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 15 Years; G. A. Martin is News Editor.

EL PASO HERALD
Editorial and Magazine Page
Monday, March Third, 1913.

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A New Deal Anyhow

CLOSING the redlight reservation at least gives us a new deal, and sufficiently establishes the power of the law and of the legal authorities to suppress long-entrenched lawlessness. The same thing might have been done as promptly and as successfully any time these last 20 years. It is 11 years since an effort was seriously started to move the reservation south to Seventh street; agitation had even then (1902) been going on for years. Such have been the political and personal pull and influence of property owners in the reservation, and of proprietors of disorderly houses, that until now it has been impossible to induce any official body to do its duty in connection with the long established redlight district.

The very act of closing out the old reservation, breaks the power of the old proprietors and owners. The old hoary fake about "vested rights" of the big "parlor houses" and of the long time owners of property that had always been used for illegal purposes, will be laid away to die in peace. The old notion that agents of property owners in the district have no responsibility is smashed to stay smashed. The law has established its supremacy, and, in a way, its sufficiency.

The first result will be the moving away of a considerable number of the habitues of the redlight district, both "men" and women, from the city. The forced exile of a hundred or so, including the unspeakable beasts in male human form, that exploit the women for gain, and at least some of the women, will have a marked effect in reducing the hold of the vicious element on the city and on men in places of authority.

The second result will be a scattering of those that are left, through other parts of the city, to take rooms in rooming houses and private houses and carry on their "business" if they can. This part of the problem is strictly with the police to deal with. The police know every single one of the habitues of the old redlight district, and they can spot every one of them anywhere anytime. If the police allow these people to enter and remain in respectable neighborhoods, then it will be time to find out what is the matter with the police.

What the ultimate result of the closing will be, is still problematical. There is no subject on which the views of men and women differ more widely than this of public prostitution. The problem is as old as written history, probably as old as the world. Every kind of scheme has been tried, and every kind of scheme has friled in one way or another. Segregation is urged by the best people with as deep conviction as complete suppression is urged by other best people. Church people and sociological students have all sorts of views, and no two students of the problem have exactly the same remedies to suggest.

Generally speaking, the best we can do at this stage of the world is to apply the common law of nuisances and control these places in the interest of public and private welfare, as far as possible, while recognizing that the larger problem is a social and economic problem, and that "the law" is trying to make a crime out of what most people consider a vice, and that "the law" is trying to suppress by edict an institution that (to be perfectly honest) most men still consider a necessity—this is the brutal truth. The Herald's present attitude is that of an earnest student of the greatest social problem of the world and the age; we shall certainly watch with interest the actual results of the effort made by a grand jury which valued its oath and used the law as it stands, to accomplish an end that, from its immediate benefits to the community, is certainly to be considered a most desirable end to accomplish. What is to be done next, is quite another question.

The Way Of Peace

FROM the chamber of commerce of Hermosillo, state capital of Sonora, Mexico, comes this message to the El Paso Herald:

"This chamber, inspired by patriotic sentiments, is actively engaged in efforts to bring about an understanding between the federal and state governments, to establish complete harmony between them; so much has been accomplished that satisfactory results are hoped for. We beg you to help us through the press and by any other means at your disposal, to influence the public mind toward the acceptance of patriotic ideas that will insure peace."

Certainly a long step has been taken toward bringing the different opposing elements into harmony, when a general conference of Mexican leaders of all factions, defacto government, constitutional government, rebels of all kinds, and moderates, becomes possible on Texas soil by special invitation of the American authorities.

This is one of the few sane things secretary Knox and president Taft have ever done in connection with the Mexican disturbances. The idea of encouraging the representatives of all factions to get together on neutral ground and talk things over is so wise and so righteous, so practical, so statesmanlike, and so perfectly simple, that the greatest wonder is that anybody in authority at Washington ever consented to it. Until now, the Washington government has definitely, deliberately, and openly taken sides for one faction against all others, and has upheld that faction by every means in its power, underground and overground. But now that the favored element is for the time eliminated, there are signs that, even on the last day of its administration, the government which has been unanimously elected to retire, has regained some measure of sanity, some slight degree of fair play in dealing with Mexico, and some glimmerings of statesmanship, law, and common sense.

