AN INDEPENDENT DAILY NEWSPAPER

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE, THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIVE UNOPPOSED.

H. D. Slater, Editor-in-Chief and controlling owner has directed The Herald for 14 Years; G. A. Martin is News Editor.

EL PASO HERALD

Editorial and Magazine Page

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All Doing Their Best

A MEMBER of the board of directors of the chamber of commerce, in a letter to the board which is published in The Herald today, urges that something should be done to do away with the terrible menace of the Great Sewer Lake, which has been created in city limits by the local governing authorities. In his letter he says if the conditions are "even half as bad" as The Herald pictured them, they constitute a threatening condition that ought to be met promptly. The sentiment among the other members of the board was that the city administration is doing the best it can. As one of the aldermen is president of the chamber, he is supposed to have expert evidence as to what the city administration's "best" consists of.

There is no need of anyone taking The Herald's word for the condition down there at the Great Sewer Lake. The smell is still there; the slime is still there; anybody can see for himself if he takes the trouble to go down there, and if his stomach can stand the experience. The pictures and the article were absolutely authentic, and published for the one sole purpose of calling public attention to a condition that is quite the worst from an unsanitary standpoint that this city has ever suffered. The article was written without the slightest personal or political feeling, animus, or intent, and could not honestly be so construed by any one. It was a plainly worded, restrained, conservative statement, that could have been substantiated in the minutest detail by any citizen taking the trouble to go down there.

Whatever else is done, not one square foot of that immense area, that Great Sewer Lake bed, will ever be fit to build a house on or fit for any human to live on, until it has been thoroughly disinfected. It will take not less than 1000 barrels of chloride of lime to put that pestilential hole in even passable shape for future use. It is not too much to say that a heavy toll of human lives will pay for this piece of mismanagement.

But since the board of directors of the chamber of commerce believes the city administration is doing "the best it can," what is the use of the common people lifting their voices?

Imagine discharging your own household sewage into your own back yard for one month and leaving it there without doing anything to reduce it; imagine the healthfulness and the pleasure of living in close proximity to the Sewer Lake thus created in your back yard by the unmodified waste products of all your drains, sinks, and plumbing, turned out onto the surface of the ground to fester in the sun. Then imagine all the sewage of a city of 45,000 people deposited in your back yard for one month; would it not make a pleasant residential district in your neighborhood? That is exactly what the city of El Paso has been doing, and The Herald has truthfully presented the situation for the public's consideration.

Any comment The Herald might make would be sure to be misconstrued, so in all kindness we merely repeat the sentiment expressed by members of the chamber of commerce board, that the city administration is doing "the best it can." The same should in justice be said of the typhoid flies, mosquitos, and the germs of 57 varieties of disease that have found an ideal breeding place at the Great Sewer Lake. It is a pretty and inspiring sight, to see all God's creatures working together so hard for better conditions of living for the masses of the people.

Officials high in the councils of the administration have been studying up the diplomatic history of the American civil war, and they find in secretary Seward's correspondence with American ministers in Europe, opposing all movements looking toward recognizing the belligerency or the independence of the southern confederacy, about all the arguments they think they need to sustain their present policy of neutrality so construed as to favor the constitutional government to the last degree against rebellion.

The scene of the war switches from Bachimba to Chicago.

With a valley railroad to Ysleta, the whole 12 miles should soon be lined with suburban villas. The railroad will add to the value of every piece of land in the valley, even far beyond Ysleta.

Cause and Effect

A RATHER remarkable interview with a Mexican rebel representative appeared in The Herald a couple of days ago, in which, not only was the international policy of the United States government bitterly condemned, but a very ugly threat of probable dynamiting in El Paso was voiced. The Herald believes that, since such a feeling exists, the public should know it. Suppression can do no good and might have evil results. The public is entitled to know all the facts about the Mexican situation, and all the facts as they bear on local conditions. The facts have been given to the public at all times by The Herald fully, accurately, promptly, and without the slightest bias or partiality either way—a statement that cannot truthfully be made of any other newspaper in this vicinity. But while finding it necessary to publish the news wherever derived, as far as the sources are personally known and definitely stated, nevertheless The Herald cannot permit this opportunity to pass without denouncing vigorously the sentiments expressed in the interview referred to.

