EL PASO POULTRY SHOW MERITS A VISIT FROM ALL SOUTHWESTERNERS

ONE THING that distinguishes the typical American farmer of today from the farmers of European countries is the American habit of raising too few things and buying food products for the farm table in cans and boxes from elsewhere after several profits have been taken. It is nothing at all unusual for American farmers to buy dressed poultry and salt meats and fresh meats, jellies and preserves, potatoes and onions, even canned tomatoes. Canned tomatoes from Maryland have been seen in the country stores of the Rio Grande valley; canned corn from New York likewise, and canned or evaporated fruit from California. Some American farmers even buy bakers' bread and crackers.

Small farmers in Europe (and all are small farmers compared with American standards) raise a great diversity of products. They not only diversify their field crops, but they always have carefully cultivated gardens in which they raise all their own vegetables and a surplus to barter or sell; they raise their own farm work stock, their dairy cattle, hogs, and poultry as a matter of course. The idea of their buying canned and packed meats and fruits and vegetables would appear perfectly grotesque to them.

American farmers (unlike the pioneers) often sell their milk to the creamery and buy condensed milk for their tables; they have largely lost the arts of butter and cheese making, common to all European farmers, and they seldom prepare their own meats for their own winter use. Nor do they preserve fruits and vegetables as the Europeans do. All these things have a bearing not only on the prosperity of the farm itself, but on the economic welfare of the entire community.

For example, El Paso sends $1,500,000 yearly long distances from home for poultry and poultry products, when this entire region is perfectly adapted to the raising of all sorts of fowls for food purposes and to the producing of eggs. Far from sending $1,500,000 a year out of the southwest never to return, we ought to be raising all we consume and making a large surplus for export. We ought to be sending poultry and eggs north and east and west, and we ought to be developing the Mexican market which is bound to become an important one in these products, both for food use and for breeding purposes.

This week a remarkable exposition is being held in El Paso that is of interest not only to poultry raisers and fanciers but to the general public. It is to be hoped that the attendance will be large, not only for the entertainment and profit that visitors will get from the exposition, but for the broad educational and informational effect of such a striking showing.

In El Paso there are prize birds and the best representative breeding fowls from half a dozen states; exhibits have been sent here from Louisiana and California as well as from the nearer southwest. The showing is a revelation, and ought to interest not only dealers and fanciers but all who have intelligence to see the importance of this sort of thing to El Paso and the Rio Grande valley of the future—business men and housewives, bankers and thrifty boys and girls. And especially would it seem as if the farmers of New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, and Mexico ought to be interested enough to visit this remarkable show and take advantage of some of the profitable lessons it teaches to any one who will simply look and consider.

That $1,500,000 a year kept at home would do some notable things for us. It would serve the community over and over; deposited in the banks it would become the basis of new credit and would accomplish projects several times its value every year. Sent away as now, it never comes back, and constitutes a continual drain, equivalent to 10 percent interest on $15,000,000—this helps one to comprehend the principal value of the industry as it might be, and the extent of the loss we voluntarily impose on ourselves. Such carelessness does not measure up to El Paso's traditional intelligence and forethought.

Great credit is due those who have arranged this show and have collected the exhibits and are managing the undertaking. The local poultry fanciers do not make much stir in the atmosphere but they are mighty earnest and they have succeeded in accomplishing much, as their exhibits show.

The question of marketing must adjust itself. It is an old story, with all farm products. Poultry men complain that they cannot sell their products to advantage locally. Of course the local dealers are going to buy where they can be assured of constant, regular, satisfactory supply and stable prices. The local industry will grow, until it is able to compete with outside sources. But it has a right to demand reasonable cooperation from the local dealers, since it is to mutual advantage.

Mexican Labor.

IF AMERICAN employers have mistreated Mexican laborers brought into this country under contract our own government should be the first to try to stop the practice. If charges made by the consul general of the Mexican government in El Paso be correct and if virtual peonage exists in Texas and elsewhere along the border, every fact he has in his possession should be laid before the American state department.

To have Mexican labor shut off entirely from the southwest, particularly from Texas where Mexican labor is depended on so largely for cotton picking and the harvesting of other crops, would be unfortunate. It would be especially so if a few employers are to blame for it.

It is inconceivable that any considerable number of Texas employers could have been guilty of robbery, mistreatment, and virtual peonage.