This is the present contribution of the government and people of the United States, and of the state of Texas, to the cause of peace, domestic and international. Surely there is much progress to be recorded when such a conference on Texas soil becomes possible and is actually realized.

Public opinion in the United States is already almost unanimous for peace. Probably the same is true in Mexico, if a true idea of the sense of the people could be gained. Everybody cannot win in his own way, but all can win through honorable settlement of the points in issue, and through restoration of honorable peace. All are losers by the continual turmoil, and neither politically nor materially does the country prosper.

Imagine the condition the United States would be in, if every time an election were held the losing faction should take up arms and go to war. Life is all a compromise; there should be no compromise with principle, for principles are unchanging and enduring, but there may well be compromise as to methods, which are only different paths to reach the same goal. If we should all refuse to concede or compromise anything, we should automatically and immediately revert to the savagery of the jungle.

The most valuable contribution that can be made by an independent, fair, conscientious, and influential newspaper such as the El Paso Herald, in the cause of peace, is to print the facts exactly as they are, without favor, distortion, or suppression. The El Paso Herald has pursued this policy throughout all the Mexican disturbances; it has often been roundly denounced by Americans and Mexicans alike, by some Americans residing in Mexico and by a lot of people in both countries who would never let facts interfere with their prejudices. The Herald's policy has invariably made good, even among those who have indulged in denunciation. Its stand for truth and impartiality has been approved by acts which are more telling than words—The Herald's circulation in Mexico among Mexicans and Americans alike is seven or eight times as large as it was at the beginning of the trouble.

Readers in Mexico have learned for themselves, that the El Paso Herald is the only newspaper that can be at all times depended on to be both accurately informed and absolutely fair in presentation of facts and opinions. Some readers curse The Herald because they do not relish the facts therein presented. But in the course of time the facts sufficiently establish themselves and the objectors learn that they were mistaken. A case in point is this: Less than a year ago a resolution was passed by the Foreign club in Chihuahua and signed by perhaps a majority of the members, protesting that Pascual Orozco, jr., is absolutely and unqualifiedly loyal to Madero and that he would give up his last dollar and his life (or words to that effect) before he would forsake the cause of his old leader; the resolution also denounces the El Paso Herald roundly for printing articles on good authority suggesting that Orozco might turn against Madero and start a movement of his own. In view of later developments the resolution becomes the joke; The Herald is still running.

The Hermosillo chamber of commerce may rest assured that the El Paso Herald will serve the cause of peace in every way it can with justice to all concerned; furthermore, that The Herald will print all the authentic news without distortion, coloring, suppression, or exaggeration in the interest of any faction, Mexican or American, on either side of the line. In a time of intense public feeling, mixed with not a little bitterness, when differences of race or nationality have seemed to be in danger of undue emphasis, The Herald has again and again raised its voice for promoting a better understanding and for furthering the cause of peace and neighborly friendship. No newspaper anywhere has ever expressed greater admiration for the virtues of the Mexican and other latin-American people, than The Herald has expressed; none has ever analyzed the character and accomplishments of the Mexican people with sincerer appreciation or with truer loyalty to the genius of Mexico's development, than The Herald has demonstrated.

And it is no new thing for this paper: its policy is consistent, its record clear, for years and years and years. The Herald has never done one thing to stir up ill feeling along the border or in the interior of either republic, but it has invariably used its power to promote better understanding and closer social and commercial intercourse. It does not conceive, and never has conceived, that any part of its duty consists in suppressing the truth, and in this attitude also The Herald has been and will ever be consistent. In such ways, this paper will continue to serve the cause of honorable peace and international good feeling.

The Girl Back Home

A Short Story.

By Virginia McClure, of Mills, Mora Co., N. M.

ALL DAY massive clouds had boiled up along the western horizon, white and billowy, and moved steadily out upon the bosom of the mighty dome like proud ships, with sails unfurled to the salty breeze bent upon a voyage across the trackless waste of green sea-waters.

