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

Wednesday, July Twenty-fourth, 1912.

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The Time Is Ripe

PEARSON capital is believed to be interesting itself actively in the proposed railroad to the Red river by way of the Pecos river and across the panhandle. For more than a dozen years the El Paso Herald has been working to direct attention of El Pasoans and others to the necessity of this road. The route has been traversed, pictured, and described; its tremendous advantages have been emphasized; and its merits have been demonstrated to numerous persons possibly to become interested in the project. Gradually the necessity of the road has dawned upon the larger world of railroad builders.

That the Pearson people should now take up the project in earnest with a view to financing and building the road is not to be wondered at; the only wonder is that some of the other great systems has not long ago built the road. The Pearson group will find that they will have every other southwestern and transcontinental railway system to fight, but presumably they are equal to the combat. It is El Paso's duty and it will be her pleasure to extend to the Pearsons every possible aid, so as to insure the early completion of the new road, at least as far as the Pecos.

The new line will cut 250 miles off the present shortest distance between St. Louis (or Chicago) and El Paso—ten hours average passenger travel shorter than any existing line into eastern territory. If, ultimately, the El Paso & Southwestern or another system extends direct to San Diego, the whole distance from St. Louis to Pacific tide water would be shortened 400 miles from any existing line. Furthermore, the grades over the continental divide will be better than most of the other lines.

The time is ripe for the new line. It is necessary for El Paso's logical expansion, aside from the broader considerations. The new line will absolutely dominate the transcontinental traffic situation of the United States. This route was demonstrated more than 60 years ago by army engineers to be the best of all possible routes across the continent. That it has not been built long ago is one of the greatest mysteries of American history.

Stirring Up the Mud

IT IS to be hoped that senator Fall's speech in the United States senate on the mistakes of the state department in relations with Mexico will be taken up by the Wilson party, the Roosevelt party, the Rip-up-lican party, or somebody and given the widest possible publicity. It is only as a campaign document that its fullest circulation can be hoped for, inasmuch as the newspapers over the country are for the most part ignorant of conditions in Mexico and on the border, and do not appreciate either the news valne of the Fall speech, or the disgraceful failure of the American government to sustain the national prestige.

Senator Fall justly and wisely says that no armed demonstration is necessary or advisable, but that a different diplomatic policy must be adopted if the mistakes already made are ever to be lived down. If a different diplomatic policy had been enforced from the beginning, there never would have been anything like the long record of outrages against Americans and other foreigners and foreign property; and there never would have been any thought or talk of drastic measures. But the American policy with reference to Mexico has been a series of blunders, and we are reaping the natural consequences.

It is well that senator Fall has opened up the matter for an airing. A bit of history will be timely and interesting. Up to January last, the state department had not lifted a finger to assist American claimants against Mexico to obtain consideration, but on the contrary it had interposed every possible obstacle to their efforts to obtain justice. It seemed as if every time an American declared his intention to present a claim, the American state department lifted a fat paw and said "Don't expect the slightest help from us; we do not want to see your papers but we do not believe you have any just claim." During all this time, Mexico had been perfectly indifferent and had given not the slightest attention to claims presented.

In January congressman W. R. Smith made a speech which stirred the state department to a little action and to very great indignation. The congressman had committed the grave crime of criticizing the foreign minister, and even ventured to argue with him about points of international law. He introduced a resolution calling for some kind of action in behalf of deserving American claimants.

The state department fumed and pleaded. It hated to see anything done which might disturb its "dollar diplomacy" toward Mexico; but most of all, it hated to see exposed in the glare of publicity, its whole rotten policy of obstructing Americans in their legitimate efforts to obtain redress. So ashamed was the state department of its attitude in the matter, that it tried very hard to have its official correspondence suppressed in which false precedents were cited and in which the United States gave away most of its case and almost hopelessly prejudiced the claims of Americans, following the remark by president Taft in his annual message to the effect that El Paso claimants had no just grounds for redress.

But the state department had been stirred to a certain kind of activity, which finally took the form of urging Mexico to do something toward adjusting American border claims.

The American state department would not have acted at all if it had not been for congressman Smith's perfectly justifiable attack; and Mexico would have done nothing at all if it had not been for the urging of the American state department trying to escape a further roasting in congress.

