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
Friday, September Sixth, 1912.

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The Speed Of Thought

IT APPEARS, from the reports of the local Mexican consul, that Mr. Orozco is breaking all the records in his flying machine. The consul does not hesitate to shift him a few hundred miles each night, and to transport him over high mountain ranges and across all but impassable deserts at a fabulous rate.

The consul's military men, however, have the advantage, for they can pursue Orozco with the superior power and speed of thought, which is quicker than light. The generals can sit at their wine in the Sheldon dining rooms comfortable and safe and happy, and just follow Mr. Orozco all over the map, without scratching the gloss off their new puttees, or tarnishing their new shoulder straps.

And it is a pleasure to testify that the federals are a good deal more decorative in landscape and scenic effect in Juarez than the rebels ever were, and that it is now safe for a man or woman to cross the river and look around the streets without being subject to insult, arrest, or petty robbery as were all too common under the rebel regime.

The filibusters are looking longingly across the border, but they seem to have little heart for the enterprise. There is nothing spontaneous about it, and it is doomed to failure. Besides, senor Didapp says he is going to take Texas in two weeks, and all the American fighting men will have to be concentrated at Texarkana to prevent senor Didapp from carrying out his threat.

It is time for El Paso to devise some practical scheme to get rid of a few thousand unnecessary poles. Those in the business center should come down without delay and the wires be buried. In the outlying sections perhaps some way can be devised by the city authorities to induce the various companies to cooperate to use the same poles in many instances.

How many votes will the regular Republican party in New Mexico lose by reason of the tragic death of Solomon Luna? Some well informed men say 2500. His personal influence among the natives was very great. He has no successor ready to fill his place.

Broomcorn has been added to the list of valuable crops in this section. The demand is always far in excess of the supply, and market prices fully justify its cultivation on a large scale.

False Security Doesn't Cure

IT WILL be time enough to boast of El Paso's low death rate when effective steps are taken to reduce the mortality in the Mexican section down below the rate that prevailed in Havana during Spanish colonial days, or in Vera Cruz and Panama before they were cleaned up. It is of course absurd to base any opinion upon the death record of a single week, wherein the number of deaths happened to be one-half of the lowest previous weekly record, and one-fifth of the previous high mark. It is gratifying to see any exception to the rule of high mortality, and it would be more gratifying to note a marked tendency toward permanent improvemant. But it creates a false impression of security to put a misinterpretation upon the exceptional weekly record reported to the city council by the health department.

A correspondent writes to ask what "suspension of guaranties" in Mexico means. It means that the responsible general officers of the Mexican army can leave their country and spend their time in El Paso hotels banqueting each other three or four times a day while the rebels run around as they please in 17 states of the republic, threatening or murdering natives and foreigners alike and violating the rights of foreigners.

It is all right for Mexico to fortify Juarez, but enough American guns should be in readiness on the American side to dismount the Mexican guns—in the most friendly and least dangerous way of course—in case the Mexicans should begin shelling El Paso as they did in May a year ago.

It has often been declared that Abram Gonzales started the original revolution that seated Madero in the presidential chair. Would he feel like starting another if Madero should "request his resignation"? Would any governor whatever be satisfactory to the Chihuahuans? Would president Madero strengthen his cause in the north by appointing a near relative as governor?

At the moving picture show last night, Roosevelt received rounds of applause while Wilson's phiz was studied in unbroken silence. The crowd didn't get a chance to hiss Taft.

Fight Is Not Over

EL PASO must have a strong representation at the National Irrigation congress for Colorado and northern New Mexico will make a strong fight against the Elephant Butte project. The opposition has become more bitter than ever before, and Colorado is determined to despoil the Elephant Butte project of part of its necessary water supply if she can accomplish it. Colorado has friends at Washington and also in northern New Mexico who are working hard for her against the welfare of this portion of the valley. If El Paso does not look after her own interests nobody else will.

