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

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The Old Man

BE KIND to your daddy, O gamboling youth; his feet are now sluggish and cold; intent on your pleasures, you don't see the truth, which is that your dad's growing old. Ah, once he could whip 40 bushels of snakes, but now he is spavined and lame; his joints are all rusty and tortured with aches, and weary and worn is his frame. He toiled and he slaved like a government mule to see that his kids had a chance; he fed them and clothed them and sent them to school, rejoiced when he marked their advance. The landscape is moist with the billows of sweat he cheerfully shed as he toiled to bring up his children and keep out of debt, and see that the home kettle boiled. He dressed in old duds that his Mary and Jake might bloom like the roses in June, and oft when you swallowed your porterhouse steak, your daddy was chewing a prune. And now that he's worn by his burden of care, just show you are worth all he did; look out for his comfort, and hand him his chair, and hang up his slicker and lid.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.) —WALT MASON.

Investing In Self Respect

A FEW DAYS ago in Chicago, the Rufus F. Dawes hotel was opened to the public. There was no tango tea or Hungarian orchestra, no palm room, no special dinner at $5 per plate not counting champagne. But 300 unemployed men the first night obtained a comfortable, clean, decent bed and a warm bath for a total price of 5c, and coupon tickets entitling them to soup at 2c a bowl, coffee at 2c, rolls or doughnuts 1c, pie 3c.

It was snowing hard outside the night of the opening, and hundreds of men formed in a line extending several blocks and waited hours until the doors opened. As the men filed in, they wrote in the register, bought their tickets, and then went in to supper or lounged about the big lobby, where the cheery open fire brought the heart back to them. Many went immediately to the baths, and refreshed themselves for the night's rest.

Each man locked his clothes and personal belongings in an individual locker and kept the key. He found a clean nightshirt and a pair of slippers waiting for him in the locker. And before long the whole big family quieted down and there was a good deal of resting done there that night.

The hotel cost $100,000. It was erected by Mr. Dawes as a memorial to his son who was drowned a few months ago while trying to save life on lake Geneva. The institution is intended to be self supporting, so far as operating expenses go; but that is not because of any desire of the donor to escape responsibility for its upkeep, but chiefly to assist the patrons to retain their self respect and manhood while luck is temporarily against them. The donor does not expect the hotel to become self supporting at once, and perhaps not at all, and he has promised to insure that any deficit shall be made up.

Another reason for the effort to make the place run itself financially, is the desire of Mr. Dawes to demonstrate to well disposed men in other cities that such institutions, philanthropic and truly charitable but not free, will pay a moderate interest on investment and justify their erection on good business principles.

The hotel is built on most modern lines, strictly sanitary in all appointments. Heating and ventilation are automatically regulated; there is every appliance for cleanliness of building, bedding, furniture, persons, and clothing; two floors are given up to large rooms without partitions, having several hundred beds, each of which can be made two-story by moving a lever. There are nearly 100 small separate rooms on the third floor, which will rent for 10c a night.

The beds are furnished with fresh sheets daily, and the waterproof mattresses are cleaned with a hose. The building is absolutely fireproof, and there is no wood about the sleeping apartments. A cafeteria is conducted in the basement.

No man will be given permanent lodging, but any man who will abide by the rules will be housed while looking for employment. "Tramps" will be discouraged at all times, as the house is meant for the worthy unemployed. A labor bureau will be run in connection with the hotel; large concerns will be asked daily for notice of men wanted, and the guests of the hotel will be given slips telling where to look for work. "There will be few rules, but every man must take a bath before he gets a bed."

There is a sound basis to philanthropic efforts of this sort. Men who were interviewed the first night by the papers declared that if the accommodations had been free they would not have come in. They valued the opportunity to pay even a little for the shelter. The average man prefers to pay his way even when he is temporarily down. There is no wisdom in merely doling out free gifts, unaccompanied by efforts to assist the unfortunate to reestablish themselves.

