

EL PASO HERALD

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MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS PUBLISHERS' ASSOC. Entered at the Postoffice in El Paso, Tex., as Second Class matter.

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not go unopposed.

The Daily Herald is issued six days a week and the Weekly Herald is published every Thursday, at El Paso, Texas; and the Sunday Mail Edition is also sent to Weekly Subscribers.

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No. 97 The Herald Secretary.

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UNCLE WALTS' Denatured Poem

IT WAS the steenth of August, the day was close and warm; I stepped into a schoolhouse to watch the kids perform; and I had sticks of candy and other treasures rare, to hand out to the children whose showing was most fair.

IGNORANCE: "What town in Asia Minor is on the Irish Sea?" "A farmer has three horses; of one he is bereft; two others are impounded—how many has he left?" "If forty thousand tigers, in just half a day, will drink ten tons of water and eat ten stacks of hay, how many one-eyed soldiers would build five miles of fence, when eggs and rotten apples sold at fifteen cents?"

Copyright, 1910, by George Marchess Adams. One's Name

"Sass For the Goose Is Seasonin' For the Gander" By Kenneth Harris

WOMEN'S rights is all poppycock, declared old man Somarindyk to the store clerk. "They've got all the rights that a good for 'em as it is. They've got the right to get all they kin an' holler for more, an' that's all we got."

"That's so," approved the storekeeper. "They've got a right to tell a man right out in meetin' jest how little they think of him in jest as many words as they take a notion to say to a man. If I done that I'd get my face slapped to start with."

"You sure would, if it's me you're a-thinkin' of," agreed Washington Hancock. "I b'lieve myself that sass for the goose is right good seasonin' for the gander," he continued.

"That's my idea," said Baker. "An' 'other way about," grinned Hancock. "That's what Letitia Brown told Ben Atwater. I reckon you'll never hear about that? It was this-a-way: Letty an' Ben got married, an' it wasn't but a week or two afore she noticed that he was right sorry he hadn't took somebody else 'said of her, an' that she wasn't no more than the dirt under his feet, an' a few more things like that, which women has a habit o' noticin' when they ain't there."

"What makes you think I don't love you no more than sweetest?" says Ben. "Is it—dud burn my keelless hide! Did I forget to fill that wood box?"

"Come back here," says Letty, as he was stamin' for the kitchen. "The wood box is plumb full, an' tain't nothin' that kin any way. It's—it's—you hain't took me buggy ridin' for three nights, an' when I said you ought to take a bump out to the woods with you, 'stid o' walkin' all the way home at noon, you done took the lurch an' you never come home till mighty near sundown. Now, you hain't willin' to take me to town this evenin'."

Newspapers Of Germany Are Controlled By The Government

By Frederic J. Haskin. XXI.—THE GERMAN ADVANCE.

BERLIN, Germany, Aug. 25.—German newspapers more frankly and more directly attempt to influence public opinion than do the newspapers of America or Great Britain. But as the German press is not free, and as it is used for the dissemination of inspired political intelligence, both by the government and by other interests, the result is that the German newspapers fail to wield any considerable power in public affairs.

With two or three notable and brilliant exceptions the German newspapers are not what Americans would consider newspapers at all. They would fall rather in the classification of publicity campaign circulars. The average German daily even in the larger cities contains little more than long discursive editorials. It prints such news as may be contained in official bulletins emanating from local government officers, such telegrams as there may be room for when all the editorials are in, but never by any chance does it endeavor to reflect the opinion of the community, nor to explain by "writing up" any news item it may publish.

The German newspapers may be divided roughly into three classes—the semi-official, directly inspired by the government; the quasi-independent papers which pretend to be unbiased but which are guided altogether by hints from government officials; and the independent press, each paper of which usually is the particular organ of some special political faction or business interest in the country in the world, with the possible exception of daylight. In the afternoon the girl came back—alone.

"What do I know," she growled. "I was sleep last night. He wanted to play about the room, so I boxed his ears and he ran into the woods. I thought, of course, he had run home. "Of course," said Seppel, raising his hand. "Of course, you ought to have had your ears boxed. Get some dry things on and let us go, and look for him."

"I am tired and sleepy. I do not want to go. You can look for him your trip to Boston." She left. Seppel looked after her, smothered an oath, picked up his cane and cap and walked up the mountain road. With a couple of woodchoppers he searched the dark woods for hours, which he finally found the boy. He had dug himself into the moss. His limbs were trembling with cold and with the horrors of the past night spent alone in the terrible woods—and he was still shivering. His eyes were glassy and staring. He had lost the power of speech and never recovered it.

Seppel grieved himself to death in a few moments. The mother had disappeared. Tavis had got his "trottel."

Robert Jolly, who is to have charge of the music in the Baptist revival which begins next Sunday, arrived in the city yesterday and will hold a choir rehearsal tonight at the Houston Square Baptist church. The choir from both the churches uniting in the meeting will be present and will prepare music for the meeting.

