

Morning Noises

AT EARLY morn one's sleep seems best, and man would get all kinds of rest, if silence would obtain; but at the first faint peep of day the world wakes up and gets too gay, and beds are all in vain. In town the milkman comes along and makes a racket with his gong, while drowsy people swear; and wagons rattle through the streets, and newboys shriek the morning sheets, and noise is everywhere. And so the man who fain would sleep just hands out curses large and deep, and sighs: "I'll leave the town; I'll seek the quiet countryside where man, when tired and heavy-eyed, can hold some slumber down." So to some bosky dell he speeds, convinced "twain is gray, he hears the hoot and grunt and bray; and in the morn, when dawn is gray, he hears the hoot and grunt and bray; all the barnyard herds. The cows are bawling passing well, the frisky mules rear up and yell, the porkers voice their woe; the goats, the guinea hens, the geese get busy and disturb the peace, the bughouse roosters crow. And in the dawn, cold and bleak, the victim swears in French and Greek, in Gaelic and low Dutch; he swears in dead and living tongues, and, though he wears out both his lungs, it doesn't help him much.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.) —WALT MASON.

Cooperation On This Border

FROM DOUGLAS, ARIZ., comes a bit of news of international importance, as well as significance to our own people right here at home. It is an innocent looking bit of routine newspaper reporting, and yet its import is tremendous. Agua Prieta, Sonora, Mex., just across the international line from Douglas, Ariz., and almost a part of the same town, had a case of smallpox, and the sanitary conditions were reported to be very bad. Agua Prieta is in the hands of the Carrancista forces.

To protect the people of Douglas, a strict quarantine was put on by the local officials, pending a general cleanup in Agua Prieta. A committee from Douglas waited on the authorities of Agua Prieta and stated the position of the people of Douglas, explaining that none but the friendliest feelings existed and that the bars would be lifted just as soon as it seemed safe to do so. Suggestions were made toward improving conditions in Agua Prieta, which the comisario of Agua Prieta promised to adopt at once.

Then came the act of international and neighborly good sense and friendship that ought to make some of the fire eaters on the border ashamed of themselves. The comisario or director of local government in Agua Prieta, Mex., asked the city health officer of Douglas, Ariz., to take charge of the situation and direct the work of cleaning up the Mexican town and putting things in shape so that unrestricted intercourse between the neighbor cities might be resumed.

Dr. Randall of Douglas accepted the proposition, and the comisario from that moment has rendered every assistance in the work of improvement. The rules suggested by Dr. Randall have been posted in Spanish and rigidly enforced, ample precautionary measures have been taken, and the little Mexican town is undergoing transformation.

Wholesale fumigation was followed by thorough cleaning and the collection and burning of all rubbish and garbage. Over 1200 children in the Mexican schools were vaccinated, and the police were sent out to round up all the children not in school and present them for vaccination. The 190 soldiers in the garrison were vaccinated.

The "Constitutionalist" consul in Douglas, Sr. Lelievre, says: "The people of Agua Prieta are not in a bad humor as a result of the action of the Douglas authorities. They realize that the American officials merely wish them to observe the same health laws that you observe on the north side of the line. They are doing everything required, including the absolute isolation of the one patient, and they hope that the health board will see its way clear to raise the quarantine in a few days."

What a splendid example of real cooperation is this. The cities cannot be moved; it is necessary for the Americans and Mexicans on the border to live together in close association; why is it not better to live together in perfect amity and concord, agree on all necessary rules and customs, and remove all causes of friction?

Douglas and Agua Prieta have set an example that might profitably be followed in all international relations on this continent. The United States can afford to render the neighbor republics all the disinterested assistance they need to make them conform to the standards of other nations whose experience, necessity, and large financial means have made it possible to establish certain wise and progressive codes of social life. In no sense does one of these republics lower itself or sacrifice its dignity when it accepts such aid in the spirit in which it is offered, and in the spirit which marks the cooperative relation of the two cities on the Arizona border.

Edison, who has just celebrated his 67th birthday anniversary, says he has just begun to learn and just begun to work. He finds 67 a pleasant, fresh, hopeful, promising, energetic time of life.

He Means Well

"PRESIDENT WILSON," says the London Spectator, "has become the sport of events, but the excellence of his motives remain unquestioned. Among the havoc and anarchy they have created, as though to prove his singleness of purpose he is much more patient of the deaths of Americans in Mexico than of the death of one Englishman."