El Paso offers a great opportunity for "philanthropy at 12 percent" in the problem of housing the laboring classes. There is a splendid opening here for the erection of model tenements which will afford the laboring class decent, sanitary, and reasonably comfortable dwellings at prices which the poor can afford to pay out of scant wages, and which will at the same time yield 10 or 12 percent net on the investment.

The first real undertaking of this kind should be capitalized at $50,000 to $100,000, and the demonstration should be made on a scale that will compel attention of the authorities, and of land owners, and lead inevitably to drastic reforms in present local practice of tolerating disgraceful conditions.

President Wilson told the suffragists that he could not possibly urge congress in their favor because a president is not a man of opinions leading his country, but a simple official, so that he is not at liberty to make any suggestions to congress outside of the platform upon which his party elected him; that he is the spokesman of his party, nothing more. Like a squirgicumgee he swallowed himself entirely rather than commit himself.

Time To Make the Fight

ARIZONA, New Mexico, and west Texas are interested specially in being kept in the same reserve district under the new law. This is El Paso's real fight; to make sure that the southwest shall not be divided in such a way as to break up the natural grouping that we all find most profitable. The interest of the new states in this is the same as our own.

Representations should be made to the federal commission when it meets at Denver two weeks hence. It will be folly to put off the fight. Denver is trying hard to get New Mexico, New Orleans will want all of Texas, and San Francisco will claim Arizona.

It matters comparatively little what district El Paso is in, but it matters a lot whether we be placed in a group with our neighbors or subjected to a grouping that isolates us.

John Bradon became tired of life and jumped into the Chicago river to end it all. It was deadly cold, and he came up kicking and screaming. A policeman on the bank pulled a gun and shouted to the suicide that he would shoot to kill if he didn't come out of there. Betwen dying in the icy water and dying by shooting, John chose to climb out and submit to arrest. A not unusual kink in human nature.

On New Year's day, Gen. Bonnier, French aviator, flying from Paris to Cairo, lit at the Pool of Siloam. His was the first aircraft to pass over Jerusalem. He reached Cairo safely, and will return in his airplane by another route.

One-Sentence Philosophy

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
(Chicago News.)

Most of us can find fault with our eyes shut.

If you would be popular you must be a good forgetter.

Life is a comedy to the optimist and a tragedy to the pessimist.

No man is half as brave as he wants some woman to think he is.

If "faint heart ne'er won fair lady," it kept out of a lot of trouble.

If a man is ruled by his feelings he's apt to travel in a zigzag course.

Many a man is a woman hater despite the fact that he has never married.

When the question is popped it is usually followed by a noise like a kiss.

The man who lives only for himself never heads a very long funeral procession.

JOURNAL ENTRIES.
(Topeka Journal.)

A poor memory is often most convenient.

Many of Cupid's darts seem to be loaded with poison.

Too many of the congratulations that are passed around are insincere.

And the average man's conscience is not likely to be a cheerful companion.

There may be plenty of room at the top but that is hardly true of the spot where the limelight shines.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
(Philadelphia Record.)

Too many of us look at our troubles through a magnifying glass.

The clerk in the shoe store has to look out for slippery customers.

Accept a favor and you will generally find that it is merely loaned at interest.

It's all right to take your own time about doing anything, but don't take other people's.

Wigg—"A woman can never find her pocket." Wagg—"I suppose that's why she so often carries her heart on her sleeve."

Hoax—"The other night Wigwag was sandbagged by a highwayman who took every penny he had." Joax—"Was he—er—knocked centsless?"

GLOBE SIGHTS.
(Atchison Globe.)

When a man is held down, he is holding himself.

Your friends may be proud, but your haughty enemy has a swell head.

A flood never seems so terrible when viewed from a distant position in a dry year.

Every man who builds a new house has a good deal to say about the "Slow Poker" who built it.

