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, May Twenty-seventh, 1914

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The Jingoes

THE publishers of yellow papers cut up all kinds of jingo capers, and naught can make them cease; for gory war they wildly clamor, and use the bludgeon and the hammer on all who stand for peace. To sell more papers they'd be willing to see the nation go forth spilling its own and others' blood; they'd stir old hates and make them hotter, and nag our statesmen on to slaughter, and stain our flag with mud. They care not for the hopes of others, nor for the tears of wives and mothers, nor for the swaths of dead; to boost a frenzied circulation they would embroil a peaceful nation and stain the green sod red. When next the country calls for fighters we ought to see that martial writers are in the foremost rank; we ought to place them where the foemen can shoot each one in the abdomen—another name for tank. I'd like to see these brimstone eaters go forth with cleavers and repeaters to slay the dusky Mex; to see them through the desert drilling and forced to take a hand in killing till blood ran down their necks. They are fat and feeble-wristed, the whole blamed bunch should be enlisted and trotted to the front; before a mile of ground they'd covered they'd wish the White Dove o'er them hovered—they'd cuss the warlike stunt.

—WALT MASON.

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A Regional Bank Director For All

NEXT IN ORDER in organizing the regional bank for the 11th district is the nomination and election of directors. The matter is vital to the interests of banks and business men in El Paso, all west Texas, all of New Mexico, and southeastern Arizona, which are included in this district, having the central bank at Dallas.

Each regional bank is to have nine directors: three bankers, chosen by the member banks voting in three groups according to capital, group 1 being made up of the larger banks in the district, group 2 of medium, and group 3 of the smaller banks; three business men not active bankers, chosen by groups as are the banker members; and three directors named by the federal reserve board without reference to the member banks.

While the law does not require it, good banking, good business, good sense, require that attention be paid to geographical distribution of member banks in choosing the six bank representatives on the regional bank board. If so disposed, east Texas or at any rate the eastern part of the 11th district could elect all the six directors. But there is no such disposition on the part of the east Texas or Louisiana or Oklahoma bankers, grouped with west Texas, New Mexico, and part of Arizona in this district.

On the contrary, the banks in the eastern part of the district are inclined to recognize the moral right and just claim of the banks in the western part of this big district to representation, and the essential wisdom of giving it to them. Only by promoting the most perfect cooperation among all the banks in the district can the system be made useful and successful. Any hint of geographical isolation would be as fatal as to inject petty politics or cheap personal ambition into the choice of directors.

So, if El Paso, west Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico are to have a representative among the six bank representatives on the regional board, the main thing now is to act in concert, agree on a candidate, and work for him. All the banks in the district will have representatives at the general meeting in Dallas this Saturday, the main purpose of which meeting is to nominate candidates for the board and promote harmony among the member banks so that the institution when once opened will run smoothly and efficiently and render the service it is intended to render.

The logical man upon whom all the banks in the western part of the district can and should unite, as their choice of representative on the board, is Joshua Raynolds. Mr. Raynolds has an experience of 40 years in banking in this section. He is president of three banking institutions having an aggregate capital of not far from $3,000,000, one of them being in New Mexico, and he has intimate personal relations with almost every bank in Arizona, New Mexico, and west Texas.

Mr. Raynolds is a banker whose name is as well known in the great eastern and northern financial centers as it is around home. His advice and counsel are sought by the leaders in the banking world. The experience he has gained in 40 years of active life in the banking business in the southwest has given him a grasp of western and southwestern affairs of commerce and finance that is not equaled by that of any other man who could be suggested for the place.

And while Mr. Raynolds ranks among the "big bankers" of the United States, he is essentially a plain man of the people, sympathetic, modest, easily approachable, and hosts of friends in commercial lines throughout the southwest look to him for helpful guidance. His personal and banking connections and affiliations are with the biggest banks of the United States on the one hand, and with the smallest country banks of the southwest on the other, so that in Mr. Raynolds there is presented to the southwestern banks a man whose services, in the particularly exacting work of director of the regional bank, would be potentially more valuable than those that could be performed by any other man available for the post.

