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

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The World's Series and Skinny Shaner

TENS of millions of people will soon be devoting their exclusive attention to the "world's series" for the national baseball championship. That has become the really big event of the year—not merely the big sporting event, but the one thing certain to claim the attention of a greater number of people, while it lasts, than any other annually recurring topic of news.

The gatherings in El Paso streets to watch the bulletins, and the eagerness of our southwestern neighbors for news of the games, are illustrative in a small way of the intense interest that prevails all over the United States, and of the immense crowds, numbering millions in the aggregate, that block streets and sidewalks in hundreds of cities and towns over the country and mob the newsies in frantic attempt to get the big news at the first possible moment.

Come to consider the thing calmly, there is material in this for some interesting studies of the American national character. More than any other highly civilized nation, we Americans are inclined to take our sport by proxy, and to find our keenest enjoyment, not in personal physical exercise and relaxation and competitive tests of strength, prowess, and skill, but rather in that sort of stimulation of mind, nerves, and circulatory system that comes through the intense and concentrated psychological and nervous experience of watching a ball game or a bulletin board. Next to playing a game one's self, no doubt the next best thing for relaxation's sake is, under favorable conditions of outdoor life and change of scene, to watch others play. Aside from the actual muscular strain, it is probable that some men work fully as hard when they watch a ball game from the bleachers or on the bulletin board, as they would or could work if they were actually engaged in the game.

Another fact in connection with our national game that is newly emphasized each year with the recurrence of the great championship series, is the remarkable cleanliness of the organized game in this country, the way in which it has been kept free during its generation and more of sporting supremacy, from any taint or suspicion of crooked dealing, gambling, fraud, or arrogant and harmful commercialism. The contrast between baseball as it is played professionally today, and horse racing, as it is carried on in the few places where antigambling laws have not been made effective to purge racing of its crime and corruption and fraud and restore it to the status of a clean sport, is exceedingly striking and educative. Baseball has steadily grown in favor; racing has steadily lost. The chief reason is that baseball is conducted as a sport, while racing is generally not conducted as a sport but as an organized medium of crime and of demoralizing indulgence.

Baseball has been the typical and universal national game for nearly 40 years. On one or two occasions, efforts were made to make it the medium of gigantic gambling operations, and of crooked commercial ventures trading in men's honesty and decency for the purpose of bilking the public. On each occasion, enough men of power and firmness were found in the ranks of the real upholders of the game, to save it from the inevitable fate that would overtake it if it were ever commercialized as a mere instrument of gamblers and other crooks, in the game or out, to fleece the public. The few players and managers who had allowed themselves to be influenced by the smooth talk of the conspirators were promptly and completely eliminated, and the big men of the old time leagues let it be known far and wide that no departure would ever be allowed from the straight path of popular professional sport free from taint of "fixed" percentages or bribed players and umpires. Among the players themselves, a high standard of club loyalty and personal responsibility has been adhered to and fostered, so that a player attempting coarse work nowadays would certainly be spotted by his own associates and ostracised.

The success of baseball, and its perfect dominance today in the daily life of the masses of the people as the one great national sporting interest, is due chiefly to three things: first, the manner in which it serves the gregarious instincts of mankind, enabling tens of thousands of people to come together within one enclosure all imbued with the same enthusiasms and interests for the time being, and finding keenest and most pleasureable stimulus in social contact and mutual excitation; second, its cleanliness as a sport, attracting and holding the loyal interest of the best citizenship, and offering a perfectly harmless medium of idle indulgence; third, its peculiar quality of affording intense excitement and interest by proxy, arousing and holding the close and prolonged attention of tens of millions of newspaper readers and bulletin board watchers all over the national domain, and enabling the masses to maintain intimate and almost personal relations with the big players of the big clubs.

The whole gamut of American sporting interest and experience lies between Skinny Shaner's corner lot and the great arena where the world's series takes place. A ball is one of the first toys the baby learns to play with, a ball team furnishes the youngster with his earliest ideas of organized endeavor, the college youth tries to shift his allegiance to other forms of sport and fails, and the average grown man is a good deal keener about the outcome of the world's series than he is about the next president or the price of meat.

