

THE ALBUQUERQUE CITIZEN
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THE GALLED JADE

Of all the low, mean, contemptible, cowardly, malicious lying that the editor of The Citizen has been unfortunate enough to encounter in his twenty years of newspaper experience in New Mexico, he is compelled to assign the deepest depths of infamy to an editorial in this morning's issue of the Journal. In the days when honesty of utterance was as urgently required as any other honesty, a malicious rogue uttering such slander as that which the morning paper contained would have suffered the loss of his ears.

The Bank of Commerce has no connection with The Evening Citizen whatever and W. H. Andrews is not interested in it to the extent of a single penny. Both of these facts were well known to the morning paper at the time it maliciously attempted to insinuate to the contrary.

That The Citizen is a doubtful business or a "hole" in which money may be poured, is abundantly answered by the fact that it started about nineteen years ago without backing other than brains, industry and experience, that it has always paid its own way, and that today it owns an office thoroughly equipped in all departments, has a credit which is gilt-edged, and publishes the largest and best paper in the territory. On the other hand, since the Democrat passed into the possession of the Grant estate with a fairly good office, it is understood to have lost under novice, incompetent and unreliable management—more money than the whole thing is now worth.

Why did the morning paper perpetrate these malicious lies? The answer is easy. Having started a senseless attack on The Citizen the morning paper found itself so hard pressed in the conflict that, like the wasp, it used its venomous sting for lack of brains to defend itself. As a morning paper it cannot get the current news of the day. It is compelled to rehash that of the day before. It also cannot obtain other excellent features of service which The Citizen daily and exclusively offers its readers. Maddened by its inferiority as exposed by The Citizen—which expose it brought upon itself by its untruthful assaults on this paper—the Journal flung decency, honor, discretion and even common sense to the winds, and made its enraged attack, the malicious purpose of which is plain to every reader. The well known character of the Journal, fortunately, made the design of the article of no more avail than a waft of odor from its own cesspool.

PERSECUTION OF JEWS

Today the Jews of the United States began celebrating the 250th anniversary of their first settlement in America. That event, originating in the persecution of the Jews in that day, and its observance now falling almost simultaneously with the horrors of death and ruin so recently inflicted upon the same people in Russia, naturally calls to public attention the fact that the Jews have been a persecuted race almost from time immemorial.

The Denver Republican, the other day, said that "the atrocities committed against the Jews in Russia are shocking all that is noblest in Christendom. But there is nothing unique in these atrocities, for the persecution of the Jew is a blot that stains history for nearly 1900 years."

The Republican is altogether out in its dates. When the Jew first appears in profane history, he was in deplorable condition in Egypt, persecuted because he multiplied and thrived, and reduced to servitude as a hewer of wood and drawer of water, a part of his task being to make brick without straw.

At the very birth of Christianity, he was hated and persecuted by the Romans, and one of the chief causes of the early persecutions of the Christians was because they were considered and treated as Jews.

The Republican is eminently correct, however, when it says that in the middle ages it was almost as much as a man's life was worth to be a Jew. No nobility of character spared him. He was a Jew, and that was enough. To inflict torture or even take his life was no crime. He was accused of all sorts of high crimes and misdemeanors, which every enlightened man of today knows that he never committed, yet the accusation had its due effect in prejudicing the minds of the people, and the prejudice has not yet quite worn away.

There is even now a prejudice against the Jew which is based upon nothing reasonable. One is often told that he is clannish, that he does not mix freely with other people, that he is an alien to the thought of the modern world. But not one of these statements is true. What is called clannishness is the fruit of persecution and social ostracism, and nothing more. He would willingly associate with other people if social barriers were leveled. To say that he is an alien to modern thought is ridiculously untrue, for much of modern thought is the product of Jewish thinkers and scholars.

Where does modern scientific philosophy begin if not with Spinoza? And Spinoza was a Jew. There is hardly a large university in the world that does not have learned Jews on its faculty. Take Lord Beaconsfield out of the nineteenth century and there would be a big gap in English history. Everyone knows that Lord Beaconsfield was a Jew. Where do we hear a higher ethical note in this day and generation than in the preaching of Professor Felix Adler of New York, or Dr. Hirsch of Chicago? The majority of the Jews in this country are saturated with modern thought.

