

EL PASO HERALD

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We Want Secretary Fisher

IF AN urgent invitation goes forward immediately, El Paso may have the pleasure of entertaining in July the secretary of the interior, Hon. Walter L. Fisher, who succeeded Richard A. Ballinger.

Plans are even now making for his western tour, and in a few days they may be so far advanced as not to be subject to change. It would therefore be wise for the chamber of commerce, the city council, and the water users' associations to wire formal invitations at once, so that the secretary's schedule may be so arranged as to permit of a stop of several days here.

The secretary of the interior is the official who is really the chief executive and administrator of the entire reclamation fund. The law vests in him wide discretion in all matters of detail and regulation. It is vitally necessary that there be perfect understanding between the beneficiaries of the great government projects and the man who administers the law, for questions of detail continually arise, demanding careful and sympathetic handling and accord in spirit.

Nothing facilitates business intercourse like personal acquaintance, and El Paso and all the people of this valley should therefore welcome the opportunity to place themselves personally in touch with the secretary of the interior, thus establishing a relation that should be mutually beneficial.

But there are other reasons why the people of El Paso would be serving their own best interests by urging the secretary to favor us with as long a stay as possible. Not the least of these is the delightful personality of the secretary himself, and his progressiveness and wisdom, along economic and political lines. He is in the advance of safely conservative progress and his ideas are practical, not visionary—his methods sane, not fanatical. It would be a pleasure to the people of the southwest to hear him speak upon such a theme, for instance, as reducing the fire waste—a department of "conservation" in which he has made special studies, and in relation to which he takes a practical and sensible view. El Paso desires to meet the new secretary because he is a strong man, a man who will have his impress on national affairs, whether he continue in public office or not.

There is still another reason why we should endeavor to obtain the secretary's presence here; it is the matter of the proposed national park on the summit of the Sacramento and White mountains, embracing the present Mescalero Indian reserve and part of the Alamo national forest. This proposal is practical, and in line with a well defined government policy. It has been before the government departments and before congress for several years, but has been sidetracked for lack of effectual promotion at this end.

It is not impossible that the secretary might find time to visit Cloudcroft and the proposed park. The Herald suggests that any conference with the water users of the Mesilla and El Paso valleys be called to meet at Cloudcroft, rather than in El Paso or Las Cruces. A \$3 rate can be had and it would be a delightful excursion, and a memorable experience for the secretary and his party. Few of the national forests or Indian reservations are so accessible as these. Secretary Fisher is also the executive head of the Indian bureau, being the direct superior officer of the chief of bureau; therefore he would have to pass upon and report upon any proposal to create a national park out of the reservation. He would doubtless enjoy the day or two on the mountain top, and the meetings under such conditions would be more satisfactory than if they were hurried through in the city. The Herald has reason to believe that the secretary would favorably consider this suggestion if it came to him formally with the necessary information to enable him to reach a conclusion.

No time should be lost. The secretary's schedule is already almost completed, and El Paso, so far, is without representation. We have been remiss, but the omission may perhaps be repaired by prompt action.

Uncle Sam has smoked out the tobacco trust.

The Mormon colonists have been innocent sufferers as a result of the Mexican revolution. They have been good citizens of Mexico and it is to be hoped that they will be fully compensated by the new government for all that they have lost financially.

The Restoration Of Peace

TRULY wonderful, amazing, even to those, like The Herald, most favorable toward and sympathetic with the Mexican people, is the restoration of peaceful conditions in almost every part of Mexico so quickly following the decisive battle of Juarez. Six months of insurrection, general laxity of government and disturbance of established conditions, failure of the peasants to plant crops or provide against future needs, removal of ordinary social restrictions, prevailing suspicion of authority, general discontent, and unusual poverty due to interference with industry, all might easily have combined to bring about a long continued period of lawlessness approaching anarchy. No such calamity ensued. Peace came infinitely more quickly than war had come, once the moment arrived. War had been sporadic and desultory; peace seemed to spring full garbed out of the devastation of civil strife—peace, dominant and spontaneously accepted by scores of district leaders who had scarcely learned the names of the men they quickly came to respect and obey.