We will be hated for saying it, but one man like John D. Rockefeller is worth 50,000 whittlers and whistlers.

Mabel Herbert Urner's Great Series

Married Life's Troubles

Helen Experiences the Difficulties of a Peacemaker in a Lovers' Quarrel.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER

HELEN glanced questioningly at Louise's ringless hand on which had glittered Bob's engagement ring.

"I've returned it," briefly.

"You thought that would goad him into action?" persisted Helen mercilessly.

Louise who had been crumbling a tea cake by he plate did not look up or answer.

"Oh, I could have told you it wouldn't," despairingly. "Bob's like Warren—he just freezes up! He'll think you will wish it final."

"Apparently that is what he wishes," returned Louise coldly.

"Oh, no—no! He looks absolutely haggard! I can't tell you how he's changed in these last few weeks."

"And yet," Louise's dark eyes looked straight at Helen now, "he's never said a word—except that once?"

"That's all he's ever said. But that's the Curtis nature—the more deeply they feel the less they say."

The orchestra in the palm-fringed balcony was now laying "The Glow-worm," and Louise's lips quivered as she listened to the plaintive melody. She had refused to go to Helen's apartment for fear Bob would think she was coming there on the chance of seeing him, but she had consented to meet Helen at the Astoritz for tea.

Helen, who had not seen her for over a week, was startled at the change. She was much thinner, all her bright-color had gone, and yet her very pallor had a loveliness of its own.

"Did I tell you father and I are going to Florida the 10th?" Louise asked suddenly.

"To Florida?"

"Yes, lots of people I know are at Palm Beach now. I'll go out like mad and forget," her laugh had a harsh note.

Bob Does Not Know.

"Does Bob know? Did you write him when you sent back the ring?"

Louise shook her head. "I don't want him to know until I'm gone. He might think it only a ruse to influence him."

"How long will you stay?"

"Until April."

"You'll be perfectly wretched," declared Helen with conviction. "You'll be thinking of Bob every moment."

"Possibly," admitted Louise coldly. "But I'll be thinking of him here, and I'll at least feel that I've restored some of my self-respect if I go away."

"If I thought you could forget, I'd want you to go—for I believe there's many men who might make you happier than Bob ever could. But I know you can't, you can't forget him any more than I can forget Warren."

"I can try," briefly. Then with a startled "Oh!" Louise put her hand to her throat. "That man—the one that's just sat down at the table back of you! Doesn't he look like——"

Helen turned. The poise of the man's head and shoulders was startlingly like Bob's, but the full face view dispelled the likeness.

"I loathe myself for it, and yet," faltered Louise, "whenever I see any one that looks like him, it makes me sick and faint."

For the last half hour a daring scheme had been formulating in Helen's mind, and now with one of her sudden impulses she yielded to it.

"Oh, I've caught my heel in this hem, it'll trip me on the street," stooping over and examining a fold of her skirt. "I'll run to the dressing room and pin it up before I forget it," pushing back her chair.

"Why can't you do that as we go out?"

"It won't take a moment," hurrying off before Louise could protest.

Out in the lobby Helen made straight for the telephone booths.

"Give me Rector 18025," breathlessly to the girl at the switchboard.

"Number three," snapped the girl.

Helen entered the third booth and tremblingly took down the receiver.

"Rector 18025? Is Mr. Robert Curtis there?..... "Bob, this is Helen! I'm at the Astoritz having tea with Louise—she's going to Florida next week. Take a taxi and get here as quick as you can?..... "No, she hasn't said a word," loyally..... "But if you want to see her come—and come quick!"

When she came back to the table Louise was gazing out of the window, too deep in her brooding thoughts to wonder at Helen's long absence.

"Let's have an ice," suggested Helen to prolong the tea.

"You have one, I don't care for any," listlessly.

For the next half hour Helen's thoughts were most disquieting. Had she done right? Should she have tried to bring these two together? Might it not be better for Louise if she should never see Bob again? And yet Helen's "love of love" was so deep-rooted that she had been powerless to resist this impulse to telephone to Bob.