Since the negotiations began, it has been evident that the only motive behind the American state department's action in respect to claims of Americans against Mexico, has been to try to keep its own skirts from being trampled on. The state department has virtually appealed to Mexico to show a little activity in order to save the American state department from further exposure of weakness and incapacity.

Mexico has heeded the frantic appeals from Washington, and each time Mexico has given signs of moving, the state department has urged upon congress the necessity of hushing up all the facts about the Mexican situation and the mistakes of the Washington government.

On the whole, despite Mexico's delays and neglect, Mexico's actions in respect to the American claims appear in a much more creditable light than the pulpy, shamefaced, cowardly, obstructive, shifty, and ineffectual policy of the Washington government—mistakenly impulsive or deliberately unpatriotic in action, but least admirable of all in its contented inactivity, arousing sentiments of contempt by its hopeless failure to comprehend or meet a delicate situation.

A nation that does not betray self respect cannot hope for much consideration from others. The Mexican people have been deliberately taught by the American state department that any excess will be tolerated without effectual protest. How long will it take a competent secretary of state to undo the harm that has been done, and to restore the old friendships based on mutual respect?

Now that senator Fall has opened the festering sore, it is to be hoped that the surgical operation will be deliberately perfected and the wound suitably drained so that there will be no further infection of healthy tissue. Let the whole business be thoroughly thrashed out in both houses of congress so that at last the facts may be brought before the country in a way to compel attention.

One-Sentence Philosophy

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.
(New York Press.)

Sweet 16 is awful treacly.

It's less risky to misbelieve in a truthteller than to believe a liar.

Fools try to teach their wives how to keep their bank balances straight; wise men praise their wives' biscuits.

Sense about 99 things out of 100 will never keep anybody from being a fool about that other one.

The only thing that can grow faster and bigger than suspicion is interest on a note.

GLOBE SIGHTS.
(Atchison Globe.)

It doesn't take a married man very long to learn that store clothes are about as satisfactory as the tailor-made variety.

Love is a wonderful thing, as one is reminded by seeing a girl willing to ride the forward frame of her steady's motorcycle.

JOURNAL ENTRIES.
(Topeka Journal.)

A secret that must be kept is never told by its possessor.

Photographs are seldom satisfactory if they are perfect likenesses.

Many an amateur gardener is hard put to it nowadays to provide his friends with the fine vegetables he promised them.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
(Philadelphia Record.)

Milly—"The reason you bachelors never marry is because half of you don't know enough." Billy—"And the other half of us know too much."

"When do you consider the best time to work?" asked the friend of the struggling young artist. "When you are so rich you don't have to," replied the artist.

"You somethimes have to fight the devil with fire," remarked the Wise Guy. "Yes, but you will discover that he has the most ammunition," added the Simple Mug.

UNCLE WALT'S DENATURED POEM

The Ill Wind

By Walt Mason.

DO NOT kick about the heat. Wear a smile serene and sweet night and morn; though hot days discomforts bring they are surely just the thing for the corn. Do not fume around and fret saying that dark days will get all our goats; for we need the gloomy days if we ever hope to raise shredded oats. Don't get ugly, raising Cain, if upon the roof the rain plays its tunes; let the rainstorm fill its date, for it guarantees a great crop of prunes. Though disasters you should stun, there is profit for some one, in the same; every evil wind that sighs helps some win a prize in the game. When the surgeon saws your bones, why indulge in plaintive groans of distress? For the surgeon is in need—he has many kids to feed and to dress. Why are you as tight as wex when the time to pay your tax comes your way? For the money you subscribe keeps the cheerful court house tribe feeling gay. Tribulation is a jest; everything is for the best when we know how to winnow out a laugh from the dismal heap of chaff labeled woe.

A BUSINESS GIRL

The Herald's Daily Short Story

DUDLEY DILLON, the writer stood looking out of the window of his lodgings in Soho. With an idle right hand he chinken together two coins in his pocket—a penny and a ha'penny. He wondered in the depths of his heart why he had ever been born.

Finally he extracted the smaller of the two coins from his pocket and eyed it disparagingly.

"New if that were a sovereign," he mused pensively. "Or even a shilling."

It is quite possible, one being an expert, to obtain a satisfying and capable meal for a shilling; or even for less.

