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
Thursday, September Eleventh, 1913.

THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION
Superior exclusive features and complete news report by Associated Press Leased Wire and 200 Special Correspondents covering Arizona, New Mexico, west Texas, Mexico, Washington, D. C., and New York.
Published by Herald News Co., Inc.: H. D. Slater (owner of two-thirds interest) President; J. C. Wilmarth (owner of one-fifth interest) Manager; the remaining one-eighth interest is owned among 12 stockholders who are as follows: H. L. Capell, H. B. Stevens, J. A. Smith, J. J. Mundy, Waters Davis, H. A. True, McGlennon estate, W. F. Payne, R. C. Canby, G. A. Martin, A. L. Sharpe, and John P. Ramsey.

Dead At Sea

IT IS SAID OF GAYNOR that he never laughed and rarely smiled. But he did masterful work, and while never a national figure, he left his deep impress upon the city and state that contain a tenth of the population of the country. He was not enough of a politician to press forward into national high office, and he had enough vagaries to make even his best friends sometimes doubt his wisdom and condemn his outbreaks of temper.

It was at the time he was shot, three years ago, that he first sprang into general national notice. Gaynor on that occasion acted the big part of a man, and excited unqualified admiration throughout the world. Hit in the neck, mortally as he and everyone else thought at the time, Gaynor kept his poise wonderfully, and when he recovered from his first daze, he asked after his family. Then he spoke wonderingly, but kindly, of his assailant. Not one word of bitterness or resentment escaped him. Facing, as he believed, quick death, and conscious all the time his fate hung in suspense, Gaynor did not concern himself with petty things or with malice or bitterness, but was at all times cheerful, resigned, and charitable. On that occasion, Gaynor displayed heroic qualities, and made the whole world his friend and admirer.

He was never quite the same man after that. Whether the wound actually injured him permanently in mind and nerves, or whether the burdens of office weighed too heavily upon him, or whether he became inordinately ambitious and self centered, the fact remains that the mayor became irritable and erratic to an extraordinary degree. He refused to listen to his old advisers, and one by one they parted company with him. His course throughout the police investigation met the firm disapproval of the strongest element of his old supporters. Gaynor did not fight Tammany with his old time vigor, and when the time came to choose nominees for mayor, a powerful coalition formed against Gaynor, and John Purroy Mitchel was put forward by the anti-Tammany Democrats, supported by the Republicans and the independent organizations. Gaynor, however, announced his candidacy as an independent.

The death of Gaynor probably insures the election of Mitchel. And if so, New York's dry bones will be raked over without mercy. Mitchel may be compared with Gaynor in Gaynor's younger days. He is a man who will leave his mark as he goes, and New York will have no peace while he is mayor. There is need for Mitchel just now; and while he may go to excesses as most reformers do, and may injure his own cause by being over-radical, it is certain that the net result will be a better, cleaner, and more economically governed city.

W. J. Gaynor was "in politics" from the time he emerged from boyhood. But he was "in politics" in a way that few men of his time understood. When told repeatedly that he could "do nothing without a party," Gaynor retorted, "I have a moral idea, and that is greater than any party." Gaynor, in this sense, was an idealist. "An idea is stronger than party, an idea is stronger than money or physical force, an idea inspires a minority to fight and win against seemingly overwhelming odds; and an idea may cause the muskets to drop from the hands of the enemy."

Was it not Emerson who said that an institution is only the lengthened shadow of a man?

A sidelight on the man's ultra-progressive views upon social and political movements of the time is given by a remark which, we recall, he made at a time when Theodore Roosevelt was shocking the country by some of his vigorous defiances of convention, and blazing the trails (though he did not know it then) for Woodrow Wilson and his legions. Said Gaynor: "This movement which is stirring the nation is not political, but distinctly and exclusively moral. It is the awakening of a whole people. It is uplifting both political parties, bracing and sobering rich and poor alike. The time has gone by when a man of ideas and courage can be called an anarchist, for the chief anarchist is in the white house, sustained in his work by the honest sentiment of the entire country."

