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Individual 7,291,567.76
United States 136,837.60
Special Account County 441,017.24
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THE PROSPECTOR

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Dedication

To Those who have gone from among us and so willingly given their services to Old Glory, this Edition of The Prospector is dedicated.
As this, the first edition of The Prospector for the year 1917-1918, going to press, we are about to enter the new School Buildings in Alexandria Addition.

This year promises to be one of the most successful for the school and is a beginning of a period of rapid growth which insures a great school.

The Prospector takes pleasure in thanking the Jewish People for the many courtesies extended to our school. We also wish to thank Mr. d'Allemand of the Ad-Club for his services which add much to the success of The Prospector.

We wish to extend a hearty welcome to the new students and solicit their help in getting out a larger and better Prospector for the ensuing term.
THE MAN WHO COULDN'T COME BACK
BY JIM CRENSHAW

"I wanted the gold, and I sought it; I scrabbled and mucked like a slave. Was it famine or scurvy—I sought it; I hurled my youth into a grave. I wanted the gold, and I got it—Came out with a fortune last fall—Yet somehow life's not what I thought it. And somehow the gold isn't all." - - SERVICE

A big, soft, round moon shown over the boundless expanse of the Mexican desert. The light of the rays on the yellow sand was broken only here and there by the shadow of the cacti. Rising mistily out of the horizon appeared a mountain range purple back in the moonlight. Silent and motionless lay the great desert; no sign of life, no motion except the twinkling of the stars and the wavering light of the moon.

Into this vast loneliness rode a solitary horseman. A man deep in thought, with the reins loose, allowed the horse to follow the trail that ran lazily in the direction of the mountain. After riding slowly for a short distance, the rider drew up his horse and stood for some time deeply pondering. He was a handsome man, big and powerful, with something about him that led one to know instinctively that he was no ordinary man of the plains, but a master of his own destiny—a man who could not be held back by what others might say or do.

Don Juan himself was conscious of this power as he reflected on his present position and the years that had gone before. In every enterprise of his life this spirit of mastery had carried him to his desired goal. He remembered the years in college. What a triumph his career there had been! For four years he had been leader in the classroom and in the field. His face lighted as he remembered his parents' pride in him in those days when his scholarship had brought honor to the proud old Virginia house. But just as he was advancing steadily in his chosen profession, fate took a hand and changed the whole current of his life. The family fortune that had always seemed so secure had been lost in a careless investment. His love for his mother and pity for the proud old father had helped him to make a decision. Influenced by a friend who had mining interests in Mexico, he determined to restore the financial standing of the family through investments in Mexican mines. Thus he came to this land of lonely nights, of wild adventure, of trackless wastes, of hot sand, and had made for himself a place among the men of the mines.

At first he had hated the utter loneliness of it all, the lack of companionship of people of his own class, and the long day's work
with nothing at the end. He had hated it all, and at the end of two years was glad to turn his face towards the homeland again. He went back to the little Virginia town and took his place in his father's office. After a few months the confinement of the work, the irksome monotony of his duties became unbearable. He welcomed a message from Mexico that called him back to the little mining camp with the rough and care-free life. He had intended to stay only long enough to straighten out the necessary business, but the weeks slipped into months and another year went by. At the urgent pleading of his father and mother, he had gone back for the Christmas holidays. But in less than a month the old restlessness took possession of him and he had come back. Why? He could not tell. Even now, at the end of fifteen years, he only knew that the desert held him and claimed him for its own. And it held him in spite of the hardships in the mines. He had plunged into the work with all the force that he was capable of putting into it. As the years went by he came more and more to adopt the life of those with whom he worked. He slipped into the care-free, easy-going ways of the life of the people about him. More and more he entered into the rough pleasures and dissipations of the miners. Other men had wives, sisters, or sweethearts who lived in the nearest town, in the mountains, and who waited anxiously for every holiday when the men from the mines would come back to them. Don Juan had no such pleasant ties. He spent most of his time at the mines.

