

EL PASO HERALD

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COMPLAINTS.

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A Disturbed Year Politically

THAT old cimet must have done something to us after all, for who can remember so many political upheavals and disturbances in any one year? Very few living men can recall as many disturbances as we have had during 1910, although some within the memory of those still living have been far worse.

To say nothing of the political upheaval in the United States, which was so severe as to even put Mr. Roosevelt out of eruption, there have been many and varied disturbances all over the world, including our neighbors' little differences down in Mexico. In Great Britain they have been having the most exciting political times of many years; an ambitious nation of yellow men over across the seas has swallowed up another nation completely—Japan has annexed Korea—and many big events of a nature most startling have transpired.

Ommitting altogether the nation-wide strikes in France, Germany and other countries, there have been serious disturbances in Nicaragua, Honduras, Mexico, Brazil and Portugal, which must occupy a place in the story of the year. During their little hour several personages have strutted and swaggered across the stage.

Mexico's and Brazil's contributions to the story of the year's eruptions may not be entirely completed at this writing. If we can credit the tale told by the adherents of Diaz, Madero, the rebel chief, has come to the end of his career as a disturber. Report, at the moment, says all is quiet on the Rio Grande.

El Paso just keeps on growing. The contract has been let for the new Calisher building at a cost of \$100,000.

The Herald not only prints the news while it is news, but it illustrates it with pictures that are alive. Yesterday The Herald printed the first picture in these parts of Francisco Madero, the insurrectionary leader in Mexico.

The Mexican trouble has brought one good result. It has caused a suspension of the bull fights for a while anyhow.

That chaplain in the Arizona constitutional convention knows his business. He has commenced praying for the constitution.

Some people are not the travelers that their trunk labels make them appear.

It all depends on what a man is accustomed to, just what sort of courage he has. Wilbur Wright, who has defied death a thousand times in the air, got so frightened in a speeding automobile on a crooked road the other day that he got out and took a trolley car.

Growth of Dry Farming

THAT "dry farming" is becoming a very important factor in the United States is very apparent everywhere. Not only is it gaining largely in the trans-missouri region in which the practice is absolutely necessary, but many of the older states in the "wet" belt are embracing the scientific methods of cultivation as taught by the "dry farmer."

Scientists and farmers are discovering that while such a system is absolutely necessary in the arid belt, it is a good thing anywhere and many are doubling their crop yields by taking up the practices of "dry farming" and working them out to good advantage.

The United States government, a few years ago commencing the work of the "dry farm" missionaries, is now working very interestingly in the endeavor to spread the gospel. The government has just issued two bulletins, Nos. 187 and 188, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, dealing with the subject and, in transmitting them for publication, the acting chief of the bureau recommended that they be printed at once, "owing to the wide interest in this work."

These bulletins are for free distribution and every farmer should write and get one. A postal card or letter addressed to the Bureau of Plant Industry, U. S. Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., will bring these booklets. Even the brigadier can well afford to give them a study, for he may be able to gain many facts about soil cultivation of which he is now in ignorance.

Nowadays when you haven't got any stock in a get-rich-quick company, you are old fashioned.

Do what you are set to do the very best you know how and you will soon be set to doing something better.

Some grand juries just can't help prying into other people's affairs. Over at Roswell, the grand jury turned in a bunch of 83 indictments the other day. It would be interesting to watch them and see what percentage result in convictions.

The horses must have put up a very poor fight in that Juarez bull fight Sunday. Five of them were disabled or killed. The "fans" ought to insist on better fighting horses.

If Fred Feldman broke his neck, he would take it good naturedly and turn it into an advertisement.

A woman writer tells her woman readers that they can get along and have a happy home if they will sit down and talk things calmly over with their husbands. This is perfectly good advice, but when she goes further and says "don't call him stingy and don't listen to him when he says you are a spendthrift," she shows that she is not a married woman.

The position of mayor Kelly on the reservation matter is obviously a correct one. Some other location must be secured before the people are moved out, for the citizens of the town don't want the redlight habitues scattered through the rooming houses and that is what will happen if the reservation is closed before another suitable place is selected for the inhabitants to go to.

With his fingernail he scratched a mark on his bench for every day that passed, and one day he discovered that it was New Year's day. He had been as quiet as possible since the first of October and his mind had been entirely occupied with speculations as to what he was to get.

He trembled at the thought that

EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

WHEN I was digging ditches, I used to long for riches, I thought that I'd be happy if I had coin to burn; I saw the wealthy speeding along the road unheeding; they blew in more for stogies than I knew how to earn.

Copyright, 1910, by George Matthews Adams.

Beatrice Fairfax's "LETTERS OF A BRIDE"

DEAREST MUMSIE—My eyes are so swollen from crying that I can hardly see to write.