Had Gaynor possessed more of the quality that makes men love and adhere to, as well as admire and respect, a leader, Gaynor might have been in Wilson's place now. But Gaynor was never noted for tact, or for political shrewdness; and he lacked a sense of humor, which is an almost fatal defect in a man who would rule in popular governments.

Born in 1851, W. J Gaynor had a hard struggle on the farm. He went to district school, and by his own efforts pushed through a short seminary course. Then he taught school, and studied law while he worked for a living at teaching and reporting. When he was 24, he moved to Flatbush, a Brooklyn suburb of 20,000 people. Flatbush was rotten to the core, and didn't care a whoop. Flatbush had 40 saloons, 39 of which had no license, and all of which were open on Sundays, all night, and on election days. Criminals ruled the town through the political ring, as has happened in other places and other times. The young lawyer worked quietly, and went about collecting evidence.

At 30 he had closed half the saloons in Flatbush and forced the others to take out licenses. He had also forced Sunday closing, and had exposed the rottenness of the political machine. Then he started in to put the local government into the hands of honest men.

He called a mass meeting and told the people the truth. Both political party machines combined to beat him. He won in the primaries two to one, and on election day his ticket was elected. He had once more demonstrated the power of an idea.

The new municipal officials made him police commissioner. Within 60 days he had closed all the "road houses" on the boulevard to Coney Island—dens of vice that had run openly for 20 years and had defied all previous efforts to restrict them. There was a general exodus of criminals from Flatbush.

Gaynor moved to Brooklyn. He was now 35, and ready for his great work, the overthrow of the McLaughlin machine, which had corrupted and ruled Brooklyn for years, and which made public plunder its Bible, creed, prayer, and watchword. Gaynor had now built up a large law practice, but he put public duty first. Four years later, he exposed and prevented the proposed steal of $1,300,000 by the McLaughlin ring through a waterworks purchase. McLaughlin was an auctioneer by trade, and he had been in the habit of auctioning off the public rights to his henchmen—that is what it amounted to. After this victory, Gaynor went ahead to other fields of batle. He forced the elevated railroads to pay $1,000,000 in back taxes, and when the railroads sought to obtain an assessment of $4,200,000, Gaynor pointed out that their outstanding securities aggregated $36,000,000. Then when the ring tried to steal hundreds of thousands through fake bills for the Columbian celebration, Gaynor went to Albany and induced the governor to veto the bill legalizing the false claims.

In 1893, Gaynor was asked to run for mayor of Brooklyn, but declined. Then he was nominated, without his consent, for justice of the supreme court. He finally consented to run and was elected by a smashing plurality. This ended the McLaughlin reign.

The next victory was the successful prosecution of John Y. McKane, political boss and police chief who voted 7000 names in a town of 10,000 inhabitants, and swung them any way to suit his corrupt deals. When Gaynor's watchers went to the polls with supreme court injunctions against interference, McKane said, "Injunctions don't go here." The upshot of it all was that McKane went to the pen for seven years and 16 of his pals with him.

Twice Gaynor declined the Tammany nomination for mayor of New York, twice he declined the offer of the governorship. He was on the supreme bench, but he was doing his work in his own way and smashing judicial precedents of ages, making a great name for himself. For one thing, he simplified procedure in his court so that he tried twice as many cases as any other judge and scored fewer reversals than any other.

So the work went on. Fearless and independent, this "ring breaker" kept smashing and building. He was always a prolific writer and speaker, and much sought after to make after dinner and convention addresses. He was a great maker of phrases, but the phrases rang true. He believed in the people—'They are not revolutionary by nature," said he; "They are never dishonest. In the French revolution, they destroyed prisons and fortresses, but not a bank was looted. The Bastile fell, the bank of France remained undisturbed."

Republicans and independent Democrats made him supreme court justice. Tammany made him mayor. But it did not take him long to display a degree of independence that kept Tammany jumping. He cut expenses, discharged useless employes, restored the public credit, instituted the efficiency bureau, restored the merit system, and sought to apply principle, not politics, to public service. Gaynor made a lot of enemies of the sort that it is an honor to possess.

