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
Wednesday, April Eighth, 1914.

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The Tobacco Habit

OH, CLARENCE, do not learn to use those foulest weeds that grow; the foolish youth who smokes or chews is storing future woe. For years I've spent my hard-earned wheels to keep my briar fed; I always smoked, save when at meals, or in my truckle-bed. And 'tother day the sawbones came, and took my works apart, and said, while pawing ov'er my frame, "You have a cabbage heart. It's fierce," he said; "I never seed such wild, spasmodic thumps; unless you quit the noxious weed you'll surely bump the bumps." And now I've quit; life's on the blink, the world is drear, my friends; and I can only sit and think of fancy Turkish blends. My nervous system is a scream, the tears stream down my cheek, and in my fevered sleep I dream of burley and perique. My agony is too intense to be before you lugged; I feel like twenty-seven cents, and every penny plugged. So, Clarence, do not learn to smoke, and keep no pipes about; believe me, son, it is no joke when you must cut it out.

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

Why Not A Western Man?

BREWSTER county has set in motion the machinery which it hopes will put James Callan, of Menardville, in the race for governor of Texas. Mr. Callan is a west Texan and his name should attract a large following at the Fort Worth elimination convention, as he is well known in Texas, particularly in the western section. As president of the Texas Cattlemen's association, Mr. Callan proved himself a constructive official of ability. He is a business man of his section, banker and cattleman, and is not of the professional politician class.

West Texas has never had representation in the governor's chair and the great cattle interests of Texas, while strong, have never been represented by one of their men in the position of chief executive. For years, discussion has been frequent regarding efforts to place a west Texan in nomination and the time now seems opportune to accomplish the result. Callan has the benefit of being without personal political enemies; his ability as an executive and business man is known. For once, east and central Texas should give west Texas a chance.

The rest of Texas has named the governors for years and years and often have not made a great success of it. Now is the time to give west Texas a chance; to try the western man for his ability, to see what sort of material the west can furnish.

Colquitt seems the only hope of the east and central Texas antis, yet there are many objections to him. Even his friends fear his nomination by the anti wing of the party would not mean his election; rather that the "third termer" cry might result in his defeat by Thomas Ball in the July primaries. No such proposition could be urged against the nomination of Callan.

Callan has no political past that can be used against him; his past is all to his credit. He is a clean man, recognized as an able man, and his chance to win in the July primaries would be splendid.

Let the rest of Texas at the Fort Worth meeting recognize west Texas and give it a chance; let fair play and ability count for once. Callan, while not so well known in certain parts of Texas, is well enough known to make a good campaign. His nomination would indicate at least that the antis were willing to trust their chances to a man of a high type; it would be getting away from the saloon controled element in the party and would be putting the race before the primaries squarely up to the voters as a test between two equally good men—Callan, of west Texas; Ball, of Houston, the former representing the anti element, the latter the pros.

The Texas Cattle Raisers' association will throw its influence to the assistance of Mr. Callan at Fort Worth. This is indicated by the fact that J. D. Jackson, president of the association, is one of Alpine's delegates to the convention.

Diplomatic Tangles

THE DIPLOMACY of the Watchful Waiters gets a new knot tied in it every once in awhile. One of the most interesting has just developed in the United States court in El Paso. As a result, the United States cannot prosecute its own cases. Recently, a number of arrests were made in El Paso on charges of counterfeiting the money of the Mexican rebels. Now that the federal grand jury has met to consider these and other cases, it develops that if the United States prosecutes the case, it will in effect legally recognize the existence of a rebel government. To prevent doing this, the United States, it is understood, must not press its cases against the alleged counterfeiters.

To secure a conviction against a counterfeiter, it is necessary to set out and prove that the money is a counterfeit of the coin or legal tender of a nation. To set out such allegation and prove it would be a recognition, officially, of the existence of the "Constitutionalist" government in Mexico.

As the Watchful Waiters refuse to admit the existence of any government at all in Mexico, this would be too absurd even for Mr. Bryan to face, hence it is impossible to continue the prosecutions.