And in so saying, the Spectator has expressed the thought that is very much in the minds of all Americans who have kept closely in touch with the events of the last three years in Mexico and on the border. It is literally true that more stew has been raised by our government over the Benton case than over the gun total of all outrages against Americans and American property in Mexico since the revolutionary period began. It is a situation not altogether flattering to American pride. The incident has a tendency to strengthen the belief in the minds of many Mexicans, and of many foreigners doing business in Mexico, that the United States will not look after its people, but that England will.

Secretary Bryan in a recent published statement in the magazine "Export American Industries," asserts that "the main part of the government's work in Central and South America is in the encouragement of such investments as can be legitimately made by Americans interested in the development of these countries." But the "new Americanism," the "new freedom" of Bryan and Wilson, serves notice upon Americans that they cross an international border at their peril, and that their claim on their own home government ceases the instant they take that government's advice and seek "legitimate investments" or a new home in a foreign flag.

In the same article, secretary Bryan says, "It may take some time to convince all of the people of Latin-America of this nation's disinterested friendship." It certainly will, at the rate we are going. We are even headed in the wrong direction, and it is a long trek to infinity and back.

Cooperative Automobiling

COOPERATIVE automobiling is the latest thing; either to go in caravans, sharing only the current expense, or pooling the entire expense, buying cars, hiring chauffeurs, getting prices for hotel lodgings for a party, and each paying an equal share of the expenses.

Twelve Californians have started from New York in a cooperative party, buying machines and hiring chauffeurs there for a long trip through the south ending at Galveston where they will sell the machines and send the drivers to New York, and then divide the whole expense. It is very jolly, it promotes good fellowship. Since the days of the Canterbury pilgrims, travelers going the same way, resting at the same inns, seeing the same sights, meeting the same folks and adventures, but always with different eyes and different minds, have made travel delightfully piquant and vibrant and profitable.

One-Sentence Philosophy

QUAKER MEDITATIONS. (Philadelphia Record.)
There's no place like home—to the man who hasn't any.
Trouble isn't sensitive, but at the same time it hates to be laughed at.
The man who stands in his own light imagines the whole world is dark.
One of the great secrets of success is to let the other fellow take the chances.
No woman, dear; it doesn't necessarily take a sharp featured woman to look daggers.
The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her may be right, but she is apt to be left, too.
Society soon writes trying to make a lion of a man who persists in making an ass of himself.
It is possible to have too much of a good thing," remarked the Wise Guy.
"Yes," agreed the Simple Man. "The dog with the shortest tail runs the least danger in having his cans tied to it."
It was in the restaurant. "What will Mary have?" asked the man who was giving the order. "Hire a coach," replied Mary. Needless to say, she was a girl who believed in living up to the letter of the traditions.

No Free Music; Prosecution If You Play and Don't Pay

Union of Composers and Authors Will See to That—Hotel Victoria to Disappear in New York—Gossip of Gotham People and Place.
—By GOTHAM KNICKERBOCKER.

NEW YORK, March 2.—All music—opera, chamber, ragtime—is to be dispensed by a trust. This is the meaning of the organization of the Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers, which seems to have attracted little attention in the public prints, but is going to be a big factor in public life, let me tell you.

In Squashtown, Mo., for example, the band may be sending the air with the music from the local of Lammont, America, Dixie, the Blue Danube, and Tales from Hoffmann. A voice "in legend." "Can't you give us something modern?" A bit from "The Girl With the Radium Eyes," or some other Broadway hit? Sure, the conductor will oblige. He runs it to the delight of Squashtown. Next morning the conductor receives an imposing legal document. It informs him he has grievously wronged a certain composer, a certain lyric author and a certain publisher. And these three, backed by the Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers, is therefore suing for him. He hadn't paid his little royalties, and the selection from "The Girl With the Radium Eyes" when the band struck up, you see.

The "professional copy" graft is declared officially and legally dead. Hereafter everyone must pay, and this means you. The Society of A. C. & P. believes it can pay the hat to the tune of \$1,000,000 in New York city alone every year.

Look out for the A. C. & P! If you would see a modern miracle these days, go down to West Twenty-third street. Two years—indeed, one year—ago this section was a big restaurant. Suddenly these either failed or went scampering to a Fifth avenue section three-quarters of a mile northward. Now what in the world are the real estate men doing but transplanting the wholesale glass and china district bodily from two miles southward down on West Broadway and the like, to the abandoned niche of the retailers?

New York is one place where it is a poor day in the week when some new swindling trick is not uncovered. The latest is the railroad folder rack beggar. I was standing in the Belmont Hotel when I saw a fellow in a tattered, worn, and faded suit, wearing a tall well dressed stranger, wearing a sandy Van Dyke beard, leaning up to me.