Gaynor was an old fashioned man, a keen and wise lawyer and judge, a progressive executive, a homely man of the people, but cursed with mannerisms that barred him about and kept at a distance some whom he would gladly have served and befriended. He believed in "the people" in a large way, but could not fraternize with the man in the street. He was interested in a thousand things, and did his work with splendid directness and energy. But he could not win the love of the masses, as he won the respect of the leaders.

Gaynor is dead. History will take care of his undoubtedly great accomplishments, and the bitterness which he sometimes seemed carefully to cultivate are to be buried as deep as the sea. Mitchel will take up his work, not in any such judicial and calm manner as Gaynor formerly displayed, but as the whirlwind and the fire, sweeping aside all that can be swept, and making way for the rebuilding. And he will find much to rebuild, for Gaynor was as formidable when in the wrong as he was courageous and powerful when in the right.

Intervention Not Popular

Charles R. Loomis Returns From the East and Says People Do Not Favor Sending Troops to Mexico—Little Interviews.

"THE majority of people that I have seen during the past two months spent in the east are not in favor of intervention in Mexico," said Chas. R. Loomis, who has returned from a trip to the east. "While I was in the east many men, both in the profession and business, as well as capitalists, inquired about the Mexican situation. As soon as they learned I was from El Paso they fired questions at me about the situation below the border and the possibility of its readjustment.

"The consensus of opinion was not in favor of intervention. The men declared that the Americans had gone into a foreign country seeking gain. Their properties are threatened and now they expect us to send our soldiers down there and spend our money in protecting those interests. Many said that the big financial interests wanted us to intervene and straighten out the tangle.

"A minority favored intervention on the ground that there is no stable government in Mexico and could be none unless the United States or some other world power would go in there and establish one and maintain it until the people were ready and willing to do that themselves.

"I myself do not favor intervention. I met a congressman in Washington who has interests in Mexico, and he did not favor intervention. I found many in Washington who were standing by the president in his Mexican policy, merely because he is president. They will stand by him no matter what their opinions are, for they recognize that at this time they must do so.

"While I say that personally I am opposed to intervention and I found many of the same mind, yet like them, I do not see how the United States is going to get around the situation in any other way. With Huerta eliminated and another president elected, conditions would not improve. There would be revolution after revolution, and no one could tell which one would be the last."

* * *

His hair is not red and his eyes are not blue. Neither has he freckles. But he is the son of ruby Robert just the same. Bobby Fitzsimmons, heir of his father and a prize fighter in his own right—once—is playing at the Crawford theater. When the spotlight is right and the laddie buck has a little extra touch of rouge on his face, he strikes a pose with his slender legs apart which reminds the old timers of the famous fighter who trained in Juarez for his fight with Maher, down the river.

"My old man tried hard to make a fighter out of me, although I was never strong for the fight stuff," Bobby boy said Wednesday afternoon between acts of the rehearsal, while the chorus practiced whistling an Isle of Spice number. "I took on a couple of fights just to please Dad. The first one pleased him for I got away with it before the New York Athletic club. But the second one pleased him less and me more for I got the wind knocked out of my jib sail, and I had an excuse for quitting the fight game for all time. Not that I was a quitter, but I felt that I did not have the physique necessary to get by with it, and my heart was not in the work.

"He is a great old scout is that Dad of mine. Back in Plainfield, N. J., where he makes his oath that that is home, his quarters smell like a wild animal cage. His bug is wild animals, and he has a lot of them around his quarters all the time. He is doing no active work now, but he keeps in training and he gives an occasional spiel on physical culture, the care of the body and the other be-good-and-you-will-be-lonesome thing. I think the world of the old fellow who gave me my name, and I intend to work hard to make good in this stage stuff to please him."

* * *

R. A. Walton, the man with the excess baggage who sells trunks and suit cases, is at the Sheldon. He does not stand on ceremony, Bob doesn't. He just stands on the frailest little suit case he has in stock to show that his 550 odd pounds will support the product. To appreciate this acid test, one must see big Bob. "I have been selling trunks, suit cases and other travelers' jewelry for many years and I have never failed to make good on my old best bet with my 250 pounds I can stand on any suit case or trunk in my line, and it will not show the slightest effect from the strain. From Hugo, Oklahoma, to Hueco Tanks I have made this test and I have my first suit case to cave in. If it will withstand that test, I am sure the baggage smashers will not get to it."

