THE PROBLEM OF CHIHUAHUITA; WILL WE CLEAN UP NOW OR TAKE CHANCES?

(BY G. A. M.)

THERE was a discussion the other day at a meeting of the El Paso County Mexican society which The Herald believes every El Pasoan ought to read. It had to do with the subject of Chihuahuita, that ever present bugaboo of a plague spot that we must do something with sooner or later. The doctors admit that they do not know what to do; they say the matter could be adjusted if they had the power to do it, but they haven't. The result is that the buildings are unhealthful, quarantines are impossible, disinfection is inadequate and Chihuahuita remains by day and by night, the lurking danger that threatens to make El Paso rue the day it did not demand that the place be cleaned up and cleaned out, regardless of who owns the property or what the political pull of the owners.

For years The Herald has called attention to the frightful conditions in Chihuahuita. Recently a state expert came out here and called attention to it again. There are occasional "flashes in the pan" of sentiment when these things are called to the attention of the public, but they soon wither and die; no crystalized sentiment has yet developed sufficiently strong to demand that anything be done. We express horror when we hear the conditions freshly recounted; we may even say "it is a shame," but who of us goes any further?

If we cannot see that it is the right thing to make living conditions decent in Chihuahuita for the benefit of the people who reside there, then let's take it closer to home and see if we don't think it should be done as a protection to ourselves; as insurance for the health of ourselves and our own.

Read what Dr. Howard Thompson says about the dangers lurking there, printed elsewhere in today's Herald; read what the other doctors of El Paso said in commenting upon Dr. Thompson's statement; then ponder a little on whether it is not the most vital question we are now facing in El Paso. One doctor asks the question, what would happen if an epidemic of a serious nature broke out in Chihuahuita and aptly answers that "it would be hell." It is terse but true.

One severe epidemic in Chihuahuita would spread so rapidly that El Paso would have cause to mourn for years. It is impossible to confine contagious diseases to one section of a city, particularly in a section like Chihuahuita that supplies the majority of the servants of the town. There spread it to the American homes, there and their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, who mingle with the rest of the population in practically every walk of life in every section of El Paso. There is no possibility of isolating Chihuahuita. If Chihuahuita is unhealthy, the rest of El Paso must suffer with it. The only way to insure the rest of the city is to clean up Chihuahuita. Read what Dr. Thompson says and ponder over it.

Dr. Thompson is one of the oldest of the practicing physicians in the city in point of service; his experience has been large with the Mexican population. He knows them better than any other one man in El Paso—as well as any other man anyhow. When he says they cannot be controled that quarantine is a joke; that fumigation is worthless, he knows what he is talking about. When he tells you that the population of Chihuahuita flocks to the house of a sick person, then scatters with the four winds, with its germs and bacilli, he knows again what he is talking about. When he tells you the flies alternate between water closets that are seldom flushed and the food upon the tables, he knows; these same flies may today be in Chihuahuita, tomorrow on "the north side," or they may carry their germ to the food of your servant girl who lives on the south side; she will be back at your house again tomorrow, perhaps nursing your baby, perhaps preparing your food.

As Dr. R. L. Ramey says in commenting upon the paper of Dr. Thompson, politics have played too large a part in Chihuahuita. Men because of certain influences have been permitted to rent houses that were unfit for the accommodation of dogs. Sewer connections have not been forced, when every law of nature cried out for them. Inspections of the places have not been properly made, regulations of a sanitary nature have not been properly enforced, streets have not been drained nor paved, in fact, very little has been done for Chihuahuita except to tax it all the traffic would stand.

Poor Mexicans have paid exorbitant rentals in proportion to what they have received, and they have been allowed to live like cattle. They have sickened and died and spread their diseases among themselves and to others. By good luck, we have not had any great epidemic, but the condition is ripe for it. Dr. Thompson says so, very plainly, and the other doctors back him up in all that he says. Will you clean house now and prevent it or will you let the epidemic come, to claim its toll upon your family before you decide that the condition in Chihuahuita is intolerable?

Greece now knows what it is like to be between the devil and the deep blue sea.

An Oklahoma undertaker gave a dinner to the doctors of his town. Someone wants to know if he was just showing a decent spirit of appreciation.

It is said the president would be willing to accept the resignation of secretary of commerce Redfield because of the way he handled the investigation of the Eastland disaster. However, it's a safe wager Mr. Redfield won't resign. It isn't according to good Democratic precedent.

