"PAY UP DAYS" ARE NECESSARY IF BUSINESS IS TO KEEP GOING

BISBEE, ARIZ., is to have a pay up week. What a splendid idea! As the Bisbee Daily Review points out, it may result in everybody arriving in the end at where he started, but the net result is all around solvency and confidence. For instance if Jones owes Brown $10 and Brown owes Smith $10 and Smith owes Jones $10 the money passes from debtor to creditor until it finally reaches Jones again. But everybody has been paid. Credit is reestablished. Confidence goes up. The money is kept fluid and after all that is about all there is to business—making a living and laying up a little surplus for community improvement.

Failure to pay hurts everybody. If the consumer, for instance, does not pay his merchant, the merchant can't pay the wholesaler, the wholesaler can't pay the factory, the factory can't buy any more raw material and can't, finally, sell the wholesaler any more goods. Thus the wholesaler can't sell the retailer and the retailer can't hand goods from empty shelves to the public.

Credit is something that should be maintained. To do it most of our business must be done "on time." But to keep credit where it belongs and to keep the wheels of industry going, there should be a pay day for the business men as well as for the employe.

Gambling on the Mexican side of the border has been hurting credit, because it has diverted funds from legitimate business to anti-social businesses.

MEXICO'S PROMISE TO STOP THE GAMBLING WILL SOON BE REFLECTED IN BETTER CONDITIONS ON THIS SIDE, IF THE PROMISE IS KEPT.

The men who have many small and scattered obligations, financial wizards have said, can improve the situation if they have some collateral, by making a loan that will cover those debts. Then the one large debt can be retired weekly or monthly or, piece by piece, it can be reduced as the paper is renewed. It is better to have one creditor for a large sum than many for small sums if one has the security with which to obtain a loan.

There is, as is pointed out in the Arizona city, too much of a tendency in these days of large earnings, for the salaried man to say "charge it," feeling that his pay check will amply cover the obligation when he gets ready to meet it. When time to pay comes, the man in debt is surprised at the size of his bill. He finds he is not in a position to pay. He fails to realize that his is one of the "bad accounts" then, which must be taken into consideration when the price is made for the public and which adds to the cost of living for all of us.

Credit is a necessity. But it should not be abused. The old custom of everybody paying up on the first of the month, or oftener, can hardly be improved on. A few extra "pay up" days will do no harm.

Here's good luck to the Santa Fe Northwestern, New Mexico's new railroad.

These rains the southwest has been getting are fine. If we could have them distributed evenly over the year wouldn't it be fine?

Santa Fe is getting ready for her fiesta to be held the middle of next month and it is going to be a big party.

The man who is willing to come to El Paso if the mayor will send him the fare is less fortunate than some of the people already here. The mayor might pay the fare of some of these if they would leave.

It is too bad Tennessee can't satisfy both sides by voting both for and against suffrage.

The San Francisco fire captain who deliberately saved his wife from a fire proved that there is such a thing as love after marriage.

Boys And Melons

WHEN judge W. W. McClellan, of Albuquerque, let off a gang of young boys charged with stealing watermelons the other day after giving them a short, but not very severe lecture, he won the sympathy of many an old heart who can recall days when he did what the boys were accused of doing.

As judge McClellan said and as we all know, stealing watermelons is dead wrong. Watermelons are worth money and are property, just as much as shoes and hay and Liberty bonds. And if the Albuquerque boys steal melons again they ought to be spanked and their papas should pay for the melons. But once, O, that's different! Watermelons are a good deal like umbrellas. They lay around so innocent looking and so tempting that a sma l boy can hardly resist. Let the man step forward and say his piece who has never stolen one. And if such a man there be, he is to be pitied more than praised.

Judge McClellan admits he is not exactly in a position to throw stones. So the case was dismissed. As Skinnay would say: "Hooray for the judge!"

The supreme court gets the last guess as to what the law means.

As a rule international spies are no good. They'll sell themselves to any country for a price.

Most of the folks opposed to the proposed 19th amendment are the same persons who are opposed to the 18th.

No crook ever committed any crime but what he thought he had a good reason.

Cox declared when woman suffrage became a certainty that civilization was saved. He also hopes his candidacy is.

Commercial Air Lines

UNTIL the railways of Mexico are brought up to standard why not a blimp and airplane service between the border and larger interior and west coast Mexican cities?