Suddenly she saw him, tall, broad-shouldered, coming toward them. Helen caught her breath. How much he looked like Warren!

"Well, this is luck! Already had tea?"

"Yes, but we'll order you some," Helen's laugh was a little hysterical, and she dared not glance at Louise.

"Are you sure," he turned to Louise, "that I won't keep you?"

"Oh, quite sure," Louise's voice was low, but icy cold.

"Do you often have time for afternoon tea?" asked Helen, to give him an opportunity for the explanation she hoped he had prepared.

"Unfortunately, no, but I had to meet a man from the west here at 4:30. Just left him when I saw you. It's curious how many westerners stop at this hotel. They used to go to the Aldorf."

Louise kept her eyes on her plate, but Helen could see her hand tremble as she toyed with her ice.

Now came a silence, awkward, strained, which Helen broke with a nervous, excited:

"Oh, there's Irene Moore and her mother! I must see her!"

The next moment she was out in the corridor flushed and tremulous. Had her excuse been too bald? But she had to get away! The strained situation had been intolerable.

Helen unconscious of her tightly clasped hands, her flushed cheeks and her shining eyes, did not realize that she was being watched with interest by several men sitting around the lobby.

Helen Makes a Way.

But in a few minutes she instinctively turned to the shelter of the ladies' dressing room and sank unto a gilded chair, her heart beating tumultuously.

How long must she stay away? What would be Louise's attitude? Might not she too "freeze up" if she suspected this was a plot? Would Bob be tactful? If only he would sweep her off her feet by his tenderness. But if he tried to argue—that would be fatal. Louise's pride had been terribly hurt. He would have to meet her much more than half way. What would he say first? Helen felt so much depended upon that, and the way he would say it—his voice, his attitude!

But what if they should say nothing—if they should merely carry on a stilted strained "small talk"? What if Bob should not take advantage of their precious moments alone.

To stay away too long would look too apparent, so Helen reluctantly returned to the tea room.

They were talking earnestly, Louise, with averted eyes, playing with the stem of her glass, while Bob leaned tensely toward her. At least they had not been talking conventionalities.

But the expressions of both were baffling. Louise might have been flushed from either joy, or embarrassment, and Bob's face was inscrutable.

"I'm sorry to be so long, but I hadn't seen Irene for months," said Helen nervously.

At that moment the waiter approached with the check, and while Bob took possession of it, Helen tried desperately to think of some way he could take Louise home alone. It was plain that things were not settled.

Louise was already drawing on her gloves, and as it was now almost six there was no excuse for lingering.

"Well, shall we move on?" asked Bob, as Helen turned to him expectantly.

They made their way out through the lobby, where Bob ordered a taxi.

"Oh, I must go to Ardman's! I've got to—to get some silk before they close," said Helen hurriedly, resenting that Bob should leave all the scheming to her.

Louise In Doubt.

"All right, we'll drop you there."

It was only a few minutes' drive to Ardman's, and no one spoke on the way. It was a relief when the cab drew up and Bob jumped out.

"Is it all right?" whispered Helen, stooping to kiss Louise good-bye.

"I don't know," in a low, tense whisper.

Bob helped her out, and Helen called back a gay good-bye to them both.

"Store's closed, ma'am." The big doorman put out a restraining arm as Helen, absorbed in her thoughts, started in Ardman's. "It's after six."

"Closed?" exclaimed Helen, bewildered.

It had been closed when they had driven up! How fortunate that none of them had noticed it!

Shrinking from the glare of the subway just now, Helen walked on up the avenue. She was still trying to analyze Louise's whispered, "I don't know."

Was all this scheming to be of no avail. Were these two impossible. Would they quarrel all the way home and part more embittered than ever?

(Articles by this noted writer are regular features of The El Paso Herald.)

The Daily Novelette

CLASS.

