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.

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Editorial and Magazine Page
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Our Local Insurrections

SOMETHING very like civil war prevails in Utah and Georgia, in one case in a mining district, and in the other in a great commercial city. There is only one way to handle such situations as they arise. "A state of insurrection exists," declared Gen. John C. Bates when he took command of the United States troops in Colorado at the request of the state government and was asked to announce his plans; "it is my duty to put down insurrection, and I purpose to do it." It was done without bloodshed, after the army took hold of a situation that had meant nine months of rioting and assassination and arson, with great destruction of life and property.

Armed insurrection, whether by workmen, strikers, or employers, or, indeed, by armed men acting under the guise of public authority but in defiance of public rights and public weal, must be put down before any right end can be accomplished by negotiation. The necessary degree of firmness at the first sign of rebellion against the constituted authorities of any state or city will, as a general thing, prevent greater disorders in future.

It is a grave step to take, to declare martial law, which means suspension of all civil rights. But when the step has once been taken, for adequate cause, the most merciful course of action is to play the game while it lasts for all it is worth. Prevention is better and cheaper than any attempt at cure after the plague has got under full headway. Destruction of life and property is a terrible wrong, no matter by whom committed, when wanton, and not done as a necessary incident to maintaining the authority of law and furthering the progress of righteous and civilized order. But, inasmuch as the state denies to the citizen any practical means of recovering from the state or from any community the value of property destroyed in rioting, or meager recompense for personal injury, it becomes the supreme duty of the state to protect both life and property when menaced by lawless acts of violence.

The right of employes peaceably to quit work, individually or in mass, has never been and never will be abridged by any law or any court. But the rights of one man or one group end where the rights of other men and other groups begin, and no "right" has ever been recognized by any law or by any court, wantonly to destroy the property of another, or to interfere with another's lawful rights, or to attack persons who are going about their lawful business.

It is well to keep a few fundamentals like this, constantly in mind, for really they should govern all ideas and opinions about insurrectionary uprisings, no matter what the occasion that may have created a state of bitter feeling and fed violent passions of men. And the man lowest down in the scale of industrial advancement and property accumulation has exactly the same right to protection from the state, in all his lawful pursuits and possessions, as has the mining, manufacturing, or railroad company with millions invested.

One El Paso housekeeper, when told that hen fruit had gone up to 60c per dozen specimens, asked the store man whether he understood her to say aigs or aigrets.

If Miss Ethel Roosevelt would make the campaign instead of her distinguished father, there might be a different story to tell.

Governor Curry has declared for woman suffrage, and the other man is wavering.

Hitting Up the Pace

DOMINANT note in El Paso's fall awakening is the great activity of real estate. The movement is more marked than it has been since the winter of 1907-8 and the year 1908. In four years there has not been the same inquiry and rush to buy homes and invest for better prices, that there is now.

And the most gratifying fact in the situation is the large number of salaried people and wage workers who are buying lots and building homes to be paid for on the instalment system, at a rate not much above ordinary rental. Every considerable employer of labor in El Paso tells the same story—that his people are buying and building homes. Outlying sections are exceedingly active, and vacant lots in the old town are fast being taken for profitable use.

It is not desirable to promote a purely speculative spirit, for that in the long run results unfavorably to a town's best development, having a tendency to inflate prices and also to keep land out of use. But it is impossible to ignore the wonderful opportunities that now exist in El Paso to make a little money add to itself, by careful realty investments. So quick is the turning that any man with $500 or $1000, if he watch carefully and sell as soon as he can turn a tidy profit, will be able to add to his capital very substantially before the active season passes.

References to the present activity must not be construed as prophecies of a "boom," for that is something El Paso has never suffered from, and probably never will. The present activity is only a marked hastening of the permanent residents and sound interests of the city to secure their share of the land while it is to be had, and not wait for outsiders to come in and take all the cream from what is left in the 5000 acre townsite.

