

### Thanksgiving

AS the old year sadly drifts outward to the sunless sea, we are thankful for the gifts we've received abundantly. We are thankful for the wealth we can earn when we're employed, we are thankful for the health which the gods have not destroyed. We are thankful for the snacks, neat and warm, in which we lodge, thankful for the income tax which will now proceed to fodge. Thankful that the wistful gust which will shortly shriek and prance is not furnished by a trust, which would charge us in advance. Thankful, as we should know, that the summertime is gone, when we used to go, sweating blood, to mow the lawn. Thankful that our credit's good with the coal man—till it fails—when we get out his coal and wood on apothecary's scales. Thankful for so many things. For this turkey, 'mong the rest; thankful for the legs or wings, if we cannot get the breast! Thankful for cranberry sauce, and the saffron pumpkin pie; any man's a total loss who on gratitude is shy! Let us sing a hymn of praise, sing it with abounding verve; we've been favored all our days, blessed with more than we deserve.  
(Copyright by George M. Adams.) —WALT MASON.

### Moving Pictures On the Farm

A GOOD LAUGH is the best medicine in the world, and the purest essence of comedy is to be found in the antics of young animals. The frisking of a calf is sheer joy of living. Humors lies in the unexpected, and the suddenness with which he decides to try the air and with which he jumps up all four feet from the ground, or whirrs about or slides or bumps with his black furry head, makes him a very amusing moving picture. There is not an atom of malice in the whole show, no harm to the world. It is true he butted Ella the other day when the boy inadvertently turned his back, but Ella laughed the quickest and brags now that calf is the playfellow ever he saw. The calf does several trapeze and Boston steps all because of his healthy joy and the spring in his young growing muscles.

The calf is bluish-tinted, he is so light of foot. But the calf is a heavily galloping, furry brown hummer who hangs and swings his head. He is possessed with a desire to butt the world down, and practices bumping into everything with his big furry head. He has a lungy tongue that licks the blacking off shoes and the furry off sweaters and salt off palms and takes an ecstatic sweep over a straw hat if it gets a chance. It is best to keep an eye on the little fellow and where he is aiming his head, but "Ella ain't mean, that calf ain't mean, his mother's a little nervous, but that is all, and that calf's the finest calf in the country. There ain't a six months old calf you can find that will measure up to him."  
If one could put the little chestnut colt in a vaudeville or in a moving picture, just as he is, the world would laugh to see. He has to stay in the big box stall while his mother is working, but Sundays when the farmer lets Kate out in the pasture with her colt, the youngster is nearly wild with the joy of freedom and with the springy feeling in his slim legs and nimble hoofs. He clears a four foot gate easily, and gallops like the wind. The farmer calls "Whoa!" and the colt stops to breathe, but seeing a cloud moving in the sky, he takes motion to himself, too and flings his hind legs up to heaven. When they are down again he tries standing on his hind legs and attempts to paw the clouds. On all fours for a moment he crops a bit and gallops down to the silvery frosty brook that trickles through the grass, daintily licks it, and is off again with the wind. When he comes round the farmer quiets him. "Whoa, El Paso, whoa there, do you want to kill yourself running so wild? Quiet there." He is a very biddable colt and quiets down for a moment or so to cropping, but the springs in his legs and feet feel too good under him, life is too much worth living to stand still. He jumps sidling up to his mother and gives her a gliding, sideways, one-step kick. He wants her to try to kick too. But Kate knows hard work and she won't waste any resting time in doing fondances, and she pays no attention to her child.

