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.

EL PASO HERALD
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Snakes

THESE sunny days bring forth the snakes from holes in quarries, cliffs and brakes. The gentle bullsnake, mild and meek, sets forth his proper prey to seek; of all good snakes he is the best, with high ambitions in his breast; he is the farmer's truest friend, because he daily puts an end to mice and other beasts which prey, upon that farmer's crops and hay. He is most happy when he feasts on gophers and such measly beasts; and, being six or eight feet high, when stood on end, you can't deny that forty bullsnakes on a farm are bound to do the vermin harm. The bullsnake never hurts a thing; he doesn't bite, he doesn't sting, or wrap you in his slimy folds, and squeeze you till he busts all holds. As harmless as a bale of hay, he does his useful work all day, and when at night he goes to rest, he's killed off many a wretched pest. And yet the farmers always take a chance to kill this grand old snake. They'll chase three miles or more to end the labors of their truest friend. They'll hobble forth from beds of pain to hack a bullsnake's form in twain, and lese him mangled, torn and raw—which shows there ought to be a law.

—WALT MASON.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.)

There Is No War

WHY AN ARMISTICE? There is no war, there has been no war, no war has been planned or projected. So the request of the South American envoys for an armistice is a request for something that in the nature of things is unnecessary. Certainly the United States cannot relax vigilance. Certainly the United States cannot withdraw from the port of Vera Cruz. Certainly the United States cannot waive the main point just now at issue, which, according to the president, is reparation for an insult to the American government by a man named Huerta down at Mexico city.

And an armistice on Huerta's part is not necessary, because he has not made war on the United States, or indicated an intention to do so. No armistice between the warring factions within Mexico itself is likely to be favorably thought of, for each side would think such a pause would only strengthen the other faction for future operations.

So an armistice, under existing conditions, will simply mean that the status quo will be preserved, that the United States will make no further move into the interior, and that Huerta's soldiers will destroy no more bridges on the railroad out of Vera Cruz.

That would be very nice, and no doubt all parties will be glad to wait a little while to see if some sort of settlement can be reached without an armed clash. If Huerta is in a mood to talk things over, nothing can be lost by waiting for him to think about the position in which he has placed himself.

If the right thing is ultimately to be done, the United States, with power unlimited to enforce its will, can well afford to withhold its hand for a time, pending negotiations for settlement of the points in issue without resort to organized killing. There has been killing enough. It is peace that everybody wants, always provided that it be an honorable and lasting peace.

It has been the boast of El Paso that she never took a backward step; but the boast must be qualified now that the city administration has definitely abandoned the plan for free removal of garbage. Free removal of garbage is one of the cardinal principles of a clean city. It is to be hoped that this backward step is but temporary, and that the ground thus lost will soon be recovered. The present policy is a mistake, every way.

Under the Blue Sky

IT'S THE eternal sunshine, partly, that makes life so serene here on this border. Nobody can get mad or stay mad under this clear blue sky in balmy April days. For the time being, nothing is to happen to disturb our border serenity. The fight again localizes in the south, and president Wilson can have out his quarrel with Huerta without disturbing the peace in the north—assuming that Villa is talking in good faith. Mediation by the South American powers will take time, and meanwhile the United States sits tight and waits for developments.

The thing is not going to be really settled for many years, anywhere from 25 to 75 years. So El Pasoans may as well make up their minds to go on about their business as if Mexico did not exist—build up the "back country," develop the valley, populate Arizona, New Mexico, and west Texas, and thus secure ourselves against future disturbance of business by happenings below the Rio Grande.

Not counting northern Mexico at all, El Paso has about 600,000 square miles to "draw to." That is equal to about a fifth of the United States. We ought to be able to live off that, even if the Mexican markets be cut off from us entirely for the rest of time. There is no use counting on anything, or even hoping for anything, south of the Rio Grande—then when the restoration comes it will come as a big surprise, and add just that much more to El Paso's resources.