The logical thing—the sensible thing for the United States and Mexico to do is to reach a basis of agreement. We need her laborers and her laborers need our work. They should be paid what they earn and they should be treated properly, by their own employment agents as well as by our employers. When their contracts are completed they should be allowed to go back home.

El Paso would be lost without its regular Saturday night shooting.

Pershing is an honorary citizen of Strasbourg and if he had been let alone a while longer he would be burgomaster of Berlin.

The novelty of hunger fasting having waned, the martyrs and nuts should look for some new stunt.

Directions for getting a border permit read almost like a recipe for home brew.

Homeseekers.

GRADUALLY the advantages of the southwest are becoming more widely known. The Santa Fe railroad has received 20,000 inquiries since March 1, 1920, about opportunities for homemaking, farming, and business in Arizona, New Mexico, and southern California. Most of these inquiries have come from the far north, the far east, and from Canada.

It is no colder in the north and east than ever, but the scarcity and cost of fuel are coming to be greater problems every year. Illness seems to be on the increase in the bad climate countries. Housing is more and more of a problem. The result is that people are beginning to look to the southwest.

The low countries of Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, east Texas, and Arkansas, though milder in the winter, have many disadvantages which the higher, dryer regions of the southwest do not have. With irrigation making crops as certain and as profitable as they are in Iowa, winning a livelihood is not difficult out here.

To the inquiries it has received the Santa Fe railroad is sending details concerning the states of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and California. Of course, the railroad makes money out of this, and at the same time it is rendering us all a service and deserves credit. It runs through the very heart of the southwest and has been one of the main agencies in building up this part of the country.

The more homeseekers the railroads bring, the more valuable land will become. The more business will increase. There will be more money, a better social life, and a better country in every way.

After every known method of bilking the public has been prohibited the public will still find some way to lose its money.

Many things are impressive that don't mean anything.

Why not add another amendment to the constitution prohibiting everything? The fines would run the government.

The 18th amendment has prevented a hiccough epidemic anyhow.

To bear is to conquer our fate.

—Thomas Campbell.

FRANCE In War Time

LEAVES FROM AN OVERSEAS NOTEBOOK

—OF—

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. Today's installment, continuing the general narrative, relates experiences on the Meuse-Argonne battle front.

It is suggested that readers clip these articles each day and paste them in scrapbooks; they will not be reprinted and back numbers cannot be supplied.

OCTOBER 29, at 3:30 p. m., air battle right overhead; several bombs are dropped by the Germans and 16 of our planes take after them. Three bombs are dropped near one of our field hospitals and clods and rocks strike my tent. One of these bombs makes hole 18 feet in diameter and more than 9 feet deep. Two of our planes are shot down by enemy and our aviators killed.

Shelling and air activity resumed at 7 p. m. We have an alighting field near us now and all night long we hear these great birds every ten or 15 minutes rise and soar.

29 October 1918—Our planes certainly do sound cheerful overhead. Clear nights always invite trouble. Bright and clear today, comparatively quiet. News arrives of Austria's submission and request for separate peace, and Hindenberg's resignation not yet accepted.

Heavy frost last night. Men are already beginning to imagine what it is going to be like in winter stormy nights with no lights, no fires, no smoking, in trenches or outside of perfect cover; and the allied armies have already been through four winters—no wonder they are war-weary.

The truck drivers and ambulance drivers and their splendid work under fearful conditions. The defensive works around Verdun and corresponding strong points elsewhere. Enormous expenditure of human effort in the aggregate, this war, and what it would mean if applied to constructive work.

30 October 1918—Cold clear starry night; doors and windows rattle and old house shakes with heavy guns firing frequently and regularly. Usual air visits. On trip forward again impressed with sustained intensity of struggle. All our troops generally exposed to degree hitherto unheard of in this war. No time to improvise shelters. No security anywhere. Physically impossible to keep up the fighting and dig in as the books call for. Our artillery superiority and the law of chances serve us well.

31 October 1918—Perfectly clear bright beautiful day and night; heavy frost. Some firing all day, but we await the opening of the great attack early tomorrow morning. Heavy guns all along our front "20 meters apart and three deep"; all calibers up to heaviest naval guns.