In the early days when a feeling of failure and disgust with his life had come over him he had been accustomed to go into the town to enter the society of the American colony there. But once he noticed that the American girls had a tendency to shun him. Cut to the quick by the scorn of those from families of less distinction than his own, he returned to the mines. He knew the cause of this treatment. It was true that he had made the mistake of living on an equality with a low class of Mexicans. But the recognition of the justice of a certain measure of contempt for his life, did not cause him to reform. It was not for the proud Virginian to bend to the criticism of society, but to move in a society where he himself might lead. Less and less was he seen by the girls in the American colony and more and more by the little Mexican women of the camp who were always delighted with the attentions of the handsome American. Thus he had allowed himself to drop out of the good graces of the Americans. Usually he cared very little for what others thought of him, but tonight he was lonely, utterly heart sick. It was a loneliness that only the charm of equal companionship could dispel. He had decided to follow the men who had gone on into town earlier in the evening.

Half way down the trail he hesitated, stopped his horse and pondered the question again. He knew how they would treat him.
He remembered only too well the last visit there. Stories had gotten about in which he figured none too gallantly. Tonight he dreaded the scorn with which he would be treated, and he, whose family name alone was an open sesame to the best society in the states hesitated about going into the society of people in a little American colony in Mexico. Should he go back and fight out the loneliness as best he could or should he go on and try once more to regain the place that was his by right in the society of his own people. A coin flashed in the moonlight. His question was decided and he went on into the town.

The next night Don Juan went with the other men to the reception given at the house of one of the wealthy Americans. He was by far the handsomest and most distinguished man there. He was as much at home in the drawing room as in the saddle. And it is little wonder that he attracted the attention of Agnes James, an attractive young lady who had only lately joined the colony. She was fascinated by all the life she had seen in Mexico. And Don Juan who in spite of his rough life could keep the little refinements of cultivated society, seemed to typify to her all that was best and biggest there. He in turn was charmed by her bright face and merry chatter. She seemed to dispel the bitterness that he had felt during the last few days. Her unaffected pleasure in his company brought all that was best in his nature and made him a very delightful companion. How interesting she was! How easy it was to forget the wasted years. She was just like the girls back home. Under the influence of her vivacity he decided to go to the gipsy party, in spite of the fact that he intended to go back to the mines that night. After the reception Don Juan went back to his hotel, but not to sleep. It was to smoke and dream the old, old, dreams again—dreams of his youth, of love and of a place high in the world. He would quit this useless way of precious years, and go back—and then—Don Juan fell asleep.

That night be sent Agnes flowers for the gipsy party with a note. "They are sending you decent American flowers—roses, pansies, and violets. The pansies, they say are for thoughts. I am sending the cactus flower, blood red and gold yellow. Symbols they are of the lives of the men of the plains,—the red for the life blood we've given to the desert; the yellow the gold we have sold our manhood for.

It was a bewitching spectacle that met the eyes of Don Juan as he entered the garden that night, the light of the torches sent playful shadows among the climbing roses which hung thick on the garden walls. The weird music of the harpischord played by an Indian woman behind the palms lent a quaint, mysterious charm peculiar to Mexico, the charm that had enthralled Don Juan and ruined his life. In the center of the garden was a huge tripod from which hung the kettle of a gipsy camp. The fire that kept the broth brewing lighted up the faces of the "raggedy, taggedy gypsies," as they danced
about in their fantastic costumes. He looked in vain in this group for the sweet face of Agnes James. Just then the flare of a torch touched by the breeze brought into view the face which he sought. It was filled with eager and expectant interest as she leaned forward to receive the fates' decree from the fortune teller. She wore his flower. In her black hair, she had placed the black and yellow cactus, on her red waist the yellow and on her yellow skirt the red. How bewitchingly beautiful she was! Last night he had dreamed of making a home for her, but tonight when he saw how easily she lent herself to the fascination of the place, he felt a kind of savage joy in saving her from it all—even from himself, whom he recognized now as a part of her danger, in the desert. He would enjoy this last evening and then—

"Oh, Don Juan," said the same sweet voice, from the crowd of fortune seekers. "How late you are. The kettle's brewing. the fortune teller has sealed my fate. Isn't it all beautiful? Come, let the fortune teller—."

Ah! Little Gypsy Girl," he answered, "Time has sealed my fate. Come, let's join the dance and forget the fates for tonight. They are cruel."

"Not cruel to me," she laughed. Without answering he took up the gypsy chorus and led her into the wild, fantastic dance. What a night it was! Her merry chatter, her laughter, her unaffected joy in his companionship remained with him as bitter sweet memories the rest of his life. When the time came to say good-bye he took her hand.