All these things being true, it seems to be the part of highest wisdom for the bank representatives of Arizona, New Mexico, and west Texas, including all the El Paso banks, to unite now upon Joshua Raynolds as the logical and most fitting representative of this part of the district on the regional board; and to go to Dallas this week prepared to present his name in nomination and to urge its acceptance by the other banks in the district, including those of east Texas, Louisiana, and Oklahoma, who could not have on the board, a man broader in his ideas, sounder in his financial sense and technical equipment, more comprehensively experienced in practical banking and commercial lines, or more faithful in his devotion to public service, than Joshua Raynolds.

It is safe to say that if the western group of banks sink all differences, if such exist, and present a united front at the Dallas convention in favor of Mr. Raynolds, they will find the eastern group more than receptive, and definitely desirous of having Mr. Raynolds a member of the board. Just as in the case of securing the acceptance of the southwestern view in the original delimitation of the 11th district, this opportunity is one in which any appearance of division among the banks of the western group may be fatal to the chance of having any representation at all on the board.

The southwest stood together before and won everything it sought; let the initial success be repeated now, by standing unitedly upon this fittest of all the men whose names have been suggested as possible board members representing this part of the inland empire in the regional bank.

If fresh air were not so cheap one would pay almost any price to get it. President Wilson has a tent in the white house park trying to get it. A Connecticut schoolmaster last winter experimented with trusting in providence and keeping the windows open, keeping up the usual amount of steam heat in the room; teachers and parents of pupils both reported less sore throat, colds, tonsilitis, and bronchitis than usual. Every winter about the time that windows are apt to be closed and kept closed, colds and tonsilitis begin, and every spring when the windows come up to stay up, there is an immediate decrease in these troubles; yet people will keep their windows shut in winter, even in schools, where they ought to know better.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1900.

Mrs. A. W. Dellquest went to Cloudcroft Saturday.

Mrs. Frank Brown and baby left this morning for a trip to Boston.

S. J. Freudenthal returned yesterday from a business trip to Mexico.

Miss Anne Kemp went out on the White Oaks this morning to visit the family of judge T. A. Falvey, at Cloudcroft.

Dr. W. P. Blount, state health officer, Dr. C. F. Norton, local quarantine officer, and J. B. Massie left this morning for San Francisco.

County surveyor A. H. Parker has returned from Austin. He was at the capital city when the Garcia case was being argued before the supreme court.

The union memorial services of the G. A. R. will be held at Myar's opera house tomorrow evening under the auspices of the Ministers' association of this city.

Last night the report of a forest fire in the Sacramento mountains reached the city. The fire threatened Cloudcroft, but very little damage was done, according to president C. B. Eddy, of the White Oaks.

W. H. Bryan, of St. Louis, a representative of the engineers for the International Light and Power company, who designed the new station, is in the city. Fires were built under the boilers of the company for the first time yesterday.

Russell Rokahr led the contestants in the race from The Herald building to the Mayar opera house this afternoon from start to finish. The boys who finished among the first 10 were awarded tickets to the show. They were Russell Rokahr, Joe Morgan, George McChesney, Gilbert Conner, Dave Crockett, Walter Irvin, Ray Gooch, Sam Apodaca, John O'Kneele and Claude Jaqua.

Tomorrow morning the baseball clubs of the American Bowling club and the Smelter club will clash on the diamond. Following are the respective lineups: Smelter—Longuemare, Stephens, Enler, Capron, Cotter, Howard, Lockhart, Eaton, Hall, Roberts, Kitchens, Safford and Squires. American—McPhetridge, Gatlin, Mead, McClellan, Gillespie, Robinson, White, Noake, Millspaugh, O'Brien, Perkins, Watson, Feldman and Richards. Every ball knocked into the river will be charged to the offending batter.

Mental Homeopathy

Knowledge of the Higher Heredity Makes for Being a Part of Omnipotence.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

ONCE upon a time I put an idea as old as God, and as large as the universe, into simple and compact form for the benefit of the ordinary mind, just as a homeopathist puts strong medicines into small pills for the benefit of those who cannot, or will not, assimilate big doses of drugs. Here is my poetical pill:

Out from the tomb crept Vice with hideous leer.
"I am Heredity," he cried, "whom all men fear!
I sleep, but die not. When fate calls I come,
And generations at my touch succumb."
A lofty shape rose sudden in his path.
It cried, "You lie!" and struck at him in wrath.
Heredity, the braggart, stark and still,
Fell prostrate at the feet of Almighty Will.

