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

EL PASO HERALD
Editorial and Magazine Page
Monday, April Sixth, 1914.

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The Circus

THEY grease the circus wagons now, and exercise the spotted horses, and curry down the sacred cow—and this a harbinger of course is. In training are the acrobats, those dauntless neck-and-shoulder riskers; the clowns invest in steeple hats, and sacrifice their winter whiskers. Full soon the own and only show will set forth from its winter quarters, and we shall to the big tent go, and take our wives and aunts and darters. I've lived on earth a hundred years, and most things weary me and bore me, but every time the show appears, a glad sensation travels o'er me. I'll never be so beastly old that I unmoved can see the circus, with chariots red and gold, and flimflam gents who deftly work us. I like to watch the lion track around his lair in futile rages, to see the camel and the yak, the bughouse monkeys in their cages. I like to see the hippo swim like mermaid, in the dirty water, then turn a fond admiring glim upon the warthog and the otter. Without the circus genial spring would be a tame and plotless story; so come, oh, circuses, and bring red lemonade and peanuts hoary.

—WALT MASON.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.)

Right Advertising For El Paso

NO ONE can calculate, or even guess, the tremendous value of such a newspaper as the El Paso Herald to its community by way of always spreading accurate news about the home city, interpreting it for the absent reader, and keeping up the work of intelligent publicity every day with no let-up. One wonders sometimes just what impression of El Paso the outsider gets from his reading. It is true that every issue contains some material designed to convey to him just the information he is after about some phase of El Paso life and southwestern life. It is also true that the ordinary news and comment of a day necessarily now and then carry some matters not particularly flattering to the city's pride. But on the whole, it is fair to assume that the regular daily issues of The Herald pretty accurately reflect the doings and thinkings, the aspirations and the achievements, of the people of El Paso, and of the rest of the southwest.

So, when the paper receives a letter like that we are about to quote, it serves to stimulate endeavor toward multiplying such desirable effects. The letter is from a professional man, well known in this city. Says he, in part:

"Paris, Texas, Apr. 2.

"Editor El Paso Herald:

"Please find inclosed my check for $7 in payment for subscription of The Herald from 21 October, 1913, to 21 October, 1914. I read The Herald with much pleasure. It is a great western paper; full of state news, interstate news, and national news.

"Within the next three weeks I expect to visit El Paso for the purpose of locating there in the practice of the law. By reading The Herald I have become convinced that, all things considered—climate, variety of commercial interest, imperial tributary territory, and future possibilities—your city, in natural advantages, is unsurpassed, and she will be one of the great cities of Texas.

"She is the gateway to old Mexico and New Mexico. And the past development in that section as compared with that of the future is as one nugget of virgin gold from an undeveloped mine of unsurpassed resources.

"In addition she is and will be the base of supplies and the distributing point in Texas of a territory greater in its dimensions than that over which the Roman eagles flew in the brightest days of the empire. Mexico is a land full of promise and richly endowed by nature, where providence has scattered with lavish and prodigal hand, its choicest blessing of climate, like that of Italy, soil as fertile as the valley of the Nile, mountains with wombs so pregnant with untold riches, valleys intended to bloom as the garden of Eden under the hand of industry, splendid rivers running wild to the sea so full of hydroelectric power intended to minister to the wants of commerce, splendid harbors whose peaceful bosoms were intended by the Almighty to be the home of some of the world's greatest commerce.

"But reverting back to El Paso: In the last analysis, the spirit and character of the people are the greatest asset of any section, land, or country. And your people have the rich, red blood of the west in their veins, and the health and bouyant spirit of its climate are reflected in the energies, achievements, and ambitions of its people. They are not weakling, physical or mental have-beens in life's effort, or discarded cripples on its lost battle-field."

This man has the vision all right. El Paso can use a lot of his kind. And The Herald will go right on making good El Paso boosters out of the right sort of folks all over the United States.

Three gages must be closely watched by the United States senators now that the canal tolls repeal bill is before them: party lines and party promises, the pulse of the sentiment of the country, and the rise and fall of their own consciences. It is a nice point to decide how much "America first, last, and always," how much a scrupulous honor in our international politics, and how much the way it looks to the voters back home,—how much each consideration weighs.

