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
Saturday, July Twenty-sixth, 1913.

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## Ignoring the Senate's Appeal

ON APRIL 24, the United States senate, on motion of senator Smith of Arizona, by resolution called upon the president to furnish the following information:

"First. A full list of the names of claimants, if any, and the nature and amount of the claims for damages to person or property made by citizens of the United States of America against the republic of Mexico and filed or deposited with the department of state at Washington, since the beginning of the Madero revolution in Mexico to the present time, together with the statement of fact on which said claims are based.

"Second. A full list of the names of all citizens of these United States, if any, who, while leading lawful and peaceful lives in Mexico, have been killed or wounded in Mexico or driven out of Mexico by Mexican soldiers or other armed bands on Mexican soil, together with the facts and circumstances attending such killing, wounding, or forceful deportation.

"Third. A full list, if any, of such peaceful citizens of the United States of America as have been forcibly seized and held prisoners for ransom in the republic of Mexico during the time first mentioned, and what sums of money, if any, have been paid by any person or persons to secure the release of anyone so imprisoned or held.

"Fourth. What redress, if any, has been offered by Mexico in the premises, or demanded by the United States of America, and the result of such offer or demand, and what assurance of protection to the lives and property of our peaceful, law-abiding citizens in Mexico does that republic offer."

More than three months have elapsed, and to this good day the president and the state department have taken no notice of the request of the senate, and have not furnished or offered to furnish any information as to the matters inquired about.

"I presume," said senator Fall the other day in debate, "that when the senate unanimously, requested the information it was with the idea in view that it was of interest to the people of the United States and possibly necessary in the consideration of very grave and important subjects which may at a very early day come before congress."

The gospel truth about the business is that the state department has not the information in its possession, called for in the second and third paragraphs of the resolution. No effort has been made to collect the information, or to verify what has come through the various channels of general and special information.

The first and fourth paragraphs however might be answered with little trouble. The answer to the fourth paragraph may be truthfully made in one word: "None."

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The Louisville Courier Journal suggests that the young suffragists who express the determination to sweep the country might begin with the dining room and relieve mother so much.

## Russian and Japanese Standards

ON THE union side in the American civil war, 110,000 men were killed in battle or died of wounds, while 200,000 died of disease, and 40,000 died from other causes, such as accidents, prison hardship, murder, etc. Notice especially the proportion of deaths from disease. In the war with Spain, the heavy death list was almost entirely from disease, and the experience was sad and disgraceful to American intelligence and military management.

There has been much improvement since those times in the armies of the world. Without doubt, the United States in another such emergency would set a new standard in army sanitation. This is indicated by the splendid work at Panama, in the Texas mobilization camps, and at the Gettysburg reunion. But our past war history in this respect is nothing to be proud of. The record of Great Britain and all Europe is as bad or worse.

Statistics for the war between Russia and Japan are now available. Russia's total loss of men from wounds and disease was slightly over half of Japan's. Russia lost 43,600 men by death, while Japan lost over 77,000.

But the most notable point about this war record is that Russia lost only 12,000 men from disease to 31,000 from wounds, and that Japan lost only 21,000 from disease and all miscellaneous causes to 56,000 from wounds.

Contrast this to our own record in the war with Spain, wherein 13 American soldiers died of disease for every one who died of wounds.

In most wars of modern times, the loss by disease has been four times the loss by battle casualties. In many wars the proportion has been even greater than this on the side of disease. When France went into Madagascar 20 years ago, out of 14,000 men sent to the front 7000 died from disease while but 29 died in battle.

In the Crimea, the allies during the first six months lost 50,000 men from disease and 2000 from wounds. But Russia and Japan show a death rate in their active armies, not greatly higher than the death rate of some cities in time of peace.

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It took a Frenchman to mix humor with applied art by decorating a drinking cafe in Paris with an elaborate frieze of snakes' heads.

## Scream, You Blooming Eagle

THE UNITED STATES contains one-third of all the utilized wealth in the world. The United States produces more than three-fourths of all the corn grown in the world, and nearly three-fourths of the cotton.

Three-fifths of the world's copper, one-fourth of the world's silver, one-fifth of the world's gold, one-fifth of the world's wheat, are produced in the United States.

