

Letters of An Irish Leader

MRS. PARNELL, widow of Charles Stewart Parnell, has announced that she will publish her husband's letters, about 800 in all. She came to the decision after going over the letters with her lawyers in a locked room. The immediate members of the family even are not told what the letters say.

The announcement was hardly out of her mouth before she had 90 protests from Irishmen against the publication, threatening calamity if she did—all of which promises that the letters will be straight talk.

Parnell, whose mother was the daughter of an American admiral, crammed his short life of 45 years with very brilliant, very determined fighting. He was not only a leader with power over crowds, he was a man of dignity and of great learning. He was unusually skilled in parliamentary law, using it as a powerful weapon and making the Irish cause both feared and respected. He began his parliamentary career as an obstructionist, using his skill to delay other measures until Irish needs were recognized.

He started the boycott and "no rent" back fires and was arrested under a land and crimes act specially passed to catch him. But he brought Gladstone to terms. Parnell's downfall was caused by a domestic scandal; just before his death in 1891 he married the divorced wife of a British army officer and member of parliament, with whom he had become compromised, and relations with whom over a term of years had already ruined his career. Since his death, Irishmen have realized more clearly than they ever did during the turmoil of conflict, just how much they owe to this splendid fighting man who opened the way for Ireland's emancipation.

But many of his correspondents, still living, do not care to have their private relations with Parnell revealed.

Aurelia

AURELIA is a little slip of a woman, olive skinned, black haired, oval faced, light of step, affectionate, and always stopping her work to watch the small boy run his locomotive. A grandmother she says she is, with a grandson 3 years old. She whistles as she wipes the dishes, she whistles gay little Mexican dance airs and steps out and swings her feet about and waves the dish-cloth and the dish to the interminable tune.

She says she can understand all English, "but not spik it all so well as she onderstan," but she cannot tell the words "ice box" from the words "front door" and willingly and gaily starts off towards the front of the house with the bottle of whipping cream and laughs when she is pulled back to the ice box, and starts with a cloth and the scouring soap to remove the messenger boy initials from the ice box instead of the front door.

She takes the napkin rings from the dining table as she goes out to the kitchen and throws them up in the air, juggling to keep them all going, and sits down in the middle of the kitchen floor to laugh till her sides ache when the small boy spills salt over her freshly scrubbed floor.

When she starts to cut bread she forgets as she whistles and dances, she forgets to stop until the slices of bread tumble off on the floor about her. She puts her mistress gently on the shoulder and says, "You cannot spik the Spanish so well, I will onderstan the English" and proceeds very lovingly to clean out the kitchen range with the master's hat brush when she has been asked to peel the two Irish and three sweet potatoes for luncheon.

But she is sweet and gay and loving and good tempered, and her little dance tune is beguiling, and she makes things shine with her dancing whirling rubbing. Her kitchen is cleaner than any negro or American help ever left it.

Putting One's Life Into Golf

BRIDGE and golf have become more than games, they are life itself, to enthusiastic players. When the Boston boy, Ouimet, won the golf games in the American open championship, the English papers commented on his play as more than an exhibition of skill. Several papers speak of him as a brave player; one says, evidently answering taunts, that Ouimet has proved that the young 'un may have nerves of even better tempered steel than the old 'un and that golf is a game possible to youth as well as to years.

The London Daily Chronicle says that golf is a splendid game for testing character; besides aptitude and training, a player must have pluck, patience, coolness, and determination. The Daily Telegraph says, "He seems to have every shot in his locker, and he is without exception the straightest driver and most accurate putter ever seen. He rejoices in a brave stout heart and nerves of steel."

Then all the papers bid England cheer up, for the country is not lost because one golf championship went to the United States; the diplomatic relations between the two countries are not likely to be strained; the world will roll around to another year when Ouimet will go to England and perhaps an English player will excel him in straight driving and accurate putting; and if, as seems likely, this Boston youngster shall beat everything that England or any other country can do at golf, nevertheless England will be glad to see the splendid play.