Meanwhile, El Paso is safe—infinitely safer than is Colorado, for instance, where a state of insurrection exists, demanding the service of United States troops to quell it. Let us be thankful we are not in Colorado. Let us be thankful that El Paso is as serene and secure as a church.

The New Apartment House Idea

ONE REASON why Paris is Paris and everybody must go there, and why there is a lure that no other place in the world exactly possesses, is that Paris has the courage of its convictions. The Frenchman is not afraid of ideas. A plan for a new kind of apartment house that breaks into all the firmly intrenched ideas of building apartment houses has been carried out in Paris and seems perfectly successful. Paris has strict civic scruples against overshadowing the streets with tall apartments, but this new idea of the step or apartment terrace actually prolongs the sunshine in the street and increases the outlook to the sky.

The houses are built in steps or terraces, each story retreating six or eight feet leaving a terrace where are placed terracotta garden boxes on the ledges, which with palm or fern boxes in the windows and jars of plants about, make a beautiful garden and outdoor porch in front of each apartment. The whole building looks like the hanging gardens of Babylon.

The terraced house is new only in modern life, and very new in flats which hitherto have only frowned on the streets. Before Columbus came, in this country the indians of the southwest and farther south built terraced houses. In the middle ages roofs met over the street below, making it dark, dirty, and dangerous. In our day the house fronts have gone straight up making a less frowning aspect but one that still darkens the street. This most modern idea of the terraced apartments with palms and flowers on each terrace gives the street sunlight and sky, and gardens, and play, and star gazing places for the flat dwellers.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1900.

E. C. Wade, of Las Cruces, is in the city.

Mrs. H. B. Holt is down from Las Cruces.

N. S. Berray is in the city from Silver City, N. M.

Rev. W. O. Millican will return from Alamogordo this afternoon.

Jim Ashe is now employed by the Southern Pacific in this city.

J. A. Shannon returned today to El Paso, after an extended trip to Virginia.

Mrs. G. C. Wimberly and her mother, Mrs. Caruthers, have gone to Jackson, Tenn.

County surveyor Parker went down the T. & P. line this morning to Alamo on official business.

Dr. Fair, of the Elephant Butte Dam company, came down from Mesilla Park, N. M., this morning.

Col. W. C. Greene, of Cobre Grande fame, arrived in the city this morning. He will soon leave for his properties, in Sonora.

The building committee of the chamber of commerce is now ready to receive bids on the proposed new home of the chamber.

George Malarkey appears in the city with the opening of the baseball season and will throw switches at the Santa Fe tracks this summer.

The Mexican band will hold its regular concert this afternoon in the plaza. The new uniforms have been brightened by the addition of handsome plumes.

In regard to the statement that the ordinance committee would report favorably on the franchise for electric street cars recently asked for by a number of citizens, mayor Magoffin stated this morning that the city is willing to give them a franchise if they mean business.

Odd Fellows' hall was filled to overflowing last night, the object being the commemoration of the 81st anniversary of the founding of the organization in America. The following participated in the program: Henry L. Capell, Leah Blum, George Parker, J. L. Dwyer, Grace Marvin, Alice Marvin and F. E. Hunter.

Plans and specifications for the new home of the chamber of commerce have been completed by architect A. Krause. The estimated cost of the building is $1500, of which $1100 has already been subscribed. A. G. Andrews, owner of the ground on which the building is to be erected, has offered a low rate of rental for a period of three years.

The Chihuahua baseball team arrived in the city last night, preparatory to meet the El Paso Colts at Athletic park this afternoon. A large body of fans accompanied the Mexico team, all of whom are American players, well known in this country. The lineups of the teams are: El Paso—Webber, catcher; Long or Sullivan, pitcher; Sullivan, first base; Widman, second base; Ervin, third base; Jacoby, shortstop; Hackett, left field; Hunsen, center field; Shaners, right field. Chihuahua—Lloyd, catcher; Murkboom, pitcher; Christian, first base; Lane, second base; Brittingham, shortstop; Smith, third base; Rice, left field; Parksley, center field; Racio, right field.