Over in Nogales some of the boosters are ambitious enough to believe that not only this can be done, but that the line can be extended to Washington, D. C., as well. With the name of the International Air Service corporation officers of the new concern have filed articles of incorporation and are preparing for service in the near future. The flights will be made at the start from Nogales to Mexico City by way of Hermosillo, Culiacan, Guaymas and Mazatlan.

If flights into Mexico can be made from Nogales they can be made from El Paso as well. Why not an airline to Mexico City via Chihuahua, Torreon and east coast cities? Airplanes and blimps both can carry mail and express, as well as passengers both ways. Such services in England and Germany are as regular as interurban service. Air service would do more than anything else to reduce distances in the southwest and in Mexico and the cost, once the business is stabilized, would not be greater than the cost of train service with rates ever on the increase.

An orchestra that plays jazz now occupies the space where the amen corner used to be.

Persons who bathe at Washington park should wear not only bathing suits, but fenders.

An ill weed grows apace.
—George Chapman.

SCHOOL DAYS

Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate. *By DWIG*

Trains Continue To Block El Paso Business Streets; Government Should Have Hospital For Drug Addicts

"SOMEBODY ought to get after the Southern Pacific for letting its trains hold up traffic the way they do at our business street crossings," said Jack P. Sheehan. "Every day these trains block the traffic, oftentimes 15 or 20 minutes. We don't have any trouble with the E. P. & S. W. and shouldn't have with the Southern Pacific."

* * *

"A hospital maintained by the government for the treatment of drug addicts would be a big benefit to this locality," said county clerk W. D. Greer. "Such a place could and should be maintained by the government and the cost would be comparatively small. I say the government should support such a hospital here because we have a transient class of drug addicts which come from other states and counties who constitute a menace to El Paso. The leaders in this community might well give such a plan their consideration."

* * *

"El Paso's county hospital should either be enlarged or else another building should be added," said P. R. Whitman. "Its capacity is not nearly what it should be. A city and a county are judged as much by their charitable institutions as they are by their residence and school systems. El Paso should not allow other more obtrusive needs to entirely blot out her duty and her need in this direction. I have heard physicians, visitors and many citizens of El Paso censure the way in which the county hospital is being allowed to deteriorate."

* * *

"Texas should look far more seriously upon automobile thefts than is done at present," said J. C. Ott, traffic officer. "In former days horse stealing was considered a great crime. But today automobile thefts, in spite of a federal law in that connection, are not taken as seriously as they ought to be. In El Paso the cars are stolen, used by the thieves and then abandoned, and the public shrugs, calls them joy riders, and often they get off easy. With these joy riders' causing the police no end of trouble, it is high time that they be made to feel the heavy hand of the law."

* * *

"Poultry should be a big sideline on the farm," said R. M. Mussett. "Raising poultry is not a 'cinch,' however, and one should study the business a little, or at least use common sense, if he wants to make much of a success with it. To have profitable fowls they must be taken care of and unless the fowls are of the right kind they are not likely to be profitable, even though they are taken care of. One of the sources of loss is in keeping hens until they are too old to be profitable fowls. Economy requires that the old hens be disposed of and that pullets and younger hens be kept constantly. Eggs are a great source of profit and unless the fowls are good layers they are not worth keeping. Hens usually are at their best in their second year and should be kept no longer than the third year. Pullets should be raised to replace the old hens, and these be disposed of as soon as their laying begins to decrease."

Bedtime Stories For The Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE RACE.

By HOWARD R. GARIS.

ONCE upon a time, as Uncle Wiggily Longears, the shoe gentleman rabbit, was asleep on the porch of his hollow stump bungalow, Nurse Jane Fussy Wussy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, gently tickled his whiskers near his pink, twinkling nose, and said:

"Wiggily, dear, will you go to the store for me?"

"I will," answered Uncle Wiggily, sneezing and sitting up.

"Dear me! I hope you aren't taking cold!" cried Nurse Jane.

"No, I was just taking a sleep," laughed the bunny gentleman. "I'll hurry to the store for you now. What do you want?"

"A loaf of bread and some raisins," answered the muskrat lady, so Uncle Wiggily took a basket and hurried off to get them. He safely reached the store, and was half way back, being near the home of Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbits, when, all of a sudden, out from behind a sassafrasapon tree, jumped the bad old Skeezicks, long and lanky and thin.

"Ha! This is the time I'll get you and nibble some souse!" howled the long, lanky and skinny Skee.