And when the world's series is on, a foreigner to witness the doings of the typical bulletin board crowd would be justified in thinking that the nation's eternal fate were in the balance, instead of sensing the truth, that two perfectly organized little groups of highly paid specialists trained up to the finest ultimate perfection of delicately adjusted nerves, instantaneous thinking, and physical fitness, were contending for the title of season's champion, in the names of rival cities rich enough and sporty enough to demand and afford the best.

Texas insurance rates have been ordered reduced again and householders are trembling once more. Every time a reduction has been ordered in the past, the property owner has had to pay more premiums.

Lookout for oysters regardless of the arrival of the R months. The agricultural department has discovered that many of them are full of typhoid germs, picked up from the sewage pouring into the vicinity of their beds.

Won't Change Any Votes

MOST of the heat was spent in the early part of the campaign. It lags now. On the whole, Wilson is making the most effective campaign at the moment, and he will succeed in holding the normal Democratic vote solidly together, while he is not seriously offending anybody. Roosevelt cannot conceal his disposition to rule everybody out that does not agree with him in every minute particular, and this tendency shows that his old time shrewd political sense is a little dulled.

The speech making tours, anyhow, are not going to change any votes; they are more a matter of satisfying the demand known to exist, for each candidate to show himself to his own supporters merely as a formal recognition of ultimate dependence upon the people at large for election. While the bosses may be able to put across whom they wish, it is not deemed good policy to throw this fact into the teeth of the sovereign people.

Valley farmers have had a splendid fruit year, but the prosperity has been general as well, extending to all other products. Truly, the Rio Grande valley is a garden spot in every sense of the word.

Three more apartment houses are planned for El Paso. It is useless to say "watch El Paso grow." Anybody can hear it.

The Panhandle cattlemen have at last discovered the real livestock center of the southwest. They are coming to El Paso to open headquarters.

Goodbye, straw hats. The low shoe goes next.

Roosevelt knows only one line of division among the American people—"He that is not for me is against me."

One-Sentence Philosophy

GLOBE SIGHTS.
(Atchison Globe.)

When dancing becomes difficult it means old age, or corns.

You are aging some when you can't think of anything but chigres in connection with your picnic.

If it were not for the necessity of earning a living, there would be many more people taking the rest cure.

There are so many ornery men in the world it's a wonder there aren't more men haters among the women.

No one can stay up all night and feel "fit" next day, although plenty of Young Things are willing to try it.

An Atchison woman has her hand in a bandage, and it is said it is because her husband set a mouse trap and put it in his pocket.

A good padlock is superior to a watch dog, and eats considerably less.

When people urge you not to be unreasonable, they want you to agree with them.

Experience is a great teacher, although many grass widows sacrifice alimony to try again.

Our notion of nothing in particular to brag about is that one is personally acquainted with a great man.

Ever since we can remember, boys have been warned against going in swimming in dog days, but none of them paid much attention to the warning.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
(Philadelphia Record.)

The weakest sometimes carry around the biggest opinions of themselves.

The professional humorist was inspecting bargain lots at Swamphurst. "An optician is going to put up a building here," announced the real estate agent. "Ah, that's a site for sore eyes," exclaimed the professional humorist, blushing vividly.

Happiness is merely a qualifying condition. One man may be happy simply because he isn't as unhappy as some other fellow.

The only time to hesitate about telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth is when you are convinced it is going to hurt somebody.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
(Chicago News.)

And the lord also helps those who help others.

When you are offered anything free look for the string.

When a man is down and out his friends are soon up and away.

The value of forethought is often demonstrated by the after effects.

Even your best friends haven't time to do much worrying on your account.

Nothing so completely knocks a contrary man silly as to have you agree with him.