The thought that any Mexican rebel or rebel sympathizer seriously contemplates engaging in lawless expeditions or dynamiting operations in El Paso or any other American town, is too serious to trifle with. Such hints must not be passed over carelessly, but should be taken as indicating a very unfortunate development in international relations. Our Mexican friends, like all other folks, have a perfect right to maintain opinions and express them, but when they undertake to dictate to the United States government what it shall and shall not do, and hint or threaten dynamiting and violent reprisal if their views be not accepted, then it is time to call a very sharp turn.

In Friday's Herald appeared a statement based on a dispatch from Washington, declaring that congressman W. R. Smith, in his efforts to secure a report from the senate committee on his bill to create a special commission of the American government to hear American border claims rising out of outrages committed a year ago, has again met with the active opposition of the state department. Congressman Smith has had to buck the state department and the administration senators and congressmen at every turn, in trying to obtain a hearing for the El Paso claimants and other border claimants. He has successfully combated the state department's alleged "arguments" and has already secured a unanimous favorable report in the house, in language refreshingly vigorous and red blooded. Now he is trying to get action in the senate, and again he has the state department to fight.

It will be remembered with no deep sentiments of loving sympathy that president Taft in his last annual message declared that "no violation of American rights of any substantial character" occurred after the Douglas incident (three weeks before Madero took Juarez). The Washington government, in spite of the fact that five Americans were killed and 18 Americans wounded by Mexicans on American soil during the Juarez battle, and in spite of the fact that many thousands of bullets and shrapnel shell were fired into El Paso,—the Washington government still persists that all El Paso claims must be presented to a Mexican tribunal for settlement, and still refuses to lift a finger to assist toward reaching a just and expeditious settlement of these righteous claims, now more than a year old. The whole attitude of the American government toward these claims has been disgraceful to the last degree, and well calculated to bring Americans and their government into the contempt of many shallow witted Mexicans who cannot respect our people when our own government coldly abandons us in heartless disregard of consequences.

Perhaps the well known attitude of the Washington government in the matter of these El Paso outrages and other transgressions no less flagrant, has had more than a little to do with the disposition toward reckless speech illustrated in the recent interview by a prominent rebel sympathizer, to which we have referred.

Why is it that one sugar planter in Cuba gets more immediate and vigorous sympathy and assistance at Washington than all the people of El Paso and other border cities, or than the thousands of Americans suffering losses in Mexico by reason of the remarkable proclamation of the president, the secretary of state, and the ambassador? Why is the state department so determined that El Paso victims of outrages by soldiers of a foreign country shall be prevented from receiving any reparation? The state department at Washington in some ways seems to be doing its level best to create conditions of discord between the two republics, especially along this border where international peace has always been sacredly preserved by these neighbors who understand and respect each other.

In the index of the "Federal Reporter," a standard law book, appears this timely reference: "Automobiles—See Bankruptcy."

Without a shadow of a doubt, the redlight reservation should be moved away from the heart of the city. The "vested rights" down there will just about have to buy a new vest.

The Washington government is setting some significant precedents in its action regarding Cuba.

One-Sentence Philosophy

GLOBE SIGHTS.

(Atchison Globe.)

When peace is patched each side claims the other surrendered.

Living in a city differs from a small town in this respect; one notices less difference in the clothes folks wear on Sunday.

Now that the vaudeville producers have combined, they may limit the output; the trust idea has some good points.

Fortunately it doesn't take a young man so long to bid goodbye to his Heart's Desire after he marries her.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A man never minds being hated if it's because he's rich.

The reason a girl doesn't flirt is she calls it studying human nature.

A girl can find something romantic in meeting anything that walks except a mouse.