The sun beat down upon the endless stretch of brown meadow, and wheatfields that gilded the Big Mesa with their ripened golden grain, with all the intensity and fierceness that rankles in the heart of a July afternoon. Only the breeze that swung in from frost-bound peaks to the west made it possible for the laborers in the fields to keep their usual pace.

As the day waned the fleecy ships of vapor condensed themselves into one mammoth blackened heap piled low and long above the summits of the Rockies. Cradled thus, they seemed loth to leave; and for some time growled and thundered like a savage beast of the jungles. But the wind grew stronger and with it rose the storm-cloud moving nearer a motley crew of brawny farmers, some dozen or more, working like galley slaves to get in the down load before the storm broke upon them. But the gusty wind, the bombardment of sand and electric flashes drove them to seek shelter in advance of the torrent that soon dimmed the airy vastness with its dull grey veil.

A tawny 'dobe hut standing near the great ricks of garnered sheaves furnished shelter to the men, all of whom had seen less than thirty summers, and had come out to the golden West when Uncle Sam, in generosity to his children, told them a half-section of fertile land was theirs for the asking.

When they had sprawled their tired limbs out in a restful manner upon the hard earthen floor and the rain was coming in great sheets against the only window in the cabin, one of the men said: "Boys, we've made a stake this time. Kansas has nothing on this Big Mesa when it comes to wheat. And to think how my pals back home jollied me when I told them I was coming down among the Mexicans and beat Uncle Sam out of 320 acres of dirt. 'What,' they said, 'down among the coyotes and prairie dogs and rattlers, where all a man can see is sagebrush and cactus, goats and paint ponies? Bah! no back to the farm for me, like that.'

"But boys, we've won out. I'll clean up a cool thousand on my 40 when them there corn-fields are threshed out."

"You're dead right, Jim," exclaimed a husky Hoosier lad that lay a few feet away, both hands supporting a damp towsled head. "And if my 80 doubles your pile, between you and me there'll be one less bachelor on the Mesa. She's back home now, jist a waitin' for me to say the word; and I'm jist a waitin'—well—fur this here stake you're talkin' about. Bachin is all right for awhile, I reckon, till ye git a start, ye know, but these here shacks sprinkled around over the prairies begin to look kinder lonesome like; 'pears to me they need brushin' up a little."

A streak of forked lightning flashed athwart the sky, and the thunder burst like a bomb above the flat top of the cabin, but when the last rumbling note had died away, a fair-haired high-browed youth, one from the coal fields of Illinois, broke in: "You know my dad is not much when it comes to books, and you ought to have heard him laugh when I used to read to him what Mr. Campbell said about making the plains blossom like the rose by mixing a little science with farming. Yes, you ought to have heard him laugh. Said muscle and horse sense, good land and plenty of rain was what talked when it come to farming; and that our agricultural schools are a graft; only things to get the boys' money.

"But that day at the station, when he slipped his arm about my neck, he said, 'You may be right, boy, you may be right. Missouri used to be bad, and look at her now. And Kansas? Why, when I was a boy if a man was going to Kansas he was so ashamed of it he'd leave home in the night. You may be right, boy, you may be right.'"

"And Hoosier, the girl back home—well, you're on the right track, anyway. A little calico round any of these here shacks would make 'em seem mighty home-like; might home-like."

"You Texas," said Jim, turning to a handsome strapping chap who lay on the opposite side of the shanty, "We'll hear you next. We'll make a kind of confessional out of this here shack."

Texas had been silent while the others had been prattling, his eyes half closed and his body relaxed into a most comfortable position. But when the girl back home was mentioned it set in motion the wheels of his tired brain; and it was hard for him to imagine one in Indiana or Illinois whose beauty and loveliness could compare with a rose he had in mind blooming in the heart of Texas.

"Boys," he answered, "I was jist a thinkin' when yer spoke that a man playin' a hand like ours is darned poor if there aint no one back home to care whether he wins or loses. Yes sir, that is jist what I was thinkin'."

The storm softened a little, but a gradual downpour of rain kept the men inside; and one after another poured out the story of his heart. One dreamed of a golden head down in Georgia; another of a brown on Kentucky's bluegrass slopes; while another saw one of raven curls and a pair of midnight eyes on the rockbound coast of Maine that looked longingly in the way of the setting sun.

