

The Living Washington

DEAD? Do they say that Washington is dead? They lie. Christ often spoke in paradox. "Though he were dead, yet shall he live," the phrase is in itself, it will not down. "Though he were dead, yet shall he live"—truth of truths—philosophy of philosophies—faith of the believer, hope of the agnostic, charity of the infidel. A fact that needs no proof, for the proof lies within us all.

Why need we ask how immortality can be? We commune with the souls of living men, centuries after their earthy part has turned to dust. Why need we ask what immortality is? We live with immortals, every hour of our earthly course.

Why need we ask who the immortals are? Love tells us; life tells us; history tells us; experience tells us. All are immortal who deserve immortality. Only "he that saveth his life shall lose it." He that giveth his life for his fellow men can never die. Even the love of a little child remains to bless.

Frederick the Great of Prussia, enlightened despot and mighty soldier, about to die, sent Washington a sword, bearing the inscription, "From the oldest to the greatest general." Washington is given credit in military annals for military genius in turning apparent defeat into permanent gain, in preventing the enemy from holding any advantage won in open battle, and in unscrupulous horde of raw volunteers. His men were ever changing, breaking away from his forces, and often spreading discord. The elements he had to work with were diverse and often spreading discord. The elements he had to work with were diverse and often spreading discord.

These things are history, and history, when it is true, seldom flatters. Human nature is a weak and poor thing, in all ages. But under all the debris of weathered character, in all mankind there lies deep and sound, the granite that is the foundation of the power of our race. It takes a man like Washington to find the rock, shape it, erect it, bind it into permanent and useful fabric, and make it endure.

In the works of man, only one form of creation endures: that which makes some definite contribution to the betterment of the species. This one form of enduring creation may manifest itself in three varieties: Pure beauty, genuine inspiration of mind and soul, definite service toward the material betterment of conditions of living. All contribute to the betterment of the species, and each has its place in the permanent wealth of human inheritance. But all are comprehended in the word "service."

Washington served. Washington inspired, and Washington definitely contributed to the material betterment of mankind. And the least part of his contribution was that part which is commonly esteemed the part of a soldier. The man Washington was immeasurably greater than the soldier Washington.

The testimony of Frederick the Great is infinitely less comprehensive than the testimony of a nation which is born again every day, and which steadies itself for great endeavor by searching the soul of Washington for the principles that are to make it great, and make it endure.

Picture Washington not in gold and blue, but in the color of dust. Picture the commander of the revolutionary armies at Valley Forge, crouching in the cold of bitter days, spending his nights visiting the ragged freezing sentries with words of hope and cheer that he could only pray, not feel. The snow, the pitiless snow, upon his shoulders, and doubt in a heart that never knew despair. Spies, everywhere, complaint rife. Distrust, conspiracy, wavering patriotism, desertion on the one hand; starvation, ever present danger, ultimate responsibility on the other. Under all the sordidness, under all the woe, Washington discerned in his comrades the glorious spirit of a new nationality. Under the surface of despondency Washington saw the elements of cooperation and determined to weld them.

He knew that all were fighting for the same cause. He ignored enemies within his lines, and sought patiently to turn the good qualities of men into the same channel of forward progress.

His total self sacrifice evoked the best in other men. Magnanimous even in the face of proved treachery, he knew no such thing as hate. Washington never exulted, never sought revenge. In silence and solitude he wrestled with his own spirit, and it was by the infectious courage of righteous indignation that he kept his forces together to the hour of victory, which marked but the beginning of his hardest task. The light came to him because he kept open the windows of his soul; so steady was the ray of his inspiration that the source of all light was discerned by others, his principles and those of his loyal comrades took root and thrived in other men, and there was born a nation which today stands as the model of political emancipation for free peoples, in empire, monarchy, and republic, the world over.

