EL PASO HERALD

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No. 97 T. Bowman Secretary.

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Persons solicited to subscribe for The Herald should beware of imposters and should not pay money to anyone unless he can show that he is legally authorized by the El Paso Herald.

Magnetic Pole Of the Great Southwest

THAT'S El Paso—the magnetic pole of the Great Southwest—and its power of attraction is increasing at an enormous rate. A great discovery is being talked about in the east and north, among the big general advertisers; it is their own discovery of the Great Southwest! Many of the largest concerns manufacturing goods of general distribution, but hitherto advertised and pushed only moderately in this section, have picked the southwest for a big campaign in the immediate future. These men are as shrewd students of business conditions and regional possibilities as the business world knows, and when it is said that they have decided to carry on a campaign in the southwest, it means that they have studied all the fundamental facts of the situation and that they find conditions ripe for a long, persistent, and costly campaign with a view to thorough and permanent development of the field. The significance of this fact will be readily understood by every business man who himself realizes the value of well directed advertising.

Within the past few months the outlook for the development of vast oil and gas fields in this immediate section has brightened wonderfully. The Texas company alone has invested over $100,000 in the new field around Toyah, on the eastern border of El Paso county in Texas; at least half this vast sum has gone into actual development work, while the rest has been used to tie up lands which are believed to promise oil and gas. Half a dozen strong companies are prospecting in the field and taking up lands, and many independent operators and promoters are taking a lively interest in the oil situation. The existence of these oil fields has been known for a quarter century, but now for the first time the fields are sure to be thoroughly prospected and extensively developed if the results of the costly explorations justify the investment of the necessary millions.

A strong syndicate of mine capitalists has come into the New Mexico field with the determination to do what others have failed to do—develop the mines of refractory zinc-lead-copper ores, hitherto penalized at the smelters and deemed unprofitable, even though they assayed large values. This syndicate controls certain new and valuable German patents and will spend fortunes in proving out the new process of reduction upon the refractory ores of the new state. The importance of this bit of news needs no emphasis before mining men.

Railroad improvements and extensions in the Great Southwest go forward steadily. A very rich country lies east of here, between here and the Pecos valley and between the Pecos and the Red river, that awaits development through improved transportation facilities. Much of this region is not only fertile and in easy reach of water, but it is already highly productive in agriculture, and in livestock. Much of the country traversed by the surveys of the Short Line is also rich in mineral resources. The year now passing has seen steady progress toward the realization of the great Short Line project.

Final and complete authorization to resume and rush work on the Rio Grande reclamation project has given a great impulse to valley developments. Work is already in progress on the branch railroad to the dam site. Active preparations are being made for the beginning of construction work on the dam proper on July 1, 1911, only ten months away. Every minute of the intervening time will be needed to erect the working plant, build the new town, clear the site, finish the exploratory borings, develop the water supply for domestic and power purposes, prepare all the plans and specifications, and get ready for the critical task of opening the river bed for the massive foundations. Between now and July 1 next, $1,000,000 will have to be spent in the preliminary work, and more money will be forthcoming just as fast as it can be used to advantage. Within four years we shall be deriving advantage from the stored water in the big reservoir, and it will become possible to develop to the utmost extent the 200,000 acres which are to be watered by this $10,000,000 irrigation enterprise of the United States government.

This year El Paso's $1,000,000 Portland cement plant has been completed and put in operation. It makes the finest grade of cement produced in the United States, passing any test with several hundred percent of margin to spare. The El Paso plant will undoubtedly land the 400,000 barrel contract for the Elephant Butte dam, and in preparation for the tremendous demand soon to come, the plant is about to be enlarged. Already the demand largely exceeds the capacity of the plant, and orders are booked far ahead at very profitable prices.

El Paso county's progressive good roads policy is resulting in creating a road system around El Paso unsurpassed in the United States for excellence, beauty, permanence, and cost per mile. Within the city, the work of street paving with bitulithic—far superior to asphalt—and sidewalk building of cement, goes forward at a rapid rate, and this city's mileage of firstclass paving and sidewalks will soon surpass any other city of its size in the country.