"Do not spurn me!" she wailed,
In dread accents tearful,
"If you do, by gosh!
My anger will be fearful!"

"I HAVE been thinking it over," he said, "I cannot marry you. Please try to give me back the ring without making a scene."

She had no veil on, and he saw her grow pale.

"But, Ernest, why?" she cried. "Surely, not merely because I am 25 years older than you?"

"Certainly not that," he replied, "because I have always felt the need of a mother's care. It is simply a matter of class. As a duty to myself and my family, I feel that I cannot marry the daughter of a sausage manufacturer."

"Ernest" she cried. "Think!"

"I have thought," he answered.

And indeed, his brow was moist with the unwonted exercise.

II.

There were tears in his eyes as he wended his way homeward.

"Poor little girl," he sighed. "She can't help it, but what must be, must be and who should worry? I'll drop in father's office and tell him I've broken it off."

With a heavy heart he did so, turning in at an establishment upon the window of which was printed in large gilt letters, "Ernest Snoodlite, Sr., Dog's Tails Chopped Off."

(Articles by this noted writer are regular features of The El Paso Herald.)

LIES IN STUPOR WITH BULLET IN HIS BRAIN

Five wounded federal soldiers, who were removed several weeks ago from the Red Cross hospital in Juarez to Hotel Dieu, are reported improving rapidly, with one exception. The exception is Juan Sanchez, who has a bullet in his brain and lies in a stupor.

Physicians are unwilling to operate on the man, saying that the danger of infection is so great that his chances for surviving would be small. Two Red Cross nurses, Miss Katherine Gregen and Miss Anna Lee O'Neill, R. N., are in constant attendance on the patients, all of whom were wounded in the battle of Tierra Blanca last November.

GOOPS

By GELETT BURGESS

MIRANDA NOLAN

I wonder what
it is that ails
Miranda Nolan's
finger nails?
They are so rough
like little claws!
I think perhaps
I know the cause—
She is a Goop,
and so she bites
Her finger nails
until they're *sights!*

Don't Be A Goop!

(Creations of this noted cartoonist are regular features of The El Paso Herald.)

ABE MARTIN

It's th' outcome tax that worries most o' us. Th' only good indian is a movie indian.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"NOW that the 'go to church Sunday' is over and was a big success, why not have a laymen's Sunday," asked Dr. G. N. Thomas, a prominent layman of the First Methodist church. "The recent campaign to get everyone to go to church awakened in every church man's mind the possibilities of united effort. If we would follow this up with a laymen's Sunday service with the pulpits occupied by prominent laymen of each church, have laymen choirs of male voices, have prominent laymen ushers and have the laymen's clubs attend in a body, we would show the world what we have in our churches. This would have an even greater appeal than the 'go to church Sunday' movement had. To see the leading men of the community aligned with the churches and taking an active part in their work, to hear them explain why they are churchmen and the benefits of church membership will have a powerful influence in attracting men to church.

"This would be a good subject for discussion by the Ministers' alliance at its next meeting. The churches have already men's organizations which could take hold of this work and relieve the ministers of handling another such campaign. Advertise it in the newspapers, for church advertising has been proved a success in the recent campaign, then give the people a glimpse at the honor roll of churchmen and they will come back and keep on coming. Besides the effect it has on the outsider, the internal effect, the inspiration the churchmen themselves gain from such successful campaigns, is more than worth the effort."

* * *

"Those explosive bullets and soft nosed bullets which our men captured Saturday are the worst appliances of barbarous warfare," said Capt. Aubrey Lippincott, commanding troop D, of the 13th cavalry. "These shells are no longer used in civilized warfare and to discover that the rebels are getting them across for the use of their fighting men was a surprise to the army. The expansive bullet is the infamous Hoxie bullet which was ruled against, together with the soft nosed and the dum-dum bullets, by The Hague tribunal. The expansive bullet spreads when it strikes and leaves the victim to die of gangrene, blood poisoning and loss of blood. The modern bullet makes a clean wound, no bigger than a pencil, and, unless it strikes a vital spot, the patient almost always recovers."