The Beginnings of Spanish Settlement In the El Paso District---1581 to 1685

(Part III—The Old Church at Ciudad Juarez, and Affiliated Missions. Earliest Spanish Settlers.)

For the El Paso Herald, by ANNE HUGHES KEAN
(Cooperating with Prof. Herbert E. Bolton, University of California)

VETANCURT, who delights in picturesque and edifying details, gives the following account of events connected with the building of the church of the Mission de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe in what is now Ciudad Juarez: "There was no timber at hand for the construction of the edifice. Garcia making this lack of material the subject of prayer, some indians came and conducted him a league and a half away to a grove of beautiful pines, from which he cut timber and carried it to the Manso pueblo without much labor.

"Later, when Garcia was building the monastery, Fray Blas de Herrera remarked to him that he was making a very large number of cells. Garcia replied that the cells would be too few for the number who must dwell in the monastery, thus prophesying the pueblo revolt of 1680 and the retirement of the Spaniards to El Paso."

Dedication of the Cornerstone.

The temporary mission buildings erected by Garcia were soon replaced by more substantial structures. In 1662 Garcia records the dedication of the cornerstone of the church as follows:

"On April 2, 1662, I, Fray Garcia de San Francisco, bless the first foundation stone and foundations of the church of this conversion and congregation of the Mansos of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe del Passo, patron and titular of said church. In order that it may be confirmed in the future, this writing was placed here, and I sign it as above.

"Fr. Garcia de San Francisco."

The church, which was on the right bank of the Rio del Norte and a half league from that stream, was apparently completed in 1668. Vetancurt, writing about 1691, gives an account of the dedication services held in January of 1668, as follows:

Old Church Dedicated, 1668.

"On the slope of a rocky wood on the bank of the Rio del Norte at the pass, in the year 1659, the conversion of the Lansos, by another name Mansos, was made by the Rev. father Fray Garcia de San Francisco; and he built a monastery, where are housed 30 religious, with a very capacious church dedicated to Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe Mexicana. In 1668, on January 13, the second Sunday after Epiphany, it was dedicated with much solemnity by the Rev. father Fray Juan Talxhan, the custodian assisting and his secretary preaching. That day, by three religious, were baptized 100 persons; at one door the men, and at another the women; and in the middle of the church they married them. It has more than 3000 parishioners and today with the governor, soldiers and other natives of other nations who were spared in the rebellion, they number more than 2000."

Aided By Governors.

Father Garcia was aided by the governors of New Mexico and by Fray Alonso de Posadas, the custodian of the conversion of San Pablo. When Garcia set out to found the mission governor Mendizabal gave him permission to take from Seneca 10 families of Christian indians to aid him in teaching the Mansos; and late governor Villa Nueba, at Garcia's request, commanded Maestre de Campo Francisco Gomez Robledo to give Garcia six of his servants—Manso boys and girls—for the same purpose. Posadas also rendered timely aid, furnishing on different occasions 2000 heaves, 4000 sheep and goats, 2000 bullocks, 200 horses and mares; plowshares, laborers, carpenters, implements and other necessaries. In a few years the settlement had 9000 head of cattle and 13,000 or 14,000 head of sheep and goats.

Garcia's connection with the El Paso missions extended over a period of about 12 years. His last signature in the burial records was on January 20, 1671, and in the baptismal records on September 8, 1671. His death occurred on January 22, 1672, in the convent of Seneca, where he was buried. His life work received high commendation from the chroniclers of his time, by whom he was regarded as a mirror of virtue.

Missions of San Francisco and La Soledad.

