

Champion Zybscko

OUR flags are flying at half mast, and crepe is on our doors; our noblest
relics gone at last to distant, alien shores. The wrestler's crown is ours
no more, the garland of the wreath; our hearts are sad, our heads are
sore, and we have aching teeth. From Poland's shore there came a gent whose
name is but a joke, and our American he bent across his knee and broke. We
cannot halt imported beef with vim, like sporting men, till we've recovered from
our grief, and got our nerve again. And now to Gotch's sylvan farm, we turn,
in our despair; is there no tallman or charm, to lure him from his lair? Is there
no way, we ask, to drag the Gotch from his retreat? Will he defend the starchy
flag, or has he got cold feet? You know how at Jim Jeffries' door we pounded,
on a day, when all our hearts were sick and sore, our laurels wrenched away.
And Jeffries came to bring them back, a figure grand, sublime; what happened
then—alack! alack! we'll tell some other time. And now all patriots demand
that Gotch, the great and strong, should keep the laurels in this land, where
surely they belong.

—WALT MASON.

Those In Peril

SLOWLY the horror of the ship disaster on the St. Lawrence soaks into the
average mind. The mere fact that it was the second—that the death list
was "only" 964 while the Titanic death list was 1630—actually reduced the
shock to the average mind. No human mind is capable of sensing such a tragedy
in detail; it is only mass by mass that one can compare or comprehend.

Yet it is only as one reads individual stories of survivors and tries to imagine
what one passenger's individual personal experience might have been like, that
one can gain anything like a fair appraisal of the awfulness of the disaster. To
attempt to multiply that one personal narrative by the 1300 souls on board—to
try to imagine 964 human beings separately drowning in icy midnight seas—
these are beyond human powers of thought or imagination. So we say, 964 persons
drowned, and so we say, the Titanic lost double, and it is all as incomprehensible
to the human mind and to human feeling as the distances of fixed stars and the
birth and death of solar systems in cosmic fire.

But we look at one star and wonder, we look at one comet and are thrilled,
we think of one man drowning, we see a little bit of wreckage floating upon the
eddy, we dimly sense the horror of the tomb, and we have reached the human limit
of feeling. "One thousand die in sinking ship" means less to the average mind
than the loss of one dear friend or relative near home, less than the wrecking of
one life in our own narrow circle of personal interest.

There will be long investigations, and great indignation. Legislatures and
courts will wrangle. Surviving passengers will sue for the loss of silk hats and
tange frocks. Relatives will ask for dollars to compensate them for the loss of
other lives. Some ship captain may have his license revoked. It will be
found that somebody blundered; somebody failed to enforce regulations, some-
body thought there were boats enough for all. The fog will be blamed. The
ship companies will plead "act of God" in extenuation. A big funeral will be
held. "Strong men will choke with grief as they look on." The last sad rites
will be performed. And the world will quickly forget.

The ship that went down was one of the largest afloat, a comparatively new
liner supposed to be equipped with all modern safeguards. It was approximately
as long as three city blocks, as wide as half a city block, and as high as an
eight story building. It weighed as much as 30 freight trains each train con-
taining 20 heavily loaded cars, or seven miles of freight cars. It carried the
population of a fair sized western town. It went down in less than ten minutes
after the collision. About 400 living bodies were rescued, nearly 1000 dead
bodies sank to the bottom of the river.

That is the story. Men have crossed the Atlantic ocean in little open boats.
The great liner is rammed by a coal carrier and sinks in ten minutes. Never-
theless it is safer, in the long run, to cross the ocean in a steamship than to walk
about the streets of a great city. These people had their life shortened by a few
years, 20, 30, 50 years maybe. But it is such a little moment, after all, in the
eternity of eternities that stretches away into the night. A brief struggle, soon
over.