A man who wants you to vote for him would be insulted if you wanted him to vote for you.

A man seems to be afraid his family might get some of his devotion that belongs to his political party.

UNCLE WALT'S DENATURED POEM

Idle Imaginings

By Walt Mason.

I used to guide a safety plow drawn by two buckskin mules; the honest sweat streamed from my brow and lay around in pools. And as I labored in the field I saw the rich drive by; "I wish that I like them were heeled," I sadly used to sigh. "How full of joy must be the man whose wealth's in bales, like hay, who doesn't have to drive a span of bughouse mules all day! It isn't fair that one should bask upon a golden stack, while t'other man pursues a task that breaks his heart and back." And now I ride around in state, deferred to by the throng; and I have greenbacks by the crate, for which I used to long. I look with envy at the lads who ply their farming tools, who wish and wish they had my seads while stirring up the mules! "It isn't fair," I sigh, "that some should bask in perfect health, while my insides are out of plumb, and can't be cured by wealth. I'm old and battered up, in truth, and yonder toiling clods enjoy the priceless boon of youth, the first gift of the gods! It isn't fair—there's something wrong! I'm too short-winded now to push those buckskin mules along and guide the safety plow!"

A Romance of Aduenture

The Herald's Daily Short Story

By Sir Henry Seton-Karr.

THE incident I am about to relate happened to me a good many years ago, when I was no more than 20 years old. I was after wild reindeer in Norway. These animals frequent the rocky snowclad mountains over there, and to stalk them successfully is often a very long and difficult undertaking.

Upon the occasion in question I was on the Dovre field, and had reached the slopes of Snachetten, which is the highest peak of the field. Except for the company of my hunter, I was alone.

Suddenly we caught sight of three reindeer bucks which were lying near together in a hollow of the mountain, some distance ahead, and we at once prepared to stalk them.

We advanced cautiously over the crisp snow in the direction of our quarry, and had gone some way when we found ourselves confronted by a steep snowslide, about 20 yards broad. It sloped inwards towards like a roof of a house, and at the bottom of the slide yawned a great precipice 1,000 deep.

I looked round to see if there might be any other means of approaching the reindeer, but could discover none. It was a question of getting over the slide or else going a tremendous long way round before being able to get within range of the game.

My hunter did not like the look of the slide at all, and expressed his intention of making the circuit in preference to running a risk of being dashed to pieces, at the bottom of the precipice below, but I, being young and impatient, did not favor such a proceeding, and, taking my rifle from his hands, told him that I was going to make the crossing. He at once hurried off so as to rejoin me as quickly as possible, while I prepared to make the attempt.

The danger of the proceeding did not occur to me at that time, for I was too much occupied with the thought of the reindeer and the question as to how I could most easily get over the 20 yards of glittering snow that lay between me and the further pursuit of those three bucks. There were two ways of getting across. I could either creep across very slowly, and with the utmost care, or else I could take it with a rush, like a sort of running jump. Of these two ways, the latter appealed to me most and I determined on that fashion.

I retreated a couple of yards, grasped my rifle firmly in my left hand just in front of the breech, and then took a run. Three short steps and I was upon the slide, rushing forward as swiftly as my legs could carry me. Five, 10, 15 yards I covered, and the rocks beyond seemed to be almost within reach, when, all of a sudden, my foot slipped, I fell. And next instant was rolling down the slope with everincreasing velocity. I slid over the smooth surface of the frozen snow as though I had been on a toboggan, speeding, with fearful rapidity, every instant nearer to the yawning precipice beneath. Still, I clung on to my rifle, and, as I slipped, flung out my right hand instinctively.

Nearer and nearer to the fatal brink I came. Then just as I had given up all hope, my outstretched hand came in contact with a little piece of rock that jutted through the snow, my fingers closed upon it, and with a jerk my headlong course was effectually stopped.