Not the least remarkable fact in connection with the restoration is the rise of leaders whose names had been scarcely heard before. Strong men are now in posts of power and authority who had been until the battle of Juarez, classed by the government as "bandits" (absurd fiction which deceived nobody but the government that published it), and some of whom were not taken seriously even by their associates in the insurgent cause.

There has been friction among the leaders, military and civil—some bitter and sensational conflicts of authority, and attempts of ambitious and none too cautious men to rise above the place assigned to them. But all these unpleasant incidents have been successfully closed, and the man Madero stands out today a conspicuous national leader, so recognized, first, by the now fallen government he successfully opposed, and then by the men for whose cause he had shown his readiness to sacrifice all, even life itself.

Peos is going to have a normal school this year. Alpine probably will also. These west Texas towns are hustlers.

As Collier's remarks, the individuals in a crowd will differ greatly as to the facts of any occurrence they observe, but the feelings aroused by it will be substantially identical. For a similar reason popular appeals to popular prejudice are generally more effective in their immediate results than appeals to the intellect.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

HOW big was Alexander, pa, that people call him great? "My sen, he used to swat the ball when'er he crossed the plate. I've seen him knock it half a mile, and thereby save the game; no wonder that the nations ring with Alexander's fame. I've seen him in a crucial place leap twenty cubits high, and clew the blooming firmament to catch a whizzing fly. In all departments of the game he is a honeybird, and would-be rivals seem to me incompetent, absurd. I've seen him plunge for seven yards, then slide upon his face until the umpire called him safe at third or second base. I've seen the fans stand on their heads and tear their clothes and howl when Alexander jumped the fence and nailed a soaring foul. The conduct of our public schools is sure a thing of shame, when growing youths have never heard of Alexander's fame. Our educators should reform; their system's out of plumb; they'll have to hump themselves and change their whole curriculum."

ALEXANDER THE GREAT. He is a merchant who lives and makes money in New York for 10 months of the year and visits his wives the other two months. He told me that he is very happy with his forty-odd spouses, all of whom he loves as well as any one of them. It is on the difficulties of transit and the atrocious expense of life in New York that separate him from his four times ten and two thousand in for good measure.

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Ada Patterson Quotes a Turk and a Bachelor Oh American Wives

THE Grand Turk has told me what he thinks of American wives. A Grand Turk he is, indeed, for he has 42 wives—in Constantinople.

"I've seen him knock it half a mile, and thereby save the game; no wonder that the nations ring with Alexander's fame. I've seen him in a crucial place leap twenty cubits high, and clew the blooming firmament to catch a whizzing fly. In all departments of the game he is a honeybird, and would-be rivals seem to me incompetent, absurd. I've seen him plunge for seven yards, then slide upon his face until the umpire called him safe at third or second base. I've seen the fans stand on their heads and tear their clothes and howl when Alexander jumped the fence and nailed a soaring foul. The conduct of our public schools is sure a thing of shame, when growing youths have never heard of Alexander's fame. Our educators should reform; their system's out of plumb; they'll have to hump themselves and change their whole curriculum."

"The Turkish women are the best wives in the world," said this husband of Zuleika and many others. "They are the happiest."

"Happier than American wives?" He flung up his hands at my question. "Happy? You laugh, do you not? This is the land of bitterfaced wives. Nor could I move him from this startling position."

"In other countries it is the unmarried women who have the bitter faces," he insisted. "Here it is the wives who husbands who look as though they had a quarrel with the whole world. I think it is because they know all about their husbands' business, and they worry about it."

"The husband comes home after a day of business when he has done his best, and he doesn't want to think about business. He is met by a woman with a drooping mouth, who asks him what he did at the office today and why he didn't do it some other and better way. A Turkish woman knows and cares nothing about his business. She meets him with a laugh of welcome, or she flings her arms about his neck and says, 'You poor dear; you are very tired. Rest here while I bring you some coffee.'"