Washington felt with true prophetic power the faintly quickening rays of a destiny yet to be revealed. The breadth of his sympathies and hopes stretched not only beyond the circle of his present view, but beyond the bounds of the young nation, beyond the cycles of the sun he knew, into centuries yet unborn. Would you have this immortal for a friend? Then you must know him. Picture him in the snow at Valley Forge, senses all alert, mind unceasingly creative, emotions stirred by the privations of his soldiers, and by sad thoughts of that rest and home he never expected to enjoy again; his soul anguished; his calm eyes looking away into the future, across the stormy years, to that day, still far off, when Truth shall be enthroned.

Washington dead? It is a lie. Washington lives and lives eternally—stern, human, kindly, just, unselfish, moderate, orderly, shrewd, tireless, cheerful, wise, idealistic, practical, modest—pleading—suffering—patient—lonely Washington.

That flight of 1,000,000 wild pigeons that Haskin told about in yesterday's Herald wasn't a circumstance to the sights around the Herald building when the kiddies were getting their circus tickets.

When members of churches undertake to close the moving picture shows and to put a stop to all other harmless amusements and means of recreation on Sunday, they are imperiling the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath far more than if they were to favor measures that would give the masses of the people abundant opportunities of normal relaxation.

If there must be rigid Sunday laws, then at least let the cities of over 5000 population have home rule with regard to them; an exception would of course have to be made of the saloons, because it is a prohibition legislature and no local option measure opening the way to Sunday saloons could possibly pass. There is a chance for establishing home rule regarding Sunday amusements, and even perhaps regarding the lines of business that shall be allowed to run on Sunday.

The new states scrap like veterans. West Texas has her innings at last. Austin was never so friendly, either as to the governor or as to the legislature.

The raising of the budget fund will stimulate every line of effort in El Paso, for this demonstration of the capacity of self help is itself a powerful tonic. Maybe Knox would take Mademoiselle home with him and keep him as a souvenir. Again the rebels turn to railroad destruction as an expression of defiance. There is only one way to handle these fellows and you have to catch them first.

Not long ago the New York board of education excluded the Merchant of Venice from the schools on the ground that the character of Shylock might offend some Hebrews. Nobody made any more sport of the act of the board than did the intelligent Hebrews of New York. Forty young Hebrew girls in high school were asked their opinion of Ivanhoe and Merchant of Venice, and without exception they approved the books and chose to study them. Otis Skinner appeared before a literary club of Hebrew girls and when he named a score of Shakespeare scenes that he would be glad to recite for them, they unanimously chose the trial scene from Merchant of Venice. One critic asked if Othello would be withdrawn from the Italians expressed their dislike for Iago; if Henry VI would be barred on account of references to Joan of Arc that might offend some over-sensitive Catholics; if Pendervis would be ruled out because it makes a little sport of an Irishman. The New York school board in a very short time rescinded its order.

One-Sentence Philosophy

QUAKER MEDITATIONS. (Philadelphia Record.)
Even the people with high ideals have to begin at the bottom of the ladder.
There isn't any headache like the one we acquire from butting in.
It's all right to take a fellow of your size, but don't overestimate your size.
We would never suspect what fine fellows some men were if they didn't tell us.
It's when we turn over a new leaf that we realize one good turn deserves another.
The way of the transgressor is hard, quoted the Wise Guy. "Kiss hard on other people," added the Simple Mug.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS. (Chicago News.)
Paint heart seldom escapes fair widow.
People in a live town never boast of their cemetery.
You can't convince old folks that the good die young.
Much will come out in the wash or the divorce court.
Angels may be high flyers, but not every high flyer is an angel.
Some men try to realize on their opportunities before they arrive.
Beauty is only skin deep, but many a woman is deeper than she looks.

JOKE ENTRIES. (Topeka Journal.)
Maybe charity should begin at home but it seldom does.
More often the way is in the direction the will hit.
No human can get along very far without a little encouragement.
It's a good thing that some people are more gloomy than they have reason to be.
If you're too small for one's feet were cheaper, there might be some excuse for getting them.