This movement now imminent is said to be most formidable attack of entire war, and hurled against deeply massed enemy in sectors that have been most desperately contested. Everything in readiness here. Our division is thanked in orders for splendid performance.

There is a remarkable uniformity among all men and officers in actually facing danger. Great need was and is trained leaders, disciplined and strongly imbued with the spirit of the task. Lack of knowledge of technic and failure to establish train of authority common.

I wonder what the infantry in the parallel of departure is thinking of right now; 40 to 60 percent of the first assault formation are sure to become casualties a few hours from now. Consider the attitude of different officers and men going under fire; one learns to suspect and discount every one who jokes about it or "kids" others; I would not trust these men—it is easy to tell the real from the false. There is one type that appears to be absolutely oblivious to the explosions and the flying metal; another that grimly faces it with a little interior smile of cynicism, an acceptance of fate; either type is safe as officer or soldier, but the one that "jokes" others with forced gayety is to be suspected—a kind of hysterics. The soldiers have an infallible instinct and they curl the lip to hear some officers and men talk.

Last night enemy bombers came again; machine guns in planes and anti-air craft guns active. Many bombs dropped but not very near our tents; shook the earth.

There is some direction and limit to shell fire, but none to air bombs. If you knew the enemy airman's target you could infallibly avoid being hit, simply by going over and sitting on the target, for chances are against his hitting his target, but he will hit something.

No use running when the airmen are over you; nowhere to go; erratic flight of bombs, signaling, etc. Particles thrown two or three city blocks, terrific blast, cutting fragments of jagged steel, gasses, etc. Only thing to do is lie in bed or remain at task and trust the law of chances. Little real danger out here in the open, but in cities the destruction is awful.

Typical night scenes. An air raid. First, far-off flashes of anti-aircraft shells, not heard, too far away. Nearer guns fire. Approaching hum of motors unseen; the German bombing planes all have characteristic rhythmic burr, hum, or buzz unmistakable and different from any of our planes; insistent and annoying like the one mosquito inside the mosquito bar on a hot sticky summer night; you hear the humming of the planes a long way off, a little louder, a little fainter, changing air currents seem to muffle them, then you hear them unexpectedly near. The searchlights open up and sweep the sky. The planes discharge their machine guns, sometimes as signals to each other and to their own lines, sometimes to harass something or somebody on the ground that attracts their attention. Shrapnel and high explosive shells burst all around them, from anti-air craft guns on the ground, and shell fragments fly and drop promiscuously to earth. The enemy planes are near, overhead. Now the bombs drop, terrific smash-bang-bang-crash, sounds as if everything in miles must be destroyed, yet surprisingly little damage wrought. Sometimes our planes chase and fight. On a clear night, this sequence likely to be repeated several times, always around 9 or 10, often after 12, and the Germans seem particularly to relish these night visits in the eerie hours around 2:30 a. m.

General bombardment or barrage begins at first desultory and experimental, then heavier and more frequent finally steady roll and roar and pound, crash and continuous pounding, rumbling that may keep up for many hours.

My sleep refreshing and dreams always pleasant. Awakened by the loudest guns and by the sound of enemy motors in the air; quickly sleep again. Have not once dreamt of war or anything unhappy; waking world and sleep world seem to be entirely distinct.

(Continued tomorrow.)