Abe Martin

By Frederic J. Haskin.

Japan, does the government make such widespread use of the press in court-judging public favor and in propitiating popular anger.

This has been in a systematic manner, using the columns of every paper he could command, which was all of them, for the dissemination of his views on domestic matters. After the war with France and the formation of the empire, Bismarck concentrated his efforts to control editorial expressions on subjects with foreign affairs. His activities in this direction were not confined solely to Germany, but their headquarters to Paris, London, St. Petersburg and all the principal European cities charged with the duty of influencing press comments on German affairs in a fashion favorable to Bismarck's designs. This foreign press bureau still exists as the department of the German foreign office.

Bismarck's Official Journal. Bismarck's personal organ was the North German Gazette, which pretended to be an independent journal, but which was Bismarck himself said, "presented me daily with a white sheet of paper," upon which the chancellor might write what he pleased. That paper still remains the chief among the inspired, semi-official journals of the empire, although its character is now so well known that it is quite thoroughly discredited. Sometimes even this paper is snubbed by the government. It will print one day an editorial sent to it

A. D. Goldenberry, of Las Cruces, is in town. Otto Kayser left today on a trip to the Pacific coast. Dr. Van Cleve returned last night from a trip to Silver City. J. R. Enlow left this morning on a trip to Boston. Miss E. B. Meekins returned this morning from a trip to Guadalupe. A. E. Robinson, president of the Mexican Central, passed through today on a trip to Boston. Miss Junker, who has been visiting in the city for the past year, has returned to her home in Chicago. Miss Lyons, teacher in the primary department of the public schools, has returned from a trip to the lakes of Wisconsin. The T. & P. pay car arrived yesterday. Col. Masten will return from a visit to Phoenix next Thursday. There is a stagnant pool of water on East Overland street across from the Tribune office that is likely to breed disease. Col. James Marr is making extensive repairs in his South Campbell street residence. The Trinity Methodists, who have undertaken to do missionary work on Utah street, find large and decently behaved audiences ready to listen. A platform has been set up near the red light, and an organ has been provided, also lanterns, and the daisy denizens of that unrighteous locality have been given to understand that there are hopes for them.

Custom house officers raided the Chinese quarters at 3 p. m. today. A fruitless search was made for contraband Chinamen and opium. The Browns returned last evening after having taken two games from Silver City. Thieves robbed the Bonanza saloon last night. No arrests have been made. Professor Murphy has received word of the death of his brother-in-law, Rev. J. E. R. Smith, pastor of the A. M. E. church in New York. Work has begun today on the bicycle path from the foot of Government hill to the county road. The first of the series of hand concerts over the river will be given next Thursday night. The school regulations this year will prevent teachers from going to parties, theatrical performances and other entertainments except on Friday and Saturday nights. Metal market: Silver, 66 3/8c; lead, \$2.50; copper, 19 3/4c; Mexican pesos, El Paso, 53c; Juarez, 53c.

"Sexton," said Bessie, pointing out the jail, "I've got a steady in the jug, and they'll execute him when you give the dingdong. Can't you cut it out for tonight?"

"Bessie," calmly said the sexton, "I've rang that there bell for years and never failed to collect my 50 cents a day. I'm out of tobacco and I'll have to fiddle it up tonight as usual. Curfew, girl, must ring tonight." Pale as a sheet, Bessie beat it for the church tower and climbed up the dusty ladder, although she had on a light skirt, and all the way she kept muttering to herself, "Curfew shall not ring tonight" and "There are no mice here—there are no mice here—don't be afraid, silly." When she got to the top of the ladder Bessie saw the tongue of the bell swinging, and, hastily taking a rat from her hair, she wound it around the clapper, which was thus rendered noiseless. To deceive the poor old sexton, Bessie, when the silent clapper hit the bell, would cry "Ding!" Cromwell, about whom Theodore Roosevelt wrote a book, came over the hills, and Bessie hurried to con him into letting her friend out of the jug. Just what Cromwell said to the sexton, however, has never been recorded, probably for sufficient reasons.

Maud Muller one day—you might guess it was a summer day, since she was raking hay—was out in a meadow wearing a torn hat, but she didn't care much about her dress, and kept on singing, "Any young chap that's a wealthy young chap is the right young fellow for me." But when she looked up and saw the tower of the Singer building in the distance she said, "Gee, but it's lonesome on Staten Island. I'd like to go to Coney or a moving picture show." The judge came along in his auto and asked Maud for a cup of water, and they had a long chat on the weather. The judge said it looked like rain, and Maud agreed that it might rain some before night and did the judge ever see such a summer, and the judge said no, he had never seen such a summer. Then the judge, after exhausting the weather, cranked up his car and departed. Maud looked after him and said, "Gee, and he never even slipped me a dime for that drink." Climbing up the hill, the judge looked back and said to himself, "What a pippin!—but if I married her I'd have to raise the dickens." So he married an heiress, and Maud married a chump, and both of them often thought of the glass of water, and Maud of the dime she never got. "Pity 'em both, for the saddest thing you can say is, 'I could have grabbed it, but I didn't.'"