GLOVE SIGNS. (Athletic Globe.)
You'll buy if you look long enough. There are so many repeated objections.
You aren't modest if you brag too much about your own good looks.
Frequently, also a statesman is a boss who belongs to your party.
If there is no place in the house, father probably thinks his daughter has great talent.

Josephine, Napoleon's Star

Until the French Warrior Cast Her Off, He Won Notable Victories, Losing Her, He Lost All.
By Madison C. Peters

MADAME Josephine Rose Tascher de La Pagerie, first wife of Napoleon, Empress of the French, was born in the hamlet of Trois Ilets, near the town of St. Pierre Martinique, on June 23, 1763. Her father went to Martinique, in the first quarter of the 18th century, leaving France because he could not make things go there, and, not relishing work, he met with no better success abroad and only constant favors persistently solicited from his relatives in France, kept him and his alive. He died his time in gaming, intrigue and soliciting, his only asset was his birth, the eldest son of a noble.

Josephine received very imperfect education, but her native grace won all who knew her. Her companions, in the main, were negroes of the plantation. Her mother, a Dutch girl, uneducated, little Yvette, as Josephine was called, developed like the negroes into a beautiful girl, with hardly any moral sense and less of responsibility.

At 16 years of age she was sent to convent, where she remained four years, learning to read and write, dance and play the guitar, as much of an equipment as many girls of her rank started out with in 18th century.

Married by Father's Wish.
A few months after she had come out of the convent, her father proposed that she go to France and marry Alexander de Beauharnais, though she had never seen him, who was seven years her elder and he ten. The father, M. de Beauharnais, who had been governor of the island, was much in favor with the king at Versailles, and Josephine's father, though his conduct was not always commendable, did the best he could for his family.

By this unhappy union, Josephine had a sister-in-law, Madame de Holsene, daughter who became queen of Holland by her marriage with Louis Bonaparte, and was his mother-in-law.

In spite of the 20,000 livres, her godmother, Mme. Beauharnais, had spent on her trousseau, her husband, a cultured and aristocratic—a lieutenant in the army—was irritated with her provincial airs. Her husband, a cultured and aristocratic—a lieutenant in the army—was irritated with her provincial airs. Her husband, a cultured and aristocratic—a lieutenant in the army—was irritated with her provincial airs.

Deserted by Husband.
In 1783, when the English made a descent on Martinique, Beauharnais fled to the United States, and Josephine was left alone. His new love persuaded him that Josephine had love affairs of her own before she had been married.

Although there was never any proof of the stories she related to him, he was glad to have a reason for deserting her. The revolution followed between de Beauharnais and Josephine. They continued to live apart, but they saw each other often in society.

Though an ardent advocate of liberty and equality and one of the promoters in the constituent assembly, Beauharnais was arrested on suspicion, during the reign of terror, and sent to the scaffold.

Josephine was left alone, but she was not alone in her mind. She was still an ardent advocate of liberty and equality and one of the promoters in the constituent assembly.

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ABE MARTIN

Next 't' bein' a baseball fan her haint nothin' as remunerative as bein' a chicken fancier. 'T' fell'er that keeps his mouth shut nearly allus gets a second term.



14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1899.

Mrs. Phil H. Curran went to Las Cruces this morning over the Santa Fe.

The Rose Stillman Stock company came in on the T. P. this morning from the east.

T. E. Hunter, commercial agent of the Hunter Pacific, came in today from the west.

Superintendent Hartman, of the Mexican Central, went south on the Mexican today.

Mr. Bosley, who owns a big sheep ranch in the Organ mountains, went north this morning.

Yesterday was pay day on the Mexican Central, and the employees on this side of the river had to go to Juarez to get their "dobs."

County surveyor Parker has recently returned from the El Paso county survey, and has a lot of maps and plans on the Pecos Valley railway.

Walter Long and his bride returned from their honeymoon in El Paso, Tex. He was recently married in that city to Miss Rebecca Harcourt.

The Temple Aid society of Mt. Sinai congregation will give a concert on its tablecloth and napkin distribution, the large tablecloth going to Mrs. L. N. Hill.