The present administration actually recognizes both governments in Mexico to the extent of treating with them diplomatically, although it refuses to credit diplomats to either of these governments. Its ability to cloud the main issue is matched only by Mexican diplomacy itself. Take the Carranza letter to Morris Sheppard, for instance. A thousand words are consumed and the American or other foreigner who can get any satisfaction from it is welcome to all he can get. Mr. Carranza protests his friendship for the American people and their highest officials and says he believes that they are actuated by high motives of friendship. This is very plain, but the rest of the communication, while the language is beautiful, is as dense as solid rubber.

Paving and Paving (?)

ONCE MORE the paving on East Montana street is being "rebuilt." This is the second time this pavement, or the greater part of it, east of Cotton avenue, has been torn up and relaid. The street is in very bad shape, yet the pavement is not two years old. The plea of the members of the city council when asked why such pavement is permitted to be put down in El Paso, always is that "the property owners sign for it and we have nothing to do but approve the contract." They contend that it is not for them to say that the pavement will be poor. As long as they get a bond for it, and the property owners sign for it, there is no reason why they should interfere with its construction, the city officials say.

Isn't this a rather narrow view? No business man, handling his own business, would accept an article that he knew to be inferior, regardless of the "guarantee." Even if the guarantee is fulfilled (which often it is not) there is always the annoyance of closing the street while the pavement is being repaired as at present, and there is the additional annoyance of driving over the rough, broken pavement several weeks or months before the contractors make the repairs, after the need becomes apparent.

Is it not better to insist that the pavement when first laid must be of the sort that will last?. El Paso has had ample experience with pavements for its officials to know what is good and what is not. They know how much a piece of pavement should cost before it is good. Experience has taught them what is good and what is poor. It is the money of the people they lend to the taxpayers for this pavement and the council could say that it would not approve contracts for pavement which it knows will not prove satisfactory.

One-Sentence Philosophy

JOURNAL ENTRIES.
(Topeka Journal.)

Frequently it's the case that the fool has no money from which to be parted.

The man who really has something to say can usually present it in a few words.

It is also true that many who are called fail to get up until they are good and ready.

Everybody is inclined to be most generous in the amount of sympathy he gives to the poor.

Not a few of the political leaders march so proudly and so far in advance of their procession that they don't know what's going on behind them in their own ranks.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.
(Philadelphia Record.)

Some fellows never pay anything they owe, not even a grudge.

Blobbs—"Do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" Slobbs—"I hope so. Few of us really know each other here."

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," quoted the Wise Guy. "Oh, I don't know," said the Simple Mug. "It has its mission. If it wasn't for the young man just out of college the rest of the world wouldn't realize how little it knows."

GLOBE SIGHTS.
(Atchison Globe.)

From his own viewpoint, the most unreasonable man is fair.

Sometimes the best luck that can happen to a person is to be deceived.

Generally speaking, a man is grouchy and economical in the morning.

In real life the fireman who rescues the fair maiden is married and eats onions.

No man can be a great help around the house without feeling he is henpecked.

Father would use his veto power more if the majority against him were not so large.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
(Chicago News.)

Soon after marriage many a married couple agree that the disappointment is mutual.

Many a man neglects his own chances while figuring out what he would do if he had another's.

In a predicament it sometimes happens that a woman's intuition is worth more than the reasoning of a dozen men.

If you meet a young man who looks as if he hadn't a friend on earth, it's difficult to determine whether it is a case of love or indigestion.

THE TWO SISTERS
By Virginia Terhune Van De Water

CHAPTER LXV.

CARYL MARVIN'S letter to her employer was brought to him as he sat at his 8 o'clock breakfast. He read it carelessly. He was not annoyed that his stenographer was not coming to him today. In fact he did not care to see her just now.

Of course he was sorry she was not well, he told himself; then he forgot her in the thoughts that had filled his mind every since yesterday. They were all of Julia Marvin, his love of her, his pity for her, his desire to protect her and make her his wife. Over and over he asked himself the question—Why not tell her all this? Why not ask her to marry him?

He appreciated that he had not known Julia long, but he had known her long enough to love her. And she did not know him well—but he would tell her any thing about himself that she wished to ask. He had fallen far short of the ideal man he wished to become to be worthy of her, but he thanked heaven that he had at least a decent and clean record.