"It's been delightful, hasn't it?" said Agnes. "It's been wonderful! The happiest night that I've had in fifteen years. I want to thank you for it. I won't see you again, perhaps."

"Won't see me again?"

"No, little girl. Tomorrow I go back to the mines—there is my life. Yours it must never be. Good-bye."

And when the dawn began to streak the eastern sky, a solitary horseman rode across the plains. Out of his pale and haggard face has gone the bitterness; into it had crept a little of the old face that had made it such a noble face in the earlier years.
Lloyd Nelson '16 is now superintendent of the Dragoon Copper Lease in Dragoon, Arizona.

Clyde Ney '16 in the Engineering Department of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation in Tyrone, New Mexico.

Lyman Pomeroy '17 is sergeant in the National Army.

Carol Ronan '17 is also serving his country and studying for a commission.

Raul Barbarena '17 is in the oil field, Tampico, Mexico.

George Johnson '17 is with the El Paso Smelter.

Alfred Black '17 is engineer at the Hanover-Bessemer Iron and Copper Co. at Fierro, N. M.

Orban Walker '17 is assistant engineer at the Hanover-Bessemer Iron and Copper Co. at Fierro, New Mexico.

Henry Becker '17 is junior chemist with the A. S. R. Co. in Mexico.

Vere Leasure is in South America.

SCHOOL OF MINES YELL

What's what?
That's what.
What's that?
That's what they all say.
What do they all say?
Give 'em 'ell! Give 'em 'ell
MINERS.
LEARNING

When I began as a mucker,
   I was a husky young plug.
Always takin of chances
   Down in the mine where I dug;
Miners said, "Kid you be careful"
   Everywhere you may be at,
But I laughed and got cute till I fell down a chute
   And I learned about mining from that,

After a while I was drillin;
   Running a full sized machine,
Handlin the fuses and powder,
   Proudest young buck ever seen.
Shift boss was Jimmie McLoughlin
   Great guy for safety was Jim
And he licked me with skill when
   I tamped with a drill,
And I learned about mining from him.

Bobby McQuire was my partner
   Mighty wise buddy was Bob;
Taught me to set my timbers,
   Showed me the tricks of the job.
Used to say "Nother shift comin;
   Dont use up all of your vim,
The boss has gone past, don't be working so fast"
   And I learned about mining from him.

There was one gang that I worked with,
   Used to get tanked quite a bit,
Came to work bleary and shakey,
   Not very lively or fit
Wouldn't test ground above them,
   Down came the shakey roof flat,
With a crash and a bang it erased the whole gang,
   And I learned about mining from that.

An so I have learned as I labored
   The ways and works of a mine.
How one way of doing is crazy,
   And the other is sure to be fine,
And that the end of it sitting an'resting,
   And wishing you 'd saved more pelf
And if you would know if my story is so,
   Go learn about mining yourself.

E. & M. Journal.
Student—“Is Mr. Colvin in?”
Miss Augur—“No, he has just gone out for lunch.”
Student—“Will he be back after his lunch?”
Miss Augur—“No, that is what he went out for.”

A big darky was being registered.
“I can’t go to wah fo’ they ain’t nobody to look after ma wife.”
A dapper colored brother stepped up an inquired, “What sort of looking lady is yo wife.”

Chemistry Prob—When a pretty girl enters the room, will the boys turn to rubber?

They were sitting in the parlor.
Sarah Bridgers—“What would you do if I turned you down?”
Tom Kelly sat silent.
Sarah Bridgers—“Didn’t you hear me?”
Tom Kelly—“Oh! I beg pardon; I thought you were addressing the gas.”

John Schaffer—“What is the meaning of the leaf insignia on the naval officers’ collar?”
Prettyman—“Why, that shows that he is on leaf of absence.”

Verna—“What are the swallows doing sitting on the telegraph wire?”
Fred—“Why, eating the currants of course.”

Evelyn Ellison—“How dare you swear before me?”
Schaff er—“Beg pardon; I didn’t know you were going to swear.”

Francis Opp—“Who is that pretty man over there?”
Mary Heermans—“That is Mr. Prettyman.”

If Scott would Walker, would Josephine March?

F. Opp—“I’ve seen the boys’ training quarters.”
F. Smith—“Is that all they have to do?”
I wish I had a barrel of rum and sugar
three hundred pounds.
A college bell to mix it in, a clapper to
stir it 'round.
Like every honest fellow, I take my
whiskey clear.
I'm a rambling wreck from Texas Tech...
a mining engineer.