That given out yesterday that all those desiring to lay off from the work at the G. H. shops would be allowed to do so, was greatly surprised in regard to the holiday.

Some 20 young people enjoyed the T. P. U. social given by Mrs. Murray, on San Antonio, last evening. The following took part in the program: Mr. Williams, Miss Anna Jones, Mrs. Margaret, Mrs. W. M. Hall, and Mrs. C. M. Murray.

A meeting of Republicans was held at Union Labor hall last evening, for the purpose of formulating an organization to be known as the Citizens' party.

The following were present: J. W. Lucas, J. E. Crosby, Jr., J. T. Armstrong, W. M. Hall, C. M. Murray, Frank Coffin and A. L. Roy.

The many friends of Sam Bridgers, assistant to auditor Connor of the El Paso, who were present at the meeting this morning when he announced his intention of getting married this evening, were greatly surprised.

Positive information has been received that the project of building a road from the city to the mountains, which was planned by the city, has been abandoned.

Arbor day and the anniversary of George Washington's birthday were both observed in fitting manner in this city last evening. The trees on top of all tall buildings in El Paso and from the pole in the plaza, Arbor day was celebrated.

The city citizens who planted many trees, shrubs and flowers.

Miss Leila Trumbull entertained delightfully at her home on Macoffin avenue. Prizes were awarded to Miss Josephine, Miss Mary, and Miss present were: Mesdames W. D. Howe, J. E. Williams, W. H. Burges, W. E. Brown, J. A. Murdoch, A. P. Colgate, Mrs. S. Beach and Mrs. Misses Reese, Laomia, Pollard, Logan, Bewley, Paddock, Mauls and Sexton.

COLQUITT STILL WANTS SOLDIERS
Governor of Texas Again Wires Senator Culberson That the Texas Border is Not Protected.

Austin, Texas, Feb. 22.—The governor yesterday afternoon received a wire from Senator Culberson in which the latter says:

"This morning I called in person at the white house and we had been referred to the secretary of war by the president and was still under the consideration of the secretary of war. The governor wired to senator Culberson that the president and secretary of war doubtless think there is some thing to be done to protect the border but there are not."

Rangers were detailed last night to the border to protect the border of the Presidio Mining company, which is reported to be in danger for lack of protection.

Study Trees In Arboretum

Nearly 100,000 Trees Are Planted by Experts at Letchworth Park, New York.
By Frederic J. Haskin

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 22.—One of the most interesting of all the experiments in the direction of forest conservation in the United States is the American Scenic and Historic Preservation society at Letchworth park, New York. All of the valuable timber trees of the world which will grow in a climate corresponding to that at Letchworth park are being planted in this great arboretum, and definite efforts will be made to maintain the full possibilities of these woods when grown under forest conditions in the United States.

Planted singly in groups, will be every kind of tree that has any chance of growing in such a climate. Visitors will thus be afforded an opportunity to study the value of trees for ornamental planting and for landscape purposes.

Many Varieties of Trees.
To each species of tree is assigned an irregular block of ground of an acre or more in area, and the trees will be planted in such a way as to give due regard for landscape and color effects. Planting will be so close as to simulate forest conditions, and each tree will be given a good start and then left to shift for itself.

In this way the arboretum will be a valuable school for the study of the value of trees for ornamental planting and for landscape purposes.

The history of Letchworth park begins in 1853, when William Pryor, a wealthy merchant of Buffalo, made a playground where he could free himself from the cares of business. He bought a large tract of land in the Genesee river, near Portage, which he named Glen Iris. Most of the land had been denuded of its forest cover, and he set out to restore it to its pristine beauty.

He employed the science of the day, and soon had one of the show places of New York state—a place where nature was dressed in its best by art.

He acquired other land from time to time, and in 1860 he had taken 1000 acres, embracing the three famous Portage Falls and the gorge called the "Glen Iris." The voler of primal nature spoke to him out of the forest and called upon him to establish a museum of the plants and animals of the region.