Women Up In the Air

WHEN A WOMAN wants to fly, nothing can stop her. The world is quite lucky that most of them prefer to bridge or tango, but flying seems particularly luring to the feminine heart. A German bird woman who manufactures airplanes, carries on a school for air pilots, and keeps six flying machines of her own going most of the time, does it in spite of the fact that she broke her legs five times, her nose three times, and her ribs every few days, learning.

She maintains that women fly better than men because they think quicker in emergencies, but they are worse mechanics. They won't bother to do the slower thinking necessary to understand and become familiar with every screw in the machine. Also their unquenchable sentiment keeps them out of the field. She graduates promising young air pilots only to have them go off and get married, in which they do not differ from other clever types of women.

The world was never better fed or better clothed than it is today. This is what factories and railways and steamships and trusts have done. They have made luxury common.

Washington has witnessed more old fashioned oratory and patriotism in the speeches over the canal tolls question than the old city has had in many a year. The eagle shrieked, England was defied, craven hearts were scorned, the flag was waved. The galleries of congress were crowded with women smiling down on the heroes of the debate and it was almost as good as Daniel Webster or Sir Walter Scott for exhilarating grand talk.

Battling For Supremacy

CHESS is a kingly game, and in the old Irish folk stories the great wild heroes of war forgot the battle at the castle gates, forgot beauty waiting in her bower, while they played chess. This April—that sees the United States lashing itself into a splendid patriotic fury over the canal tolls, and sees poor Mexico knee deep in blood—a great chess tournament is to be held in Russia. It will be an international tournament patronized by the czar.

An American champion, who serenely bosses king, queen, knight, bishop, castle, and all, has sailed across the sea to try his moves and strategies against all comers. Chess masters of Russia, England, France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Cuba will play, and the tournament will last three weeks. The masters will give no heed to the games of love, politics, and war that are going on in the world outside their windows, for the game of chess is as absorbing as any of those.

One-Sentence Philosophy

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
(Chicago News)

Two pennies jingle louder than two $10 bills.

Some people prefer songs to real music.

Perhaps the nude truth is a bare statement of facts.

How some men do hate other men because of their superiority.

People with a vivid imagination work the hardest—so they say.

And the silence of a woman is golden because of its scarcity.

Living up to our ideals isn't responsible for the high cost of living.

When a married woman loses her temper her husband is apt to catch it.

Of course you are lucky. Just think of the many times lightning failed to strike you.

JOURNAL ENTRIES.
(Topeka Journal.)

Altogether too mucht is expected of most people.

Why is it that almost every man thinks everybody else's business is more attractive than his own?

A dollar may not go far these days, but it goes fast, which is distinctly in keeping with the speed spirit of the times.

If the candidates for office were able to keep all the promises they make there'd be even more confusion in the world.

Sometimes a girl is mean enough to make a man propose to her so she can enjoy his discomfiture at her refusal.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
(Philadelphia Record.)

The proof of experience is in the after effects.

The leader isn't the man who follows his own inclinations.

You never can tell. Many a man who is thoroughly honest carries an umbrella every time it rains.

Many a fellow keeps his wife guessing who never got off a conundrum in his life.

What a beautiful world this would be if we should all follow the advice we give others.

The Englishman's appreciation of a joke demonstrates that he laughs the next day.

The nearest approach to the perfect woman is the one who succeeds in concealing her imperfections.

GLOBE SIGHTS.
(Atchison Globe.)

Mayhap it has occurred to you that the world is sad enough without wearing mourning.

Women who can't vote can weep, which is more effective as a means for having their own way.

Men have many poor excuses for loafing, but feel that most of them are superior to fancy work.

Time flies so fast that many have already forgotten when motor cars were called horseless carriages.

Playing whist for a cut glass gewgaw is gambling, all right, but you can't convince a man that it is also sport.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

That Would Dispose of Him.

We begin to weary of old Doc Cook. If we had any influence with the administration, which we haven't, we'd try to get him sent as ambassador to Denmark.

Too Rigorous Conditions.