"You won't get me without a race!" cried brave Uncle Wiggily, and away he hopped. But the Skee hopped after him, and was just going to catch Uncle Wiggily when the bunny gentleman happened to see, out in front of Sammie Littletail's house, a clothes horse, where Mrs. Littletail had been drying some ironed clothes.

"Ha! I'll race away on the back of the clothes horse, and get rid of the Skee!" cried the bunny as he jumped up on the back of the wooden steed.

"Oh, I'll get you!" cried the bad skinny Skee, and he raced after Uncle Wiggily so fast that he almost caught up to the trotting clothes horse. But by that time Uncle Wiggily was near the home of Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels. Out in front he saw a saw horse, left there by Grandpa Whackum, the beaver gentleman, who had been building a new porch for Mr. Bushytail. He leaned boards on the saw horse.

"Perhaps the saw horse will go faster than the clothes horse," said Uncle Wiggily. So he leaped from the back of the clothes horse to the back of the saw horse, and kept on with the race. But still the Skeezicks kept after the bunny.

"I'll get you yet; and your souse, too!" howled the bad chap. Uncle Wiggily was racing hard, but had all he could do to keep the saw horse just ahead of the Skee.

Then, in front of where Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow lived, Uncle Wiggily saw where the doggie boys had been playing with their rocking horse.

"Perhaps the rocking horse will go faster than either the clothes horse or the saw horse!" thought Uncle Wiggily. So he leaped from the back of the saw horse to the back of the rocking horse.

"Get up, now, like a good fellow, and help me win this race and keep ahead of the Skee until I get home with the loaf of bread and the raisins in the basket for Nurse Jane!" begged the bunny.

"I'll do my best!" neighed the rocking horse, as he galloped off, with Uncle Wiggily on his back.

But after him still came the bad Skee, racing harder than ever.

"I'll get you yet! I must have souse!" howled the bad chap. Uncle Wiggily was almost home now, and the rocking horse was doing his best.

"Can you go any faster, my brave chap?" asked Uncle Wiggily, patting the leather ears of the wooden rocking horse.

"I'll do my best," was the answer. "If I only had my roller skates on we could surely race away from the bad Skee. Have you any roller skates in the basket?"

"Alas, no!" answered the bunny rabbit. "All I have in the basket is a loaf of bread and some raisins."

"Well, take some of the stones, or seeds, out of the raisins and throw them at the Skee," advised the rocking horse. "They may stop him, as I cannot run, trot, gallop, pace or canter much farther."

"There! Take these!" cried Uncle Wiggily, throwing the raisin stones at the Skeezicks, who was racing along behind the rocking horse.

"Pooh! Stuff and nonsense! As if I cared for them!" snickered the Skee. "Now I'm going to get your souse!"

The Skee was just going to give a big jump and catch Uncle Wiggily, for the bunny's rocking horse could not go so much farther, when, all of a sudden, Uncle Wiggily saw a horse chestnut tree just ahead.

"I'll do my best!" neighed the rocking horse.

"Oh, my friend, Mr. Horse Chestnut Tree!" cried the bunny, "shake some of your hard kernels at the bad Skee and stop him from chasing me!"

"Well, my horse chestnuts are rather green yet, but they have stickery prickers on," answered the kind Mr. Tree. "So I'll do my best!" Then, just as the Skee came under, and as Uncle Wiggily raced along on the back of the rocking horse, the tree shook down some hard stickery nuts on top of the Skee.

"Oh, wow! Oh, jimmy cars! Oh, conglomeration!" howled the bad chap. "I guess I don't want Uncle Wiggily's souse after all!" So the Skee ran back and the bunny won the race, and he was very glad and so am I.

And, if the tack puller doesn't yank the tail out of the feather duster and make it look like a bald-headed eagle, the next story will be about Uncle Wiggily and the torn handkerchief.—Copyright, 1920, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

The Morning Look

By EDNA KENT FORBES

THE test of real beauty is never the way a woman looks in the evening. She has had all day to prepare herself for that, either by physically resting or mentally or nervously stimulating herself to look her best for the evening's frivolity. The great test of real beauty comes in the morning. If the eyes are blurred with sleep and the body droops for the complete rest that was denied it—that is time to find out whether or not you are good looking.

An excellent time to study this subject for yourself would be to watch the other people in the train on your way to work; or if you do not go out to work, you might experiment by looking at yourself very impartially in the mirror. If you are pretty then you may be sure that you will pass as good looking at any other time of the day.

