

A Disgraceful Episode

NOBODY BELIEVES that the outbreak in Juarez Wednesday had any relation, in the beginning, with the Zapatista movement or any other organized opposition to the Madero government in Mexico. As nearly as can be ascertained, there had arisen some dissatisfaction with the attitude of the government toward these ex-insurrecto troops. But nothing serious was looked for. Wednesday a few men got drunk and started things going. Being practically un-disciplined, the men of the garrison joined in the demonstration, and almost before they knew what they were about, they had placed themselves in open rebellion against the established government, and had confined the colonel commandant and police chief, and driven the mayor over the border.

The town being left without organized protection, became the prey of reckless mischief makers. At such a grave crisis, a few resolute volunteers from among the law abiding and loyal citizenship might have restored order in a little while and restrained the mob. But leadership was lacking, the prisoners in the jail were turned out to aid the marauders, one misdeed led to another, and excesses were committed that reflect dishonor upon the men whom president Madero had trusted to uphold his hands.

There is no sympathy in El Paso or anywhere else in the United States, for such insane deeds. The harm that this most lamentable eruption has done is incalculable. That it is a serious blow to public confidence in Mexico's peaceful recovery cannot be denied. True, it may be classed as a riot or revolt rather than an act of rebellion, and the uprising seems to have had no real, no special motive. But when it is possible for an important city, a port of entry, to be so terrorized through the mutiny of the entire garrison of military protectors, and when there is a general seizure of arms and ammunition, looting of stores, and destruction of property, with no determined effort to restrain the rioters—when Americans are shot within doors, and robbed in the very presence of constituted authorities—the episode is not one to be dismissed with a sneer or a puff of air.

If the city of Juarez—as is generally believed—is loyal to the existing government, it is necessary that the citizens organize at once a volunteer force for their own protection and for the defence of the city and of the persons and property of citizens and foreigners. Such a force, competently handled, could have quelled Wednesday's outbreak at the very beginning. Surely it ought not to be necessary to await troops from Mexico city to insure the ordinary guarantees.

Americans unanimously deplore the unfortunate occurrence. To Juarez and El Paso it means direct and definite loss, but indirectly the damaging effect is far greater. Northern Mexico has been very quiet and orderly, with few exceptions. The president should have been left free to work out the problems that vex him in the south. It is a pity that a few unthinking mischief makers are allowed to indulge in such excesses as to create the impression of serious resistance to the government. Such a display of primitive passion and disregard for law and order is disgraceful in the extreme, and deserves no tolerance. The sympathies of El Paso are with those who are earnestly trying to work out the problems of reconstruction—not with the people to whom a bottle of tequila and a loaded gun are the easily recognized emblems of political liberty.

The country is improving. In 1911 we had five-tenths of a suicide less per hundred thousand people than we had in 1910.

El Paso could still go stronger on sidewalks and not hurt anything. The sidewalk habit is a good one to get the property owners into.

One Thing El Paso Needs

A PRESSING minor need of the city of El Paso is a large room that can be used for balls, banquets, and meetings, under such social and material conditions as would compare with the facilities available in any large city. The new hotel Paso del Norte is the place for it; and El Pasosans hope the owners of the new hotel will instruct the architects to include such a hall in their plans. So far, this has not been done.

It is true that the hotel plans include a hall on the tenth floor, 40x70 feet, or 2800 square feet, a room that can be used for the purposes named. But this is only a fraction larger than the main assembly room of the Country club, which, as everybody knows, is too small to accommodate a large gathering, such as we always have on any public occasion. The main assembly hall of the Country club, used for dancing, is 35x65 feet, or nearly 2300 square feet—almost as large as the largest assembly hall now planned for the new hotel.

This, The Herald believes, is a mistake. There is a constant demand in El Paso for a suitable assembly hall larger than any we now have. Many private dancing parties crowd the halls we have, and El Paso has no place where a large banquet can be satisfactorily served, or where a convention can be held under favorable conditions. Any large ball or formal reception, such as the governors' ball at the Statehood Jubilee, or other public entertainments in honor of distinguished visitors, tax beyond their reasonable capacity any desirable place of social assembly in the city. Even as a music and lecture room, for private use or for clubs and the accommodation of visiting artists, such a large hall as is now proposed would be a most welcome addition to El Paso's social facilities.