Germans seem to have a genius for escaping. One, an officer of the Emden, escaped all the way from Singapore to Germany, while another, a soldier in the trenches, deserted, and got away with it. He dodged through a part of France and through Holland, got aboard a ship, eluded British searchers, and finally reached the United States.

Short Snatches From Everywhere

There never was such an autumn for harvesting fall turnips.—Dallas News.

Lasting friendship is seldom secured by will-o'-the-wisp promises.—New York American.

How the allies can contend that they are playing fair when they hold five kings is a problem which mystifies others sitting in the game.—Austin (Texas) American.

Had Edward VII been king of England he might have so beguiled the kaiser at a series of pleasant little parties, that there would have been no war.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Up in Oklahoma there is a general row over the possession of a "millionaire baby." The mischief of it is, there is no fun in being a millionaire and a baby at the same time.—Houston Post.

If president Wilson's purpose was to find a man who would undertake to regulate all mankind, he made a ten-strike when he got secretary Redfield.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Journal and Tribune.

Texas will lead Florida in the production of grape fruit, it is announced. And Florida has all along been counted the banner state for this sort of crop. What can't Texas do?—Terrell (Texas) Daily Transcript.

Physicians say that no man over 45 ever has appendicitis. The appendix is still there at that age, we take it, but a man nearing the half century mark has become so matter of fact and unromantic that he calls it the stomachache, takes a dose of Jamaica ginger and lets it go at that.—Gainesville (Texas) Register.

El Paso's Horse Show Would Surprise East
Food Inspection Trip Good Object Lesson

"EL PASO certainly turned out some fine horseflesh for the horse show," said president Julius Krakauer of the Horse Show association. "I can only say that we were all very much pleased with the exhibition this year and the military did great things for us. The musical drill, inaugurated this year by the women and men who put themselves to so much trouble to make the affair a success and interject some color into the arena, was exceptional in the brilliancy of its execution. With more such shows in this city, some of the rough edge the east is pleased in its ignorance to give us would be worn off in the publicity we would get out of town and state. We can well be proud of our horse show in El Paso."

* * *

"I never saw so many ships in New York harbor as there are at the present time," said A. L. Magnler, of New York city. "The port is enjoying an era of great prosperity, with the heavy shipments of grain, war munitions and other supplies for the warring factions of Europe. All the steel manufacturers of the east are enjoying big business, as are manufacturers of other lines needed by the armies of Europe, and Wall street is very busy. In some lines, however, business is quiet in the east.'"

* * *

"We are going to strictly enforce the new ordinance requiring money changers to remain off the streets in soliciting business," said mayor Tom Lea. "I have heard that some of them are standing in their doorways soliciting, and I have given strict orders to the police that violations of this nature shall result in arrests."

* * *

"Believe me," said Mrs. W. S. Tilton," I started a campaign against insanitary bakeries seven years ago and it's taken all these years to get the public aroused to the fact that we have been getting our bread from places that were unclean and ill; kept. I think that the work of state inspector of pure foods and drugs is a splendid on in El Paso and that the results will be far reaching."

* * *

"There's nothing like getting information first hand," said Miss M. Le Baron, instructor from the High school who conducted a tour of inspection of downtown caterers where 22 young women of the domestic science class learned where some of the things they ate came from. "If the girls read about it they might soon forget, but if they see where the manufacture and handling of foods is bad and careless, then they will know what to demand of the merchants from whom they buy. I am glad that the girls managed to see so many places and under the direction of Mrs. Darwin. I wish they might have seen a dairy too—only there were too many of them for so few automobiles that were provided."

* * *

"Business in El Paso and the southwest is in a very good condition," said P. O. Eckhardt, of New York. "The conditions one meets here are really a surprise for even those who have heard the good things that are said for the city by its boosters. It is boosting that makes a city as well as a business go."

* * *

"For the size of the town El Paso's horse show was a creditable production in every way," said John W. Snowden, of Los Angeles, "and one of which the city generally may be justly proud. El Paso people are very fortunate in having the interest and cooperation of the army officials in such events, for while the automobile may crowd out the general use of the horse among civilians it does not affect the use of the horse in the army and wherever the army is represented one is certain to find excellent horses and masterly riding."