Now that he had the morning to himself, why not write to Julia before he began work—although he knew that he would not be able to fix his mind on his work until he had learned his fate? Well, then, work must wait!

It took him a long time to write his letter. Late in the afternoon, in her own room, Julia read it and reread it. She was alone. When she had started to work that morning Caryl—not yet out of bed—had told her not to worry if she was not at home early.

"John Redfield has invited me to dinner and to a concert afterward," she explained drowsily. "So don't expect me until you see me. I did not sleep much last night, and I don't want to talk now. Let me get another nap, please, Judy."

"All right, dear. Good-by," Julia said softly, bending over to kiss her.

"Good-by," was the sleepy response.

So, when the older girl came home from work she was not surprised to find the room empty. For a while she was glad of her solitariness, as it gave her an opportunity to think over all that Kelly Delaine had written.

She thought of nothing else all the evening. Her heart told her what to answer, but she wished to consider all sides of the question. This she had done when she seated herself at the table at which Caryl had sat 24 hours earlier to write her letter to the same man that Julia was now writing to. Julia's note was as brief as Caryl's had been.

"I believe you implicitly," she wrote. "It would be foolish and wicked were I to pretend now that I do not care for you. But I am not clever or well-educated, and am only a poor working girl—and you are all the things that I am not. Still you tell me in reply just what my heart dictates, and to think of nothing else. If I obey you in this matter, my answer must be 'Yes'."

Then she, too, went to the street corner and posted her letter, and, returning, was too wide awake to think or sleep. Seating herself under the gas jet, she tried to read.

Kelley Delaine dined at a restaurant that evening, and it was 9 o'clock when he returned to his rooms. On his desk lay a letter in a handwriting which he recognized as his stenographer's. What could she be writing to him about? he wondered. Was it to say that her cold would prevent her coming tomorrow?

He tore open the envelope indifferently, his mind on the sister of the girl whose epistle he held. Then, at his eyes took in the meaning of the written words, he started violently. The sentences before him had been written hurriedly, but they stared at him with vicious meaning.

"When you get him," Caryl had written, "please notify my sister that I have gone away to be married. I cannot stand being spied at and interfered with.

"I love the man I am going with. I am tired of work, tired of the kind of life I have had to live. Indeed I am tired of everybody except this man.

"Julia will not miss me if she has you. That is why I'm sending this to you. She won't feel badly if you tell her about my plans.

"Caryl Marvin."

The petty spite contained in the words, the bitter resentment, did not so much as touch the man to whom they were addressed. Instead, his one emotion was a great sense of pity for the woman he loved, who was even now waiting at home for little sister. How could he lessen this blow for her, how could he spare her a night of agonized anxiety?

There was no telephone in Mrs. Halloran's lodging house. He could not go there at this time in the evening and call on her without exciting disagreeable comment. There was but one course left him. He would telegraph a quiet message. Then, tomorrow, he would see Julia and tell her the truth.

Thus it came about that, as Julia Marvin sat reading, Mrs. Halloran's agitated knock prefaced her hurried entrance into her lodger's room. She held a yellow envelope at arm's length.

"Sure, dear," she said gaspingly, "I hope it don't carry no bad news."

Julia hastily tore open the envelope, imaginings of her father's possible illness or death rushing upon her. She read the message twice before she spoke.

"That's all right, Mrs. Halleran," she said then. "It's only a message from a friend of my sister's and mine."

When she was alone again she repeated the words over to herself in perplexity.

"Do not worry at your sister's absence over night. I will explain it when I see you tomorrow at 6 o'clock in the little park.

"Kelley Delaine."

It was characteristic of Julia's faith in the man she had learned to love that no doubt as to his fair-dealing penetrated her mind.

"I will try to do as he says," she muttered, "and not worry—but where is Caryl? Perhaps, after all, Dora Redfield decided not to leave town until tomorrow, and Caryl is staying with her."

With which solution of the problem Julia Marvin tried to be content.

(To Be Concluded.)

14 Years Ago Today
From The Herald This Date 1900.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. DeMier are in the city today from Las Cruces.