* * *

"Feeding those refugees and federals at Presidio is a problem," said Capt. William E. Hunt, depot quartermaster of the army. "I have sent two days' rations for the entire federal force, but this will not supply them long enough to get more food to them. Those prisoners will have to be taken to Marfa or removed to the railroad at some point, for it will be almost impossible to freight enough food in for the federals to keep them supplied. The one shipment included 5000 pounds of flour, an equal quantity of beans and other foodstuffs. Yet this will barely feed the soldiers for two days. It will keep the quartermaster's depot busy to feed this great interned fighting force."

* * *

"Capt. Harry Cootes has been granted a month's leave of absence and he is going east right away," said one of Cootes's brother officers. "Harry, you know, is one of the most accomplished dancers in the city and his leaving will disappoint more than one hostess. But he told me before he left that he was going to pick some of the new tango steps while he is in the east and I have an idea that he'll find plenty of willing pupils when he returns to El Paso."

* * *

"Butte, Mont., for the first time in its history is feeding men," declared C. H. Webster. "There are 4000 more men in Butte than there are jobs for. The strikers from Calumet and Trinidad have flooded the place. I never saw the country in such a condition. The tariff bill has closed down the logging camps and consequently these men have been thrown out of employment. In Seattle I saw 3500 husky men in the bread line waiting to get their loaf of bread and cup of coffee. The claim is made that lumber can be obtained from South America cheaper than it can be got here. Of course, with the coming of spring and the warm weather, the army of unemployed that is now thrown on Butte and other places will be taken care of by the railroads. Great Falls has not been affected. Business there is good. It is a hustling little place, a bully town."

* * *

"These new officers' quarters that we are constructing will be very attractive structures and more homelike and cozy appearing that the majority of quarters at military posts," said A. E. Wood, who is supervising the contracting work of the Greater Fort Bliss. "In style, they will be the counterpart of the attractive bungalow homes in El Paso, built of hollow tile and stucco, which is not only most durable, but also very well suited to this climate. The bungalows will have all the modern improvements and conveniences, and will be ideally cozy homes. They will vary in size from five to six rooms."

* * *

"The government is showing very good judgment in constructing the new officers' quarters at Fort Bliss in the bungalow style rather than in the old, conventional, big barnlike type that prevails in most army posts," said an army officer. "The older style of large buildings had often to be shared by several officers and their families, which was not always an altogether satisfactory arrangement. With these new bungalows, each officer will be able to have his own home."

* * *

"I have just returned from Arizona and I find the people very optimistic as to the future," said G. H. Donart, of the Santa Fe. "The El Paso & Southwestern hauled 19,000,000 pounds of copper bullion out of Douglas last month, the biggest monthly tonnage in its history. The mines are all running full time and every prospect is for a good year."

* * *

"I was away from El Paso in New York and the east over two weeks," said J. J. Tyndall, "and I did not see the sun shine from the time I left Dallas going east until I reached there coming back. It was sunshiny when I left El Paso and when I got back and I heard that it was sunshiny all the time I was away. There is something about clouds and dark weather that is depressing, especially to one accustomed to the El Paso sunshine, and I tell you, I was glad to get back where God and nature smile all the time."

100 Years Ago Today

ONE HUNDRED years ago today the emperor of Russia and king of Prussia crossed the Rhine to invade France. The emperor of Austria, who had arrived at Cassel the evening before, went out to meet them. A conference was held and a plan of campaign drawn up for "the great work," as was termed the final effort of the emperor Napoleon and France against the crushing mass of their enemies. The allied sovereigns resolved to force back the emperor towards Paris, by outflanking him, first on one wing, then on the other, so that at least they might throw themselves all together upon his exhausted troops, and destroy him. The forces of the allies were now divided into two great armies, one of 60,000 men under Blucher, and the other, numbering 130,000 men, commanded by prince von Schwartzenberg.