* * *

"It is a fine place and I am glad my old friend Zeiger has leased it, but it will be a long time before I will become accustomed to seeing the sign Zeiger hotel in any other place than on Oregon and Overland streets," an old time lobby lounger said Wednesday, when Charles Zeiger took possession of the St. Regis and changed the name to the new Zeiger. "That old Zeiger hotel was a gathering place for the cattle, mining and statesmen clan of the southwest. More big deals, more important political conferences, have taken place in the old Zeiger than in any hotel in El Paso. When I first came to El Paso, the Zeiger was one of the leading hotels and its cafe service was unexcelled anywhere. It was a treat for the cattle and mining men to come in out of the wilds for a square fed at the Zeiger, and its reputation spread throughout the southwest. There was something fascinating about the lobby of the old Zeiger, with its high back chairs and large cuspidors, which invited the weary traveler to rest and no one was ever turned away from the Zeiger who was respectable, and there was no house detective either. With the passing of the old Sheldon under John Fisher, the Pearson and the Orndorff as commercial hotels, El Paso is losing many of its most famous taverns of the good, old days."

* * *

Dr. P. M. Carrington, of the United States public health service, is in El Paso en route to his new station at San Diego, Cal. Dr. Carrington is the man who took old Fort Stanton, an abandoned military post, and converted it into the present modern tuberculosis sanatorium. He was stationed there for eight years and has many friends in El Paso. "I notice wonderful growth in El Paso since I left here a few years ago," said Dr. Carrington today, "but that is typical of the west. Everywhere, it is growing very fast. The right kind of people have things in charge." Dr. Carrington will, in addition to his duties as public health officer for the government at San Diego, have charge of the work of sanitation at the San Diego exposition. Dr. Carrington was a boyhood school mate of secretary of treasury McAdoo. Both of them went to school to Dr. Carrington's father.

* * *

Eugene Harris has a good joke on a member of the Texas legislature. Eugene met the member and his wife quite often during the regular session and when they went back to the special session, this particular member came without his wife—it was too hot in Austin, she thought. When the session was almost over, she came over to Austin for a few days and the member told Mr. Harris that the wife had arrived. "I'll fix you, all right," said "Gene," who loves a joke as well as he loves a pretty girl; "I'm going to spend the rest of the day thinking up things to tell her that you did while you were here by yourself."

That afternoon he met the brother lawmaker and his wife on the street. As he saw them coming, Mr. Harris noticed the lawmaker talking to his wife rather earnestly.

When they shook hands, the lawmaker's wife asked Mr. Harris: "How has my husband been during the session; what has he been doing?"

"Oh,' he has been the finest man I ever knew—lonesome and all the time talking about his wife, how he missed her and how he wished she would come on to Austin," said Mr. Harris.

"Usually such talk makes a woman smile, but not so with the wife of my friend," said Eugene, in relating the story. "Instead, her face clouded a bit and she replied: 'He just told me as we saw you coming, not to believe a thing you told me about him.'"

ABE MARTIN

Love is blind an' often tas'eless. Tell Binkley has joined th' Ford club.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1899.

Mrs. Ennis returned from Albuquerque today.

A. P. Wilson left this morning for Los Angeles.

J. D. Charles left over the G. H. today for San Antonio.

R. H. Pierce came down from Alamogordo Saturday.

Mrs. E. C. Houghton came up from Corralitos last night.

J. B. Lea returned from a business trip to Roswell today.

Charles Whiting arrived in the city this morning from Albuquerque.

Mrs. M. E. Bruck returned from a trip down the valley this morning.

Mrs. H. M. Mundy and mother went up to Chamberino, N. M., this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Weber left by way of the S. P. for San Francisco today.

Solomon Wolf left today for Champaign, Ill., where he will attend school for the coming year.

W. G. Van Vleck, general manager of the G. H., arrived here yesterday in his private car en route to California.

H. W. Darr, former blacksmith for the El Paso and Northeastern railway, has taken a like position with the government at San Carlos, Ariz.

