The Prospector, January 1918

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CONDENSED REPORT OF CONDITION, SEPT. 11, 1917
OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
EL PASO, TEXAS

RESOURCES                      LIABILITIES

Loans and  Investments         Capital Stock      $800,000.00
       $6,486,568.02
United States Bonds            Surplus and Profits 263,575.53
       $1,172,000.00
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank  Circulation       700,500.00
       30,000.00
Cash on hand and due from other banks 3,743,013.40

$11,431,581.42


Delicious

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

A full line of hot drinks

The Elite Confectionery
Dedication

To

S. H. Worrell B. S.

Dean

Texas State School of Mines
and Metallurgy

Do Me

The Editorial Staff

Respectfully Dedicate

This Issue
of

"The Prospector"
THE PROSPECTOR

TEXAS SCHOOL OF MINES
AND
COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF EL PASO

Vol. 4 No. 3

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief .................................................. FRED BAILEY
Associate Editor ................................................. FRANCES OPPENHEIMER
Athletics ........................................................... FRANK WOODYARD
Fun ................................................................. JOSEPHINE MARCH
Critic .............................................................. MARY HEERMANS
Knocks ............................................................ RAY GILBERT
Literary ............................................................ RUTH BROWN
Exchange ........................................................ JOHN O'KEEFE
Society ............................................................ SARAH BRIDGERS

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Business Managers ................................................ RALSTON COOPER
................................................................................ JOHN SCHAFFER

5c per Copy ....................................................... $1.00 per Year

EDITORIALS

The third edition of the Prospector goes to pass with the year 1918 at our front door. No doubt many of us will look back on the past few months, and regret our lack of studying. It is only natural to do that, but even so let us brace up and say to ourselves “It can be done, it will be done and I shall do it.” Let us begin our new year with a good heave at our lessons and be able to say next May,” I do not regret the months I’ve spent studying.”

The Editorial staff of the Prospector wish all students a Happy New Year and hope no body flunks in the first semester examinations.
The weather was warmer than it had been for months, life around the mining camps was brightening up and everyone seemed to feel the effect of the early spring sunshine. The silver mines where the men folks of the place worked were among the richest in Idaho and christening of the camps. "Fortune" was very appropriate because of the luck and wealth which surrounded it. But as wealth is usually the only object, once it is sought for as such, the owners of the Fortune mines changed with their purses and became selfish, callous hearted individuals.

John Phillips, the largest stockholder of the mines corporation, had once been a poor prospector hunting for the elusive rich are and had suddenly found it. With riches came the attendant selfish pride which has proved the undoing of many such as he. His son Guy was at this time ending his third year at a large mining school and it was the father's aim that his son should control the mine after himself. Guy was a typical rich man's son of the "quick rich" variety, spent money freely, and as his satelites said, "went the hunt."

It was near the end of a very exciting social season and Guy was thinking a head of time about California's beaches and a rest from a hard year's work in school, when suddenly war clouds which had been hanging over the country for some time, broke, and all plans for the future were changed over night.

Many of the boys of the school enlisted in the service immediately while others were debating the question more seriously, for to some of them it meant giving up the rest of their education and perhaps the future support of their parents. Jay Turner, a boy who had surmounted so many obstacles in order to get an education, gave up his career for his country. Hot headed Jim Davis gave a speech on Patriotism and led the way to the recruiting station. The whole school system was disorganized and the faculty kept things quiet with difficulty. A few days after the declaration of war, Jay Turner asked Guy what he intended to do about it.

"I don't think I will have anything to do with it," he replied. "This isn't our country's war and if you fellows are fools enough to go, it's none of my business, but as for myself—they won't get me," and with a sneer on his face Guy walked out of the room.

Somehow, after young Phillips had expressed himself concerning the war, his friends left him in spite of his money. It seemed that everyone excepting Phillips was going to enlist or would when they got everything straightened up. He wished the boys wouldn't bore him so by presuming he should go along. Why the very idea! Hadn't his father paid taxes for the upkeep of an army? Soldiering was the work of the common people, not gentlemen like himself. Anyhow the President was
foolish on Germany. The Germans weren't invading this country. This did Guy reason to himself.

By the time school was out, a third of the boys were in the army and several others were intending to join. Guy was glad to get away from the fellows and accepted his father's invitation to go to visit the mines in Fortune, thinking it would be a change from college and that perhaps he could get away from the incessant war talk a little while.

Fortune was still as much of a mining camp as it ever was just at much excited over raising an army as was Boise, four hundred miles away. The superintendent of the mine, a young man, was planning to give up his work so that he might join the service. There seemed to be no getting away from the fact that the United States was at war, and Guy went away as disgusted as he was when he came.