Off he goes racing with the wind; an oak leaf flutters across the sky and makes him wilder than ever with his race. "Whoa there, El Paso, whoa there, quiet down," calls the farmer. The colt, all trembling and not absolutely sure of his new and very excited little feet as he tries to stop, comes up and rubs against the farmer's hand and is away with a wide jump, his head down between his legs.  
The farmer quiets him down again. He would kill himself with frolic. His mother is steady enough and sober enough; except for certain sprightliness in her trot and willingness about bridges and gates you would never know Kate has spirit, but the colt's father was a wild one, a cavalry officer's horse, used to polo playing and high living. The farmer has an idea El Paso will never go to the plow, that a more brilliant future awaits him. "Why, look, he's some colt, only six months and nearly as high as his mother and she ain't what you'd call a small horse."  
And pigs. It is almost like a football game to throw ears of corn in the pig lot and see the rush and tackle, the flying wedges and the long, swift, stealthy runs. Watch that little porker trying to get around the edge of the bunch with an ear of corn, trying to avoid notice but nevertheless going faster than ever before. Watch the black and white fellows get together under where the big ones are nosing an ear of corn, and see him snatch it and run. Watch the heavy weight drop down on the little fellow and watch the long run of the whole bunch.  
Somewhat the farmer boys seem always perfectly good natured with the animals. They may be red and breathless and angry while they are chasing a fugitive pig over three or four acres, but when they fall down on him and hold him, as soon as they have breath they are up laughing and good natured again and they never take it out on the pig.

Two big, good humored farm boys have to move two old sows from the lying in quarters in the barnyard to the pig lot. It is their last chore before supper and they want to get through so they hurry along pell mell, as fast as they can. Anyway that's the only way to handle pigs—rush them through. If you stop a minute to theorize or breathe or rest, the pig doubles the distance between you and him, or between him and whatever destination for him you have in your mind. There's lots of laughing and shouting. The other farm boys get through and stop to watch the boys. The farmer's wife with her little one pulling at her skirts and her check apron carrying eggs and baby turkeys, stops to laugh at the feller skelter giggly giggly scramble.  
Each boy has a stout old pig by a rope to one of her hind hoofs. They point their pigs toward the lot and then slap them and run as tight as they can with the pig and all goes well for as much as two seconds, when the pigs right about face and go back towards the old quarters, tripping the boys with the ropes as they skurry past. The boys are up and after the pigs in an instant, throwing themselves on them to catch them as football players tackle. They turn the pigs the right way again, slapping, shouting, and running along with them, the pigs squealing as if murder were let loose.  
Off the pigs go at right angles, but the boys are after them slapping and shouting and never stopping one moment for breath. The pigs never go the right way for more than two minutes at a time, but the boys turn them and run them and finally get the creatures into the lot where they are perfectly satisfied to be.  
It is all in the day's work. There is the feat of strength with strength, and the pulling power of a mature sow is not to be sneezed at; there is the test of speed with speed, for the sow can run surprisingly swiftly; and there is the test of boy's will against pig's stubbornness. The triumph has aired the boys' lungs and minds. It is good to beat in the tussle, and the boys are better tempered than ever.

There is always this joy of farm life, if you like it and if you can make a farm succeed: its difficulties and trials and setbacks strengthen your strength, widen your philosophy, give full to your humor, and make you friendly with birds and skies and winds and rains and suns and with the broad curving earth itself.  
A Seattle prospector ships ores to the university by parcel post and finds it easy and cheap to do so, but the carriers don't find it so easy. In the big cities where automobiles are used for carrying the parcels sent by post, the carriers don't make much difference, but on rural routes the parcel post is working real hardship on carriers who have to go about with boxes and bundles strapped on them that would make a mule or camel packer a marvel to see.

Washington police are certainly sexist of the suffragists. When a young woman chucked a suffrage announcement on the sidewalk telling a protesting nearby policeman to "never mind," the policeman telephoned headquarters that militancy had surely arrived in this country. The woman paid her fine for passing a copy and the incident was closed. No windows broken, no hats chucked at our blond and smiling Bryan, and for the time at least, Washington's fears of militant suffrage, are allayed.  
"Don't cheer, boys; the poor fellows are dying."—Wasn't it Capt. Philip on the Texas before Santiago that said it?