Considerable discussion has been indulged in during the past few days regarding the proposed change of the Sheldon building into a first class hotel equipped with all modern improvements.

The First National bank commenced suit against E. C. Roberts, president of the Rio Grande Dam and Irrigation company, yesterday afternoon in the district court, to recover $500 alleged to be due on a promssory note.

Capt. John O'Kieffe, of the newly organized military company, requests that every member be present at the court house Tuesday evening. It is essential for the interests of the organization that everyone be present.

The following will participate in a program for a service to be given at the Presbyterian church Sunday evening: H. T. Walz, Mrs. W. D. Howe, Miss Maud Doane, Messrs. Parker, Hunter, McClintock and Buckler, and Miss Jennie Walz.

The county commissioners' court met this morning with all officers present except commissioner W. J. Harris. On motion of commissioner A. Courchesne, it was ordered that John H. Spark be appointed constable for district No. 8, to fill the unexpired term of Ames Green, resigned.

Under the new management, the G. H. hose team promises to be quite an organization. Joe Grant, the new manager, is already making arrangements for his team to join the local volunteer fire department. Joe is anxious to have the midwinter carnival committee offer a prize for a hose team race.

The Superior Mining company is the name of a new corporation composed of about 15 of El Paso's representative business men. The company will meet tonight to complete its organization adn elect officers and in all probability D. W. Reckhart will be elected president. The property is valued at $100,000. The names of those composing the new company are: D. W. Reckhart, George Ross, H. B. Charman, John Julian, W. S. McCutcheon, D. M. Payne, Jerry Wines, W. T. Hixson, John Dean, J. T. Logan, J. J. Watts, Fred Schaeffer, John Bruck and J. J. O'Conner.

Amid much enthusiasm, the organization of the El Paso military company, was perfected at a meeting held at the courthouse this afternoon. John O'Keeffe, who was first lieutenant in captain Juan Hart's company of immunes, was unanimously elected captain. Constant Cordier was elected lieutenant. George J. Dwyer was unanimously elected second lieutenant. Dave Robinson was appointed acting first sergeant. The oath was administered to the men by county judge J. R. Harper. The company now has 41 stalwart young men on its roster.

The El Paso team won from the G. H. aggregation this afternoon at the new Athletic association ball park by the score of 5 to 3. Juan Hart umpired the game, which went 10 innings. The G. H. boys played good ball up to the eighth inning, when they allowed El Paso to score one run. The second game resulted in the score of 4 to 3 in favor of the Browns against the El Paso team. Lineups: G. H., Schauer, Lucas, Bryant, Zuehlke, Powell, Richardson, Delaney, Kelly, Chris; El Paso, Paul, Bahney, Jacoby, Beall, Galvin, White, Edwards, O'Keeffe, Sullivan; Browns, Chris, Bryant, Schauer, Zuehlke, Rand, Gooch, Richardson, McGonigal, Powell.

Dust of Columbus Scattered

If Santo Domingo Cabinet Is Authentic, Eight Different Places Have Some of the Explorer's Remains.

By Frederic J. Haskin

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 11.—That any question arose as to the identity of the casket supposed to contain the ramins of Columbus, or that the verity of the one now reposing in Seville was ever doubted, is due to the fact that in 1877 the cathedral at Santo Domingo had to be repaired. The repairs were in charge of the Rt. Rev. Fr. de Roque Cocchia, Apostolic delegate to Santo Domingo, and the Rev. Fr. Xavier Billini, vicar of the cathedral. While these repairs were being made, father Billini found a vault containing a box of lead on the epistle, or left side, of the altar. After waiting for the return of the bishop, who was absent from the city, he opened the vault in the presence of a large number or people. He found upon the cover of the lead box an inscription that showed the remains were those of Louis Columbus the grandson of the discoverer.