Arrangements have been made to give railroad fare rebates to the people of the southwest who come here to do their trading. This movement is in no way to be construed as antagonistic to the interests of other cities and towns in the southwest. On the contrary, the plan will enable the outside merchants to come here and fill out their stocks of goods, with the advantages of great variety to choose from, and large stocks ready to view in warehouses, and at prices that will enable them to offer most attractive bargains to their customers. El Paso does not ask for the retail trade of outside cities, except as to those things that cannot be satisfactorily purchased at home. El Paso's trade slogan is: "Buy in El Paso what you cannot buy at your home town." To the work of developing this trade, that otherwise would go to the distant cities through mail orders and otherwise, the merchants of El Paso are now addressing themselves, through their strong organizations.

October 29 the second El Paso Annual Fair will be opened, to continue ten days. Elaborate preparations have been made for a thoroughly representative exposition, with amusement features brilliant and full of interest. The season is ideal for outdoor pleasure, and is chosen with special reference to the natural inclination of merchants and the people generally, to drift to the city for relaxation, entertainment, broadening experience, and for shopping.

The summer has meant steady advancement for El Paso, and this edition is intended as a sort of summary of the situation at the opening of fall, and as a timely advertisement of El Paso's resources, opportunities, and achievements. There could be no better way to spread El Paso's fame abroad than to send a copy of this paper to friends in other states.

"Fewer gallons; wears longer"—a well known advertising slogan, which might have been true sooner or later about the El Paso water supply if we hadn't taken up the matter sanely and brought about municipal ownership. Now it will be "More gallons, less grief."

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

MUCH I admire the jaunty tribes of brilliant paragraphing scribes who make the daily journals shine with effervescence, as of wine, and charm you with their graceful fun—unless they chance to dot you one. Too often has some brilliant thing a most unnecessary sting; too oft is thrown a shining lance that makes some harmless fellow prance, as though a bee, with weapon hot, had soaked him in a tender spot. Too often something lightly said has filled a heart with hate and dread, or queered some upright Injun's game, or bowed some woman's head in shame. I hold it good to roast the shams and gaily flay the human hams whose work is coarse and purpose vile—it's good to slay them with a smile. But when we, just to make a jest, bring sorrow to some pilgrim's breast, or do injustice to some man who's sawing wood the best he can, or wound with thoughtless words some heart, it seems a shame that we're so smart!

THE HUMORISTS

Copyright, 1910, by George Matthews Adams.

Walt Mason

STRAIGHT TALKS WITH BOYS AND MEN

BY DR. MADISON C. PETERS.

DRINK AND GENIUS

Such brilliant lights as Burns and Poe have been cited to prove that strong drink is an incentive to fire the imagination to lofty heights of fancy impossible to be reached in sober moments.

—

Both Poe and Burns were victims of the drink habit and both geniuses, but their case so far from supporting the claim of alcohol to usefulness in any direction argues against it.

—

If Burns and Poe, God gifted as they were, had kept their faculties clear and their reasons undimmed, what might they not have accomplished? The former might have become the barbic Homer of the eastern, and the litter the Dante of the western world. As it was, these twin stars of the firmament of literature scintillated fitfully but for a few years. They simply reeled through life until they came to the verge of premature graves and tottered into them ere half their time on earth was spent.

—

The age of Johnson may be termed the golden age of English literature. Its sky was studded with brilliancy but how long did their light last? Men of such transcendant gifts as Goldsmith, Savage and Shenstone did not know the meaning of life. Their brief careers were spent in riotous living.

—

Irish novelists, represented the Irish squires and gentlemen as hard headed, hard drinking, rollicking fellows whose chief amusements were fox hunting, love making, and breaking one another's heads. For the most part this portrayal was true, but there were some notable exceptions.

