

The ALBUQUERQUE EVENING CITIZEN

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FINELY EQUIPPED JOB DEPARTMENT.
BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN THE SOUTHWEST.
LEADING REPUBLICAN PAPER IN NEW MEXICO.
BOOSTING ALBUQUERQUE AND THE SOUTHWEST.
REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES AND THE "SQUARE DEAL."
ASSOCIATED PRESS REPORT AND AUXILIARY NEWS SERVICE.

Who Would Be Little Alfonso?

At last the hovering stork has alighted at the royal home of Spain's King. An heir to the throne has been born. A boy who will be named Alfonso. Poor little kid. What misery is his. Verily, his days are full of trouble. He entered life surrounded by all the wealth and refinement of a kingdom—the son of a monarch and the heir apparent to the throne.

Who would be little Alfonso? Certainly no American youth. From the hour his first baby wail resounded in the royal chamber until the end—whatever that may be—he is bound hand and foot as never a prison bound a convict.

Just compare him with the lively, devilish, natural care-free boy of Albuquerque.

Little Alf can never know the first great birthright of boyhood—the joys of going barefoot "with the other kids." He can't go swimming. He can't whistle through his teeth—it wouldn't be courtly. He can't play hooky or smoke sage cigarettes behind the barn. He can't hunt bird nests or go fishing.

He will never know the joys of earning a ticket to the circus by carrying water for the elephant or the ecstasies of red lemonade and all-day suckers. He will never earn an independent right to a glass of soda water at the nearest drug store by mowing the lawn and carrying off the grass to the old family horse in the stable yard.

He can never own for his very own, a flea-bitten, lop eared dog named Fido, who will love him with unflinching devotion.

Little King Alfonso will never experience the awful sensation of stubbing his toe. If he does he will not be able to cautiously unwrap the wounded member to show it to an awe struck crowd of "the kids."

He can't play hide-and-seek or pull the girls' hair.

He will never be able to experiment with a horsehair by putting it into water to watch it turn into a snake.

He can never be the clown in a circus, where the absolute minimum admission is five pins—reserved seats, two pins extra.

He can never go hunting and see Fido "pretty nigh ketch a cottontail."

He will never experience the awful throbs of jealousy at "that party" when that "other kid" won all the smiles of the pretty little girl, and he will never know the sweet joy of revenge "of lickin' that other kid" on the road home and winning the pretty little girl.

These are only some of the things poor little Alfonso will miss.

And what is his reward?

He will be reared as becomes the heir to the throne—in the stiff, unbending atmosphere of a fast disappearing royalty. He can't go out without a regiment of soldiers and a bomb protector. He made his first appearance to the world on a platter of gold borne among "his subjects" in the arms of his father. "His subjects!" What mockery lies in those words. While bearing the outward aspects of the ruler—if the little king lives—he will trudge in private to the politicians of his kingdom or pay the price. Verily, trouble is his birthright.

But the king is born—long live the king! Que vive Alfonso!

But the American "kid" will continue to enjoy the blessings that are his and envy not the heir apparent to the throne in the land across the sea.

A Kansas City fireman the other day rescued a woman at the risk of his life, bringing her down safely on a pomper ladder from a fifth story window. That the fireman, while in the performance of his plain duty was a hero, there can be no doubt. Of the several hundred men grouped about the building, shouting, shoving and crowding, he of the lot, together with his brave companions, could save the woman's life. The fireman draws a monthly salary of \$50. Other city safeguards in Kansas City cost annually several thousand times what the fireman cost. It is about time the municipality was awakening to the true worth of its firemen and placing them upon a salary basis commensurate with their noble service, instead of indulging in the following harmless but futile praise as does the Kansas City Times: "All praise to the firemen of Kansas City! Soldiers of the common good! Heroes by the right of daily deeds of peril and valor! Knights without titles or decorations, who battle constantly with danger and who face death without shrinking, in the performance of duty! Servants of humanity whose noble task it is to rescue their fellow creatures from fiery ruin and bear them forth from the wrath of smoke and flame! All honor to the firemen of Kansas City! Let their praise be in the gates! Let them be held by the municipality and by all of the people in the lofty appreciation which their magnificent service perpetually invites!"

It is a safe bet that the cup of joy for the University graduates is brimming and then some. There is nothing makes the student prouder than a chance to graduate before parents and friends at the end of several years of hard drudging in the sphere of learning. There are many days of graduation for every one in this life but the day of days, is the graduation from school.