Mumsie, I can't go home for Thanksgiving and it isn't fair, it isn't fair. Mrs. Caton has not been well and she has set her heart on having me go there.

For three days Bobby and I have talked it over and I haven't been a bit nice about it, Mumsie. I just couldn't see. I had set my heart on seeing you and Dad, and I just hate the whole Caton family, except Bobby, of course.

I'm afraid I even hated him the first day or two. It's the first disagreement we've had and don't you think I am justified in feeling as I do? Isn't it my right to go home for the first holiday?

Bobby sees his mother almost every day and we could quite easily go there for dinner any night. It is just too selfish for her to demand our going there for Thanksgiving.

Bobby looks so unhappy when I cry. He says nothing but his mother's state of health would make him disappoint me. But I'm going to keep on crying. I'm not going to give in tamely without a struggle.

Charlotte makes me so angry! I hate her—hate her—and I hope she'll be an old maid. I've lost all interest in my dinner party and in the Greys' house party.

Coming out on the train yesterday, we saw Mr. Sinclair. He looked at me so strangely when he saw my woe-begone face. I suppose he thought Bob-

By Wellington Hope.

The Life Prisoner

THE murderer was sitting in a dark cell in the deepest cellar of the great prison. Three times he had attacked the wardens. For the two first offences he had been whipped, after the third he was placed in chains and from that day he grew more sullen and desperate than ever.

Then the old director of the prison died and a new man came to take his place. The news of this spread among the prisoners and hope and fear took possession of their minds.

One day footsteps were heard outside the murderer's cell, the door was opened, the warden remained outside while another man entered. He was blinded by the darkness and at first he saw nothing, but the murderer saw him plainly enough. He stood up and glared at the intruder, a young pale man with almost transparent features. His eyes were blue and dreamy, his fair hair blonde, as was also his curly beard.

"The director," the rough voice of the warden outside announced. The murderer straightened himself a little more and the director stepped closer. His eyes were now adjusted themselves to the darkness and it was easily seen that the surroundings made an unpleasant impression upon him, but his voice was calm and gentle.

"You are convict number seven?" "Yes, sir." "You have been whipped twice for a very serious offense."

"Yes," the prisoner replied, sullenly. "You have been put in chains?" "The prisoner did not reply, but rattled his chains defiantly and closer. "I am the new director. You must not consider me your enemy, but rather your teacher."

"Teacher," the prisoner repeated with a scornful laugh. "Yes, teacher."

An impatient movement was heard outside. "I want to treat you with kindness, if possible. I consider that treatment more useful than whippings."

"Yes, sir," replied the prisoner mechanically, without understanding the director's words. "Today is the first of October. I shall return on New Year's day. If you have behaved well during the three months, I will give you something no prisoner has ever had before. Now try to improve."

The director placed his small, white hand on the convict's shoulder and the unfamiliar touch of a kind hand made the prisoner's knees tremble.

The director left, the door was locked, the sound of his steps died away in the hall.

The prisoner's first thought was a touch of emotion, the second of hatred, because here was a man he felt would prove stronger than himself, the third and last was the question: "What did the director mean when he said he would give me something, no prisoner ever had before?"

He tried to find an answer to this question for days, weeks and months, he thought of all things not to be found in a prison. A looking glass? He had not seen his own image for years; but prison life had made him lose every trace of vanity.

A flower? There had been a time when his highest wish had been to get a flower in a pot that he might take care of it and watch it growing—but now he cared no longer for such a thing.

At last he thought that there was nothing in particular that he was longing for and he was from now on only curious to see what the director might give him.

With his fingernail he scratched a mark on his bench for every day that passed, and one day he discovered that it was New Year's day. He had been as quiet as possible since the first of October and his mind had been entirely occupied with speculations as to what he was to get.

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CEMENT, THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BUILDING MATERIAL

It Is Supplanting Wood and Stone in Constructive Work.

MEMBERS of the association of American Portland Cement manufacturers, on their way to New York to attend the annual meeting to be held December 12, 13 and 14, will find at every stage of their journey increasing evidence of the multitudinous uses to which their product is being put.

They will cross viaducts and bridges of reinforced concrete; they will see water tanks of cement; there will be an occasional suburb in which there is a colony of neat "poured houses," almost as if they had been hewn out of solid blocks of cement.

They will find that the concrete and steel floors will be found all along the route. As they cross the ferry from Jersey City they will see, jutting out along the water-front, the magnificent new docks of the city of New York, built of concrete and steel.

They will ride through the concrete sub-way, walk on cement sidewalks and sleep in fireproof hotels built of reinforced concrete.

Mother Invention has been active in causing the civil engineers and the architects of the twentieth century to develop the possibilities of this artificial compound as our supply of timber rapidly decreases.

The initial high cost of granite and sandstone, as well as the difficulty of handling of large blocks of the heavy material, has caused builders to use cement wherever possible.