Two-thirds of the world's oil, nearly half the world's iron, two-fifths of the world's coal, are produced in the United States.

Yet the United States has less than 1-16th of the world's land area, and contains only 1-20th of the world's population.

There is some hope for the United States yet.

The country is not going to black ruin this year.

"Don't sell the United States short," says J. J. Hill.

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Mediation in Mexico is all right if the mediator does not have to take the usual medicine of the peacemaker and the innocent bystander.

## Our Waste Of Opportunity

AVERAGE production of wheat in the five years 1908-12 in the United States was less than the average production in the five years 1903-07; yet during the five years the population of the country increased nearly 10 percent.

The American wheat production has not substantially increased in 20 years, while the population has increased 50 percent. The American production of wheat per acre is less than half the yield per acre in Germany and France.

The great task before America is not to bring more land under cultivation, but to use to wise advantage what is already tilled. The United States will do well carefully to study Germany's system of agricultural and technical education.

In this country, with 20,000,000 children in school, we are not doing all we might to prepare them for the work of the world.

## One-Sentence Philosophy

**QUAKER MEDITATIONS.**
(Philadelphia Record.)

If a man has hives, let him be.

In baseball the pitcher is the power behind the thrown.

The stamp on a love letter doesn't always stick to facts.

The woman who uses cosmetics may be taken at her face value.

It sometimes happens that forward people have to take a back seat.

No matter how ugly a baby may be, you can't offend the mother by saying it looks like her.

It takes two people to make a quarrel, but a dozen or more usually take a hand in it before it is patched up.

Wigg—"Does Meekly seem to feel the death of his wife?" Wagg—"Oh, I don't know. He has bought a phonograph and a parrot."

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**
(Chicago News.)

A cynic is a man who loves the truth more than he loves popular applause.

Being "popular with the boys" isn't necessarily anything for a girl to boast of.

What a good many people call luck is merely being on the spot when the melon is cut.

Why is it that when a girl is interested in a man she always tries to make him believe she isn't?

**GLOBE SIGHTS.**
(Atchison Globe.)

There are a good many excuses posing as reasons.

The man who is always in a hurry may have too much to do, but he won't do it.

Then there is the gent who maintains a permanent grouch he designates as dignity.

Children cry so much we are sometimes disposed to disconnt the happy days of childhood.

Warm weather has again bared many elbows and reminded mankind of the chicken picking industry.

A man who goes fishing can have worse luck than not catching anything; he can catch German carp.

**JOURNAL ENTRIES.**
(Topeka Journal.)

All of the bonehead plays are not confined to the baseball arena.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who called it a "wallet?"

Strike a man for money and you're sure to hit him in a tender spot.

Those who are sensitive about their age are likely to be foolish in other respects.

This is also the season of the year when many people should take a much needed rest preparatory to going on their vacation.

## *The Grape Fruit*

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

THE grape fruit is so called because it looks like a large and melancholy orange which is failing in health.

The grape fruit is composed of two gallons of juice concealed in a thick yellow globe and strongly impregnated with seeds. The grape fruit has more seeds than anything else, except the fig. When we have extracted all the seeds from a grape fruit and have piled them up, the pile is larger than the fruit itself. This is one of the miracles of nature and should teach man to be humble and scornful of his own powers.

The grape fruit is divided into water tight compartments, like an ocean liner, by thin pieces of skin. The skin is very tough and can be used for aeroplane covering or bullet proof vests. To eat a grape fruit the performer separates the pulp from the skin, with a sharp knife extracts the seeds, pours sugar into the cavities and lets it stand all night. In the morning he puts on a bathing suit and scoops out the delicious interior. A thirsty man can sometimes eat an entire grape fruit if he is a good swimmer.

The grape fruit has existed for many

"In the morning he puts on a bathing suit and scoops out the delicious interior"

centuries, but like the tomato and the oyster, it was not suspected as a food at first. The wild grape fruit tastes like quinine and when a few brave society leaders learned to eat it some years ago they were regarded with awe. For some time the grape fruit was the real test of gentility, and the diner who could take his grape fruit without betraying the taste, proved himself to be an old hand in society.