Between 1659 and 1680 two other missions were founded within the El Paso district, on the Mexican side of the Rio del Norte. Though the evidence is not extensive, it is quite clear. San Francisco de los Sumas was one of these two missions, and was located apparently at La Toma, the place where Onate first touched the Rio del Norte on his entrance into New Mexico. Vetancurt says: "Twelve leagues before arriving at this place [Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe] is a chapel with one religious, dedicated to Nuestra Padre San Francisco, where there are some Christians of the nation which they call Zumas and Zumanas, on the bank of the river at the place where it flows toward the east—first place where the wagons arrive on the outward trip."

La Soledad, the second mission, was 70 leagues west of El Paso and 14 leagues from Mission San Antonio de Casas Grandes, of which it was a "visita;" though distant from El Paso, it is always mentioned in the records as belonging to that group of missions and of the conversion of San Pablo of New Mexico.

Spanish Settlers at El Paso.

The occupation of El Paso (now Ciudad Juarez, Mex.) by Spanish settlers seems to have taken place about the time of the first mission establishment. Capt. Andres Lopez de Gracia was appointed the first alcalde mayor of El Paso by governor Mendizabal, of New Mexico, 1658-1660. Capt. Gracia was succeeded by Maestre de Campo Diego de Trujillo, who was also an appointee of the governor of New Mexico.

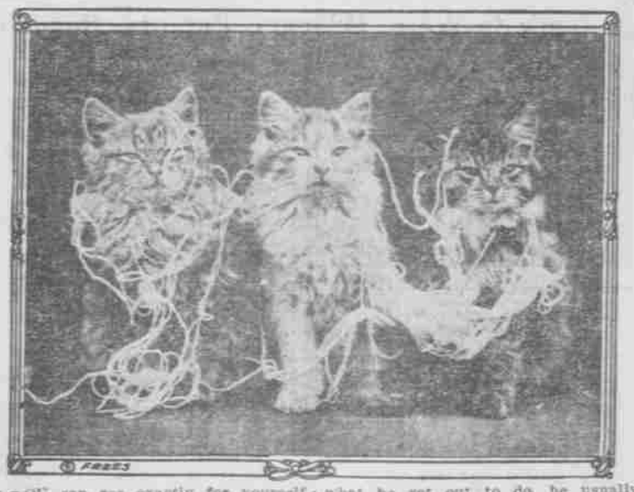
The following are some of the family names found in the baptismal and burial records of the church of Guadalupe before 1680: Dominguez, Gracia, Ramirez, Lopez, Garcia, Berdiquel, Baca, Archuleta, Zebera, Gutierrez and Fuentes.

The first marriage of Spaniards recorded at the church of Guadalupe was dated November 29, 1678, the contracting parties being Francisco de Archuleta and Dona Bernadina Baca.

From the church records it is learned that before 1680, 819 Mansos—if the indians whose tribal affiliation was not given were Mansos—42 Piros, 37 Sumas, 10 Tanos, five Apaches and four Jumanos had been baptized at Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE SEWING CIRCLE



YOU can see exactly for yourself what happened at the sewing circle that afternoon. Mrs. Tabby had tried so hard to have everything nice and these naughty kittens got in Mrs. W. Snowball's basket and—but that is ahead of the story. It happened this way.

In the picture, just as they are mentioned, are Binkie and Tessie and Tommy Tabby. Of course Tottie Tabby is not in the picture, for she is as good a little kitty-girl as ever lived, and never got into mischief.

Everybody in the village knew that Mrs. Tabby, who lived in the first floor apartment of Mr. Jones's barn, was going to entertain the sewing circle on Thursday afternoon. She had made cat-bird pies, and delicious candied mouse tails, and everything else to delight the hearts of her guests. Her house was as clean as a pin, and she told the children that the first one caught in any mischief would be put to bed without a bite to eat.

"It will not be I," said naughty Tom under his breath, "for I have had two mouse tails already." But his mother did not hear him. The other children all promised to be quiet, not to grab for food, to remember to shake hands with all of the women, and to be very careful not to touch any of the spools or knitting things in the baskets.