"Of course he was a Turk, but his wife were like what I heard an American bachelor say by

"Why not think it over, decide how to meet the trouble she thinks she sees stalking toward her, then close that drawer in the many compartmented cabinet of her mind and draw out another? If she thinks of some bigger problem, some worldwide one, mankind is trying to solve, her own will be dwarfed for the time. Or if she resolutely turn her thought more upon the beauty, and less upon the duty, of life, the bitterness may pass, and her smiling lips may resume their normal curve."

It is the haunting dominating thought that stamps the face. Change the thought and the expression of the face will follow.

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Only a Little Smoke The Herald's Daily Short Story

UNDER the starlit sky in a garden surrounded by high walls, a throng of women dressed in white with little black masks hiding their features were promading arm in arm with young men in evening dress. Venetian lanterns everywhere shed their soft diffused light on the scene.

"I must go now," she said. "My friend who brought me here has given me the signal that her car is waiting."

"I cannot part with you like this. I want to meet you again. I must see you once more."

"Are you discreet? Will you promise me never to try to find out who I am, or where I live?"

"Well! Be at Porte Dauphin tomorrow at 10. An auto will call for you. Two men will blindfold you and take you to my house."

"The next night Claude was at the appointed place 10 minutes ahead of time. A big car drove up noiselessly and a bearded giant, evidently a Russian, jumped out. He asked the painter to enter the limousine, tied a handkerchief around his eyes and sat down next to him. Another man of equal stature was seated opposite. The car sped along for half an hour at a rapid pace. Claude could feel that he was breathing the fresh air of the country; to such tricks, but I am married to a husband whom I love with all my heart, who is so insanely jealous that he watches me continually and will not allow me to see anybody or make friendships, though he must understand that a woman with my interests in literature, and art cannot be caged

up and made lonely without suffering mentally. I must have companions and friends with whom I may talk about the things that interest me. I must know personally the great poets and artists that I admire. Fortunately my husband is very kind, and he goes to his club he leaves two men to watch or guard me who are equally devoted to him and me. Now I have bought this little place outside of Paris and here I often see my friends, though I know I am taking my life into my hands in doing so. If you knew who I am you would try to meet me, so I prefer not to tell you. To you I will merely be Alexandra Philippovna. And now tell me if you are not sorry you came. Would you not prefer to have seen me only with a mask?"

"For a month or so Claude met the unknown lady twice or three times a week. She sat for him when they were alone, but other artists and poets were present. She knew everybody, was intelligent, bright, charming and brilliant and he fell madly in love with her. No word of love, however, he often saw her lips, for he felt that her heart, in spite of all, belonged only to her husband of whom she often spoke.

One evening Claude waited for the auto at Porte Dauphin, but it did not come and he went home wondering what had happened. A week passed, at the end of which he received a letter from Berlin containing only a few words of regret that she had not been able to say goodbye.

"I was very much impressed with your paintings," he said. "I had not seen any work of yours before, for I left Paris years ago. You may imagine therefore how surprised I was to find a number of portraits of my wife."

"How have you been able to paint her picture so true to life, monsieur? I do not remember ever having seen you at our house."

"In the dark of the darkness he tried to read the painter's face. Claude remembered that Alexandra Philippovna often attended the opera, so he said he had often seen her there and hurriedly made the sketches without even knowing the name of his model."

"Has the countess Samarine also seen the portraits?" he asked in a careless tone.

"My wife is dead, monsieur. She died 12 years ago, two months after leaving Paris. When were these portraits made?"

"In November, 1892," Claude murmured.

"And we left here in December," said count Samarine.

West Indian Negro Plays an Important Part In Canal Work

IN Proving a Valuable Aid Despite His Shiftless Ways and Indisposition to Work Long at a Time.