The Jew is one of the great idealistic forces of the world. The Bible that rests upon every pulpit desk in Christendom, the Bible from which the Christian preacher takes his text, came from the Jews. Jesus was a Jew. And so were Paul and the other early apostles of the Man of Nazareth. The fourth Gospel may not have been written by the Jewish John, it may have been written by the Greek presbyter of the same name, but the logos theory of the proem to that Gospel was derived from the great Jewish philosopher, Philo, of Alexandria.

These things ought to be borne in mind, and they would be if we were able to get beyond the shallowness which hanks the bulk of our so-called thinking.

New Mexican: The acceptance by Hon. Solomon Luna of the presidency of the Territorial Fair Association at Albuquerque augurs well for its future. It will tend to lift the annual hurrah at the Duke City from a merely local sporting event with the accent on the "sporting," to a territorial exhibit of agricultural, horticultural, manufacturing and other products which will be of much consequence in advertising the territory's resources rather than its wickedness. Mr. Luna will certainly prove the right man in the right place in this matter and his success will give him a life clutch on the honor.

Speaking of "Lead, Kindly Light," Rev. Mr. Patterson of Indiana, a member of the United Presbyterian synodical convention, seeking to dispose of the sweet old hymn, favorite in college chapels, inspiration to the young, balm to the aged, joy to the living, consolation of the dying and requiem for the dead, is represented as saying: "This song may mean anything that any man chooses to make it mean, be it Christian, Panteist or Buddhist." The same may be said of the Lord's Prayer, which the representatives of all lands united in repeating at the World's Parliament of Religions at Chicago. Shall we therefore give up this sublime and most unequalled of all prayers? Rather let us rejoice that behind the clouds of creeds and dogmas and tenets, there is one grand hymn and one inimitable prayer, in which every child of man may approach the one undivided father.

Compiled Entirely For Family Reading

Talking as a Wasteful Dissipation.
A great many women have the idea that nature made them to talk incessantly, and to be utterly irresponsible for what they say. It is true that man speaks with "three tongues—the word, the tone and the gesture—and that the word is the least to be trusted of the trinity." But this is no excuse for careless utterance. On the contrary, it is so difficult to express one's shade of feeling or knowledge in words that each of them should be watched. Most people talk too much, and most women are at one time and another brought to realize that, through misplaced and unnecessary confidences, they have harmed their own good cause. But they seldom profit by experience.

Talking seems to be almost a physiological necessity to some women, and consequently the importance of the uttered word cannot be too strongly impressed or over-estimated by them. A child was cured of hasty and careless talk amounting to untruth by having the idea impressed on his mind that each of his words floated on to eternity, and he was so awed by the thought of what he was sending forth into the universe that he soon spoke less and with more care. Too much talk is a barrier to development. Character is built in the silence of self-communion or in the heat of action, never through mere talk.

The woman who wishes her deeds to speak for her must cease to speak of her deeds. Talk fritters away her mental strength. The tongue glides on smoothly, while the brain ceases to work and only listens to the tinkling chatter. If you have a firm purpose in life, a conviction or an ambition, don't talk about it to every newcomer. The idea or the purpose loses strength by doing this. Watch out for those who are really interested. It is the same way in business. Don't talk about your business with those who are not genuinely and sympathetically interested. You will gain nothing by talking to the casual acquaintance; on the contrary, some part of your pet scheme will be given to the world, some part of your strength will be expended without profit.

The woman who impulsively gives her confidence to those whom she secretly does not trust need not blame any one but herself if her secrets are betrayed. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." When our words show a sad emptiness of heart we are only too glad to excuse ourselves, pleading "Just moods," or "Just talks," but, as Confucius says: "Four horses cannot overtake the tongue, and men trip, not on mountains, but on athills—and on words."—Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

The Smart Set in New York.
But to revert to the daily routine of the town house. Tea is regularly served at 5 o'clock. And to people whom the hostess does not wish to receive she blandly says, "You will find me in any day from 5 to 6 o'clock," and goes her own sweet way for a drive or to an afternoon musicale. To those whom she really wishes to see she will say, "Drop in on Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock for a cup of tea," but issues no cards to that effect. Evening calling has gone out of fashion. Some complain that the change makes life unsocial. It does for straying aspirants whom the smart set does not care to receive. Of an evening a modish woman, as likely as not, will don a negligee gown after dinner, if at home, and deny herself to all callers, for in the season she is supposed to be giving a dinner, or attending one, or going to the opera or the play. Of the opera she invariably cuts the first act, for she must be supposed to have dined fashionably. There is no greater social desideratum than to be the fortunate possessor of a parterre box at the opera. But it is better to occupy orchestra chairs down in the parquet than to be cyanoines in a box in the "grand tier," above the parterre boxes, for that is looked upon as simply aping the real thing. The smart set is admirably clever in various ways, but as a rule densely ignorant about music. On the other hand, the amount of erudition numbers of them have about pictures, architecture, house decorating and furnishing, and even about landscape gardening, is at times surprising. But music is the most ideal and spiritual of fine arts, as Hegel truly observed. And many a member of the ultra-smart set is anything but ideal and spiritual. The talk is largely about stocks, horses and the things that money will buy.—One of the Four Hundred in the Independent.