Amundsen will give up his South Polar quest if $200,000 is not raised. Most people would willingly give up such a quest if a quarter of that sum was not raised.

Why This Inconsistency?

"Then I laid down in the Summer house and I must have gone to sleep."—The American Magazine.

What he meant, of course, was "And I must have went to sleep."

It Can't Be Done.

Now let Mr. Wilson try to unscramble the Democratic party!

Canny Prince Henry.

Prince Henry has forbid any speaking at the dinner to be given him in South America. He probably thought Mr. Roosevelt would be present, and Mr. Roosevelt's speeches cost $3,000 apiece.

Innocuous.

Nobody objected to Mr. Bryan's presence in the house gallery during the canal debates. Under the rules he couldn't speak.

Did You Destroy Your Share?

Six thousand five hundred tons of bad food were destroyed in New York last year, most of it by boarders.

Worked Too Long.

The counterfieter who has been sent to prison at the age of 80 should have imitated Carnegie and John D. and stopped making money at 60.

"Not In Our Set."

From a New York Times Editorial—"We desire to do no injustice to the speaker, who is an honest man according to his lights and the standards of the class which he belongs."

Strange Indeed!

Strange that Mr. Bryan doesn't say something about the free and unlimited use of the canal without the aid or consent of any other nation on earth!

This Reads Like a Promissory Note.

T. R. will not be heard from for thirty days.—Rio dispatch.

What's a Poor Rumseller to Do?

A Kansas City liquor dealer who was fined for selling tea in whisky bottles complains that he is jailed for selling liquor and fined for not selling it, and says there is no justice under the Missouri heavens.

As To Joe Bailey.

Ex-senator Bailey says a man has a right to resent with his fists an insult offered him while on the floor of the senate. It is strange how John D. Archbold kept a whole skin during Bailey's incumbency.

Evil to Him Who Evil Sees.

"Walking on Fifth avenue," says a shocked clergyman, "one sees worse spectacles than in a second-class variety theater ten years ago."

If we were as easily shocked as this reverend gentleman we'd try walking on some other street for a time.

Trouble?. Trouble Everywhere.

George V. got in bad with parliament for trying to be king, and congress has got in bad with the president for trying to be the national legislature.

Tombstone 26 Years Ago.

From Tombstone Prospector Files.

"A little ripple of excitement occurred at the Bird Cage last night. A new star suddenly dawned on the amazed audience but the brilliancy of the aforesaid 'star' was suddenly dimmed by the appearance of a police officer who made a 'shooting star' out of the would-be artist.

"The Tombstone boys paralyzed the Emerald lads 37 to 6 yesterday.

"The Citizen says the plug hat craze has reached Tucson.

"For general information we will say that the reason so many marriages are shaky nowadays is because Cupid keeps his arrows in a quiver.

"China is going to retaliate against America by not admitting Americans."

CLAIM OWNER OF WRECKED STORE IS IN CHIHUAHUA JAIL

J. J. Tarin, the owner of the South Stanton street store that was destroyed by an explosion Saturday morning is said to be incarcerated in the Chihuahua jail. Z. S. Whisenhunt, a member of the central fire company, who was left at the scene of the fire until 8 oclock Sunday morning, stated that he was told this by a number of Tarin's friends.

Cleaning Up Peacock Alley In the Waldoff-Astoria Of Crooks

It Takes a Slick Man to Catch Them, but They Are Caught Eventually—Street Life of the Future Crooks of New York an Interesting Study.

By GOTHAM KNICKERBOCKER.

NEW YORK, April 6.—When George W. Boldt, of the Waldorf-Astoria, decided several years ago that he would put an end to the business of numerous individuals who were fleecing his patrons out of several millions a season, he did things thoroughly. He hired Joe Smith, of Scotland Yard, and told him it was worth $25,000 a year to have the famous hostelry cleaned of vermin.

Joe Smith organized a squad of 10 men and women, known to Mr. Boldt and himself about the Waldorf, where they circulate in Fifth avenue clothes. Mr. Smith and his squad have just finished their annual spring clean-up.