On Saturday, September 8, 1877, another coffin was found, which contained the remains of Gen. Ramerez. On the Monday following father Billini found in a vault next to the empty one out of which the Havana remains were taken another coffin of lead. Before making the opening in the wall large enough to withdraw the coffin, he summoned the bishop, and also the Spanish and Italian consuls in Santo Domingo. The bishop had the opening in the wall made larger and found that the coffin was encrusted with lime. Breaking off a piece of this lime, he found the inscription, "P. er A. te," which was translated "Premier Almirante," meaning "first admiral." The doors were closed and locked, and the bishop immediately invited the president, the minister of the interior, and all of the other dignitaries of the city and state and all the representatives of foreign governments to be present when the leaden casket should be opened and the examination of its contents made. Several notaries were present to report the proceedings. On the exterior of the lid was found the following inscription: "B. de la Perate." Inside of it was found the inscription, "Iltro y esd varon don Cristoval Colon."

Think Bones Those of Discoverer.

The physicians present reported that the remains consisted of a femur, a fibula, radius, clavicle, an ulna and sacra, five complete and three incomplet ribs, several vertebrae, fragments of the lower jaw, and a leaden ball weighing a little less than an ounce. There were also two screws and a lot of dust in the casket. Upon the decision that the inscriptions on the inside afforded satisfactory proof that the remains were, in truth, those of the discoverer, a salvo of 21 guns were fired, the military bands of the republic played martial airs and the general pealing of the bells of the city told the story to the inhabitants.

Dust is Given Away.

During the examination there fell on the carpet some dust of the remains. This was gathered up and put in a glass vial and sent to Genoa by the Italian consul, where it now rests. The architect in charge of the work of repairing the cathedral was Jesus Maria Castrillo. He gathered up some of the dust and put a bit of it in a crystal locket, which he presented to Mrs. Epes Sargent. He also presented a bit of the dust to G. W. Stokes, of New York, who placed it in three lockets; one of which he gave to Castrillo, another of which he presented to the Lenox library, in New York, keeping the last one for himself. Later the archbishop got some of the dust, a part of which he presented to Pope Leo, and divided the remainder between himself and the university of Pava, where Columbus attended school.

In Eight Different Places.

It will thus be seen that, if the ashes at Santo Domingo are those of the discoverer, bits of his remains are to be found in no less than eight different places.

When the examination of the remains was made, the statement of the facts as drawn up by the notaries was signed by all the dignitaries present. There was an incident, however, which was not mentioned in this statement. The Spanish consul, after a moment's consultation with the German consul, made an extemporaneous statement in which he said in part: "Sir, the contents of the tomb just discovered being the veritable remains of the first admiral of the ocean, of which fact no doubt whatever is admissible, you should agree with me that their presence here is due either to the perpetration of a horrible crime of substitution, or else to an error occurring in the axhumation of 1795."

Consul Loses His Position.

He added that under these circumstances it was the duty of the Santo Domingo authorities to return them to Spain, and that if those remains could by some miracle speak, they would say, "Consul, let us away to our own Spain!" The Spanish government removed him for thus recognizing the authenticity of the Santo Domingo casket.

After the first examination of the casket, it was sealed and locked and carried through the streets in procession to the church of La Riena de los Angeles, where it was placed pending the completion of the cathedral. On the first anniversary of the discovery of the remains, a second examination of the contents of the casket was made. The seals were examined with magnifying glasses to make sure that it had been in no way tempered with since its removal from the cathedral. At this examination there was found in the casket under the dust, a small, thin, silver plate with two holes in it, which exactly fit those in the lid of the casket and the screws which were found in the first examination.

On one side of this silver plate was the inscription "Cristoval Colon," made in a very crude manner. The writer had started to write Cristoval with an "h" after the initial "C," but not wishing to use another plate or to heat this one again, seems to have turned on the other side and there written the inscription which translated means, "The last part of the remains of the first admiral, Cristoval Colon, the discoverer." It is to be added that on the leaden case itself were the letters, "C. C. A.," which are said to stand for "Cristoval Colon, Almirante."

When the news reached Spain, that country decided to make an investigation to determine the authenticity of the ashes in the Santo Domingo cathedral. It referred the whole question to the Spanish academy of history, declaring that it would be left to science to determine the issue. Without seeing the remains in Santo Domingo, the Spanish historians declared that they were not authentic, and that those resting in Havana were the real "mortal dust" of the great discoverer. It is to be said, however, that there was no inscription on the box taken to Havana, or inside of it, and that the notary who certified to the contents of the box did not in so many words certify that they were the remains of Columbus.

