count lay still conscious, he slammed the door noisily behind him.

"But you must get all these dogs out of here," he said.

"But there are no dogs here," cried the countess, surprised.

At her words the professor's expression changed completely. His face was convulsed with pain.

"The whole hall is full of them," he roared.

She stared at him, but just then the doctor came in and began to talk of the condition of the patient and the professor was quite his usual professional self once more.

He examined count Armand very carefully and gave his opinion clearly and without hesitation. Having done that he assisted the valet to place the count on the operating table and made many objections before he finally consented to the countess' presence during the operation.

Just as he was about to start, he once more began to talk about the dogs.

"Why did you let them in here," he asked angrily, and once more his face became unrecognizable with anger and he beat wildly about him with the scalpel.

"Good Lord, what does this mean," whispered the countess to the old doctor.

"He has gone mad," the doctor replied in a whisper. "we must get him out of here immediately."

But the countess was calm once more.

"And who will then operate on my husband?" she asked.

"You don't mean you will risk the life of the count by letting a madman operate on him," said the doctor.

"I must," she said with the determination of despair. "It is a quarter past five now. The operation cannot be postponed any longer."

"I will chase those dogs out," she said to the professor, and opened the door.

"They are all gone now," she said.

"They follow me everywhere," the surgeon wailed. "That is why they wanted to send me to the asylum. They were just about to come for me when your car came, and of course an operation goes before everything. I love to operate, if only those dogs would leave me alone. There they are again."

Once more the countess pretended to drive them out. The professor thanked her warmly and began to operate forgetting everything else.

The operation took about half an hour and the patient was carried back into his bed. Nobody could tell whether he would live or not, but he was evidently free from pain and sleeping soundly.

The countess was on the point of fainting from the terrible tension and excitement and the doctor was attending her.

Professor Chaubert stood in the hall complaining about the dogs, when a tall man entered accompanied by two assistants. He asked to see the countess and introduced himself as Dr. Regnier, owner of the famous private asylum.

"I rushed down here to get hold of poor professor Chaubert, before he could do any harm. He has gone mad very suddenly. I hope you did not let him operate."

The countess in a few words told him what had happened and Dr. Regnier examined the count who was still asleep.

"In spite of his madness professor Chaubert has performed a wonderful operation which few surgeons in Paris would dare undertake outside a hospital. Your husband's life is saved."

Hot Air

By Walt Mason

The man who deals in rainbows has come to town by stealth, to catch the village vain beaux with tales of sudden wealth. I hear his gorgeous ravings, his winter dreams and sich. "Bring me," he says, "your savings, and I will make you rich; I've coal mines in Nebraska (where coal does not exist), and peach groves in Alaska (no peaches there, I wist); the nectarine and prune shine on trees I have for sale, and I can sell you moonshine, so hand me out your kale." The easy marks are digging their kupecks from the jar, for hot air, never twigging what easy marks they are. They hope to rake in riches and never pay the price; a sucker always itches to be a sacrifice. I sidestep such disasters as these men have in view; to my hard earned piastres I stick like patent glue. I cannot be enchanted by any hot air crank; my coin is safely planted down in the village bank. I buy no dazzling Ophirs a million miles away, no Belgian hares or gophers in Persia or Cathay. No fish in the Nyanzas, no ice plants up in Nome; no ginseng farms in Kansas, no silk works far from home. I save my clammy roubles till there's a seemly pile, and sidestep lots of troubles, and dance and sing and smile.—Copyright, 1913, by George Matthew Adams.