Then came the examinations of the drafted men—When Guy went before the examining board, he had in his mind several items upon which he might claim exemption. He would be a Senior in the mining school the next year and would eventually serve Uncle Sam in the mining industry. Surely silver was more necessary to the nation's welfare than the carrying of a gun. Then too his father was getting old and needed the strong shoulders of his son to lean upon. He might get married as a last resort but surely he wouldnt need to do that.

The day came for him to appear at the office for examination. When he came into the office the office boy said, "The Doctor will see you in a minute, sir. "The Doctor?" said Phillips, "Oh, yes there is a physical examination."

While he was waiting he paced restlessly around the room, and every step said "Coward-coward." It was a relief when the doctor came.

The doctor came in and made the physical examination. He began making out his report.

"What is it doctor?" asked Guy, "Isn't everything all right?"

The doctor looked at him a minute then replied, "Sorry young man but you are physically unfit. Underweight, bad heart, too much living, I guess."

Guy walked out of the office, dazed—"physically unfit"—the words came echoing in his ears. Mechanically he went to get his doctor's advice and to take it.

Four months later he again presented himself for examination, and passed. A month afterward he wrote to the girl whom he might have married.

"—and the worst of it is, I might have been a slacker, a cad, had I not been so roughly awakened. Give my best regards to everyone in camp and tell them that I am and expect to remain.

An Unexpected Reward
(By Frances Oppenheimer)

The night was pitch dark and the El Paso Limited had entered the curve before crossing Dead Horse Gulch. The engineer looked at his watch and the hands pointed to the half hour past midnight. The head light of the engine illuminated the track but a few hundred feet ahead.

The fireman, leaning from the cab window and peering into the distance,
saw a red light swinging to and fro in the inky blackness at the other end of the cut—the sign of danger ahead. There was a closing of the throttle, a setting of the brakes, and the train came to a stand still at the danger signal.

As the engineer swung to the ground to investigate he found himself looking into the barrel of a six-shooter.

"Now," said the man behind the gun, "I'll thank you to face toward the engine and don't move for this here cannon might accidently explode and blow your sky-piece off."

"Ha fireman, come down here and keep this here fellow company! Hustle up! I'm in a hurry tonight and besides I don't want to keep these passengers waitin'."

"Now that's the way. Keep facin' the engine, for if you don't, me pal who has you covered with the six-shooter, will puncture your hides.

Me for the swag, pal, while you tarry by these gents."

The Pullman car in the rear was filled with the curses of angry men and the shrieks of frenzied women as the bandit awoke the passengers, compelled them to get out of their berths, file before him and deposit their valuables in a heap. Then sweeping the plunder into a gunny sack he backed out of the coach, leaped to the ground and headed for the engine.

"Now you two guys can git back into the cab," said the desesperado, "and I'm obliged to you for not turnin' around as me pal was a fake. I pulled this job off by my lonesome. Adios."

The engineer opened the throttle and the train lurched upon the bridge that spanned the gulch. The bandit disappearing with his plunder into the darkness, was followed by a volley of lead from the moving train.

Two days latter Bill Simmons the lone bandit dragged himself into the door of a settler's cabin near the town of Anco—a number of miles removed from the scene of the hold up.

Bill's rapping summoned a young lady to the door.

"Please Miss," spoken in one of Bill's persuasive tones, "can I git to stop here for a day or two. I was comin' through the hills yonder when a fellow miscued on some game and hit me in the arm instead."

It was a little past the noon hour and the scorching rays of the New Mexico sun had told upon Bill's vitality. He had hardly gasped out the last words of his passionate appeal when he staggered and fell in a faint across the doorsill of the cabin.

"Mammy! Mammy!" cried the young lady, "help me to carry this poor man into the house. He's been shot in the arm. He must be hurt badly."

"Mammy! Mammy!" cried the young lady, "help me to carry this poor man into the house. He's been shot in the arm. He must be hurt badly."

"Now, mammy, be careful of his poor arm as we go through the door. That's it, now we'll lay him upon the bed. You stay here, mammy, until I get some fresh water and give him a cool drink. There now, he'll be all right in a little while."

When Bill came to himself he discovered that he was lying upon a comfortable, spotlessly clean bed.

"Well, I'll be gosh durned," said Bill, "I'll git the rheumatics indulgin' in such as this. This is somethin' new for your Uncle Dudley. Say, but it feels mighty good!"
Just then the door of the room opened cautiously and the young lady peered in. Seeing Bill wide awake she ventured:

"How are you by this time, Mister?"