This led to a great demand for grape fruit and vast plantations were planted. It is now a common sight in Florida to see the farmer digging the luscious yellow balls out of the sand with his spade at harvest time and cultivation has made their interors so mild that they can be eaten almost on the first attempt.

Grape fruit is now served at the quickest lunch counters and is so popular that is is no longer fashionable. When we consider how society people had to conquer the olive, the grape fruit, the alligator pear, the caviar sandwich and other noxious fruits in order to remain aloof from the common appetite, we should remain well satisfied with obscurity.—Copyrighted by Geore Mathew Adams.

## MINERS STRIKE AT TERLINGUA, TEXAS

**Owner of Quicksilver Mine Wires to Alpine for Assistance and Posse Goes to Scene.**

Alpine, Texas, July 26.—S. J. Perry wired to the sheriff from Terlingua that some of the men working in his quicksilver mines there had struck, and asking for help in controling the situation, from Alpine. Sheriff Walton organized a posse, consisting of John Young, James Nichols, W. H. Harrison and S. I. Burdick, who left at once for Terlingua by motor. The latest report from the mines is that the authorities have the situation under control and anticipate no further trouble.

Mrs. W. O. Moore died in Alpine at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Newton Huddlestone. Mrs. Moore was born in Anderson county, Texas, on October 14, 1855, and has been a resident of the state all her life. She is survived by her husband and two children. She was buried in the Alpine cemetery, the ceremonies at the grave being conducted by Rev. S. C. Holmes, of the Baptist church, and Rev. Baxter Golightly, of the Christian church.

The annual business meeting of the Alpine study club was held at the residence of Mrs. Wigfall Van Sickle. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: Mrs. H. S. Wigle, president; Mrs. Wigfall Van Sickle, vice president; Mrs. F. E. Gillett, treasurer, and Mrs. C. A. Brown, secretary. Mrs. Gillett sang a solo, "In May Time," by Dudley Buck, and Mrs. C. K. Moffett recited. The members answered to the roll call with original verses. Mrs. Van Sickle served refreshments at the close of the session.

Among those who are attending the camp meeting at Skillman's grove, near Fort Davis, are Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Kokernot, Miss Margaret Kokernot, Miss Elizabeth Kokernot, Mrs. Walter Garnett and Messrs. Ogden and Surcamp, of San Antonio.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Turney have returned to El Paso in their motor car, after several weeks spent at the "12" ranch and in visiting Mrs. Turney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Guthrie, in Alpine.

Mrs. Clarence Pickrell has returned to El Paso, after a visit to Mr and Mrs. Reagan Cartwright.

Mrs. G. A. Martin, of El Paso, who has been visiting Mrs. B. F. Berkeley, returned home Saturday.

The quarterly meeting of the Union Aid of the churches of Alpine was held in the Presbyterian church, with the president, Mrs. F. E. Gillett, in the chair. Papers were read on the history of the various churches represented, and then the meeting adjourned to the nearby residence of Mrs. Gillett, where fruit punch and cake were served. Solos were sung during the afternoon by Mrs. G. A. Martin, of El Paso, Mrs. W. A. Ellis and Mrs. Gillett.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crosson and their family are in Alpine from their ranch.

D. D. York has returned to Alpine, after a visit to his home in the eastern part of the state.

Ward Weakley, of Post City, is visiting relatives in Alpine.

Mrs. T. H. Ridgway, of San Antonio, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. P. W. Berry.

Mrs. Sidney Emery, of Dallas, is visiting Mrs. J. L. Gilbert.

Mrs. P. R. Ford and her daughter, Miss Harriet Ford, have arrived from San Antonio to spend the rest of the summer in Alpine.

A. MacCallum has returned from a trip to El Paso and New Mexico.

Mrs. Vera Calhoun and her son, Paul, of Los Angeles, are the guests of Rev. Sydney Holmes at the Baptist parsonage.

Miss Mattie Anderson will leave shortly to take up mission work among the poor whites in Georgia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Derrick and their children have gone out to their Fox Springs ranch for the rest of the summer.

Mrs. Annie Oates and Miss Florence Vaughan, of Pecos, are the guests of Mrs. Oats's daughter, Mrs. John Adams.