The relative superiority of the higher grades of Portland cement over all the cheaper grades of brick has brought about an ever increasing popularity of the artificial compound, which was invented by an Englishman—Joseph Aspdin, in 1824.

This manufacturer from Leeds marked out a patent on a cement which he made by calcining a mixture of limestone and clay. He gave the resulting product the name of "Portland" because of a fanciful resemblance between the cement and the famous limestone at that time extensively quarried for building purposes at Portland, England.

The name has adhered, because the product looked like Portland stone, and not because it originally came from Portland. As a matter of fact, there never was a cement manufacturing plant at Portland, England, Portland, Oregon or Portland, Maine.

The most gigantic project for which American Portland cement has ever been used is, of course, the Panama canal. This work is estimated that 8,000,000 cubic yards of concrete will be used, chiefly in the construction of the six mammoth locks, in duplicate, 1,000 feet long and 110 feet wide, two of which will be 41 and a half feet deep and the other four 30 feet. Concrete also will line the great spillway of the artificial lake at Gatun.

The contract for furnishing this enormous amount of cement was let to the American Portland Cement Co., which is being made in Northampton, Pennsylvania, and is being shipped through

Jersey City. The contract calls for 4,500,000 barrels of cement, and not more than 10,000 nor less than 2,000 barrels per day must be ready for shipment.

Cement in Dam Work. But one does not have to go to Panama to witness big engineering projects in which cement is playing an important part. The great dam which is to be thrown across the Mississippi river just below the rapids at Keokuk, Iowa, is exceeded in size only by the great Assouan dam across the Nile. This American dam will require 500,000 barrels of cement and 7,000 tons of structural steel.

The dam will be 37 feet high, seven-eighths of a mile long and 43 feet thick at the base. When it is completed the dam will enable the harassed "Father of Waters" to supply 200,000 horsepower to a territory which will embrace St. Louis, a distance of 170 miles to the south.

Cement has been put to an entirely different use at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where it was the material selected for the Harvard stadium, an enormous structure seating 40,000 people, which was built at a cost of \$475,000. This is the largest athletic stadium in the United States.

Last summer a similar structure, of cement and steel, was completed in Tacoma, Washington, and presented to the city. It is a stadium seating 30,000 and will be used for high school athletic and similar events. The cost of \$130,000 was met almost entirely by popular subscription.

Big Docks of Concrete. The steel and concrete steamship docks which have recently been completed in New York harbor at a cost of 10,000,000 demonstrate how well cement lends itself to decorative architecture. There are nine of these piers, seven double and two single, and their substantial architectural lines, as well as their pleasing yet unobtrusive ornamentation, are in striking contrast to the old docks which were an eyesore along the river front for so many years.

The initial cost of \$10,000,000 was not so great when it is remembered that the city is receiving an annual rental of \$545,000 from the steamship lines using the docks.

Except in such cases as the one mentioned above, cement has played only a small part in decorative architecture up to the present time, but after the successful moulding of a colossal statue of an Indian in Illinois, it would be unsafe to say that the grayish powder will not in future hold a distinguished niche in sculpture's hall of fame.

This statue is of Blackhawk, chief of the Sacs and the Foxes. It is 48 feet high, and stands on a rocky bluff 250 feet high, near Eagle's Nest across the river from Oregon, Illinois. The artist was employed for three years in its construction, but he believes that he has created a work of such enduring art.

(Continued on Next Page.)

Abe Martin

By Frederic J. Haskin



What's become of th' standin' broad jump record since th' tounin' car arrived? Haint it hard 't keep from nibbin' in when you hear two strangers agreein' on somethin' ther both wrong about?

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1906.

Metal market: Silver, 65 1-2c; lead, \$2.75; copper, 10 5-8c; Mexican pesos, El Paso and Juarez, 50c.

Police headquarters at the city hall are being over hauled and put in a better condition than for some time past.

Chester Hunt, 13 years of age and the son of general agent T. E. Hunt, of the Southern Pacific, fell from his wheel at noon and was knocked senseless.

A steel bridge is to be built over the San Pedro river in Arizona by the Southern Pacific. It will have a 150 foot span and masonry abutments.

News has been received that Mrs. Fannie D. Porter, postmaster in El Paso under president Arthur, has died in New York. She leaves relatives here.

During the bad weather, the bicycle contests did not come off and Max Morris, O. L. Stevens and F. A. McFarland leave tomorrow for Los Angeles, where they will train for local contests where they will train for local contests.

Active operations have been resumed on the Jobobo mines west of Magdalena, in the state of Sonora. A ten stamp mill will shortly be set to work there.

The new road from Marathon to the Carmen mines will be completed next month, so that the ores can be hauled from the mines to the Southern Pacific tracks.