"Now see here," said Bill, "don't call me Mister; I'm nothin' but plain Bill Simmons—Bill for short."

"Well then it's Bill," she replied, "and I'm Nellie Meyers—Nellie for short."

"As to how I am," Bill put in, "you can see for yourself—never felt less like wantin' to get well in my life. This here kind of a bunk and you for a nurse is enough to keep any feller sick for the rest of his days."

"It's this way, Mr. Bill—"

"Cut out the Mister."

"All right then; it's this way, Bill," continued Nellie, "Mammy and I live here alone on this claim. Were mighty hard up but we have always managed to keep enough to eat in the house so far; and you're welcome to remain with us until you get strong enough to travel—we never turn any one away."

There was a spot in Bill that was touched—men of his calibre sometimes are affected by unsolicited kindness.

"Listen to your Uncle, Nellie, Bill Simmons has been 'round a heap in this world and he has never been talked to in this way before—it's usually been curses for mine—you and your mammy will not lose nothin' by takin' this old critter in."

By and by Bill's fever subsided and he was able to go abroad. Although in an out-of-the-way place, he never forgot to be cautious; always being on the lookout for strangers.

A neighbor knocked at the door one day and Bill who was talking to Nellie at this time, being taken unawares, sprung from his seat. After the visitor had departed, Nellie, who had noticed Bill's peculiar actions once before, said, "What on earth is the matter with you Bill? Are you afraid someone is after you?"

"Oh Nellie! Your Uncle Dudley's nerves have been all shot to pieces since that hunter put that there slug through this arm, I'm doubtful whether I'll ever be myself again."

A few days later, Bill slipped away from the ranch and went to Anco to get the news. As he walked down the main street of the little frontier town he said to himself, "Now Bill, the place to git the gossip in this here burg is the post office—so here goes for that point."

As he entered the latter place he noticed a group of settlers who where intent upon hearing what one of their number had to say.

"Now," said Bill, "I'll git meself busy chalkin' down names on these here envelopes and git a whif of what that guy has to say."

He had hardly gotten located and his ears cocked for every bit of news when

PATRONIZE
Prospector Advertisers
the speaker reached a part of his discourse that made Bill take notice.

"Yes, I reckon they'll git him all right. They have a powerful big bunch of men on his trail. He can't git away. Why the station agent done told me to-day that the detectives would be around here soon and search every house in the country—"

At this point in the monologue Bill raised his eyes from his writing and beheld a reward poster affixed to the wall. For a long time he kept his gaze upon the last lines:

"The three thousand dollars will be paid over immediately to the person who furnishes the information that will lead to the capture and conviction of the criminal."

That evening as the last rays of the setting sun were streaming through the windows of the little cabin, Nellie was bent above the stove preparing the evening meal. Mammy was in the living room busy with her knitting. A knock came at the door and one of the neighbors who had just returned from town had brought a letter. Nellie opened it and read:

Dear Nellie,

That there story I told you about bein' shot by a hunter was a lie. I'm the one that pulled off that robbery at Dead Horse Gulch and got shot as I was hikin' out. There's three thousand dollars in it for any one what blows on me. I've just written them railroad guys that the feller what done the job can be found hangin' 'round the depot to-morrow and I signed your name. When you get the dough remember your Uncle Dudley.

BILL.

PATRONIZE
Prospector Advertisers
What Would Happen If.—

1. The aviation bug should cease to bother Bailey and Schaffer
2. We had Ore Dressing class regularly,
3. Sarah Bridgers should not look tired.
4. Mr. Henry should cease to wear that ancient Alpine garb.
5. Prettyman forgot his politeness to the girls.
6. Kelly would fail to criticise the señoritas.
7. Keach and Dutch would find a girl each.
8. Frances Opp did not have a laughing spell.
10. Schaffer and Bailey would shave.
11. Cooper would not get sore when the bunch wrinkles him.
12. We passed Calculus.
13. Prospector copy would be in on time.
14. The world came to an end.

Familiar Sayings

Cap.—“Gentlemen, it can't be did.”
Bailey.—“I'm Broke.”
Prettyman.—“Get out, I'm going to study.”
Schaffer.—“Let's go to town.”
Cooper.—“Dorothy.”
Riney.—“Why don't you come to practice.”
Keach.—“Let's play sluff.”

PATRONIZE PROSPECTOR ADVERTISERS
The Scientific Club

In the fall of 1915 the Scientific Club was organized among the senior students at Texas School of Mines. By-laws of the organization were drawn up and officers elected for the ensuing year, during which the club was very active. The following year saw a large growth in membership and even greater activities; so it is with much interest that the club takes up its work this session.