J. A. Hoffman and D. E. Sears are visitors in the city today from Alamogordo.

Collector Moses Dillon appointed C. M. Murray as cashier this morning at the custom house.

Attorney John D. Bryan returned yesterday morning from Las Cruces, where he has been attending court.

Frank Deal, passenger conductor of the S. P., is enjoying a month's vacation. C. E. Hardy is running in his place.

A building permit was issued to R. C. Lightbody today for the erection of a brick residence valued at $1700, at the corner of Sonora and Leon streets.

B. L. Berky, manager of an El Paso supply house, is away on a business trip to Clifton and Lordsburg. Mr. Berkey is a stockholder in the Orion Mining company.

The Santa Fe Railway company has instituted a rate of one fare for the round trip from New Mexico points to the State Teachers' convention in El Paso, on June 26 to 29.

The Knights of Labor of this city will hold their annual picnic on May 20. Next week the subcommittee, composed of A. Solky and J. M. Ellis, will make another trip to Las Cruces and see if final arrangements can be made.

The Border Rifles held an important business meeting last night and will hereafter meet for drill every Monday and Thursday evenings instead of only once a week, as hitherto. Last night second Lieut. J. A. Buckler resigned and Sergt. H. F. Brown was chosen as his successor. John Barlow was appointed sergeant.

When the El Paso and the G. H. & S. A. teams clash this afternoon the following players will take the field: El Paso—Noyes, catcher; Long, pitcher; Sullivan, first base; J. Widman, second base; Ervin, third base; Jacoby, shortstop; Hackett, left field; Webber, center field; Johnson, right field. G. H.—Weidman, catcher; Murphy, pitcher; Chriss, first base; Zuehlke, second base; Beall, third base; Parmer, shortstop; R. Johnson, left field; McLaughlin, center field; Lucas, right field.

J. C. Darnall, of Chicago, of the Cigar Makers' International union, is in the city for the purpose of organizing a central labor council. The various labor unions are responding promptly in the election of delegates. The electricians have designated E. P. McBoom, Ed Cory, J. Blake, E. L. Meyers and C. N. Taylor as their representatives. Last night at a meeting the following were chosen to represent the plumbers: P. J. Armstrong, H. E. Davis, J. Copeland, W. Paricide and M. Gerhard.

The Daily Novelette
THE DANCER'S DODGE.

Whirl and swirl,
Swirl and Whirl
Over the slippery floor.
If somebody else
Has got your girl,
Don't worry there's plenty more.

BEAUTIFUL Mrs. Monteroy Finkledale, a picture beyond words in her Danish mezzanine tango gown, crept stealthily along the edge of the ballroom floor and, unobserved, made her way into the gentlemen's cloak room.

With a rapid, snake-like gesture, she seized a high silk hat and thrust it into the blazing open fireplace.

Then, still stealthily, she returned to join the brilliant assemblage on the ballroom floor.

II.

"Ah, here you are!" cried Sowerby Spidds, the best dancer in the younger set. "I have been looking all over for you."

"I have been waiting for you," said Mrs. Finkledale reproachfully, and they sailed off as only two perfect tangoers can sail off.

III.

Her husband hunted her up at the end of that dance. He looked tired. She had married him for his money plus his age, which was 76.

"It's time to go now," he yawned. "You promised to go early."

"Certainly, Sprudles," she returned sweetly. "Go find your hat and coat and I'll be ready."

ABE MARTIN

Some fellers think it's all right t' have ever'thing in a wife's name but th' franchise. It's wonderful what a run there is on worry when you consider that it never helped anything.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"THE feature about the rotary club that I believe appeals to me most," said R. E. Sherman, "is the excellent opportuntity that it offers for men to become really acquainted with each other, and to acquire general information about other lines besides their own. You and I might live in this town together 10 years. Meeting every day we might say, 'good morning,' or 'good afternoon.' You might be a pretty good fellow and so might I, but neither one of us would really know that. In the club we would become thoroughly acquainted with each other. Now I know something about the real estate business. Another member knows something about the advertising business, another knows something about medicine, another the dairy business. In the meetings of the club each member would talk about his business and in this way a fellow would soon gather a lot of information about other lines besides his own.