SCHOOL DAYS

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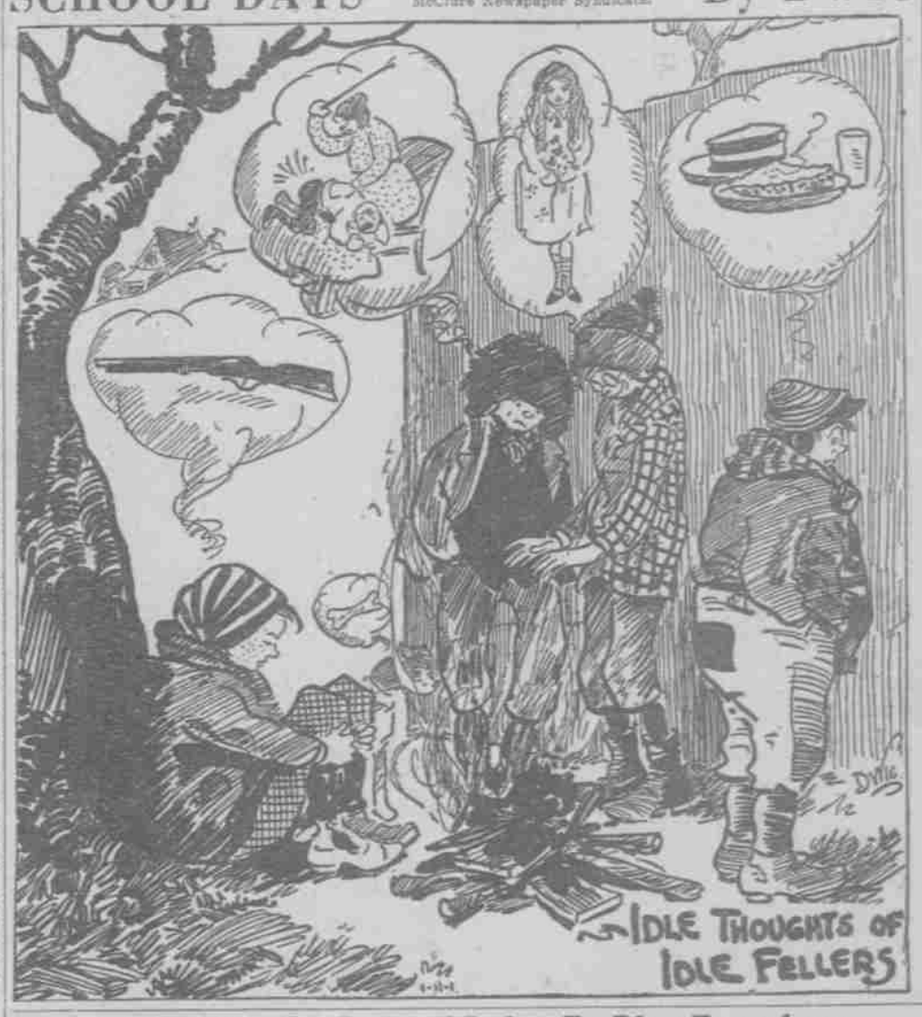
By DWIG



Now Is Time For Capital and Labor To Plan Together; El Paso Needs Big Park and Better Housing Ordinance

"AMERICANS should avoid extremes; it is a characteristic fault," said Thos. H. Williamson. "We do it now; our hurry to finish a job that would be better performed more leisurely. No thinking person doubts for a moment that prices must go down; labor, commodities and all must be sold at less than present cost. But this does not justify the folly of kicking the bottom out of everything all at once.

"Any organized movement by capital to reduce wages is apt to widen the breach already existing between labor and capital. Any rash reduction of prices in necessities of life may bring on a panic. Thus we should go slow in each case.

"It must be borne in mind that this is a free country, notwithstanding some foolish laws; it is a land where a majority rules, in spite of machine politics. It is also a country where people are learning to think, to reason out the 'why' of conditions. Labor has the majority; many not members of unions are sympathizers.

"If this nation is to stand alone, we must, perforce, be a united people. Now is the time for labor and capital to put their heads together and plan, not as enemies, but as brothers. We do not expect war, but Japan may get sore when we regulate immigration, and the British might not approve of our Irish sentiment, or commercial rulings. Prepared, we need not fear, but let us avoid domestic strife first of all."

* * *

"Two of the best things that could happen to El Paso would be for it to get a large, new park where the young people of the city could play," said A. Schwartz, "and an ordinance that would prohibit the building of shacks that are fire and disease traps. The scenic drive is all right, but there are lots of things the city need worse. A park would be one of the best assets the city could have. And when I see these old shacks and fire traps in which families have to huddle I realize that they are a menace to the city. Measles, small pox and everything are bred in them and we all have to pay for it. An ordinance requiring better housing conditions would be one of the best things El Paso could get this year."

* * *

"One of the most pleasant pastimes in vogue among El Pasoans is that of taking kodak pictures," said E. E. Schuimann, of the Photo shop in the Mills building. "Hundreds are showing interest in this line, and judging from some recent films they are producing some fine pictures. I have impressed upon the minds of a good many the joy of having a kodak album. Often I hear some one say that his camera is not taking pictures as clearly as it did. Often the shutter of a camera gets dusty, or if it has not been in use for some time will stick. These things, however, are easily remedied."

