

### Fletcherism

READ a screed by Brother Fletcher, on how we ought to chew our grub; I said, "It's sensible, you betcher! I'll emulate that thoughtful dub. No more like some old anacondas, I'll swallow all my victuals whole; I'll eat the sort of things I'm fond of but I'll chew them up with heart and soul." And now I'm always at the table, I have no time to do my chores; the horse is starving in the stable, the weeds are growing out of doors. My wife says, "Say, you should be doing some work around this slipshod place." I answer her, "It's busy chewing—can't see the motions of my face?" I have no time to hoe the tubers, I have no time to mow the lawn; though chewing like ten aligators, I'm still behind, so help me, John! I chew the water I am drinking, I chew the biscuit and the bun; I'll have to hire a boy, I'm thinking, to help me get my chewing done. Some day I'll bear me on a stretcher out to the bonnyard, where they plant, and send my teeth to Brother Fletcher, to make a necklace for his aunt.

—WALT MASON.  
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### Assistants To the Creator

EL PASO is honored today by the presence of two distinguished guests, Sir William Willocks and William A. Ryan. Sir William is one of the most noted hydraulic engineers in the world, and Mr. Ryan is controller of the United States reclamation commission and understood to be the direct representative of Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the interior, on the board.

Both the visitors are being entertained in the usual El Paso way, which means that they will carry away none but pleasant memories of their brief stay here. They will inspect all the irrigation works in this valley and will make a thorough examination of the Elephant Butte dam and the works appurtenant to the Rio Grande project.

Commissioner Ryan is the member of the commission who comes most closely into contact with the general public in connection with the great reclamation enterprises of the government. He is not a technical man, an engineer, but a man of affairs, who has the broad view of reclamation work which makes it possible for the government to deal effectively with the multiple problems involved in so disbursing \$100,000,000 of public money as to confer the greatest benefit upon the American people, while avoiding the complications that would be incident to any distribution of such a large sum.

El Paso and this whole valley will, in the nature of things, have a good deal to do with Mr. Ryan in connection with the installation and conduct of the irrigation system known as the Rio Grande project. It is particularly fortunate that we are having this opportunity to familiarize him with our special problems and with the concrete facts of this project, for it goes without saying that his personal familiarity with the details of the project will make it easier for him to pass upon matters relating to the Rio Grande that may come before him in line of his official duties.

Sir William Willocks has been for many years the first authority on reclaiming the Nile valley in Egypt. As the designer and builder of the great Assuan dam, he achieved worldwide fame, but long before that he had been director of irrigation explorations for Egypt, and had won recognition for his technical work. He later had charge of the work of enlarging the Assuan dam to double its capacity. The Assuan reservoir at present has the greatest storage capacity of any artificial irrigation reservoir in the world, though the storage behind the Elephant Butte dam will be 50 percent greater.

Sir William has written many professional papers that are standard authorities among hydraulic engineers, especially in the hydroelectric and irrigation branches, and in control of flood waters. But while his name is best known in connection with these branches, his own specialty may be said to have narrowed down to the solving of the drainage problem on irrigated lands. Since this problem today in the western United States is a far greater one than the mere conserving of flood waters or the mere watering of agricultural lands in regions of deficient rainfall, it is fortunate that the United States government in its reclamation branch is to have the benefit of his expert advice along the line of his greatest scientific achievement.

So far back as 1904, in a monograph on the Assuan dam and the proposed \$40,000,000 comprehensive scheme for the complete development of Nile control and maximum use, Sir William wrote: "We know that, in future, drainage works must precede irrigation works." Some of the most promising irrigation projects in the United States, erected by private capital, have been ruined or seriously injured by failing to apply this principle. The United States reclamation service is alive to the importance of drainage, and comprehensive drainage systems are now included in all reclamation plans.

The purpose of drainage in an irrigated area is first to conserve the fertility of the soil—the humus and useful chemical components—and to prevent the harmful alkalis from rising to the surface; second to conserve the general water supply of a given area. Irrigation without drainage brings in aggravated forms of the evils of excessive rainfall. An overirrigated, underdrained area is to all intents and purposes a swamp or an alkali basin, whose usefulness for agriculture is being steadily impaired and gradually ruined, by progressive removal of fertility and increase of harmful soil ingredients. Drainage is as necessary a complement to irrigation, as the regular removal of waste products is to the supplying of food and drink to the living body; disease and death in either case follow failure of the drainage system to perform its functions.

It is along this line especially that Sir William's investigations in this country are being directed, and it is along this line especially that his counsel will be of permanent value to the people of the American west, through the reclamation service which is the host of the noted Englishman on his present tour.