When Theft Is Not Theft

A CURIOSITY of the law and one that makes it seem a very interesting, if sometimes unfair game, was the decision of a Denver judge with regard to the passing of a bad check. A man had given the hotel keeper a bad check in payment of a \$12.50 hotel bill. The hotel proprietor caught him and had him held before the criminal court on a charge of felony. But it was argued the hotel keeper had lost nothing of value. He still had his right to collect the bill if possible, and the unkind guest had come and gone without baggage. If he had had baggage, his slipping off on a bad check carrying his baggage with him would have deprived the hotel of a chance to get back at him by detaining his baggage, and that would have been felonious; or had he made out a check for more than the bill and got some change out of the hotel, it would have been felonious; but as he got nothing extra out of the hotel man the hotel man was exactly as he was when the man was leaving, with the same right to collect the bill, but the guest could not be held for felony. It is all very interesting and clever, but somehow one thinks that the English criticism of our law, that technicalities often outweigh justice, may not be far from the mark.

Mental Housecleaning

TO DECIDE what you want and stick to it, and not send the mind back over the wavings endured in choosing, is health and peace. And it is a cluttered and smothered existence to be unable to rid one's self of the accumulations of broken furniture, unread books, uninteresting acquaintances, and worn out prejudices.

The old fashioned housecleaning twice a year, with the shifting and sifting, was beneficial, and to go over one's way of living and sort out the things worth while and forget the rest, makes for vigor in joy and work.

One-Sentence Philosophy

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
(Chicago News.)
It is natural for some women to act unattractively.
Many a good sermon has been preached in silence.
A class in the dark may be a divine spark, or it may be a mistake.
A warm friend is one who is willing to divide his cold cash with us.
Give the old fashioned woman the lye and she will make a batch of soap.
If a man has no brains there's nothing in his head to cause him to know it.
There are times when a man feels that he either has no friends or too many.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
(The Philadelphia Record.)
Many a woman poses as an angel who wears her wings on her hat instead of on her shoulders.
If you don't believe, watch how she overtakes those who travel at the fastest clip.
Life is made up of surprises. Have you ever noticed that the things that don't seem possible happen so often.
Action is all right in its way, but the young men who do the most running around don't always make the most progress.

GLORIE SIGHTS.
(Globe.)
Advertising seldom pays a dirty store.
The supply of potash salts is sufficient to last 600,000 years; thus we defy remove another cause for alarm.
Even if the spelling book were simplified, the percentage of divergent opinion in orthography would remain about the same. Some will be bum spellers be it never so painful.

Most Modern Dress Sensible

El Paso Minister Says Extreme Styles Demand Low Morals in Living; With Interviews.
"I THINK the most of the modern dress for women is tasteful and artistic," said Rev. J. E. Abbott, in discussing the topic, women's dress. "In fact, I think women's dress was never so tasteful, artistic and beautiful as now. I am speaking of the dress worn by the women in general, the women to whom we look up and who have a standing in the community. As for the extreme styles, the high skirts, the transparent waists and the other extremes, they show worse than bad taste. Fortunately these are worn by only a small portion of our population. Many few persons are foolish enough to wear these extreme styles for they show, not high art in dress, but low morals in living. It represents an evil tendency to my mind. However, I do not think it shows a general degeneration of public taste among people in common, because there have always been, and I suppose will always be, a class of people who are willing to go further than other people care to go and who always step over the bounds of good general feeling. I think the trim, narrow skirt a sensible thing, compared with the flapping yards of material that used to be worn."