* * *

"If the eastern cities had the push of El Paso there would be no limit to their development," said R. A. Nash, building engineer of Newport, R. I. "Of course El Paso is practically new, which accounts for some of the magnificent public buildings. I find that there is a great shortage of homes throughout the United States for the simple reason that during the period of high wages the standard of living went up. When a man receives more pay he lives in a better house, and the tenements are empty. Nowhere are there desirable homes for rent but plenty of undesirable ones. We have to face a period of readjustment in the housing situation as well as in other lines. People will have to step down to the place they occupied before the war."

* * *

"The men's clothing industry which went to the highest peak in the history of the trade during the last three years, now is settling back to a very satisfactory normal," said Joel Friedkin, of the Friedkin Tailoring company, 214 East San Antonio street. "The close of the war brought an abnormal trade because nearly 4,000,000 excellsiers had to be clothed. The war, of course, hampered things because imported goods were difficult to get, and the shutting off of the supply of German manufactured dye likewise hurt. While dyes now procurable are much better than we have been able to get for years, they lack lasting qualities of those available prior to 1914. I believe that after the readjustment period a great many more men will be converted to the idea of made to measure clothing than there were before the war."

The first representative conference of women agriculturists of the east was called at the Massachusetts Agricultural college.

Bedtime Stories For The Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE WASHING MACHINE.

By HOWARD R. GARIS.

"I THINK I will get Nurse Jane one of these; or else make her one," said Uncle Wiggily, as he was hopping along down town near the five and ten cent store in Woodland, at the foot of the Orange Ice mountains one day.

"One of what? What are you going to get Nurse Jane?" asked Grandfather Goosey Gander, who was waddling along beside Uncle Wiggily.

"A washing machine," answered the bunny rabbit gentleman. "See, Grandfa Goosey, (the washing machine is like a barrel. You put the dirty clothes in, with some soap and water, and then you turn a handle, which makes the barrel flop upside down and do somersaults and peppersaults. Then, when you take the clothes out, they are clean."

"Yes it seems much better than doing them rubbity-dub-scrubbity-bub on a washing board," said the Goosey Gander gentleman, as he and Uncle Wiggily looked in the store window, where a little mouse lady was working away at a sample washing machine.

Uncle Wiggily let him out.

"I'll get Nurse Jane one of those for her birthday," said Uncle Wiggily. "Or else I'll make one. They look easy. All I need is a barrel, and I have that, and an old crank to turn it. Nurse Jane has plenty of soap and water and there are always clothes in our hollow stump bungalow that need washing. I'll make a washing machine."

"And tell me how it works!" quacked Grandpa Goosey.

Uncle Wiggily promised that he would. The next day the bunny gentleman was very busy down in the cellar, hammering and sawing away, nailing boards together and turning a barrel upside down.

"What are you doing?" cried Nurse Jane, who was baking pies and picking up the soiled clothes to wash next day. "Are you making ice cream, Wiggy?"

"You might call it that," said the bunny as he twinkled his pink nose. But you wouldn't be anywhere near right, Nurse Jane," he whispered to himself. And just then he hit, his paw with the hammer, and he had to put it in his mouth—I mean he put his paw in his mouth, not the hammer. Anyhow, Uncle Wiggily couldn't speak for a few minutes. But when his paw stopped hurting he went on building the washing machine, which was to be a surprise for Nurse Jane.

At last the bunny gentleman had the barrel in place, so it would turn when he twisted the crank. One end of the barrel could be lifted out and then put back again.

And in through this hole the soiled clothes, the soap and water were to be put. Then, when the barrel was turned, the clothes, soap and water would slosh around inside, and the sheets, pillow cases, handkerchiefs and other things would be washed clean and white.

"There! It's all done!" said Uncle Wiggily as he hammered in the last nail. "Nurse Jane is going out, too," he added, as he heard the front door open and shut, while he was down cellar. "I wish I could have the machine all working, with some clothes, soap and water in when she comes back. I'll do it and surprise her!"

