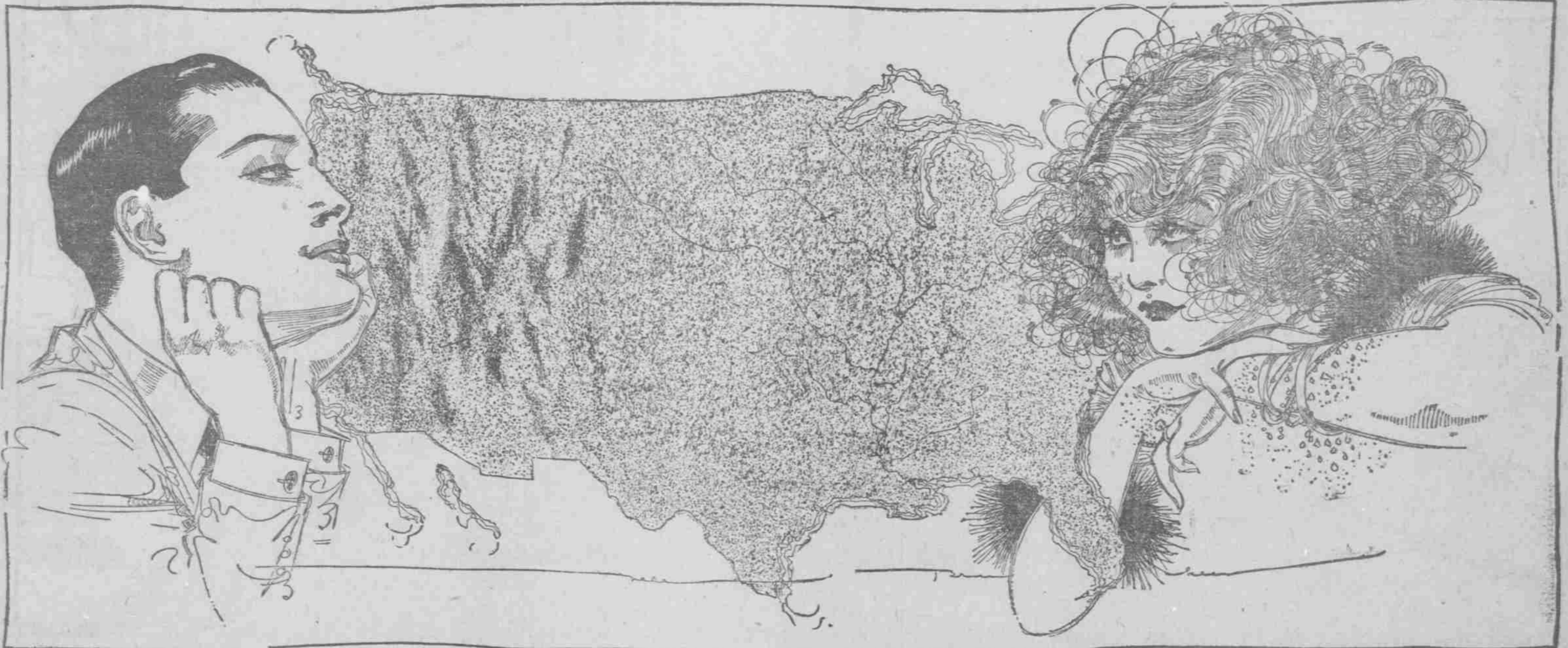


(Creations of this Noted Cartoonist are regular features of The El Paso Herald.)



UNCLE ASHDOD AND SIM PERKINS

By Ellis Parker Butler

SOMETIMES," said Sim Perkins, "I think I'm agin this here suffrage business for women, and sometimes I think I'm for it."

"And it don't make no difference to nobody what you think, nowhow," said Uncle Ashdod. "It's just like I says to Grandma Billup, 'Grandma, I says piracy ain't no career for an old lady, I says, 'When an old lady gets along to eighty or on, I says, she can sit and knit, and she can knit and sit, and once in a while she can go and rub bass liniment on her rheumatism if she wants some real excitement, but she ought to leave piratical jobs to the men.' So she hired the Sally Ann ship."