Now comes a protest from a physician. He says:

"I write you because I believe your faith to be wrong, in direct antagonism to the grand idea of an omniscient and omnipotent Creator, and, moreover, because I believe that its universal acceptance would lead to untold suffering, disease and death. This much science teaches me."

Doctor Protests in Verse.

In order to prove his "grand" idea of an omniscient and omnipotent Creator, I am sorry to say, the good doctor sent me a whole page of his protest in verse, of which one stanza will suffice to show his creed:

Heed this, Will: Though seeming dead at your bold stroke,
Heredity's no braggart and shall rise again
To harrow the world with sin and pain,
Or bless it with noble minds and hearts like oak!

I have known scores of human beings who were yoked like cattle to their load of belief in the hopelessness of their inheritance, and who "died as the fool dieth," either physically or morally, because they expected to.

I know a woman today who believes she "inherited" consumption through two generations of ancestors, and who is faithfully inviting it to make her the third victim.

But there are others, whom it is a greater inspiration to know.

One is a robust woman of 60, the only survivor of a family of consumptives. At 16 she was declared to be in the grasp of the disease. One day she fell to thinking, and God "illuminated" her mind with a great truth.

She said to herself:

"If I inherit bodily disease from my parents, do I not inherit divine health from God? He made my soul, and He must wish me to be well! I will be."

She began to breathe. Until this time she had used only a few cells of her lungs—afraid of the fresh air because she "inherited" weak lungs.

Then she practised gentle calisthenics and increased the exercises gradually. She took no medicines because she had all her life taken them to no avail. She believed in her divine right to health and she obtained robust health.

No matter what we do not know of God and the beginning, this we do know—that some intelligence greater than the mind of man conceived and executed this tremendous and glorious scheme of worlds.

It Overcomes All Disease.

Every part of the universe is a part of that cause.

Every star has a purpose; every human life has a purpose.

The star knows and obeys; man ignores and rebels.

But once let him know and obey and realize his higher heredity and live up to it, and he becomes a part of omnipotence.

He is a crown prince thereafter and helps direct his own destiny.

In spite of the protest of my correspondent, I do not think this belief is pernicious, or that its acceptance can lead to "disease and death." Quite the contrary. I know that it overcomes disease, poverty and misery when it is persisted in.

As for death, that is only a part of eternal life, and we do not want to overcome it.

Therefore doctors and medicines have their place in the world. Men will need physicians until they learn their true relation to nature. Then they will know how to heal themselves.

It is a beautiful thing to die, but it is a terrible thing to be sick, poor and miserable while you live.

Let man learn that he is heir to health, happiness and plenty.

They are his. They belong to every one of us. Let every soul whose eye scans these lines believe he is to be well, happy and prosperous, because it is his right. Expect it and work for it. It will be done through you, not for you.

Is a Divine Inheritance.

The woman who cured consumption breathed and exercised while she declared health was her divine inheritance.—Copyright, 1914, by Star company.

Butter

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

BUTTER is a lubricant which enables bread to go down easily.

Butter is produced by the cow, with the assistance of man. The cow turns it over to man in the shape of cream, and man turns the cream into butter by churning it violently or by shipping it over a poor railroad.

Once upon a time the cow was of great importance in butter making, but now she is only a minor factor. Years ago when the cow produced her cream it was immediately made into butter by the industrious farmer's wife and was taken to town, where it was sold the next day for twenty cents a pound. Science and business have so perfected the art of butter making, however, that the cow is now entirely out of range of the consumer. By the time cream has reached the creamer, under contract, and has been made into butter, with the wholesaler, and has been priced by the Elgin board of trade and has been sold to the grocers' combination, it costs forty cents a pound. Thus man with his ineffable genius has produced as much value in butter by handling it as the cow has by producing it. We should all take off our hats to man and should pity the cow for her rustic simplicity.