Sir William Willocks is no stranger to America, or to American engineering authorities. So far back as 1893 he was a conspicuous figure at the Columbian exposition in Chicago, where he participated in the technical congress. He does not hesitate to say that his plans for the Assuan dam were largely influenced by the plans of American engineers for the projected Nicaragua ship canal hydraulic works, and he pays high tribute to the American James Eads, the great engineer who designed the Mississippi river jetties and built the St. Louis bridge; the work of Eads, says Sir William in one of his books, has been taken advantage of in planning the very comprehensive scheme for the general storage of floods, control of alluvial deposit, and definition of channels, on the Nile, involving an ultimate investment of \$40,000,000, to increase the land capital of Egypt by billions of dollars.

Sir William uses continually a term which has a special fascination for us in the western United States; it is "river training." He speaks again and again of "training" the Nile. It is a very expressive term, exactly connoting the idea which actuates the United States reclamation service in dealing with such rivers as the Rio Grande and the Colorado of the west, and which has been the basis of the broad plans resulting in the great storage at Elephant Butte, and the projected works on the Colorado which some day may involve the investment of \$50,000,000 for the complete "training" of that wonderful river.

In the visit of such a man there is intellectual, moral, and spiritual inspiration as well as tangible gain. No one who has ever known intimately the big men of the engineering profession has failed to become impressed with the fact that they are almost invariably men of high spiritual development, men of truly prophetic insight, men to whom dollars are only tools of trade, tools of a craftsman with which to create marvels—with which to make dreams come true; men who are imbued with the sense that they are in reality the trusted agents of the Creator himself to carry on the work of world building where His work was left unfinished to test the power of Man in working out his own true salvation.

It is not strange that incidental to his grander project of Nile "training," Sir William proposes to remove several ancient cities and temples to other and more commanding sites in order to create a few inland seas and thereby restore the material glories of that Egypt which flourished centuries before Joseph, son of Jacob, ran his first corner in wheat.

On top of claiming that New York has the largest audiences for good music in the world, that city is now claiming to have the most used public library in the world. The New York public library is one of the big literary workshops and is used by people from everywhere for reference work. In a comparison with the British Museum library the statement is made that New York's books are much freer and easier of access every way than those of the great London library.

### 14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1900.

Pat McGarry left yesterday for Alamogordo.

Nick Carson is laid up at home, as a result of sickness.

Chris Yeager has returned from a business trip to New York.

J. M. Russell, of the State National bank, left for Los Angeles yesterday, on a vacation.

Sheriff Kiesel came down last night from Captain, N. M., where he has been on official business.

Deputy sheriff George M. Searchough and E. M. McWhorter passed through the city this morning on route to Deming, N. M.

The river is now full from bank to bank, the highest it has been for several years. Several breaks have occurred in the canal, but no damage has been done.

Henry Hasty and Belle Avis were married Wednesday evening by Rev. J. T. French, at the home of M. E. Brown, on Franklin street.

A quiet wedding took place at the home of M. E. Brown, on Franklin street, yesterday afternoon when Frank P. Lawyer and Miss Amella

Van Dorsten were married by Rev. A. M. Lumpkin, in the presence of friends.

In the course of a few weeks, according to reports, Mrs. Brett will return to El Paso and begin the construction of the new telephone system, for which the city council several weeks ago.

The committee on arrangements for the picnic of the Knights of Labor, composed of M. E. H. J. Brown, H. P. Stally, went to Tularosa yesterday and will return this evening. They have decided to hold their picnic at Tularosa on June 17.

Zach T. White and W. C. McGowan have purchased two choice locations at "Cloudcroft," being a fractional part of block 8, facing Zenith park, opposite the baseball ground, Messrs. Springer, Walker and Gray, Edith and Fancher are building cottages, while many others are studying plans and details for homes.

Six aldermen were on hand at the meeting of the city council last night, the absentees being Messrs. Burton and Clifford.

Clifford, Alderman Brunner, of the fire and water committee, reported that H. B. Stevens was complaining about a frame building being erected in the rear of a building on El Paso street.

Mayor Maroffin stated that he had been employed in the outfit in the river and had more than half of the river is now passing through the cut-off.

## In the Web of Life

A New Short Serial Story

By VIRGINIA TERRUNE VAN DE WATER.

Author of "The Two Sisters," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.  
RALPH MORTON remained standing by the piano after Edith had left him. His back was turned to the hall, where the guests and hosts were chatting merrily. Unfolding the message the girl had handed him, he read it with a gasp. It was mortifying when he noticed that his hand trembled as he held the slip of paper.