During the past four years, there has been a steady and substantial growth in El Paso. Probably 2000 to 2500 structures have been erected in that time, at a total cost, finished and furnished, of $10,000,000 or $12,000,000. That does not read much like stagnation. The population has increased by several thousands. The permanent population of El Paso and suburbs within four miles, on the Texas side of the river, is now fully 45,000; while counting transients, nonresidents, soldiers, and all, the population on any one day is probably about 52,000. That makes a pretty substantial city, and there is no need to pad the figures in the least. It is enough to be satisfied with, at this stage of the city's growth, and to state the figures conservatively leaves room for the normal growth before the next census.

By 1920, El Paso will have at least 80,000 permanent population, and will probably have nearer 100,000. The city grew 150 percent from 16,000 to 40,000 the last census decade, and the same rate of growth will take the city to 100,000 by 1920. It is a reasonable and probable estimate, that can be pretty safely counted on by all who now have, or who expect to acquire, established interests of any kind in the Metropolis of the Great Southwest.

Straw votes do not decide elections, as many a sanguine political manager has discovered to his sorrow. It is remarkable how many people will express their true conviction and choice by straw vote just before an election, and then vote directly opposite on election day.

Parcels Post Benefits All

PARCELS post has come to stay. The United States is the last civilized country in the world to adopt it, but it has gone and done it now, and done it right, so that there will be no looking back and vain regretting.

In a few months, those millions who have so violently opposed it will wonder how they ever could have been so mistaken. The parcels post will benefit everybody and better all trade and commerce, and harm none, exactly like good roads and cheap postage.

The new law, which goes into effect the first of the year, provides a graduated rate according to distance, and the scheme will directly benefit all rural and small town merchants.

All America waits, almost breathlessly, for the world's series to begin. The days drag their slow length, and men hurry through meals and sleep so as to be nearer the great day. Even the smallest of the small boys are projecting themselves in imagination to the crack in the fence where they can prostrate themselves and watch the umpire catch pop bottles.

Pecos and Las Cruces put up such complete annual fairs that they discourage El Paso from trying to compete. The horticultural and agricultural exhibits at both places this year were reported the finest ever seen in the southwest.

UNCLE WALT'S DENATURED POEM

The Morning After

By Walt Mason

OH, THE sport awakes as the morning breaks, with a head like a load of brick; and his eyes are red in his aching head, and his poor old stomach's sick. His mouth is furred and he thinks some bird—a buzzard—has nested there; his throat is dry and he thinks he'll die, and there's free lunch in his hair. He notes with dread that he went to bed attired in his shoes and hat; and he sees a bear on his bedroom chair—but it's only the thomas cat. He groans and sighs as he tries to rise from his couch of misery. "This lets me out from the festal rout—it's never again," says he. To the joint he slinks for some saving drinks, for the hair of the dog, you know; a few good jerks for his weakened works—he'll quit when the tremors go. But a slug of gin, when it's safe within, calls loud for a running mate; and the por old sport takes another snort, and hits up the same old gait. And the sport awakes when the morning breaks as sick as a glandered horse; his eyes are red in his swollen head, his comrade is R. E. Morse. To fill your vat with the suds like that, to sleep in your hat and shoes: Do you call that fun, Oh, you sporty one, just getting the taste for booze?

A FRAGMENT

(By Louise Hellgers.)

The Herald's Daily Short Story

"NEW white you look," said Life to the little sewing girl.

"My rouge is best of all," whispered Love.

"I can give you stars to wear like flowers in your hair, if you will come into the woods with me," said Nature. "Life's lessons are not learned in a room."

"Come out, come out, come out," sang the birds and the sun and the flowers together, "and live."

The work dropped from the little sewing girl's hands as she listened to all these alluring summer voices.

"How can I?" she questioned wistfully, staring unseeingly out at the blaze of scarlet geraniums staining the grass below.

When one has to keep body and soul together on $5 a week, how can one accept the invitation of Youth to dance a highwayman's dance on the grass.

Life to the little sewing girl seemed to consist of mending frilly underclothes and running ribbons through them for the daughter of the house. Sometimes, as her little rough hands toiled with the stiff white things, she would wonder dimly how it felt to wear such dainty garments. But for the most part she thought of nothing but how to make $5 do the work of eight.