"I bet it's a lie," said Sim Perkins slyly. "I bet two dollars it's a lie. And I got to sit and listen to it." "You ain't got two dollars," said Uncle Ashdod. "So I says, 'All right, grandma, if you hire the ship you're the boss and I'll hustle up a crew of good, tough old seadogs that don't care a hang for law or nothing and that is willin' to cut throats at all hours, day or night.' Now, Ashdod, don't be no hasty," she says, talkin' through her nose like she always did. "I'll attend to gettin' a crew myself. So she got the Willin' Hands Sewin' Society, and she got the Ladies Aid Society, and she got Miss Piggle because she always wore a net over her hair."

"Thought it might come handy to catch fish, I reckon," said Sim Perkins sarcastically. "She got Miss Piggle to be cook of the pirate ship," said Uncle Ashdod severely. "because Grandma Billup couldn't bear to have hair in her soup, and she figured the net would keep Miss Piggle's hair somewhere nigh where it ought to be, which ain't in vittles, by no means. So that made twenty-four, countin' Grandma Billup, and I was twenty-five. They took me along to man the helms."

"Couldn't they do it?" asked Sim Perkins. "No, sir," said Uncle Ashdod. "A fool ought to know a woman can't man nothin'. She could woman 'em but I never heard tell of anybody womanin' the helms." "I never heard tell of women startin' out to be pirates, neither," said Sim Perkins. "But you're goin' to," said Uncle Ashdod. "Because that's what Grandma Billup done. This here talk of women not bein' able to do men's work is all tommyrot," she says to me. "We can do it better than the men can," she says, and I'm goin' to do my share. "You're too old, I says, 'You're so old I'm plum wuthless,' she says back, 'and that's why I've chose the callin' of a pirate. I'm wuthless, and I'm a wuthless old woman I can do the work of a wuthless man, and that's my idea of what a pirate is, so I'm goin' to be it.'"

"She might have told yars," said Sim Perkins. "I know a fellow that tell yars, and the yars is wuthless, and the fellers is wuthless, and..." "And the audjences is likewise," said Uncle Ashdod without anger. "So I says, 'all right, grandma, what next?' 'Fetch the ship up to my front yard,' she says. 'Hitch a couple of brace of oxen to it and fetch it up here,' she says. 'For I give my word I ain't goin' piratin' in a ship that's been man-handled all these years until she's had a good spring house cleanin'.' So I fetched her up. She looked some bulky when I got her into that front yard and she loomed up high, and Grandma Billup says, 'Ashdod, I ain't goin' to trust my old bones a climbin' up the side of that boat with a mop in one hand and a water pail in the other, and I ain't the woman to ask the Ladies Aid and the Sewin' Society to do no acts of heroism I ain't prepared to lead. No, sir,' she says, 'a pirate leader has got to be the most darin' of the band,' she says, 'and be more dare devil than the rest, she says, 'and climbin' up walls that lean outwards ain't to my taste. So out a door right there,' she says. 'So I cut it. And when it was cut the pirate crew put on their work dresses and entered in and set about housecleanin' that ship.' 'And you sittin' there tellin' 'em yars that was not true,' said Sim Perkins.

"And me mannin' the pump handle and mannin' the water pail and mannin' the whitewash brush," said Uncle Ashdod. "They scrubbed the hull inside and out, and made me whitewash it. There wasn't a spot in that ship but was scrubbed, and the walls wiped down and the beddin' put out on deck to sun, and had to shine up the keels and scrub them, too. My! my!

these men!" says Grandma Billup, when they was done cleanin'. "they don't know the first thing about ship-keepin'! It was fair time we come aboard. The boat was notchably filthy. Which it wasn't by no means. 'Grandma,' I says, 'a ship is a ship and it ain't no company parlor, and if you take my advice you won't clean her too clean, because she'll get dirty again in no time. And a pirate ship ain't a pirate ship if it ain't musky and soiled like. That's the rule—musky of war, speck and span; merchant ship, fair to middlin'; pirate vessel, filthy dirty. Now you're gone to all this work you've got to go to work and filthy the ship up again.' 'Ashdod gives headaches the next mornin', and piratin', if ever there was a time, I see by the paper the banks is shippin' millions of gold to Yurup by ship, and if I was you I'd start right now. 'Can't start,' she says, 'until we get our quilting frames aboard. The Ladies Aid and the Sewin' Society want to do some quilting whilst we are out piratin'. I suppose, she says, 'we won't be cuttin' throats day and night week in and week out, from one end of the year to tother end, will we?' 'No, ma'am,' I says, 'so far as I know all pirates take some time off from business now and again.' 'And spend the same drinkin' and carousin', she says, 'which injures the discipline and gives headaches the next mornin', and



