REVIVAL OF COLOR IN CLOTHES IS WORTH SOMETHING TO THE WORLD

IF THERE IS one subject a man is supposed to have no valid opinions on, it is women's clothes. Women blithely assume that they can select tasteful fixings for men to wear, but if they don't laugh they smile, and if they don't smile they suppose it only to save hurt feelings, when the man offers something for inspection which he thinks might go well on somebody else.

Yet men really do have very definite opinions on women's clothes—not in any detail, but in the broad notions that affect his sight whether his mind is interested or not.

This is an appeal for bright colors. Bright harmonious colors.

The tendency since the war for women to wear bright colors pleases the men, whether they take the trouble to say so or not. If it be true that women's styles are made for women and not for men, it is to be hoped that this liking for bright colors is also well fixed in feminine taste, for indeed it is something the world needs to retain.

Maybe it is due to reaction after the drab of wartime. Whatever the psychology or motive of it, the bright flash of color in the streets and in gathering places is one of the happiest little details of life. Where women meet these days, especially in evening dress, there is a mighty pretty color sketch, quite different from the days not so long ago when everything was one color or the other, and both getting just a little tiresome.

This tendency to bright colors in clothes, be it said, is strictly American. Other countries, if they used to care for color, have dropped it. Nobody wears Roman scarfs in Rome. Nobody in Spain wears colors of any kind. Italy is devoid of variety or originality. Most of the countries wear black, or gray, or black and white. France has a little brown or dull blue, but nothing striking. One may travel from one end of Europe to the other, and from one side to the other, and see little in the clothing of men or women that might not have been bought on South El Paso street by the crate.

But American women and girls have mercifully revived the old time love and use of cheerful coloring in clothes, and thereby have conferred huge benefits on a somewhat drab and discontented world.

They need go no further than nature for their inspiration. Nature is full of brilliant color—no other place more so than our own southwest. Trees, flowers, birds, rocks, skies, mountains, all are full of gorgeous color, and always harmonious no matter how intense the coloring may be. Some colors and shades fight, but not in nature.

There is a science of color-psychology, that is worth looking into. Men have harmonized music with color. Color may be expressed in figures or in sound. Color excites and sways thought, emotion, and passion. Color drives people insane and makes them well again. Color aids religion or plays the devil's game. Color distracts men from their work or gives them calm and concentration. Color may be moral or immoral. Color may make sales or break up a trade. Color may make men fight or hypnotize them to dreams. Color may thrill with high resolution or wreck a life. Color may make one smile in adversity or kick the cat.

What color can do to create and perpetuate life, the painters have shown us. The best color work in Europe today is being done by the water colorists, not by the painters in oils. The water color men have found the secret and they are lighting up the galleries with their marvelous creations, more and more free from convention. And our own painters are rediscovering nature.

Look at the old time pictures, the old prints, and notice how much color there was. The streets in the world capitals used to be gay. The salons in the great houses used to be brilliant with all the hues of nature's infinite variety. It is not so very long ago that men were even more gorgeous in their array than women, when they dressed for company—like the gentleman birds who fix up their plumage regardless, for the wooing, while the lady bird waits her turn in trim but sober gown.

But it seems to be a woman's place. A business man would look a little funny now in bright blue breeches and yellow waistcoat, or in purple or garnet velvet. We see bright green hats and suits, but not so very many—yet. And the conventional evening dress of a man makes him look as much like a beetle as a concert fiddler looks like a grasshopper.

Americans have learned how to make the dyes. We are no longer dependent on Germany for dyes or on France for fashions or on England for fabrics. America is developing a taste and a fashion and a method of her own, and our new national color scheme is all ours.

Let the fashion of bright harmonious coloring in garments have full sway. It is a sign of good health, sound mind and a clear conscience. It speaks of hope to the soul of the race, and it hymns the rhythm of recurring resurrection, singing with the stars in heaven, sweet symphony of praise.

Who can imagine a flock of angels in black and gray? The old religious painters knew.

Southwest Meetings.