UNOON, Canal Zone, May 31.—The West Indian negro has an important part in the building of the Panama canal. Notwithstanding his shortcomings, he has furnished the bulk of the unskilled labor that has made the success of the undertaking a certainty, and he is entitled to his full share of praise. In the beginning the West Indian negro had a bad reputation. It was said that he lacked physical strength, that he had little or no pluck, that he was absolutely unreliable, and that the canal never could be finished if he was expected to supply the greater part of the labor.

But he has lived down this bad reputation, in large part, and although it must be admitted that he is shiftless, inconsistent and exasperating, he has developed into a good workman and has played a big part in the success of the canal project.

Gets Fair Wages. The government pays the West Indian laborer on the canal 90 cents a day, furnishes him with free lodgings in quarters, and sells him three square meals a day for 10 cents each, a total of 30 cents a day for the actual expenses of living. On the balance of 60 cents a day the West Indian negro can get rich, as compared with his opportunities at home.

But the free sanitary quarters, and the necessarily strict discipline maintained therein, did not please him. He sighed for his thatched hut in the "bush," for his wife and his chickens, for the freedom of the tropic world. At first the canal commission was inclined to resist the West Indian's demand, but the authorities believed that no ill fed workman could do as much work as a well fed one, and no "bush" dweller ever was known to be well fed. But it was demonstrated that the negro, when the habit of thinking constantly on his home, and his family, and his broods of poultry thereabout, would be more easily obtained by permitting the workmen to live in their own way. Permission was given, and many of the laborers exchanged the sanitary restrictions of the commission quarters for the dolce far niente of the "bush."

Do Not Like Steady Work. The result of this experiment in larger liberty was in part a success and in part a failure. The list of names on the roll of workers was greatly lengthened, but there was no great addition to the force of men at work on any one day. It is a common saying on the isthmus that if he were asked to work a West Indian would work only half as long. The average negro works about four days a week and enjoys himself the other three.

It may be that the "bush" dweller is not fed as scientifically as the quarters man who gets three meals of about the same weight as the standard United States army field rations, but he has his chickens, his truck patch, his garden, and he makes up for what he loses in science. The authorities have been able to note little difference in the working efficiency of the "bush" men and the "quarters" men, except that those negroes who are actually contented in quarters work a greater number of days in the month.

When the Americans first began work here it was as accepted dictum as much work as three negroes. But the negro has proved this to be a libel, and if he only could be persuaded to stick to the job six days a week he might be quite as efficient as the European. But nothing can induce him to work all the time.

Exceptions to the Rule. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. Some of the negroes are industrious, constant and thrifty. They save all they can, work steadily for a year or two, and then go back to Jamaica or Barbadoes to invest their money in a bit of land and become the Vanderbilt or Astor of their respective communities. In the economic and social environment of their native islands \$100 in gold is as much wealth as \$100,000 in the United States.

The West Indian laborers at first were obtained by recruiting agents at work in the various islands, principally Barbadoes and Jamaica. Of the 30,000 negroes brought to the canal zone by the recruiting service, 20,000 came from Barbadoes, not quite 6,000 from Jamaica, and the remainder from other islands of the Caribbean. Yet the proportion of Jamaicans at work on the canal is much greater than is indicated by the figures. In fact the inducement of high wages and the low cost of passage from Jamaica to the canal zone has attracted so many thousands of Jamaicans that the canal commission now is justified in withdrawing its recruiting officers.

Little Friction. There is little or no friction between the whites and blacks on the canal zone. This immunity from racial clashes results from two causes—the incomparable courtesy of the West Indian negro and his full knowledge of his rights, especially if he be a subject of king George. These West Indian negroes have been reared with a full consciousness of the possession of every right of a British subject, except the purely political privileges. The trouble-making politician has thus been eliminated from the equation in which he is such an important factor in the United States. But the Jamaican and the Barbadian negroes know their rights and insist upon them. They are "British subjects" and their appeals to his majesty's consul suffering prejudice because of the color of their skins.