Let the Doc Do It. "London wants president to act," says a headline. London will probably be disappointed. Acting is more in the line of the secretary of state.

The Wrong Step. Senator Keiser says there is too much tango in Washington. Let him strike out, "tango" and substitute "hesitation."

Adding a New Terror to Infancy. Cincinnati requires baby carriages to carry lights, a dangerous idea probably will enable auto drivers to see them better at night.

Presumption of Bias. The Illinois judge who barred out the testimony of a bloodhound as to a suspected murderer, probably probably had in mind the famous case of The People of Kentucky vs. Eliza, which was decided in favor of the defendant.

A Good Handy Phrase. "British intervention in Mexico," says the British foreign office, "is futile and impolitic." Which applies also to midwinter surf bathing, the illiteracy test, denouncing the tango, and watchful waiting.

Still, It Was a Compliment. The St. Louis police got all fussed up about Helen Keller's declaration that St. Louis was the most beautiful city in the country. They probably didn't remember that Miss Keller is totally blind.

Montezuma Was Easy. Looking back over history we are inclined to congratulate Mr. Cortes for going to Mexico, and the present crowd got in control there.

All in Good Time, Gentlemen. Lafayette College has an applicant for its president, but objects to Mr. Taft because a Unitarian would make an inappropriate president of a Presbyterian college. Perhaps if the trustees will be patient they will have a chance to get a Presbyterian applicant for their president.

Motto for El Paso Juries. If at first you don't acquit, try, try again.

One Good Upset Deserves Another. Six months after the impeachment court took action to upset Mr. Sulzer, Mr. Sulzer takes action to upset the impeachment court.

And Yet She is Dissatisfied. A wagon loaded with tons of coal dropped into the cellar grocery store of an East Side New York woman. Yet she complained to the police about it! In El Paso one would give thanks.

No. Sir—Can you tell me how I can teach the one step to a centipede? Animal Trainer.

And the Excitement is in Tents. Governor Glynn wants to stop the "four ring circus" of conventions. And yet that is the only way some politicians can get any show at all.

Fashion Note. I never saw a purple wig. Upon a charming fair one. But I'll say this such wig. I'd rather see than wear one. Bellinda.

Maybe You're Right. Sir—Didn't you make a mistake in the name when you attributed to Henry James the authorship of the income tax? It was Jesse James who wrote it.—McB.

Maybe He Carried it to Villa. The man with the message is missing.—Prof. De Witt. Which omission makes us wonder what became of the boy we sent out to get an income tax blank last Friday.

ULTRA VIOLET RAYS EXPLODE DYNAMITE HALF MILE AWAY. Madrid, Spain, March 2.—Ignacio Blasco, an engineer, made a successful experiment with an ultra violet ray apparatus similar to that used by Giulio Elivo, exploding a mine of dynamite buried in the ground at a distance of a half mile. He claims that with his invention he can explode the marauders or watchmen or the guards of tanks of aeroplanes and dirigible balloons.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"A N orange is a little thing compared to the wide world, but one came near causing me a world of trouble at the international bridge Saturday," said Henry Estinghmann of St. Louis, who is a wholesale jewelry dealer traveling through the southwest for the fun of it. "I went over the bridge with some friends to buy some oranges. I bought two boxes of oranges each. I ate one coming back, as we walked to get the oranges. At the American end of the international bridge I was stopped by a customs inspector and asked if I had anything purchased or acquired in Mexico, other than some postcards and oranges, one of which I had eaten. He took the remaining one and destroyed it. I could hardly understand why this was done. W. T. Hixson, my friend here, could not tell me, and I hurried to The Herald for information. Why was it done?"

The explanation given by customs men is that the department of agriculture has vainly been trying to get oranges because of the orange worm which has infected the Mexican citrus fruit. The oranges have been given against allowing the fruit to be brought into the country in lunch boxes or sacks, as it is considered even more dangerous than the oranges themselves. A California orange grove and infect the entire grove.

"What El Paso needs is advertising," said George W. Montgomery manager of the Fair store in Chicago and one of the biggest advertisers in the city. "You have been getting the publicity from this Mexican war stuff for three years. It is time to begin to advertise yourself to everyone who stops here, and you have all of the making in Chicago or the east. They think that it is unsafe to stay here and they laugh at me for coming here to spend my money. That is the reason of adverse publicity. Get the right kind placed, advertising as a follow up campaign. El Paso will grow like a country boy on a sausage and wheat cake diet. I have been coming here for the last six years on my annual mid-winter trip. You have a climate that beats San Antonio three ways from the ace. Put it on paper, tell the world, and you will begin to sell your goods, which are your lands, lots and homes. Advertise—it pays."