Odor of burning leaves and pinecones, and aroma of sizzling bacon over a campfire, are curiously suggested by the accounts of arrangements for the great Os-Aple jubilee to be held here next month. There is something very jolly and outdoorsish about the affair, and the thousands of visitors will have a bully time as long as they stay. The outdoor fair will also be a valuable and interesting feature.

It will be well for every man intending to participate in the Get-Acquainted excursion to obtain a copy of the schedule and at once begin active correspondence with all the persons in the various towns whom he would like to meet during the visit. In past years, adequate preliminary work has never been done, chiefly owing to the short time allowed. This year we have got an early start and there is no reason why the maximum good should not be obtained from the trip, if the field be well prepared in advance.

Warren and Helen are not exactly admirable characters, but each has a sort of composite of many traits of human nature in people whom you know. Men and women readers may ask themselves the riddle whether it would be better to be a brute married to a fool, or a fool married to a brute. As to responsibility, it is just about a standoff. Each of them, Warren and Helen, carefully pricks and rasps and scrapes to the raw, the weaknesses and ugly qualities of the other. Both are uncivilized and hopeless, for their education should have been begun with their grandmothers.

The Cananea mines, once denounced by experts as not worth developing, now produce 1-16th of the world's copper.

One-Sentence Philosophy

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
(Philadelphia Record.)

Tommy—"Pop, how do they get sponges?" Tommy's Pop—"Oh, in divers ways, my son."

"Time is money," quoted the Wise Guy. "Sure," assented the Simple Mug. "Just consider how time flies."

Blobbs—"There are always a lot of questionable characters around a railroad station." Slobbs—"Yes, especially at the bureau of information."

GLOBE SIGHTS.
(Atchison Globe).

Poor people can't be spendthrifts on a very large scale.

You may have observed that a man often goes to a sanitarium and is brought back.

Possibly there would be more divorces if more women felt they could collect alimony.

From the outside looking in it always seems that a social success is worth less than it cost.

It always seems to a boy that he could get along nicely if there were only 10 commandments.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
(Chicago News.)

In fishing for compliments use fresh bait.

Even the bookworm turns—after finishing the page.

The average man dies before reaching the age of discretion.

Fresh people usually consider themselves the salt of the earth.

We all regret many things we haven't done—and only a few we have.

It's a good plan to believe only half you hear, then forget half of that.

Even good intentions prove too much of a burden for some men to carry.

Retribution is something we are mortally certain will overtake other people.

Many a man who is rich in experience is unable to raise the price of a square meal.

If it's true that a husband and wife are only one, how does it require two to make a quarrel.

A widow is never more dangerous than when she tells an old bachelor that she was never really happy in her married life.

UNCLE WALT'S DENATURED POEM

Call Of the College

By Walt Mason

"OH, WHY be farmers, stockmen, sawyers?" the college clamors, loud and clear; "why not be editors or lawyers, and wear fine linen all the year? Why soil your hands with loathsome labors? Why carry swill to cow or hog? Rise, rise above your toiling neighbors, and be a fourth rate pedagog! Why wear duck overalls and curry the humpbacked mule and brindled steer? Come to the college in a hurry, and learn to be a bank cashier!" Through all the land the boys are dropping the yeoman's tools, in deep disgust, resolved to learn the trade of yawping, resolved to wear boiled shirts or bust. Professions are all overcrowded; the starving lawyers throng the streets; and there are men in surplice shrouded who should be busy hoeing beets. Stenographers we've by the legion who haven't learned the way to spell; and in the fertile farming region the grangers raise an awful yell. "Oh, send us help," we hear them crying, imploring with ten thousand tongues; "send us the husky skates who're trying to earn their living with their lungs! Send us a grist of half baked preachers, of lawyers, who have known no brief, send us stenographers or teachers, to shuck the corn or bind the sheaf!" Above the grangers' mournful bawling, above their pleas for working men, we hear the college sweetly calling: "Forsake the plowshare for the pen!"