This fact alone, however, would not keep down trouble if the negroes were offensive. But as a matter of fact they are anything but. Practically every one of them, man or woman, is the very pink of politeness. Ask one a question, and the answer will be, "Oh, yes, sir," or "Oh, no, sir," or if he has not understood, "Beg pardon, sir." He would no more omit the honorific than would a Japanese maiden addressing her father forget to call him "honorable."

The visitor to the canal finds the West Indians extremely interesting. About the railway stations, the post-offices and other public places they may be studied at close range, and the study is well worth while. Without exception they are adepts in carrying things on their heads, and consequently they all have an erect carriage and noble bearing that is the very antithesis of the slouchy and slovenly shuffle of the American cotton field negro. It is said that the first ambition of a West Indian child is to learn to carry things on its head in imitation of its parents. Frequently a negro will be seen with nothing in either hand carrying an umbrella balanced horizontally on his head. Once in a while one may be seen to get a letter from the postoffice, place it on top of his head, weight it down with a stone, and march off with it without any apparent knowledge that he is executing a circus stunt.

Enjoy Their Holidays. The West Indians are at their best on the first holiday after pay day. They all turn out in their best and brightest clothes with the sole and ex-

press purpose of enjoying life. Singing is the principal amusement and these negroes know how to sing. And then there is the railroad. The negro travels for the sake of traveling, and on a holiday one might think that every island in the Caribbean had turned out its entire population for a train ride. The Panama railroad finds its equipment taxed to the utmost on such occasions, as many as 1200 "joy riders" crowding into single train.

Nearly every West Indian negro here has a primary education, is acquainted with the rudiments of the three R's and proud of his learning. But it usually stops there, and only the exceptional man has an ambition that will take him above his thatched hut, his irregular family and his chickens.

There are now about 40,000 West Indian negroes on the canal zone. What will become of them when the work is done no one may predict. When the French failed thousands of negroes were left here stranded, and their governments were forced to convey them back home. It is possible that this will happen again, although conditions never again can be as bad as they were then. But come what may, the negro has had his full share in the construction of the canal. He has been well paid in money, and he deserves also to be remembered in the gratitude of the great American republic.

Tomorrow—The Panama Canal—A Tropical Health Resort.

WASHOUT GIVES PASSENGERS LONG RIDE FOR THEIR MONEY. The Sunset limited left El Paso Tuesday evening on its regular time in spite of the washout on the G. H. & S. A., east of El Paso. The train went from El Paso via Sierra Blanca on the G. H. line, from Sierra Blanca to Fort Worth over the Texas & Pacific road, and from Fort Worth to Houston over the H. & T. C. all for the price of a ticket to Houston.

GONZALES IS ACQUITTED OF CHARGE OF ROBBERY. Pedro Gonzales was acquitted by a jury in the 34th district court Tuesday afternoon when tried on a charge of robbing Jose R. Hernandez about four months ago.

It was charged that Gonzales had held up Hernandez, who was formerly manager of the Juarez bull ring and relieved him of \$600.

LITTLE BOBBIE'S PA

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

WELL, sed Pa, I am now safe from arrest. Nothing that I do from now on will land me in a cell, sed Pa. My friend, Rineander Waldo, is the commissioner of police. Wen do you think that janitor will be back sed Pa, that hall boy that talked back to you yesterday. I am going gunning for the two (2) of them, Pa sed, & wen I go gunning, sed Pa, I get what I go after.

Don't do anything rash, sed Ma. Go in & wash your face & hands, & comb your hair, & cum to dinner. How do you know, sed Ma, that if you go beeting peepul up you will not be pinched & put beehind the bars?

The season I know it, sed Pa, is because I am a friend of the new polceec commissioner, Mister Waldo. Why, sed Pa, him & me is pals. I met him up at Stikybowers one day wen he was running for alderman, sed Pa. Nat Wills interduced me to him. He is one fine big fellow, sed Pa, & anything that I do will go for him.