Kitty Quick, "lord Harry" Havens, and a third suave man were at the head of the procession of the ejected. They were sorely nettled at being prevented from consummating a plot to sell stock in an imaginary gold mine for $10,000.

A week previous, one of the Smith women agents, passing herself as a shopper who took tea in the Waldorf frequently, observed Kitty, "lord Harry" and three others, two women and a man, very active in entertaining a wealthy patron. They had the plot so far along that the victim was about to consult a "lawyer." She satisfied herself that the lawyer the wealthy patron would consult (of his own volition, as he thought), would be a confederate of "lord Harry," he of the mauve spats and English walking suit, and the elegantly gowned Kitty.

Joe went into his office and studied the Waldorf collection of 5,000 photographs. These show faces of confidence persons, hotel thieves and international crooks and Joe has been 20 years in assembling them. He also looked over the imposing finger print art gallery of the hotel secret service, consisting largely of interesting duplicates from the police headquarters of the metropolises.

Kitty was there and so was Harry. A few hours later a captain of waiters removed from the table at which the confederates were dining a set of glasses of which they had just time to take one sip. He used gloves.

The glasses were soon in Joe Smith's studio. They were dusted with a prepared powder and photographed. Joe smiled.

That afternoon Joe, who is a polished man in appearance as well as in reality, strolled up Peacock alley and met Kitty of the $150 Paris hat.

"Madam," said the Scotland Yard veteran quietly, "the management would like to know your precise business in this hotel?"

Kitty blushed and stamped a dainty slipper.

"An idiotic detective, I suppose," she said.

"A detective," answered Joe. "Quite correct—and as you do not answer my query, I will say further that you must leave the Waldorf immediately or go to jail for about 15 years."

"What have you got on me?" she replied, descending to the vernacular.

"A photograph and two fine sets of finger prints."

She left, dabbing her handkerchief to her eyes. "Lord" Harry and the rest were highly indignant, too. It was all a mistake. But they went, also 15 other persons in various stages of docility.

* * *

Peacock Alley had had its annual spring cleaning.

I have always been much interested in studying the boy life of our streets. The ingenuity of these lads' exploits is appalling. Some of the leaders grow up to be captains of industry and others wear the uniform of Elmira, which, by the way, is a reformatory.

For instance, a gang of 10 or 11 boys, all living in a very restricted area (boys two blocks away are their hereditary foes) divide up two score tenements. Each boy goes through his tenements, knocking at the doors and asking the housewives if there are any orders for groceries.

Some of the women are suspicious (although they need not be because they are not the intended victims), but here and there one will say she needs a cake of soap, or a quart of potatoes, or a new broom.

The members of the gang meet at their "hang-out," and they compare notes. They need three cans of corn, two brooms, ten cakes of soap, etc.

The gang strolls over to a grocery store on Ninth avenue. The leader goes in and asks the grocer for a bottle of ginger ale. This causes the grocer to go to the refrigerator in the rear. The gang sweeps in. They knock over the boxes and the barrels, grab what they can and tear away in different directions. Seldom are they caught.

Then the "orders" are filled. The proceeds are equally divided and the "gang" starts a game of crap or "pitch penny." They gamble until one boy has all the money. He thereby wins the distinctive honor of being leader in the next raid. He divides his "pile" into two equal parts. One half he spends with the "gang." The rest he has the right to squander in the company of a chosen companion.

Is not tis an adventurous life? In the country, the boys would use the same ingenuity in catching muskrats or shooting squirrels. Hemmed in by the city they make the best of their environments.

The Duck

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

THE duck is a sort of nautical hen. It lives on land but acts as if it was inexperienced at the job and flops into the water with a low, contented quack at every opportunity.

The duck cannot sing as sweetly as the hen, which is saying very little indeed. Though its wild relatives are great travelers, it flies about as poorly as an amateur aeroplane. Poets have never celebrated its mother love and have even declined to give it credit for patience, though it sets a week longer than the hen to hatch its young—provided it is that kind of a duck. Neither does it have the business ability of the hen. The hen has convinced us that when she stops laying, humanity will shrivel up and starve. The duck lays an egg twice as large as the hen, but is no sort of a press agent and the price of duck eggs is never quoted.