Some Advice to Parents.
Eternal vigilance is the price of decency. Have Albuquerque parents looked into the "Raffles" stories which are so popular at this time? When read by those of mature character these stories are merely fascinating; when read by mere boys they may be dangerous. "Raffles" is a gentlemanly acting thief. He is an athlete, is well educated, a careful dresser and lives in great luxury on the proceeds of his crime. He is no common swagging ruffian. He has every quality that appeals to boy nature. He is brave, cool in danger, fertile in resource and has the graces and manners of a Chesterfield. The English writer who has created "Raffles" has invested him with great charm. He makes thievery attractive. He glids vice. That is bad. It is not only immoral to dress immorally in the guise of decency, it is dangerous. If a boy reads this stuff, which has so great a vogue that it is being featured by a leading magazine, who knows what effect it may have upon his future? Parents know human nature and its fallings better than the boy does, know the effect of disguised poison, know that stirring life to the young has a glamour and glitter that is lost upon the mature, know how alluring may be the call to the forbidden. It is therefore the duty of parents to protect the boys.

It is decidedly alarming when the magazine on your center table features such a vicious invitation to crime as "How to Hold Up a Train" and puts up the thief, "Raffles," as a paragon of bravery and tact.

If "Raffles" is in reach of the boy of any reader of The Citizen's advice is to bundle it up with other literary trash and burn it.

Wonderland Windows for Juvenile Eyes.
When the window dresser robs the treasure house of its wonderful jungle animals, its marvelous mechanical toys, its miniature men and women that walk and talk, and places them on display behind the big plate glass windows, he has opened the portals of Wonderland to the little men and women whose nightly visions are filled with galloping reindeers drawing a sled containing a portly old gentleman with a toy-filled sack on his back. He has taken young America by the hand and led him into the vestibule of the house of mysteries, where all the toys that delight the childish heart are kept in heaping piles.

There are countless boys and girls in all the large cities, and a few in almost all towns, whose little hearts will yearn to possess just one of these toys, whose only yuletide happiness will be to go with father or mother on Saturday night or Sunday afternoon for a walk through the shopping district, with its big buildings that make timid little souls afraid. And these smudgy youngsters will flatten their noses against the window panes and with hungry eyes devour the bewildering array of toys arranged in symmetrical profusion before them. All the longing of their ardent natures will surge through their little bodies, but the joys of being able to behold these wonderful things will linger in their memories and make brighter the gloomy days that travel in unbroken succession for them.

Belief in witchcraft still prevails among the Papago Indians of Arizona. They believe that members of their tribe who are witches do all manner of evil things. It was this belief that led to a murder at Covered Wells, about seventy-five miles from Tucson several months ago. This is not surprising when in the English colonies new called states and then considered civilized, witches were drowned or burned; and when at this very day there is in the heart of England a man claiming to be the messiah, living in luxury with his wife and forty concubines—rich women who have been converted to his faith.

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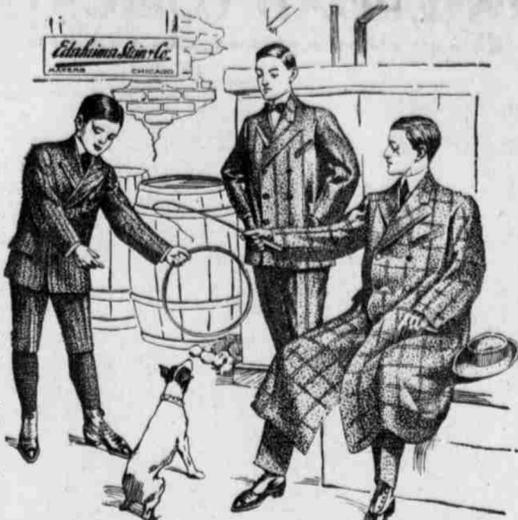
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