THREE events are scheduled for winter dates in El Paso that will be distinctive of the southwest and that should receive encouragement.

During the first week in December the southwestern division of the American association for the advancement of science will meet here for three days. There will be no hurrah about this convention, but scores of men noted for scientific attainment will gather here to discuss problems of peculiar interest to the arid region of which this city is the metropolis. These men are spending their lives in efforts to make life easier for all of us. They are producing practical results that touch all of our lives every day. Irrigation experts, fighters of insect pests, botanists, soil chemists, industrial chemists, mining engineers, meteorologists, physicists, are wresting from nature her secrets in comparative obscurity. We owe it to them to entertain them properly.

Another event of interest will be the art fair that is to bring here the artists of Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, and their paintings and drawings. From the art colony of Taos and from Santa Fe will come many color wonders. Various causes, principally a desire to get picturesque landscape and figures to paint, have brought dozens of skilled artists to the southwest. They too deserve recognition.

Later will come about 1200 cattlemen from all over the plains of the southwest. The meeting next March will be historic in many ways, for the cattle industry, long the greatest of this part of the country, is having trying times. Here will be discussed what is to be done in the future. El Paso should open her doors wide to these men who were the pioneers and are the mainstays even yet.

Secretary of war Baker is reelected head of the Consumers' league; he consumed the money of the taxpayers all right.

Answer to inquiry: Yes, the principal duty of the American vice consul in Juarez is to investigate vice on the part of the visiting Americans.

Our interest in a thing is gaged by what it means to us.

All work and no play may make Jack a dull boy, but one thing can be said for it: it keeps him from starving.

To make the winter fly fast, sign a note that will come due in the spring.

Preserving Game.

THE DAY has come when conservation of fish and game must consist in more than mere protection. Realizing this, Arizona's game warden is setting out on a program of increasing the wild life of his state. The program includes starting fish hatcheries everywhere possible and establishing breeding places for game.

The laws of the various western states, strict as they are, have never been enforced rigidly and as a result the west was the hunting ground of the entire country until farsighted game wardens began to see the need of protection.

In addition to the slaughter of game "just for the fun of it," much of the wild life of North America, scientists say, has been migrating south into Central and South America over a period of three centuries.

With a few years of strict protection and propagation Arizona could again have a game and fish supply that would enable every hunter in the state to shoot and catch a considerable part of his food supply. Under the late Dr. L. L. Dyche, Kansas restocked her ponds, rivers, and reservoirs with fish enough in five years to enable that state to remove virtually all restrictions against fishing.

As a rule when affections are alienated they were never thoroughly naturalized to begin with.

Wrinkles follow in the wake of lost sleep.

The old fashioned child that used to want a penny is now grown and has a son who wants $25.

Yale and jail are two of our greatest educational institutions.

A lot of kids need home rule.

The world's a theater, the earth a stage
Which God and Nature do with actors fill.
—Thomas Heywood.

IRELAND
And The Irish

LEAVES FROM AN OVERSEAS NOTEBOOK

—24—

By H. D. SLATER.

The "Overseas Notebook" contains a variety of material gathered by the editor of The Herald in Europe during the war and after. Excerpts will be published in this column daily during the next several months. Publication of the "Notes" began October 31. Today's instalment concludes the Irish Notes. In the next issue will begin publication of the narrative part of the diary, starting with the trip across in wartime.

SOME of the points that might be included in a plan to be offered to Ireland by the British parliament with a view to adjusting Ireland's relations with the kingdom and the empire, are outlined here:

1—The name of the realm to be The Kingdom of Great Britain.

2—There are constituted two dominions of the crown, one to be known as the Dominion of Hibernia, the other to be known as the Dominion of North Ireland, the two to be known as The Irish Dominions, and to include all of Ireland. The geographical boundary between the two Irish Dominions to be determined by agreement based on a vote of popular choice.

3—Executive and administrative functions of the British crown in The Irish Dominions shall be limited to measures necessary for the defence of the realm and the empire and protection of property belonging thereto. The British crown shall exercise no legislative function in The Irish Dominions, and no civil government or police function, and the power of veto vesting in the crown shall be limited to nullification of measures inconsistent with the British constitution, with this act, or with the safety and integrity of the realm and the empire. The crown shall exercise no civil judicial function in The Irish Dominions.