The duck's one talent is swimming. It swims as gracefully and easily as a life preserver. Where the hen would yell for help and drown, the duck floats gaily off doing nine knots an hour by paddling with its webbed feet. This is because the duck is broad in the beam and designed for marine work. It sits on the water like a side-wheel Mississippi river steamer and attains about the same velocity. The duck is equipped with a waterproof coat of feathers and forms a very pretty sight when it dives under water after a bug, head foremost, its tail pointing toward the zenith and its pink feet doing tango step in the air.

The duck has a broad, flat bill with which it eats bugs, worms, vegetables, garbage, flowers, old newspapers, mud and other articles of diet. It offers a desperate resistance while being prepared for the oven and while being carved afterward, but when plucked, roasted and properly dissected, makes a delicious meal. If it was a better advertiser, it would be immensely popular and would have as much effect on the cost of living in this country as it does in China, where one duck qualifies a family for the income tax.—Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

In China, one duck qualifies a family for the income tax.

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

THERE is nothing like a walk these beautiful spring mornings to start one right on the day. The tonic of the clear atmosphere and the sun, with the exercise to start the blood a-going, all help physically, mentally and spiritually. It would be possible to have a real vacation by taking half an hour a day in the freshness of the morning for a jaunt about town. This might even be a good way to celebrate a birthday anniversary.

The El Paso boys and girls born on April 6 are:

Corwin Ford, 9.	George Van Riper, 9.
George Edwards, 10.	Helen Harris, 11.
James Quinn, 17.	Verne Batson, 14.
Joseph Allard, 10.	Ferd McMahan, 8.

Sunday's record reads:

Guy Livingston, 17.	Ida Rosenblum, 9.
Helen Redding, 15.	Beatrice Gibson, 8.
Frank Durock, 17.	George Martin, 11.
Harold Morrissey, 11.	

The Herald's congratulations and a ticket to the Bijou for each one of the young people named above.

ABE MARTIN

Th' Colonial Bridge club has bought an addin' machine. It seems like th' more incompetant a feller is th' more things he belongs to.

The Daily Novelette

HIS FIRST WORDS.

Our precious child has talked today,
He said, "Oo-goo-goo-boo."
But, say, what language is it pray?
Gee whiz, I wish I knew.

ALL day long she longed for his return, that she might tell him.

At last she heard his well known step coming up the garden walk, and she rushed to let him in.

"Oh, John!" she cried. "The baby can talk!"

"No!" he said, beginning to tremble with joy.

"Yes!" she shouted, throwing her arms about his neck. She had on a pipe organdie and he had never seen her look more fetching.

"He can talk! He can talk!" she cried, and led the way to the nursery. The baby was sitting up in his cradle, wide awake.

"He only knows one sentence, but he has been saying it all day," she said. "Listen."

"Oo goo booda wah," said the baby distinctly.

The father drew a breath of wonder.

"Great Scott!" he breathed, "how does he know that at his age?"

And for three weeks he insisted on buying all the drinks, no matter how large the crowd was.

100 Years Ago Today

EDWARD ELBRIDGE SALISBURY, one of the greatest philologists America has produced, was born in Boston 100 years ago today. He received his A. B. degree from Yale college in 1833 and three years later was graduated from the Yale Divinity school. For several years thereafter he devoted himself to the study of Oriental languages. In 1841 he became professor of Arabic and Sanskrit languages and literature at Yale, which chair had been created for him. In 1870 he presented his unequalled Sanskrit library to Yale. Few Americans have been welcomed to membership in so many of the famous European societies and associations as was Prof. Salisbury. The famous philologist died in New Haven in his 88th year.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"THE city league will not finance another White Sox invasion," said Paul Atkinson, one of the magnates of the local league. "We took the Sox off of the Copper league's hands after the local club of the league had been disbanded. We did it to give the local fans a chance to see the Sox, but we would have turned them down if anyone had known that they were going to sell us the gold brick they did. Our boys played as well as they knew how, and if the Sox had done half as well, you would have seen some good baseball. But they loafed on us and Jimmie Scott did not even come to the grounds in uniform. We are going to give El Paso the best baseball we can during the summer, and I will guarantee that it will be better than that White Sox farce."