(Articles by this noted writer are regular features of The El Paso Herald.)

ABOLISH STRIPES IN NEW YORK PRISONS

New York, Jan. 13.—"You cannot reform a woman in bed ticking." This is a statement of Dr. Katherine B. Davis, corrections commissioner, which led to the announcement that stripes will be eliminated from the city prisons during the administration of mayor Mitchel.

"I believe strongly in the psychology of clothes," she said. "A woman always has more self respect when she has on her best clothes. Half the degradation and sullenness of the prisoners is the result of their hideous strines and shapeless garments.

"Gingham, cut in modern styles, will displace the present materials worn by women prisoners," Dr. Davis said, "and other than stripe clothes will be furnished the men."

ENGLAND'S QUEEN KEEPS HER UMBRELLA

London, Eng., Jan. 13.—The queen of England and a doorkeeper at Norwich Castle Museum quarreled Monday because the queen would not give up her umbrella when she entered the museum. The queen had her way. The attendant had failed to recognize the queen when she appeared with the bishop of Norwich. He refused to admit her with the umbrella, while she as stubbornly refused to surrender it. The bishop intervened and disclosed the royal person's identity. Profuse apologies followed.

FIRE IN IRON MINE IN MICHIGAN KILLS TWO

Nekaunee, Mich., Jan. 13.—Fire in the Nemunee iron mine of the Cleveland Cliffs company caused the death of John Beebe, a pump man, and John S. Barrett, night mining captain. The extent of the damage was not known.

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

AN "A. F." party was Mrs. Jones's attempted solution of a vexing problem, the nature of which is easily guessed by the results. Her invitation was accepted by every member of every family representd, and all had such a good time that they then and there organizeed an all-the-family club, in which every individual member was to take an active part. The problem was solved.

There are few communities in which this problem does not exist. And it is such a pity, for the young folks would enjoy theemselves so much more if the older people were included in their fun, and the fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts need unbending; the course of life would move on so much more smoothly if old and young played together often. Some of these birthday anniversaries would offer a good opportunity for trying the experiment. Today's list follows:

George Gallagher, 14. Irene Wilson, 14.
Esnee Crouse, 17. Velma Wood, 8.
Ruby Baumstark, 13. Newton Cullom, 14.

Helen Laurel Hickok was 6 years old Sunday.

To each one of the above named girls and boys the Herald will give a free ticket to the Unique theater, admitting two, upon application to "Miss Birthday" at the office.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1899.

W. A. Wilson went west last night.

John Harrison left last night for New York City.

R. C. Hatton is in the city today from Las Cruces.

The high school will give an entertainment some time during the last of this month.

Mrs. T. M. Baca, substitute at the boy school, has been quite ill for the past two weeks.

Miss Alice Maple will entertain the 11th grade literary society at her home this evening.

Miss Ruffie Roach entertained J. O. F. F. club, composed of girls of the eighth grade, at her home on Kansas street this afternoon.

The regular weekly meeting of the Sunday School union will be held this evening at the Trinity M. E. church, south. The evening will be devoted to the study of the Sabbath school lesson.

A brief meeting of the city council was held this morning to canvass the returns of the election held on Tuesday. The returns were declared official. This is the last step in the approval of the city hall and sewer bonds so far as the city of El Paso is concerned.

The roll of honor for the fourth grade of the Franklin school is as follows: Daisy Buck, Rose Bode, Aileen Hague, Florence Rice, Clarence Kinne, Frank Skidmore, Florence Klein, Bertie Booth, Mamie Hempel, Bessie Roe, Carrie Stein and Arthur Shuster.

O. W. Steffens, of the Steffens and Lowden National bank, of Abilene, and one of the directors of the Lowden National bank of this city, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Ward, and attending to business affairs in El Paso. Mr. Steffens, on his arrival, declared that the growth of El Paso in the last four years has been simply astounding.