In each case 'twas the girl back home.

In one corner of the cabin, stretched at full length, lay Jack Brown, the oldest of the group, and the first man to drive stakes on a half section claim on the Big Mesa. His brow was high and full, his eyes restless and his form was a little stooped. He bore traces of the world's rough usage. Little was known of Jack's past, and he rarely indulged in a heartto heart talk with the boys. So when he remained silent on this occasion while the others gushed and sighed, it was just like Jack and no notice was given to it.

But something touched the mainspring to the door of Jack's heart that day, drew away the barriers of its secret recesses. It may have been the boys' confessions; it may have been the dull patter on the earthen roof; or it may have been that the long pent-up secret clamored for sympathy, such as he felt this big-hearted group of stalwart young heroes would give. But let the magnet be what it may, when he spoke every eye was turned toward him, every ear inclined to listen. He said: "Boys, as yer all know, I aint much given ter talk, but I'm goin' ter say jist a word. There's one back home, her hair aint as brown as it used ter be and her step aint as steady. She can't come ter me, but I can go ter her. I promised her I would. When she sold the little farm dad left her ter save her only boy from the devil, I told her I'd make good. She's my mother, boys, and I mean ter keep my word."

There was a death-like stillness in the hut; and if perchance there stood a tear on some brown cheek, it dried away unnoticed by the group; for each was searching the depths of his own soul.

A flood of light burst through the half open door, making a slanting patch of gold on the clay floor. A bow spanned the clouds in the east. Like a ball of fire the sun hung low over the western peaks, played there a moment, flickered and went out. The storm had spent itself.

The men moved slowly down to the pasture gate that opened into the big road. When some steps in advance of the others, Jack halted, turned round and said: "Boys, we can't git inter the field in the morning, but if yer'll all come over an hour early at noon, we'll try and git through here and move over to Mabel's tomorrow. A fine gal that is, and I'd like ter see her win out. I've tried ter help her a little, and the store keeper at the spring gives her a boost now and then I reckon. We must see her through, boys, fur a fine gal she is; and the Mesa needs sich."

Then each trudged his way to a rough board shack to a merry whistled tune; his thoughts with the stake he had made in the golden West, his heart with the girl back home.

Wireless Telegraphy

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

WIRELESS telegraphy consists of letting a current of electricity climb a high mast and then compelling it to jump across to another mast.

Electricity is the greatest little jumper in the world, and electric currents are now making thousand-mile leaps and not feeling as important about it as the man who jumps 24 feet in the Olympic games.

About 15 years ago, Marconi of Italy, succeeded in persuading electricity to make its first feeble jump and soon afterwards trained it to carry and retrieve messages. This invention has proved of vast benefit to the world, and has enabled the tired billionaire to watch the stock market in mid ocean with relentless care.

Twenty years ago when a ship went out to sea, it left the world behind it and had to wallow across the ocean without news of any kind. Nowadays passengers bet on the baseball score in mid ocean and engage hotel rooms while still 900 miles east of Fire Island.

If the ship breaks down it turns loose its wireless electricity and asks everything within 500 miles to come over and help out. Wireless telegraphy saved 750 passengers from the Titanic last spring, and if there had been more wireless telegraphy mixed with a little higher grade of brains, another thousand might still be paying premiums on their life insurance.

"Persuading electricity to make its first feeble jump."

Wireless telegraphy is still in its infancy and in a few years a man will be able to whisper in his own ear by way of Hong Kong for a few dollars a word if he is an extravagant cuss. Wireless telephones will soon be in general use and the man who carries a telephone set in his pocket will be able to telephone home to his wife while falling off a 78-story office building, without first calling central. But wireless politics are still in the dim and uncertain future.—(Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.)

The Outlook

By Walt Mason.