Tessie was delighted to pretend at being so grown up and looked so pretty and behaved so nicely that everyone patted her on the head. Several gave her bits of candy and cake and she was quite happy. Tottie, who could be trusted, handed around the good things to eat.

"Wish I had her job," growled Tom to Binkie, as they sat just outside the door. "Those two girls make me sick. They parade around like that every time there is company. Everybody knows it is just because they want some of the good things to eat."

Binkie thoughtfully rubbed his nose with his paw and said he opined they did, but that they were mighty smart, at that. Tom sniffed and tossed his head as he answered: "I am not going to act around like that, and I know that I will get just as much to eat and more than they."

Binkie shook his head and looked doubtful, for, although Tom could do what he set out to do, he usually, somehow or other, got spanked before it was all over.

"I am going to go in and be nice," he said.

"It is the safest way."

"Baby, bye," jeered Tom, wrinkling his black nose and looking very wickedly out of his green eyes.

"Oh, very well, then," sighed Binkie, who was ashamed to be thought a baby; "I'll stay with you."

"We can get Tessie, too," said Tom. "Just see if I cannot coax her in here." He made toward the table in the very room where the women were.

"Oh, my goodness!" Binkie held his breath. "He is going to take a ball of yarn out of Mrs. Snowball's basket." And, sure enough, he did.

Miss Flossie Feline was reading a paper on "The Danger of Alleys," and everyone was so interested, or pretended to be, that they did not see Tom. All but Tessie. She watched out of the corner of her eye.

He reached—swoop, the ball was out, then—whack, and it flew into the next room, but he did not bounce after it. Not sly Tom. He walked out very quietly and very stiff, like his grandfather, and Tessie did not hurry as she followed him. But once safe in the other room.

How that ball of yarn did fly back and forth!

Tom laughed and giggled so hard that he could scarcely hit it, and got his head all tied up.

Faster and faster it flew. Binkie was wrapped in it, and Tessie had one paw lost.

But who was that standing in the door? They froze, stopped short. It was Mrs. Tabby. "Children!" she said in an awful voice, "where did you get that yarn?" Her eyes behind her gold-rimmed glasses snapped as she stopped toward them. They knew that it was best to tell the truth.

"It is Mrs. Snowball's, mother," said three weak, little voices.

Through the doorway they saw Tottie eating a big dish of cream.

But Mrs. Tabby was still untying them from Mrs. Snowball's yarn.

"Next time," whispered Tom to Binkie as they crawled into bed a few minutes later, "I am going to play with Tottie. Perhaps she is smarter than I am, after all!"

Tomorrow's story, "The Tabby Children Have a Picnic."

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"THE army has had the right man in charge of the prison camp here," said Gen. John J. Pershing, the new commander of the border troops. "Lieut. Col. Frederick Perkins was in charge of our prisoners in the Philippines and he is the most expert man in handling native prisoners I have ever known. He does not cause any friction but gets results, and he maintains order that is remarkable, considering the class of men he has to deal with in these prison camps. I think much of the credit for the handling of the prisoners from Mexico is due to Col. Perkins."

* * *

"Baptist people are the most independent people in the world," declared G. P. Putnam. "They can fall out quicker, make up quicker and kiss quicker than any people I know. When the Baptist people get behind a proposition they usually carry it to a successful termination. Once they put their shoulders to the wheel in the erection of the Baptist college here you are going to see results. El Paso has one of the finest school systems in the state. Ask the state university about the standing of the El Paso schools and it will tell you that it is the very best. We are always glad to have visitors come here and investigate our schools. We are proud of them. We know that they will bear any scrutiny. El Paso is going to have a school of mines and that is going to mean a great deal to the city. I have given up the best years of my life to the schools of the city, and I, for one, want to see the day when El Paso is looked upon as a real educational center. The city is worthy of it."