"There are some objections I have to the present day styles," said Rev. O. J. Wade, of Calvary-Houston Square Baptist church. "I do not think they do anything to the trim, neat fitting garments worn by women of good taste. I think these are an improvement over all previous styles. However, when they become as scant as some that we see on our city streets, I do not think they do anyone any good. I know I have seen some things in clothes that I wouldn't want a son of mine to see. I do not like these airy creations of nothingness that some women wear, where too much of the person is displayed. I do not think that the extreme styles do anyone any good, either to the wearer or the beholder, and it has big possibilities for a harm. I do not think they owe it to themselves and the world to keep themselves as pure as they can. I think they should uphold right and clear thinking in all things. Anything, whether it is in dress or in any other way, that appeals to the flesh is a natural tendency. I think all the extremes of the present styles should be avoided. I would approve of the present prevailing mode of dress, but when it comes to these airy nothingness that display more than they conceal, I do not think they do anyone any good."

"Our high school girls are dressing more sensibly than ever before," said A. C. Hughes, the principal of the high school. "Watch the girls as they march out at noon. You will not see one overdressed girl. We have only one girl in the school who wears a hat that is a very modest affair, only a very few inches. Whether this wholesome mode of dress is the result of the girls themselves, or both, I do not know, but I am very much pleased with the good taste our girls are showing."

"That the world, after all, is a small place is brought home to you if you stand in front of the transfer station," said patrolman Bridges, who is on that beat from 10 o'clock in the morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. "I believe you see almost everyone in town at least once a day. I have met people I have not seen for years. R. B. Smith, of Mesquite, Texas, I had not seen for 23 years, stepped off one of the cars at the transfer station the other day. It was quite a reunion for me. He was able to tell me about people I have not heard from for years. He certainly sees some family of his spending a day at the transfer station."

"If there are all of my newspaper nominations made for congress to take congressman Smith's place, I wish to place the name of W. W. Turney before you. We need mayor Kelly here at home and in Mexico. Harry Lawrence says, 'He is going to run for anything let it be for governor, so we can keep him at home. But Mr. Turney is the man for congress from the El Paso district, and he would be sure of election if he ran. He has the necessary qualifications and is popular in the district outside of El Paso as well as in El Paso among his home people. I know of no one who would better represent the district in Washington than Mr. Turney, and I would like to see him consent to run.'"

"Felix Kahn, one of the refugees from Masapai, who arrived at Marfa with the crowd from the Fenwick Mining company's mines, is one of the finest types of men I have met in Mexico. Harry Lawrence says, 'He was the friend of everyone in camp and especially when the food supplies diminished to run short. He was in the commission business, but he spent most of his time hustling food for the foreigners and getting it into camp from the outside. His character was so well known that the mining officials would give him drafts for large amounts and send him out to buy anything he could get, knowing that he would render the best possible service for every cent they entrusted in his care. He was a man of strength in the company in the troubled times down there and made himself almost indispensable when the rebels took the camp.'"

ABE MARTIN



Nobuddy kin feel as bunked as a young husband after his wife's first tantrum. Celery should be seen an' not heard.

The Cook Stove

By GEORGE FITCH, Author of "At Good Old Slivah."
THE cookstove is the boon companion of the housewife. The husband sits across the table from his wife and reads the paper, but the cookstove snuggles up close to her and glows in her face, and burns her apron and her forearm, and spatters hot lard in her eye.

The cookstove has a temperature of 145 in its oven and 212 in its immediate vicinity. This is unfortunate, because if its oven were larger the housewife might sit therein and be more comfortable while the meat was roasting on a chair in the kitchen.

The cookstove consumes coal and wood with visible reluctance. It is harder to start than an automobile. Man thinks he is abused because his wife sits in the furnace and rests while he toils at the crank in front and melts his collar and the surrounding iron work with his rage. But man has just begun to get his in the last ten years, whereas women have been starting cookstoves in one form or another since the world began.