"I am ready to go out on my demonstration run," said Bill Stewart, who will drive the auto police patrol at the speed laws. The auto is out of the shop. It is now in the hands of the painters and should be finished by the middle of March. I do not know whether the speed laws will apply to us or not. Of course, on emergency calls, I should not think that they would."

"I have two bad humors for you. Send over some extra deputies," was Capt. Garner's "phone message" to the sheriff's department Saturday afternoon. Deputy sheriff Stanley Good, Jr., arrived with an extra pair of heavy handcuffs, was sent to the police station. "Here are the gunmen," said Sheriff Good, "and they are Benigno Guerra and Angel Gonzalez, aged about 14 years each. When the two boys were arrested by the police Saturday afternoon, they had a .22 caliber pistol taken from each."

"Give me El Paso every time in preference to any other Texas city," said Tom York, who returned Saturday night from his long vacation. Tom York stopped over in San Antonio on his return from Gateville, intending to spend several days there, but when he saw how it was raining and how sloppy the city was, he began to think about dry climates and old El Paso. I visited several of the other cities, all of which were boasting of great strides in a progressive way, but I could not see why any of them had anything on El Paso. I find that with almost every El Pasoan when he leaves El Paso, he wants to come back."

"It is just about time for us to be ordered away, as our camp is now completely finished, and it is time to go," said Maj. W. S. Graves, commanding officer of the third battalion, 20th infantry. "I have been the luckiest of the other battalions in the regiment to have to move as soon as they had got nicely settled, so we are wondering if that is going to be our luck, too. We think we have a pretty nicely arranged camp. Now that the embargo on arms has been lifted and the battalion relieved of the bridge duty, it has relieved us of the most arduous part of our work."

Will Pruitt, from Fort Davis, and Thos. Fanning, commissioner of Indians under the Ontario government at Hamilton, Ont., are leaving for California today in Pruitt's new seven passenger Chalmers car. Mr. Fanning has been visiting his two nephews, Dr. B. J. and Fanning G. Stevens, 1281 Arizona street, since the last winter in El Paso and it is convinced that it beats Florida for a delightful climate. He has spent the winter in both climates. "All El Paso wants is boating and it will have a great future," he declared today.

GOOPS

By GELETT BURGESS

"I have tried for years to induce Aunt Julia to dispose of her cows and engage in some business that isn't under suspicion. Everybody in this town thinks that the milkman's cows are twin sisters to the old onion bucket that hangs in the well, and there's no use combating the idea. People just sneer at me when I tell them that our cows don't have to be primed before being milked. I get tired of hearing slighting references to our well and stream. Even old Doolittle, who has lived next door to us for years, and knows that Aunt Julia is as straight as a string, insists that he found a live fish in a quart can of milk I delivered to him a week ago."

"People are always getting raw denials because their motives are misunderstood. You remember when Aunt Julia was arrested and fined \$10 for disturbing the peace last summer? It nearly broke her heart for the story got into the newspapers, and she became a celebrity in a day, and people who didn't know the facts said she was a howling Amazon. The truth is that she got into trouble because Mrs. Gewillikens was going around gossiping from our house to another. A dozen untruths were traced to her work, and whenever you stepped outdoors you could see families throwing old hardware and stove wood at each other, over their back fences."

"So one day I decided to put on her war bonnet and said that sort of thing would have to be stopped. She was go-

ing over to see Mrs. Gewillikens and tell her how much mischief she was doing, and try to convince her of the error of her way. I scented trouble from afar, and begged my aunt to attend to her own knitting, but she said she had a public duty to perform, so away she went."

"About half a hour later she came home with a black eye, and while she was explaining to me that Mrs. Gewillikens resented her remarks with a rolling pin, a big fat policeman came to the door and told her she was under arrest. For three days I shadowed that policeman until I found him in a sequestered nook, far from the mad crowd's ignoble strife, and there I punched his head in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. And after I had done it, I began to think that it was a mistake. The policeman's motives were all right. He was merely performing his duty, so I went around to him to apologize, but before I could say a word he dotted me one with his hardwood club, and my head has been ringing ever since. So you see how we are always misjudging each other."