THE LAST MEAL

A Thrilling Animal Story For Children.

By F. St. Mars.

The Herald's Daily Short Story

IF you had stood or walked among the open grassy spaces between the thickets, which marked, as it were, the outskirts of the forest, you would not have seen a living thing, except perhaps a few birds, vanishing so to speak around corners. Yet the place was really alive with animals the whole time, for this was the hour just before dawn, when in the moonlight the night hunting animals were returning to the forest, and the night feeding nonhunting animals were returning also. But so stealthily were they that nothing more of them would have been seen than possibly a swaying twig to show that something had passed that way—if the rabbit had not squealed.

There were swarms of rabbits about, racing and playing quite silently. This one squealed because he had, in galloping between some branches, got his fur hopelessly entangled in a snake like brier. I suppose he thought he was trapped. Anyway he struggled and he squealed.

Instantly, without any preliminary warning, a weasel's long brown shape shot over the grass, straight for the luckless bunny. He was very quick, that weasel, though he could not see the rabbit, only heard it; but he did not appear to have been so quick as someone else, for before he could reach the prey another creature dashed out from the bushes on his right. This other animal, also was hurrying to the cry of bunny in distress. He was larger than the weasel though very much like him, and was known as a beech marten. He, too, was wonderfully quick, but before he could quite reach the brier, yet another, a large gray beast, leapt from another bush. The sight of its eyes alone sent marten and weasel swerving into cover for dear life. The third arrival was a wildcat, a bristling, flat eared, fiery eyed, fierce apparition.

He had not far to go and in another bound would have reached Brer Rabbit and ended that equealing forever, when all of a sudden he checked himself in midspring and came down again almost in his tracks. An animal had shot around the corner of the thicket in which the rabbit had caught himself. It was a lean red brute, and its teeth gleamed in the moonlight. Another second and it would have collided with the cat if the latter had not checked his spring. It was a fox.

Both animals stood motionless, regarding one another, each itching to kill the rabbit and make off, but neither daring to make the first move. I suppose they remained there for about 30 seconds, possibly longer, and all the time the rabbit went on uttering that pitiful squeal, which they knew full well would call up every prowler requiring a meal, within hearing.

An owl fluttered over their heads, his big eyes gleaming into the thicket, trying to make out the rabbit and both animals glanced up at him. As they did so, without a sound, without so much as a whisper even, a big shape sailed clean over the brier bush and landed precisely between them like some huge furry ball.

The fox fell backwards nearly under the snout of an old wild boar, returning slowly to his lair in the forest for the day. "G-r-r-oomf," said the boar right in Brer Fox's ear, and in a flash the fox was gone streaking into the night like a red line drawn in and out among the dense black masses of bush, and the open silver carpets of the moonlight grass. As for the wildcat she seemed merely to have twisted upon herself and to have gone out, just as a lamp is blown out.

The boar stood motionless for a moment following the vanishing "brush" of the fox with his wicked twinkling eyes, snorted and passed on into the shadows.

Only the furry ball remained. He was a strange beast to look upon being somewhat like the cat, but larger, with an absurd stumpy tail that bobbed; ears like the cat but with still more absurd tufts of hair sticking from their tips, limbs like the cat also, but disproportionately long and rather thick; fur of a rich golden gray, and on his face, which resembled a large edition of the wildcat, was a set and diabolical grin. He was a lynx.

The rabbit saw that grinning countenance grinning in upon him, and he came to his senses, froze on the instant into silence. It was too late, however, there was a pounce, a scuffle, a single scream, and silence. Bunny was dead but by no means done with.

Knowing as well as a fox and wildcat that a rabbit's squeal is a rallying point for all flesh eaters, the lynx was anxious to hurry away with his prize before any more claimants to a meal arrived, and there at once he got into difficulties with the brier tendril which held the rabbit.