"If only I had something left to pawn," continued Dudley Dillon. His final spare suit had been taken to join its predecessors and other articles on the previous Saturday.

"Do you know," observed Dudley Dillon unpersonally and without the least trace of pathos, "I haven't had anything to eat since lunch time yesterday."

Whereupon he sat down and gathered up his pen once more, frowning most seriously, and pushing the spread-out fingers of his left hand through his unruly black hair.

"I must dig up an idea," he groaned, more out of chagrin than a dread of the unpleasantness of failure.

Adn suddenly an idea came.

He sat back with a pleased expression, and into his eyes came the sparkle of expentant enjoyment.

"I'll go downstairs," he said slowly, "and accost the first person I meet. And whoever he is—or she is—I'll confess my difficulty and get him or her to give me an idea."

The raw, foggy atmosphere outside struck coldly to his chest, making him miss, just momentarily, the fur lined coat which occasionally he lent to a friend.

But the next moment he metaphorically cleared his decks for action. Walking toward him in the yellow mist was a trim quick figure, clad in a pretty blue costume and a big black hat. In her hand she carried a brown leather bag—such a bag as is carried by travelers for their samples.

"Why, it's Winnie!" he exclaimed.

"Winnie?" she said, pausing with an inquiring look at him.

"Little Winnie Henderson, who used to come to the Kensington art school!"

She was red-haired and freckled, with candid grey eyes. She puckered her brow and continued to regard him with a cool level inquisitiveness.

"What are you getting at?" she asked.

"Shall I tell you the real truth?"

"I'm not particularly keen to hear it."

"There are certain misfortunes in life which the heroic should cheerfully face. I'm a free-lance journalist—a roving knight of the pen—stumped for an idea, and scouring the town in search for some person who will give me one."

"If your style is as bad as your manners," she said, "you won't do much good with the idea when you get it."

"And living up to my reputation, what is your name really?"

"What's yours?"

"Dudley Dillon."

"Dudley what?"

"Dillon."

A light of amusement shone brightly in her eyes. "I like that name," she said.

They surveyed each other, mutually critical and derisive. Dudley Dillon was beginning to enjoy himself thoroughly. He felt himself to be in a most winning and attractive mood.

"What sort of an idea do you want?" she proceeded self-possessedly.

"Ah! If I knew that I shouldn't need to ask you."

"I believe I could give you one—but the street is hardly the place to talk in."

"The desolating fact," confessed Dudley Dillon, "is that I have only three ha'pence in the wide world. Or I'd ask you to come and have a cup of tea with me."

"I won't have any tea," she said. "But don't you live somewhere near here?"

He experienced a thrill. She not only trusted him, but she was visibly capitulating. Her gray practical eyes were dancing.

They turned into the passage which led up to his unsympathetic rooms. He went in first, poked the fire to a blaze, and then, turning, saw that she was gazing about her with undisguised curiosity.

"Well?" he said.

"You live here?" she said.

"While my house in Park Lane is being redecorated."

"Without anyone to look after you?"

"A char-lady comes in each morning, bringing beauty to the wilderness."

"Heavens! The best idea I can give you is to clear out instanter and find somewhere more cheerful."

"You don't like it, I perceive?"

"It gives me the shudders to look at it."

"So it does me—often," he confessed. "Won't you sit down for a minute?"

"I can't," she said. "I can't stop. Is this your typewriter?" and as she spoke she opened her smart brown leather bag and slipped the machine inside it, afterward snapping the lock and gazing at him with her intelligent grey eyes.

"I'm very sorry," she said collectively, "but the instalments for the hire of this machine are long overdue, and I've been sent by the company either to collect the arrears or to fetch it away."

THE MANICURE LADY

Discusses the Olympics.

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I THINK it is just grand the way our boys cleaned up over in Sweden," said the manicure lady to the head barber. "Brother Wilfred was so worked up about it that he wrote an ode to our Olympic heroes. It went like this:

"'Oh, noble athletes, picked by Uncle Sam,
After a lot of most judicious weeding
You went across the pond in all your strength
And gained a lot of laurels in Stockholm, Sweden.

"'You won the pole vault and the running jump;
In other events no nation could pursue you.
I think that any man would be a chump
To think that athletes anywhere could do you!'"