I dragged myself back as far from the abyss as possible, and, clinging to the friendly little rock, climbed into a kneeling posture, in which position I began to stamp myself a foothold in the snow. Then, climbing to my feet, I took a big breath and rushed across the remaining few yards in the same way that I had accomplished the first part of the crossing.

Having thus surmounted the difficulty, I hastened forward to where the reindeer still rested in their hollow. I had to creep on all fours, and my progress was naturally very slow, but I managed to advance without alarming them until I had got to within 150 yards of where they lay.

Judging this to be near enough, I halted and, taking steady aim, pressed the trigger on the finest buck of the three. The result was highly satisfactory, the animal falling over dead on the spot, and, soon afterwards, my hunter came up and the adventure was over.

Not until this point had been reached did I fully realize how near to death I had come, for, up till now, my mind had been almost entirely taken up with the idea of getting a shot at the reindeer. The whole affair stood out very clearly in my mind afterwards, however, when I reflected how absolutely certain must have been my fate had not that little rock been providentially interposed between myself and the precipice.

Success Under Difficulties

Haym Salomon—Turned Down by Continental Congress to Turn Up the Real Financier of the American Revolution.

BY MADISON C. PETERS

HAYM SALOMON was born at Lissa, Poland, in 1740, of Jewish-Portuguese descent and left his native country after the partition of Poland in 1772. The outbreak of the revolution found him an ardent supporter of the colonial cause.

He was arrested and imprisoned as a spy soon after the occupation of New York by the British in 1776. In 1778 he was again taken by the British on charges that he had received orders from Washington to burn fleets and destroy their warehouses, "which he had attempted to execute to their great damage and injury."

He was condemned to a military death, but on August 11, 1778, he managed to escape, by bribing his jailor. Fourteen days later Salomon addressed a petition to the continental congress, setting forth his services and asking for some employment. Congress turned a deaf ear to his plea and the denial worked for the ultimate good both of Salomon and the young country. Escaping to Philadelphia, he established himself in business, becoming a dealer in bills of exchange on France and Holland. For the most part the money advanced by Louis XVI and the proceeds of the loans negotiated in Holland passed through his hands. He was intrusted with the negotiation of all the war subsidies of France and Holland on his own personal integrity, which were sold to the resident merchants in America without any loss, at a credit of two and three months, for which he received the small commission of one-fourth of one percent. Several European financial houses did business through him.

Where Salomon Was Needed.

Alexander Hamilton, writing during the dark days of the war to Robert Morris, says: "It is by restoring public credit, not by gaining battles, that we are finally to gain our object." Haym Salomon brought not only all his wealth to the aid of his adopted country, but a financial insight which, for clearness of depth, was not surpassed Haym Salomon a champion equaled by Robert Morris. America found in Haym Salomon a champion equaley by few. His fertility in resource and soundness of financial views made him, through Robert Morris, superintendent of finance, the real financier of the revolution, and judged by Alexander Hamilton's standard of patriotism, surpossed by none, for Haym Salomon was practically the sole agent employed by Morris for negotiating bills of exchange by which means the credit of the government was so largely maintained during this period. We do not wish to detract from the glory of Robert Morris, but we do insist that the success Morris obtained in his financial schemes was due to the skill, ability and sacrifice of Haym Salomon.

Has Many Honors.

He was appointed broker to the French consul and the treasurer of the French army and fiscal agent to the French minister to the United States, Chevalier de la Luzerne, enormous sums passing through his hands He was the principal depositor of the Bank of North America, an institution founded through the instrumentality of Robert Morris, to serve as a means of obtaining funds to carry on the government, the first and only bank chartered by the revolutionary congress. The accounts of 15 other merchants who commenced with the opening of the bank occupied, in all, 15 pages, up to the period of Salomon's death, while Salomon's account occupied in all 15 pages, double columns, of the same ledger. Salomon's one account was as large as their entire account in the aggregate. The balance at the various times of settlement in his bank book show special balances of from $15,000 to $50,000 at each period. The amount charged by the bank to his account as paid to Robert Morris was over $200,000, while Robert Morris' own account during the same period had a deposit of less than $10,000. A further interesting fact is that on a day when Robert Morris deposited $10,000 in the bank, he received exactly the same amount from Haym Salomon.