Miss Thaila Gillett has returned from a visit to Fort Stockton.

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Dr. L. D. Ricketts will leave Sunday for New York city.

## *ABE MARTIN*

A workin' man also needs a 8-hour night. When a feller writes "thanks" on a receipted bill it's a cinch he's skinned you.

## She Is Suing Governor Sulzer For Breach of Promise

Mignon Hopkins, the Philadelphia young woman who claims that her suit for breach of promise against governor William Sulzer, of New York, is the result of a plot by his political enemies to ruin his career. Miss Hopkins declares she will prove that governor Sulzer has broken a contract with her when the case comes to trial.

## Fun Is Mixed With Science

**New Rural School Teaches Children Without Their Knowledge and Without Restraint.**
By Frederic J. Haskin

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 26.—When the second session of the experimental rural school at Rock Hill began in September, things were quite different from that March day when the "Fun School" was first launched. It was autumn, not spring. The flowers were dying, not budding. And the children, coming from the farms instead of from the mill village and the college campus, were more shy. Furthemore, there were more of them, some of them were older—the first three grades being represented—and most of them had already been to school and had their own ideas of what a school ought to be.

Having brought their old school books, and the state law requiring the use of certain adopted text books, there was nothing to do but to add the second reader and the progressive speller and even an arithmetic to the Mother Goose Rhymes and Fairly Tales on the big table. But still they were not used until after the nice, interesting story books had taken away all awe of a book as an enemy, and had made every child to know that a book is a friend. And the school books were not used at all except for helps—nobody was required to "learn" out of a book or to recite fro mone.

**Two Very Shy Girls.**

There were two girls, 13 and 14 years old, who had been to school two months a winter for several years, beginning when cotton picking was over in December and quitting when cotton planting began in March, for these were field working girls.

They were very shy, and when on the first morning the younger children ran romping from the wagon to the school house, the two girls reproved them, and told them they were coming to school now and must behave. They were amazed when the teacher joined in the romp and led the school running toward the garden. They were horrified when the younger ones talked aloud in school.

In the several school terms they had attended they had advanced to where they could spell out a few lessons in the second reader and they could say the "second line" of the multiplication table. That was all. They could not sew. They could not cook. They could do nothing but hoe and pick cotton.

**Escape From Cotton Field.**

To teach such girls as these, and their brothers like them, not only to read and to write, but to read and write to a purpose; and then to teach them useful and practical lessons in chemistry, in physics, in agronomy, in botany and zoology—that were surely a wonderful accomplishment for a year. The best practical proof of its success is that when cotton planting time came the parents of these two girls did not take them out of school but let them go on because, they said, "They are learning so much that it would be a pity to stop them, and we can manage the planting somehow."

**Teaching Through the Stove.**

The garden is used not only to teach agriculture, but botany and chemistry as well. The kitchen stove is first of all introduced as an instrument for the demonstration of a lesson in physics—the effect of the draughts of air on the fire. It becomes a chemical laboratory when biscuits are baked, or tomatoes canned. The carpenter shop is practical proving ground for mathematical accomplishments.

No seven year old child would ever remember, even if he understood, a lecture on pollenization of the corn flower, but the experiments of withholding the pollen from the corn silk proves to him, so that he can never forget it, the theory of the fertilization of the corn.

**Chemistry Introduced.**

The potato beetles had to be fought with poison, the plants were sprayed with Paris green. They brought in a bit of chemistry, but it also mightily interested the children in the beetles. A terrarium was one of the first bits of equipment added to the school. The boys made a shallow box and filled it with earth, and there they placed for observation and study every insect they could find, every larva and chrysalis. A plague of cotton caterpillars demolished the tiny cotton crop, but it added greatly to the store of knowledge gained from the terrarium.

**Birds Are Studied.**

Birds, too, were studied, and the children learned of the way the birds' bodies were made to facilitate flight, and why some birds walk and other hop. Birds and beetles were always discussed, however, from the economic and not the scientific angle. The first question was always: Is he our enemy or our friend?