4—The crown shall be represented in each of The Irish Dominions by a military officer who shall be known as commander-in-chief for the respective Dominion and who shall command the regular military and naval forces and establishments pertaining to the defence of Ireland against invasion or to the protection of imperial rights.

5—Certain areas to be set aside and designated defensive areas shall be under the exclusive control of the commander-in-chief.

6—There may be an organized militia under rules to be prescribed by the commander-in-chief.

7—Military courts shall have exclusive jurisdiction as to crimes and misdemeanors committed by or against members of the imperial forces in The Irish Dominions; civil courts shall have exclusive jurisdiction in all other cases.

8—All armed forces of the crown in excess of a permanent garrison of 40,000 to be withdrawn gradually until at the end of one year this figure shall have been reached.

9—The Royal Irish Constabulary and auxiliary police to be disbanded within six months.

10—General amnesty to all political prisoners including those charged with treason or conspiracy unless charged with other crimes.

11—Prisoners charged with crimes to be turned over within four months to either the military or civil courts under provisions of paragraph 7, to be tried in Ireland.

12.—Necessary provisions for civil government, legislative, executive, and judicial, in the two Dominions.

13—All public property other than that mentioned in paragraphs 4 and 5 shall be turned over to the governments of the respective Dominions within one year, free of entail.

14—All public services and institutions not pertaining to the defence of Ireland against invasion or to the protection of imperial rights shall be turned over to the governments of the respective Dominions within one year, their control over same thenceforth to be exclusive.

15—The Dominion of Hibernia, the Dominion of North Ireland, and the Kingdom of Great Britain mutually agree never to impose upon one another any commercial restriction or impost not imposed equally upon constituent parts of each or any of said parties to this agreement or upon citizens carrying on business entirely within same.

16—There is constituted a Court of Conciliation for Irish Affairs to be composed of representatives elected by the several parliaments, two from each Irish Dominion and two from the Kingdom of Great Britain, who may elect a seventh member by a vote of at least five members. To this court, which shall sit at the three capitals in rotation and meet at least once each month, shall be referred all questions of interpretation of this act or other questions arising out of relations of the Irish Dominions with each other or with the Kingdom of Great Britain. The decision of this court by a vote of at least five members shall be binding and immediately effective, subject to protest and appeal if filed within 30 days to the Court of Arbitration for Irish Affairs.

17—There is constituted a Court of Arbitration for Irish Affairs which which shall consist of two representatives each elected by the parliaments of the Union of South Africa, the Dominion of Canada, and the Commonwealth of Australia, who may elect a seventh member by a majority vote. To this court, which shall sit at London at least one month during each year, shall be referred all protests and appeals from decisions of the Court of Conciliation for Irish Affairs. The decision of this court by a vote of at least five members shall be binding and immediately effective, subject only to the veto of the crown exercised in his own person and not through a minister.

18.—The Irish Dominions assume all rights, privileges, obligations, and duties heretofore acknowledged or claimed by the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland or by the imperial government arising out of any contractual relations existing between Ireland or Irish citizens and the Kingdom or the empire including all debts due or to become due by or to said United Kingdom or said imperial government.

19.—In lieu of all other settlements and as fully satisfying all monetary claims, debts, or obligations of whatsoever kind, the imperial treasury pays over to the governments of The Irish Dominions to be fairly apportioned between them, $500,000,000 in interest bearing bonds payable in cash at the rate of $20,000,000 each year.

It is not pretended that the above is anything more than the merest suggestion of what kind of arrangement might meet with the approval of the vast majority of the Irish people. No attempt has been made to think out details or meet objections which readily present themselves.

As to the power of veto provided for in paragraph 17, it is absolute, vested in the crown by the British constitution, but since 1705 the right has never been exercised, and Bagehot, the great commentator on the British constitution, even says the sovereign would be bound to sign his own death warrant if parliament should send it to him.