### One-Sentence Philosophy

QUAKER MEDITATIONS (Philadelphia Record.)  
A drunk is never a delusion, although it may be a snare.  
Man's aim should be amiable, his generally the people who know the least that tell the most.  
A gold brick would scarcely be referred to as a gilt edict investment.  
The politician is never lacking in pluck where the plum tree is concerned.  
Some people never put off until tomorrow the unpleasant things they can say today.  
His shortsighted policy to take care of your pennies and let your dollars take care of somebody else.  
Tommy—"Pop, what do we mean by the Dickie method? It's just old enough to get a Pop—By the higher education, my son, we mean that the more we know the less we believe."  
JOURNAL ENTHESIES (Topeka Journal.)  
No man can make much of a show by parading his wisdom.  
Most people make the mistake of judging others by themselves.  
A reasonable allowance of pin money may also attract attention.  
With all the world a stage, no wonder there are so many bun actors.  
There is this to the advantage of castles in the air: You don't have to pay taxes on them.  
GLOBE SIGHTS (Atchison Globe.)  
There are a few happy homes where father is a well-to-do home every night like a conquering hero.  
A lot of pleasure lies in looking ahead, after I got old enough to get a fur coat. I didn't want one,—Rufe Huskins

### Tossing Letters is Difficult

Railway Postal Clerks Must Have the Throwing Habit Down Fine! Are  
By Frederic J. Hankin

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 27.—If you can imagine what it means to know the exact location of some 16,000 postoffices; to know by what railroads they are reached, and by which of these roads a letter will reach them quickest, through what hands it will travel, and how long it will be there; and to be able to throw letters into a half hundred pigeon holes, each pigeon hole representing a certain locality, and each letter going into the right pigeon hole, at the rate of a hundred or more a minute, while the train is thundering along at a 40 or 50 mile gait, then you can grasp what it means to be a railway postal clerk.

It requires some 15,000 clerks to man the 3,400 railroad postoffices in the United States, and they draw a total pay of about \$9,000,000 a year. For many years they were the poorest paid of all the servants of the government, considering the strenuousness of their calling and the dangers to which they are exposed, but today their average compensation is about \$3,000 a year, a month, and \$13 a year more than the average postal servant gets.

The postal clerk in the past had to run a serious risk of getting killed in the discharge of his duties. The ordinary postal clerk used to carry his mail engine, and was constructed of wood throughout. With a heavy engine ahead of it, the train in the event of the result in case of a wreck usually was a mass of kindling wood, with the clerk in the front of it. The result to the horrors of the situation, gas lighting pipes suddenly severed would begin to pour their jets of gas over the fire, and in a few moments in hundreds of instances the horrors of incineration were added to those of collision.

**Have to Beg For Safety.**  
The postal clerks begged the government to install the equivalent of all postal cars with electric lights, but the railroads answered that electric cars would be too expensive for the mental state, in face of the fact that every one of them was even then featuring its crack trains as being electric.

The degree of proficiency demanded in the railway mail service is remarkable. In other governmental services a man has to take an entrance examination, but that in the case of the railway mail service is not so. The clerk must constantly study and memorize thousands of new postoffices in his district as they are reaching them. Out of every 10,000 pieces of mail handled by the railway mail service last year 9997 were handed correctly.

**Three Examinations Yearly.**  
Each clerk makes an average of about three examinations a year. The department has books printed giving full data about each office in his district, and showing the system of distribution of mail so as to reach each one of them. The clerk must memorize all these things for all the postoffices in a given state at one time. Then he makes out a card for each postoffice, on which he writes the route of the train to which the card is to be attached, and on the back the routing particulars. He also makes up a list of the postoffices which correspond, except in dimensions to the big cases used in every state, and labels each hole, doing it in such a way that all letters going to certain individual offices or to certain sections of the country will be thrown to the proper pigeon holes. Then he must take the packs of cards he has made out, and insert them in his proper pigeon hole. Not only must he learn to do it accurately, but rapidly as well. After he has satisfied himself with his proficiency in distributing these cards he goes before the authorities and distributes the cards in their proper places, for speed and checked up for accuracy.

In each of these examinations the clerk must, within a few minutes, find out, and get so many points off for each error, and so many off for each mistake. In the first examination he will, in the course of a few years, be required to pass an examination on the 2,500 postoffices in Virginia, the 1,500 in North Carolina, the 1,000 in the 1,000 in Georgia, and those of three or four other states as well. Then, he has to repeat what he has just done every letter addressed to a street number in every one of three or four prominent cities in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York.