The cookstove is mild and dejected in the winter, and often declines to start at all. When the thermometer is 30 below nothing but kerosene will start a cook stove, and many a bereaved husband

Poirot Sets His Stage

Decorates New York Showroom With Latest Things From Paris.
By Frederic J. Haskin.
(Continued from Page 1, this section.)
women boldly. This is just the opposite of my idea. My principles are only two: The search for greater simplicity, and the search for one detail, very personal, which must wear something simple, but personal or individual. It can be personal without extravagance. Simplicity is the most important thing.

Women Should Discard Corsets.
It was at this point that Madame Poirot walked across the floor, showing her uncorseted figure. Then the great modiste said that American women should dispense with corsets for home and evening wear, retaining them, if they like, when dressing for the street.

Then she was asked, "What will be the next mode?"

"That I cannot tell exactly," she said. "The mode of the coming season will be a sort of feeling. If it is possible to get an inspiration or a principle from any source, whether it be a picture, this is probably the reason why Paris remains the center of the world of fashion, because her people are the most sensitive and feel all the influences and emotions. When all the world looks to the orient, the mode becomes oriental. When Napoleon was in Egypt women in Paris wore turbans; when he was in Italy Paris adopted the Pompadour; when Napoleon III was in Algiers all women wore large striped shawls. Today everyone looks to the orient, since the Russo-Japanese war, many materials come from the east, and this influence is naturally felt. People are now interested in the orient, in the old Chinese art and Persian engravings. This is the reason for the present mode."

Artist for Art's Sake.
There was much more of the same sort of talk for art's sake. Never by any chance did this Frenchman desire to make a dollar. He is, by his own testimony, a simple artist. His story, like the Yankee mind, calls for no comment.

In the person of Paul Poirot is represented the new theory of the French fashion creators. Art they undoubtedly possess, or are in a position to possess. But in France with her thrift have ever kept close company. The eye of the designer may be fixed on the clouds in search of inspiration; but his mind is fixed firmly and singly upon the dollar. That is what he is after and that is what he gets.

If the American woman, whose comparative lack of imagination is the Parisian styles before she will wear them, would but trace the history of the fashion back to its beginnings and calculate her most tribute she pays to Paris, undoubtedly the ranks of those who are battling for American fashions would grow. American women would gain millions of recruits.

Good He Married.
Arizona, where the steers are shapely as a maiden's ears, old things must pass away; perhaps it's useless to renege; it may be you are doing fine in this, your latest play!—Copyright, 1913, by George Matthew Adams.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1899.
J. C. Mattison went to Las Cruces this morning.
W. W. Campbell went to Dallas, Tex., this morning.
O. H. Bain, passenger conductor of the Mexican Central, left today for Chicago.
E. W. Heaton was among the Santa Fe passengers to San Diego, Cal., this morning.
Dr. George G. Gould, of the Graphic, a local newspaper, went to Las Vegas, N. M., this morning.
Key E. Evelyn, who has been spending his winter in the Jarillas, left for Dexter, N. Y., today.
E. M. Hartier, auditor of the White Oaks line, will arrive in the city this evening from Alamogordo.
H. H. Black, commercial agent of the Mexican Central, returned today from a business trip to Chihuahua.
Frank Small, of the bridge and building department of the G. H. went east to San Antonio this afternoon.
The Santa Fe Blues defeated the Hillside Blues at the Santa Fe grounds this morning, by the score of 21 to 6.
C. B. Eddy, of the White Oaks line, is at Jarilla today.
J. A. Eddy is at Jarilla today.
Mrs. J. C. Semino, wife of the G. H. engineer, has returned with her mother and baby from a visit of a few months' visit to relatives in Missouri.
Orders have been issued for the commencement of track laying on the new line between Canyon road, out of Williams, Ariz., to the Grand Canyon.
A change in the force at the city jail was made next Monday, provided there is no hitch in the arrangements. Deputy sheriff Jenkins has resigned, and he will be succeeded by G. J. Jones.
The city board of appeals was in session again today and a number of taxpayers were present. Those present failed to raise every instance to have their taxes lowered.
The Nineteen Hundred club held a social last evening at the home of the Misses Schumann in West Oregon street, which about 40 young people attended. The place of meeting will be at the home of Mrs. W. Groves, on North Campbell street.
The city ratified a contract this morning with the International Electric Light and Power company for 24 night 2000 candle power electric lights to cost \$9.56 each per month. The city is interested in these things to receive and consider the recommendation of the fire and water committee relative to the bid made for lighting the city by the International Electric Light and Power company. Zach White and his attorney, C. N. Bueker, of the old company, were present as well as W. S. McCuecheon, A. Courchesne, Leigh Clark and others. On motion of Mr. Bueker, the city attorney, Herman Whitmore, seconded by alderman Badger, the contract was ratified.