The liberal sciences are not neglected. The beginnings of orderly accounting are made when each child keeps a painstaking record of the day the peas were planted, the day they came up, the day they were first cultivated, how many times they were hoed, when the first bloom appeared, when the first peas were picked, and finally, how many peas were picked before the plants died and were destroyed. Also, what was done with the peas? How many pecks were there in the pod? How many pints, when they were hulled? How many were cooked at school? How many taken home? How many sold?

Then ther are other books to be kept—histories to be written in other ways than by keeping tables of dates and pecks and quarts. Each child draws a picture of the sprouting bean and it is put in a book, and as the stages of the bean growth are pictured the book grows until, at the end, the child writes the story of that year's bean crop.

**No Discipline.**

What of discipline? There is none except that of self discopline imposed by overwhelming interest in the task at hand. Once in awhile a boy has pulled a girl's hair, for fun, and once one boy in the carpenter shop spanked another with a board—but each time there was only a chase through the yard, a laughing struggle and a return to work.

The children who came in from the farms and who had been to school would not relinquish their text books, and wanted to read in the readers as well as in the fairy tale books, but it was only a few days until they had discovered the truth that an education is not to be found in books alone, but in every little activity of a busy day.

## *Consolation*

By Walt Mason

The heat that makes us gasp and shrivel, and hand out comments most uncivil, keeps corn and beans alive; around in sweat a fellow sloshes, forgetting that the Hubbard squashes need heat to make them thrive. We all rear up and rant together, and roast the blink-blanked, ding-donged weather, and storm around like loons; and yet this heat, which seldom varies, is helpful to the huckleberries and also to the prunes. In arctic realms sun rays don't sizzle, so agriculture is a fizzle, there is no corn or wheat; the natives wish the sun were blazing, for they are tired of always raising cheap polar bears and sleet. Then let us, while profusely sweating, be in no dangr of forgetting what's needed by the peas, the egg plant, with its hue of umber, the onion and the proud cucumber, and other things like these. And when hot weather makes you suffer, don't be a mournful whining duffer—it's foolishness to chafe; just face the issue bravely, stoutly, and dance and sing, and say decently, "Thank God, the prune crop's safe!"

## Must Live Out of Cans

**No Fresh Fruit For El Paso This Winter—Example of Army Discipline—Little Interviews.**

"EL PASOANS will have to live out of cans this winter," said G. G. Franklin, of the Jacason Standard grocery. "The Texas Elberta peach crop was only one-third long this season, the frosts in California put the crimp into the fruit and vegetable crops out there, and we will have to depend upon the canned products this winter for our fruit and vegetable supplies. There is an erroneous opinion of canned goods among many people who do not know that they are much cleaner and better prepared for market than the fresh fruit. Under the government pure food law, the canned goods must be of the highest quality, are marked on the label and are more desirable in many ways than the fresh fruit, which is often picked green. We are anticipating a heavy sale of tinned goods this winter and we are recommending it to our trade as being cheaper than to buy the fresh fruit and can it."

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"Those army officers at the post who tell of putting tin pans under the legs of their tables in the Philippines to keep the ants away from food, are a little late with their dope," said a Prospect avenuer Friday afternoon. "At our house the ants have been a pest all summer. They come up from under the house, take possession of the kitchen, pantry, bathroom and even invade the bedrooms. We have made every effort to get rid of them, using gallons of scalding water and box after box of ant paste, ant powder and other patent preparations. We have finally driven the ant army back to the kitchen, but the smell of food is too strong for them and they will walk through miles of ant poison to get at it. Finally we took four empty coffee cans, placed one under each leg of the table, filled the cans with water and there has not been an ant served with food at our house since. But you must watch the cans to keep them filled with water or the ants wil invade the tables as soon as one becomes dry."

* * *

A fine example of the splendid training an American army officer receives was given Thursday during the entertainment of Maj. Gen. Wood and secretary of war Garrison. Capt. A. P. Watts, of the quartermaster corps at Fort Bliss, was a member of the committee on entertainment appointed by the chamber of commerce. He was assigned to the entertainment of Maj. Gen. J. B. Aleshire, chief of the quartermaster corps.