Recently the city council of Topeka, Kansas, passed a stringent dog tax ordinance. In commenting thereon, the Topeka Capital says: "A citizen of Topeka says that as he came down town Tuesday morning he saw two big dogs on a front porch looking over the council proceedings in the Capitol, and when they saw him they deliberately came out on the sidewalk and pushed him off into the mud."

Louis Brennan, inventor of the English Brennan torpedo, has now invented a new railway car which will run on one rail and cannot be wrecked. Mr. Brennan would confer considerable upon society by first inventing a railway car that would run on two rails without being wrecked.

And now it is up to the irrepressible rural weekly to appear with something about like this: "King Alfonso is wearing the smile that won't come off. He's the father of a bouncing baby boy. Mother and child are doing well. The cigars are on you, Alf."

Another fake prize fight was just pulled off. The more fake fights there are the better. It may take time but the sporting element will gradually catch on and thus another blot on civilization will be eventually wiped out.

The new chief of the Bureau of Corporations seems to tackle Standard Oil with the enthusiasm of his predecessor. This may yet become a government of the Standard Oil Co., by the people, for the people.

"Uncle Joe Cannon recently designated a certain person as a 'damned fool.' Had it been Teddy, he would have used two very similar words each much more expressive. Teddy doesn't do things by halves, that way."

The Albuquerque boarding housekeepers will doubtless greet with great joy the announcement that while the cost of living has greatly increased, prunes still sell at the same old figure.

Hill stones in Missouri reported as large as hens' eggs. It's a good thing those Missouri correspondents aren't aware of the existence of the more bulky product of the ostrich.

There is no use in attempting to make the Meyer-Haywood trial as big a sensation as the Thaw trial. There appears to be no unwritten law, no brain storm and no dementia Americana.

While the recent cold wave in the Middle West has injured the crops, it also wrought another calamity which has nearly been overlooked—it's too cold for base ball.

The profound mystery that attaches itself to homicides these days indicates that murder is not only reluctant to out, but generally succeeds in staying in.

A Lake Erie fishing club has sold its outfit because the members have grown too old to hunt and fish. One Grover Cleveland evidently is no a member.

With earthquakes, municipal scandals and strikes, San Francisco will at least make itself the best advertised city in the United States anyhow.

And how the heart of the Albuquerque youth longs for time to fly. Vacation will soon be at hand and school books can be forgotten.

Ellen Terry, 59, has married her third husband, aged 26. Lillian Russell should gracefully yield the belt.

Hotel rates at The Hague have been sent sky high. Perhaps war would be less costly after all.

THE CUB'S CORNER

A Word From Bill Folger.

Every man is different from all the others—till he's married.

Of course, if Taft should be nominated, the campaign that would be a Panama.

"In referring to the republican party, shall I speak of it as it or they?" asked the Cub reporter.

"If you are referring to the republican party in Texas, speak of it as he," answered the editor.

Chauncey M. Depew has just celebrated his seventy-third birthday. He had to celebrate it. Nobody else would.

One hundred Filipinos bound for the Jamestown exposition have reached San Francisco. They might do for the Ruff Jury.

"Ain't at Home."

Often, when Good Times knock at the door, some of us think it may be the sheriff, and we holler: "Ain't at home!"

"Is that all of the story?"

"That's all."

"But I suppose, then, they married and lived happily ever after."

"No. Then they married."

The barber shops in East St. Louis are closed on Sunday, but the saloons are open. Thus, while a man cannot be shaved on that day, he can get skinned.

Uncle John Has a Conscience.

Uncle John Cogwell: "I never feel just right when I owe for my paper. I think every item in the paper has something to say about delinquents, and that they are gotten up especially for my benefit. So you can just mark me up to 1908 and I can rest easy."—Orleans (Ind.) Progress.

Bridge Whist.

They were playing bridge at midnight when the clock was striking the hour. They still played bridge in the morning. When the clock was striking four. And some lost more than they ought to. And some quite a neat sum won; And they hated the sight of each other—

O, isn't it lots of fun?

Handed Him a Lemon.

This is the story on an Albuquerque young man, that is going the rounds: He was dancing with the "pretty young thing" whom he had just met. He wanted to say something as they danced, so he started:

"It's a fine floor, isn't it—smooth as glass?" he began.