Loaned Much to Government.

Not only did Salomon advance large sums to the government for which he received no return, but the services of James Madison, Edmund Randolph, Gens. Mifflin, St. Clair and others were retained in the cause through his bounty. In Madison's letter to Virginia, in 1781, he writes: "My wants are so urgent that it is impossible to suppress them. The case of my brethren is equally alarming." Later he writes: "The kindness of our friend in Front street (Mr. Salomon) is a fund that will preserve me from extreme necessities, but I never resort to it without great mortification, as he obstinately rejects all recompense. To necessitous delegates he gratuitously spares from his private stock."

James Madison, twice president of the United States, the most learned and patriotic member of the revolutionary congress, thus paid his tribute to Saloman's devotion and bounty: "When any member was in need, all that was necessary was to call upon Salomon." Again and again he refers to his little friend in Front street," acknowledged not only his indebtedness to "the little Jew" on whose bounty he had pensioned, but again and again refers to his integrity and disinterestedness.

Did Valiant Service.

Not only did Salomon aid his home government, but he was the confidential friend and adviser of agents, consuls, and representatives of foreign powers in sympathy with the recolutionary movement. He had confidential relations with all the foreign representatives at one time or another. He was the confidential friend of that ardent adherent to the American cause, Comte de la Luzerne, ambassador from France. With this appointment, Salomon was made banker for that government. He was appointed by monsieur Roquebrune, treasurer of the forces of France in America and made paymaster general, which office he filled free of charge.

From the register's office in Philadelphia it is shown that the amount of public securities he advanced to the government amounted to $353,744.42. Besides he left evidences of advances to Robert Morris in the sum of $211,000 a claim of $92,000 on the United States for additional loans, an unpaid balance of $16,000 to the Spanish ambassador, and innumerable loans to Madison, St. Clair, Steuben, Wilson and many others.

Loans Never Repaid.

It has been shown from documentary evidence afterwards submitted to congress that he advanced to the government all told $658,007.13, not a dollar of which has been paid to his heirs an enormous sum at that period for a private individual, when all commerce and business were prostrated. Madison, in 1827 urged that the memorialists might be indemnified and reports in their favor have been frequently made, but not a dollar has been repaid—not a medal granted in lieu of the claim—a fact which affords support to the oft-repeated observation of the ingratitude of republics.

LINCOLN, ALTHOUGH NOMINATED BY THE REPUBLICANS WAS NOT UNANIMOUS CHOICE

Seward Was Regarded the Logical Candidate, but Packing the Galleries Won the Nomination for Lincoln.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 8.—The most momentous political gathering in American history was the Republican convention which met in Chicago on May 16, 1860, and which nominated Abraham Lincoln for president of the United States. As long as this republic endures, its citizens will praise that convention for its wisdom in selecting Lincoln as its standard bearer. Yet the convention which nominated Lincoln did so against its will, preferring another man, but bowing to a consideration of expediency. Many of the leaders of the then young party were not only opposed to Lincoln, but absolutely disgusted when he was nominated. Moreover, the convention probably could not have been induced to accept Lincoln at all if it had not been for the packing of the galleries with Lincoln claquers who made so much noise that it seemed that the very heavens were crying out for Lincoln.

The admirable discipline of the Republican party was thus early brought into play. The disgusted partisans of Seward, the angry partisans of Bates, the aristocrats to whom Lincoln was a most bitter pill—all these left the Chicago Wigwam in anger to meet again in harmony at the polling places.

Seward Was Favorite.