UNCLE WALT'S DENATURED POEM

PAYMENT

By Walt Mason

OH, CHARLES ADOLPHUS, go your way, and paint the town from day to day, until you've had your fill; but every foolish act, gadzooks, is charged against you in the books, and you must pay the bill. One thing is sure as death or tax, which is that retribution whacks each erring mortal jay; long years may pass, already yet, before you're called to pay the debt, but some time you must pay. Go, rake in wealth with greedy paws, and violate all moral laws, and cheat and swindle still; but some day—maybe when you're old and love seems better far than gold—you'll have to pay the bill. Oh, loafer, loaf the hours away, and waste the golden summer day, refuse to toil or till! When winter comes and workers rest in cozy homes, of ease possessed, you'll have to pay the bill! Oh, maidens, radiant and fair, who use peroxide on your hair, and kalsomine your cheeks; who twist your systems all awry until the gods look down and sigh, "Oh, pipe the dizzy freaks!" With all your paint and furbelows, and shoes that crush your aching toes, you're surely out to kill; but when the glow of youth is past and age comes creeping on at last, you'll have to pay the bill. Each foolish action that we do, each wicked course that we pursue, we settle for some day; the captain's office open stands, where we must face this world's demands, and some time we must pay.

PERRINS'S "ANNUAL"

The Herald's Daily Short Story

By Ross Harvey.

"TO AN artist, Mr. Perrins, a sunset like this must be—be an inspiration," said the girl softly. "Isn't it to you?"

Perrins started. He had not been witching the sunset; he had been looking at the girl instead, without letting her see. Still, there was nothing very surprising in that, for May Bishop caused more than one head to turn in her direction as she sat at the cliff edge, looking across the sands towards Bude's curious breakwater and the deep red sun beyond, setting behind the Atlantic.

"Isn't it an inspiration?" persisted the girl. "I don't believe you are listening to me."

"Oh, I was, Miss Bishop," declared Perrins, a little breathlessly. "I always listen to everything you say. The sun is ripping."

It had been her eyes which had started it all, eyes which made Perrins think of the Swiss lakes he had never seen.

"You are going home in a few days, too," he suddenly exclaimed. "I am glad of that."

"How horrid of you," laughed May. "But, unfortunately, you are right. Three more days of Bude, then foggy old London."

"But how different your London will be from mine," Perrins said with increasing desperation.

"Different?"

"Dances and theaters and that sort of thing, will make the months fly quickly enough for you," Perrins said. "For me——"

"There will be your painting," concluded the girl softly. "Dances-painting. Yes, my London is very different from yours."

They sat and talked till the sun had long since set, and the moon appeared to suffuse everything with its soft glow.

At last the girl jumped to her feet. "I must simply race back to the hotel," she exclaimed. "You have no idea the responsibility five large hats and one small box to hold them is to the owner. I will say goodby now."

"There is just one last thing I should love you to do for me," she added.

"What is it?" he said eagerly.

"Well, it will have to be done in the world of London," said the girl. "Will you show me over your studio some day?"

"There—there is nothing to see."

"Suppose you give me the opportunity of judging for myself," persisted the girl. "Mind, I shall consider you have promised. Goodbye."

"Hallo, old man. Had a good time?" Perrins stepped from a Great Western third class compartment, to be greeted instantly by a sounding slap on the shoulder from a young man of about his own age, a fortnight's sunburn on his face.

"Thanks, awfully, for the postcards," went on Will Ashton. "They were Al. I've had a simply gorgeous time at Torquay. There were two of them sisters, and I and another fellow took them everywhere. They all came and saw me off this morning. But I'll tell you all about that later."

Ashton did not think Perrins looked quite as he usually looked after his summer holiday. He seemed older for one thing and heaps graver.

"What's the trouble, Perrins? Broken to the wide?" he ventured, after a pause.

"No."

"Ashton, old man, I've been a fool," he said.

"I've been a fool and a cad. I wish to goodness I'd never seen Bude."

"A girl, of course?"

"Yes, and I told her I was an artist, and—well, I feel like taking a midnight dive from Blackfriars' bridge."