Butter in its natural state is smooth, firm, greasy and cream colored. However, man likes his butter yellow, so it is colored by the butter maker. The kindly United States congress has made yellow a natural monopoly for butter, and the maker of oleomargarine who tries to produce a cheap substitute for butter for those who can't afford to pay jewelry prices for it has to make it white or red or pink or green. If he makes it yellow he has to pay a tax of ten cents a pound. This is indeed a free country, as the poor man often observes as he forks over his dime for the privilege of eating the rich man's shade of bread roofing.

The price of butter is a great grief to all, and the worst of it is the poor cow does not get much of it. Cows are getting scarcer owing to the high price of beef, while the man who received the butter in his left hand and forks it over to the consumer with his right hand buys a new and more costly automobile every year.—Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

"Years ago when the cow produced her cream it was immediately made into butter by the industrious farmer's wife."

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

This Is No Discovery.

Insurance companies have set up the contention that the courting of an affinity by a married man is a dangerous undertaking. They can get plenty of witnesses to prove this if they need them.

The Most Likely Place.

The Wisconsin officials who are hunting for the missing state constitution will do well to look in senator La Follette's waste basket.

Beware!

Cexey had better not let any one see him around Washington or he will be seized and put on the federal reserve board.

No; Most Were Intentional.

Sir—Ought'n't the New Haven to be called The Road of a Thousand Blunders?

Orphan.

Havens of Refuge.

This is a time when a good many high financiers take to their death beds till the storm shall blow over.

He's Got LaFollette's Now Too

Why should Roosevelt spend a whole day buying clothes. What has he done with the suit he got while Bryan was in swimming?

Not Safe.

The London Times announces that it has no disposition to sneer at Mr. Wilson. It had better not, or its only American admirer will cancel his subscription.

Advice To the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

PROVE YOURSELF WORTHY.

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am a boy 18 years old, and am in love with a girl 17 years old.

I have been keeping company with her for three years. During this time I was arrested for a crime which I was guilty of. Her mother objects to her going with me and says I have a prison record and claims that I am no good. I am working and am on the road to success. The girl still loves me and says she will stick to me. But her mother won't give me another chance, and it is the only girl I have ever loved.

So please give me your advice on what I should do. J. M.

All you can do is to work hard and prove yourself absolutely worthy of the girl. Live down your prison record and make the girl's mother see that your first mistake made a man of you instead of a criminal. You will not be old enough to marry for several years, and by that time your honesty and ambition and the girl's devotion will surely win the mother. This is simply a case, my boy, where it is "up to you!"

ROCKEFELLER TO PAY $5,000,000

Cleveland, O., May 27.—John D. Rockefeller was placed upon the Cuyahoga county tax duplicate Tuesday for $211,228,247. Of this amount, it was stated, $203,000,000 was for Standard Oil company stock. The Rockefeller tax return should produce approximately $5,000,000 in taxes.

Abe Martin

It seems like th' less a statesman amounts t' th' more he loves th' flag.

Some defeated candidates go back t' work an' others say th' fight has jest begun.

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

ONE evening, so the story goes, when the poet Longfellow was at a dinner party, a woman sitting next to him spoke with scorn of the nonsensical rhymes that one sees in print every once in a while. She then recited by way of example:

"There was a little girl,
Who had a little curl,
Right down in the middle of her forehead.
And when she was good,
She was very, very good.
And when she was bad, she was horrid."

At the close, she turned for her neighbor's approval, but he smiled slyly and said, "Yes, I remember that. I wrote it for one of my little girls." It is to be hoped that the woman had the good sense to laugh at herself, but that part of the story has been forgotten.

Today's birthday list follows:

Henry Randle, 14.	Herbert A. Preston, 9.
J. P. White, 12.	Lillie Adkisson, 16.
Francis Hardesty, 15.	Louise Maetze, 16.
Inez Hernsted, 14.	

Call on "Miss Birthday" at The Herald office for a ticket to the Bijou, one for each named in the above list.

THE AWFUL STORY OF THE DOUGH

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

HERE is Pinkeyes making bread for Betty and Fluff.

Doll Betty was always complaining that she never had enough to eat. While she and Fluff, the kitty girl, were staying with the only and original Easter bunnies, they had to look sharp for rea. lfood. Of course the bunnies were very kind in some ways, but they liked lettuce and parsley and green things that Betty would not eat.