Tomorrow—Attitude of Santo Domingo on Columbus's Bones.

MUST BE MEMBER OR HAVE POLICY TO PARTICIPATE

Austin, Texas, Sept. 11.—It is held by the attorney general's department in opinion to the industrial accident board, that an employer, to receive the benefits of the employes's compensation act, must either become a member of the Texas Employers' Insurance association or carry a policy in some insurance company which has been licensed under the act and that an employer has the right of election to either become a member of the Employers' Insurance association or to take out a policy with the licensed company.

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

QUITE a number of El Paso boys and girls have birthday anniversaries today. Willie Cole and Abram Larsen are the oldest. They are 16 years of age today.

Two of the youngest El Pasoans who have birthday celebrations today are Emile Payne and Cecile Chester, who are 8 years of age. Willie Dee Randolph is 6.

Others who celebrate today and their ages, are:

Gertrude Filler, 12.	Maud Rhodes, 10.
Robert Hanna, 13.	Adolf Moller, 10.
Tim Cude, 11.	May Haws, 10.
Christina Adams, 12.	Irene Moyer, 15.
Adolf Brockmoller, 10.	Julieta Flores, 13.

Whose birthday anniversary do you suppose it will be tomorrow? It may be your playmate—boys and girls—and you may not know it. Watch The Herald tomorrow and see.

The Herald is going to print the names of every boy and girl in El Paso on the anniversary of their birth. Hereafter, the publication will continue every day, until the name of every boy and girl appears in the columns of The Herald. Watch for the lists every day.

If any boy or girl is overlooked, The Herald will be glad to add their names next day if they will phone in about it.

Alfred the Great

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

ALFRED THE GREAT of England, was one of the earliest recorded instances of the benefits of a college education.

Alfred was the son of a king and would have become a king if he had never known how to spell at all. But that would not have helped glue him firmly to the pages of history. Being a king in those days was being only a poor insurance risk. If a king in Alfred's time grew up to the age of 16 without being stabbed by some dissatisfied nobleman he was doing extraordinarily well.

Alfred knew at an early age that he was doomed to become a king but it did not discourage him. He went right on accumulating knowledge just as if he intended to live to a good old age. Not content with graduating in swordsmanship and other statesmanlike studies he learned to play the harp and to read and write, which was consideed a very raddy business in the ninth century when Alfred lived. Then he went to Italy and learned Italian, French, Latin, poetic composition, drawn work and sight singing. By the time death had overtaken his father and three brothers and left him a king he was the most learned monarch in his part of the world and could talk for hours in words averaging two syllables.

"The Danes had made it necessary for English kings to sleep in trees."

At that time England was not much of a country and was conquered regularly by every passerby. For many years it had been infested with Danes. The Danes were a crude, coarse folk, who licked their fingers when eating instead of wiping them daintily on their robes; but they were great fighters and had made it necessary for English kings to sleep in trees for safety for several reigns past. But Alfred, while he was a scholar, was no dude. Taking his harp and his broadsword he led his army forth and tackled the nearest flock of Danes. For years he fought. Sometimes he had the upper hand and sometimes the Danes would wipe out his army and make it necessary for him to reign under an assumed name in the tall timber for months at a time. But in the end he booted the Danes out of England, and ruled in peace.

Alfred did not go on and try to conquer the world when he had won this war, but settled down and ruled with great wisdom. He encouraged education and justice and made England so safe that the commonest man could get a living without fear of being hanged for it without due trial. For this reason he was called Great. He died 1012 years ago and no English king has yet succeeded to his title.—(Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams).