Menacing This City's Welfare

AT Muskogee, Okla., a contractor gambled away his earnings and some of his wife's savings, and then drank a bottle of carbolic acid and died in agony. Following his tragic death every saloon and gambling house in town was closed.

Such stories of human life used to be common in this city not many years ago, but the authorities never took steps to remove the cause until the citizens united and forced them to it. Today it would be impossible to find half a dozen respectable people who would favor a return to the old ways when the town was "wide open." Yet there are many who fail to realize the menace that lies in the keno games and racetrack gambling across the river.

It is declared by a man connected with the keno games that they take in more than \$500,000 gold a year, and the same authority asserts that 80 percent of the total (probably an underestimate) is contributed by El Pasoans, mainly wage workers who cannot afford their losses but have been infected with the deadly virus of gambling.

We may have our fight to make all over again, and under difficulties even more baffling than we had to face before, inasmuch as the operations now are in a foreign country. Every possible means should be used to stimulate public sentiment against both the gambling institutions across the river, and to keep our own people from throwing their money away over there.

This city cannot afford the drain, and there is no excuse for blindness to the evil that threatens.

The El Paso Fair will open October 29 with a big visiting show, and then there will be more than a week of entertainment and solid benefit. The exhibits will be larger and more varied than those at any other southwestern exposition, the prizes will be liberal, and the attendance should break all southwestern records.

Cloudcroft should and will become the favorite resort of east Texas. There is no reason why Cloudcroft cannot be made more attractive than any of the Colorado resorts. Nature is more favorable here than there. It is mainly a question of the interest El Pasoans show in improving, maintaining, and patronizing the resort. Cloudcroft is one of the most valuable assets El Paso and the Crpat Southwest have.

Nickerson, Hurley, Mudge, and Fox—all great names in the railroad world—and all began as telegraphers. The same opportunities—or better—are open today to every industrious, willing, capable, and ambitious worker. They tell of Hurley that he never looked at the clock except to remind himself of appointments; the idea of working a set number of hours for the money he drew never occurred to him.

A Texas man is preparing to use electricity in novel ways on a large scale on his farm. He will not only use the juice for power purposes, but he will string electric lights all over the place at close intervals, and expects that crops will grow faster and mature earlier than under natural lighting conditions; the electric lights will also, he believes, ward off frosts, and it is possible that semitropical products may be raised. The lamps will burn every night the year round, and two shifts of labor will be employed. This is intensive farming all right, but it remains to be seen whether Mother Nature will stand for these late hours or not.

Der Trottel

By Holzer Drachmann.

When the Schiltza river, after a hot day breathed coolness over the sloping banks, when the sun sent its last greeting through the valley, while in the east dark clouds gathered threatening around the mountain peaks, he usually came out like the cuckoo from a clock and sat down on the bench outside a low strawthatched house.

Here he would enjoy the cool breezes and the red glow of the setting sun, rubbing his fat legs with his hands and smiling through his clam-like, like, frog eyes, as if the whole world belonged to him. And then, if the children called him to give him a big copper coin the smile grew happier still. He stood up and trotted down the slope, his big shapely head nodding his thanks, while the clumsy hands did their best to obey the command of the will.

Below him the river was running and behind him the evening clouds were piling up against the mountain sides. Silhouetted against the stern landscape he stood there in the lazy rays of the sun, grotesque in his delight, freed from the ties of earthly woes by his ignorance and carelessness, happy as an animal that is being stroked by a friendly hand—happy as only an idiot can be.

The Herald's Daily Short Story

By Holzer Drachmann.

about to flirt with the pretty girl, and in the meantime the boy, who had been given to an old woman, was left to take care of himself. The old woman had a son, a cobbler by trade, and the cobbler had a tame blackbird that, like himself, whistled. Everybody liked the boy, who was bright and happy as a chipmunk, and the cobbler divided his love between the blackbird and the little man, "Jolly Seppel," as he was known, was a practical fellow and not the least sensible of his kind. Although he soon made up his mind that the pretty face of the boy's mother had taken him in too, he did not mind that she seemed to care now for one and now for another. Women are and always have been a riddle, he would say. When they love you, you must love them again but you must not expect miracles.

When he was told that the girl had fallen in love with the son of a farmer, he said, "Why shouldn't she? If she can catch that bird, it will be the most sensible thing she has ever done, but I believe he is too foxy for her." Then one afternoon she called for the boy. She wanted to take him along to a church festival in one of the mountain villages.

"Hadin't you better leave the boy here?" said Seppel, and looked at the blackbird sitting on top of its cage. "He will only be a bother to you, wherever you stay over night, and he is too small to find his way home alone if you lose him."

Two Famous Poems By Wex Jones

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