**Each Error Costs.**  
Every time a clerk "throws" a card in the wrong place, he makes an examination, it shows that he would have missed a letter if he had been "throwing" them in the mail car properly. And that is regarded as something almost beyond the point of toleration in the railway mail service. The railway mail service scarcely expect any person to perform the same identical act 10,000 times without making more than a few mistakes, but when each time represents a thinking process involving no less than five different considerations, besides the physical effort required to perform it on a fast moving train, it will be realized to what high standards of proficiency the railway mail service has attained; and 9997 out of every 10,000 is the average, showing that the railway mail service is more than that. Indeed, some of them will correctly pigeon hole 9999 out of every 10,000.

**Old System Would Swamp Them.**  
In these days of distributing mails by the billions of pieces the old system of carrying mail through the city of origin to the city of destination without distribution according to streets would swamp the postoffice. The mail would have to be assorted piece by piece in the postoffice, and the thousands of railway postal clerks are working away on that thousands of miles of railway and night, a career that our mail may get to us at the earliest possible moment.

The railway mail service has been a matter of evolution. In 1869 George B. Armstrong laid out the scheme for the establishment of the railway mail service, and in August 28 of that year, under authority from the postmaster general, the first railway postal car was put on a line between Chicago and Clinton, Iowa. In 1875 the first all rail train between New York and Chicago was run, and from that time toward one step after another has been made in the improvement of the railway mail service until today it stands without a peer among all the institutions of the governmental service of the United States.

**TAX COLLECTOR WATSON PREPARES TO TAKE TOUR**  
County tax collector W. H. Watson is preparing to leave on his annual tax collecting trip. Notices to this effect have already been sent out by the collector. On his trip Watson will take the tax rolls of the county. The itinerary includes Sierra Blanca on Dec. 8 and 9; Clint, 10; Alamo, 11; Fabens, 12 and 13; San Elizario, 14 and 15; Socorro, 16; Galveston, 17; El Paso, 18; Big Bend, 19; Fort Stockton, 20; and Del Rio, 21.

### ABE MARTIN



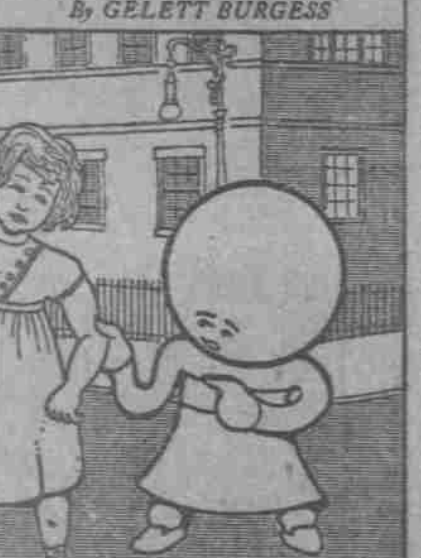
There's nobuddy as miserable as th' feller who thinks ev' dig he earns means him. What's become o' th' feller who used t' have an uncle in th' country who gave him a turkey ev' Thanksgiving?

### 100 Years Ago Today

One hundred years ago today the people of Boston were excitedly discussing the latest news from the French war, which news had been brought by the schooner "Engineer" just arrived at New Bedford, 31 days from Bordeaux. Imagining the people of today having to wait a month to learn of such important happenings on the other side as Napoleon's defeat by the Allies at Leipzig. Were such a battle to be fought in Europe in these times American newspaper readers would have detailed accounts of the early stages of the conflict probably while the smoke of the guns still hung over the battlefield. Such is the enterprise that may be displayed by the modern newspaper, thanks to the submarine cables and the more wonderful wireless telegraphy.

For a time the judge was unable to speak. "Why did you not introduce the president?" Daughter asked the judge.  
"Daughter," said the judge, "while that man has a long, lean, and hungry look, he is not president Wilson."  
(This is one of the regular features of The El Paso Herald.)

### GOOFS



**GENEVA MORRILL**  
You'll seldom find  
Geneva Morrill  
In what you'd really  
call a quarrel,  
But, as she's very to  
suit,  
She's over-fond  
of a dispute;  
This Goop I've seen  
most every day  
Disputing with  
her friends, at play.  
**Don't Be A Goop!**  
(This is one of the regular features of The El Paso Herald.)