Many of the above suggestions are at least original, and it is believed that some of the knottiest differences might be adjusted in some such way.

(This ends the Irish Notes in the "Overseas Notebook." In the next issue the narrative part of the diary will begin, starting with the trip across in wartime.)

SCHOOL DAYS

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By DWIG

Short Snatches From Everywhere

Coolidge will feel like celebrating by purchasing a new pair of shoes.—Baltimore American.

The price of a Thanksgiving turkey ought to be deducted from a married man's income tax.—Toledo Blade.

When Lloyd George meets death, he will doubtless try to compromise by offering a leg or something.—Baltimore Sun.

There is a complete agreement among the powers that each one will disarm after all the others do.—Augusta (Ga.) Herald.

It won't seem natural at all for a few days not to have anything national that it's particularly necessary to lie about.—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

The law of supply and demand is all right, but, after all, its working depends a good deal on the fuss you make with your demand.—Boston Transcript.

A perfect jelly, according to a young woman in the domestic science class at the high school, is one that is "clear, not leathery, and will shimmie."—Roanoke Times.

If this wholesale slaughter by automobile continues, our country will have to get into another war as a simple means of human conservation.—Greensboro (N. C.) News.

One Sinn Fein leader announces that the hunger strike will be abandoned in the fight against the oppressor. Probably because it proves fatal to the wrong party.—Des Moines Register.

A 133-year-old Indian died as the result of burning to death when his clothing ignited from sparks from his pipe. Which is proof enough that one should not begin the use of tobacco too early in life.—Tulsa Tribune.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald of This Date, 1906.

APPLICATION has been made to the postoffice department for a new postoffice at Fabens, El Paso county, and Eugenio Perea has been recommended for the position of postmaster.

Mrs. T. J. Beall, who is an honorary member of the Woman's club, of El Paso, gave a dinner at the St. Regis in honor of visiting club women.

Mrs. A. B. Davidson, of Cuero, Texas, wife of lieutenant governor elect A. B. Davidson, is visiting Mrs. W. M. Pettmies at 1407 Montana street.

Agnes Norwood, of Honey Grove, Texas, a niece of Mrs. F. J. Hall, arrived in the city today to attend the meeting of the state federation and visit Mrs. Hall.

Miss Mary Buchanan returned yesterday from an extended trip through the north, east and south.

Miss Edith Newman leaves today for St. Louis to make a visit of several months.

Charles McDonald, a former member of the El Paso police force, is in the city from Santa Rosa, N. M., where he is now located.

Henry Swearingen left for the Casas Grandes country in Mexico yesterday to be gone some time.

HELD IN GIRLS' DEATH CASE.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 20.—Lawrence and Harris Jorgensen and Marcus Blumberg, three men who confessed being with Marie Ramey and Lillian Thompson, actresses, on a joyride which ended in the death of the two women, were ordered held without bonds by coroner Hoffman.

Bedtime Stories For The Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGILY AND HENNY POP.

By HOWARD R. GARIS.

ONCE upon a time, when there had been a little snow storm in Woodland, near the Orange Ice Mountains, where Uncle Wiggily lived in his hollow stump bungalow, the dear old gentleman rabbit went out for a walk.

"I may have an adventure," said Uncle Wiggily to himself, as he skipped along, now and then leaping on his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch, which made queer little holes in the soft, white snow.

"That was a funny adventure I had yesterday," thought Uncle Wiggily, as he hopped along. "The Woozie Wolf and the Fuzzy Fox thought they had us all trapped in the attic. But Teddy Scooter, the flying squirrel, saved us. I wonder if anything like that will happen today?"

As Uncle Wiggily said this he looked down at the white snow, and in it he saw some queer marks. The marks were like those of two small, bare hands and two larger bare hands.

"Ha! Some animal has been along here," said Uncle Wiggily to himself as he looked more carefully at the footprints in the snow. "But the marks are not large enough to be those of the Fuzzy Fox or the Woozie Wolf. I'm glad to say. I wonder who has been here?"