ABE MARTIN

Th' feller who held up an' robbed constable Plum wuz finally rounded up at Elnora, Indianny, where he held his pursuers at bay fer three days with Kiefer pears. If Andy Carnegie wants t' die poor, why don't he make a lot o' friends.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service)

Pessimist Is Man With Mental Stomach Ache
Pessimist Magnifies Sorrow Like Opera Glass

By GEORGE FITCH.

NOW and then on a perfectly magnificent day, which is 100 percent sunshine, a chilling darkness will suddenly fall upon some happy vicinity and life will become soggy and lumpy for several minutes. The sky will still be an angelic blue, but somewhere in the vicinity a pessimist is passing.

A pessimist is a man with a mental stomachache. It is worse than the ordinary stomachache, however, because it is contagious. A real, dark indigo pessimist will enter a crowd of happy, cheerful people, and in less than three minutes these people will be wondering how life can be endured under the uncertainty of not knowing whether or not business next week will be as bad as might easily be imagined.

A pessimist is a human opera glass. If you look at sorrow through a pessimist it will be magnified 1000 diameters. It is also possible, by turning the pessimist inside out, to look at joy through his eyes. This reduces them to so small a size that they can easily be mistaken for microbes. A true pessimist can lay aside a telegram containing the news that his uncle has left him $1,000,000 and can wonder with tears in his eyes how he will be able to endure the worry of owning two automobiles with leaky tires.

The sky will be blue, but somewhere a pessimist is passing.

A pessimist's faith hasn't anything but a reverse clutch. He can't believe that good luck will continue or that his children will grow up, or that times are going to be better, or that the world will dodge next year's comet, but pull the reverse lever and he is a wonder. He will believe anything that has a sob in the future. He can take the poorhouse hills, one hill to a leap. Tell him that good times will end tomorrow and that begging is to become a national pastime inside of six weeks, and he would believe you if your first name was Ananias.

A pessimist is continually losing a game before it is begun, burying a child before it is born, engaging the undertaker before the doctor arrives and losing his money before he has earned it. It was a farmer pessimist who harvested a bumper crop with sloom, because big crops were so hard on the land. But he wasn't a circumstance to the railroad president who views his balance sheet showing a 9 per cent. dividend and $3,000,000 surplus wonder with hopeless sobs where the money is to come from when another box car must be replaced.

Pessimist are not pleasant, but it would be a very easy thing to make them extremely useful. A pessimist could be fertilized and tied up somewhere and planted to mushrooms with great profit.

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggily and the Pumpkin Pie."

By HOWARD R. GARIS.

"MY! My! But that was certainly a good pie," said Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as he ate the last crumbs off his birch-bark plate, and pushed back his chair from the dining room table in his hollow stump bungalow one day. "Veery fine pie, indeed, Nurse Jane!"

"I am glad you think so," spoke Miss Fussy Wussy, the muskrat lady housekeeper for the rabbit gentleman. "And I am sorry to say it is the last."

"Last, last what?" asked Uncle Wiggily, almost dropping his tall silk hat, he was so surprised. "Last week?"

"No. Last pumpkin pie," spoke Nurse Jane Fussy Wussy. "That is the last of the Thanksgiving pumpkin pies, until I bake some more."

"Then please bake some more right away," begged Uncle Wiggily, "for I like them very much."

"I will," promised Nurse Jane. "As long as you like pumpkin pies so much, I'll bake more, Wiggy."

"Today?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"Yes, today," answered Nurse Jane.

And when Mr. Longears came back from having had a stroll in the forest of Woodland, where the animal folk lived, he found Nurse Jane mixing up flour and water and sugar and spice and everything nice in the kitchen of the hollow stump bungalow.

"What are you doing, Nurse Jane?" Uncle Wiggily asked.

"Making pumpkin pies," answered the muskrat lady.

And just then the telephone rang.

"You answer it, Wiggy," said Nurse Jane. "My paws are all dough."

So Uncle Wiggily went to the telephone.

"Hello! Hello!" he said. "Yes! Yes! This is Uncle Wiggily's bungalow. Nurse Jane? Yes, she's here. What do you want of her? What's that? You want her to come over to your house right away because Susie Littletail has the toothache? All right, Sammie, I'll send her right over. It's too bad."

Then, to Nurse Jane Uncle Wiggily said:

"Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbit children, are home all alone, for Mrs. Littletail has gone shopping, and now Susie has the sudden toothache, and Sammie doesn't know how to stop it. You run over and put a clove, or some red pepper on Susie's tooth. That will stop the pain."