If you are not good looking early in the morning, here are a few suggestions that will start you off bright eyed and healthy skinned:

If possible, take a cool bath or morning shower.

Wash out the eyes with an eyecup and boric acid solution.

Go to bed earlier at night.

Get up a few minutes earlier and exercise.

Dress very carefully.

You need not necessarily do all of these. You may need only one or two of them to make you look fresh and attractive in the early morning sunlight—or the early morning mist, which is an even greater test. Beauty is not necessarily a matter of time—it is a matter of thought and forethought.

* * *

Freckled Face—Lemon juice rubbed into the freckles will act as a bleach. Peroxide of hydrogen, applied after washing the face with hot water and soap, will also bleach off ordinary freckles. Very bad cases often yield when touched with a fine brush which has been dipped in a solution of peroxide of hydrogen and ammonia, equal parts.

* * *

Hen.—Your weight should be 120.

* * *

You can get rid of warts that are large enough by tying a horse hair around the base of them. The hair is tied very tightly and gradually strangles the wart, when it drops off without leaving any trace of a scar. Warts come and go, especially on growing children, so their presence need cause no alarm.

Your red nose comes from digestive disturbances; you shouldn't see to that first, especially the bowel action. A nasal douche, night and morning, will also help. A little boracic acid dusted over the freshly cleansed nose before retiring, is also recommended.

* * *

Blue Eyes—The whole condition of your scalp must have changed. Stop using the electric curlers and go back to the old method. If possible, find a becoming way of dressing the hair without resorting to curling it. Do this for several months and it will likely recover.

AS A WOMAN THINKETH

By HELEN ROWLAND.

TO HAVE—or not to have?
That is the vital question of every woman's life
To have a HOME—
And to worry about the servant problem and the meals, and the house cleaning, and the laundry, and the price of food, and the plumbing and the moths, and the rugs and the garden and the screens,
Or to live in a hotel, and perish of ennui and boredom and discomfort?
To have a CAREER, fame, success—
And to dwell forever in the limelight, to be the target of gossip and envy and a mote in the public eye; never to be able to do anything you want to do, or to step out of your "role," for an instant.
Or to be unnoticed and obscure, and to dwell forever in the shadow and the background, watching the parade go by?
To have BEAUTY—
And to spend your life battling with Time, struggling against inexorable Fate—and fat dieting, banting, dressing—and dreading the first gray hair.
Or to be plain and homely, and to spend your life longing vainly for flowers and tributes and the light of admiration in men's eyes?
To possess a TALENT, a spark of the divine fire—
And to be goaded to work forever, day after day, by the whip of conscience; driven like a dray horse by the remorseless spur of the creative instinct and the relentless cosmic urge,
Or to be dull and commonplace, and totally uninteresting, and to take life easily and comfortably?
To have RICHES—
And to lie awake nights, worrying about your stocks and bonds and diamonds, and motor cars and tire troubles,
Or to be poor, and to lie awake nights worrying about your bills and the price of gasoline?
Above all, to have a HUSBAND—
And to have to stay in town all summer to be with him, or to go away all summer and worry about him; to be anxious and unhappy if he is lonely without you, and suspicious and miserable if he isn't; to have to get up mornings when HE gets up, to eat when he is hungry, to play when he is merry, and to be happy your whole life long in HIS way.
Or to be a spinster, and live in cold comfort and loneliness, with life as empty as a campaign speech, as dull as a political meeting, and as useless as one glove or a knitting needle with a mate?
Heigh-ho! How can a woman be happy, anyhow?
Because every woman wants EVERYTHING—until she gets it!
And then she wants something else.
And every blessed thing she gets is just one more thing to worry about.
AND, if she hasn't a thing in the world to worry about—well, then she worries about THAT!
And, if she has everything in the world to worry about,
There are days and days.
When she wishes with her whole heart, that she didn't possess a solitary thing on earth,
Except her bathing suit and her tooth brush!
And yet men sometimes spend their whole lives
Trying to make a woman HAPPY!
It can't be done!
I'm a woman—and I KNOW!—Copyright, 1920, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

IT MUST be purty tough t' be too insignificant t' cut any ice an' too big t' travel with a side show. Nobuddy'll stick ther nose in your business if you run a skunk farm.