The purpose of the organization is to bring before its members points of interest in the mining and scientific field. Engineers of note are engaged to speak at the meetings which are held twice a month and papers on problems in mining and other branches of engineering are read by the members. The social part of the meetings is not neglected and the program for the evening usually ends with a banquet.

The club is affiliated with the American Institute of Mining Engineers and the secretary receives monthly bulletins of that organization. These bulletins are always valuable as well as interesting, being made up of contributions by some of the most eminent engineers in the country.

Membership in the Scientific Club is limited to upper classmen, but others may attend meetings by applying to the secretary who will submit their names to the club for approval.

At the last meeting of the society, early in December, a general outline of the year's schedule was planned. The non-completion of the dormitory has prevented an early beginning of the society's activities this semester, but now that this difficulty has been removed, a regular schedule will be followed.

The Dramatic Club

All students of the School of Mines, or the College of the City of El Paso are cordially invited to join the newly organized Dramatic Club. The first meeting of the club was held in the English class room on Friday, December the seventh. John Savage was elected president; Mary Heermans, vice-president; Ray Gilbert, secretary-treasurer; and Prof. Fielding, director; Under the direction of the above officers the club expects to make things hum in the literate line. Meetings will be held every Friday afternoon at three-fifteen,
unless otherwise changed. At the first meeting a committee consisting of Frances Oppenheimer, Frank Woodyard and Mary Heermans, was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws for the club. A committee composed of Prof. Fielding, Josephine March and Frank Woodyard was appointed to select several plays. From their selections the club will chose one, and work will commence at once.

The primary object of the club is to accustom the students to speak in public. The members of the club will get practical training in public speaking, which is essential to their future business careers.

When we do put on our first play you may be sure that it is going to be a "corker." Many of the students have had some experience in the dramatic line, and under the able direction of Prof. Fielding there is no reason why our productions should not be successes. All we can say at the present is, that the Dramatic Club is going to produce "some" play, and the descending curtain will have proved that we have not worked in vain. Join and help out.

The Day-Dreamer

Kathleen L. Worrell.

I am not so poor as I seem to be,
For I have a possession rare,
No mortal greed can rob me of
My castles in the air.
And often when the burdens chafe,
I don my robes of state;
Steal softly away from the commonplace,
And enter its jasper gate.
There fountains fall in an opal mist,
Through the halls soft laughter rings,
And on the throne of my heart's desire,
A minstrel sits and sings.
He sings of the gold I have never found,
Of the silver awaiting me;
Of the copper ore that lures me on,
As a sailor is lured by the sea.
And as I listen to the song
That sense and soul beguiles,
Hope smilingly looks through the castle gate,
And waves her hand and smiles!
Sarah Bridgers.

"The Miners are going to have a regular forty-miner dance at the University Club on Thanksgiving Eve and want you to be sure and come. Take the Martin Building Hoist—decage at Seventh level and proceed by main drift to North East Stope. Dancing will begin at about half past eight and continue until the second hour of the graveyard shift."

So the invitations read for that most successful dance. Only the Miners and their best friends were present, making a very congenial gathering. No one could help but enjoy himself among such lovely friends and with such good music. We are all looking forward to the next dance which will be given some time around January first.

We welcome Miss Frances Smith back to school after a three weeks' absence. She has been visiting in San Antonio, Austin, and Forth Worth. Two of her brothers are in the army stationed in San Antonio, while another brother and sister are attending the State University. Miss Smith has a new seven passenger car. She says she did not hurry home because of it.

Miss Dorothy Reardon registered in the College of the City of El Paso. She has come here from Dallas. We are always glad to have new students and especially one so attractive as she.

Miss Phyllis Wakefield had a severe attack of tonsilitis, but the thought of missing her classes soon cured her, and she hurried back to school.

We hear that Orban Walker is seeking a commission in the aviation corps. He has gone to San Diego for that purpose. We surely hope he gets it and wish him the best luck. Another star will be added to the School of Mines flag of service.

Miss Marion Calnan visited the school several days ago. She thought it was fine, but how could she think otherwise? It is fine. Marion would make a good addition to our school. Perhaps she will attend some day.
The New Buildings of the Texas State School of Mines

Prof. H. D. Pallister

The new buildings are located about one and one half miles northwest of the courthouse on the southern edge of a large porphyry intrusion. The irregular ridges of the porphyry form the outline in the photograph which was taken looking toward the northwest.