Cats have not much patience at the best of times, and a lynx is of course, a large species of cat, but this one was in a special hurry. He tugged and tugged—he knew better than to claw and risk injuring the delicate pads of his great paws—and as he tugged he snarled.

And the snarl was repeated in his right ear.

In a shorter time than it would take you to say "one" the lynx had moved one yard and pivoted round. He found himself, staring into the gleaming open jaws of a wolf; and quicker still, he had—being frightened and seeing no escape—struck—biff. Now that wolf who had also heard the distress cry of the rabbit and hurried to it, was a far larger animal than the lynx, and would, if his heart had been as large too, have slain him.

But lynxes do not die without argument, as he knew; this one would be hard to get at fairly too, in there among the briers and that terrible raking slush of the hooked talons all down his nose hurt very much indeed. For these reasons, it was, I think, that after the first amazed howl of pain, the wolf just gave one furious snap and galloped off leaving the lynx to eat his meal in peace.

This he did, and when the feast was over, after carefully cleaning himself, just as dawn was breaking, he moved off, just like some moving gray shadow through the mist, to his lair.

Now one would have thought that the rabbit really was done with this time, but not a bit of it.

It was quite early in the afternoon and still some hours before the dusk would call him again to his hunting, that the lynx awoke in the cool depths of a hollow tree wherein he had ensconced himself. Ordinarily he slept right through until dusk, unless some animal attempted to enter his abode, and there were few hardy enough to venture upon that task. Yet something had assuredly awakened him most fully, and it did not come from outside either, this disturbing element.

It came from inside, inside his own lithe body. He felt as if a fire were raging inside there. The awakening and the realization of the position and the workings of instinct followed one another quickly. In a second the lynx was on his feet—in another he was at the mouth of the hollow, frightening a squirrel, eating nuts just outside, nearly into a fit—and in another he was down on the ground eating the grass like a mad thing. Grass is the wild hunting animals' emetic; yet although effective in one way it failed in another. The pain was still there. Then the lynx turned and dashed for the nearest water.

A herd of deer asleep—if deer ever do sleep in the shade and the heat of the day, sprang suddenly to their feet as a gray brown beast, frothing at the mouth and with madness staring out of its eyes, dashed through their midst; a herd of wild swine, led by a savage bristly old boar rooting for acorns in the shadows was suddenly scattered, grunting, in all directions by a flame eyed animal that it had rushed among them, and was gone before the old boar could even lift his long tusked snout to charge; and a wild goat which had come down to the mountains to drink while its foes of the night, were asleep, was nearly knocked into the stream by some quite crazy creature, blindly rushing down to the water.

And there with head down, and tongue lapping, the lynx fell and died, and the clear, rushing stream turning his body over and over rolled him away to the sea.

The rabbit had been poisoned by some Spanish peasant possibly or by some plant, and had itself dashed full into the treacherous briers, not in play, but in desire to find water.

The Manicure Lady

By William F. Kirk

"GEE, George, the papers is getting after Mister John D. Rockefeller and Mister Roseben, ain't they?" asked the Manicure Lady.

"You don't mean Mister Roseben," said the Head Barber, favoring the Manicure Lady with a more-sorrow-than-anger look. "You mean Mister Penrose."

"George," demanded the Manicure Lady, "is the time ever going to come when you will stop thinking that you know more than anybody that ever met you? Why is it that you are all the time looking for a chance to correct me? I got a good grammar school education, and if you ever went through the first reader class and got your honorable discharge you did more than your talk would prove for you."

"I went way past the first reader, got into the second reader, and I guess that is the last reader of them all—the reader of human nature and the reader of good books. I wish I could have gone to Yale or Princeton, but I didn't want to tax the old man too hard after all that he had done for me, so I told him after I had finished the last term at school that he could afford for me that I wanted to go to work. It turned out all right at that. I've got a pretty good job, as New York Jobs go, and I manage to get by."