So Uncle Wiggily slipped upstairs and brought down some soiled clothes, also some soap, soap powder, borax, soda, washing fluid, bluing, ammonia and whatever else goes into the wash. The bunny put some water and all of these things in the barrel and he was just going to put in the dirty clothes when, all of a sudden, a voice at the outside cellar door cried:

"Ah, ha! Now I've caught you!" and there stood the Woozie Wolf. He reached out his paws to catch hold of Uncle Wiggily, but the bunny, stepping back bravely, cried:

"Oh, my! You wouldn't nibble me or do anything with such a dirty face, would you?"

"What! Is my face dirty?" asked the surprised Wolf.

"Is it? Well, you just ought to look in a glass!" said the bunny. "Your nose is as black as a coal!"

"Oh, dear me! Is it?" howled the Wolf. "I must have got it black looking up my chimney. Oh, how can I wash my black nose again?"

"Quick! Get in Nurse Jane's washing machine, that I just made for her!" cried Uncle Wiggily, opening the end of the barrel. "I'll wash you clean! Hop in!"

In jumped Mr. Wolf. Uncle Wiggily clapped the barrel cover on, and then began to turn the handle. Over and over went the barrel, sloshing the soap, water, soda and ammonia in the eyes, nose and mouth of the bad chap.

"Oh, let me out! Let me out! My nose is clean enough now, and I'll not even nibble you, Uncle Wiggily!" cried the Wolf. Then Uncle Wiggily let him out, and oh how bedraggled and forlorn that Wolf was. He just ran away without even looking at the bunny.

But Nurse Jane liked her new machine very much, and washed all her clothes in it. And if the clothes pin doesn't hang on the puppy dog's tail, to get a ride down town, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the pinching bug.—Copyright, 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

ABE MARTIN

CONSTABLE NEWT PLUM jugged a bandit, t'day, fer parkin' over time in front o' th' People's bank. They may be a lot o' homes fer sale in th' spring, but we doubt if many care change hands.

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BITS OF BYPLAY

By LUKE McLUKE

Copyright, 1920, by The Cincinnati Enquirer.

POOR OLD CLEO.

IF CLEOPATRA lived today,
She could pull stunts galore;
Or she could buy a string of pe
At any 10 cent store.

THEN IT HAPPENED.

"I wonder if you could!" mused Cheerful Idiot.

"You wonder if you could wha demanded the Wise Guy.

"Why, I wonder if you could re to a contented dog's tail as a hat ending?" replied the Cheerful Idio

FAIR WARNING.

The man who borrows trouble
Is always on the rack;
For there's no way, by night or
That he can pay it back.

HE KNEW.

"I hope my baby didn't disturb last night," said the woman who flat A in the Thinwall apartm "I don't know what the little da cried about."

"I know," growled the man who flat B. "It cried about sight ho

HER CROWNING GLORY.

This artificial age, gee whiz,
Sure makes a mere man stare
A woman's crowning glory is
Some other woman's hair.

OH, JOY.

"Did Mrs. Gadder get her divor asked Mrs. Puffer.

"Oh, my, yes," replied Mrs. Roun "The court also awarded her alim and the custody of the automob

HO, HUM.

A crooked man was Oswald Bark.
And he would not turn to the ri
When he was young he feared the d
And snow, when grown, he feare
light.

CORRECT.

Houston (Texas) Post.

"We know a man who talks so m about efficiency," says Luke McLu "he never gets any work done, wh which we infer that in efficien ters it is better to teach by them than by precept.

FIRMS IS FIRMS.

Rev. Henry Graham, of Brook N. Y., informs us that he saw sign in Edinburgh, Scotland: Hogg & Hogg, sausage makers.

THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.

Will Marr: He discovered that a man borrowed 1 cent from you 6 percent compound interest years ago, he would owe you the sum of $466,015,360,654,316,6 558,699,038,028,375,480,283,017,943,64 you don't believe it, figure it out yourself.

AW, GWAN.

Charley Hallley wonders why so hard to get a wooden headed to spruce up.

YES, AND A BOOZEFIGHTER, T

Dear Luke: Would you call a prohibition enforcement sleuth a hound?—Mae Mollack.

BLESS HER HEART.

We pay our school teache princely salaries that few of them afford to keep servants. But what started to tell you was that Iona C be a teacher in public school 23, Bro Ilyn, N. Y.

Hooray!

The ladies' auxiliary of the Na Is Names club has appointed the lowing house committee for Janu 1921:

Iduna Rose, Louisville, Ky.
Lena Geuster, Troy, Ohio.