The main assembly hall (for balls, banquets, meetings, and musical entertainments) in the new hotel ought to be at least twice as large as the largest room at the Country club. The main assembly hall in the new hotel ought to have, if possible, not less than 5000 square feet. Being on the top floor, it will be possible to make a trussed roof that will demand no supporting columns.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

THE water wagon goes its way with creakings long and loud. When it set forth on New Year day it held a merry crowd that filled the air with laugh and song, with pledge and noble vow; where is that gay and gladsome throng? Where are those heroes now? One passenger soon left his seat, hard by the bugjuice mill; he said he couldn't stand the heat, THE WATER WAGON although the day was chill. And one, who started brave and bold, a youth of princely form, said that he couldn't stand the cold, although the day was warm. And one, a man of sterling worth, got down, abroad to roam he had to celebrate a birth that happened at his home. And one announced with bated breath he'd have to quit the cart; he'd heard about the sudden death of his step-uncle Mart. So, one by one and day by day, they sought excuse and fled; and in its lone, weary way the water wagon sped.

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The Daily Horrorscope By T. K. Hedrick

The "Gink" Says: February 1
Again we have to combat the knocker and backfitter, and keep our minds serene against the machinations of that Cancer and his tribe. Appeals to self will be made, that if heeded will bring us into a maze of troubles. One influence that must be combated, is that which implants the desire to "get-rich-quick" in any cost. Gold-lust is one of the temptations that beset man under the present sky. Promises of "big returns" must be viewed skeptically. It is a good day, however, for all forms of legitimate trading. The homely virtues of thrift and industry will be surely rewarded. And promoters of the quick-rich schemes are powerless to overthrow the good resolutions of them who are well grounded in those two habits.

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Bringing the News The Herald's Daily Short Story

By Pierre Gautier.
THE light had faded rapidly, for it was late in the afternoon and winter. It had been hard enough out on the plains, but here, deep in the forest of the Vedges, the darkness hung like a pall. Jean Caval was afraid. Fear had gripped him since the day when the triumphant Germans swept into Metz, driving all before them. That was why he had fled from Metz, and why he had made his home in the woods, sobbing and gasping, and calling on God to spare his life. Or this, with retreat to the remembered little. Everything was so confused. The rolling thunder of the artillery, the crackling of trees and death, the thudding boots of pursuing cavalry, and the firing of the German eagle.

In his terror he had entered the forest too far to the south. Mirecourt lay more to the northeast, so he struck off in that direction, and made the best of his way. He was not alone. Pine, pines, and pines: Everywhere Jean looked the trees stood close and showed them only as a solid background. And Jean sobbed as the mocking and reverberated in the trees around him, and fear took him by the hand and guided him. He was not alone. In a clearing where a pond lay, he reflected the sky upon its light, and Jean's spirits rose a little.

With a grunt of satisfaction Jean took a step. A hand was resting lightly upon his shoulder, and a voice was calling him by name. "Wake up, oh, wake up," said Jean.

"Marie!" he cried. "Marie! There is blood upon your chest, and here, and here!" Marie pointed the clotted patches. "Died!" he cried, "we lost! Ah, how we lost! Marie, my child, we ran like the wind, the autumn leaves we flew! This way and that! And everywhere, blood! And men, and things, there, once been here!"

Marie threw her arms about him and cried her thanks to heaven that Jean had been spared. She stood there, and her prayers had been heard.

"The army, Jean—where is the army?" Jean looked away, and with a short laugh, pointed through the trees to the people of Mirecourt. The army was there, until his fingers lay in the direction of the Vedges mountains.

"There—and some there!" "And you, Jean?" "Oh, I got leave," he said shortly, and then: "And how many my father, any everyone know at Mirecourt?" "Your father is well. I have been with him every night. We talk of the war, and you let us go, Jean, we will be anxious for news. All yesterday we could hear the guns booming on the frontier."

"So together they walked back to Mirecourt. They reached the Cotrol house at the beginning of the village street, and the people ran from the gates and clamored for the war news. Their shouts rang out on the cobble streets, and brought others from their houses. And Jean raised his voice and spoke of the war.