"I told her I was an artist," went on Perrins, "and instead—well, for the next 11 1-2 months I shall be tearing off yards of calico for old ladies, and my exertions in that direction will be rewarded by Smith & Sons at the rate of 20 shillings a week. She thinks I shall be painting sunsets."

Ashton's laughter showed signs of getting out of hand.

"What does it matter, Tom?" he said. "You'll never see her again."

"No," said Perrins. "I shan't see her again, I suppose."

An agreeable surprise awaited Perrins at Smith & Sons' on his return, for he was summoned to the private office of the great Smith himself, and learned there that his services in the past were to be recognized by a substantial increase in his salary, and that his future was in his own hands.

"Go on as you've started, Perrins," said the great Smith; "go on as you've started and you'll do."

Four or five days went by, when one morning Ashton happened to catch sight of a girl sauntering into the large shop.

Ashton had a trying customer in hand at the time, but somehow the girl's face made him think of Perrins.

"Just his style," his thought ran. "I remember at Folkstone—Did you speak, madam?" he added aloud to his customer.

"Yes, I did. I want some gray silesia lining."

At that moment the manager's voice rang out.

"Mr. Perrins, forward."

Perrins hurried forward.

Ashton started with surprise, for Perrins stopped, his face changing from brilliant red to an unhealthy pallor in quick succession, then back again.

"What's the matter, old man? Feel queer?"

Perkins moved on, and then Ashton had to attend to his own customer.

Perrins leaned over the counter. He could not have met the blue eyes, which were fixed upon him for anything in the world.

"Will you please match this for me?" said the girl coldly. "It must be exact." A pause followed, broken at last by the girl.

"You don't mean to say you haven't recognized me, Mr. Perrins?" she exclaimed. "I shouldn't believed it if you did, you know."

"Of course I recognize you, Miss Bishop, I——"

Perrins was conscious of a vague longing for the world to come to an end. May Bishop did not appear to notice his embarrassment.

"I am so glad you remember me," she said pleasantly, "because I'm sure of that promise you gave me on your last evening at Bude. Do you remember?"

Perrins stammered again. He did not know what he said or what he intended saying. But again his confusion seemed to escape notice.

"Oh, don't pretend you have forgotten, please. You promised to show me over your studio—to let me see your unfinished pictures; you did, really."

Tom Perrins glanced up at that. He had gone rather white, but he looked as if he had made up his mind on some point that had been troubling him.

"I—I haven't got a studio, Miss Bishop."

"Haven't a studio? But you said you had."

"N—no. No, I don't think I actually said that. I—I said I was an artist."

"All artists have studios, haven't they?"

Perrins thought for a moment or two.

"Yes, I suppose they have," he ventured, "but I'm not an artist."

"Not an artist?" exclaimed the girl in a tone which hinted at horror. "You are not an artist?"

Perrins pulled himself together. "Miss Bishop," he said in a low voice, "I—I was an awful cad. I would give anything not to have told those lies; I did it—the first one—on the spur of the moment, and well, there was no getting out of it afterwards. You seemed so interested in painting when I came to know you, that—that I couldn't tell you I was only a linen draper's assistant, after all. I tried to that last evening, but I couldn't—I simply couldn't, Miss Bishop."

May laughed softly, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"And you really thought I believed the fib?" she demanded. "I suppose you have made similar kinds of misrepresentations to other girls?"

Perrins would not admit that he had, and did not feel up to convincing this girl that he had not, so he said nothing.

"And you thought they believed you, too," she laughed, opening her bag. "Why, nothing on earth would have made me belive you were an artist—not even if I hadn't known you from the first. Let me see, where is it? Oh, here. I found this letter in the hotel reading room at Bude the day after we met, and as as there was no name mentioned except the sender's, and the envelope was missing, I had to read it to try to find out to whom it belonged. Afterwards, you mentioned having lost a letter. You may have it back now."

Perrins took the letter with a shudder. It was written on the headed paper of Smith & Sons, and contained instructions about visiting a branch that firm had at Taunton on his way back. Perrins folded up the letter and put it in his pocket.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly; "it isn't much to say, but I can't say anything else. I—I sha'nt forget this."