Just then there was a movement under a little bush, and out came a small animal, covered with light brown fur. This animal had a long, sharp nose, rather a long tail and the brightest eyes Uncle Wiggily had ever seen.

"Oh, how do you do, and who are you?" asked the bunny rabbit gentleman.

"I am Henny Pop," was the answer. "Excuse me for saying so, but that is certainly a funny name, though I like it," spoke the bunny.

"I am called Henny Pop, and my father is Pop Goes, the weasel," went on the brown animal, sitting up on his hind legs and looking about with his bright eyes. His head and neck seemed to be all in one, like those of a snake.

"I have heard of your father, Mr. Pop Goes, the weasel," said Uncle Wiggily. "If I mistake not there is a song about him."

"There is," said Henny Pop, the weasel boy. "It goes this way:
"The monkey chased the cobbler's wife
All around the steeple.
That's the way the money flies,
Pop Goes the Weasel."

"I don't exactly understand it, myself," said Henny Pop, "but I'm a weasel, all right."

"I don't know whether or not I ought to be afraid of you," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "Aren't weasels supposed to like rabbits, for their dinner?"

"Oh, but I wouldn't hurt YOU, Uncle Wiggily," said Henny Pop, as he skipped about, the sun shining on his brown fur. "I'd like to walk with you and maybe help you have an adventure."

"All right, come along," invited the bunny rabbit gentleman. So he and the little weasel boy started off over the white snow together, very good friends indeed, though not all weasels are kind to rabbits.

All of a sudden, as Henny Pop and Uncle Wiggily were skipping along over the snow, and the bunny was just wondering whether he would have an adventure, there came a growl from under a sassafras bush and out popped the Black Bear.

"Ah, ha! Uncle Wiggily!" growled the Black Bear. "I am just in time. I see! I was wondering what I could

"I'm right here!" answered a squeaky voice.

eat for my dinner, and now I know."

"I wonder if he means you?" whispered Henny Pop to the bunny gentleman.

"I'm afraid he does," sighed Uncle Wiggily, his pink nose twinkling sad and sorrowful like.

"Whoever that brown fur animal with you may happen to be, he might just as well skip along," growled the Black Bear. "I don't want him. I want you, and you only, Uncle Wiggily!"

With his paw the Black Bear was just going to cuff Henny Pop, the weasel boy, to one side, to get him out of the way, when all of a sudden, a strange thing happened.

The Black Bear was just going to grab Uncle Wiggily, when, all of a sudden, the shaggy creature was seen to rub one paw over his eyes, as though they were full of cobwebs, or maybe sleepy-time sand.

"What's the matter? What has happened?" grumbled the bear. "I can't see him!"

"You can't see who?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"That little brown animal who was here a moment ago," said the bear. "He disappeared as if by magic, or else it must be my eyes. I can't see him, though he was right under my paw! Where is he?"

"I'm right here!" answered a squeaky voice, though neither Uncle Wiggily nor the bear could see any one. "I'm right here and if you don't let Uncle Wiggily go I'll nip you! Here I am, right behind you!"

The Black Bear turned but could see no one, though the squeaky voice kept up. And then the bear cried:

"Oh, this is white magic! This is no place for me! That brown animal suddenly disappeared, and though I can hear him I can't see him. I must be going blind! I guess I'll run away!"

And run away the Bear did, not hurting Uncle Wiggily at all. And then the bunny saw a little black speck moving over the snow, and a moment later the bunny saw Henny Pop in pure white fur now (except for a black tip on his tail) looking at him.

"What happened?" asked Mr. Longears. "How did you change from brown to white?"

"Oh, we weasels always change our brown fur for white when snow comes," said Henny. "So I thought I'd just make my change now to fool the Bear. I was near you and him all the while, but as I was white, like the snow, he couldn't see me. I hid my black tail tip and he imagined I was working magic on him. It was magic, in a way, but no different from that we weasels always work in winter. I changed a little more quickly than usual, that's all."