The young lady smiled pleasantly then replied:

"Well if it is, why don't you dance on the floor—my feet are very tender."

"Say, paw," said an Albuquerque boy.

"Yes, son."

"D'you mind takin' this switch an' givin' me a first-class lickin'?"

"Why, son, have you done something for which you should be punished?"

"No; but I'm goin' to run off from school 'tomorrow an' go fishin', an' I thought I'd come 'n' you first an' have 'n' lickin' over with. Then I won't have any of 'n' fun spoiled when I'm sittin' on 'n' bank by thinkin' 'n' what I'll get at night."

"Everytrade has its tricks," said H. K. Adair, the western detective, in Cedar Rapids. "My trade requires a lot of acute reasoning. It is like the dream diviner's." He smiled.

"Why, son, have you done something in great excitement. He had dreamed of his dead sweetheart the night before, and there had been a figure 5 on each of her cheeks. Didn't this signify that he should play 55 in the lottery?"

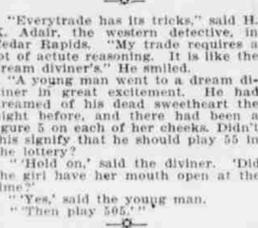
"Hold on," said the diviner. "Did the girl have her mouth open at the time?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"Then play 55."

ROSCOE, THE ROOSTER.

IN FULL CRY AFTER SUSPECT.



(To be continued.)

Where To Worship

Immaculate Conception Church—Early mass at 7; high mass and sermon, 9:30; evening service at 7:30.

St. John's Episcopal Church—Silver avenue and Fourth street. Sunday school, 10 a. m. Morning service, 11 o'clock. No evening service.

Highland St. E. Church, South—318 South Arno street. 11 a. m., sermon by pastor, G. B. Holliday, 7 p. m., Epworth League meeting, 5 p. m., sermon by the pastor.

First Baptist Church—Corner of Broadway and Lead. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. B. Y. P. U. at 7:15 p. m. Union preaching services morning and evening at Congregational church.

Christian Science services Sunday at 11 a. m., at room 25, Grant building, corner Railroad avenue and Third street. Subject "Mortals and Immortals." Sunday school at 10 a. m. Wednesday evening meeting at 8 p. m. Reading room open daily from 2 to 4 p. m.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church—Corner Sixth street and Silver avenue. Rev. Ernest Moser, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; morning worship with German sermon at 11 o'clock; English service and sermon at 8 p. m. You are most cordially invited.

First Presbyterian Church—Corner Fifth and Silver avenue. Hugh A. Cooper, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Morning subject: "The Sabbath and the Home." Evening subject: "Andrew, Simon Peter's Brother."

Congregational Church—Corner of Broadway and Coal avenue. Regular church services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Rev. Wilson J. Marsh, pastor. Strangers welcome. Morning Service. Quartet. Soprano Solo—"Jesus Lover of My Soul." Mrs. M. C. Smith Quartet—"My Prayer." Subject of sermon: "Building and Builders." Evening Service.

First Methodist Episcopal Church—Rev. J. C. Rollins, D. D., pastor. The Sunday school meets at 9:45. Strangers welcome. Morning worship at 11 a. m. Epworth League at 7 o'clock. Evening service at 8. The church is situated on the corner of Lead avenue and south Third street. The following is the order for the day: Morning Worship. Organ Prelude. Hymn—"Safely Through Another Week." Apostles' Creed—All uniting. Gloria Patri. Responsive Reading—Nineteenth Sunday. Anthem—"Sweet is Thy Mercy." Morning Lesson. Organ Response. Baritone Solo—"There is a Land." Mr. R. C. Harlow. Offertory. Hymn—"Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned." Sermon—"A Fallacious Argument." The pastor. Hymn—"How Gentle God's Command." Benediction. Postlude. Evening Service. Organ Prelude. Praise Service. Baritone Solo—"Courage." Patrie. Mr. R. C. Harlow. Responsive Reading. Prayer. Anthem by the choir. Address by the pastor. Vocal Solo—"The Night Banquet in Babylon." Mrs. S. B. Miller. Hymn. Benediction. Organ Postlude.

Best couches, felt mattresses, child's folding chairs, chiffoniers, cots and book cases are among the new arrivals for the week at Fretelle's Furniture Emporium, corner Second street and Coal avenue.

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