She nodded brightly and selected her silks.

"I think these will do nicely, thanks," she said. "I would have brought you your letter before, only we have been so fearfully busy, and that in addition to be short handed, too."

"Short handed?"

"Yes, one of the girls has been silly enough to follow the fashionable movement and have influenza. It is awfully annoying. Good morning."

"But—I had no idea you were in a shop. I thought——"

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl. "It is not always wise to think, and never to jump at conclusions. Besides, it was you who first commenced misrepresenting things.

"Miss Bishop, will you see me this evening? Anywhere——"

There was a long pause, then the girl glanced up from the silks.

"But we shan't have finished, until eight, on account of the orders in hand," she said.

"Eight," whispered Perrins in a voice he did not recognize himself. "I will be there at eight."

Before Perrins came back to earth sufficiently to glance at the business card the girl had left on the counter she had gone.

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14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1898

Miss Mabel Falvey left today for San Antonio to visit friends.

Today is the autumnal equinox, and day and night are of equal length.

Attorney Mitchell went up to Las Cruces this morning on legal business.

A. H. Richards has returned from an extensive trip through the east and north.

Mrs. Charles Smith and daughter left the city for Topeka, Kans., by way of the Santa Fe.

The Tucson Star says that there are 400 pupils in the Indian school at Phoenix and more coming.

W. T. Johns, secretary for the Rio Grande Dam and Irrigation company, returned this morning from Denver.

Mrs. White with her daughter, Leigh, and eldest son, Alward, expects to leave for Baltimore tomorrow on the Santa Fe.

Much interest is being taken in the revival meeting which Rev. J. M. Crowe is now holding at the Trinity Methodist church.

August Arnick in consideration of $735 today deeded to E. J. Hadlock a parcel of land situated southeast of El Paso, containing 5 1-2 acres.

Some of the boys are talking of getting up a game with the new Fort Bliss team. They say there are ball players out there, and it is possible that a game will be arranged for next Sunday.

The following bulletin has been posted in the G. H. shops here: "A fireman has been given 15 days' credit for removing a yearling from a bridge and turning it off the right of way and repairing the fence. Signed, W. R. Martin."

Special agent Stokes, of the treasury department, was among the departures on the G. H. for Eagle Pass. In the absence of chief Johnson, of this district, Mr. Stokes is acting chief and making the rounds of the border offices.

Commissioner Wales had out his street cleaning gang this morning and is using the steel brooms to advantage. A reporter asked the commissioner if it would be possible to use street sweepers on the streets. The answer was: "Yes, we could if the streets were graded, but they are not. We could use sweepers on El Paso street but the other streets are too uneven to run them on."

The city board of equalization finished its arduous task last evening. The board was composed of the city assessor, and the different aldermen as the time suited them best to serve on it. It was found that about 350 taxpayers of the city were paying less taxes than they should, so the city clerk will have to issue the necessary number of postal cards telling these individuals that the city board of appeal will meet on the 19th day of October.

WORLD WIDE CAMPAIGN TO SAVE THE BABIES

Nearly 300,000 Babies Under One Year Old Die Annually in the United States. Crusade Is Reducing Death Rate.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 21.—No part of the program of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, now being held in Washington, will lay hold on the American heart to a greater degree than that which has for its purpose the collection and distribution of the world's knowledge of methods for the prevention of infant mortality. Nearly three hundred thousand babies under one year old die annually in the United States. Out of each 1000 babies born no less than 212 die before they pass their second year. Once a baby reaches its third year its chances to live to be 60 years old are better than were its chances to live to be two years old.

Lose 165 In Every 1000.

That there are tens of thousands of preventable deaths among the 300,000 babies that die in the United States in the first year of life is easily shown. There are a number of lines of indisputable evidence by which it may be proved. Sweden loses 96 out of each thousand children under one year old. We lose 165. Did we but take as good care of our babies as Swedish parents do of theirs, nearly 120,000 homes would be spared the sadness of having their babies taken away by the hand of death. Did the American mother protect her baby as well as the mothers of Norway protect theirs, more than 140,000 babies a year would live who now fill new made graves.