Thursday morning at 10 oclock Capt. Watts's son, Arthur, fell from a horse on the parade ground at Fort Bliss and broke his left leg. The news was taken to Capt. Watts by his orderly and the boy was taken in charge by the hospital corps at the post. Although Capt. Watts was much worried about the condition of his boy, he realized that his work on the entertainment committee for his chief must be attended to and he carried out his part of the plans for the luncheon, only stopping to telephone the fort to inquire how his boy was getting along. This incident was known to few at the luncheon Thursday, but it brought home the point which the secretary of war made in his speech that the American army had the finest body of trained officers in the world.

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Harry S. Burwell, assistant secretary of the chamber of commerce, figures up how far he walks from home to his office. "Walking from the 1900 block on Boulevard to the office each day," he says, "I figure that I walk 587 miles a year. In the five and one-half years that I worked for the Texas & Pacific railroad here, I figured that I walked to Fort Worth and back five times."

* * *

"Speaking of walking," said Harris Walthall, "my father, judge A. M. Walthall, proves that the youngsters are not the best walkers. He took me for a stroll up the side of Mount Franklin the other day and had me puffing like a porpoise. He was not a bit tired and of course I could not let on that I was. He learned to walk down in the Panhandle when he first studied law. Each summer he would go out and carry the chain for a surveying gang. Some days they would walk 20 or 30 miles and not think anything of it."

* * *

"I am growing hair," said O. A. Critchett. "Where there used to be but one hair, I now have a whole family of them and the straight one has turned into many little curly ones. All I do is to run an electric vibrator over the top of my cranium once or twice a day and the hair comes out; I mean grows out."

## *14 Years Ago Today*

**From The Herald This Date 1899.**

Ben Sweeney returned today from Santa Monica, Cal.

George H. Webb, of the White Oaks, went up to Alamogordo today.

J. C. Ross returned on the Santa Fe this morning from the north.

Attorney W. A. Hawkins, of the White Oaks, is in Alamogordo.

R. N. Walker and R. H. Pierce came down from Alamogordo last night.

L. J. DeMules and A. A. DeMules went up to the Jarillas this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Rice went up to Cloudcroft this morning to visit for a few days.

Fireman J. W. Sullivan, of the G. H., returned yesterday from a visit to Detroit.

Frank Coles and Mr. Carroll went up to Turquoise today with some mining machinery.

W. W. Parker and wife and Mrs. M. E. Richardson left for Colorado Springs this morning via the Santa Fe.

Miss Myrtle Bailey and her niece, Miss Rae Graham, went up to Mesilla park today to spend a few days.

C. A. Shelton, manager of the Chihuahua and Pacific railway, arrived this morning, and leaves for Chihuahua today.

Ed Northrop, who has been on the sick list for the past week, is out again and will resume work at the G. H. in the near future.

Clark E. Friend, one of the owners of the Caldwell mine near Leon Station on the Sierra Madre road, is in the city on business.

All of the officials of the E. P. & N. E. railway except the vice president and general manager, will be removed to Alamogordo on Sunday.

The Houston Times says that when El Paso wishes to pay her laundry bill or her poker chips she cashes in a mine from the surrounding country.

Monroe Harper and wife returned from Las Cruces this morning and have taken a suite of rooms at the Lindell, where they will remain for some time.

While this city has been visited by heavy rains during the past few nights, little or no rain has fallen in the surrounding country. There has been no rain on New Mexico since Monday.

Sandburs are growing in Buckler square, and are rapidly going to seed. The grass in the square has been cut, and some of the burs cut down but many were left standing and promised to yield enough seed to produce a good crop next year.

The pupils of Miss Ice's school of elocution and oratory gave a very enjoyable entertainment in Myar opera house last night before a large and appreciative audience. Miss Grace Marvin in her several vocal selections was very good.

Letters received at Juarez from Hermosillo, Son., tell of the uprising of the Yaqui Indians against the Mexican government, and that the greatest excitement prevails in the outlying district as a consequence. The outbreak is on the lower Yaqui river.

## *An Elopement*

A Short Story.

"WHAT are you thinking of Yvonne?"

"Oh, nothing in particular, auntie, dear."

Aunt Lucie smiled knowingly. She pushed her spectacles up on her forehead, took her snuff box and tapped its golden lid, as she said:

"Oh, nousense, Yvonne! When a person says 'nothing in particular' it generally means something very important."