We say men die when they drown: maybe they just begin to live. Yet the
only purpose of life as we know it on earth is to perpetuate the species and to
make easier the conditions of living. So, it behooves us to see that ocean ships
are made unshakable, and that means are provided to take care of all passengers
in case of disaster. It seems to be our human duty to defeat the greedy desire
of the sea to reduce the population of earth.

It takes heavy human sacrifices to make humans think. Must we wait until
600 or 800 El Pasos are killed in a panic in a local theater before we begin to
make the exits safe? Every day the present conditions continue, constitutes
a separate crime of frightful magnitude. If the expected happens, some day, the
printed words "964 dead," the holding of a big funeral, the tedious investiga-
tions, the petty fines, will seem a little more vital to us than is the story
from Quebec.

Joan Sawyer, the dancer, in philosophizing on dancing says that every two
or three generations the world goes dancing mad, and that the great good to
the world from the present craze for dancing is the rhythm. People are moving
more rhythmically and rhythm is a more dominating force than usual. There is
truth in the words of the dancer. Rhythm is not only music and ease and effi-
ciency of motion, but philosophy; coming back to your quiet and content of mind
after worry or fret or anger is a world rhythm. The changing seasons are
rhythm, the day's tasks done happily are rhythm, cleanliness and tidiness and
order are rhythm and poetry. It is the being in tune with things. It is swinging
along with the universe in work and play, in youth and age, it is all rhythm, and
tango dancing has a lesson in its obedience to rhythm.

It has come to this, that a Democratic president has to warn a western state
that the federal government will not nurse its troubles for it, that the state must
take active, positive, concrete measures for getting itself out of trouble, that the
United States does not propose to coddle any state. And only a generation ago
this country fought the bloodiest war the world has ever known over state rights.
Now the state must help in strikes, must be helped out when worms attack
it accepts, fever breaks out in its schools, or the heathen breaks into its work.

It is none too early to plan a safe and sane Fourth of July.

Every once in a while a new word arrives and learning to like a new word comes
a bit hard. The latest new word is "demoted" for unpromoted or put back. Two
weeks ago one had hardly heard of it and now it comes up every day at supper
time. Last winter it was "nationals" At first one left the word to newspaper
editors and employees of the state department entirely, but now everybody uses
it and it feels quite good on the tongue.

If we remembered our toothaches or other little agonies life would be in-
tolerable. It is only because we can forget past aches that we enjoy life, but
one ought to remember just enough to appreciate life without toothache. As Tom
Sawyer said about a sore toe, it feels so good when it stops hurting. Omelettes
ought to taste particularly delicious when one remembers that eggs were 75c
a dozen only February.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1900.

W. J. Cox has returned from Kansas City.

Lee Ordorff, of El Paso, is in Tuc- son, Ariz.

F. C. O'Brien has returned from his northern trip.

C. F. Davidson, of the Alamogordo Lumber company, was in the city today.

Mrs. Pitt, of the Salvation Army, vic- tined the fall this morning with papers, cake and fans for the prisoners.

C. E. Buford, cashier of the Mexican Central at Juarez, has been promoted to the position of agent of that road at Torreon, Mex.

Judge Wyntham Kemp left last night to attend the Democratic judicial con- vention at San Antonio. Judge Kemp alone will represent El Paso county.

Chas. D. McClintock and Miss Mabel Buckingham were united in marriage on North Santa Fe street last evening. The McGinty band, of which McClintock is a member, was at the ceremony.

Five months ago Tom and Mrs. Kelly, Dick Caples and T. J. Border, all of El Paso, located near Berrell, Mex., on the

Sierra road, 60 miles from El Paso a prospect which they named Gloria.

Plans and specifications for a 30 room building to be erected on the corner of Oregon and Missouri streets, are now in the hands of Dr. Lindsay. Bids are being received from contractors.

William S. Moses, assistant general manager for the Guagehins, was in town yesterday and inspected the Jun- uez smelter. He announced that there was a good chance of operations at the smelter being resumed within a short time.