The majority, perhaps two-thirds, of the delegates to the Chicago convention of 1860 favored the nomination of William H. Seward, of New York, for president. This preference was shared by two-thirds of the Republicans of the country. Seward was their leader in the senate, he was their champion and their pride, their "great instructor." But Seward had been long in politics, he had declared that there was a "higher law" than the constitution, he had spoken of the "irrepressible conflict." Worse even than these, from the standpoint of political expediency, he had been allied with the Roman Catholic influences in politics.

In the convention were Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and Henry S. Lane, of Indiana. They were politicians and good ones, and they accomplished Seward's defeat and Lincoln's nomination. At that time the American party, the Know Nothings, still had great strength in parts of the east and in Indiana. Without their votes the Republicans could not hope to win. In Pennsylvania the Republicans were so timid and so sagacious, that they had dropped the name "Republican" and Curtin was running for governor as the nominee of the "People's party."

Away back in 1858 Seward had been elected governor of New York. It was charged that archbishop Hughes, an able Roman Catholic prelate, had materially assisted in Seward's election. It was known that Seward had sent a message to the legislature approving the plan for a division of the public school funds between Catholics and Protestants. In the eyes of a Know Nothing, this attitude on the school question was the one scarlet, unpardonable sin. The state elections in Indiana and Pennsylvania in 1860 were held in October. Curtin and Lane wanted to be elected, and they wanted knew that if they were beaten in October all hope of Republican success in November would be gone. They had to have that Know Nothing vote and they knew the nomination of Seward would alienate it.

Seward's political manager was Thurlow Weed, the Albany editor, one of the ablest political manipulators this country has known. He fought for Seward to the last ditch. He went so far as to take a drive with Lane and offer to send enough money into Indiana to insure Lane's election in October if the boosler would desert Curtin and support Seward. It is to be doubted if Curtin and Lane could have succeeded in nominating Lincoln against Weed's management and Seward's great popularity, if it had not been for Horace Greeley. Greeley had paved the way for the anti-Seward movement by coming out against Seward in the Tribune. Greeley said Seward was unavailable, but of course the real reason was not revealed at that time. The Tribune supported Edward Bates of Missouri. It could not win for Bates, but it had the effect of helping to destroy Seward.

"Whoop It Up For Abe."

When the convention was assembled everybody saw there was a great fight on. The Seward managers made a tactical error in having a great Seward street parade. While the Seward people were marching on the streets, the Illinois Lincoln managers—Judd, Swett and others—packed the Wigwam to the limit with men whose only instructions were to "whoop it up for Abe." They did. Seward, the darling of the party, had no friends in the galleries. His name was greeted with silence, but for the few feeble cheers coming only from discouraged delegates. Every mention of Lincoln was cheered to the echo. The claqueurs served their purpose and served it well. The practical politicians of the Curtin and Lane stripe convinced the convention that Seward was unavailable. The rooters in the galleries convinced it that Lincoln was the man. The political manager of today pays a great deal of attention to the galleries, and he packs them for his candidate if possible. He has a distinguished precedent.

The nominating speech had not attained its modern importance at that time. Seward was placed in nomination by a speech 32 words in length, and it required but 23 words to place Lincoln before the convention. On the first ballot Seward had 173 1-2 votes and Lincoln 102. The others were cast for Bates, Cameron, Chase and others. On the second ballot Seward gained 11 votes and Lincoln gained 79. On the third ballot Lincoln went ahead, having 231 1-2 to Seward's 180. Then Ohio changed four votes from Chase to Lincoln and gave him the necessary majority. The packed galleries cheered and cheered until they were exhausted. Joseph Medill, the Chicago editor and leader of the Lincoln forces, rejoiced with his compatriots and with Lane and Curtin.

Thurlow Weed Heart Sick.

But Thurlow Weed was disgusted and heart sick. He refused to suggest a man for vice president when a tender of that privilege was made to the Seward forces. Hannibal Hamblin was nominated on the second ballot over Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky. The Seward men were not only sore in defeat, but they were ashamed of their party's newly selected leader. They measured him by the mud on his brogans, and it was as if they had essayed to measure the walls of space with a foot rule.