"How many times have I got to tell you that your brother is a plain bug?" said the head barber. "He never wrote no poetry. Think of a poet making a rhyme like 'weeding' and 'Sweden.' I don't know none too much about making verses, but I know something about rhymes, because our rhetoric teacher at school used to tell us what rhymes was. She said there wasn't anything like a good rhyme or a bad rhyme. She said that a rhyme was either a rhyme or it wasn't one. She said that them song writers that rhymes 'home' with 'alone' was just as much to blame as a man that rhymed 'range' with 'cook stove.'"

"I never knew that you went to school that long," said the manicure lady, plainly awed by George's unexpected demonstration of knowledge. "Maybe you are less of a bonehead than I ever gave you credit of being, George. It just goes to show that one can never tell for sure who is thick in the skull and who isn't. Just to think that a man of your general appearance ever had a rhetoric teacher!"

"I had more teachers," said the head barber, rather loftily. "I studied algebra, too. I had a fine algebra teacher. She taught me a lot of algebra."

"What is algebra, George?" asked the manicure lady, now thoroughly impressed.

"It's all about thm X's and Y's and Z's," explained the head barber. "If there is a problem that you can't do by arithmetic, you have got to do it by algebra. X is always the unknown quandary, or whatever they call it. You have all the time got to find out what X is. Then you have to show what Y stands for, and then you know the answer. For instance, X equals fat, Y equals impudence, and E plus Y equals you."

"You think you are awful wise, don't you, George?" snorted the manicure lady. "As this poet would say, you're the guy that ended the storm in brainstorm. You make me tired, with all your claims of knowledge."

"You've got me wrong if you think I am intellectual," replied the head barber. "I'm not a smart man. I'm a bad man. I'm the man that put the first sin into Cincinnati."

WISHES TO ESTABLISH FINE PICTURE THEATER

There is a moving picture man in Albuquerque who is itching to locate in El Paso, where the moving picture business is some brisk. He has written here for rental terms on rooms in the downtown district where he could remodel the store fronts and establish his theater for "movies." He says he is representing a company of eastern theater men who have $50,000 to spend in such an enterprise and that they will make an initial outlay of $10,000 in remodeling the room and making the necessary changes.

VALENTINE NOTES.

Valentine, Texas, July 24.—Daily rains continue to fall at Valentine. W. L. Cass is in from his ranch and reports a heavy rainfall there. J. A. Tuggle says a fine rain fell at the "Sparks" ranch and lake pasture Saturday night.

Rev. Mr. Golightly, of Marfa, held services in the Union church Sunday.

Mrs. E. C. Rice, who is assistant in the high school, has gone to her brother's ranch near Marfa, where she will remain until the opening of school in September.

Mrs. C. C. Janes and daughter, Dorothy, were in Valentine en route to Ft. Davis for a visit with relatives.

Mrs. Ada Bassett made a business trip to Marfa recently.

J. W. Hammers, night switchman for the G. H. & S. A. has rented the "P. M." Smith residence.

Mrs. Lester S. Smith has returned from a week's stay with friends in Sierra Blanca.

Johnnie Clifford has the position of day switchman for the G. H. & S. A. railroad, M. E. Welch having resigned.

R. N. Everett is having one of his cottages remodeled. N. M. McBride has the contract.

Mrs. M. E. Swanson has gone to Pauls Valley, Okla., where she will join her two sons. After harvesting there they will return to their North Dakota home.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Tellous have rented a cottage in El Paso and will make that place their future home.

RAY TO HAVE FINE NEW HOTEL ON SITE OF OLD ONE

Ray, Ariz., July 24.—H. R. Wiggins, proprietor of the Ray hotel, recently destroyed by fire, has started to rebuild on the old site. The new Ray will be of reinforced concrete, 80 by 30 feet, two stories high, and as nearly fireproof as possible. The basement will be deepened and will be leased by George Staeger, better known as "Sunshine," for a pool hall. Mr. Wiggins expects to resume active business by the first of October.

Supt. Cates went to Hayden on Friday, returning the same day.

Dr. Jeannie S. Lynch has her dental office in the temporary quarters of the Central pharmacy.

The baseball game resulted in a victory for the Sonora team by a score of 4 o 1t. Ray is looking for revenge next Sunday.