"Thank you for saving me," said the bunny. Then he and Henny Pop walked on again. And if the apple pie doesn't try to walk upstairs all alone to catch the rubber ball, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Reddy Tuft.—Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

The Confessions Of A Wife

By HELEN ROWLAND.

MY DAUGHTER, the heart is like unto a well, which goeth stagnant with neglect, but runneth dry if overworked.

Hear, then, the Confession of a Blase Bachelor who hath gone too often to the Font of Love, and hath known too MUCH women.

"Alas, alas," he sigheth, "all life is as the menu of a cheap table d'hote—the same today, yesterday, and forever.

"What profit hath a man of all the moneys wherefor he hath labored, when there is no wine to spend it for; what joy hath he of all the women wherewith he hath flirted, when there is no novelty in them?

"Behold, one day is as dull as another, one kiss is no more thrilling than another, one marriage is as stupid as another, and of women there are only two varieties:

"Those who are bold and athletic—and those who are subtle and synthetic.

"Those who wear eyeglasses and talk politics—and those who wear kneelength skirts and talk baby-talk.

"Those who say, 'How dare you!'—and those who say, 'Come hither!'

"Those whom I do not dare to kiss—and those whom I do not care to kiss.

"Those who are married and unattainable—and those who are after marriage and inescapable.

"Those who bore me to exasperation—and those who frighten me to desperation.

"Those who bob their hair and try to look 'literary'—and those who henna their hair and try to look 'kittenish.'

"Those who would drive me to distraction—and those who would bore me to destruction.

"Those who trust in ouija boards and believe everything I tell them—and those who trust no man, and believe nothing I tell them.

"Those who seek to reform me—and those who seek to flatter me.

"Those who carry lap-dogs—and those who carry lorgnettes.

"Those who are too simple to be interesting—and those who are too sophisticated to be fascinating.

"Those who talk sex-problems and read Freud—and those who talk gossip and read the society columns.

"Those who ask me how to vote—and those who TELL me how to vote.

"Those who soothe my headaches—and those who give me headaches.

"Those who are more lenient than fudge—and those who are more insidious than wine.

"Those who elude me—and those who pursue me.

"Those who make me wonder—and those who make me weary!

"Then have pity upon me! For I am as one that walketh blindfolded amidst speeding automobiles. I know not which of these shall "get that!"

"For, alas, all diversions have become dull, and all variety is monotonous.

"And there is nothing new under the sun—save MATRIMONY; and nothing left for me to do, save PLAY GOLF and grow selfish—or marry and grow FAT!"

Such, my Daughter, is the punishment of the Heartbreaker, who hath played too long at the Game of Love.—Copyright, 1920, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

Smiling Jury Means Acquittal Or Suspended Sentence; More Cooperation Is Needed To Help The County Clinic

WHEN the jury comes in smiling, and the jurymen are willing to meet the defendant eye to eye," said R. M. Harvey, assistant district clerk, "it is a good bet that their verdict is one of acquittal, or a suspended sentence. When the jurymen are silent and solemn, and are restless in the brief space before the verdict is read, chances are that a penalty has been assessed. No jurymen enjoys taking from a defendant his liberty, while to assess the death penalty is something of a tragedy to them, as well as the prisoner. And prisoners have told me that the strain occasioned by the few seconds before the verdict has been read is greater than the strain of even a long trial."

* * *

"The corporation of the public is the big thing needed to make the county clinic a success," said Dr. T. J. McClamant. "People are just beginning to realize that the blame rests on society, not on the individual, when girls go wrong. The world war seemed a terrible thing, and it was, but it woke us to the vital need of educating our young people and protecting them, and then encouraging them and lending them a helping hand, when they try to come back. I can't express my gratitude to the people here who are making our work a practical success by receiving these girls into their homes and giving them work and showing them that even lives which have run off the track can be made useful and happy, if some one cares enough to help. We need more of this sort of cooperation, spiritual, mental, physical and financial."