Only today there was something in the summer world that awakened her stunted soul and lent her ears to hear the mysterious voices that are always ready to whisper in the ear of every girl.

The door opened and the son of the house came in.

The sunlight fell softly on the little sewing girl's hair, turnings its paleness to gold. The glint of it caught his eye.

The honeysuckle peeping in seemed suddenly to draw a long, sweet breath.

Afraid to raise her eyes, she kept her long lashes lowered obstinately upon her cheeks. The son of the house was as the prince of a fairy tale to her, a being incomprehensible and remote, who rode in a motor instead of a glass coach, and whose silk socks she had once or twice had the privilege of mending. Now and again he had spoken a few words to her, once he had stood beside her while she sewed a button on his glove. But this was the first time her heart had beat so madly at his presence. She couldn't understand it at all.

The son of the house watched the crimson rise to her cheeks with amusement. Now that she did not look so pale she wasn't half bad.

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Summer love is like the sun. It shines for a brief space before retiring to shine somewhere else. But while it shines it shines fiercely, scorching the earth and the flowers its rays fall upon. The little sewing girl was transported for that week into Paradise. But people have been expelled from Paradise before this.

—

At the end of three weeks the girl of his parents' choice arrived at the house on a visit. The son of the house, bored at first, soon grew to find a brown skin and black hair fascinating. Also her gowns came from Paris, and she smelled of some strange, sweet scent. The son of the house came no more to the room where the little sewing girl worked, there were no more stolen meetings at dusk.

"How sweet you are," said the son of the house to the dark eyed girl. "You are the only girl I have ever seen I could really love."

They stopped, and, hidden by a tall bed of golden sunflowers, kissed. The little sewing girl, looking from her window, saw them.

Something snapped in her as she looked. Hearts are not very strong on $5 a week.

THE HUSBAND QUESTION

The Widow Finds Dr. Haynes a Real Help.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

BEATRICE awoke on Sunday morning with an uncomfortable consciousness of duty to be performed. She liked to rest on Sunday, but today she appreciated that in 36 hours she must leave town, while before her lay what seemed to her imagination to be a week's work in the way of preparation foir her departure.

Wearily she went in to breakfast, and sat silent throughout the meal. Then she began with half-hearted interest to survey the tasks before her. Rugs must be taken up, curtains taken down, trunks hauled up from the depths of the basement store room by the tip-aspiring janitor. Bric-a-brac must be put away in closets and silver must be packed preparatory to going to the bank tomorrow morning. These were but preliminaries, but they were tedious and tiresome. By 10 oclock the once tidy apartment looked as though, to quote the maid's apt expression, "the devil's wife had had a fit in it."

Had Beatrice been in a more cheerful or philosophical frame of mind she would have comforted herself with the thought that, after all, her lot was much easier than is that of many housewives at this season of the year. To be sure, she had all that she could do to get away at the time set, but she was taking into the country only wearing apparel, bed linen and table linen.

For, in the complete little cottage in which she was going, there would be furniture for all the rooms, including china, glass and cooking utensils. There were rugs and carpets laid, while curtains and draperies were at windows and doors. The former owner's wife, who had been taken, as Helen Robbins had thought, providentially ill, was a good housekeeper and a dainty one as well. So the cottage lacked nothing but linen.

Mixed Motives.

Yet Beatrice, kneeling on the floor before a huge "Saratoga" trunk, was hot, dusty and out of temper as she packed her clothes for an outting which she declared mentally she did not desire. To plan to go was one thing, ot do the work accessary for the summer flitting was quite another. She would have postponed the trip until a merciful change in the weather if she had dared to do so. She used the word "darned" in her thoughts and she meant it. Each time that she was tempted to defer her departure, Dr. Haynes's abrupt command recurred to her, and she resumed the disagreeable task.