"But I assure you, auntie—"

"That is all very well, Yvonne, but just look at me."

Yvonne slowly raised her head.

"That is as plain as day, yo uhave some secret sorrow, which you don't want to tell me about; your eyes are full of tears."

"Oh, auntie, dear!"

Yvonne threw her arms around the old lady's neck, buried her face at her bosom and burst into tears.

"Then you are quite sure your father will never permit you to marry Charles," said Aunt Lucie, when Yvonne had grown a little more calm.

"Yes, auntie, dear."

"Then I think I had better take a hand in this matter," said Aunt Lucie determinedly. "Because my brother has a quarrel with Delord. It is not necssary for him to ruin his daughter's happiness for life and make two young people act like Romeo and Juliet. He is a most sympathetic young fellow."

"Yes—isn't he, auntie?"

"He is a lawyer with a growing practice and it is the most natural thing in the world that he should want a wife. Does he love you?"

"Yes, auntie, dear."

"Well, then you shall have him. Wipe away your tears, darling. Your name will be the Mme. Charles Delord as sure as I am your aunt, Lucie."

Yvonne smiled through her tears and kissed the old woman heartily.

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Aunt Lucie had always been romantically inclined, and life had done everything to develop this tendency. Her husband had eloped with her, causing a great scandal, but aunt Lucie's conscience did not trouble her and she was very fond of talking about her old love affair. Heavily veiled she had stolen out of the garden one dark evening and had entered a carriage in which her lover was waiting for her. As fast as the horses could gallop they sped through the sleeping country to a small inn were she had slept alone in a room while he stood guard outside her door. The following day her parents had given their consent and then there was a wedding.

Since that day Aunt Lucie had lived in perfect happiness until her husband died many years later. She still lived in the same old house and she was just the same as when she was 20 and hated all modern invention, telephones and automobiles in particular, and she missed the old stage coaches which the railroads had done away with.

She was interested only in love affairs and often said with a sigh, "Love has become out of fashion. The young people nowadays don't know how to love as we did in my time."

Now, however, she decided to make Yvonne happy. She went to her brother and tried to persuade him to give in, but in vain.

Then she sent for Charles and had a long talk with him.

"Listen to me, darling," she said to Yvonne the next day. "I have tried everything in vain. There is only one way now—you must elope as I did."

"But, auntie—"

"But, but—nonsense. Do you love him or not? Do you want to marry him?"

"You know I do, auntie."

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It was a beautiful, calm evening without moonlight. At the garden gate two conspirators were waiting. Aunt Lucie felt 50 years younger, her heart was beating violently against her silk shawl, the same one she wore when she eloped and which she wrapped around Yvonne's shoulders. She was listening at the slightest noise from the road.

Soon he will come, the tall handsome lover, wrapped in an elegant black mantle, his face pale with emotion and his lips trembling under the dark mustache. The horses will snort and prance and the bells will tingle while he helps his beloved into the carriage. Such was her dream.

A vehicle stopped. It is he. He knocked twice at the gate. Aunt Lucie opened it and stepped back, horrified.

Is that the romantic lover, who stands there in the glare of the searchlights of the big touring car, big and shapeless in his leather coat with enormous goggles and a flat cap? And the chariot of love, an automobile!

"No, no," groaned Aunt Lucie, "you get too far away in those awful monsters, you never know if you come back again."

And she slammed the gate in his face, but Yvonne quickly opened it again and jumped into the car which disappeared with a dreadful roar while Aunt Lucie sank down on a bench and sighed in a tone of despair:

"Oh, mercy me, what have young people come to nowadays!"

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Postmaster J. A. Smith will leave Saturday night for Denver, Colo., to attend the national convention of postmasters. He will remain in Denver for the Knights Templar convention.

## GOOPS

By GELETT BURGESS

*NELLY STUMMIKAKE*

The biggest candy
she can reach,
The biggest apple,
pear or peach,
The biggest piece
of pie or cake—
Who takes it?
Nelly Stummikake!
A grabsome, greedy
Goop is she,
And just as gluttonous
as can be!

*Don't Be A Goop!*