CHURCHES IN THE CITIES PLAN TO MAKE SUMMER SERVICES MORE POPULAR

Open Air Services, With Illustrated Sermons and Lively Music Used to Attract People During Heated Term.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

NEW YORK, N. Y., July 24.—One of the most important questions to be solved by the modern pastor is that of attracting the members of his church during hot weather. While of course many of the city churches are left almost empty during the summer on account of the absence from their homes of the members on vacation, no one who witnesses the thronged city streets even during the hottest weather can doubt but that there are sufficient people who remain in town during the summer to keep the churches well filled if only their services were desired. Consequently there are few clergymen now who are not making some change in their church programs during the summer with a view to making them more attractive.

Open Air Services Popular.

The custom of holding out-of-door services during the summer is becoming more general each year and this use calls into play the ever popular tent. In nearly every city there are two or three churches that have transferred their Sunday evening service to a large tent situated within easy reach of the car line so that it may become the attraction at the end of a pleasant street car ride. These tents are fitted up with folding chairs and portable pulpits or stands and usually are big enough to accommodate a larger congregation than the church itself.

Frequently there will be a still larger audience outside who will get the benefit of the music if not of the other service. The program of the tent service naturally is less formal in character than that held in the church. The sermon is generally short. It may take the form of an illustrated lecture with the versatile stereopticon called into play.

This innovation was at first severely criticised by conservative churchmen, but it has served to attract many people to church in a tent, who would not have been reached otherwise and by their going, they may have received a message which appealed to them so strongly that their attendance became a habit. By the time the regular services were resumed in the fall they have often been sufficiently influenced to join the church and attend permanently. Much depends upon the selection of the subjects of the lectures and the way they are handled.

A pastor in a western city took the story of "Pilgrim's Progress," as symbolic of the struggle today for civic righteousness, with Christian as the indifferent stay-at-home voter who suddenly became aroused with an ambition to make his own town a "City Beautiful" by freeing it from corruption and graft. This modern interpretation attracted many men to the church since the city was carrying on a special campaign for pure politics. The pictures were of two classes, one of which represented the scenes of "Pilgrim's Progress" and the other showed conditions regarding that particular city which the reformers were working to improve. These sermons were given in a tent by the pastor of one of the leading churches of the city and it was extensively advertised that the "shirt waist man" would be especially welcomed. Hundreds of coatless men were seen in the congregation. Aside from its purpose of interesting men in the attendance upon Sunday religious services, this course of lectures had a powerful influence in the campaign for political purity.

May Utilize the Drama.

The recent production of several Biblical dramas has called the attention of many broad minded ministers to the possibility of utilizing the drama in the church of today. For instance "The Book of Job" as recently arranged, can call into service a large number of young people for all its parts. It has been produced as an open air drama in a number of cities this summer, and by at least one church it was rendered on a summer evening by the young people of the church in such a manner as to disarm most of those who had at first been disposed to criticise the innovation. It was a large production and took in most of the older students of the Sunday school who that year attended more regularly than in previous years because of their interest in a play which illustrated one of the strongest lessons in biblical literature.

Women Go Hatless.

Where the meetings are held in tents every possible care is taken to insure the comfort of the attendants. In many places it has become quite the fashion for women to attend these services without their hats, despite the injunction of St. Paul. Even in open air services of the conservative churches, where the women still wear their hats and the men their coats despite the high temperature, provisions for comfort are not neglected. Usually fans are supplied in liberal numbers, but one of the latest innovations was recently made by a generous old lady. She volunteered to contribute sanitary drinking cups and an ice cooler so that those who came for some distance would at least be able to have the biblical cup of cold water to refresh them before or after the tent service.

One of the most important features of the summer religious service, especially if it is held out of doors or in a tent, is the music. This differs materially from that which forms a part of the service ordinarily held in the church. There is usually congregational singing of hymns more or less evangelical in nature in which all join in good old camp meeting style. Sometimes the services of one or two professional singers will be engaged as leaders and there may be a solo. In fact there may be almost anything in the way of music at these meetings for the unexpected is apt to be attractive. In some outdoor meetings there is no piano and perhaps the singing will be accompanied by a cornetist, or it may be that a banjo or mandolin club will be allowed to contribute its services.