—

The men who did the most for Ireland, who reflected an undying glory on her cause, were, if not teetotalers, at least exceedingly temperate. Grattan, Flood, Wolfe, Tone, Fitzgerald and Emmet, were all temperate. O'Connell seldom drank a glass of wine. The duke of Wellington was the most abstemious of men. Parnell in the heyday of his fame could not be induced to touch liquor, his head was always clear in the house, and this was the secret of his political foresight, which enabled him to accomplish so much.

—

The great leaders of English politics, both in the past and present centuries have been strictly temperate men Gladstone only touched light wines on rare occasions. Morley, Balfour, Spencer, Harcourt, Salisbury, Chamberlain, all early took their places beneath the temperance banner. At royal receptions and ambassadors' balls none of these men could be induced to take liquor in any form.

—

The well known literary men of England in our time have almost to a man, been temperate.

—

Dickens, though he drank a glass of ale betimes, never exceeded discretion. Reade, Besant, Paine, Buchanan, Tennyson, and Browning were all on the side of temperance.

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The same can be said to the leading statemen and writers of Germany, France, Italy and other European countries at the present day.

—

The same is notably true of great Americans. Have any of our great inventors been drunkards? They have spent their days and nights in ceaseless activity, perfecting their designs with clear brains and steady heads, only desisting to obey the call of exhausted nature.

Edison, the wizard or electricity, never touches intoxicating liquors. Could the Wrights and Curtiss, Zeppelin and Bleriot have conquered the air with rum drenched brains and jangling nerves?

—

Our great scientists and medical men, knowing well the dangers that lurk in the sparkling glass, shun it as they would deadly poison.

—

Kelvin, Crookes, Roentgen and Koch have all been total abstainers.

—

Drink saps the vital energies and dulls the brain.

—

It has stripped the crown from the brow of manhood and engirdled it with a crimson band of shame; it has plucked the flowers from the garden of success and in their place has strewn the weeds of failure. It has wrenched the sword of victory from the hands of conquerors, turned it nto a scourge, and driven them from the arena of fame into the darkness of obscurity from royal brows it has taken the imperial crowns and dashed them into fragments on the stone of defeat and ignomy.

The men who made America were, with some notable exceptions, of abstemious habits and austere lives.

—

Probably the hardiest men on earth are the Russian peasants. These men never taste intoxicants and live principally on black bread and leeks. They can work for 20 hours a day, and so strong are they that one of them can fell an ox with a single blow of the fist. Count Ly, of Tolstoi, is a striking example of this race. Another immensely strong and hardy race are the west of Ireland peasants, who chiefly exist on potatoes and buttermilk and never even see intoxicating liquor of any form. They live to a great age, most of them reaching the century mark.

—

In Norway the country people never use fermented liquors and are strong and long lived.

—

"As strong as a Turk," has become a proverb. The Turks live chiefly on rice and figs and never indulge in ardent spirits. Hindu messengers cover 60 miles a day, keeping it up for days and weeks and months at a time. They never taste liquors.

—

Not only the brain but the body is much better for the abstinence. In this age of hustle and mental activity the brain worker can't afford to drink.

—

Liquor never adds but always subtracts. So far from being a stimulant, it is an anesthetic; it deadens instead of quickens. Science has classed it as a sporific or narcotic.

—

Instead of helping man up it drags him down; instead of placing him on the suncrowned heights of success and honor it places him in the gutter of failure and shame.

THE OIL KING

(By Muriel C. Lindsay.)

The Herald's Daily Short Story

For the third time the prodigal had returned to the bosom of his disgusted family—such as it was. To be exact, it consisted solely of his brother, his sisterinlaw, and her pretty friend who happened to be staying with them. The rest of the family was scattered abroad, establishing itself in ease and elegance in various quarters of the globe.

Not so Hal, the prodigal. With unblushing effrontery he turned up after each venture, smiling and penniless, having vowed at his setting forth to return a millionaire or die.