"H. F. Dreyher, the organizer of the local club, was telling us about the Houston club. It is the custom of that club to hold weekly luncheon meetings. At one of the scheduled luncheons, the president of the traction company of Houston, a member of the Houston rotary club, told the other members to meet him on a certain street corner. A special car took the club members out to the manufacturing plant of another member of the club. A thorough inspection was made of the plant. It is this get together and getting better acquainted that is the predominant feature of the rotary club. Another thing about the club is that there is nothing formal about its members or its meetings. We get together, have a little music, and have a little 'eats.'

"Our banquet on April 9, at the Sheldon hotel will be the first event for the local organization. H. R. McClintock, who through his sign business has become acquainted with the show people is going to provide some vaudeville artists. Our banquet is going to be in the nature of a cabaret dinner. The presidents of the Houston, Oklahoma City, Fort Worth, Dallas and San Antonio clubs have been invited to attend the banquet. As yet we have received no replies from them. In the event they come they will make short speeches. The only set speech on the program will be delivered by Zach Cobb. Mayor Kelly and Claiborne Adams, among others, will make short talks."

* * *

"Talk about the efficiency of a want ad," said L. M. Lawson, project engineer of the reclamation service. "Several weeks ago we needed an additional typist in the office so I put a small add in the Herald, and secured the right person almost immediately. But, that wasn't all, answers to that add began to pour in upon me, in every mail. I am even yet receiving answers form out of town places, people as far as Fort Worth, have seen the add and written inquiries about the work."

* * *

"An overland trip is a source of wonderful pleasure," said Mrs. R. A. Brown, who has recently returned from an automobile trip to southern California. "We had remarkably little trouble on the trip, only three punctures for the round trip, and the most serious accident was a broken spring, which took but an hour to repair. We found the roads very good except right here at home. The tract of sand lying out of El Paso about 30 miles, near Metz, was the worst bit of road we encountered on the entire trip."

* * *

"I am anxious for the state convention to be held at Fort Worth," said I. N. Davis, who was selected as a delegate to go to that convention if one is held. "It will me an opportunity to meet with politicians who play important roles in state politics, men who are looked upon as the big guns in state politics. I would like to see how these men handle a convention. The convention will be a place where some good political speeches will be made, and I would like to meet men from different parts of the state and hear them talk. I hope that the convention will be held and that it can be so arranged that I will be able to make the trip."

* * *

"Charlie Moore was a good peace officer, a brave man and a friend who would stay with you until the end of the world," said John Wrenn, a close personal friend of the deceased deputy marshal. "I have seen him under the stress of the greatest excitement and he was always cool and bravery itself. I have always thought that it was a mistake for him to leave the open country to take an office job after being in the ranger service so long. He could not stand the confinement and I am afraid it undermined his health."

* * *

"Villa's expulsion of the Spaniards is only a dodge to gain the sympathies of the federal forces so they will join his army," said Ed E. Cobley, who telephoned his version of the expulsion to The Herald office. "The Spaniards have been hated by the Mexicans since the time of Cortez and Villa thought that he would get the federals to go over to his side when he expelled them from Torreon."

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

ONE of the names given below brings to mind some very pleasant memories—recollections not of perfect people to be admired at a distance, but of tried and true friends, of many a pleasant hour spent as a guest in their home, of work done and difficulties met together. Having friends is a delightful experience in life, but to have friends you must be a real friend, and this requires thought and a willingness to make sacrifices. Think the matter over and see if this isn't so.

The birthday anniversary list for April 8 is as follows:

Howard Justice, 14.	Katherine Dunn, 10.
Witten Conway, 8.	Ford Willis, 10.
Dorothy Long, 17.	Harold Goodelsky, 5.
Martin Kessil, 10.	Cecyl Pollock, 8.
Richard Crowley, 8.	

Jesse G. Harris was 7 years old April 6.

"Many happy returns of the day" is The Herald's wish for the boys and girls named above. "Miss Birthday" has a ticket to the Bijou for each one.

Hating People
BY GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old Siwash."

HATING people is indulged in as a pastime by some and as a duty by others. It is the process of trying to annihilate one's enemies by thinking bitter and corrosive thoughts.