Yes, he had told her to go, and she was going as he had ordered. She did not deceive herself with the pretense that anxiety for her child's health was her only motive in hurrying her departure. To be sure, she was uneasy about Jean, but she had something akin to dread of the brusque physician's displeasure. The psychological effect of his harsh command had been great and the woman was, against her own inclinations, obeying him. She hated him, she told herself, yet she was implicitly following his commands. She could not have explained why.

She was carrying a great armful of bed linen into the living room—where the trunks were ranged—when the door bell rang and a second later the man against whom she had launched many anathemas within the last hour strode into the room.

"Dr. Haynes!" exclaimed Beatrice, astonished.

She deposited her burden upon a chair and put her hands hastily to her head to arrange her roughened hair. "I know I look a fright," she said apologetically, "but I've been working very hard. I had to in order to carry out your instructions. Moreover, I was not expecting company."

Her tone and manner were not cordial, but the man laughed good naturedly. "Bless your soul," he said. "I'm not company! I'm only the doctor, though I did not really intend to stop here this morning. But I began to think about our little patient and decided to see her for myself how she is progressing. I wanted to know, also if you were following my directions."

The Doctor Helps.

"I am trying to get ready to go tomorrow afternoon," answered Beatrice coldly, "although I doubt if I can get my packing done today. It is a wearying and trying piece of work."

The man smiled good-naturedly. "Oh, you'll get finished packing all right," he said with irritating optimism. "There comes in every job a sticking point at which one is ready to weep—or swear—in despair of ever getting through. And then, if you drive straight ahead at it you suddenly find that you are almost done. Here, let me help you with that!"

He stepped forward and took hold of one end of a heavy counterpane Beatrice was struggling to fold. "There's no use in my 'standing here all the day idle,'" he went on smiling genially. "I think I'm doing more good helping you people on this Sabbath day, when you are working to get a sick child to the country, than I would do by going to a church and listening to a sermon.

"What do you thing about it, sweetheart?"

The question was addressed to Jean, who, propped among pillows on the living room divan, had been gazing at him with adoring eyes.

"Yes, sir," answered the child, smiling happily. "You're awful nice, Dr. Haynes."

The physician pinched the wan little cheek, then turned to assist the unresponsive widow with her packing.

"Not a word!" he cried boyishly as she began to protest. "I'm going to help you, and that's all there is about it. Finished with this trunk, aren't you? Let me get it out of the way!"

He grasped the handles, and the great box which had seemed to the woman as immovable as Gibraltar was dragged out into the hall.

It was amazing how helpful this man could be and how his presence simplified the work. Beatrice found herself laughing, with Jean, at his stories and his jokes, and the labor grew light in his presence. By noon the packing was done, with the exception of such articles as would be put into suit cases tomorrow morning.

Veering Sentiment.

"There!" exclaimed the physician triumphantly, as he put on the coat which at Beatrice's suggestion he had removed when he began work. "That packing wasn't such an awful job after all!"

"I am very much obliged to you," said Beatrice, gratefully. Her manner had thawed to warm friendship within the past hour. "You have done most of the work."

"Indeed no!" he exclaimed. It's been fun to me. I like to tackle hard propositions and subdue them. And this has been fun, so don't thank me. Besides, I'm afraid I was a bit rude when I was here the other day, and I'm glad of a chance to make some amends. To tell the truth, I'd been up all the night before that day, and I was in a beastly humor."

"I never thought of your abrupt manner," replied the woman, mendacounsly.

"I'm glad," said the man. "Then perhaps I might test your kindly feeling and ask a favor of you?"

"Certainly, you may," replied Beatrice, with a thrill of expectancy.

"Well—he" hesitated—"I'm going out to Pleasanton tomorrow in my car to spend the night, and I thought perhaps you might let me"—

"Yes," interrupted Beatrice, smilingly, as he paused for a moment.

"Well," with a glance at Jean, "I thought perhaps you might let me take the little princess with me. The trip on the train won't do her any good, and the ride in the fresh air will. I'll take good care of her."

For a moment Beatrice's chagrin at his choice of a companion tempted her to refuse his request, but a glance at the child's eager face decided her to give her permission.