Our government full soon will change —March 4 will soon be here—and policies untried and strange in action will appear. O, shall we in the Wilson reign be prosperous and gay, or shall we murmur and complain that hard times make up gray? It all depends on divers things, and sundry things as well, as whether grief our bosoms wrings or joy shall make us yell. The man who buckles down to work for tears will have no cause; but woe will haunt the idle shirk, who'll clamor for more laws. We'll never have a government that pilot will the feet of idlers, soaked in discontent, along to Easy street. We'll never have a government that will beat down and smash the busy, cheerful, hustling gent who works and saves his cash. The man who looks to Washington for board and bed and clothes will reach the poorhouse when he's done complaining of his woes. No government, at our behest, will strew our path with flowers; while Woodrow Wilson does his best, we also should do ours.

ABE MARTIN

Pinky Kerr et six cod fish balls at Middleburg Saturday before he knowed th' town wuz dry. This has been a great winter fer th' feller that loafed all last summer.

Cooperation Among Women

Housewives Reduce Cost of Housecleaning—Propose Cooperative Cooking.

By Frederic J. Haskin

WASHINGTON, D. C. March 3.—The list of activities which are susceptible to cooperative enterprise is by no means exhausted with the mention of cooperative selling and buying organizations and manufacturing enterprises. Many other forms of cooperation have been tried out either in a large or a small way, and have given gratifying results. One of the newest departures in that direction is in the use of an electric vacuum cleaner. A half dozen housewives each felt the need of such a cleaner, but neither of them was able to own one herself. Therefore they agreed to pool interests and buy one on the cooperative basis. They bought it, and with it a little boy's express wagon. Each one of the six women now has the cleaner one day in the week. It is moved from house to house by a boy, and in this way they are able to have all the comforts of the ownership of a good vacuum cleaner at the price of a very indifferent one.

Cooperative Cooking Proposed.

It has been proposed that cooperation be applied to cooking by city housewives. Knowing that there is but little more trouble and expense attached to cooking for two families instead of one, it has been proposed that a dozen families go together, hire one good cook and the necessary helpers, and equip a community kitchen from which the meals could be served to the supporting families at cost. Of course, no form of cooperation would be in greater danger of failing than this one. The tastes of families, however close their relationships, are bound to differ, and unless the cooperative kitchen could furnish different sorts of meals to different families, it would be almost sure to fail. And the savings of cooperative cooking would largely pass away if such a policy were pursued.

Cooperative Telephone Lines.

Some communities in the United States have solved many of the problems of rural life by cooperation. One may travel through the farming regions in many sections of the country and there see cooperative telephone companies successfully operating big systems. Some of these companies have thousands of shareholders. They are usually organized on the federal plan; that is, a dozen or more local companies, each made up of a membership ranging from 10 to several hundred, build their lines to some central place and there join in the purchase and maintenance of a central exchange.

Each local company controls its own internal affairs, just as each state in the Union has control of those of its affairs which do not concern the other states. The general company is made up of the members of all the local enterprises, and it bears the same relation to the local companies that the states bear to the United States. The share of the expense of each person who gets a telephone usually ranges from $15 to $25 per telephone in the building and equipping of the line. He then pays for his telephone, which costs him about $15. At this outlay he becomes an equal shareholder in the local and general companies, and his annual expense thereafter is about four dollars for exchange service and two or three dollars a year for maintaining the lines and keeping his telephone in order.

Insurance on Cooperative Plan.

Cooperative insurance companies for protection against fire have long been operated with success in many of the rural sections of the country. They insure the property of the cooperators at two thirds of its value, and the charges therefor are based upon the actual losses sustained. Assessments to meet these losses are made whenever they occur. The result is that farmers get fire insurance at unusually low rates. The officers of the company are paid only nominal salaries, and the expenses of administration are negligible. When a fire occurs the loss is appraised by representatives of the insurance company, and settlement upon the basis of their findings practically always is accepted. Some years the losses are rather heavy, while in other years they are practically nothing. The cooperators are always sure that they are getting insurance at actual cost, which is better than the best non-cooperative company can offer.

Building of Good Roads.

Good roads movements were in existence many years ago in several parts of the United States, and in some sections the cooperators learned to do for themselves what the states were not then able to do, and that which the federal government had not yet thought of undertaking. Not many years after the civil war, many farmers, weary of the burden inflicted upon them by the road tax, banded themselves together into cooperative companies to build turnpikes of their own. They realized that the state finances were not able to bear the strain of such road building, and they preferred to put up a few dollars and to contribute some work with their own hands and teams in an effort to have a good road, rather than do nothing and continue to labor under the mud tax. The enhancement of values has twice overpaid the cost of construction.