"I didn't mean to offend you, George," said the penitent Manicure Lady. "You are all the time kidding me, so I thought it would be no more than fair if I kidded you a little. But as I was saying, they are certainly after the Standard Oil gang. I guess that they have the fear of all Creation in their hearts. Brother Wilfred is writing a poem that he calls "The Shame of Standard Oil." He read it to me this morning and I thought the first two stanzas was pretty fierce, but I had to humor the poor boy a little, so I told him they was good, but not so good as the third verse. The third verse wasn't bad, at that. It went:

"Thou octopus, thou slimy, crawling thing,
Crunching the bones of Progress and of Right,
I see thee in my visions every night,
Making the whole world writhe beneath thy sting,
Oh, for some Ajax with a spear to fling
Against that sepulchre so deadly white!"

"There ain't enough humor in it," objected the Head Barber. "He ought to have put in a few local gags, like 'How is old John D., anyhow?' and have the answer be, 'Oh, John D. is oil right.' That's the trouble with your brother, kiddo. He never stops to think that if he could slip over one real humorous poem, he might be loaning you sugar instead of you staking him to car fare."

"I guess you are right, George, but the old gent said the other night when I asked him if he didn't think Wilfred should write humorous poetry, that he thought all of Wilfred's poetry was a joke, anyhow."

MRS. JOHN R. McLEAN ILL.

Bar Harbor, Maine, Sept. 6.—The condition of Mrs. John R. McLean, who became ill of pneumonia on Sunday, was considered serious today. She is being attended by Washington, Philadelphia and Bar Harbor physicians, seven of whom have been in consultation.

WONDERFUL PROGRESS IS MADE IN CHEMISTRY

Scientists Seek To Conserve Energies in Developing Resources—Seeing by Wire Is a Possibility.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPT. 6.—The meeting of the 8th International Congress of Applied Chemistry, which now is in session in Washington, affords an interesting opportunity to consider what applied chemistry has done for humanity and to speculate upon what the future will bring forth. The most impressive fact concerning chemical knowledge is the same that characterizes most scientific knowledge—the discovery of race benefitting processes and methods is far ahead of their adoption by the people of even the most civilized nations.

Many Operators Waste Energies.

If the farmer, for instance, could adopt into his work all of the chemical knowledge of soils and crops that has been gathered for him, the high cost of living might become a forgotten issue. Farm life then would become so attractive that the drift of humanity would be away from the city instead of toward it. There mere matter of intelligent fertilization would result in doubling the American yield of farm crops of every description. Comparing the results obtained on the average American farm with those secured on the progressive farmer's fields, the average American farmer wastes far more than half his opportunities, simply by his failure to mix chemistry and allied sciences with the brawn he uses.

But the farmer is not the only man who wastes more than half of his energies. The coal operator mines coal by expensive processes lifts it hundreds of feet to the surface, loads it on cars, and hauls it away, so that the value of the coal when the consumer gets it is a dozen times or more greater than its value before loosened by the miners' pick. A dozen ways have been proposed to change all of this. One of the recent propositions is to grind the coal into minute particles in the mine, mix it with water, and then pump it out as they pump mud out of the underwater sections of the Panama canal with suction dredges; big pipe lines would then be laid from the mine to the contiguous cities, and the liquid coal carried as petroleum is carried now.

Would Generate Gas In Mines.

Another suggestion for the utilization of coal without mining it and transporting it by rail comes from Sir William Ramsay, the noted English chemist who now is attending the Chemists' congress in this country. He says that it is feasible to bore holes down to the coal stratum and through them fire the coal by electricity. Air would be sent down only in sufficient quantities to provide a regulated fire, which would transform the coal directly into producer gas. Great gas tanks would be located at the mouth of the well, and they would be connected with gas engines, which, in turn, would drive great dynamos for the making of electric current. He estimates that this current could be delivered several hundred miles with much less loss of energy than characterizes the present wasteful methods of coal mining.