And here he was for the third time of asking, shabbier than ever, and with the same provoking smile on his cheerful, impudent face. A handsome, debonair rascal, one likely to take the heart of a susceptible young person like Rosaleen Hurst by storm. And Fanny Leigh fully intended the pretty heiress for her own brother, a most worthy person, who had never given his family a moment's anxiety since he was born!

"And what are you thinking of doing, Hal? asked his sisterinlaw, some days after his return.

"Oh I don't know," said Hal carelessly. "Stroll down to the city presently, and see if I can find a job going that will suit me."

"Now, why couldn't you have discovered these oil fields in Central America? pursued Mrs. Leigh, as she skimmed her paper. "They call him the "Petrol King," already."

"And who is he?" asked Hal.

"Why this man Antrobus, who has made such sensational discoveries of oil lately, and has just come over to form them into a company—so the papers say. Dear me, Hal"—and Fanny looked quite excited—" wasn't that where you were?"

"H'm-yes; I was knocking about in that direction for a bit," he assented.

"And you did meet this Mr. Antrobus?" asked Rosaleen curiously.

"I did," he replied with a grimace. "Bad luck to him! He wormed all the information about the oil out of me, then hurried home to fix up the concession and float the company, the blackguard!"

"But why don't you go and tell folks you found 'em first?" asked Fanny.

"Because I could not prove my assertion, and without proof positive they would not believe me."

"I would," said Rosaleen, under her breath.

Low as they were mumured, Hal caught the words, and sent her such a glance of adoring gratitude that her blush deepened right to the tips of her little ears.

"Wha-what is he like, this Mr. Antrobus?" she stammered.

"Oh, the opposite to me," replied Hal, with an amused smile.

"He would be," interrupted Fanny, with cutting emphasis.

"Smart as you make 'em; that's how he rushed in and claimed ahead of me, after pumping me dry. He's in town, you say, Fanny? Well I may as well look him up, and see if he'll give me a job. He ought to; he owes it to me, I think. He had all the luck, while I——"

"You were lazy," was Fanny's parting shot.

Days lengthen into weeks, and still Hal jestingly admitted he belonged to the great unemployed. But love's eyes are keen, and beneath his assumed cheerfulness Rosaleen detected an overgrowing anxiety. His face grew thin, and there was a strained, worried expres- in his blue eyes foreign to their usual care-free glance. She put it down to lack of employment, as he confessed that all he had been able to obtain from the "Petrol King" was vain promises.

Rosaleen watched and wondered. Hal avoided her, she was certain. Had Fanny been at him? She determined to find out.

"Why do they call you Hal?" she asked one evening, when he joined her in Fanny's over-decorated drawing room. "Your name isn't Henry, is it?"

"No, Kawke," he answered, bending forward to stir the fire. "But at school they found my initials spelt it, so I've gone by it."

"And your middle name is? she softly suggested.

The poker fell with a clatter, and her question remained unanswered. He rose, saying he had work to do.

"Mr. Leigh"—something in her voice arrested him as his hand was on the handle—"Mr. Leigh, why do you avoid me so?"

"Avoid you?" He moved into the room, his thin face flushing. "Oh surely you are mistaken?"

"No; I'm not! You do, and it has made me very unhappy. Dou you dislike me so much?"

"Dislike you—I?" He broke off, his features working, his hands tightly closed. "Dislike you?"

Then his self control gave way, and he came to her.

"I did not mean to speak; I have no right," he said. "But I cannot help it. Don't you know it is because I love you that I have seemed to avoid you lately? Because we stand on such different levels, you and I that honor kept me silent? How could a penniless adventurer dare to lift his eyes to you? Because I love you Rosaleen, I love you! Even though you think it an insult to hear these words from me, I love you!"

"Insult?" she echoes, turning a radiant face to him. What does it matter if you are poor; I have enough for both of us!"

"Do you think I would take a penny of your money?" he said indignantly. "I may have fallen low, but not so low as Fanny believes. With you for incentive, I will work as I never worked before! With your love to spur me on, I will try to be worthy of you! Until then—"

He paused, raised her hands to his lips, and kissed them passionately.