The type of architecture followed in the design of the buildings is the Bhutanese after a tribe in the Southern Himalaya Mountains. The buildings are built with rock and lime walls. The posts, beams and floors being built of reinforced concrete. The roof is a concrete slab covered with a special roofing and sprinkled with crushed red brick. The walls are plastered outside and tinted a cream color. A trimming of red brick and varied colored tile is also used.

The four buildings shown in the above photograph beginning on the right; the dormitory, the main building, the chemistry building and the power house.

The dormitory is a three story building. The south end of the first floor is used as a dining room with a kitchen and pantry adjoining. The north end of this floor and reached by a separate entrance on the east is devoted to an athletic room with lockers, shower bath and heating plant. The second and third floors are divided into student rooms fitted with modern conveniences.

The main building. The ground floor of this building has a student room and toilet with the balance of the floor unfinished. On the main floor, the offices of the dean and registrar are southeast
of the head of the stairway. A large vault opening off the registrar's office is large enough to hold the records and instruments of the school for some time. The eastern end of this floor contains a lecture room, the library and reading room, and the girls rest room. The west end of the main floor is largely devoted to the engineering and physics department with offices, lecture room, laboratory and instrument rooms. The second floor has a large drafting room across the east end, also class room, blue print room, instrument room, an office, and faculty toilet. The west end of this floor is occupied by the office, lecture room, museum and laboratories of the department of geology and mining.

The chemistry building. The lower floor is devoted to Assaying with a furnace room, mixing room and weigh room. The second floor has a lecture room, first and second year chemistry laboratories, store room, balance room, private laboratory and office.

The Power house. The west end of the building accommodates the boilers and coal bins. The east end is the engine room and over the engine room is a second floor which will be used as an hydraulics laboratory.

A Mill is under course of construction due west of power house shown in cut. Equipment of same will be of the most modern type.
We would suggest that Mary Heermans please try not to disturb Mr. Henry with her inattention any more; it seems to annoy him.

Ewald Kipp can pull more "bones" than anyone we know of. His latest one was conducted in one of the Safety First lectures.

Frances, you should not cackle so loud outside the building while classes are going on. You must remember that we can't recite when disturbed by such queer noises.

Sarah Bridgers looks almost as adorable with her tortoise-shell glasses as Shaffer does with his calabash pipe.

Capt. Kidd was in a good humor the other day. We heard someone say that he had won a bet from Dr. Worrell.

Mr. Crenshaw: Please refrain from raising disturbance in college classes. You are no longer a high school student.

Miss Aultman: Don't call us boys snobs because we didn't walk with you.

We wonder if we will get French cooking at the dormitory.

We are glad that Frances Opp has awakened to the fact that the Miners are good sports.

Say Woodyard, don't be so d—stingy. Introduce your girl.

Say Cooper, wake up to the fact that you are approaching manhood. Don't get sore when the boys play with you.

Yates: We suggest that you shave off that antique soup strainer on your upper maxilary.

Schaffer to Tighe: "Richard quit chewing tobacco; it is bad for you."
The Mines' Basket Ball Team is being quickly whipped into shape by Capt. Rheinheimer. They are now learning the fine points of the game.

This Team promises to be one of the best and fastest in the city. That the Miners will be one of the contenders for the pennant is a known fact and the wise ones have commenced to sit up and take notice.

Capt. Rheinheimer, in his old place at forward, is the shining light on the Mines' team and is supported by Woodyard, an All-State Virginia man. These men will be the mainstay in the coming game with the High School, which is to take place the twelfth of the month.

The schedule for the City League games is now being made out and each student is asked to go to every game and show his spirit.
BOSTON TECH.—Saturday night, December the eighth, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology commemorated the birth of President William Barton Rogers, the founder and first president of that Institute. His 113th birthday anniversary was celebrated in the Walker Memorial with a smoker and simple exercises. President Rogers was born in Philadelphia on the seventh of December, 1804, of Scotch-Irish parents. He was of a family of four boys, all of whom achieved distinction. He came to Boston in 1849 and in ten years formulated his: “Memorial for a Polytechnic College.” In 1861 the charter was granted by the state with the condition that $100,000 should be raised within a period of two years. This was accomplished and in 1865 the Institute was formally opened. It is for this reason that President Rogers’ anniversary is so appreciated by technology men.

MISSOURI SCHOOL OF MINES AND METALLURGY.—The Missouri Miner, the school’s paper, states that the School of Mines has joined the American University Union in France. Club rooms are being maintained in Paris for the benefit of the alumni and students of these universities and colleges. M. S. M. men no doubt feel at home in this Club.
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