The Cheery Smile

By Walt Mason

It isn't hard to smile and sing on mellow days of fall or spring, when skies are bright and sunny; a man in comfort then can stroll, and kick his heels and caracole, and be quite pert and funny. It's easy then to scatter jokes, and say to grouchy, gloomy folks, "If you've a grief, behead it;" we all are optimists in May, and many cheerful things we say, and claim all kinds of credit. But when grim August burns the air, what kind of smile do you then wear to cheer the people? Are your remarks still safe and sane, or would your language jar the vane from off the steeple? The optimist most worthy fame is he who plays his joyous game when weather's frightful; who smiles serenely through his sweat, and says, "These days, already yet, are most delightful!" But where, oh where's this noble gent who won't confess to discontent, who smiles and chortles? I fear me much he's in his grave: he was too radiant and brave to dwell with mortals.—Copyright, 1913, by George Matthew Adams.

FIFTY VETERANS OF G. A. R. SEE JUAREZ

Thursday morning 50 old veterans of G. A. R. passed through El Paso, enroute from California to Chattanooga, Tenn., to attend the national convention of the Grand Army of the Republic. The old veterans visited Juarez and saw the sights of El Paso, some of them going out to Fort Bliss to see the post while they were here. They are making the trip over the Southern Pacific line.

A Girl and Her Mother

The Daughter Who Listens to Mother Will Never Get Into Trouble She's Ashamed of.

By Beatrice Fairfax

Dear Miss Fairfax:

My mother won't let me and my chum go to picture shows unless she goes too, and it makes me so mad. My chum's mother is a nice woman and she lets my chum go alone all right. What can I do to make mother listen to reason? The other night I stayed late at my chum's house, and she acted as if I had broken all the Ten Commandments. It makes me so ashamed I don't know what to do.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

ASHAMED, are you—ashamed of your mother because she has care enough and love for you enough to make you take decent care of yourself?

Go right on being ashamed, little girl, but be ashamed of yourself this time.

You need some kind of emotion to straighten out your sadly mixed ideas. What do you suppose your mother "acts that way" for?

To spite you?

She hates the sight of you, I suppose, and takes that way to "get even."

It's a way mothers have—she doesn't do a thing for you, does she—never sits up late finishing a frock for you so that you will look as fresh and pretty as any of the girls?

Never goes without a new hat herself so you can have the sweet thing you are just dying for.

Never sits up waiting for you when her head aches, and she'd give a year of her life for a good long sleep?

Never makes a cake for you, when she hates the very sight of a cake pan?

Never stayed up all night with you when you were ill? Never thinks of you during the day—just lives for herself, doesn't she—and wants to keep you a perfect prisoner—to "get even" with you for being younger than she is?

That's your view of it, is it? Well, little girl, you're wrong, all wrong.

Wrong from beginning to end, and from start to finish. You've got just one good friend in all the world, and that friend is that mother of yours.

She'll stick to you no matter what you do, or how you do it. The rest will laugh and have fun with you as long as you're amusing. Get sick a week or so.

Wear an old frock two or three times. Let them see you in a pair of shabby shoes, and it will be "Goodby, little girl. We're awfully sorry, but"——

And you will have to run right home to mother, and she won't even know whether you're well dressed or not, whether you look "smart" or old fashioned; you're just her lonesome, sad little daughter to her, and she'll take you into her arms and comfort you and stand by you and love you, when every one else in the world gives you the cold shoulder.

Moving pictures—can't you live a minute without them? What if you never went to a "show" again as long as you lived, what of it? Can't you see how foolish you are?

No?

Well, then, mother, here's wisdom to you and sharp eyes and a strong and faithful heart; you'll need it before you are through with wilful little daughter, and I hope neither you nor the chum who has so much "freedom" will never run home to mother with your heart broken, little girl—you won't, if mother can help it. Your chum—well, she'll have to take her chances. Her mother doesn't seem to know how to look after her.

HEREFORD MAN SHIPS FIVE CARS OF ALFALFA TO DALLAS

Hereford, Tex., Sept. 11.—R. H. Norton, of this place, has shipped five carloads of alfalfa hay in the last few days from his farm here to grain dealers at Dallas.

GOOPS

By GELETT BURGESS

SIBYL HAIGHT

I wonder if you
sit up straight,
Or crouch and slouch
like Sibyl Haight?
To see her huddled,
cuddled, there,
You'd think she'd melted
in her chair!
Don't be a Goop,
and slide and slump!
Do sit up straight—
not in a lump!

Don't Be A Goop!