Cudden you git up cousin from the West a job on the force? sed Ma. My cousin is a gun fter. No, I am afraid I cudden, sed Pa. Why, Mister Waldo, I call him Riney for short ever since the day Nat Wills interduced him to me. Riney has been were there is so many reel gun fters that he wud

know your cousin for a foney the mint he seen him.

However, sed Pa, that is neither here nor there. The point I make is that I am going to start out now & clean up that janitor & that hall boy. I wish you wudden, sed Ma, you know how I deestuff ruff work. But I am going to do it jest the same, sed Pa. Then Pa went down stairs & that is the last we seen of Pa until the next mornin' when a man wich sed he was a polceecman called up Ma & sed, There is a man heer with two black eyes, he had a fite with a janitor wich says he is the janitor of your house, & he got a awful beeting from the panitor. His nose is twice its regular size.

That answers to the deskripshun of my hubby, sed Ma. But it will be all rite. Jest have him call up his pal, Rineander Waldo. He met my husband up on Broadway, near the 24 Subway stahshun, sed Ma. Nat Wills interduced them, sed Ma.

I am very sorry, lady, sed the polceecman to Ma over the telephone. Mister Waldo is very busy this forenoon, & he sed that he doesent remember your husband anyhow, unless he mite have met him somewere down in the Philippines. I guess you will have to cum down here & ball him out.

So I staved away from Ma & Ma went down to the jail and Ma toald them who Pa was & showed how much property we owned, & and they let Pa go.

Pa didnt say a singel word wen we got in the Subway & started back for the Hites. But Ma sed a lot of things. She asked Pa how it happened that he didnt beet up the janitor & hall boy, & she sed, Well, deestuff, why deont you ask your friend Rineander Waldo up to lunch. Ill bet he wudden let a janitor beet him up, sed Ma.

Ma can be awful nice, sunlimes, & she can be mean other times.

Abe Martin

By Frederic J. Haskin.



Th' trouble with all banquets is that they set you so close together it knocks th' peas off your knife. Talk 'bout hard luck, how'd you like t' have a pug nose an' have t' wear spectacles?

press purpose of enjoying life. Singing is the principal amusement and these negroes know how to sing. And then there is the railroad. The negro travels for the sake of traveling, and on a holiday one might think that every island in the Caribbean had turned out its entire population for a train ride. The Panama railroad finds its equipment taxed to the utmost on such occasions, as many as 1200 "joy riders" crowding into single train.

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GIRLS' NAMES

MINNA || What They Mean—Famous People That Bore the Name—The Name in History, Literature, Etc. (Copyright, 1910, by Henry W. Fischer.)

THE popularity of Minna or Minnie is not at all surprising, for the same signifies "One Rich in Love." The myrtle, which in most countries takes the place of orange blossoms at wedding feasts, is minna's emblem.

The proper name for Minna is, of course, Wilhelmina, spelled with an "e" at the end in many countries of Europe. The Dutch, who love their queen Wilhelmina, familiarly call her "Uns Minnie." Our Minna or Minnie.

Though the annals of royalty are full of Wilhelms, there is but one royal lady of distinction bearing the name besides the present queen of the Netherlands—namely, Margravine Wilhelmina Bayreuth, sister of Frederick the Great, authoress of the famous memoirs.

"Minnie von Baruhelm," by Lessing, was the first German national drama dealing with contemporary events. Minna Trolle is a famous character in Walter Scott's "The Pirate." Minna besides the name besides the present queen of the Netherlands, namely, Margravine Wilhelmina Bayreuth, sister of Frederick the Great, authoress of the famous memoirs. "Minnie von Baruhelm," by Lessing, was the first German national drama dealing with contemporary events. Minna Trolle is a famous character in Walter Scott's "The Pirate." Minna besides the name besides the present queen of the Netherlands, namely, Margravine Wilhelmina Bayreuth, sister of Frederick the Great, authoress of the famous memoirs. "Minnie von Baruhelm," by Lessing, was the first German national drama dealing with contemporary events. Minna Trolle