CHORUS
A mining, mining, mining, mining,
mining engineer,
A mining, mining, mining, mining,
mining engineer;
Like every honest fellow, I take my
whiskey clear;
I'm a rambling wreck from Texas Tech.,
a mining engineer.

We are the jolly Texas boys, and like
'most any hair---
Long or short or straight or curled is
good enough to wear;
We like the gray of grandpa, the negro's
stubby wool,
But High School's hair will never do, so
hair we'll pull.

And if I had a daughter, I'd dress her
in orange and white.
And send her up to High School to coach
the football team;
But if I had a son, sir, I tell you what
he'd do---
He’d yell “To hell with High School!”
like his daddy used to do.
By Fred Bailey

The New School of Mines Buildings and Athletic Field not being completed at the beginning of the school year, football, which otherwise would be a prominent feature, was not resumed. Games which were scheduled with Roswell, University of Arizona, and New Mexico Aggies, will be postponed until next year.

The Basketball season, which will open soon, promises to be exceptionally good. The Team will be gathered around the old men, Walker, Tipton, Shaffer, Bailey, and Rheinheimer.

There is unusually good material among the new students. These, combined with the old men, will make a hard trio to beat.

SPALDING

Athletic Goods

A Full Line of
Football Equipment
Now on hand

The Most Complete Stock in the Southwest.

W. G. WALZ COMPANY

103 South El Paso Street
Monday evening, September twenty-fourth, opened the social career of the College of the City of El Paso. On this evening, the girls of the college entertained with a reception at the Woman’s Club. The decorations carried out the school colors, orange and white. The refreshment was orange punch. The patronesses of the occasion were: Mrs. S. H. Worrell, Mrs. Martin Zielonka, Mrs. A. H. Hughey, Mrs. Charles Davis, Miss Ora L. Slater, Mrs. Etta B. Cyrus, Mrs. W. M. James and Mrs. J. M. Frank. The student committee consisted of Misses Mary Heermans, Verna Altman, Sarah Bridgers, Paquita Clemons, Evelyn Ellison and Josephine March.

During the evening, a pleasant program was given. It was opened by Reverend Fuller Swift, introducing Dean S. H. Worrell and Chancellor H. M. Colvin, both of whom gave short talks.

The Program

1 Equulele Trio—Miss Nellie May Bowen, Miss Lucille Harlan and Miss Sarah Bridgers.
2 Classical Dance—Miss Ava Alexander.
3 Piano Solo—Miss Anna Douglas Evans.
4 “Hurrah for the Sammies,” sung by Miss Riva Reyes.
5 Reading — Mrs. Howard Waldron.
6 Selection by Y. W. C. A. Quartet—Misses August Seeper, Elizabeth Rue, Margretta Pratz, Dora Publes; Mrs. D. V. Fennessey, Violin-obligato, Miss Mary Heermans, accompanist.
7 Piano Solo—Joseph M. Evans
8 Vocal Solo—Frank Cheek.

The Texas School of Mines and the College of the City of El Paso jointly entertained with a dance on October nineteenth at the University Club. The party was a success. The ball room was decorated with lovely palms. Punch was served during the evening. To the following committees was due largely the success of the dance: Invitation, Miss Frances Oppenheimer, Elliott Chess; refreshment, Josephine March; decoration, Verna Altman, Evelyn Ellison, John Savage, James Crenshaw, Ray Gilbert; financial, James Crenshaw, Ray Gilbert, Ralston Cooper.
The several states did lie between,  
And seven years of time,  
Yet friendship lasted, mem'ries of,  
That old, old friend of mine.

Our lives did lead us far apart,  
For me—a state famed for sunshine,  
But California's charm had claimed  
That old, old friend of mine.

The years passed by and so passed we  
Th' impressionistic age,  
And he pursued philosophy,  
I yet—the wav'ring stage.

'Twas on my graduation night,  
He saw me in the "Senior line,"  
A stranger fine and young he stood,  
That old, old friend of mine.

We talked then of those bygone days,  
I loved to watch his face,  
To see those precious memories,  
Take sager thoughts place.

How once we fried potatoes on  
An old wood stove in my back yard,  
He was my champion for the right,  
Became a hero—proud but scarred.