The savings that would thus be effected in the delivery of power from the unmined coal to the driving shafts of big factories, find a counterpart in those affected already in metal mining operations through smelters and the like. With these millions of tons of ores are secured that would otherwise be unavailable because the amount of metal in a given quantity of ore would not be sufficient to justify separation under old methods. In these days of brass and copper and and steel, prices would be prohibitive but for the arts of chemical and electro-chemical extraction devised by the modern chemical engineer.

Seek to Reduce Cost of Living.

The chemist is going to the ant and considering his ways in many fields. Every one realizes that our lighting bills are too heavy, and that we use vastly more energy than we should in generating our illuminants. If we could make our light with us as little expenditure of energy as does the common fire-fly a gas bill that now is $15 would be 15 cents. In a large number of chemical laboratories scientists are trying to master the mysteries of the fire-fly's lighting establishment. While there is not much hope that they will be able to tell us at any early date how to reduce our gas bills to so great an extent, they do hold out hope that we will soon get our illumination at infinitely less expenditure of energy than we now get it.

Only recently a French chemist announced that he has succeeded in producing a cold electric light, which gives off light with the expenditure of the two hundredth part of the electrical current required for producing light with the ordinary filament lamp. This would be even more economical than the fire-fly, but whether it can be used outside of the laboratory or not remains to be seen. The inventor claims that with this light a boy or girl could carry around anywhere a battery powerful enough to light an ordinary dwelling.

Send Pictures By Wire.

While the matter of talking by wire has been in use so long that people consider it nothing unusual now, sending pictures by wire still excites great interest. The newspapers of Paris now are doing that right along, however, thanks to the genius of the chemist who has made it possible to transmit half tones. The doings at Monte Carlo are being illustrated in this way, although the intervening distance is some 500 miles. A copper film is prepared by photographic means, so as to give it the little dots of a half tone. Gelatine remains on the film where the shadows appear and the copper is bare where the lights are encountered. An electric needle passes over the plate, making a contact and sending electrical impulses which correspond to the lights and shadows of the picture. At the receiving end there is a similar copper film untreated. A ray of light shines through a pin hole, and a shutter cuts it off, and makes it weak or strong, according to the contact of the needle at the sending end. When the whole film has thus received its impressions of light and shadow it is developed and turned over to the photo engraving room for reproduction.

May Soon See By Wire.

Will we ever be able to see by wire? This is a question often asked, and usually answered in the negative by the layman. But he who has seen the rise of the elegraph, the telephone, and the wireless apparatus and has considered how all of these were regarded as impossible in their turn, will scarcely deny the possibility of such an invention. All of these things spring indirectly from the chemical wizard, and he is not ready to admit that there is no possibility of further progress. Not only have pictures been transmitted by wire but by wireless, though of coure with less success.

If once we succeed in transmitting pictures by wireless as well as they are transmitted by wire, will it not be logical to suppose that seeing by wire will be the next step? Think of the infinite possibilities of a telephone system that will be able to let the persons at either end of the wire see the other! And then, if we learn how to see by wire, is it not logical to suppose that we will come to see by wireless? Didn't we first use the telegraph, then the telephone, and didn't the wireless telebraph succeed the telephone and the wireless telephone follow the wireless telegraph? And haven't they all been succeeded by the wire transmission of images and it in turn by their wireless transmission?

Great Possibilities.

One might write a page instead of a column upon the possibilities of chemistry and chemical engineering in the future. So many discoveries now are ready to pass out of the laboratory stage into the practical application stage that merely to mention some of them shows what possibilities lie in the future. For instance, a German scientist has discovered a chemical substitute for the X-ray. By mixing two special liquids and applying them to the subject to be examined, whether it be an animal, a vegetable, wood, bone, or what not, he is able to render it transparent. For instance a human shoulder blade may be rendered so transparent that writing may be seen through it as through a window glass.