* * *

"Those boys of battery C meant business when they planted their guns on Sunset Heights," said William S. Hix. "I live in the Wallace apartments and the first thing that they did was to hang a lantern on the cornice of that building so that they would be sure to fire high enough to miss the building if the guns were opened up. The captain slept on the highest point in Sunset Heights and was ready for action within two minutes after the order was given. They are a wonderful organization and they accomplish more with less fuss than any command I have ever seen."

* * *

"El Paso is as peaceful as The Hague from outside appearances," said T. N. Linville, a business man of Albuquerque, N. M., who was in the city Monday. "From what I have heard and read in the dispatches in the papers, I wouldn't have been surprised to have found the city under martial law with a real engagement in progress along the border, when I stepped off the train. However, I realize fully from my acquaintance with southwestern conditions that an 'invasion' of El Paso would be practically an impossibility. Even if the troops were not here to resist an attack, should one be made, there are enough able bodied men in this city to handle the situation. With revolutions occurring in quick succession the past several years in Mexico, El Paso assuredly is well prepared for any eventuality. It must be a source of pride to El Paso people generally to know that under exhiting circumstances the commercial activity of the city is continuing without interruption."

* * *

"After hearing Dr. A. J. Barton talk about the Baptist college, I am convinced that the project would be of great benefit to El Paso," said T. L. Peach. "Dr. Barton made those who heard him see the financial advantages to be gained by establishing such a college here. He put the proposition up in a straightforward and businesslike manner and, after weighing what he said, one cannot help but see that a college here would mean a great deal in the progress of the city. El Paso is fast coming to be known as a city of commercial and industrial importance and why not make it an educational center as well? Aside from his topic, Dr. Barton is a man who knows how to talk and is one you like to hear."

The Daily Nove'ette

APTER TWO THOUSAND YEARS.

Tell us, Cleopatra, from your doleful mummy bed,
What would you say; what would you do;
If now this earth you'd tread?

ARMED with a special permit signed by Her Majesty, the Kid Ever of Egypt, the three men had been conducted to the tomb of Cleopatra and now stood gazing respectfully at the lovely mummy.

"Ah," sighed the Poet, "if she would suddenly awake after all these years, what would she say? What would be her first words?"

"I know," said the Scoffer. "She'd say, 'Where am I?' That's what they all say when they come to: 'Where am I?'"

"No, no!" spoke up the Philosopher. "She would say: 'What! Two thousand years sped by? 'Tis but a second in eternity.'"

"Nay, you are wrong, both of you," exclaimed the Poet. "Her first words would be: 'Antony! Antony!'"

Suddenly, from a dark crypt of the tomb stepped an ancient, long bearded figure with a strange, gleaming stone in his skinny hand.

"Why not try her?" he said in pure gum Arabic. "I am Doc Myan Yinn the desert medicine man. I have but to pass this stone thrice before her face and for two seconds she will live again.

After taking up a collection, Munn Yinn slowly passed the stone three times before the beautiful mummy, chanting solemnly each time, "Boli weetii upseedaisy bong."

Slowly, Cleopatra opened her gorgeous eyes.

"Teach me the maxine!" she commanded.

100 Years Ago Today

ONE HUNDRED years ago today the United tSates sloop-of-war "Peacock," in command of captain Warrington, captured the British sloop-of-war "Epervier," after a sharp action, off the coast of Florida. The British lost nine killed and 11 wounded in the engagement. The Americans suffered but little, only two men being injured, and these but slightly. The shot of the enemy had passed through the rigging of the "Peacock," while the British sloop had been hulled nearly 50 times. The "Epervier" proved to be a valuable prize. In her hold specie to the amount of $118,000 was found. In addition, when the vessel was sold to the United States government, she brought $55,000, so that each of the 166 men comprising the crew of the "Peacock" received enough prize-money to keep him in good humor for many months to come.

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

"THE most effectual working force in the world in which we live is the law of kindness.....Kindness is the music of good will to men and beasts and both listen to it with their hearts instead of their ears.....Kindness is the music of good will to men, and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth."