"Oh, but I can't leave the pumpkin pies," said Nurse Jane. "They are almost done, and I want them for your supper."

"You run along and stop Susie's toothache," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll finish the pumpkin pies."

"You never can," said Nurse Jane, wiping the dough and flour off her paws.

"Yes, I can," said Uncle Wiggily. "Your just watch and see."

So Nurse Jane hurried over to the Littletail rabbit house to stop Susie's pain, which the little bunny girl suffered from because there was a hole in her tooth. And Uncle Wiggily began to finish making the pumpkin pies Nurse Jane left off.

"Let me see," said the rabbit gentleman, thoughtful like. "I guess you must have pumpkins to put in pumpkin pies, so I'll go down cellar and get one."

He brought up a great big jolly looking pumpkin, and it was so large and fine and nice that Uncle Wiggily said:

"It's a shame to cut this up for pies. I'm going to make a jack-o'-lantern of it." So he scooped the inside out of the pumpkin, and made eyes, a nose and a mouth, and it was so funny that he had to laugh himself.

"What are you laughing at?" asked a voice, and, looking out in the kitchen Uncle Wiggily saw Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady. "I just came over to borrow a cup of salt," she said, "and I couldn't help hearing you laugh. What's the joke, Mr. Longears?"

"This jack-o'-lantern," answered Uncle Wiggily. "I'm going to make a pumpkin pie. Nurse Jane said I couldn't, but I'm going to show her I can. I'll have a pie made before she gets back from curing Susie's toothache."

"Did you ever make a pumpkin pie?" asked Mrs. Wibblewobble.

"No," answered Uncle Wiggily, "but it must be very easy. You just take a pumpkin and put it in a pie, don't you?"

"Oh, no! No!" quacked the duck lady, laughing. "There is a lot more to it than that." Then she told him how to make a real pumpkin pie, only I forgot what she said, except that you used sugar and flour and water and lard and salt and pie crust and cinnamon and a lot of things.

"My! My!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, as the duck lady told him. "It is harder than I thought. What shall I do? Nurse Jane will laugh at me if I don't make a pie as I said I would."

"I'll make the pie for you, and you can make believe you did it," said Mrs. Wibblewobble. "But only for a joke, you know. Afterward you must tell Nurse Jane the truth."

"Oh, sure!" said Uncle Wiggily, bending his ears sideways.

So Mrs. Wibblewobble made a real pumpkin pie, and then she hurried back to her duck pen with the cup of salt she borrowed. When Nurse Jane came home, from having stopped Susie's toothache, she said:

"Why, Wiggy! You said you were going to make a pumpkin pie, but all I see is a pumpkin jack-o'-lantern."

"Look inside!" laughed the rabbit gentleman, and when Nurse Jane did she found a lovely brown pumpkin pie inside the jack-o'-lantern. Uncle Wiggily put it there for a joke.

"Why, Uncle Wiggily!" cried the muskrat lady. "Forgive me! I didn't know you could bake a pie."

"I didn't make it," said the rabbit. "Mrs. Wibblewobble did." Then he told all about it, as he had promised, and Nurse Jane laughed and so did Uncle Wiggily and they both ate Mrs. Wibblewobble's pumpkin pie. And if the orange spoon doesn't take all the marshmallow out of the jam tart to feed the gold fish, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and his tall hat.

(Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

LETTERS to THE HERALD

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

CHARITY DISTRIBUTION.

Editor El Paso Herald:

I noticed in Friday night's paper where charity distributed 80 baskets of food for Thanksgiving to needy families.

I would like to ask why the majority of them went to Mexicans?

There are plenty American families here in El Paso that would have been thankful to have received one of those baskets. As the majority to charity is given by Americans, why aren't Americans considered first? Perhaps the charity associations doesn't know of these American families.

Then I suggest that they, or some one who knows they are worthy and in need, phone or let the association know in some way, in time for them to get a basket for Christmas.

Fair Play.

JUDGE HUNTER VISITS OLD HOME IN INDIANA

From the Bloomington (Ind.) Telephone.

Judge and Mrs. Frank E. Hunter are here from El Paso, Tex., for a brief visit as the judge had been called to Chicago on some important legal business. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hunter are natives of Bloomington, but they have lived in the Lone Star state for almost 22 years, and Mr. Hunter is one of the successful lawyers of the southwest and also owns some important business interests. While here they were guests at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Hunter, the mother of the judge. Mrs. Hunter is kindly remembered here as Miss Minnie Howe and is a sister of Alfred and John Howe.