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How I Earned My First Money

I EARNED my first money by buying peaches, 20 for five cents and by selling them 5 for five cents. The first $1.50 was taken from me by my mother and invested in a book which started my library. I was much disgusted as I wished to invest it in ice cream and candy.—Will R. Winch.

FRANCE IS TO TAKE STEPS TO TAX RACETRACK BETTING

Paris, France, Aug. 21.—Clandestine betting would be suppressed in France under bills just introduced in the chamber of deputies by baron Maurice de Rothschild and Leo Bourysson.

Secret betting in France is estimated by baron Rothschild to amount to 10,000,000 francs daily.

Under the Rothschild bill establishments where the illegal betting occurred would be closed.

Deputy Bouysson proposes that illegal betting be suppressed by the creation of a state organization of control, and the imposition of a tax at race tracks and other places. A tax of six percent on the estimated 10,000,000 francs illegally bet daily would bring the French government a revenue of 600,000 francs daily, or for the 120 racing days, an annual revenue from this source of 200,000,000 francs.

To this would be added 40,000,000 or 50,000,000 francs from a tax on book betting which would be reestablished and allowed in a special enclosure under the Bouysson measure.

The $5,000,000 donated by the Rockefeller Foundation to University college, London, has almost moved the grateful British press to spell the famous founder's name "Goodfeller."—From Leslie's

Overworked Words

By WALT MASON.

"METICULOUS!" That weary word pops up before me everywhere; the blamed thing may have been a bird before they wore it all threadbare. Galsworthy sprung it years ago, and it was worthy of his gall, and it's been chivied to and fro till it requires the bier and pall. It flavors everything I read, it's plastered up with printer's ink, it's down at heel and gone to seed, and it would drive strong men to drink. And "grueling" should take its place upon the list of deadly crimes; whenever there's an auto race we see it used a thousand times. When fatheads battle in the ring, what time they should be plowing corn, the scrap's described as "gruelling," regardless of the purists' scorn. And how I hate the "gripping" tales that figure in cheap magazines, turned out in large and endless bales by sweating hacks for pork and beans. "Compelling" is another word that nearly breaks my grand old heart, used in connections most absurd—"compelling" songs, "compelling" art. I meet the chestnuts every hour, and into tears I often burst; and of all words that make life sour, "meticulous" I hate the worst.

WALT MASON.

Copyright by George Matthew Adam.

About Broadway Plays And Players

By BIDE DUDLEY.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—John Golden is a man who will tackle any kind of a problem. When he realized that the advance in railroad and Pullman rates would hand travelling theatrical companies a terrific blow, he decided to take the matter right into the front office. He wrote president Wilson all about it and asked him to do something. Now Mr. Golden has a letter from secretary Tumulty stating that the president is much interested and will see what can be done. Somehow or other we have a hunch John will get results.

WHAT DON'T YOU KNOW!

Was George Washington named after the city of Washington or the state of that name?

How many teeth has a skopokolas on its lower jaw? (Gee, that'll stick 'em!)

How much of a bonus did the man who invented stenography get from the chewing-gum trust?

If the miners get a raise in pay will they agree also to dig up the money for it? said he.

If it requires one-thirty-third of a horse power to crack a peanut, why don't they sell more of them for a nickel?

STICK TO HIM, JERRY!

Jerome Kern composed "Left All Alone Again Blues" for "The Night Boat," and Stella Hoban sings it wonderfully. Mark A. Luescher says Miss Hoban sent Mr. Kern a saddle horse last week and said the steed's name was "Left All Alone Again Blues."

"Much obliged!" wrote Mr. Kern to her. "But why the name?"

"Wait till you try to ride him," was Miss Hoban's reply.

REAL MONEY HERE!

Arthur Hammerstein's new one, Frank Tinney in "Tickle Me," tickled Art last week at Atlantic City. It opened at the Globe theatre to $2,205; on Saturday night it drew $2,746 and the total for the week was $19,859. Joe Flynn, who gave us the figures, said he wasn't ad libbing a cent.

PURCELL FIXED MATTERS.

They box a telephone in "The Poor Little Ritz Girl," at the Central, that is so made the audience can hear Andrew Tombes, off stage, talking to the darn thing jammed and Andy's voice didn't come through. Lew Fields, who owns the show, noticed there was something kerflooey and began to do a Bellevue. Soon, however, the sounds came out of the phone and all was well.

"Easy!" came the reply. "I've studied ventriloquism. I just spoke Andy's lines away down in my Adam's apple."