Tonight probably will be the last night for the old electric light company to light El Paso's streets. The arc lights arrived today and are being hung at the points designated by the fire and water committees of the city coun- cil. The council will be notified at the meeting tonight that the new com- pany is ready to give service.

The El Paso delegation to the Demo- cratic convention at Henderson, Texas, left last night over the G. H. R.

The members of the delegation are: W. W. Turley, J. J. B. Jones, J. J. B. Jones, Lee Bridges, Maurice McKellown, R. F. Borges, W. P. Howe, G. W. Huffman, Chas. B. F. Jones, J. J. B. Jones, Joe Grant, Hamilton Ruyner, William Graves, A. S. J. Eyles.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"THAT new bandstand in Cleve- land square is a credit to the park and alderman W. S. Clay- ton deserves a vote of thanks for tearing the old one down and rebuilding the new one." said a north sider who has to pass the park daily. "That old stand was an eyesore, with its broken windows and its gold stucco musicians with blue black- grounds. Now that the new stand is completed and the ornamental lamps are in place the stand is both useful and decorative."

"Those Indians in the pagent given by the high school may be true to type," said Judge A. M. Walthall, "but they are associated to clean to be the real articles. The conventional idea of the Indian with beaded buckskin and beau- tiful life. Like so many other romantic impressions, the real Indian is apt to be disillusioned. They are usually dirty, without individuality, and usually consist of a pair of blue overalls for the men and a mother Hubbard for the women in the southwestern coun- try."

"The police convention recently held at San Antonio," said Chief I. N. Davis, "is believe, one of the most important ones held in the history of the association. There were many im- portant matters brought up and dis- cussed at the convention, and those present had the benefit of hearing ex- perts' propositions discussed by men who had had years of experience. Aside from the business part of the conven- tion there was something done for the social way. There was not a dull minute. Automobiles were placed at our service and opportunity to see all of San Antonio."

"El Paso remains in more of a beau- tiful than any city I have ever been in- side W. A. Sollow. "It seems that al- most everyone living in El Paso is a worker. The true spirit of builders. It takes that to make a city. The people seem to be a part of the city and each has his part in the upbuilding of it. If anyone wonders how it is possible for El Paso to grow, all he needs to do is to look at this feature. This is only one of the many reasons why El Paso is en- titled to assume a place of importance as a metropolis."

"I would like to see a cadet corps started in the high school," said Charles H. Morgan, of the 15th cav- alry. "That is the time the army likes to start military training while the man is young, so that he has only new things to learn, and is not handicapped by having to adjust himself to habits of posture, etc. In the start that the high school boys have had by the mil- itary drill for the past year, there is the nucleus of a high school cadet corps. One thing, however, I believe should be enforced, and that is that if a cadet corps is started, it should include all of the boys in the school. There is this thing about boy nature. He loves to do things and show off. If he is not drilled and the other half looking on mak- ing fun, the cadet corps can not hope to make the progress and attain the effi- ciency that is possible if all of the boys enter into the drill."

"I earnestly hope that the plan to build a stadium on the new high school grounds will be pushed through suc- cessfully," said Miss Virginia Bean. "At the splendid presentation of the high school's historical pageant I could not but think what a splendid attraction it would be to have the performance staged out in the open, in the Greek theaters of California. I have seen per- formances in these open air theaters and know the pleasure they give to thousands of people. I am sure that if the high school stadium is built it will be a source of pride to the entire city forever after. Such a place can be put to a multitude of uses, all benefi- cial, both for the high school and the city. Even if the funds are not avail- able for the kind of a stadium that could be permanent, the temporary structure could be constructed and the ground set aside for that purpose, and it would then be but a matter of time when the permanent structure would be possible."

TEXAS STATE LAND SALES
TOTALLED \$9410 IN MONTH
Austin, Tex., June 1.—Land sales and leases for May as reported by the state treasury department amounted to \$9410, of which \$2425 goes to the credit of the various available funds and \$6985 to the permanent funds. Of the available \$2425 is from public school land open accounts, and of the permanent funds \$6985 is to the credit of the permanent school fund. The remainder is to the credit of the other educational institution funds.