"And mannin' the water pail and a mannin' the whitewash brush." says she, 'am I the pirate chief, or are you? Mind your own business.' "Served ye right!" said Sim Perkins gleefully. "So I minded my own business, like I always do," said Uncle Ashdod severely, "and I says, 'All right, leave her clean then, but it won't be much of a pirate cruise. You've got the old ship so clean you won't want to murder no captives on it for fear of musin' her up. But that ain't my business. When do you want I should haul her down to the water.' 'Be patient, Ashdod,' she says. 'I'm patient, I says, 'only now's the time to go

The New Social Dances: The Gavotte: Lesson 3

By Mile. Anna Pavlova

The Side Salute and The Finale

(Articles by this noted writer are regular features of The El Paso Herald.)

This Dance Will Help Greatly to Develop Repose, Grace and Relaxation

(This is one of a series of articles especially written for The El Paso Herald by Mile. Anna Pavlova, the greatest living premiere danseuse, who has posed with her dancing partner, Laurence Novikoff, for each figure. The dances to be explained and illustrated are those now in vogue in society ball-rooms.)

WE COME now to the final two figures in the Russian Gavotte, the Side Salute (figure A) and the Finale (shown in figure B). If you have ever tried to move from right to left, and vice versa, with a series of fairly long glides you will have some idea of what the Side Salute is. As in the case with both the Heavenside Waltz and the Tango, the selection of figures in the Russian Gavotte is left largely to the discretion of the masculine partner. There is no set rule for their introduction, but if you use caution and move only from one pose, or step, to another which can be accomplished with ease and without awkwardness, you will have no great difficulty.

The Side Salute begins when the dancers are standing erect, almost immediately the dancer sinks slightly and assuming the approximate position shown in figure A moves to the right, or the left, whichever direction is agreed upon by the dancers. With each side glide the arms are lifted slightly and upon the completion of the glide—after the rear foot has been brought up into position—there comes a pause. Thereupon a second glide takes place, and it may be repeated until a considerable distance has been traversed.

The Russian Gavotte is brought to a close with a pose appropriately designated as the Finale. The attitude of the feminine dancer being demonstrated in the photograph figure B. This pose is assumed several times to the rhythmic accompaniment of the music, with the right arm elevated first and the left brought to the same point when the attitude is reversed. Then, too, the left foot is pointed in place of the right, while the weight of the body is thrown, supported, upon the other foot.

Without question, the Russian Gavotte requires a great deal of practice, but I can guarantee that it will do more to cultivate repose, bodily grace and relaxation than any other dance possible to the ball room. Next week I shall continue the regulation modern round dances, with photographs of myself and my partner, M. Novikoff.

clean sewin' and quilting, the muss of which can be swept up with a carpet sweeper." That's what she says, because it was before the days of vacuum cleaners. "Oh, it was, was it?" said Sim Perkins, sneeringly. "And I suppose in them days after a lot of old ladies got their sewin' about ship they cut loose and went to sea and cut throats, didn't they? I suppose a lot of aunts and grandmas tied red bows around their heads, and took bowie knives in their teeth, and a couple of pistols in their hands, and cursed and swore and run alongside of peaceful vessels, and killed the crews, and sunk the ships, and stole the treasure, didn't they? Go on and tell me that. I dare ye!" "If that was what they did, I'd tell ye," said Uncle Ashdod, not in the least abashed, "but it wasn't. Them women were worse robbers than that. Why, I remember one little bit of a pin cushion no bigger'n my fist—" "Thought you was talkin' about pirates," said Sim Perkins. "Maybe you don't know the difference between pirates an' pin cushions. A pin cushion is—" "No, sir, that pin cushion wasn't no bigger'n my fist," said Uncle Ashdod, "and you can get one at the ten cent store for a nickel any day, and the price they asked for it was a dollar an' seventy five cents. Yes, sir! And cream and a slice of cake no thicker'n my hand!" "Thought you was talkin' about the Sally Ann," said Sim Perkins. "Sounds like a dandy. You get a lot of women holdin' a church fair aboard a ship with a pirate flag at the mast head



Fig. A. The Side Salute Requires Agility in Balancing.