But, though the man thanked her with seeming heartiness, the widow had an uncomfortable suspicion that his keen eyes had noticed her momentary hesitation, and that, perhaps, he suspected its cause.

ROSWELL MOTORISTS TO TEST STATE LAW

Are Opposed to Paying Tax of $100 a Year; Much Interest in Approaching Poultry Show.

Roswell, N. M., Sept. 30.—The automobilists of the city and vicinity of Roswell have met and decided to test the constitutionality of the new state automobile law requiring all auto owners to pay $100 a year state tax. They hold that the law is unjust on the grounds that it represents a triple tax and that the money is to be paid into the general fund instead of each county receiving the funds accruing from the tax. Under this provision they claim that counties in which there are few auto owners would possibly receive the greater benefit.

Roswell has 400 cars alone and the auto owners declare that 50 per cent of the autos of the state are in the Pecos valley.

Some are paying the tax, but doing so under protest. Every auto owner in the city and vicinity signed the petition to go in their pro rata to carry the question to the supreme court.

W. E. Wisley, M. M. Brunk and Dr. H. A. Ingalls were named a committee to employ counsel. R. D. Bowers has been chosen as attorney.

Interest in the Pecos valley poultry show to be held in Roswell November 20, 21, 22, is beginning to take on big proportions. bout 500 birds will be entered.

Stella Horton, eight years old, was run over by an automobile driven by T. S. Doniphan at the corner of Second and Main streets. She received scalp wounds and a lacerated shoulder but will recover from the injuries. No one is blamed for the accident, as the crossing was crowded at the time.

Mrs. Mary A. Folk, wife of W. C. Folk, a prominent farmer living six miles northwest of the city, died at her home. Burial was in South Park cemetery.

Word has been received here of the death of Harry Kerr at Greenfield, Iowa, caused by a swift curve baseball hitting him on the head while in a game. Mr. Kerr formerly lived in Roswell, playing on the local nine. He was well acquainted with the fans up and down the valley.

The county central committee of the Progressive party has authorized the opening of headquarters at 109 East Third street. As yet no one has been put in charge of the office.

GERMS ON EXHIBIT STARTLE THE SPECTATORS

Hookworm Is Shown Working Its Way Through the Barefeet of Children—Army Is Greatest Germ Murderer in History.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 30.—The American health exhibit held in connection with the 15th International Congress of Hygiene and Demography in Washington startled the spectators and proved to be one of the greatest object lessons in disease prevention that the world has ever seen. Hundreds of hygienists and sanitarians have wished that it could be put on a special train under capable directors and carried to every city and town where the railroads of the country go, so that the people might see for themselves the wonderful eye-story of American health progress. The exhibition deals with every phase of the question of hygiene and sanitation.

Here is the hookworm crusade exhibit showing the worms and their eggs, showing the hookworm working its way through the bare feet of a child and through the blood into the lungs and thence into the intestines. Here is a model of a farm house with the adjacent well; the earth on the one side is cut and the visitor may see how the water seeps down through the soil, strikes the veins in the rocks, and then flows into the well; dangerously nearby are the outhouses, the pigsty and the barnyard.

Fleas Cause Plague.

The typhoid germs may be seen through a microscope, and who sees the exhibit cannot see without being convinced. Here is the bubonic plague exhibit, showing the fleas that cause it, showing the rats and the ground squirrels that have it, and showing the whole proof of the method of contracting the disease so conclusively and so clearly that any child can understand it.

At another place is illustrated all kinds of methods of sewage disposal. Here is a sewage bed with a hundred tiny founatins spraying material upon finely crushed gravel, and permitting the spectator to follow the water until it is robbed of its entire load of organic matter. Here is a filteration plant that transforms polluted river water by the tens of millions of gallons into wholesome drinking water.

There the army illustrates how it is the greatest germ murderer of history. A mechanism has been devised which automatically manufactures chlorine gas and passes water through it, thus killing every germ it contains. It is equipped with a pressure gage that regulates the amount of chlorine to a nicety. There is one little outfit that weighs less than 200 pounds which could be erected at small cost by any householder desiring to protect himself against a questionable water supply.