* * *

"Agitation for a tree planting campaign brings up the subject of an adequate water supply for El Paso," said L. N. Davis, constable. "If trees are planted on the scale that I hope for, much water for irrigating will be required, and would hasten the necessity for a solution of the water problem. Trees unquestionably would add to the beauty and attractiveness of El Paso, and would result in increased property values. But those who are urging such a campaign might do well to turn to the water question."

* * *

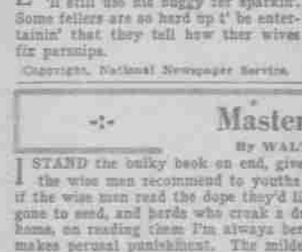
"Few young men would make a mistake by serving one enlistment in the army," said Sergt. B. L. Stoker. "The young man of 18 or 20 can better spare two or three years than he ever will be able to afterward, and that is at a time when proper living is vitally important. The army in two years would develop him physically, give him self-confidence if he lack it, give him an education if he needs, allow him to see the country and will leave never to be forgotten memories and associations. He learns also the importance of obedience."

17 Men Perish When Motor Boat Is Burned

Bangor, Me., Nov. 20. — Fifteen bodies have been recovered from Chesuncook lake, where half of the party of woodsmen on a motor boat of the Great Northern Paper company jumped into the water after the craft had caught fire. It is believed two were drowned.

The fire was caused by backfire of the boat's engine igniting the gasoline tank. Many survivors who clung to the wreck of the boat until it drifted near shore were severely burned.

ABE MARTIN



ELMER MOOTS has a new car, but 'll still use his buggy fer sparkin'. Some fellers are so hard up t' be entertainin' that they tell how their wives fix parsnips.

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The Young Lady Across The Way

THE young lady across the way says the company wants to raise the price of natural gas from 30 to 60 cents a thousand feet and she'll venture to say a good many of the feet aren't more than eight or nine inches long, either.

OPHELIA

Masterpieces

By WALT MASON.

I STAND the bulky book on end, give it a glance, and let it drop—the stuff the wise men recommend to youths who yearn to reach the top. I wonder if the wise men read the dope they'd like to pass along, stale bunk from sages gone to seed, and birds who croak a dreary song. I've tons of volumes in my home, on reading them I'm always bent; but I pass up the musty tome that makes perusal punishment. The mildewed sages, when they wrought, held it a crime to start a smile; I have no use for Gems of Thought couched in a dull and dismal style. The wise men like to stand on end, and say to youth, "Read useful books! Here is a work we recommend—the sermons of Augustus Snooks." But when these wise old boys were kids, they hid in their respective barns, in trembling terror of their dads, and read the Beadle brand of yarns. I say to youth, read high romance, and tales of daring and of gore; the day will come, as years advance, when they won't thrill you any more. Then with the wise men you will stand, and say to striplings blithe and hale (some punk old volume in your hand), "Read anything that's flat and stale!"

Copyright by George Matthew Adams. WALT MASON.

Patter And Chatter

By S. E. KISER.

Oh, Woman, Why Don't You Behave?

Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, says that he is distressed because of the manner in which women are dressing themselves.

MY grandpa—dear old soul, he's bald and toothless—
Has warned me to beware of women's wiles;
He tells me they are envious and ruthless,
That danger always lurks behind their smiles.
"They may, sometimes, seem gentle or high-minded"—
I'm quoting grandpa now, please understand—
"But don't you let them fool you! Don't be blinded:
They'll eat the fruit you've plucked, and bite your hand.

THE shyness they pretend to have is merely
A trick that is intended to deceive:
They seldom hold affection half as dearly
As they are glad to lead you to believe;
Their purpose always is to bait and lure you:
If modesty will serve, you'll find them coys;
But if their coyness fails, let me assure you
That they will get you, anyhow, my boy.

THEY bare their backs, if showing them is needed
To gain the end they always have in mind;
Since Eve begun it, women have proceeded
To go to any lengths to lure mankind!"
Oh, woman, won't you find some new objective?
Please let your wish to lure and thrill be curbed,
So that the men who have become reflective
And bald and toothless may not be disturbed.

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 22 years. J. C. Wilmarth is manager and G. A. Martin is managing editor.

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