### American Grub

A Story of the Moment  
By WALT MASON  
THE FAMOUS PROSE POET

"I THINK you'll notice a difference in the bill of fare before long," said Mrs. Jamesworth. "An agent was here today selling the finest cook book I ever saw, and I ordered a copy. It contains the favorite recipes of all the great chefs of Europe, including those employed by the royal families, and the agents said it cost nearly a million dollars to get those recipes, but the book only costs \$3 and I thought it would be false economy to let such a chance go."  
"You are a recognized authority on the different brands of economy," replied Jamesworth. "You ought to hang out a sign announcing that you will teach a new select pupils the rudiments of plain and fancy economy, and thus contribute something to the family exchequer. When it comes to saving money by blowing money in, Mrs. Jamesworth, you have few equals and no superiors."  
"If you are going to cook a lot of those fancy foreign dishes, flavored with garlic and anastofida and such things, you can eat them yourself, but if you are going to give a party, my constitution that way, plain American cookery is good enough for me."  
"My father has a plateful of Star Columbia hush with a slice of Star Spangled Banner corn pone, then all the triumphs of European chefs."  
The other day a client of mine insisted upon having me accompany him to a restaurant for something to eat. You must expect me to undermine establishments where the waiters wear the bill of fare in their hands, and the bill of fare is in the Choctaw and Eskimo languages. I couldn't identify a single dish in the list, but my friend had the gift of tongues, and he ordered for both. He explained to me while we were waiting for the grub that the place had a chef from Paris, who was as great in his line as Mike Angelo was as a poet, or that father has a plateful of Star Columbia hush with a slice of Star Spangled Banner corn pone, then all the triumphs of European chefs.

### Buy a Hole In the Ground

Southwestern Railroad Gets Title to An Arroyo to Have Itself Expensed; Little Interest.

THE El Paso & Southwestern has just bought a long hole in the ground—an arroyo, in other words. It is located near Tucson, Ariz. J. V. Bergen, land agent for the Southwestern, has just returned to El Paso after attending to this and other business for the company.  
"That arroyo carries lots of water close to our property in flood seasons," said Bergen. "We thought that so long as we had to watch an arroyo, we might as well watch our own arroyo. We will make it form part of our drainage system at the Tucson end. It branches from old Jimmy Callahan, one of the oldest residents of Tucson, but whom, for some reason or other, very few Tucson people had ever seen. He conducted an exhaustive investigation, and got his title in getting him to part with his arroyo."  
The buller, expressed frequently of late on El Paso streets, that the canning in the vicinity of Juarez might have had some effect in protecting the road, it is decided by observer N. D. Lane, of the local station of the United States weather bureau.  
The theory that canning can produce rain was exploded some years ago by the weather bureau, he said. "The bureau conducted an exhaustive and expensive series of tests with dynamite on the bluffs north of El Paso, and found that the clouds do not remember the reverberations well. There was no apparent disturbance of atmospheric conditions as a result. The bureau has had to be accompanied or soon followed by rainfall."  
"Why don't you send a couple of good second rate boxers in Juarez, and make some money," said R. H. Rinehart, Wednesday afternoon, to the officials of the I. A. C. would secure Jeff Clarke, or any other good man of the light division, they would draw a \$5000 bonus in Juarez. It would be done with the expenditure of \$500 or \$600.

Several nights ago Judge Dan M. Jackson and his little daughter, Daughter, were down town. On one of the corners of San Antonio street, the country judge, Bill Ten Eyck, the judge stopped to talk to him. After the parting the judge's daughter said: "Father, is that president Wilson?"  
"Daughter," said the judge, "while that man has a long, lean, and hungry look, he is not president Wilson."  
(This is one of the regular features of The El Paso Herald.)

### The Rift In the Soup

The Daily Novelle.  
They danced their waltzlike dances in the windy loomster hall—  
The king did sit grotesquely,  
Calmly wishing for a fight.