These are the words of one of the world's greatest workers in the interest of international peace, Elihu Burritt. Burritt was born in the early part of the 19th century in Connecticut, and was known as "the learned blacksmith." Why he was thus dubbed it might be a good idea to find out; any encyclopedia will tell you.

Today's birthday aniversary record reads

Phil Likes, jr., 7.	Harry McGinnis, 12.
Louisa Leighton, 15.	Lydia Hardwig, 10.
Nellie Wakefield, 15.	Fay Goodman, 14.
Minnie Silverman, 11.	Stanley Bevan, 10.

H. Harden, 16.

A ticket to the Bijou for each one named in the Birthday corner is The Herald's way of presenting its compliments. Call at the office.

Home Sweet Home

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

THERE are two kinds of homes in this country. There is the home to which we go every evening to groan over the month's bills, cuss the furnace, complain about the toughness of the meat at dinner time and lay plans for escaping to the theater or some other abode of joy. And there is "Home Sweet Home."

Most of us love our homes, but conceal the fact with Spartan firmness. But we all love our Home Sweet Home. It is the home which we have lost or mislaid, and on it we pour out all our sentiment and yearning.

"Home Sweet Home is either 1000 miles or 20 years away. It usually isn't much of a home to begin with, but after it recedes into the distance its owner begins to make improvements in it. He takes the draughts, splintery floors and lazy heating stove out of it, does away with the leaky roof and the cellar which has ambition to become a mill pond in the spring and dismisses the loose and flappy wallpaper from his mind. Then he begins to add wings, porticoes, boudoirs, galleries, drawing rooms, flying balconies and conservatories to it. He runs a mental vacuum cleaner through it, taking out all the harsh words and quarrels which have stuck around from former times and fills it full of family love, happiness, hope, affection and industry. When as this is done, he plants the Garden of Eden around it, paints it in luminous colors and then stands off and admires his work. After he has looked at it a while he breaks down and cries because the place in which he is now living has only 14 rooms and silver-plated plumbing.

John Howard Payne owned the first real "Home Sweet Home. It was the only home he had, and he talked about it

It usually isn't much of a home to begin with.

so much that every one began acquiring them. It is a great pleasure to have a Home, Sweet Home, but it is a little hard on the mere home. If we could only be half as fond of our homes as we are of them later when they become our Home Sweet Homes, we would enjoy life more and our families might possibly enjoy us.—Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

In the Web of Life

A New Short Serial Story

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER,
Author of "The Two Sisters," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

"COLORS seen by candle light differ with the morning," runs the line of an old poem. Certainly to persons of impressionable or mercurial temperament affairs that seemed gloomy at night, when one was weary, assume a different aspect on a bright morning after a good night's sleep.

So to Edith Hale—awakening from a night of slumber unsatured by thoughts of Tom's failure to keep his appointment with her—life was not the same kind of problem that it had been last evening. It has been asserted that we are more sane in the morning than at night. Certainly Edith Hale was her better, normal self on this spring morning.

She dressed rapidly, with an appreciation of the beauty of the sunlight, of the budding trees, of life in general. She flung wide her window when her toilet was completed, and, leaning out, drew in great breaths of the fresh air. The trees in the orchard beyond her window had put out little buds that were swelling almost into blooms; there was a soft, green haze over the distant hills; it was spring; she was young; Tom loved her, and—yes! she was sure this morning that she loved him.

A knock at her door made her turn and call "Come in!" She smiled gladly as Constance entered, ready for breakfast.

"Good morning!" Edith greeted, her cheerfully. "Isn't this a lovely day—and, Connie, wasn't I a little goose to be as blue as I was last last night? To-day everything seems different."

"Of course it does!" Constance agreed cordially. "I knew you were only tired and disappointed last night."