At one of these tent services one Sunday evening the music was furnished by a band composed of boys from the reform schools. Their repertoire consisted chiefly of national airs and old time popular music, but the minister in charge arranged this feature of the service because he believed that it would have a good influence upon the boys themselves to contribute their music to a religious meeting under the auspices of one of the more important churches.

Making Services Shorter.

Even in the conservative churches where open air meetings, illustrated lectures, dramatics and the like would not be countenanced, there is much consideration given to making the church attractive during the summer. The services are notably shorter, especially in the Episcopal churches, where as much of the ritual as possible is likely to be omitted. The choir is smaller and the hymns or canticles may simply be read responsively instead of being chanted as usual. The music will be much simpler, although perhaps if an especially fine voice is included in the choir, there may be an offertory solo that will give real pleasure to the listeners even on a hot day.

Where all the services are held in the church during the summer especial pains are taken to render it comfortable. Where the upholstered pews are in use it now is the custom to provide them with linen covers during the summer which make them much cooler to sit upon. One wealthy church recently has called into service a skilled ventilating engineer with orders to expend as much money in cooling the air in summer as would be consumed by the supply of coal in the winter. He has arranged a system of drafts and the introduction of ice cooled air which have lowered the temperature to a comfortable degree. As this arrangement is now general in theaters there is no reason why it should not become more frequent in churches.

The Sunday school work of a church becomes complicated during the summer because of the great falling off in attendance. This is especially true of the older girls and boys who, when they drop off in warm weather, are often unlikely to attend again in the fall. For this reason additional pains must be taken to interest them. Some teachers have found it possible to hold their classes in the open air, perhaps under a shady tree and possibly in addition to the regular lesson to introduce some phase of nature work that would develop an active interest without conflicting with the real purpose of the class.

Neglected Rich Children.

Volumes might be written about the neglected children of the rich so far as religious instruction goes, and one Sunday school at Narragansett Pier has given attention to this subject. The teachers make an effort to gather in the little folks from nurses and governesses who usually are only too glad to be relieved for an hour or two. Last year some of these classes were held out of doors and some inside of the church building which was comfortably cool. Many of these little folks, having every luxury that money can pay for, yet had never been inside of a Sunday school and had practically no religious instruction. To them the bible stories, as told by these teachers, possessed a fascination they would not have held for the poorer child who perhaps might have heard them first at his mother's knee. This sort of missionary work to the rich children of the country has brought more than one embryo millionaire into attendance upon the city Sunday school when he returned in the winter.

Tomorrow—New Things in Photography.

Abe Martin

It wuz thought fer awhile this mornin' that th' tan yard wuz burnin' up, but it proved t' be a "Turkish" cigaret. A woman will skulk away an' droop when crossed in love an' fight t' th' last ditch t' git 36 clothes pins fer a nickel.

Daysey Mayme and Her Folks

The Dreams of Gladys.
By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

LYSANDER JOHN APPLETON had neglected one Saturday night recently to lay in a supply of magazines for Sunday reading. And on Sunday morning it poured so he was unable to go out and get any.

He read his Sunday paper. Then, looking around hungrily for something to read, he picked up a book which his wife thought the best book ever written. It was entitled "The Dreams of Gladys."

When Mrs. Appleton called him to dinner at one oclock she found him reading "The Dreams of Gladys," and rejoiced.

"His taste in reading is improving," she reported to Daysey Mayme. "I am sure if all wives left their favorite novels lying around, their husbands would read them, and get the inspiration the women find in communing with their ideals in the books."

Lysander John ate his dinner in silence, putting olive oil in his coffee and sugar on his cucumbers. There was a glare in his eyes that would have alarmed most people.

"He is experiencing the soul-uplift of the book," thought Mrs. Appleton. "He has just about reached the chapter where Gladys slips away from her husband to glide barefoot across the lawn at midnight that she may get in tune with the infinte."

After dinner Lysander John returned to his reading. His wife returned to the kitchen, where she hurried through her work that she might join her husbands and discuss with him the true inwardness of her favorite book.

She reached the parlor just as Lysander John had finished "The Dreams of Gladys." He gave a loud yell as she entered the room. Throwing the book on the floor, he sprang at her, grabbed her by the hair, and dragged her to her bedroom, where he tried to cut her throat with a hair brush.

He had gone mad trying to get in tune with his wife's literary ideals!