MEXICAN ARRESTED AT POPULAR ON CHARGE OF SHOPLIFTING

Louis Madeuna was arrested Monday afternoon in the Popular store on a charge of shop lifting. He is alleged to have attempted to take some goods from a counter.

Alvaro Enriquez was arrested on Overland street Monday afternoon while near Clifford Bros. grocery. He is charged with having attempted to take a package of groceries from in front of the store.

Jose Hernandez was arrested in a tailor shop on South El Paso street where he was said to be hiding under the counter. He was charged with attempted burglary.

Refugio Valdenia was arrested in a tailor shop on the corner of Park and Eighth street Monday night on a charge of attempted theft.

J. L. Star reported the robbery of $25 worth of clothing from his room at 292 Chihuahua street Monday night.

The room of A. P. Macgruder, at the St. Louis hotel, was entered and a suit of clothes taken Monday night.

FRIENDLY DINNER ENDS IN HOST HAVING GUEST ARRESTED

E. M. Joffe invited Ben Coltmas to dinner Sunday. After the dinner Coltmas claims Joffe put the scraps before him and told him to eat them, as he "ate like a hog."

Coltmas is alleged by Joffe to have struck him on the nose. Coltmas was arrested by officer T. W. Hawkins on a charge of assault and the case will be aired in police court this afternoon.

CHARLES LLEWELLYN CHARGED WITH CARRYING A PISTOL

Charles Llewellyn was arrested Monday on a charge of carrying a pistol. His case has been transferred to the county court. Antonio Dominguez and Seferino Hernandez were also arrested on the same charge and transferred to the county court.

"Have An Objective"

Says Ella Wheeler Wilcox

WHATEVER you set out to do, know this: It is yourself, not circumstances or conditions or influence, which will make your success. It is what you feel, what you think, what you do—not any one of these, but all of them. You may do all that the situation requires, but if you have no feeling in the matter your deeds will be almost barren of result.

Must Center Your Thoughts

You may feel strongly, yet if you do nothing your seed of feeling will not take root. You may feel and do, yet if your thoughts are not centered on what you do your work will but half succeed.

Are you a musician? All the technique, all the knowledge, all the industry of a lifetime of hard study will never make you a great artist, unless you feel your music.

You can never move the hearts of people, you can never win your audience, you can never command pupils, as the less thorough artist may do who feels what he is portraying.

Are you a farmer? Then think of your business as the most important one in the world. Study it, love it, concentrate your mind upon it and work to make others realize its worth.

Are you a doctor or lawyer? Your following does not depend upon influence or luck; it depends upon your own attitude to your profession and to people. You can draw patrons to you as the magnet draws the particles of steel, if your mind is focused and intense, and your methods earnest and unafraid.

There is no purpose in life which permits a divided interest without protest. This protest spells failure, and is usually attributed to "bad luck" by the victim.

Most of Us in Same Class.

Most of us belong to a class still more hopeless than the proverbial "fools" who will learn in no school save that of experience. We will not even learn in that.

It is not to be understood that we can have but one interest in life; it is only that we must have but one at a time. There was a wonderful fisherman. Fishes sprang to his bait, even when dropped in streams where no other sportsman ever obtained a bite.

His basket was always filled when his companions, sitting at his side, went home unrewarded and ashamed. One day the famous fisherman fell in love. He could think, dream and talk of nothing but his heart's idol.

While he was at his favorite sport he dreamed of her, and the fishes sped by his bait without touching it. And the man called it "being down on his luck."

Afterward he married his heart's idol, and he was loyal and loving always; and as the fairy story tells us, they lived happily forever afterward. But there came a time when he was so assured and content in his love that he could again think of his occupation as a fisherman, and his lost "luck" returned; and he never understood why it had left him nor why it had returned.

But it was all in accordance with a changeless law—the law of mind over matter and circumstance.

Think of one thing at a time. Put your whole mentality, your whole spirituality and your physical vitality into the matter at hand.

Be direct and send your thought as straight as an arrow to the target of your desire. All of success lies in you. You need never ask any man's aid or counsel if you set all your own forces to work.

As well ask another to walk for you as to help you to success.

Depend upon yourself.

—Copyright 1915, Star company.