"I can't stand this cow food any longer," she whispered one morning to Fluff as they left the breakfast table. One of her cheeks was still blue where she had spilled Easter egg paint on it, and it gave her quite a sick appearance. They went out together and sat under one of the windows of the little red house.

Fluff looked at her anxiously and smoothed back some of the yellow hair from Betty's face with her soft little paw. "Why, Betty dear, you DO look pale," she said. "And I don't mind confessing to you that I feel a little down hill myself. I haven't had a thing to eat but what I could catch for weeks."

She pt her little pink tongue between her teeth and bit it with her sharp, white teeth. "I'm able to catch things," she murmured, more to herself than to Betty, "but what wouldn't I give for a nice dish of milk!"

"Well," said Betty, very loud, "milk or birds or whatever, I would give the paint off my good cheek for one square meal, or some bread and jelly, at least!"

As she said the last sentence, Pinkeyes, who had been leaning out of the window and listening to every word broke in, saying:

"If I were visiting and living with kind people, I would not complain. And if I DID want to say things I would go to my host with my troubles." He looked out of the window straight past both Betty and Fluff, who felt very much ashamed of themselves."

"Since I know that you are really SUFFERING," he said, in a very stiff and polite manner, "I will today make bread for you."

He dre whis head in the window very carefully, so as not to muss up his ears, and pattered off to the kitchen where they could hear him ordering Sniffle and Snuffle, the other two bunnies, about.

Betty threw her hands up over her head and laughed. "I don't care," she said, "just so we get something to eat. He certainly can make one feel uncomfortable, though." Fluff sighed. "I don't see how he can mix the dough with his paws, and it never is good when he tries to use a spoon. He told me so himself."

"I have perfectly god hands," said Betty, decidedly. "I'll mix that dough myself."

She marched into the kitchen and before Pinkeyes could stop her she was at work slapping the dough and wrenching it and beating it with her fists. Finally she ran her arm in so far that she got dough up to her elbow. Then she lost her head (not truly), got excited and stuck herself all up with dough.

Every times he would push back her hair she would get it full of dough. Then she would put her hand to her head, and smear herself there.

Pinkeyes watched her without a word, and Fluff was too horrified to meow. Sniffle and Snuffle were so frightened that they kept trying to hide behind each other and wiggled their noses so fast that they forgot whether they were wiggling them up or down. So they wiggled them sideways. Suddenly Pinkeyes spoke to them and they jumped nearly out of their hides. "Take her out I say! Sniffle—Snuffle put her outside!" They did. But were so covered with dough themselves before they got through that they looked like make believe bunnies.

Did they get anything to eat after all?

Do you mean to say that you think Pinkeyes would have given them something then? No, never in all the world.

He gave Fluff a little bit of milk, but kept Betty outside until she had scraped all of the dough off. And that took four days.

The Daily Novelette

A COMEDY IN IVORY.

She smiled a smile of perfect bliss,
And winked a wink and threw a kiss;
She shipped a skop across the snow,
For she had perfect teeth to show.

ISABELLA TINKBINDER'S teeth, say what you would about her other features and things, were perfectly beautiful. They were so white that on a moonlight night they could be seen for miles; so ideally formed that artists begged for permission to paint them without dragging in the rest of her face.

It was her teeth that really induced handsome, young Accordeon Fleet to ask her if she would mind experimenting with him as to whether two can really live as cheaply as one.

"I'll ask her!" he decided in a sudden burst of courage. "Of course, if it came to a matter of inches, her nose might be considered too long and her complexion is not all it might be if it wasn't what it is, and one eye may be looking the way the other is not, and her hair, if one wanted to go into details, is not very plentiful and what there is of it is red, but her teeth! Oh, her teeth! I'll ask her!"

And he did.