"AND now, Ooglewoozle," said the queen sweetly, "How wilt thou, that gowm of alligator teeth you promised me?"  
The king laid down his soupfork and scowled horribly. (From the garden frosted the haunting cry of a royal Dinkus.  
"My soup is bitter," roared king Ooglewoozle. "Bitter, do you hear, bitter! Talk not to me of government! Where's that chef? I'll have his head, by Jinkskosie, I will!"  
And in a frothing rage he rushed off to the kitchen where the terrified cook hung himself on the floor in abasement. (The royal kitchen was in a basement.)  
"The king yelled the king. 'The soup is bitter!"  
"Oh, your royal highness, have mercy!" pleaded the chef, "I will give you anything you desire, your celestial imperiousity, your moral-alway, peering in her usual way to see what she could have, she had a live coal that had crawled from the stove and fell into the pot. Fearing her wrath if he fished her out, the chef simply substituted another live coal. How could I know she would make the soup bitter?"  
Stuffing his royal purple handkerchief into his nose, the king strode from the kitchen as majestically as he could.  
"Ooglewoozle," he said to the queen as he resumed operations with his soupfork, "I was mistaken about this soup. It has a certain exquisite flavor that I had not noticed before. In my bureau drawer you will find a thousand pumpkins with which to buy that gown."  
(This is one of the regular features of The El Paso Herald.)

### "This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

"N holidays we 'sit to chat as well as eat.' Along with the chat should go something to munch on, and that something is always found in the desert.  
"Tis the desert that graces all the feast,  
For an ill end disappears all the rest."

As its contribution to the Thanksgiving feast, The Herald gives the readers of the Birthday corner a few nuts to crack. In the quotations that follow, the various items of a simple desert menu are suggested. It is hoped that many will enjoy working them out. The quotations are:  
"I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison house."  
"Not a mouse shall disturb this."  
"Tis hot, it smokes!"  
"I can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of ways."  
"And close at hand the basket stood  
With nuts from brown October's wood."  
Those so fortunate as to celebrate their birth on Thanksgiving day this year are:

- |                       |                           |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| John Wilson, 13.      | Lawrence Tessier, 13.     |
| Ray E. Gilbert, 15.   | Harry McKemy, 15.         |
| Rolin Tipton, 15.     | Leon Gillespie, 17.       |
| Herbert Bernholz, 17. | Barbara Grossblatt, 9.    |
| Glady's Adkinson, 10. | Ruth Foster, 11.          |
| Frank Gorman, 18.     | Eliot Otis Critchett, 16. |
- Albert St. Clair was 10 years old yesterday.  
The Herald has a ticket admitting two to the Unique theater for each one of the boys and girls named above. Call at the office and ask for "Miss Birthday."

### Thanksgiving

By GEORGE FITCH,  
Author of "At Good Old Stevedore"

ANOTHER Thanksgiving is about to descend pleasantly into our midst, and the patriotic American citizen should pause a usual and consider his blessings for the year which has just passed.  
There have been unusual facilities this year for being thankful. The climate, for instance, has been very productive of deep gratitude. No man who has passed the summer in the superheated middle west has emerged therefrom without being deeply thankful because he does not have to die right away and move much farther south.  
The price of beef is another great cause for implanting of deep thankfulness among the poor than the one which is just about to expire. The poor man has gone through 1913 without worrying over his Mexican investments, the slumping price of his bonds or the dark murky cloud on the horizon labeled "Financial Legislation." The poor man has had only his ordinary troubles this year and the old line politicians have no year has been more favorable for the implanting of deep thankfulness among the poor than the one which is just about to expire. The poor man has gone through 1913 without worrying over his Mexican investments, the slumping price of his bonds or the dark murky cloud on the horizon labeled "Financial Legislation." The poor man has had only his ordinary troubles this year and the old line politicians have



"The Democrats will remember this year with gratitude."  
been kept so busy that they have hardly had time to inflict some of these upon him.  
The farmer who has just been harvesting half a crop and preparing to sell it at double prices will remember this year with gratitude. So will the Democrat who, despite his long illness and lack of practice, has been able to discover charges against Republican office holders, with surprising skill and promptness.  
Americans should be thankful because the Balkan states are 6000 miles away; because the presidential election is three years away. Because the next time Thaw escapes he may get entirely away because he will have no more support. So will the Democrat inferiority of American golfers and fencers, because the board of health shows signs of preparing to go after the red light school of literature, and because the excitement caused by the tariff arrangement will prevent the newspapers from starting another war with Japan.  
Truly, Thanksgiving is a well justified day and should be eaten with unending gratitude.—Copyrighted by George Fitch