ANOTHER FOR HARRIS.

Sam H. Harris has placed in rehearsal a romantic comedy by Hilda Johnson Young called "Little Old New York." Genevieve Tobin and Ernest Glendenning have the leading roles.

MISS KENNEDY RETURNING.

Madge Kennedy is to return to the speaking stage this season under the management of Henry W. Savage, Inc.

HAY PLAY MONDAY.

A. H. Woods will present "Happy Go Lucky," formerly "Tilly of Bloomsbury," at the Booth theater next Monday. It is by Major Ian Hay.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

"Not So Long Ago," will move from the Booth to the Nora Bayes theatre.

IBSEN FOR TWO WEEKS.

Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People" will be played for two weeks at the Manhattan Opera house beginning Sept. 6. Robert Whittier will produce the play and will appear as Dr. Stockmann.

A NEW GOETZ REVUE.

E. Ray Goetz will begin rehearsing a new revue called "Picadilly to Broadway" next Monday. Merrie Harvey, the English comedian, will be in it.

MRS. PRIEST HAS ONE.

Geraldine Rendall Priest, short story writer, has written and composed a musical comedy called "You Win," which will be produced before the holidays.

GOSSIP.

Henry Clay Grant wants to write Harry Levey a film called "Once Upon a Time."

Sousa and his band will play at the Hippodrome Sunday night, Sept. 26.

Edna Hibbard has been engaged to support Holbrook Blinn in Booth Tarkington's "Poldekin."

Emerson Browne's "The Bad Man" is to be taken care of and unless the fowls are of the right kind they are not likely to be profitable, even though they are taken care of. One of the sources of loss is in keeping hens until they are too old to be profitable fowls. Economy requires that the old hens be disposed of and that pullets and younger hens be kept constantly. Eggs are a great source of profit and unless the fowls are good layers they are not worth keeping. Hens usually are at their best in their second year and should be kept no longer than the third year. Pullets should be raised to replace the old hens, and these be disposed of as soon as their laying begins to decrease."

A new song called "I Have Somebody's Heart" has been introduced at the Winter Garden.

Vivien Oakland has been engaged for a role in "The Girl in the Private Room."

Robert Courtneidge, London manager, is here to see Eileen Huban open in "Paddy" Aug. 23.

Helen Bolton and Mildred Keats have been engaged for parts in "Pitter Patter."

Walter Hast has accepted a play of his called "The Marriage Trap."

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

Ponzi might have found starting a laundry a much safer way to make a clean-up.

FOOLISHMENT.

A parrot often learns to talk.
And likewise learns to swear,
In other ways a man he'll mock,
But, Queenie, I don't care.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Is a chicken old enough to eat at five weeks?"
"No."
"Then how does it live?"

The Men Who Work For a Community

By D. A. BANDEEN,
General Manager El Paso Chamber of Commerce.

IN business life there is a sharply defined line of demarcation dividing the men who take an active part in the community and civic life, and those who do not. The one is called "live," and the other is called "dead." These adjectives are not necessarily justified by the facts in the case, but the fact that a man is judged by his activity in such matters, remains nevertheless. And it is true, that all things being equal, the "live" ones are boosters, and the "dead" ones are, not necessarily knockers, but at least passive.

For this reason it behooves the young man who wishes to forge ahead in the world to take part in the great civic movements that are being carried out. There is no method by which this can better be done than by an active membership in the "Young Men's Business League," formerly the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Under its reorganized plan, the Young Men's Business League is equipped to become the partner, and efficient cohelper of the chamber of commerce in the tremendous program and commercial and civic expansion which it has before it.

The leading men of the city are members of the Young Men's Business League. The men whose names you read in the paper every day, in connection with business transactions of magnitude, and with civic movements of importance, are the men who are making the Young Men's Business League a leading factor in city construction. Business executives of ability are needed to help in the work of developing El Paso's possibilities, and these are the men to whom the Young Men's Business League is making its appeal.

These are some of the reasons why the Young Men's Business League is a civic necessity, and why it is a necessity in the career of the young men who expect to make their livelihoods in El Paso. It is an opportunity for the junior members of firms for department heads in mercantile establishments to broaden their views, their acquaintance, and participate in the tremendous work of building a city, which is now just in its inception in El Paso.