THANKS!

A reader in Los Angeles dropped letter into a mail box in that to The envelope bore nothing but t inscription:

"Dear Luke."

We got the letter yesterday. must have a few friends among postal clerks.

OUR DAILY SPECIAL.

Long Stories Produce Short Lang

LUKE McLUKE SAYS.

A man often has a better hat home than the one he is wear downtown. But it is different a woman.

You could argue all day. But couldn't get a woman to bel anything that is cheap is a bad bu

Palmistry may be all right young folks. But the wrinkles in face will tell more than the lines the hands.

Barbers are smart men an know the value of flattery. Th is why they ask a gift face youth if he wants a shave and ca a baldheaded man if he wants a haircut.

After a man has helped raise a b dozen of them he realizes that the b way to train your children is to your wife do it for you.

Once in a while you will run int male thing who is such a perfect t that you wonder why he isn't abo paraded by a chaperone.

Every now and then a man de cides to take better care of hi self. And he sticks to his resolu tion until breakfast time ne morning.

Some men are the same way saving a dollar as other men do having a tooth pulled.

Men have enough respect for wo to know that the man who poses Don Juan is merely a Dandiac.

Go into any home in which there a cheesy looking old piano an learn that they wouldn't swap a new one because it has such a s tone.

Short Snatches From Everywher

The landlord who asks others join him in putting rents down reasonable basis is not yet the ov of a crowd.—Pittsburg Gazette.

The principal difference betw the holdup man and the profiteer that profiteers didn't get quite much front page publicity.—Colum (S. C.) Record.

New York makes a great show catching steel men and stone men. It's nothing to the show New Y makes chasing iron men.—Philad phia North American.

Annette Kellerman declares swimming is the best exercise. It is comforting for those who are li ing desperately to keep their he above water.—Kansas City Journ

Federal enforcement officer say it is a "citizen's duty whenever scents liquor, to tell it." We good citizens, but one has to once in a while.—Richmond Dispatch.

YE TOWNE GOSSIP - - - By K. C. B.

(Registered U. S. Patent Office.)

HE WAS tall.
* * *
AND FRIENDLY looking.
* * *
AND FOR half a block.
* * *
WE WALKED along.
* * *
THE OTHER night.
* * *
SO NEARLY abreast.
* * *
THAT IT seemed to me.
* * *
THE HEIGHT of folly.
* * *
TO KEEP on going.
* * *
AND NOT be friends.
* * *
AND JUST about ben.
* * *
HE SLOWED a little.
* * *
AND I caught up.
* * *
AND SAID to him.
* * *
"IT LOOKS to me.
* * *
"IT MIGHT blow cold.
* * *
"AND FREEZE things up.
* * *
AND WHAT he said.
* * *
I MADE it out.
* * *
AS A request.
* * *
I REPEAT my words.
* * *
AND SO I said.
* * *
"IT LOOKS to me.
* * *
"IT MIGHT blow cold.
* * *
"AND FREEZE up things."
* * *
AND HE spoke again.
* * *
AND AS he did.
* * *
HE CAME to a halt.
* * *
AND SO did I.
* * *
AND ALL I could get.
* * *
FROM WHAT he said.
* * *
WAS JUST the fast.
* * *
HE COULDN'T speak English.
* * *
AND AFTER that.
* * *
THERE WAS nothing to do.
* * *
FOR EITHER of us.
* * *
BUT JUST look foolish.
* * *
AND SMILE a little.
* * *
AND KEEP on going.
* * *
THE WHICH we did.
* * *
AND IT made me nervous.
* * *
HAVING HIM along.
* * *
AND ALL the time.
* * *
I KEPT repeating.
* * *
WITHIN MY mind.
* * *
"IT LOOKS to me.
* * *
"IT MIGHT blow cold.
* * *
"AND FREEZE things up."
* * *
AND I felt very silly.
* * *
AND I think he did.
* * *
AND SIDE by side.
* * *
STRANGERS TO each other.
* * *
WE WALKED together.
* * *
A BLOCK and a half.
* * *
AND NEVER said a word.
* * *
I THANK you.

Theosophist Will Give Two Lectures in El Paso

Eugene W. Munson, lecturer of Los Angeles, Calif., will give two lectures at the courthouse this week under the auspices of the El Paso Theosophical society.