The navy shows its electric potato pelers which practically wear off the skins by friction, its great electric dough mixers which can handle a barrel and a half of flour at a time, its electric dish washers, and there is a sailor's table all ready set, even to the finely polished copper coffee pot hanging at the end.

See Germs Through Microscope.

The exhibit of laboratory instruments, especially microscopes, is highly interetsing. A German manufacturer has chosen a unique way to show off the merits of his goods. He has a half dozen microscopes set up with slides showing germs in position. Here is one with a drop of saliva, and the powerful instrument reveals a thousand busy germs, some lazily floating around, others darting here and therwith the energy of an eel; some of them like an uncoiled spiral spring, some like a rod, and others like a pin head. Looking through another microscope the visitor makes the acquaintance of a typhus germ, and through another he sees the typhoid germ.

Another instrument in this collection is a microtome. Any one who has seen a breakfast bacon slicer at work can understand the principle of a microtome. It will cut 25,000 slices to the inch. Think of the biggest unabridged dictionary being reduced to a small fraction of an inch in thickness. That is what could be done if it were possible to print it on paper as thin as the slices of parafin or other material the microtome makes for the laboratory.

State Health Exhibits.

A large numebr of the states have contributed special exhibits. New York has a fine exhibit showing how it is making itself one of the leading states in the promotion of human health. Massachusetts has a fine exhibit. Louisiana and California sent special cars with exhibits. These cars travel around over the states which support them, accompanied by competent demonstrators, and are perhaps the greatest factor in health education work to be found.

The American Red Cross has its booth, and here all sorts of "first aid" outfits are displayed. A catalog of supplies is distributed. There are first aid boxes for the household, first aid boxes for the school, first aid boxes for the street, for the mine, for the boy scout.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times in the health movement is to be found in the work that is being done in the schools. Here is illustrated the importance and the success of dental and medical inspection; there we have children's cooking classes to prepare wholesome food for the children at recess time; and at another place an exhibit of child study work. Sample bulletins, such as are given to school children in many states, are distributed.

Industrial hygiene finds a fine opportunity for display. Behind the accident prevention movement are the big insurance companies which write accident insurnace. Elaborate publications are issued showing methods of safeguarding machinery in all sorts of factories. Here we learn how wood working machinery may be made safe, there how elevators may afford safe ups and downs for those who do not climb stairs. A large number of manufacturers exhibit models of their machinery made with all of the safeguards that are recommended by welfare workers.

Problems Solved and Unsolved.

Many big corporations have exhibits of what they practice as well as of what they preach. One of the big insurance companies has a full exhibit of all the health literature it distributes. The major portion of this literature is strikingly written and convincingly illustrated. Here is a pamphlet with the story of the unclean grocery and the story of the clean one in pictures. Here is the milk problem solved and the milk problem unsolved. In the one set of pictures there are clean cows, clean bottles, and everything clean from the udder of the cow to the mouth of the baby. The other set of pictures shows the unclean cow, the unclean milker, the tramp drinking from the milk can and allowing milk to stream down over his beard and into the can again, the dirty grocery, and the dirty bucket or pitcher with which the housewife carries it home. The baby in the clean milk home is fat and "sassy," while the poor little thing in the other set of pictures looks as if its days were numbered.

A baby book issued to policy holders by one of the biggest of the country's life insurance companies, is a striking exhibit, and it is so well prepared that if a copy of it could be put into every home where there is a child it would be of inestimable value. Another pamphlet gives full directions for sleeping in the open air and for the provision of all kinds of tents and sleeping porches from those that the poor can make without expense to those suiting the most fastidious and well to do.

One of the most interesting exhibits is that of the American Medical association, showing the vampires who prey upon human disease through fake cures. Here is a "remedy" for gallstones. It consists of olive oil and Rochelle salts. Here are ten "cures" for consumption, and some of them are nothing but colored sugar tablets. Here are cancer "cures" galore.

No Phase Not Exhibited.