After this evening, it was curious how Hal's fortunes and spirits seemed to take an upward turn. His eyes regained their old sparkle, his cheery optimism was not all assumed; all due, he declared, in one of their rare conversations, to Rosaleen's inspiring confidence in him.

A day or two later he was able to announce that he had wrung a small post from the magnate.

"Yes I saw him this morning," said Rosaleen.

"The dickens you did!" exclaimed Hal, taken aback. "Where?" "In the city," she replied. "I was waiting for Fanny outside of George's office, in the motor, when I saw you and another man come along the street. You were so busy talking—or rather he was; you looked bored—that you never saw me, and I overheard two men who turned to stare after you say, "That's Amtobus, the oil man. Wouldn't think to look at him that he is one of our coming men, would you?"

"And what did you think of him?" asked Hal, amused interest in voice and face. "Nice, good looking chap, isn't he?"

"Oh dear no!" replied Miss Hurst in disgust. "A fat, ugly, vulgar looking man; just what I thought he'd be like."

Hal choked and laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

A few days later the Cedars, the Leighs's comfortable suburban house, was thrown into a state of mild excitement. An invitation had come bearing the magic intimation that lady Baringfield would be At-home to Mrs. Leigh and party on the night of October 20, at 10:30 and in the corner the startling announcement—"To mtet Mr. H. Antrobus."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Fanny, coloring a highly and gratified and unbecoming red, for to be on visiting terms with the exclusive leaders of the little suburb was the height of her ambition, and until now her acquaintance with lady Baringfield had been confined to a stately bow when they met.

The Baringfield's spacious reception rooms were filled with an expectant throng on the night of the 20th, all eagerly awaiting the great man's arrival.

Rosaleen patiently watching for her lover's appearance, for at the last moment Hal telephoned from the city to say he was detained, and would dress and come straight to the reception, was listening with scant attention to an elderly bore, while George and Fanny clung, with the desperation of the drowning, to the stray units they knew.

Then, when expectation was at its height, the door was flung open, and in the midst of a sudden hush "Mr. Antrobus!" was loudly announced, and, faultlessly, with his usual sunny smile, scape grace Hal advanced to his hosts.

"Rosaleen gasped. The room seemed whirling about her as she heard Jack Baringfield's hearty introduction of Hal to his mother.

"This is Mr. Antrobus, as he calls himself in the city, mother," he said, in proud, clear tones.

"But I want to present to you my friend Hawke Antrobus Leigh, the best of good fellows."

It would be almost impossible to describe George and Fanny's feelings when they beheld the returned prodigal as the guest of the evening. George's simple, kindly good nature was incapable of bitterness toward his brother for his innocent deception, but Fanny was filled with anger as she remembered her scatching remarks at his expense, and her attempts to frustrate his attentions to Rosaleen.

"Well, old boy"—George was shaking Hal by the hand and gazing at him with affectionate pride—"you did take us in finely, and no mistake."

"Forgive me, George. I owe you an explanation, but I know you'll understand. Well, Fanny? You see I've taken your advice," he continued, finding the temptation to give her a sly dig too great to be resisted, "Antrobus and I will stick to each other so long as we both hold out. Don't be angry with me for teasing you so. By the way, where's Rosaleen?"

But before Fanny could do more than stammer incoherent congratulations Hal caught sight of the girl's dark head and gradually made his way towards her.

"May I take you to have some refreshments, Miss Hurst?" he asked, and without waiting for her permission, he placed her hand on his arm, and led the way to the deserted morning room.

Rosaleen tried to look stern, but his abject attitude was too much for her. She began to laugh.

"You wretch!" she said, as soon as she could control her voice. "How you took us all in! Your acting of the part was perfect enough to disarm the most suspicious. But why did you not confide in us, Hal?"