The first lecture will be Friday night on "The Science of the Borderland" or "Life on the Other Side of Death."

Sunday evening Mr. Munson will speak on "How Many Lives Have You Lived?" with stereopticon views on reincarnation.

The lectures will be at 8 oclock.

The farm of Don Luis Terrazas in Chihuahua, Mexico, consists of 8,000,000 acres of fertile land.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald of This Date, 1907

THE storm which drenched southern California during the past few days is heaviest in 15 years. The storm has been severe in its effects north and east of Los Angeles. Landslides south of Santa Barbara have tied up four or five trains, and it is known that four or five lives were lost as an indirect result of the storm, including two persons drowned near Lomper when the county bridge went down yesterday, carrying 20 people into the river.

The El Paso delegation which remained in Las Cruces after the good roads convention to attend the cornerstone laying of the student Y. M. C. A. at the Agricultural and Mechanical college of New Mexico, returned to El Paso this morning. Five El Pasoans were present at the exercises. C. G. Titus, J. A. Dick, J. H. Nations, W. L. Crockett and J. W. Zollars.

Capt. J. P. Casey, one of the largest property owners on Texas street, has just sold the Sunny South apartments on Texas street, to Fred Hanlman of the Overland street market.

W. R. Anson has been appointed assistant superintendent of the Pullman company, with headquarters in this city, under superintendent E. N. Leamaster.

James Portef, president of the Porter Land company, and party of 21 friends, including ex-governor Horace Boies, of Iowa, arrived last night.

Citizens of Roswell and numerous El Pasoans are meeting with W. J. Bell this afternoon in the chamber of commerce discussing his proposed Kansas City short line railroad.

Mrs. C. E. Kelly entertained informally at her home on Mesa avenue.

Rockwell Loomis, of Mexico, is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Laura Loomis, at her home on North El Paso street.

HOMEBREW HEARSAY.

When you have made your first house in the kitchen, pour a little in the sink. If it takes the enamel off it is ready to bottle.—Kansas City Star.

Little drops of water,
Little raisins too—
But Uncle Sam won't let us
Tell you what they'll do.
—Washington Herald.

No matter how trifling a man gets, he is always willing to help his friend get rid of a bad bottle of liquor.—New Orleans Item.

Lips that touch liquor shall never be allowed in my cellar.—New York Mail.

I feed my cow on hops;
I give her raisins too;
Oh, boy, down with the cop;
She makes me my home brew.
—Washington Times.

Farmer—"Would you like to buy a jug of cider?"

Tourist—"Well—er—is—it anti-Volstead and willing to work?"—New York Evening World.

If you want something with a kick, try mule meat.—Shreveport (La.) Times.

Here lies in peace Sylvester Stew.
He learned to make his own home-brew.
—American Legion Weekly.

"Are the farmers allowed to make cider since prohibition went into effect?"

"Surely, haven't you heard of the freedom of the press?"—Penn. Punch Bowl.

The Operation Fad

By WALT MASON.

WHEN something hurt our well known dads, the doc prescribed his pills, or liniments, or liver pads, or compound juice of squills; but now he'd take his saw or adze, to cure us of our ills. There was some sense in being sick in brave old days like those, for then the tired and footsore kick in illness found repose; what time the doctor, summoned quick, prescribed the proper dose. I often sought the village doc, when I had ache or smart, and he would give me pills of chalk that nearly broke my heart; but never did this healer talk of rending me apart. He gave ten drops of melted wax—much virtue in it lies; and stuff that tastes like carpet tacks, and pills of giant size; but never did he shake an axe before my shrinking eyes. But now when to the doc I trot, because of ache or pain, he prods me in the tender spot, and says that pills are vain; he wants to lay me on a cot, and split my form in twain. He says, "Oh, thunder!" and "Oh, pshaw!" when I old methods name; he says there ought to be a law against that ancient game, he wants to take his cross cut saw, and push it through my frame. I have about a hundred ills and cannot have them healed, because, while I will swallow pills, I won't be sliced or peeled; I won't be cured of mumps or chills by tools the surgeons wield.

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WALT MASON.

EL PASO HERALD

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SH LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIVE UNOPPOSE

H. D. Slater, editor and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 12 y J. C. Wilmarth is manager and G. A. Martin is managing editor.

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