PROPRIETORS ARE INDICTED AFTER FACTORY BLAZE

New York, Nov. 29.—The coroner's jury which has been investigating the factory fire in which 12 lives were lost in Williamsburg about three weeks ago, has returned verdicts charging Edward L. Diamond, his wife, Cecil Diamond, Samuel Barkin and Samuel Simon with manslaughter. They were held in $10,000 bail each for the grand jury.

Diamond and his wife owned the five story building which was burned. Barkin and Simon were proprietors of the Essex shirt company, which leased the third and fourth floors.

The coroner's jury found that the locked trap door on the stairway between the third and fourth floors was responsible for the loss of life.

14 YEARS Ago Today

From The Herald of This Date, 1901.

Extensive improvements are being made in Sunset Heights and Mundy additions. When work now under way is completed, there will be at least 1200 lots added to the city.

Charles Herpel has been appointed to fill Ed Parker's place in the G. H. office.

Moses Dillon, former collector of customs here, returned from Mexico City this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lackland announce that they will leave for Fort Worth in a short while.

"Work on the new water system will begin inside of 30 days," said A. P. Coles this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wiellaman gave a graphophone party last evening, with F. C. Wade furnishing the music.

Mrs. J. A. Eddy held her last reception of the season, assisted by Mesdames H. T. Edgar, E. W. S. Neff and Robert Campbell, and the Misses Nina Neff and Darnple.

Ed Parkes, who was clerk of mileage books in the G. H. master mechanic's office, has been made shop time keeper to fill a vacancy made by the resignation of James Crawford.

The Bailey brothers are to commence the erection of a large modern hotel on their property just north of the S. P. tracks, between Oregon street and Mesa avenue. This announcement came today.

Mrs. Harry L. Desmar entertained today at the Zeiger cafe, including as her guests Mrs. B. F. Hammett, Mrs. Britton Davis, Mrs. R. R. Russell, Mrs. Alexander Barron and Mrs. William Wood.

NAME OF CAMP MISSION IS CHANGED TO HONOR SOLDIER

San Antonio, Tex., Nov. 29.—By order of Maj. Gen. Frederick Funston, the name of Camp Mission, Texas, has been changed to Camp Sergeant Shafer. The change has been ordered as an honor to Sergt. Ernest Shafer, troop G, third cavalry, who was killed in a battle with Mexican bandits at Ojo del Agua, near Brownsville, Oct. 21. Camp Mission is near where the fight took place.

WOMAN IS MADE PROFESSOR IN STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Stanford University, Cal., Nov. 30.—Dr. Lillian J. Martin, associate professor of psychology at Stanford university, was named Monday to succeed Dr. Frank Angell as head of the psychology department.

Dr. Martin, who will be the first woman ever placed in charge of a department at Stanford university, has been a member of the faculty since 1899. She is vice president of the National Association of Psychology.

INDOOR SPORTS

"Millionaires" Here For the Races.

December

DECEMBER blusters, to remind us that time's as busy as of yore; this year is nearly all behind us, another year is at the door. December's loud and rude and burly, with snow and slush his beard is wet; he bids us do our shopping early, lest we forget, lest we forget. He seems wrought up to bootless madness, the last month of the dying year; he fills old people's hearts with sadness, reminding them they're gray and sere. When skies are blue and soft winds blowing, the old folks may feel young again; they dwell not on the thought of going out from this bright, glad world of men. But every bellow of December, that seems to come from throat of brass, can only cause them to remember that time speeds on, and flesh is grass. December's grim and fierce and surly, his brow obscured by gloomy clouds; he bids us do our shopping early, and buy our Christmas biers and shrouds.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service.) WALT MASON.

EL PASO HERALD

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 and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 17 years; J. C. Wilmarth is Manager and G. A. Martin is News Editor.

AN INDEPENDENT DAILY NEWSPAPER—The El Paso Herald was established in March, 1881. The El Paso Herald includes also, by absorption and succession, The Daily News, The Telegraph, The Telegram, The Tribune, The Graphic, The Sun, The Advertiser, The Independent, The Journal, The Republican, The Bulletin. Entered at the Postoffice in El Paso, Texas, as Second Class Matter.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS, AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION, AND AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—Daily Herald, per month, 65c, per year, $7.80. Wednesday and Week-End issues will be mailed for $2.00 per year.

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION—Superior exclusive features and complete news report by Associated Press Leased Wire and Special Correspondents covering Arizona, New Mexico, west Texas, Mexico, Washington, D. C., and New York.