What Norway and Sweden have done America can do. The mothers of New Zealand make even a better showing than those of Norway and Sweden. If our number of deaths among babies under one year were proportionate to that of New Zealand, more than one half of all the babies who die under one year of age would be saved.

Statistics everywhere prove that baby saving is not an untried theory. Where poorer care of the little ones is taken than we take of ours, there the number of baby deaths is proportionately higher. For instance, in Chili the death rate of babies is nearly double our own and more than four times that of New Zealand. In European Russia three babies die where two die in the United States, and in Austria three die where one dies in New Zealand.

Good Results From Crusade.

But one does not have to look to foreign countries to see the good results which come from baby saving campaigns. A study of our own progress will show the results of our rising tide of health sentiment upon infant mortality. In 1890 the deaths among infants under one year of age amounted to 20,580 out of each 100,000 born. In 1900 they amounted to 16,540. In other words, in 10 years there was a saving of more than 4000 babies a year brought about by the improvement of the health conditions of the country.

Another evidence of what can be done in baby saving is to be found in contrasts between various American cities. In some of them one baby out of five dies before it is a year old. In others only one baby out of 10 dies. In the whole United States 165 out of a thousand died in 1900. In Boston it has been cut to 127. All of these things conclusively point to the fact that infant mortality can be averted. All that is required is a strict compliance with the laws of health. Wherever these conditions have been met children have been saved. We often spend $10,000 to convict a single murderer, and sometimes almost 10 times as much. The same amount spent in caring for the babies and teaching how they should be guided over the dangerous roads of infancy would save hundreds of babies from death.

Important to Prevent Disease.

One authority has observed that the benefactions of the rich in the direction of health seem to be on the basis that it is more valuable to cure disease than to prevent it. He says that giving to a hospital is spending money that a handful may be restored to health, rather than giving it to the cause of preventive medicine that a townful may be protected in theirs.

He declares it is past his understanding that philanthropic people should regard it as more important to discover a not-yet-found germ than to discover a method of inducing communities to kill the infinitely more dangerous ones that already have been found. Nowhere is this better evidenced than in the case of infant mortality. It has been estimated that two thirds of all the deaths of infants might be averted by the mere application of the knowledge we now possess. How to get that knowledge applied is the problem. It is a problem that some communities are gradually solving, a problem whose solution lies in a careful campaign of education.

How the Problem Is Solved.

It is interesting to note how some communities are solving it. Boston has been making inquiries among the mothers of the city as to how they feed their babies. These inquiries have revealed the fact that there are nearly double as many babies die that are bottle-fed as there are among those who are nourished in nature's way. Today efforts are being made to arouse the mothers of the city to the importance of this. Other cities are doing the same. Some time since there was a health show in Baltimore. A picture was exhibited showing a mother nursing her child. Below it was this legend: "This baby is getting a square deal. Is yours?"

Some cities have tried to solve the infant mortality problem of distributing literature dealing with the subject of the care of babies. But it has been found that infinitely more effective is the idea of the free clinic, which has been borrowed from France by several cities. These clinics are held at milk stations, hospital dispensaries, schools and in open air tents especially constructed for the purpose. Here object lesson teaching is resorted to, and usually with splendid results. Other cities make use of the visiting nurse. She goes into a home of poverty, cleans up things for the mother, and shows her just how to do things. When she is tactful she enlists the sympathy and cooperation of the mother, and the chances of the child's escaping the perils of infancy are greatly improved.

Bottle Fed Babies.

It is certain that for a long time to come the bottle fed baby will continue in the majority. Most of his dangers lie in his bottle. Not only must the mother be educated to care for the bottle and its contents while it is in her hands, but its contents must be protected before it reaches her. The daily milk supply of Philadelphia is 400,000 quarts. It is handled by 3000 milk dealers, supplied by 5000 producers, and brought from four states. Chicago uses a million quarts a day, and it comes from 120,000 cows on 12,000 farms. New York gets its supply from 35,000 farms, located in six states. From all this it will be seen that the proper protection of a big city's milk supply from the time it leaves the cow until it is swallowed by the babies is a job of monumental proportions.