The convention itself was very like the convention which will meet in Chicago this month. Its organization was not so perfect, admission to the hall was easier to gain, and the convention did not have such a sense of self importance as it has today. The first business it transacted was to accept an invitation to take an excursion on the lake, which acceptance was afterward reconsidered. The convention thought it necessary to adjourn one evening because the hall had been previously engaged for an exhibition drill by a Zouave company.

Was Jovial Gathering.

It was a lively, funloving body. Horace Greeley was present as a delegate from the then almost inaccessible state of Oregon and the delegates twitted him as the "gentleman from Oregon." All the free states were represented and there were delegations from five of the slave states—Kentucky, Missouri, Delaware, Texas and Virginia. Only those states present were read out on the first roll call. A delegate asked for a full roll call and the names of Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Georgia, South and North Carolina and Florida were called while the delegations laughed, groaned, jeered and hissed. There was a great fight on the report of the committee on credentials, the question being whether the slave states present were entitled to a full vote in the convention. Then began the wrangle over the southern states delegations, which has continued through every Republican convention from that day until this. Horace Greeley, in his fear of Seward, attempted to secure the adoption of a rule that would have the same effect as the Democratic two-thirds rule, but he failed. The convention did, however, affirm the electoral apportionment.

The convention had a fight over the platform, once actually voted down a proposition to reassert the truths proclaimed by the declaration of independence, and was never unanimous on any question. The platform declared against the extension of slave territory, specifically declared that it was the right of states to control their own local institutions without interference, and denounced the armed invasion of a state upon any pretext whatever as "the gravest of crimes." This was a reference to John Brown's raid. The Republican party of 1860 knew full well that it could not countenance the attitude of the extreme abolitionists. It was not its purpose to free the slaves in the south, it looked only to the issues of the moment, the prevention of the extension of slavery to the territories and to new states.

Yet today it is easy to see that the attitude of the people of the north which made the organization of the Republican party possible was essentially an antislavery attitude. It was not so apparent at that time, as the careful utterances of the early Republican leaders give testimony. However, when the Republican convention in the Chicago Wigwam chose Abraham Lincoln as their nominee for president they knew they had selected a man who had said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." Later he wrote to Horace Greeley that if he could save the union by freeing the slaves, he would do it; that if he could save the union by not freeing the slaves, he would not free them; that it was his purpose to save the union. He did, and for that service not only the Republican party which he led, but every man, woman and child who owns to the name of American, calls him blessed.

Abe Martin

A clean collar makes some fellers look like a corpse. Nobuddy kin be as congenial as th' feller that lives with his wife's folks.

14 Years Ago To-day

From The Herald Of This Date 1898

There will be 12 cars of cattle in over the S. M. road tomorrow.

G. H. engine No. 647 was called out yesterday to assist 787 in switching.

The G. H. is placing 76 pound steel on the Valentine and Del Rio divisions of their line.

The Santa Fe will in all probability make a change in its time card some time before June 20.

There are a few Chinamen employed in the G. H. yards here and they furnish a great deal of amusement for the employes.

Tonight is the night set for the bachelor's entertainment to be given at Camp Courchesne. There is a great time in store for all those who go, and it is safe to say that there will be a goodly number.

One of the two baby alligators shipped here from New Orleans by Mr. Stevens for his zoological garden, found the weather too severe and succumbed to the inevitable this morning at 10 oclock. The funeral will be held tomorrow morning.

G. H. engine No. 812, with engineer Worth in charge, threw one of her main wheels a short distance east of Valentine the other day, and is now receiving a general overhauling at Valentine, being the first engine overhauled at that point in the history of the road.

When the first soldier train pulled into El Paso yesterday the boom of the cannon in the G. H. yards incited a patriotic spirit in the soldier boys and they began cheering. Superintendent Martin remarked that the town would never have known of the arrival of the troops were it not for the patriotism of the railroad men.