"Your cousin brought money. F. saw him. 'Thanks it was you. He saw your guard—E. P.'"  
And Edith had seen this! He caught his breath in consternation as he recalled the fact, then sighed with relief as he recalled their recent conversation. How fortunate that he had spoken the truth! He had acknowledged that "E. P." was Mrs. Evelyn Price and that he knew her; that her husband's name was Ferdinand.

"What else had I said?" she asked. "I said I saw your cousin. I did not blame myself for acknowledging that Tom did know her. How could he be a seen truthful and said otherwise?"  
The laughing and talking in the hall broke in upon his musings. He felt, as Edith had felt, that he must get away from all these people for a while. Glancing down the hall he saw that the door of the long French windows at the rear, opening upon the veranda, was open. He strode toward it and stepped from the veranda into the garden.

The back veranda faced the orchard and the soft wind wafted to him the fragrance of the blossoms. The moonlight flooded the lawn and made the place look like fairyland.  
Even Ralph Morton, absorbed as he was in thoughts of himself and his own schemes, paused to draw in a long breath of sweetness and to note the beauty of the night. The stars shone down upon him, and the steps he began to walk up and down the asphalted walk leading out toward the garage. Here, at least, he could be quiet and think.

He had read the telegram twice and now repeated to himself every phrase of it. He must be sure of the explanation he was to give to Edith. What about the money? How could he explain the clause about that? How could he tell her that he had approved it from Mrs. Price and sent Tom to return it?  
An idea flashed upon him so suddenly that he was almost speechless. Still, Mrs. Price had not intimated that the money had come from him. She had simply said that his cousin had brought the money. How could the money was not his, but Tom's—for he (Ralph) had not had the money to pay the debt on Tom had repaid it?

But what reason could he give for Evelyn's word of caution to himself? Well, he would suggest that as she knew neither of the couple, and had heard his wife speak of having met Ralph, he had jumped to the conclusion that Tom was Ralph. He would tell only what was necessary, and would even claim that he had no right to pry into Tom's affairs.

He would be too proud to ask many questions. Her imagination would supply details which he might seem to hesitate to give. The nature of the case would make her suspicious from too close investigation, and she would attribute any silence on his part to loyalty to Tom.

Loyalty to Tom? For a moment he felt a slight qualm of conscience. Then he quelled it with a swift indignation at Tom's having bungled the whole affair, as he evidently had done. What a blunder Tom was! A boy of 15 could have managed the matter better!

Ralph Morton, stimulated and indignant until he made himself believe that he felt both.  
J. Macdonald Hay speaks of conscience as the handcuff to blind men to God. Sometimes men use self-deception or self-justification as a key to unlock the handcuff. Ralph Morton had little trouble in doing this. He had used the key so often that he found it easy to insert it into the lock for which he needed it tonight.

With a thrill of self-congratulation he turned and entered the house. Entering by the window by which he had come out, he traversed the drawing room and reached the hall as the guests were making a move towards departure. Several motor cars were drawn up in front of the house. The girls were starting up to the dressing room to change.

"I have just been out in the garden for a few puffs at a cigar," Ralph remarked to his hostess, "It is a heavenly night. Perhaps someone had seen him go out. It was well to tell the truth when one could do so with safety."

"He is looking out of the open front door. There is a glorious moon!" he called back as he stepped out upon the porch.

"You fellows inside are missing her!"  
All the men except Ralph followed him. Edith spoke to Constance in a low voice. "Will you go upstairs to the dressing room with the girls?" she asked. "If so, I will stay down here."  
"Certainly," agreed Constance, joining the group on the stairs.

Mrs. Hays had gone to the rear of the house to give some forgotten order for the morning, and Ralph and Edith were thus left alone. The girl laid a trembling hand on the man's arm.  
"You read the telegram," she asked. He covered her hand with his own, holding her's close. "Yes, dear," he replied. "I am sorry you should have seen it."  
"I am not," she said. "I know there were some things in it that I am engaged to you were not good—and that there were women like the one that."

She paused, covering her eyes with her hand as she said, "I am engaged to you were not good—and that there were women like the one that."  
"But, Edith," he suggested, "you don't understand the telegram."  
"No," she said, "I don't. I am engaged to you were not good—and that there were women like the one that."

"Why not let them think," the man said hurriedly and softly, "that you are engaged to me? Why not, darling?"  
(To be Continued.)

HUNT URGES WILSON TO NAME MRS. BOOTH AS A DELEGATE  
Phoenix, Ariz., May 26.—At the suggestion of governor O. R. Colquitt, of Texas, president George Hunt has written to president Wilson urging that Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, head of the Salvation army, be appointed to represent Arizona at the international congress, which will be held in London next year.