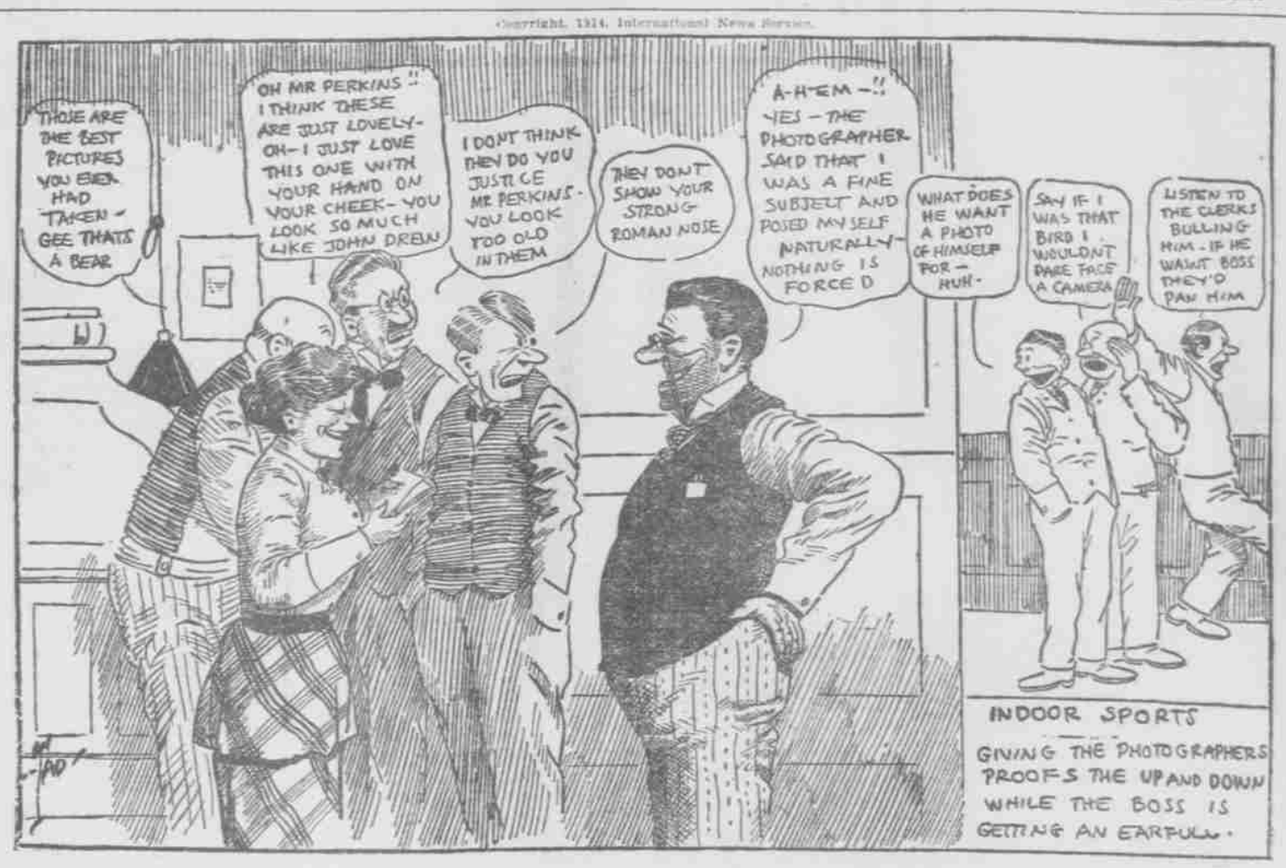
She went into his arms with a rush that nearly upset him, for he was rather delicate.

II.

After the wedding, she took her teeth out and made him hold them for her while she brushed them up for the honeymoon.

100 Years Ago Today

One hundred years ago today Napoleon, the deposed emperor of France, had settled down as an exile on the island of Elba, where for some months to come he was to pursue a policy of "watchful waiting," to use a phrase that recently has come into vogue. The fallen emperor still felt confidence in himself and his cause, though both seemed absolutely ruined. He carefully read the newspapers, and received some private news which kept him informed of the course of events and the state of public feeling in France. And, while apparently giving his whole attention to the affairs of his little island realm, he took care to form a small body of troops, most of whom belonged to his old guard. Thus, it is to be inferred, was the great Corsican already laying plans for his escape from Elba and the beginning of the memorable hundred days' campaign that was to end at Waterloo.

INDOOR SPORTS -:!:- PUTTING THE BOSS IN A GOOD HUMOR

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