Arizona

By Walt Mason.
In Arizona, where the skies are blue as any maiden's eyes, old timers are as blue; for there the men of lungs and jaws are piling up a stack of laws such as she never knew. Oh, Arizona, 'tis your fate to be a goody-goody state, a Kansas in disguise, a mollycoddle commonwealth where grown up men must swear by stealth, be jailed for telling lies. Where once the plainsman whacked his mules you'll build a string of Sunday schools for godly youth and wench; there once the cowboy used to screech the pale evangelist will preach, and boost the mourners' bench. And men who wish a healing drink will get it at the kitchen sink, where city water flows; no Voltville sports will count their dead, but folks will calmly go to bed, and there turn up their toes. No tents suspended from the trees, no well attended lynching bees will mark your social whirl; but every man will go his way, and do his stunt from day to day as quiet as a girl. The Rawhide Jakes and Buckskin Petes no more will hit your village streets and shoot holes through your hats; no more the cowboy will cut loose like thunderbolt, on his cayuse, all branded over his slats. In

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

TO be a good citizen is a wonderful achievement, and it is possible for a school boy or girl of ten years to be a much better citizen than many grownups are. For example: Mr. A.—comes out of the postoffice with a bunch of mail; he tears open the envelopes and draws out their contents, jerks the wrappers off the papers, then envelopes and wrappers are thrown into the street. Mrs. B.—goes shopping; on her way home she looks in one package, and finds they were all in one package, and shortly there is money wrappings parading down the street. Now, Tom and Mary know better than this, and they can do better. Wonder how many of the El Paso boys and girls whose birthday anniversaries come today make a practice of picking up and disposing of the loose paper around their own homes.

The list follows:

Calixto Portillo, 12.
Thomas Collins, 12.
Ralph Southard, 9.
Justin Hurst, 16.
Lydia Bell, 9.
Cordelia Kerr, 11.
Gentry Hudnall, 13.
Eugene Womeldorf, 15.
Thomas Sparks, 15.
Jennie Conaway, 16.
Carland Graef, 15.
Clarence Ake, 10.

In addition to the usual wish of "many happy returns of the day," The Herald has a ticket to the Crawford theater good for any evening or the Saturday matinee for each boy and girl above named. Ask for "Miss Birthday" at The Herald office.

Mother Too Often Forgotten

Once in 10 Days Not Often Enough for Married Man to See Mother.
By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.
H. John's gone to see his mother again," the wife said petulantly. "I wish she would be a little more considerate of his time and engagements, and not be hurt if he does not call at least once in 10 days."

Once in 10 days! And the mother's home was just five blocks away! I could not help but wonder how she could have married this son had lived with his widowed mother and that they had been close and tender companions. He was her only child, and as she is not a poor woman she gave her boy all the advantages of a college education, followed by a trip abroad with her. She sent him to Columbia because she wanted to have him in the same city with her.

Devoted to Each Other.
"He is all I have," she said by way of explanation.

"Yes," agreed the son, "and she is all I have. I declare if I were to go off to town to college mother would have to give up her apartment here in New York, and come to the place I happened to go to, and take a house there. She and I are almost twins, you know."