### ARIZONA GETS MUCH BETTER COAL RATES

Phoenix, Ariz., Nov. 27.—Copies of the public utility commission's order in the Arizona coal rate case show that the state corporation commission has granted a rate reduction of 20 per cent on the coal which is used in the manufacture of boots and shoes. The commission also has reduced all along the line.  
New rates from the Gallup field to Phoenix on coal is \$2.98 a ton and the new order reduces it to \$2.38. The black coal, which cost \$3.50 a ton, is reduced to \$2.58. This is a fair sample of the reduction.  
Several years ago a lease rate of \$2.00 a ton was made to Mrs. The rates for intervening points were supposed to be graded backward toward Gallup. It is shown that the rate to Phoenix, The \$2.98 rate applied back to Albuquerque.  
Another feature of the controversy with the coal carriers was the order to Arizona, except in the extreme southwest, comes over the Santa Fe via Albuquerque and Winslow, and over the Denver and Salt Lake route via the Southern Pacific. Rates were charged on the basis of the long haul, which is in violation of the act which created the commission ruling. The commission holds that the rate between two given points must be based on the shortest railroad haul.  
The rate on coal from Gallup to Phoenix on coal is \$2.98 a ton and the new order reduces it to \$2.38. The black coal, which cost \$3.50 a ton, is reduced to \$2.58. This is a fair sample of the reduction.

### RECEIVES LEGACY FROM OLD IRELAND

Hayden, Ariz., Nov. 27.—M. M. Rice, formerly justice of the peace of Hico, Ariz., has left for Oakland, Cal., for the winter. Mr. Rice has fallen heir to considerable property left by his mother in Ireland. His trip to Oakland is for the purpose of making arrangements with the British legation in London with reference to that property which he has inherited. He is planning to return to Arizona, having been a resident of this state for the past 40 years.  
J. H. Gardner, formerly chief clerk in the power plant for the Ray Copper Refining company's local office, has left for a two weeks' vacation with friends on the coast.  
H. H. Hodge, superintendent of the local smelter, has left for a month's vacation on the coast and at points near by.  
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### WATER USERS HAVE TANGLE FOR NEWELL

Phoenix, Ariz., Nov. 27.—A special meeting of the governors of the Water Users' association has been called for Friday morning to confer with Frederick H. Newell, director of the reclamation service, and consulting engineer D. C. Henry. Supervising engineer Louis C. Hill will also be present.  
A number of questions have arisen in connection with the limits of the project and other matters, and these will be argued over thoroughly. Engineer Henry has come to straighten out the table in regard to the reconstruction of the power line from Roosevelt, Phoenix, and the reclamation project. The reclamation project has been protected against the cost of that work being assessed to the project, contending that it was unnecessary.

### ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP MINE GUARDS

Calumet, Mich., Nov. 27.—The Michigan copper strike took a serious turn again last night when an attempt was made to blow up the concrete house at the Black Hawk mine. A heavy charge of dynamite was exploded by some fanatics, but the force of the explosion was spent outside the building. The most serious damage consisted of shattered windows.  
Within 30 feet of the compressor house a hole was blown through the concrete by the force of the explosion. The hole was 18 inches wide and 18 inches deep. The dynamite was exploded by some fanatics, but the force of the explosion was spent outside the building. The most serious damage consisted of shattered windows.  
Within 30 feet of the compressor house a hole was blown through the concrete by the force of the explosion. The hole was 18 inches wide and 18 inches deep. The dynamite was exploded by some fanatics, but the force of the explosion was spent outside the building. The most serious damage consisted of shattered windows.

### Fire in Truck Box

Fire in a truck box started against the fence at 148 Brown street, called out the central fire department at 3:56 p. m. Wednesday afternoon. There was no damage in blowing the boxes to the fire. The weights on the fire whistle got entangled. There was no damage in blowing the boxes to the fire. The weights on the fire whistle got entangled.