Married Life the First Year

Mabel Herbert Urner ON GOING TO THEATRE

WARREN hung up his coat and hat and came in with brisk cheerfulness. It was after eight when they finally got off and after half past when they reached the theater. Helen insisted on stopping to leave their names and the location of their seats with the man at the ticket window.

"Late for the Show." "And if anyone should telephone you will send the usher for us at once?" she demanded anxiously.

"The man nodded indifferently and returned to the party behind her, who was asking for "orchestra seats."

"Third row of the balcony—nothing down stairs." Helen turned away reluctantly. "Oh, do you suppose he will remember—he seemed to pay so little attention. Hadn't you better speak to him again?"

But Warren dragged her on impatiently. "Can't you see how late we are?"

The theater was darkened and the usher went up as they entered. The usher finally took an answer to them stumbling down the aisle.

Their seats were in the center of the row and half a dozen people had to be disturbed before they could be reached. The men stood up, while the women, with ill-concealed impatience, clutched at their hats on their laps and drew back their skirts.

"This comes of your making us late," Warren whispered angrily. "Having to crawl all over these people!"

"Hush—sh—sh, dear, don't," laying a conciliatory hand on his arm. "Just then a very pretty girl rushed on the stage, and Warren's attention was for the moment diverted.

Helen's Many Fears. After the first act, while Warren was trying to figure out the characters in the program, Helen asked anxiously: "Don't you think you'd better go out and see if she has telephoned? I don't think that man paid any attention to what I said. Perhaps if you'd ask him if there has been any message?"

"Crawl over all those people again? Not if I know it." "But, Warren, suppose she has telephoned—suppose something should have happened? Marie's a new nurse girl, you know, and I don't feel quite sure."

"Well, what an earth could have happened—we haven't been gone 45 minutes! Here, do you want a drink?" As the boy came by with the glasses of water in a wire basket.

Helen shook her head. She told herself that, perhaps, she was foolish to worry so about the baby—but somehow she couldn't help it.

"Not a bad show," Warren commented easily. "That man's a duffer, but the girl is pretty good." Helen assented absently.

In the second act the serious illness of a child was referred to—the child whose death in the third act was to reunite the parents.

The applause had hardly died out after the curtain when she turned to Warren nervously.

It through another act without knowing my baby's all right."

"Why did you come, then—if you want to be flying to the phone every five minutes?"

"Why you insisted on my coming?" "Well, I'm damn sorry, I did—if it's going to be like this."

"Now don't—please don't be cross! It's the first time I left her and you know I can't help being anxious."

In the end he went, apologizing to the people over whose laps he stumbled and who glared at him coldly.

He returned just as the bell buzzed for the curtain.

"Well?" she whispered eagerly. "Couldn't get any answer to the phone," curtly.

"Couldn't get any answer?" excitedly. "No, guess the nurse girl has gone to sleep. That means the baby's asleep, too."

"Oh, something has happened! Something dreadful has happened—that's why you couldn't get an answer to the phone! My baby may be kidnapped for all you know." She was gathering up her wraps from the back of the seat.

"I'm going home now—do you think I can sit here when I don't know where my baby is?"

The curtain went up here and he caught her arm and held her firmly in his seat.

"You are going to stay right here. If you haven't a particle of common sense—I'll have to have it for you, that's all. Now you're going nowhere until the end of this play."

There was a note of finality in his voice that Helen had learned it was useless to combat. But to her the half hour of that last act seemed an eternity.

She had on her hat before the curtain fell, and was making her way out before the crowd was fairly on its feet. Warren followed frowning grimly. But unheeding him, she pushed her way through to the nearest side exit. Ordinarily her sense of decorum kept her from tactics even when Warren suggested them, and now she turned to him with a peremptory

"Get a taxicab—it will be quicker!" "With a grumbled comment about "all women being fools," he motioned to a cab across the street.

In a few moments they were whirling towards home. Helen sat in the corner, her hands clasped tight—her mind filled with harrowing pictures of kidnapped babies.

She hardly waited for the cab to stop at their apartment before she jumped on the pavement and ran in to the elevator.

The boy held the car, looking inquiringly toward the door where Warren was paying the taxicab driver.

"No, no, don't wait for Mr. Curtis! You can come back for him—take me up quick!"

And Baby Was Sleeping. At the door of their apartment she paused, her heart in her throat—then she threw it open. "Marie—Marie!" she called shrilly. "Marie—Marie!" No answer.

She rushed into the nursery. There was Marie sound asleep, her hand resting on the arm of the chair, and the baby also asleep in the crib beside her.

After a long breathless look Helen turned to find Warren standing in the door behind her.

"Oh," she laughed tremulously. "Oh, dear, I guess—I guess I am a little fool!"

"H'm," he grunted, "have you just found that out?"