EDISON MAKING TRIP TO INSPECT PUMPING PLANTS. W. R. Edison, president of the Alamo commercial cmm., were en route to Deming, N. M., to inspect a number of pumping plants. The Alamo commercial cmm. is a company which Mr. Edison is manager, is planning to install a power plant for producing pumping power and is investigating the various types of pumps and plants in operation through the southwest.

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

THREE holidays in succession and a birthday anniversary to boot! Fortunate young folks, you say, but this depends. Freedom from restraint can be abused. It is the same with states and nations as with individuals. Liberty meant growth and marvelous development to the 13 colonies. Independence day means much to Texas; but it is because the freedom for which the people fought has been made the opportunity for advancement. The story of the years might have been very different.

- Among the El Paso boys and girls born on March 2 are:
- Frank Oldman, 17.
 - Lola Robertson, 16.
 - Harry Pozil, 17.
 - Geneva Patton, 12.
 - James Akery, 10.
 - Earl Brown, 16.
 - Ida Hunter, 15.
 - Jennie Mae Jensen, 16.
- Sunday's birthday anniversary list included:
- Clara Long, 15.
 - Emmett Smith, 9.
 - Floyd Kelly, 10.
 - Hettie Doylan, 14.
 - Beatrice Dale, 10.
 - Ed Roberts, 10.

There is a ticket to the Bijou awaiting each one of the young people in the above lists at The Herald office, given with the compliments of the El Paso Herald.

Dams

BY GEORGE FITCH.
Author of "At Good Old St. Louis."

A DAM is a sort of holding company constructed for the purpose of collecting the surplus of water. Dams are not financial, however. They are built of stone and other materials. A dam can collect as much water as a real holding company, but it cannot sell it into diamond dog collars and limousines so easily.

Dams are built across rivers to their great annoyance and interfere extremely with their progress. After a dam has stopped a river, it allows it to flow through a set of turbines or water wheels, thus making it work. If there was only some way of throwing a dam across our leisure class we might make them work, too.

Building dams is a very difficult and dangerous operation, but not so dangerous as living below them. Living below a dam is as uncertain a proposition as holding office under a hostile administration. This is because dams sometimes break. After a dam has held back billions of tons of water for a good many years, it sometimes gets tired and lets go. Nothing is harder on a town's prospects than to get in the way of a river which has just got away from a large high dam and is going down a valley in such formation 40 feet deep. The companies which operate the dam which let go always express the deepest regret afterward and use more concrete in building. We would hate to be a man who has skipped a little in building a dam. It is not to be envied. A dream in the night that it had broken and put about a dozen ominous enumerators out of a job.

The biggest dam in the world is on the Nile. It is a mile long and so high that the river spends most of the flood season filling the space behind it. Later on, when water is worth a penny a drop, the Assuan dam lets a few million gallons per day trickle down the valley and crop reports of Egypt are taking a big brace.

The next biggest dam is at Keokuk, Iowa. It is a mile long, too, and holds the proud and haughty Mississippi river down to the job of running street cars all over the surrounding states.

The man who owns a large dam does not have to work any more. He has a river working for him and it is more faithful than a horse.—Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

GOOD MOTIVES

Adventures of a Grouch

"THE editor of this paper should be in the penitentiary," objected the professor, as he rolled up his journal and threw it at the out. "He accuses mayor Glick of being a grafter. I have known the mayor many years, and never met a man of higher ideals or purer motives. Nothing is more exasperating than to see a man like this assailed and belittled in this fashion."

"You're handing out the right line of dope, now, professor," said the low browed man. "I've been through the mill, and it's mighty encouraging to know I can count on your sympathy. I'll be glad to see you put your money to the support of our city. For I'm pretty badly discouraged. I delivered a pint of milk to Mrs. Swilling every morning for the past two weeks, and have been expecting her to say something to the effect that it was the best milk she ever saw. You can't realize how a man in my position hungers and thirsts for a word of praise or appreciation. Selling milk is a thankless job and I've been hoping for years that some customer would buy me a sunny smile or a cheering word. I had the idea that Mrs. Swilling would, for she's a good natured looking woman."

"But this morning when I went to the door she met me with a face that looked like the arc to Deming, and asked me whether we used chalk or plaster of paris in our milk. She said there was a white sediment a quarter of an inch thick at the bottom of the milk pitcher every day. What can I say, or say when asked such a question? No matter what argument he puts up, the anxious inquirer laughs him to scorn. So I merely gave her a reproachful glance and turned away without saying a word."

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ABE MARTIN



New York city gets th' best o' ever-thing—even strangers. You don't have t' be on th' water wagon t' notice th' days gittin' longer.