Another chemist is experimenting with the white corpuscles of the blood. It has been conclusively proved that they are the scavengers as well as the defenders of the human body. With a high powered microscope one may see them swallowing and digesting live germs. Old age comes from their loss of activity and power, and germ-borne diseases get a foot hold only when they are asleep at the switch.

It is hoped that there yet will be discovered a chemical compound which will stimulate them when they grow weak, and keep them at work when they grow tired. This would prove a boon of inestimable value to humanity, and it is a quest that is not without hope. The secret of the chemical changes that produce life is being diligently sought in many laboratories. Artificially fertilized sea-urchin eggs have hatched, and other successes tell that the biochemists are nearing the day when the greatest of all human mysteries will be laid bare.

Tomorrow—The Art of Illustration.

14 Years Ago To-day

From The Herald Of This Date 1898

Mrs. William Watts is about to leave the city to join her husband at Tucson.

J. A. Baird has gone to Odessa to purchase 500 head of cattle for the city markets.

Leon Blum has returned from Chicago. While there he purchased a lot of livestock which was shipped to Mexico.

Mrs. C. F. Hunt and John P. Casey, jr., arrived this morning from Las Cruces and went out on the Central to Chihuahua.

Miss Olive Eddings is in the city with her sister, Mrs. E. Hadlock, and will attend the high school during its winter season.

Misses Kate ano Beatrice Dale, who have spent the vacation with their friends in Chihuahua, arrived with their father last evening.

Miss Cheney is now in the east selecting fall and winter goods, and will reopen the Parlor millinery in the Sheldon block at an early date.

The K. of L. Labor day celebration at the Mesa garden last night was well attended. Interesting talks were made by Messrs. Badger, Bovee and Bridgers.

City clerk Catlin today issued to the Waters-Pierce Oil company a permit for the erection of a brick stable on lot 6, block 99, Campbell's addition. It is to cost $250.

City clerk Ben Catlin today issued a building permit to Joe Molinary for the erection of a brick residence at the corner of Texas and St. Vrain streets, to cost $500.

Mrs. Zeno B. Clardy and daughter, Miss Josephine, were among the departures on the T. P. today for St. Louis, where Miss Josephine will enter school at Hosmer hall.

Dr. C. T. Race said this morning that there were no new cases of smallpox. He said further that today he would begin to vaccinate the school children, starting with those at the Aoy school.

A couple of San Antonio street merchants received notification this morning of an increase in their rent. One of the merchants occupies a place eight feet wide by twenty-two feet deep, and has been paying $28 a month. This morning, however, he was notified that he would have to pay $35.

A. Von Badlow this morning received a letter from George Tebeau, a brother of the famous manager of the Cleveland, O., baseball team. The writer stated that a ball team made of different players from the various eastern cities would like to make a tour, and stop over here if arrangements could be made.

There was an increased enrolment in every school today. The enrolment yesterday was 1127. Today it has increased to 1244. The least crowded is the Franklin school. The San Francisco street school is full. Down at the Aoy school they are crowded out of doors. The following list shows the number of boys and girls in each school Central, boys 152, girls 219; Mesa, boys 123, girls 91; Santa Fe street school, boys 37, girls 52; kindergarten, boys 41, girls 57; Franklin, 179; Aoy, 237; Douglas, 60; total, 1244.

Abe Martin

A third party makes strange bedfellows. Tipton Bud says nothin' makes him as mad as t' have his wife call th' constable while he's chokin' her.

LETTERS TO THE HERALD

(All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will not be published where such a request is made.)

MONTANA STREET PAVING.

Editor El Paso Herald:

Please answer these two questions for me if you can:

1. When will the pavement be finished on Montana street?

2. When I drive over the finished portion at night, my automobile light shows it full of ridges and depressions—a regular corduroy surface—although the entire piece of work has not yet been opened to traffic. Is this a good pavement?