W. S. McCutcheon has received a telegram from a life insurance company of Indianapolis offering to loan $10,000 at six percent to the Masonic lodge of El Paso for the purpose of erecting a Masonic temple in this city. This practically assures the erection of the building which the local Masons have been contemplating for the past four years.

An ordinance granting a three year franchise to Frank B. McElroy, R. A. Betts, and their associates, to be hereafter incorporated as the El Paso Mutual Telephone company, was submitted to the city council last night. The ordinance provides the right of way for poles and wires through the streets and alleys for a telephone system. It was referred to the ordinance committee. City treasurer C. W. Fassett reported the receipt of some scrip, which is now cash, from the county.

GOVERNOR'S SON IS PAYMASTER OF GUARD

Austin, Texas, Jan. 13.—Under the reformation of the brigade which constitutes the Texas national guard, Capt. R. M. Colquitt, of Houston, son of governor Colquitt, has been promoted to major and paymaster of the guard. Capt. J. T. Bowman, the governor's private secretary, has also been made a paymaster in the guard. No change has been made in the personnel of the governor's personal staff.

There have been quite a number of officers heretofore in the guard who have been placed on the retired list, due to the recent order of the war department that a brigade in the militia must be exactly the same as a brigade in the regular army. The Texas brigade under the reorganization is now in excellent shape for field service. Gen. Percy C. Townsend, of Corsicana, is in command.

COLD STORAGE MAGNATES' BILL IS PIGEONHOLED

Washington, D. C., Jan. 13.—Cold storage plant magnates, with press agents and lawyers, are in Washington clamoring for an opportunity to prove to the house committee on interstate and foreign commerce that refrigerated storage of eatables has nothing to do with the high cost of living. The committee has put the bill introduced by representative MacKellar, on which hearings were to be held, into storage for at least a month.

Cairo

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

CAIRO is the Chicago of Egypt. Although a very young town, having been founded only about 1100 years ago, it has grown with wonderful speed and now has over 600,000 people, speaking somewhat less than that number of languages and dialects.

This shows what modern hustle and enterprise will do. There are cities in Egypt which are 4000 years older than Cairo. But their commercial clubs loafed on the job. They pooh-hoohed at reform and the health department and now they are nothing but elaborate holes in the ground. When workmen dig down into the earth in the outskirts of Cairo, to insert the foundation for a new mosque, they often come upon the remains of cities which were great tourists centers once, but had been forgotten by the oldest inhabitants before the reverse gear was thrown in on the calendar 1914 years ago.

Cairo sits on the hills and in the valley by the Nile and consists of two parts: old and new Cairo. In the new section, street cars and moving pictures abound, while modern hotels take the tourist who comes to absorb Egypt's celebrated winter climate, and separate him from his wealth as successfully as could be done by any Florida tavern. The society of the world drifts through this part of Cairo during the winter, while thousands of tourists put up here while they are inspecting the pyramids, the sphinx and other notable public works in the suburbs.

The old section of Cairo was built 500 to 1000 years ago and has been cleaned several times since. It consists of mosques, harems and bazars, in equal proportions, jammed so tightly together that they have to use glove powder to get a fat camel through the streets. These are the celebrated strets of Cairo, but they are much more respectable than the imitations so often seen in this country.

Cairo is a large railroad center and is connected by camel with all points in the Sahara desert. It has one of the oldest and largest universities in the world, said university was also the inventor of the college yell, the students all studying at the top of their voices. The university is not as loud, however, as the famous howling dervishes on the old south road, or as the Arab donkey drivers who do a big passenger business in the sight-seeing season. Cairo has no elevated railroads, but, thanks to the efforts of the Arabs, it is almost as noisy as Chicago.—Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

Studying at the top of their voices.

(Articles by this noted writer are regular features of The El Paso Herald.)