* * *

"My magazine sent me to Mexico as an observer, and not as a political theorist," said John Reed, who left Saturday afternooon for New York, after making a trip through rebel Mexico. I try to get into my stories what I see and experience in Mexico nad do not theorize on what may happen. Some stories about Mexico remind me of a story they tell in New York about a well known writer of the old school, who had been writing a series of articles on Cuba, preceding the Spanish war. When the extras anouncing that the first shot had been fired by the American army of invasion, the writer ran through the office tearing his hair and shouting: 'My God, what have I done!'"

* * *

"If there is an El Pasoan who does not love his city, he should have heard the praise of El Paso by Dr. V. A. Young," said judge E. B. McClintock. "Dr. Young's unrestrained admiration for the city would naturally make the man who thought that he did not like El Paso, love the town. It was certainly a pleasure to show a man like that the city. He noticed everything and enjoyed every minute of the trip over the city. As for the streets, Dr. Young said there are none in any c[illegible] city to compare with them. The [illegible]ing in progress in the cit[illegible] source of great surpri[illegible] he confessed it to [illegible] that he had witness[illegible] cities he had visi[illegible] to El Paso. Dr. Y[illegible] so well that he del[illegible] to his home in Den[illegible]sible."

* *

"While some per[illegible] of the saloon bus[illegible] saloonman is enti[illegible]tion," said Charles [illegible] big license and b[illegible] expense in keepi[illegible] The saloonman o[illegible] find, is trying to [illegible] Occasionally one [illegible]lation of the liqu[illegible] cases it is alway[illegible] so as little saloon[illegible] of the city. The [illegible]ren' saloonman, I [illegible] effort to run his [illegible]ance with the law[illegible] fact, they know t[illegible]ford to take any [illegible] slip they make, t[illegible] permit will be re[illegible] into consideration, [illegible] that might be mad[illegible] the law are not equ[illegible] are taken. The sal[illegible] snap. He has this [illegible]tend with, but on t[illegible] the elections, one [illegible] the heels of anothe[illegible] during the election[illegible] trustees' election. [illegible] voting going on in [illegible]cincts, yet every sa[illegible] to close. That wa[illegible] which generally is[illegible] for them."

14 Years A[illegible]

From The Herald[illegible]

Capt. Juan S. Ha[illegible] day from Chihuahu[illegible]

U. S. Stewart, the[illegible] visiting in Albuque[illegible]

A marriage license [illegible] to M. A. Nolan and [illegible]

Mrs. F. Wells Br[illegible] left today for Calif[illegible] summer.

J. A. Eddy came [illegible] from Las Cruces, [illegible] business.

E. C. Wade an[illegible] Young, arrived in t[illegible]ing from Las Cruc[illegible]

Dennis Lane, a [illegible] Queen Victoria, has [illegible] naturalization papers [illegible]

J. A. Halstead, tra[illegible] Mexican Central at [illegible] the city for a short [illegible]

A building permit [illegible] to C. H. Bailey for [illegible] $2000 brick residence [illegible] street.

Charlie Alley, one [illegible]senger conductors o[illegible]ing off and Tim S[illegible] his run.

The new electric [illegible] received a large fo[illegible] poles and is rushin[illegible]pletion.

County surveyor [illegible]senger on the o[illegible] Pacific this morn[illegible] where he goes f[illegible]veying a number [illegible]

The finance co[illegible]ber of commerc[illegible]ernoon, but only [illegible]enthal and W[illegible] meeting was ad[illegible]noon.

The Border R[illegible]portant business [illegible] is learned that [illegible] adjutant genera[illegible] will soon make [illegible] state and inspe[illegible] report on their [illegible]ciency in regard [illegible]

The increase o[illegible] and Ciudad Ju[illegible] Mexican Centra[illegible] the position of [illegible] result W. G. [illegible] yardmaster [illegible] pointed tra[illegible] in full charge [illegible] ceded M[illegible]

INDOOR SPORTS -:!:- GETTING A NIGHT OUT BY LYING

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