Reader.

[Having no oracles or second sight people on its staff, The Herald cannot answer your first question. It was only commenced in May and this is only September. Relative to the ridges and depressions in the pavement, our suggestion is that you turn off your lights at night; then you won't see the defects. There will be no danger of being arrested, as a policeman was never seen in that section. As to whether it is a good pavement or not, the question is referred to the mayor and city council, who, of course, would not accept it if it were not.—Editor]

JURORS ARE DRAWN FOR COURT AT SANTA ROSA, N. M.

Santa Rosa, N. M., Sept. 6.—Jurors drawn for the September term of the district court in this county, commencing on September 23, are:

Grand jury—Jose Baca, Miguel Ulibarri, Domingo Swabecker, Escolastico Alarid, Santiago Mata, Paulin Baca, F. M. Lyle, Antonio Martinez, Julio Garcia; Perfecto Sandoval, Francisco Angel, Servero Chavez, J. M. Gutierrez, Virgino Casaus, Pedro Vis, J. J. Moise, Eutimio Carabajal, Juan B. Carter, Campbell Sanchez, Max Sanchez. Talesmen—Victoriano Fajardo, E. A. Manzanares, Geo. Magill, A. E. Ramsey, Guy Doty, Celso Sena.

Petit jury—Florencio Nieto, Demetrio Duran, E. E. Henry, Pablo Zamora, Gumecindo Romero, Pablo Martinez, Antonio Panebouf, C. W. Rauch, Chas. F. Shepard, Jesus Silva, C. W. Bullock, Remigio Baca, J. A. Julian, Isaac Sandoval, Victor Chavez, Dionicio Maestas, Jose Esquibel, Ruperto Alarid, E. J. Bolllot, J. K. Monroe, Cosme Sena, Eliseo Guana, C. R. Gosper, Jose Lucero. Talesmen—G. M. Daniel, Eli Crockett, Dario Montano, Juan Gallegos, Ramon Campos, Librado Romero, Victoriano Sanchez, W. P. Atwood, Brown Emery, Nestor Ulibarri, Hilario Ulibarri, H. C. Clauneh.

CAMPAIGN FUNDS

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

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CAMPAIGN funds are money which is contributed by generous and financially dropsical citizens in an effort to make the common people do what they always intended to do anyway—vote as they blamed please at elections.

A campaign fund consists of such a large pile of money that it keeps a national manager and a large number of assistants busy all summer spending it. Some of this money is spent for bands and flags and red fire and cigars and a large white water cooler for the headquarters. The rest goes into literature and speakers. Early in the campaign year a large number of eloquent orators become politically confused and uncertain and cannot tell whom they are going to favor with all their hearts unti they have hefted the rival campaign funds. One of the most persuasive sights for the doubtful voter in this nation is that of a famous speaker who is exhorting the common people to arise and shake off their shackles for $100 a day and carefare—for the orator, not the common people.

In the good old times it was customary for the ordinary citizens to refrain nobly from contributing to the campaign fund while the prominent capitalists took charge of the job and finished it in no time by chipping in $100,000 apiece, taking a few congressmen and a federal judge or two as souvenirs when the campaign was over We are now so particular, however, in our politics that if a capitalist were to come around to a political headquarter and ask in trembling tones to be allowed to leave a $2 bill there as a token of his interest he would be chased four miles by the janitor while the agitated secretaries fumigated the place. When a rich man wishes to contribute to his party nowadays he doesn't do it in person. He hires a burglar to break into the treasurer's office at night and put the money in the safe.

As a result of this reform we now have no campaign funds worth speaking of and the starving managers of our great political parties have to play

"Eloquent orators become politically confused."

barrel organs outside their offices in order to get enough pennies to pay the rent for the day. There is now a movement on foot to raise funds by soliciting $1 bills from the common people and several of the latter have already shown their interest by promising to contribute such bills.