Held Outlaws Once, Now Wheat Granary

La Veta, Colo., Aug. 21.—Because he needed the most old one-story structure for a wheat granary, town officials have sold La Veta's jail to Ivor H. Dailey, wealthy rancher.

With the historic La Veta jail untenanted for many months, authorities declared there was no further need for the hoosgow, which had been occupied by some of the most desperate outlaws and criminals of the early west.

On the records of the town clerk is this notation:

"Jail and furnishings complete: ten pairs handcuffs, leg chains, jailer's keys, hadge, tin and ironware utensils for prisoners, plates, cups, bowls, cots, etc., sold to Ivor H. Dailey."

CHIHUAHUA DROUTH BROKEN.

Chihuahua, Mex., Aug. 21.—After a severe drouth in nearly all the state of Chihuahua, the rainy season has started. Rain has fallen three or four times in every 24 hours recently. Crops were very bad, but now it seems that the bean and corp crops will be good. Corn has been rising in price daily, because the merchants feared the total loss of the current year's crop.

YE TOWNE GOSSIP

By K. C. B.

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

I'VE WORRIED a lot.
ABOUT THE dogs.
THAT WE sometimes see.
IN VAUDEVILLE shows.
BUT EVERY time.
I'VE GONE back stage.
AND BEEN introduced.
TO SOME stage dog.
IT HAS always seemed.
HE'S BEEN content.
AND I recall.
TEN YEARS ago.
OR THERE ABOUT.
AWAY OUT West.
THERE CAME a dog.
THEY CALLED "Spareribs."
A SCRAGGLY dog.
THAT SEEMED to know.
HIS HOMELINESS.
AND EVENED things.
WITH TWO bright eyes.
THAT HELD a plea.
I'D BE his friend.
AND SO I was.
FOR ONE short week.
THE WHILE he played.
IN OUR town.
AND SHE who came.
WITH THIS "Spareribs."
WAS FANNIE Usher.
KNOWN TO fame.
IN VAUDEVILLE.
AND I recall.
THAT I was glad.
FOR "SPARERIBS'S" sake.
AND FANNIE'S sake.
THAT THEY were pals.
AND NEVER quarrelled.
AND NEVER growled.
NOR SPOKE harsh word.
AND, ANYWAY.
TEN YEARS have gone,
OR THEREABOUT.
SINCE "SPARERIBS" came
TO OUR town.
AND THOUGHT away.
AND IN those years.
THE BOTH of us.
HAVE TRAVELED much.
AND NOW.
A LETTER comes to me.
AND I am told.
MY FRIEND is dead.
AND INASMUCH.
AS HE had friends.
FROM COAST to coast.
I WRITE these lines.
AND ADD the wish.
HE WILL be waiting.
WHEN HIS mistress comes.
I THANK you.

Short Snatches From Everywhere

The Holstins appear to have made a bridge of Poles to Germany.—The Piedmont.

A woman's only a woman, but a cheaper cigar's a cabbage.—Florida Metropolis.

Johnson to Harding: "You made me love you; I didn't want to do it."—Arkansas Gazette.

Since prohibition went into effect, fewer men weep over the death of their fifth cousins.—Toledo Blade.

You can't convince a man looking for a parking place that there is any shortage of cars.—Topeka Capital.

Farmers are begging for cars—that is to say, freight cars. They already have the limousines.—Minneapolis Journal.

Some people consider "The Winning of the West" by another Roosevelt an infringement on T. R.'s copyright.—Washington Post.

A dog license costs more than a marriage license—but you can always give the dog away when you get tired of it.—Richmond Item.

Moral support would help Poland just now about as much as applause would a pitcher with Babe Ruth at the plate.—Atlanta Journal.

Somebody is trying to introduce the millennium under a disguise. It is to be called the "Be Kind to Husbands' Week."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

They talk about the women the weaker sex. If you don't think they have more backbone than the men, go to a modern dance and see for yourself.—Anaconda Standard.

Nothing is more pathetic than the struggle of last year's straw hat to hang on until the marked down sale has progressed from one-third to one-half off.—Grand Rapids Press.

Kabibble Kabaret

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DEAR MR. KABIBBLE,
MY HUSBAND WILL NOT WORK. WHAT SHALL I DO?

YOU MEAN WHAT CAN YOU DO—WHAT BUSINESS WERE YOU IN BEFORE YOU WERE MARRIED?

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. B. slater, editor and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 32 years. J. C. Wilmarth is manager and G. A. Martin is managing editor.

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