A few days ago a party of citizens were standing on one of the corners and one of them said: "Now that The Herald is complimenting the city authorities about the better sprinkling of the streets that we are getting in the business part of the town, I wish it would get them to fill up those holes that are in our streets."

Political Truths, By Authority

Colonel Roosevelt defines a progressive as "a man who works with his face toward the light." Move to omit the last three words.—Wall Street Journal.

ROOSEVELT.
By President Taft.

1908.
Three cheers for Mr. Roosevelt. His heart is true as steel.

1912.
He's backed me in a corner, and I've get a right to squeal.

1908.
He is the greatest patriot the country ever knew.

1912.
He's mixed up with the Steel trust, and I'll prove it on him, too.

1908.
I love to watch this great man make the corporations cower.

1912.
I tell you, friends, the Standard Oil has got him in its power.

1908.
He has a sterling character that nothing can abash.

1912.
If he's elected president the country'll go to smash.

1908.
Hurrah for Teddy Roosevelt. I tell you he's all right.

1912.
Look out for Teddy Roosevelt, the reckless blatherskite.

TAFT.
By Col. Roosevelt.

1908.
My friends, the nation's one best bet is William Howard Taft.

1912.
He has behind him every force for crookedness and graft.

1908.
Against the wiles of evil men his sovereign will is proof.

1912.
His bosom friends are Lorimer and Foraker and Ruef.

1908.
We have the self same high ideas, we share the self same hopes.

1912.
Just let me get one swat at him. I'll slug him through the ropes.

1908.
No tongue, however eloquent, could praise him high enough.

1912.
Believe me, fellow citizens, I tell you he's the stuff.

1908.
No wrong, however well disguised, his honest spirit brooks.

1912.
If you elect him you will give the country to the crooks.

—From an Exchange.

IOWA

BY GEORGE FITCH,
Author Of "At Good Old Siwash"

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IOWA is a large and happy cornfield, speckled with Carnegie libraries and half-ton hogs which are exchanged by their owners, when ripe, for automobiles and piano players. The field is bounded on the east and west by Mississippi and Missouri rivers but barbed wire is used on the north and south. The state has 2,200,000 people, almost all of whom scan the editorial pages and market reports in the daily papers with the deepest interest.

Iowa has no romance in its story. Its history could not be dramatized, even in a high brow theater, with any success. About 70 years ago people began going into Iowa from Illinois to raise crops and they have been doing it ever since. Iowa leads the world in farm products. Its corn cribs have elastic sides and the Iowa pig, after he has fed on Iowa corn for a few months, has to be moved to and from meals on a truck. The tourist who crosses Iowa during mid-summer complains of the dense forests and the early twilight, but he is only going through 300 miles of Iowa crops which are getting their full growth. After an Iowa farmer has sat out on his porch on hot July evenings and has heard his corn grow for twenty-five years it is hard to interest him in such pifflish music as grand opera produces.

Next to its crops, Iowa is the most famous for its politics. The high tension four-syllabled brand of politics is used throughout the state, and while over a dozen campaigns heated to 4000 degrees Fahrenheit have been pulled off in the last ten years, they have all been decided without the use of brass knuckles, or bribery investigations. There is twice as much politics per cubic yard of conversation in Iowa as there is in any other state and the standpatters and damspatters, as the insurgents are called, carry their arguments into weddings, prayer meetings, and funerals. But they associate freely together without hiding their watches and talk issues instead of appointments. In consequence, Iowa produces several statesmen per thousand politicians and her senators are remembered for their mental, and not their financial prominence.

Iowa is singularly blessed in its lacks. It has no trusts, no great metropolis, no smart set, no slums, no country estates and no abandoned farms. It also has no vast increase of population to assimilate and educate, in fact it showed a decrease of population by the last census, and it talks of giving medals to its vigilant police force because of this fact.

Iowa people wear last year's fashions quite extensively, but read this year's books and originate next year's political improvements. The Iowa man can be readily distinguished by his placid brow, his 9 o'clock bed time, and his careless habit of paying cash for everything he buys.