Cooperative Apartment House.

The cooperative apartment house has been tried successfully in New York. Such a house is to be found at the northwest corner of Sixty-fourth street and Central Park. It has 64 apartments, each inhabited by a person or family of prominence. Each apartment is a real home, planned to suit the individual tastes of its owner, and from the big entrance court to the last detail of the big summer garden on the roof, everything in the power of the architect has been done to achieve the simplicity and quiet which the occupants desire.

Fraternal Homes.

Many fraternal organizations and labor unions, inspired by the success of the International Typographical Union in the establishment of the big printers' home at Colorado Springs, are establishing and planning to establish similar homes. The Colorado Home for Printers was established in the early nineties, since which time about $1,000,000 has been raised and expended in building up the institution. The income now approximates $100,000 a year, and the cost of keeping the 150 occupants is approximately $60,000 a year. The remainder of the income is devoted to extensions and betterments. Each union printer pays 15 cents a month for the privilege of knowing that when he gets too old and feeble to make his way in the world, there is a place where he can find a haven to his liking.

The government itself maintains a kind of cooperative institution for the support of the old and disabled soldiers of the regular army, in the shape of the big Soldiers' Home at Washington. This great institution was established from the funds derived from the sale of property captured during the Mexican war, the government deciding that it should be done as a small token of gratitude to the men of the regular army. The home is supported by revenues derived from a small assessment.

One may find cooperation of varying degrees in almost every field today. He may see it in the protective associations of retail merchants, where they blacklist the buyer who does not pay his bills; he may see it among the railroads, where they perform services for one another free or at cost; he may see it in clubdom, where club houses are maintained at cost. And the apostles of cooperation, such as the members of the Right Relationship league and those of the Society of Equity, believe that the day is not distant when the United States, now one of the most backward, will become one of the most advanced nations in matters of cooperation.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1899.

W. A. Hawking left over the Santa Fe this morning for Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he goes on business for the road.

R. Norton has taken his old position as operator at the front of the E. P. & N. E. He has been spending a vacation in Colorado.

A petition from L. C. Barnes for permission to erect a frame structure on Franklin Heights was referred to the fire and water committee.

Superintendent Martin arrived here from Valentine, Texas, yesterday after investigating the burning of the roundhouse at that place Tuesday night.

The G. H. and Santa Fe have had a force of men at work for some time past repairing their crossings and they are all in good condition at present.

Engineer Love and his firemen, Wales, of the west end, kicked for a rest yesterday and they were allowed a few days in which to recuperate.

Yesterday being the anniversary of Texas independence, it was a legal holiday in the state. The banks and postoffice were closed and flags were flying in all parts of the city.

Capt. Bettes, who has already earned quite a local reputation as a lecturer, has consented to lecture tomorrow night at Chopin hall for the benefit of Jefferson lodge, Knights of Labor.

E. L. Shackelford, D. M. Payne and W. D. Howe, the auditing members of the grand jury, after investigating the accounts of the county officers reported that all were in first class condition so far as they were able to learn.

El Paso Chemical company No. 1 met last night at the new department headquarters and adopted a resolution to christen the new engine, which was named Joseph Magoffin several weeks ago. After it was decided to formally christen the new engine, a committee was appointed to select the day for the christening and report.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Eddy gave an informal card party last evening in honor of the fifth anniversary of their marriage. The following persons made up the party: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Russell, Mr and Mrs. A. r. Coles, Miss Reese, Miss Neff, C. B. Eddy and O. C. Coles. The women's prizes were won by Mrs. J. H. Russell and Miss Reese, while A. P. Coles and J. H. Russell won the men's prizes.

The session of the city council last night of unusual levity. Nothing of great importance was transacted. The clerk presented the city pay roll for the month of February. At the request of alderman Clifford the itemized salary account was read instead of the totals. Chief Powers, of the fire department, said that the new building is in need of furniture and other equipments and suggested that some provision be made to supply some.