It required five men to hold him all night, but toward morning he was so much quieter their vigilance was relaxed. Escaping from them, he entered the parlor.

Here his eyes fell on "The Dreams of Gladys" lying on the floor. It was necessary on this occasion to give him morphine.

"There is no use," sobbed Mrs. Appleton, collecting her favorite novels and hiding them out of sight, "in trying to elevate the men!"

14 Years Ago To-day

From The Herald Of This Date 1898

City recorder Patterson was busy with a heavy docket in the court this morning.

Mrs. George W. Cole and three children are on a six weeks' visit with friends at Colorado, Tex.

The railroad boys and the town team will play a game of ball tomorrow afternoon near the Santa Fe depot.

Dr. N. O. Alvis reached here yesterday on the T. P. from Dallas. He will practice his profession, dentistry, here.

Miss Walz returned home from Santa Fe yesterday. She is deservedly popular and has many warm friends in the city.

Lieut. McClure, privates Lawrence and Brown, and trumpeter Kash, of the Fifth cavalry, will leave for Tampa, Fla., tomorrow.

Lieut. Laubach and his assistants, who have been recruiting for the regular army between El Paso and Dallas, secured 29 recruits.

Mrs. E. L. Shackleford and children went up yesterday to visit Mr. Shackleford, who has been engaged for some weeks at Las Cruces.

W. H. Constable, of El Paso, came in from the south yesterday morning, according to the Phoenix Republican, and is stopping at the hotel Adams in that city.

Chief clerk Montague, of the T. P. depot, said yesterday that he had been presented with four brand new oak chairs that whirled like merry go rounds.

County clerk Pitman filed one warranty deed today and that was one from P. A. Candeleria to F. G. Maese to lot 15, block 48, Magoffin's addition. The consideration was $100.

A cowboy and a well developed calf furnished a great deal of amusement for the G. H. employes yesterday. It seemed that the cowboy was trying to drive the calf down Kansas street, and the calf did not want to go. The cowboy finally roped the animal, and that broke up the show.

The tennis tournament which will be held tomorrow afternoon at the courts of the El Paso Tennis club is attracting a good deal of attention. The favorites seem to be C. M. Newman and E. E. Neff as singles, and in the doubles, Stafford Campbell and E. E. Neff as the favorite team.

The state Republican convention will be held in Fort Worth Aug. 16. It is understood that chairman H. F. Bloom will call primaries to be held on the 30th of this month to elect delegates to a county convention to be held at the courthouse Aug. 1. At this convention it will be settled as to whether or not a county ticket will be put in the field.

DELEGATES

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

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THIS is the closed season for delegates, but we should nevertheless study them with great care, for, like the 17 year locusts, they are bound to come again.

A delegate is a man elected by a primary, or by a large man in a speckled vest, to do the thinking for his community. Delegates are chosen because they are supposed to develop more intelligence per minute under a load than the common plug citizen and to use wisdom in a convention as lavishly as the ordinary man uses ketchup on beans.

Sometimes there is a dispute and rival delegates are appointed by rival conventions. In such cases the credentials committee settles the dispute by praying for guidance to select the crowd who will vote for the right man.

Delegates are not paid for their services, but are glad to do the people's thinking for them because of the honor. It is a great honor to be a delegate, but after the average specimen has paid $10 a day for board and room for 10 days, he begins to murmur and repine and curse the candidates, and telegraphs home for money and a clean collar. About five days of honor at 100 in the shade is as much as the ordinary delegate can stand.

A delegate goes to a national convention a free man, full of patriotism and sagacity. But when he gets there he becomes afflicted with cheers, stampedes, riots, perspiration, pugnacity, profanity, allegations and recriminations, and has to do his thinking after he gets home, with the assistance of those who were once his friends. There is no more impressive sight than that of 1088 sterling and able delegates in a crowded convention hall, standing on their hind legs and using their heaven sent wisdom in throwing their hats into the rafters because a brass band has exploded at a critical moment. A delegate may be a cool, calm man at home, but in convention he is generally so nervous that a blue sash and a pink banner will stampede him on the steenth ballot and he will vote wildly for a man whose name he has to ask afterward.

Delegates are supposed to be public property, but often pass into private hands. Mr. Murphy of New York has the finest bunch of trained delegates in the country and takes great pleasure in exhibiting them quadrennially.