The founding of the National Child Bureau with Miss Julia Lathrop at its head, has led many to hope that a new era of baby care is dawning. The toll of death in that fateful first two years of existence is so heavy and so pathetic that when the facts are fully known it is believed that belated and widespread action for the protection of the babies of the country will follow.

And a beauty of a successful baby saving campaign is that it would not only save the babies, but tens of thousands of adults as well. The lessons of public and private sanitation which must be taught for the salvation of the babies would protect the adult members of the family from germ-caused diseases as well. Purify the milk supply for the baby and it is purified for father and mother and brothers and sisters. Swat the fly for baby's sake and the whole family benefits.

Three Million Born Each Year.

According to the best information the census bureau has been able to gather concerning the birth rate of the United States more than three million babies are born in this country each year. Their hold in life is so precarious that the number of them who die before their first birthday comes around is equivalent to one fifth of all the deaths that occur. According to the rates cited in the public health movement symposium of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, nearly half a million of them will be "committed to dust to dust" within a year from birth. With no means whatever to protect themselves they must accept the food that is given them. Someone has observed that "the business of being a baby is an extra hazardous occupation," and another has remarked that "the evils of baby wasting are greater than the evils of race suicide," adding that it is not the number of babies born that counts, but the number that are enabled to grow to manhood and womanhood.

One of the most earnest efforts that the sanitarians of the country are going to make during the next decade is to get the mothers of the land to give their babies a fair chance in their gamble with fate. That movement will be given considerable impetus at the Hygiene congress.

Abe Martin

While Tipton Bud wuz tryin' t' account fer a surplus dollar yisterday his wife ran out o' flour. Nobuddy ever wants t' take advice after they ask it.

Success Under Difficulties

By Madison C. Peters

THE BIRTH OF BY WORDS.

"Bogus."

CORRUPTION of the name of one Borghese, a corrupt man, who 75 years ago did a big business supplying the west with counterfeit bills and on fictitious banks. In their rapid talk the excited westerners soon shortened Borghese to Bogus, and his bills were styled "bogus."

"Catch Penny."

In 1824 a murderer made a great sensation in London, and Catnach, a printer made big money by the sale of the murderer's "last dying words." He brought out a later edition with the heading "We Are Alive Again!" the words "we are" being printed with a narrow space between them—these two words the people took for the name of the murderer, reading it "WEARE alive again," and a large edition was rapidly sold. Some one called it a "catch penny," until all of Catnach's productions were so styled and the word became adopted into the language.

"Cock and Bull Story."

The Pope's bulls, from bulla, or seal, bore the impression of St. Peter accompanied by the cock. After the reformation any tale that was unheeded was "a cock and bull affair."

"Curry Favor."

To curry a horse was to rub him down, and dress him. Favel was a general English name for a chestnut horse, derived from the French, favoux, the color of fallow land or chestnut. The original phrase, "to curry Favel," originating in the case of a favorite horse Favel, when to curry well was a sure passport to the favor of his master.

"Dished."

Contraction of the old English word disherit for disinherit. A person was said to be "dished" when property he expected to inherit was left to some one else.

"Fudge."

Fudge was master of an English ship who was notorious as a liar, so much so that aboard ship the sailors when they heard a great lie, cried out, "you, fudge it."

"Great Cry and Little Wool."

Arose in times when shoemakers were indebted for the bristles which form the flexible needles of their thread to native swine, and appears to be of Scottish origin. "Great cry and little wool, as the Sentor (the shoemaker) said when he clippt the sow."

"Loafer."

A young American fell in love with a Dutchman's daughter. He disliked him, and whenever he saw the lover he said to his daughter, "Dere is dat lofer of yours, the idle goor for nothing," and an idle man came to be called a "loafer," how the letter "a" got in the word is not known.

"Miss Nancy."