"It was not all acting sweetheart," he said gravely: "For a little it was touch and go with me, and at one time I was nearly what you all supposed me to be. There were sharks after me, and had it not been for Jack and his father I'd have been in Queer street. But, thanks, to their influence, it is all right, and I have now a right to tell you what I had not a right to tell you when first I mentioned it. I love you, Rosaleen! Will you trust your future to me?"

And she gave him her answer with a kiss.

Municipal Government Of Germany And How Results Are Obtained

By Frederic J. Haskin

XXIII.—THE GERMAN ADVANCE.

BERLIN, Germany, Aug. 27.—The Germans, particularly the Prussians, have more nearly approached a satisfactory solution of the problem of municipal government under modern conditions than have any other people. Their solution is a remarkably simple one. It is that municipal government is not a political, but a business enterprise; and that as a business enterprise in which every citizen is a partner it should be run not as a private commercial enterprise, but as a huge industrial undertaking to which must be applied the most modern methods of high organization and complete cooperation. To this end it is administered for the purpose of obtaining for each citizen-partner the maximum of profit in matters of safety, health and convenience; mere money profits being a negligible consideration.

Practice of Theories.

Simple as is this theory, it is much easier to put it into practice in Germany than it would be in the United States, for the reason that there are fundamentally different habits of thought upon governmental problems in the two countries. The advantage is not altogether on either side. Those Germans who are working for reform in their federal and state government deplore the fact that the German gives greater weight to economic and social questions, almost to the utter neglect of political problems. In the United States the municipal government reformers have found their chief obstacle in the fact that the American people think first of politics, and are very often entirely unwilling to give any consideration to social and economic matters. Great Britain, fortunately for its peace and security in its present crisis, occupies a position midway between Germany and America, since it gives politics the place of first importance in national matters, but subordinates political considerations to those of sociology and economics in local government affairs.

Therefore Germany has solved its municipal problem and has failed to settle its national issues because it has applied economic thought to both, success attending the application in a town where economics must necessarily be most important, and failure resulting from the attempt to substitute economics for politics in the national government where politics always must be first. In Great Britain the compromise between the two extremes enables such a man as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to be a practical socialist in his municipality of Birmingham, where economics alone is concerned, and at the same time be a Tory on national issues affecting the vital principles of politics.

American Concentration.

In the United States the concentration of public thought upon political affairs has resulted practically in solving all purely political problems. In America there is no longer any dispute as to the political equality of men, the church and state are separated, the land laws prevent the formation of a self-perpetuating property class, there is no dispute as to the form of government, free education is an accepted fact, and the old quarrel between the nationalists and the states rights party is now nothing more than an academic controversy. There is not now before the people of the United States a single live issue purely political in character, with the possible exception of the agitation for a reform of the rules of the national house of representatives, and the demand for popular election of senators.

But even these two political question grew out of much more important economic problems, which underlie and envelop them. In the present era of agitation in the United States every question before the public is an economic or a social question. This is true in nation, state and city. That it is true is due to the fact that the American people have persisted always in thinking politically rather than economically. Of course great economic questions have arisen from time to time in the career of the American republic, and have been settled, but in every important instance the issues were given a political cast and in their determination politics and not eco-

(Continued on Page Seven.)

Abe Martin

Th' best way t' git along with a wife is t' put her on a salary. Owin' t' a open banquet date president Taft spent a recent Friday in Washington.

14 YEARS AGO TO-DAY

(From The Herald of this date, 1896)

A negro called up Dr. S. T. Turner last night to make sure that he was not at home and then went to the house, forcing an entrance by opening one of the windows. He was driven from the premises by Mrs. Turner at the point of a revolver and left his cane behind. This morning, Ernest Dean was arrested by a deputy sheriff, it being declared that he had owned a cane like the one found.

Three Mexicans entered Pat Dunne's county road saloon at 9 oclock last night and after asking for beer, stabbed the proprietor three times and were frightened away. Dunne is in a serious condition.

Director Foster, of the school board, says no ruling has been made limiting the number of evenings teachers may attend entertainments.

The artesian well was down 1608 feet at noon today and Col. Ritter said it may be sunk to a depth of 1750 or 1800 feet.