"The army has fallen!" he cried. "The armies of France are routed! We shall have the Prussians at Metz again!" "Intervenes!" The commotion had fetched an old man out into the street. He stood for a moment, shading his eyes from the morning sun, which shone through the straggling streets in a long shaft of gold. Jean saw him with a quick run, was by his side, saying: "Father—we have lost!" "My poor boy, my Jean!" was all the old man could say, and they hugged each other and kissed before the people of Mirecourt.

"A squadron of French light cavalry drew to a halt their uniforms almost indistinguishable for dust. A corporal rode along up the cobble road, while the troopers sat at attention on their horses. "Oh, Pere Caval and Jean sat before the fire talking. On the table the remains of a hastily-prepared meal showed that Jean had been there for some time. "And so, my boy, you have smelt powder, and have heard the whistle of the bullets? Ah, I wish I was young again! It is years since these old bones and limbs of mine fought for France. But poor Ernest! My heart bleeds for her flying armies. Did you say they were encamped towards Dijon?" Jean's cheeks reddened, and he lowered his eyes and stared into the glowing fire. "Yes, father, those that were left after Metz retreated there. My regiment was cut up, so I got leave without a commission." "It was good of them to spare you, Jean," the old man muttered. "I wanted to see you; but you must go back to your father. Every man is wanted for the needs of France in this sad hour. The war will turn, my son, and

FIRST COPPER MINE IN ARIZONA WAS IN CLIFTON-MORENCI DISTRICT

First Railroad, a "Baby Gage," Connected Old Longfellow Mine With Clifton Camp.
BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN

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No Saloons. Supplies are furnished by huge department stores operated by the company, there are no saloons and no liquor is sold except from the company stores in the village of Clifton. The town, and the houses in it, are lighted by electricity furnished by the company free of charge. With all of these things, Morenci lacks other things that are the property of even the commonest of towns, for it has no streets, and consequently not one automobile, carriage nor any other vehicle. Possibly the best known of the southwestern mines in the United Verde, is Jerome, in the northernmost of the large Arizona copper mines. It is the property of former senator W. A. Clark, of Montana. Jerome mines and produces a great deal of silver as a by-product. Its copper ores are said to be very high in grade and it is certain that it returns a gross income of more than \$2,000,000 a year, although senator Clark does not even pretend to work the mine to its full capacity.

Six years ago, when copper was selling around 25 cents a pound and speculation was universal, the prosperity of these Arizona mining towns was evident in the fact that the golden cities of Cibola, but when, after the panic of 1907, copper dropped to 12 cents, there was an inevitable reaction. The town and the houses in it were largely destroyed and there was the usual distress that attends the bursting of a boom. But a profitable business, the people who engage in it are prosperous, these mining camps are thrifty and are a credit to the copper industry of the state. Tomorrow—The World's Wonderland.

EXPECTS DECISION IN COLLINS APPEAL

Bud Brown Poll Tax Case Is Dismissed by the Supreme Court.
Austin, Texas, Feb. 1.—Attorney General Lightfoot, who is just back from Washington, said he expected a decision soon in the Dr. Ira Collins case from El Paso, which was submitted in the United States supreme court and which involves the constitutionality of the "one-cent" medical act.

The Bud Brown poll tax case, from Tarrant county, which involves the constitutionality of that feature of the Terrell election law, which prohibits one person lending money to another to pay his poll tax, was dismissed on motion of the attorney general. The other parties failed to file a brief. This settles the matter.

A BIG GORGE

From an Exchange.
At the close of the strenuous work hours, the hostess served a tempting two course luncheon; the first course consisting of creamed cabbage, straggled wafers and eggs, followed by cream puffs with whipped cream and pineapple salad.

Two Notable Events in History

The Last Of Slavery The Great Draft
January 31, 1865. February 1, 1864.

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

IT WAS 47 years ago yesterday—January 31, 1865—that congress passed the Thirteenth amendment to the constitution, the act which forever killed the institution of slavery within the United States and all places subject to its jurisdiction.

Better late than never, of course, but after all it was nothing more than a case of "shutting the stable door after the horse had got away." Two hundred and forty-six years before (August, 1619) there came to Jamestown, Va., a Dutch slave trader bought them, and then there began the trouble which was to cost the whole nation nearly two centuries of blood and tears.