And so the exhibition goes. There is no phase of public health that is not touched. Sex hygiene is taken up and illustrated in a way that shows how it may be taught without offending the most sensitive mind. The possibilities of sanitary paper towels, paper drinking cups and the like are illustrated by several exhibits. This great health exposition, magnificently planned and ably executed, is a show that leaves but one regret—that it cannot be a permanent exhibit carried on all over the country.

Tomorrow—Indian Summer.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1898

Mrs. A. B. Fall, of New Mexico, is spending the day with friends in the city.

Jos. Goodman wants it understood that he has closed out his business in Juarez, Mex.

A brand new crop of caterpillars has made its appearance on the cottonwood trees.

Mike Rose, one of Teddy's boys from Deming, is in the city shaking hands with his friends.

George W. Davis was one of the departures on the G. H. for Clint, Tex., where he goes on business.

Henry F. Bloom, in consideration of $200, deeded to J. H. Cook lot 1 and part of lot 2 of block 59, Magoffin addition.

Exalderman Schutz returned from the metropolis of New Mexico, where he has been all the week in attendance at the fair.

E. O. Hubbard, of San Elizario, who has been in town for the last two or three days, left for his home over the G. H. today.

City clerk Catlin today issued a permit to Mrs. M. Hilderbrand for the erection of a $250 adobe house on lot 17 of black 19, of Campbell's addition.

George Outcalt returned from Albuquerque this morning thoroughly disgusted because the managers of the fair offered no cash prizes for bicycle riders.

Capt. Hughes, of the rangers, came in this morning over the T. P. and left this afternoon over the G. H. for Valentine. He reports everything in his line very quiet.

City clerk Catlin today issued to J. H. Smith permission to make an addition to his residence on lot 15 of block 66, of Hart's addition, the cost of the improvements to be $4000.

Will R. Brown, traveling passenger and freight agent of the Santa Fe, and E. P. Brown, manager of the Colorado Fuel & Iron company's business here, returned from the fair at Albuquerque this morning.

A few days ago citizens of Juarez issued invitations to many on this side to come over to Juarez to help in the celebration of the birthday of Gov. Miguel Ahumada, and last night was set for the celebration. The invitations announced that there would be music in the plaza and fireworks. Instead of the local band the visitors heard the first artillery band of the Mexican army, which came in yesterday morning from Omaha.

Yesterday the New Mexico conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, began its ninth annual session. Rt. Rev. W. W. Duncan, Spartanburg, S. C.; Revs. C. C. Eddington and C. C. French, El Paso, H. T. Burgher, Tularosa, N. M.; B. C. Matthews, Roswell, N. M.; T. L. Lallance and Thos. Hodson, Eddy, N. M.; Robt. Hodgson, Pecos; E. C. Goodson and C. J. Menefee, Alpine, Tex.; N. J. Lowther, White Oaks, N. M.; J. C. Gage, Penasco, N. M.; J. R. Sawder, Deming, N. M.; J. S. Chadwick, Las Cruces, N. M.; L. L. Gladney, Gila River, Ariz.; W. A. Govett, Mimbres River, N. M.; Mark Hodgson, Albuquerque, N. M.; W. D. Clayton, Albuquerque, N. M.; Edward Lebritton, Cerrilos, N. M.; J. Adams, Magdalena and Kelley, N. M.; A. H. Sutherland, San Marcial, N. M.; W. E. Foulks, Gallup, N. M.; Z. V. Liles, Las Vegas, N. M., were present.

Abe Martin

Money talks an' that's th' reason you never know some fellers are around. Who'd move th' Kansas wheat crop if it wuzn' fer our colleges?

The Anti-Masons, An American Political Party Of Long Ago

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

THE disappearing of one William Morgan from Batavia, N. Y., 86 years ago—September 26, 1826—resulted in the making of a page of history that is the strangest in our country's story.

Morgan was born in Culpepper county, Virginia; served under Andrew Jackson at New Orleans, afterwards moved to Canada, and finally settled at Batavia, N. Y.