Fig. B. Represents the Concluding Pose in the Russian Gavotte.

and gingham aprons marked a dollar apiece—" said Sim Perkins. "I told ye! Women can't do men's work. Set out to be pirates and turned out to be a church fair. What kind of pirates is a lot of women runnin' a church fair?" "Fierce ones," said Uncle Ashdod. "Fierce ones?" said Sim Perkins. "That's all right," said Sim Perkins, "but church fairs ain't pirate ships, to my way of thinkin'. That's the way this whole woman business is. Give 'em a chance and in little while they'd be runnin' all the pirate ships and turnin' 'em all into church fairs. 'What we do for pirate ships then?' 'Well, maybe,' said Uncle Ashdod, cheerfully, "we could manage to worry along 'bout any."

Marshall Field's Rise

From Clerk at Small Salary, He Becomes Greatest of World's Merchant Princes. By Madison C. Peters

MARSHALL FIELD, the wonderful genius of the mercantile world, was born at Conway, Mass., on Aug. 18, 1832, of parents in very humble circumstances. His father was a small farmer and the portion of land he held was, for the greater part, so unproductive that he had a hard time in wresting a meager living from it. But he was a man of dogged will who toiled unceasingly. The Fields for a long time had been settled in Massachusetts, the first of

them coming over with the Puritans, but they were not of English, but of Norman origin. Normandy, in France, was settled by the Normans and there we can trace the Field family as far back as the beginning of the 10th century. The American pioneers had to struggle in the new country and, as far as can be ascertained, none of them rose above the rank of farmer until Marshall Field broke away from tilling the soil and carved out for himself a path which led to great wealth and influence. Marshall had received only a common education and showed no superior talents as a student. At 17 he prevailed upon his father to let him go to Pittsfield to become a clerk in a dry good store in that town. His salary was a few dollars a week, but he managed to save a trifle every week. He remained almost four years in the Pittsfield store, mastering every detail of the business. On attaining his majority in 1854 he went to Chicago, where he had the good fortune to obtain employment in the firm of Cooly, Wadsworth & Co., one of the pioneer mercantile houses of the young city. From the beginning he displayed a perfect genius for the business and was soon the favorite of his employers, who raised him from time to time. In 1859 he had enough saved to enable him to purchase a partnership in the firm of Field, Leiter & Co., the company being Field, Leiter on Cooly retired and the concern was carried on as Farwell, Field & Co. This partnership was dissolved in 1865 when Field combined with Levi Z. Leiter and both sold out their interests to Farwell, joining Porter Palmer and forming the great house of Field, Palmer and Leiter. Two years later Mr. Palmer got out and the business which had, by this

time, assumed vast proportions was conducted until 1881 under the firm name of Field, Leiter & Co. At that date Mr. Field purchased Mr. Leiter's interest and since then the establishment has been continued as Marshall Field & Co.

Because Merchant Prince. On Leiter's retirement Field became the merchant prince of the world his house standing far ahead of any other similar institution in existence. Prior to the great fire the sales of the concern, of which Field was the head, amounted to \$12,000,000 a year. Through the fire the losses entailed on the firm amounted to \$2,000,000. When the city was rebuilt business steadily increased until the mammoth establishment was turning over \$30,000,000 annually. The old building was replaced by a huge granite edifice covering an entire block and making it the largest mercantile store on earth. In addition to the Chicago house it opened branches in England, France, Germany and Japan and the importations came from every land beneath the sun. Field died in New York on January 18, 1906, one of the leading multimillionaires of the world. He was a large-hearted man who gave of his enormous wealth liberally to many worthy causes. His greatest gift to the public was the Field Columbian Museum which cost \$1,000,000 and was created for the purpose of housing the wonderful exhibits of the Chicago World's Fair. He bestowed large sums on the Chicago University and he endowed a public library in his native town of Conway, at a cost of \$200,000, to perpetuate the memory of his mother, Fiedella Nash, who was the daughter of a poor New England farmer.

(Articles by this noted writer are regular features of The El Paso Herald.)