And in carrying out that idea he secured the old Council Bluffs, which had been a place of worship for the Indians, and who consecrated her life to the welfare of the Indians.

Gift of State of New York.
In 1906 Dr. Letchworth consulted with many friends, and a year later decided to present his estate to the people of the state of New York.

His life tenancy, which was terminated by his death in December, 1910. A condition of the gift was that the land be placed in the permanent custody of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation society.

It is intended that the value of the arboretum will not merely consist in the number of trees planted, but in the exact knowledge of tree life which will be gained by the study of the systematic records which will be kept.

The work of planting the arboretum is in charge of Overton W. Price, who has had a long experience with practical forestry, having graduated from the Forest school at Michigan, and having had three years' experience under the late Dr. Dietrich Brandis, former inspector general of the forests of India. The director of the arboretum is Charles M. Davis, a prominent publisher of Jamestown, N. Y.

Nearly 100,000 trees have been planted since the arboretum had its beginning as such. The director has engaged a number of men to work with the United States department of agriculture where they will make frequent scientific observations and the report will be made up and published as government bulletins. The department will also furnish several thousand seedlings annually.

Impetus to Reforestation.
The work of planting the arboretum will probably give new impetus to the movement in favor of reforestation in the United States. The United States is drawing heavier proportionate drafts upon its forests than any other nation, at the present time.

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Washington's Birthday

By GEORGE FITCH, Author of "At Good Old Sivas."

THIS is the 22d of February, but very few people in the United States would recognize it by that name any more than they would know that "the 25th of December" meant Christmas.

The 22d of February has a nickname in this country. It is "Washington's Birthday." Only a few men are powerful enough to make one of the days in the calendar famous. Before Washington's time, the 22d of February was an ordinary scrub day, with no reputation, and was usually cursed for its temperature.

Now people love to celebrate it for four months, especially banquets, and little children learn pieces to speak at school in his honor.

That's what Washington did for the 22d of February. He was always doing something nice for somebody. He made it possible for the poor, freezing, homeless British soldier to go home to England, and he took the infant United States at its most critical period and nursed, instructed and spanked it into a nation.

All these facts are celebrated on Washington's birthday. But most of all we celebrate the fact that Washington had a birthday. If Washington had been omitted from the vital statistics of the calendar, there is no telling what would have happened to us. A great many men have been better soldiers and a number have been better statesmen.

But we do not celebrate their birthdays with songs and speeches and 11 courses of banquets. We do not take one of our precious 365 days and name it for any one of them. It takes more than wealth to be a statesman.

Washington was a statesman. He was a man who was never afraid to take a stand. He was a man who was never afraid to take a stand. He was a man who was never afraid to take a stand.

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Catherine

A Short Story.

CATHERINE was carrying a basket of laundry to Mme. Von Kinkelstein. The basket hung heavy on her arm, though she was strong.

Just then Col. Von Kinkelstein crossed the street, entered her barracks. The young girl treated her basket on the snow covered sidewalk to see the sentry guard suddenly transformed into a man in a uniform. It never seemed that the thing was done naturally. But the gray mantle of the sentry guard disappeared through the gate and the muscles of the soldier suddenly relaxed. Evidently she was admiring him, so she smiled at Catherine, a smile which covered his whole round face from ear to ear.

The little laundry girl blushed, stretched up her basket and hurried on to him.

"You concealed fool," she muttered, the expression of disgust and contempt for the poor, freezing, homeless British soldier to go home to England, and he took the infant United States at its most critical period and nursed, instructed and spanked it into a nation.

Catherine hurried towards Kinkelstein's handsome Bavarian, who although he was serving only in the infantry, she felt like a husky giant. Should it really be possible that this girl who had shown such contempt for the sentry guard, and this fellow to the love of a "Prussian"?

Perhaps not quite, but there was in Catherine, a little Eve, who was never afraid to take a stand. He was a man who was never afraid to take a stand. He was a man who was never afraid to take a stand.

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