The Herald has had members of its staff looking after the proposed cutoff both with the American and Mexican authorities and they have received assurances that are satisfactory concerning the early commencement of the work and its speedy completion. The people, however, wish to see work commence at once. There are so many formalities in dealing with public affairs in Mexico that they are afraid that the matter will be postponed until too late to avert disaster from the flood waters of the Rio Grande which are certain to come down this spring.

A most wonderful and unusual thing happened in this city yesterday. While some men were endeavoring to run up the Texas flag on the dome of the courthouse in honor of Texas independence, attorney Richard F. Burges, who was standing in the courthouse grounds, happened to look at the cloudless sky and his startled vision caught in the distant heavens, blue as the folds of the flag, another star blazing brightly. It was perfectly distinct and shining brightly, although the sun shone in another part of the heavens, some two hours up. In order that outsiders might not discredit the strange story a number of well known citizens made an affidavit to the fact. The affidavit was signed by Richard F. Burges, lawyer; L. M. Kemp, teacher; George C. Wimberley, city engineer; and W. D. Howe, lawyer.

Letters to The Herald.

[All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will be withheld if requested.

ARMY INFORMATION

El Paso, Tex., Feb. 28.

Editor El Paso Herald:

Kindly give information through your paper regarding the following:

How many soldiers constitute a company, how many a regiment, a battery, a troop, a division, and the rank of officer in charge of each? S. R.

(The authorized strength of infantry companies and cavalry troops is 65 men and of field artillery 100 men. Most of the commands are recruited up to full strength. A captain commands each company of artillery, each troop of cavalry and each battery of artillery. A regiment consists of 12 companies of infantry, or 12 troops of cavalry or six batteries of field artillery. A colonel commands a regiment. A brigade as now constituted in the United States army comprises three regiments, but it may comprise more or less two regiments, however, being as small as a brigade can be. Ordinarily a brigadier general commands a brigade, but the senior colonel in the brigade can be assigned to such a command and does automatically command in the absence of a general. A division consists of two or more brigades and may be commanded by a brigadier general or a major general; usually a major general where one is available.—Editor.)

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

Silver City, N. M., Feb. 26.

Editor El Paso Herald

Will you kindly answer the following through your paper What is the time of the fastest train between Greater New York and Oakland, California?

Morris Cohen.

(84 hours by way of New York Central to Chicago, Chicago & Northwestern to Omaha, Neb., Union Pacific to Ogden, Utah, and Southern Pacific to Oakland.—Editor.)

EL PASOANS GO TO AMARILLO MEETING

With the purpose of boosting El Paso as the place for the Panhandle and Southwestern Stockmen's association convention of 1914, a delegation from El Paso left Sunday on the 5:25 p. m. El Paso & Southwestern train for Amarillo. In the party were C. A. Kinne, D. F. White, H. M. Patterson, Wiley Franklin, Richard Warren, Max Meyers, W. A. Scrivner, J. V. Irving, of Alpine, L. C. Brite, of Marfa, and J. V. Hardie, of Silver City, N. M. These will be joined by R. B. Stevens, R. B. Orndorff and E. C. Houghton, who will leave El Paso this evening. R. A. Thomason and A. L. McKnight, of El Paso, are at present in Amarillo and C. P. Hudspeth will go to Amarillo from Austin. The convention begins Tuesday and closes Thursday night. The El Paso boosters went armed with souvenirs to the number of 2000, which they will distribute with El Paso's invitation for 1914. The El Pasoans will return Friday.

ITALIANS REPULSE ARABS.

Tripoli, Tripoli, March 3.—Several hundred Arabs attacked an Italian post, but were repulsed with heavy losses. They left 25 dead and carried off others in addition to the wounded. On the Italian side two native soldiers were killed and an officer was wounded.

HEROLD RETURNS TO WORK

City detective George Herold, who has been on the sick list for several days, Monday morning reported for duty.

The Petty Tyrant Husband

He Is the Meanest Man on Earth, Meaner Than the Drunkard or the Flirt.

By Dorothy Dix

HAVING discussed the meanest man in the world, and the meanest girl, and the meanest wife, let us now turn our attention to the meanest husband.