How when my birthday came around,  
He shook his bank at home,  
And meeting that old ice-cream cart,  
Bought me an ice-cream cone.

But mem'ries faded, future loomed,  
And here our interest waned,  
For he pursued philosophy,  
And I—commercial gain.

But 'tho we drift so far apart,  
Those thots are sealed and signed,  
Of how I passed those happy days,  
With that old friend of mine.
John Savage, we suggest that you put on a maxim silencer the next time you take an anaesthetic.

LOST—One voice. Finder return to Miss Augur and receive reward.

FOUND—By F. W. Bailey, his heart’s affinity.

LOST—One Hirsute adornment by Prof. Pallister.

Cap is still with us with his usual line, and gentlemen, take it from some one who has had experience, it is some line. Eh Cap?

LOST—Money by Keach.

FOUND—Money at fiesta in Juarez.

LOST—All interest in life by Verna.

REMEDY—John Savage.

WANTED—A little sleep by Frances Opp.

LOST—An ore dressing. Teacher return to class.

LOST—Stick of lip rouge. Return to Prof. Henry.
Owing to the late publication of the Prospector this fall, we have not had an opportunity to exchange papers with many other schools. However, some of our loyal old friends from last year did not forget us and we were more than pleased to hear from them.

The Wildcat,” University of Arizona at Tucson—This is one of our most welcomed exchanges, a newsy, well arranged paper full of local interest.

“The Normalite” from the New Mexico State Normal, at Silver City, is an interesting, well edited paper. A few cuts or cartoons might improve it.

“The Tatler,” El Paso High School—This year’s publication is a great improvement over last year. Your special emphasis on military and athletic news is pleasing. Your poems “The Record Teacher Gets You if You Don’t Watch Out” and “An Ode to Mr. Hughey” in the October 16th issue were clever. Where is your Exchange Department?

“The Monad,” the official publication of the American Association of Engineers, is a splendidly arranged and well printed magazine of particular interest to our mining students.

Delicious

Hot Chocolate with Whipped Cream and Cake . . . . 15c Two for 25c
Hot Tamales with Chili Sauce and Wafers . 20c

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The Troy Steam Laundry

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400 Mills St. Phone 977

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Come and see and try us, And you will come again.

REMOVAL NOTICE

On November 1st we will move into our New Store at 706 North Stanton Street

To friends and customers we extend thanks for their patronage and hope the same friendly relations will continue in our new location. During October, in our present location, a lot of Leather Bags will go on sale at special prices. Call and see them.

WARD'S PHARMACY
Krackajack of
117 San Francisco Street
Wishes you a Successful and Happy
Collegiate Year. Get acquainted
with him. He's a good fellow.

Krackauer, Zork & Moye's, S. I.

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WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN

The Southwest's Most Beautiful Retail Establishment.
Prices Always Moderate. Gifts and Holiday Goods for Every Member of the Family

THE WHITE HOUSE
"The Store of Service" EL PASO, TEXAS
RECEIVING AND DELIVERING DEPARTMENT

This view will show you the carefulness of marking in and checking out of each garment. Owing to the condition of the artificial silk and the dyes, it is necessary for each garment to be inspected before cleaning, as it is impossible for the stores to guarantee these fabrics as they are sold. Therefore it is also impossible for the cleaner to guarantee the same; but careful inspection and proper care by cleaner will prolong the life of your garment. A visit to our plant will convince you of the responsibility of the firm.

Our flock of seven cars is at your service.

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WATCH THE YOUNG FELLOW for STYLE

EVER noticed how quickly the young fellow picks out the different "makes" from the row of automobiles along the curb? He's quick to "catch on" to things. And when it comes to style in clothes, he knows what's what. He's keen on style; he's alive with it. Get your cue from him. This fall he says the double breasted's the thing. It does not need to be a belt-all-'round; just so it's military in its fit and pockets and lapels. You're sure of quality here because you'll get

Hart Schaffner & Marx all-wool clothes

and you'll get lots of style expressed in many different variations.
Realizing that the Student of today will be the Engineer of tomorrow, we want the Texas School of Mines Boys to become familiar with INGERSOLL-RAND PRODUCTS, a thorough knowledge of which means success. You will meet with INGERSOLL-RAND equipment in every civilized country and in practically every Mine, Quarry or Industrial Plant the world over.

Visit our El Paso office at 121 San Francisco Street frequently where you will always find a welcome.