Miss Anna Oldfield, an actress who died in 1739, was so vain that she ordered her remains laid in state dressed in Brussels lace headdress a holland shift with tuckers and double ruffles of the same lace, new kid gloves, etc., and Miss Nancy was applied to young men who ape superiority, walk gingerly and dress effeminately.

"Nasty."

Originally "nasky," in allusion to the filthy habits of the pig. In Finnish "naski" is a pig, in Danish "snaski" is to act like a pig and in Swedish "snaskig" is filthy.

"Nine Days' Wonder."

Originated in reference to the nine days during which Lady Jane Grey was styled queen of England.

"Old Harry."

Slang names for the devil is a corruption of the words "Old Hairy."

"Old Scratch."

From Scandinavian Skratti, which means demons.

"Pettifogger."

To fog, to hunt in servile manner—a pettifogger touts, and hunts for small matters in the purlieus of courts.

"Helter-Skelter."

When the Spanish Armada crossed to the coasts of England, many of the ships were driven by the fierce attack of Drake and Howland and the fury of the elements north of the Helder river and south of the Skelder river—the Scheld't—hence the expression" helter-skelter."

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.]

STANDING OF GREAT NAVIES.

Tularosa, N. M., Sept. 15.

Editor El Paso Herald:

Please give the standing of the U. S. navy as compared to the other great naval powers of the world.

Yours very truly,

W. A. Claman.

	Modern Battleships.
1 Great Britain	42
2 Germany	21
3 United States	26
4 France	15
5 Japan	11

—Editor.

CAMPER SHOOTS AT SHADOW AND KILLS SONINLAW

Tucson, Ariz., Sept. 21.—Mistaken for a wildcat, Maxwell Smith Bruzzel was shot and killed by his fatherinlaw, O. F. Hunt, at their mining camp near the Robles ranch. Bruzzel and his young wife were sleeping in the wagon of the mining party. Hunt awakening in the night saw the shadow of what appeared to be a wild cat, and, taking a hasty aim, fired at the object. The bullet took effect in Bruzzel's right shoulder. He died in the hospital after being brought here. Bruzzel was married to Miss Olive Hunt two weeks ago.

ST. JOSEPH

BY GEORGE FITCH,

Author Of "At Good Old Siwash"

ONCE upon a time St. Joseph, Mo., was one of the great cities of the country with 102,000 citizens and a rate of growth which made Kansas City shiver apprehensively. Since that time it has doubled in size, has built profusely and has become really metropolitan. Its population is now 77,000. The missing 25,000 Saints were removed in 1910 by the cruel hand of the census supervisor, who took all the imagination and poetic license out of the census returns of 1900 and restored them to actual people.

St. Joseph is bigger and happier than it was when it was stuffed all out of shape with statistical ghosts, and is one of the four lively towns which are trying to stay beside the restless Missouri river and make it a center of population. It is an old town for Missouri, and is full of fine old families and well stuffed bank vaults. St. Joseph has 25 banks and it is no uncommon thing to see seven rival bank cashiers frantically chasing a citizen who is trying to squander a nickel on a moving picture show, instead of putting it out at interest.

St. Jo., as it is familiarly called by its intimate friends, is the fourth largest producer of hog and cattle obituaries in the United States. Its packing houses are so vast that they can be noticed on a windy day for 40 miles. St. Jo. is also one of the most important loafing places for passenger trains in the west and commercial travelers from its wholesale houses can be found eating the canned peach desserts of hotels as far west as Walla Walla, Wash.

St. Jo. is progressive and is now provided with the commission form of government, under which the city gets the commissions instead of the aldermen. It has been kindly treated by the Missouri river, which is too turbulent for navigation purposes, but has deposited a lake on the outskirts of town on which regattas can be held if the weeds are kept mowed. The city has three great prides—the Tootles family, Eugene Field, who once worked on a St. Jo. paper, and Fifth street, which has a 12 story office building and the Robidoux hotel, and looks like Broadway if you view it from just the right spot.

"Chasing a citizen who is trying to squander a nickel."

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