Hating people is a terribly cruel process. When a good hater gets an enemy into his mental clutches he goes about with firm lips and cold eyes boiling him in oil and rending him limb from limb. It is hard to realize when we see a fat and jolly citizen radiating happiness as a refrigerator radiates heat, that very likely some man a few miles away is at that minute hating him into an early and messy tomb and is showing him no mercy whatever.

Sometimes a man accumulates as many as a dozen enemies whom he must hate impartially and with his whole heart. He is then as busy as a man who is trying to have a dozen nightmares at once. No matter what he is doing or planning he must stop thinking of other things every day and devote a few minutes of hard thoughts to each of his enemies. After he has done this a few years, his soul looks like a walnut that has been pickled in vinegar.

Hating people has about as little effect on the said people as throwing bricks at them from the next county. But is is mighty hard on the hater. After a good journeyman hater has spent a few years on the job, he gets so much acid into his thoughts, that he eats large holes in his disposition and people begin to climb hastily for the other side of the street when they see him coming. Many a man has hated himself out of a job out of his optimism and out of his friends, while the object of his hate has gone gaining weight and happiness each year.—Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

People begin to climb hastily for the other side of the street when they see him coming.

Duel Costs Clay a Wrapper
Most Famous of American Affairs of Honor Ends Harmlessly; Two Enemies Become Friends.
By Rev. Thos. B. Gregory

ONE of the most famous of American duels came off 88 years ago today, the principals being Henry Clay and John Randolph.

In the course of a debate in congress, February 15, 1825, the fiery Randolph, in an attack upon the administration, emptied the vials of his wrath upon the head of Clay, the secretary of state at the time of the Adams government. He referred to the president and his secretary as the "coalition of Blifel and Black George, the combination, unheard of until then, of the Puritan with the black leg." Not content with that, he went on to call Mr. Clay's ancestors to account for having brought into the world "this being, so brilliant yet so corrupt, who shines and stinks like rotten mackerel in the moonlight."

Mr. Clay would not have been a man had he refused to resent this attack upon his honor and this wholly unwarranted insult to the memory of his father and mother. He did resent it, and, according to the foolish custom of the day among public men, challenged Randolph to meet him on the "field of honor."

Challege Is Accepted.

Of course, there was nothing for Randolph to do but to accept the challenge. The "code" was supreme; "honor" was at stake, and the matter had to be settled.

The meeting took place near Alexandria, Va., on the eighth of April, 1826, in the presence of their seconds and friends. The first shot was fired by Randolph and was ineffectual. Clay reserved his fire and it was decided to take a fresh start. The second time Clay fired first, but without effect, and Randolph shot up in the air.

Advancing with extended hand, and at the same time showing the hole in his wrapper, Randolph shouted in his shrill and piercing voice, "Mr. Clay, Mr. Clay, you owe me a new wrapper;" to which the eloquent Kentuckian replied: "Thank God the debt is no greater. After what has happened I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."

Shake Hands; Become Friends.

They shook hands and were ever afterward the best of friends. In blackguardism Clay was no match for the senator from Virginia, a man whose tongue has never been equaled in the history of our country; but the sequel was to prove that underneath Randolph's temper there was much greatness of soul, a quality that received a splendid response from the soul of the great "Harry of the West."

100 Years Ago Today

ONE hundred years ago today the British fleet which for months had maintained a athlet blockade of the New England coast began active operations by sending an expedition of six boats and 200 men up the Connecticut river to Pautopaug Point, where the invaders landed, spiked the guns of a small battery and destroyed a score of merchant vessels. Thence they proceeded down the river and escaped safely to their ships, although a party of militia, and sailors and marine from commodore Decatur's American squadron, attempted to cut them off. A short time later, however, the Americans attacked the blockading fleet and succeeded in inflicting serious damages upon the enemy.

Protest Against Rate Raise.

Washington, D. C., April 8.—Chicago shipping interests, represented by the Chicago association of commerce, registered their protest before the interstate Commerce commission Tuesday against any advance in the lake and rail rates between Chicago and New York.

INDOOR SPORTS -:!:-
SELLING A DOG; AID OF FRIENDS

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