"Such a wise girl as you are!" Edith exclaimed, kissing her rapturously. "I suppose I was wrong to feel hurt at Tom's absence. But I did, just the same—I don't now."

"Then forget that you ever did," Constance advised. "We are all moody sometimes and cannot really help it. Now let's go down to breakfast. Aunt will be wondering where we are."

An envelope lay at Edith's place at the table and she tore it open eagerly, for it was addressed in Tom's handwriting. It was the note he had written hastily yesterday afternoon after his telephone message to her.

"This letter may seem unnecessary to you, darling," he wrote, "but I cannot go away without sending you just a line to tell you once more how sadly disappointed I am not to be with you this evening. I am trying to console myself with the thought that tomorrow night, come what may, we will be together at the dinner at which we are to let our friends know that I am the most fortunate man in the world. When I think of what it all means, Edith, I can hardly believe that to such an unworthy person as myself this wonderful gift has come.

"I know you love me enough to be disappointed by my not being with you this evening, but by the time this reaches you the evening without me will be over and you will remember that nothing short of a catastrophe can keep me away tomorrow night. I believe the dinner is to be at 7:30. I shall try to get out to Homewood and to you by 7 o'clock."

Edith Hale read and reread the letter, her color deepening and her heart full of affection for this man who loved her so much. How could she have thought such horrid things about him last night? Even if he was not as handsome and as enthusiastic as Ralph, he was so good and faithful and trustful that any girl might be proud to win his love.

"You look mighty bright and happy this morning, honey," her mother observed affectionately.

"I am happy," the girl rejoined with a smile. "Why shouldn't I be? This day is perfect, we are all together and well, and—"

She paused, blushing, and her father laughingly supplied the rest of her sentence—"and Tom's coming this evening."

"Yes," she affirmed, "that is one reason why I am so happy."

Then the talk turned to the prospective dinner party, at which there were to be eight couples.

"Tom will take you into dinner, won't he, mother?" asked Edith. "I think it would look well to have him do so, don't you?"

"Can you spare him to me for so long a time as that?" laughed her mother. "I shall feel like a wretch, depriving you of him."

But Edith insisted that, under the circumstances, she would prefer this arrangement.

"The news of our engagement will not be announced until the close of dinner, you know," she said, "and it will be easier for me if I have a comparative stranger to talk to until then."

"What about Ralph?" her father queried. "He will want to sit by you, of course."

He looked at his daughter as he made this query. He had known for some time that Ralph was in love with Edith, and wondered if she knew it too. He was glad when she shook her head decidedly.

"No!" she exclaimed. I don't want Ralph with me. Let him take Connie out to dinner. Would you like to have Ralph by you, dear?"—looking across at Constance.

"I don't care who is my companion at dinner," Constance replied unconcernedly, "so long as the affair goes off all right. The conversation will be general most of the time, anyway—and Ralph Norton is jolly and good fun to talk to. So arrange the table to suit yourself, Edith, dear. It's your party, remember, and I do think that upon this occasion you might have matters just as you want them. Of course, put Ralph by me. If he doesn't mind, I don't!"

She did not add what was in her mind, namely, that she did not care who sat by her so long as Ralph did not sit by Edith.

"Somehow," she said to herself later as she arranged the flowers in the various rooms in preparation for the evening's festivities, "I do not feel at all confident of Ralph Morton's honorable intentions nowadays. I hope that I am mistaken in my judgment of him. If so, I shall be only too happy to acknowledge that I have done him an injustice."

(To be continued.)

AUTO DRIVEN INTO DITCH; NONE HURT

An automobile, a roadster belonging to the Lone Star Land company and bearing license tag No. 705, was driven into the ditch a short distance beyond the cement plant Monday night. The driver, J. F. Priest and other occupants of the car escaped injury. The machine was not badly damaged.

Abe Martin

We waste lots o' time in this world tryin' t' figure out what somebody else is worth.

A boy thinks his father is a wonderful feller for a few years, then he switches t' his mother.