In 1826, shortly after the report had been circulated that he was about to expose the secrets of Free Masonry, he suddenly disappeared and was never seen again. It was charged that he was kidnaped and murdered by the Masons, and the excitement was immense. A body found near Fort Niagara was for some time thought to be Morgan's, but upon investigation it proved to be that of another man; but still the search continued and still the excitement grew.

Throughout the north, but especially in New York, there was hot indignation against the Masons, which, instead of cooling down as the days and months passed, became steadily more and more intense, resulting at last in the formation of the Anti-Masonic party, to which belongs the unique distinction of being the only party in American political history not based on some theory of constitutional construction or on some governmental policy.

Thurlow Weed, the creator of the party, recognizing the political value of the anti-Masonic excitement, said of the body found near Fort Niagara that it was "a good enough Morgan until after the election," and forthwith proceeded to make good use of it.

The Anti-Masonic party was at once organized in New York state, where, in 18128, it cast 30,000 votes. In 1829 it cast 70,000 votes, and in 1830 the number of ballots it threw reached the enormous aggregate of 120,000. This was in New York state alone.

The agitation spread to neighboring states, and the anti-Masons made an attempt to organize along national lines, in opposition to Andrew Jackson.

A national convention met at Philadelphia in September, 1830, at which there were 96 delegates from ten states; and the following year, at another convention, a national ticket was put in the field, with William Wirt for president and Amos Ellmaker Wirt for president. The ticket succeeded in carrying but one state, Vermont.

But the party did not immediately die. It controled Pennsylvania for two or three years, and was strong in Ohio and Massachusetts, but after 1835 it disappeared as rapidly as it had arisen. Its leaders, Thurlow Weed and William H. Seward, took to other pastures, and the anti-Masons took their place along with the antediluvians and were soon forgotten.

THE MOSQUITO

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

THE mosquito is the smallest known bird of prey. It is one-fourth of an inch long, and weighs less than a masher's brain, but it can hoist a full grown man out of a porch chair more quickly than a derrick, and even after he has gone indoors it will follow him and feast upon him until death doth them part.

The mosquito consists of a drilling outfit, a suction pump and a reservoir attached to a small aeroplane with a loud exhaust. He lives on human gore and his appetite is so enormous that three large yearling mosquitoes will almost entirely deflate a fat baby in an hour.

The mosquito obtains his meal by roosting on his host and drilling a prospect shaft with great rapidity, after which he lowers his pumping outfit and drinks until he bulges. Owing to the mosquito's carelessness in not sterilizing his instruments, he generally poisons his victim, causing a lump which varies in size from a peanut in the daytime when you can see it, to a watermelon at night when you can't. It should be the plain duty of all citizens to catch and sterilize as many mosquitoes as possible. This can be done by boiling them for an hour.

Some mosquitoes carry yellow fever and germs and distribute them with the enthusiasm of a Roosevelt man distributing Bull Moose buttons. Such mosquitoes can be detected by the way they slant their bodies, tail up, when drilling. When you are being prospected on by a mosquito who does not hold his body level, remove him at once, even if you have to use force, and quarantine him for 30 days.

Mosquitoes breed in stagnant water and can be exterminated by pouring kerosene on all ponds and pools. A barrel of oil in June will save nine billion slaps in August. In some parts of the country mosquitoes are so large and ravenous that they carry straws and imbibe their victims through wire screens as a summer girl laps up a soda. Mosquitoes can be kept out of the house by placing the latter on barges in the middle of a large ocean. The roar of lions in Africa is no more terrifying than the loud, menacing hum of one mosquito who has squeezed through a hole in the screen and is cruising about the bedroom

"Remove him at once even if you have to use force."

at midnight and looking you over with a critical and hungry eye.

Mosquitoes have strong heads and can dine for hours on a Kentucky colonel without becoming intoxicated. But they are no match for gold mine promoters or ward politicians. Many a mosquito has retired from the check of one of these species of citizen with a bent and twisted drill, and has got a cold and cruel laugh from a world which has no sympathy for him.

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