The lad laughed as he said it, but the ring of true feeling was in the words.

The pair were not only mother and son, they were confidantes and chums.

Mistakes He Married.
Then he married. That was natural and proper and just what the mother had always expected. She had never in fact she had hoped that some day he would meet a good woman whom he could love.

"I cannot be here always to make a home for him," she said, "and it would make me happy to know that he had his own wife. I would be a wife to care for him." When he became engaged he told his mother of his happiness and she rejoiced with him. She did not let herself think that she was losing her boy, for she would see him often. Nothing could separate him from her, nor could anything mar their tender intimacy, she averred.

"I want the young people to have their own home," was her declaration, "and I shall not make a nuisance of myself by running in there too often. I know that Dick will come to see me every two or three days, but he would not know how to get on without seeing his mother constantly."

Ten Years Ago Today.
That was 10 years ago. "Dick" still lives a quarter of a mile from his mother and he still runs in once every ten days to see her and to tell her in doing this he is performing a duty. "Mother expects it," he says patronizingly to his wife, "and as my mother is old I do not like to disappoint her."

For, after all, when a man marries he becomes the kind of son that his wife makes him if she be a coarse and unkind person, unused to refined associations and high ideals, she will do all in her power to gain the mother's affection, and her husband, and unless she thinks that there is a substantial benefit to be reaped by his discouraging such intimacy, she will encourage it. There is much written against the mother-in-law, but I pity her, and my sympathy goes to the young wife. There must be a hard thing to have one's son labelled "hands off" when he has been a mother's darling for 20 years. I do not think that the average mother is jealous of her son's wife. In fact, I think that she would welcome her as a daughter or as a dear friend. Then why do so many mothers give preference to their husbands to forget the duty due a no-longer-young but always devoted mother?

Husband at 17 a Mistake

Man Must Have More than Sanitized Knowledge of World to Make Marriage a Success.
By Henrice Fairfax.
A LOVER writes me: "Will you kindly let me and woman must be to be married in the city of New York or so what is the fee charged for obtaining a marriage license and how must one proceed to get it? I am 17 years of age and would like to know these things. Please do not reply that I am too young to be interested in these things or to get married. For I know a great deal of the world."

If by that you mean you have seen portions of it from a car window, you don't know the world. If by that you mean that you have been brought up by hard knocks, and have learned much in the bitter school of experience, you don't know the world.

Must Know Yourself First.
But granting that you do know the world, you must know something more than the world before you make such a step, you must know yourself!

You may be a heart so faithful it will remain true through 50 or 60 years, the girl you loved as a boy? Is your judgment so mature you can pick out, when only 17, the type of man who will be your ideal when you have become a man?

Can patience become a habit with you? Is it a joy to you to practice self denial for those you love—and not once, but often, and always—and with no one to commend or applaud?

Is your income elastic? Will you, when less than 20, be contented to stay at home in the evening, like an old man is contented, because the going out means the price of shoes for the baby? Will you when still a boy, find recreation in such outings as a boy, suitable for the wife and the babies and for the other boys and girls? Do you unhampered and carefree, the swimming pool and the diamond?

Know Your Love.
Do you know what love is? Do you know the world. Being 17, there

Teach Lad to Spare Birds

Mothers Can Help Save the Songsters by Refraining From Wearing Aligrettes on Hats.
By Ella Wheeler Lile.
EAR FRIEND:
"Please permit us to call your attention to a great and serious evil now menacing our insect-eating birds. Millions of birds in migration are destroyed yearly by the people of the Southern states and used as food. This destruction, now increasing, is being caused carefully by the numbers of song birds in the north. Negroes are armed with guns, and many of the present in other means of destruction. In the north, thousands of foreign laborers coming from Europe kill small birds for food. It is only recently that little birds were sold in large quantities in New York City, and they are still sold by thousands in the south.