"Things had begun to move themselves strong by ill," says the great Shakespeare. Do you mean that still, now, wrongs to "prop up the first wrong, and sooner or later must come the bloody reckoning, north and south, first began to realize the wrong that had been committed in establishing slavery in our midst, but they apparently did not know that prayer is powerless to stave off the consequences of wrong action. What man ever denied the law of right that must settle for the violation in full, prayers and penance to the contrary notwithstanding. Hence it happened that the nation must suffer as but few nations have suffered in the course of its history before it cancels that Jamestown transaction with the word of 1865. "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to its jurisdiction."

Receiving the ratification of 27 of the 48 states at the time in the union, result in a formal statement to congress, and the act became a part of the fundamental law of this land. It is not generally known that the validity of the famous Thirteenth amendment was seriously questioned by a man whose name is Lincoln himself. In the last speech that the martyr president ever made, only one to six states at a time. That is a fine system, said Ma, only one shut git mad at a time.

"That is what I was thinking, said Pa, that is why I brought the clipping home to you. Only one mad at a time, what a sublime sentiment! Jest think how quiet that would make a good old Irish family of us, Pa said.

You don't understand the reverent gentleman, said Ma, this article means that only one of the parents shut git mad at a time. It has no reference to the children. It is a beautiful sentiment. It is a fine sentiment, said Pa, let's pretend it is so, and we will play it. Which of us is going to git mad first? Bobbie can stay rite here, said Ma, he has seen us both mad so often that

Abe Martin



Speakin' o' th' stage, Tel Blinky says he likes th' sad plays th' best—th' kind where they kin a male girl out in th' snow an' then all set down t' a real turkey dinner with rubber collar. Wouldn't it sound funny t' hear a farmer say, "Oh, I can't complain?"

that the Roman empire never at any one time had 50,000 men in the field. With all their worldwide military operations, reaching from the Danube to the sandy wastes of the great Sahara, and from the Pillars of Hercules to the frontiers of India, the Caesars did not have as many soldiers as president Lincoln ordered in that one draft.

The fact will serve to give some sort of idea of the bigness of the civil war, especially if taken in connection with the further fact that the 300,000 called for in the draft of February, 1864, represents but a small part of the total force of the union side, which, including all enlistments from start to finish, aggregated 2,375,110.

It is quite safe to say that no other people ever presented such a warlike front as the United States in the north to the south in the war between the states. Split in two as it was by the secession of the southern members of the union, the half of the country that remained under the old flag put into the field the military might that eclipses the battle array of any other nation that ever went to war.

On the other hand, the south, in successfully sending us against this amazingly great battle force, lost long, won the fame which none are more willing to grant them than their one-time antagonists.

In the south of 1861 there were 1,000,000 white men fit to bear arms, of which number 350,000 went into the fight—only 250,000 for four years, winning on the battle field far more than they lost, and quitting, finally, not because they were "wounded," but because they were literally worn out and exhausted by the attrition of the continual conflict.

Of the fight the southerners put up the north is today as proud as the south itself. In fact, it has ceased to be a sectional war, the men who helped to make the names of Lee and Jackson immortal were Americans, blood brothers of the men whose sorrows and griefs are felt without flinching, kept to their work, and through their work, until they finally prevailed, saving the nation, and the American people, from the proud and happy home of the conquered and the conquerors of the American people.

We may be sure that in the heart of the great and good man who called for the memorial draft of 1864 there lurked no malice or ill will, and sure we are, again, that if he were here today, he would be as proud and happy as the man who fought with Lee and Jackson, and the American who fought with Grant and Hancock.

From the Phoenix (Ariz.) Republican.
The man who built a safety deposit vault for eggs would be accomplishing a stroke of genius that should soon put him in the millionaire class.

He is a little veteran. I think I wud like to git mad first, said Ma, if it is all the same to you. Then the gain began and Ma got mad.

See now, luv, said Ma, what in the world do you mean by telling me that you wud be ready to pay that C. O. D. today. When the good little boy had to stop all the way up from 23, said Ma, I had to send him back with the bundle, and it was only twenty dollars worth of stuff.

Yes, my luv, said Pa.
I never seen anything like it in my life, Ma said. I can't send anything home unless I have the getting it sent home. You are the least common of dividers, said Ma. I wish I had never left my home. There everything was harmony and joy. Lattel did I think in them days, Ma said, that I wud have to be humiliated in front of a common messenger boy, and it was only twenty dollars.
Yes, my luv, said Pa.
It is jest getting to this point, said