O. T. Bassett today sold S. B. Sutcliffe land near Texas and Stanton streets for $1800.

The shower last night caused a precipitation of .10 of an inch; the maximum thermometer reading yesterday was 53 degrees and this morning's record was 65 degrees.

There will be a band concert on the Juarez plaza tonight by the Alvarado band.

It is reported that Lieut. Bell of the 18th infantry, stationed at Fort Bliss, will be transferred shortly to C company of the same regiment at San Antonio.

Mrs. J. M. Dean and sister, Miss Haggart, arrived this morning from Fort Worth.

Misses Alice and Grace Marvin entertained a number of their young friends last night at their home on Second street.

Ex-United States senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, arrived last night in a private car. Inspector Alfred Hampton and wife were at the depot to meet them. In the car besides the senator were C. E. Thomas, his private secretary, and Capt. Rawlins Lowendes, one of the wealthiest rice planters in South Carolina.

Henry Ong returned to El Paso last night after an absence of two years during which time he was down in Sonora.

The First Methodists will cut a watermelon tonight at their Myrtle avenue church.

W. R. Brown will build a $3000 brick residence on North Oregon street.

The McGinty band will play in the plaza tomorrow night.

The directors of the Internatorial Choral union met last night and decided to have Prof. Pitzer as instrumental and general choir director, with Mrs. Nabb to drill the singers, and Miss Moore to act as accompanist.

Metal market: Silver 66½c; lead, $2.90; copper, 10 3-4c; Mexican pesos, 53c.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says Prayer Keeps Our Spiritual Nature In Tune

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DO YOU believe in prayer?

I hope you do.

Prayer is the wireless message between ourselves and the great source.

It keeps the spiritual nature in tune; it softens the feelings and gives wings to hope, and a new impetus to aspirations.

It brings the invisible helpers near; and it keeps the electric and magnetic vibrations working between us and other worlds; worlds just as real as this world, although we do not perceive them with mortal vision.

But be careful how you pray.

You would not, were you a teacher, like your pupils to sit with closed books in their hands and lifted eyes, praying, "Oh dear and wise teacher, tell me the contents of these books; give me the answer to these exercises; help me to know my lesson, I pray."

A Poor Way to Pray for Aid.

That would displease you; and even if the pupils fell upon their knees, and adored you, and told you they had absolute faith in you, and knew you were so good and kind, that you would answer their prayers, still you would be highly displeased that they did not apply themselves and study out their own problems.

Thousands of religious people are treating their creator in this illogical and unjust manner.

They are continually praying for things which they could obtain for themselves with a little well directed effort

I do not like to hear any one say he never prays.

A woman once said to me, "I have never felt the need of prayer; never felt the need of a God. I think the universe the result of natural law. And nature is all the God I need."

Yet this woman afterward ruined the life of a good man, broke up a beautiful home, and deserted her children to follow her own wayward fancies.

It seems to me it would have been better for her had she known the need of prayer and asked for guidance.

Guidance and strength and light we may always ask for. It is a prayer certain to bring a response from space.

Be Sure You Do Your Part.

But before we ask for special blessings—for health, for success, for happiness—let us be sure we are doing the best we can ourselves, making the utmost use of our own powers before we ask God to give us these boons.

If you are loading your system with rich foods and stimulanting drinks; if you are not exercising all your body every day; if you are not breathing with all your lung cells every day; if you are sleping in illy ventilated rooms; if you are sitting with sunken chest and bent spine; if you are not keeping your body clean outside and inside; if you are harboring unkind, pessimistic or revengeful thoughts then you have no right to pray for health.

If you are waking every morning with a determination to accomplish something; if you wish all created things happiness and success; if you have no mean or selfish or cruel impulses toward any one; if you are not afraid of work and are fully alert and ready to see and grasp the opportunity which comes your way, then you may pray the invisible helpers to send you success and happiness.

But ask for nothing more than strength, and light, and guidance until with all your might you have done your part