"The Audubon societies, which have already checked the killing of native birds for millinery purposes, now propose to stop the slaughter of song birds for food in this country. This is a stupendous task. It must be done by educating the public through the schools, and the clergy, and by securing better laws and better enforcement of the laws. A word of encouragement will be appreciated.

Yours sincerely,
T. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary.

Letter Should Reach Every Man and Woman.
This letter ought to reach the heart and the brain of every man and woman of common sense and common sensibility in our land.

It ought to reach the hearts of mothers of young sons who have arrived at an age where they want to express their manly qualities by using a gun.

Air guns are only a degree less menacing in the hands of young lads than revolvers in the hands of gunmen.

Mistakes He Married.

The average boy traces for a gun, and receives it as a birthday or Christmas gift, and proceeds to use it after being told by his father, by the "loving parent," who goes away and leaves him to his amusement.

If you, mother, will please these lines, want to help make this beautiful world more beautiful and more peaceful, and to aid in forming higher ideals and a nobler character in the rising generation, in ordering or sending your Autumn hat try and use good common sense, and a little individual taste, and wear a hat which is becoming and beautiful and entirely devoid of the part of a dead bird.

Plumes from the ostrich do not mean the destruction of that bird for the ostrich is a robust fowl and the plumes grow again. The feathers of a goose just as the goose grows new down each year. But beside plumes, there are excruciating and cruel and cruel laces and jets, and flowers and other trimmings which can make a headgear attractive.

Should Be Allowed to Wear an Aligrette.
Use your good taste and ask your milliner to do some original ideas in building up a hat.

Remember the osprey and aligrette mean the death and torture of their young as a rule.

Any refined woman should be ashamed of her hat wearing an aligrette. Spun glass and straw, grasses and ferns produce quite as good effects.—Copyright, 1913 by Star Company.

is no doubt you know it; but do you know what it is?
The love, the love that grows stronger and more tender and broader, and more charitable with the years; the love that is not a passing fancy, but a sentiment based on vanity or animal attraction. You have no more common affection of the human you have of the life at the bed of the tomb.

My son, you don't know what love is. Keep on trying to learn, and love, and fall out again. Keep a tenant in your heart all the time. That is the privilege of love. I don't know you, don't think of getting married when you are only 17.

Manicure Lady, Romantic

Head Barber Tells Her Love in the Fall Is Cooled by the Prospect of a Long, Cold Winter.
By Wm. F. Kirk.
"THERE ain't nothing so glorious as these here autumn days," said the Manicure Lady, "and I never seen anything prettier than them leaves. Some was gold and some was crimson, and it wasn't no dull color, either. It seems like flames. Me and sister Maxine just set there on an old log for half an hour, looking at the hills across the valley. Wilfred wrote a poem about it."

"I wish your brother would take a day off instead of writing that poem all the time," said the Head Barber. "And you always have to read his stuff to me when I am feeling punk. If you have anything to say, you better come no more about it."

"All right, George," said the Manicure Lady, "but I don't expect you to enjoy anything like beauty or art, anyhow. It's just like giving charlotte ruse to a car horse. But as I have said to you many times, that the autumn would be the time of the year for romance and love, instead of in the spring. I don't know why there is always so much said and written about love in the spring unless because it is slushy in the spring, and you always hear of spring courtships and spring marriages, and you hardly ever hear of anybody getting married in the fall. The time of year I would want to wed."

"The only trouble in getting married in the fall," said the practical Head Barber, "is the hard wind that comes after the honeymoon. When a couple get married in June they get married in the fall, and settle down and go to house keeping and winter finds them getting used to each other. A lot of love would get frozen out of winter if marriages was in the fall."

G O O P S

By GELETT BURGESS.
Nelly Turner
Where do you think
Nell Turner throws
Her cores and scraps,
and things like those?
Right out the window!
Out they fly
on passers-by!
I don't know what
the neighbors say,
But she's a Goop
to act that way.

Don't Be A Goop!