The law, which is made by man and voices the masculine viewpoint of high crime and misdemeanors, declares that the meanest husband is the man who is unfaithful to his wife, or who beats her, or who drinks too much, or who fails to suport her.

In almost all of the states, except New York, a woman can get a divorce from her husband for any one of these faults.

Now, undoubtedly it is harrowing to a wife's feelings for her husband to have an affinity, and it shatters love's young dream for him to give her a black eye. It is hard enough, heaven knows, on the woman who has a drunken or a shiftless husband, but none of these men, faulty though they be, hold the championship medal for the meanest husband.

Forgiving Wives

The man who occasionally strays off the straight and narrow path is often the most devoted and attentive and generous husband at home. When a wife refuses to forgive infidelity it is generally not because of that particular offense, but because the man has otherwise qualified in the mean husband class.

Also, the man who drinks too much almost invariably has the redeeming virtue of being sympathetic and tender and companionable; the ne'er-do-well is generally eminently lovable, and even the flats of a brute do not leave such wounds and scars on a woman's body as the hurts that the man who is a spiritual bully can leave on her soul.

The meanest husband on earth is the petty tyrant of the hearthstone, the man who takes advantage of his position to browbeat and humiliate and insult his wife, and to torture her by every refinement of cruelty through the long years of their married life.

Pretty Tyrant's Way

You think there are no such men? Believe me, they are plentiful, and the only reason there are not lynching bees in which many a prominent citizen would figure as the guest of honor, is because the thing a woman never tells until she is on the way to the divorce court is how her husband treats her when the company is gone and the doors are shut, and they two are alone together.

Do you never go to a dinner in which the host's funniest story is to tell, with embellishments, of some mistake his wife has made? Did you never watch the look of a hated rabbit come into such a woman's face, and observe how she looks suddenly down at the plate to hide the tears in her eyes? That was a glimpse of the meanest husband in the world.

Do you not know households where for days at a time the husband sits up in frozen silence, refusing to speak and tell what is the matter, or how his augustness has been offended, while his poor humble wife prostrates herself before him and apologizes for things she never did, and wears herself to a frazzle trying to propitiate her lord and master?

Do you know men whose insane tempers keep their wives in cowering fear—men who, if the slightest thing goes wrong in the household, pour out upon their wives such vituperation and curses as none of their friends would believe them capable of using in a woman's presence, to say nothing of visiting upon their wives? How's that for meanness?

Their Fiendish Delight

I know women who live in such deadly fear of their husband's temper and insults that they never speak without first canvassing a subject in their own minds to see if there is anything in it that could possibly annoy their husbands.

And strange to say these men are nearly always men who stand high among their fellows, who are leaders in the church, and probably celebrated for their geniality and gallantry outside of the home, and esteemed model husbands because they provide their wives with a decent place to live and good clothes.

The Meanest Man

But many a smug-faced hypocrite would get the medal for the meanest husband if his wife could step forth and tell the truth, and say, "this man knows I am dependent upon him, and he humiliates me by insulting me every time I ask for a penny. No slave, fearing the master's lash, ever quaked with terror as I do when I present a bill to him. There is nothing that he could say that would wound me that he has left unsaid, and in all the years I have been married to him he has given me no tenderness, no praise, no recognition even of my faithful service as wife and mother."

That's the meanest husband in the world, the man who takes a woman's life into his keeping and ruins it.

SOLDIERS AT CLINT ORGANIZE ORCHESTRA

Clint, Texas, March 3.—Soldiers of troop D of the 13th cavalry stationed here have organized a five piece orchestra of stringed instruments.

Dr. A. E. Brown, of this place, has been notified of the death of his brother, Dr Channing Brown, which occurred in Louisiana.

C. M. McKinney has sold his stock of drugs to Dr. W. R. Henderson, who will move it into his new store.

The shed in which J. E. White had installed his mill was burned and all of the ground alfalfa therein destroyed.

Annie Alice

Annie Alice used to tease
Every one she knew;
She used to tease her brother and
She teased the pussy, too;
Now wasn't that a horrid thing
For a little Goop to do?

Don't Be A Goop!