### Abe Martin



Miss Townsey Apple says she allus likes 't see mother covered with children rollin' along in a big easy tourin' car. She says it looks like somebody was makin' an effort 't square himself.

After a feller finds out how little he knows he's generally broke.

### 100 Years Ago Today

Dr. Joseph Ignace Guillotine, from whom the guillotine takes its name, died 100 years ago today in Paris. Dr. Guillotine was a celebrated physician and humanitarian and it is one of the curious facts of history that the keen edged machine which bears his name was introduced into France from humane motives. Dr. Guillotine believed hanging should be abolished, as inhuman and unnecessarily humiliating to the families of persons who died by it. In 1793, in his capacity as a member of the national assembly of France, he suggested an amendment to the penal code, abolishing hanging, and suggesting the use of a machine, of which he had read in an old Italian book. This was brought into use the following year, which cut off so many heads during the French revolution, making its name a word with which to conjure the specter of unmitigated suffering and horror.

### Comets

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

A COMET is a large and luminous head backed up with nothing but a few million miles of tail.

This would make the comet a great natural curiosity if it were alive and lived on earth. But the comet is an extremely phenomena and is usually observed only in the headlines or our leading dailies. Everyone knows about comets, but few have seen them except the earnest hardworking astronomers who spend their nights roaming the limitable ether with a single-barreled telescope, watching and registering new-born constellations and announcing the arrival and departure of regularly scheduled celestial bodies in words that have to be taken apart like a fish in order to be carried in a suit case.

Comets are distinguished by their impressive appearance when they can be seen and by their wandering disposition. The comet travels from solar system to solar system, making a regular territory with all the faithfulness of a grocery salesman. But a comet only visits the trade once in 50,000 to 100,000 years. This is its great advantage. By the time it comes back the descendants of its customers have forgotten all complaints.

The most celebrated comet working this territory at present is Halley's comet. In 1909 it made its regular visit, and as those who had seen it 75 years ago had almost all died, its advertising agents were able to work up an immense interest in its arrival. It stirred out to be a frayed fraud of irregular habits and no brilliancy, and every one was disappointed. But in another 75 years it will draw the same old crowd.

No comet has come near enough to the earth to allow the scientists to cut off a sample from its tail, but our most expert authorities say that said tail is of almost inconceivable tenacity, like the plot of a musical comedy, and could be used in a suit case like the comets for the same.



"It turned out to be a frayed fraud of irregular habits and no brilliancy and every one was disappointed."

### "This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

THE El Paso eighthgraders who are graduated today are blessed with the good wholesome sunshine to start them on their new way. What have they learned during these eight years? The "three R's." Of course and very much more. But, honestly, is every one of them able to write a good letter—handwriting plain, spelling and punctuation correct? How many of them can read out loud so as to be understood and give pleasure? Then, when it comes to making change, buying bread and butter or clothes, can these common transactions be done with ease? It is possible to have passed hard examinations and yet not have learned how to do the common things of life. It is to be hoped this is not the case with the graduates of today. If so, there ought to be some supplementary work done this summer, no matter how high the marks may have been.

Those celebrating their birth today are:  
Mabel Long, 11. Ruth Hockett, 9.  
Glady Graham, 12. Derald Stowell, 8.  
Ralph Deard, 9. Raymond Duke, 9.  
May Leach, 12.  
Alfred Maxey was 11 years old yesterday.

A ticket to the Bijou awaits each boy and girl named above at The Herald office.

### PINKEYES TAKES A HORSEBACK RIDE

NOW don't laugh. Pinkeyes borrowed Grandmother Tabby's horse to take a ride. He had to go several miles away to make arrangements for a large number of eggs. But he only succeeded in losing his dignity again.

"Why he wants to ride old Dave," said Pinkeyes, "is beyond me." "Well, for one thing, he looks funny," laughed Betty jumping up and pointing to watch Pinkeyes hitching up. Dave had to tell him just what to do; he did not know a thing about harnessing a horse. There were only two horses in Tabbyland, Prince and Dave, but all of the kiddy girls and kiddy boys, and bunnies, were crazy about riding horseback.

Pinkeyes ran off a little distance, took a little jump, and landed on Dave's back. Everybody on the porch laughed out loud—Snuffie and Snuffie the two bunny helpers, and Betty and Pinkeyes whirled around on Dave's back and scowled at all of them.

"But every face was straight when there they had killed a bush, placed soap on their backs and looked at the eggs. He turned around the right way just in time for Betty was ready to laugh out loud again. He was just squinting up there with his face to Dave's tail. They started."

"You might think that I was human the way you accuse me of telling tales," Betty teased her head.

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## IN OUR SPORTS

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