In the Web of Life

A New Short Serial Story

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

Author of "The Two Sisters," etc.

Chapter XIX.
I T WAK well on toward morning and Constance Medford was not asleep. Indeed, she had not gone to bed until after 2 o'clock. Now, lying in the dusky room, she went over in her mind the events of the past two hours. All the evening she had been vaguely un- easy, and in spite of the fact that she had told herself that she was foolishly anxious, she had not been able to free herself of the consciousness that Edith was unhappy and that Ralph was watch- ing her.

She, Constance, was scarcely surprised by the glimpse she had of the pair as she and the other girls came in sight of the lower hall in descending from the dressing room. She had not joined in the exclamations with which Beatrice Craig had called attention to the tableau. Her very heart was sick for she re- membered Tom Morton.

And through the painful scene that followed the departure of the guests she had remembered him, John Hale had not been harsh with his daughter, but he was pale and shaken as Edith repeated the telegraphed message that had come for Ralph.

"I cannot believe that Tom can have done anything dishonorable," the father had declared when the girl voiced her doubts. "Just because he has been de- ceived by unexpected business is no reason for suspecting the man who loves you."

There was a look of reproach in his kind eyes and Edith saw it. It may have been this that urged her to tell him of the telegram. She flushed and stammered in doing this and John Hale stood staring and silent as she said, "I don't understand it," he muttered at last. "Have you that telegram repeated?"

"No, father," she replied. "I gave it to—Ralph. It was his."

Here Mrs. Hale had broken in upon the conversation with a query that was so characteristic of her gentle and ro- mantic temperament that Constance, even though she had almost smiled, "Edith darling," the mother had asked, "the only really important thing is: Do you really love you?" For, of course, you must love him dearly to be en- gaged to him."

"The girl looked at her mother dully. "I don't know," she answered. "I don't know if I love him much or not. But I don't love Tom any more. And Tom doesn't love me and Ralph does."

"But Tom does love you!" exclaimed the mother. "And he is such a dear, good man!" Edith ejaculated scornfully. "Would a good man have paid money to a married woman, and when her husband loved her, pretended that he was another person and almost asked for his own cousin's hand? Is that be- lievable?"

"The hyena is what Nature has wished upon the unfortunate Afri- can as a substitute for the dog. There is a great deal of superfluous love in the world, but there has never been enough to encourage anyone to waste some of it on the hyena. He is generally disliked and his character is regarded with impunity. He is a cross between a wolf, a dog and a rendering machine. He has a keen nose through to masticate a was pipe with ease. He is as large as a large dog and is very strong in his neck and forelegs, but Nature has not given him the same strength in his hind legs. She also equipped him with an odor which would have the skunk extremely popular in Africa by comparison."

"The hyena has long, coarse hair and a stiff mane. He wears the hair along his back pompadour and has stout claws which he uses in lieu of a steam shovel. The hyena can dig a hole in the ground faster than a well-drilling outfit and when a native dies, his sorrowing relatives are not satisfied until they have put a stone which is a little larger than the stoutest hyena over his grave."

"The hyena spends his days hiding in caves and the ruined buildings of an ancient civilization which closed down years ago. By night, he roams in packs, eating whatever has just died and making remarks to each other from one hill to another. The hyena has a built-in smile and talks in a horrible chuckle which sounds like a high pro- ceedings depicting hard times during a free trade administration. One of the favorite amusements of then Africa

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

"There's joy in the mountains; There's life in the fountains; Small clouds are sailing; Blue sky prevailing; The rain is over and gone."

W HAT a beautiful day with which to begin the school vacation! A day to delight in, and it is to be hoped that both teachers and scholars will let themselves enjoy it to the full.

The boys and girls starting out with a birthday anniversary are:

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| Thaddeus Keavin, 17. | Catherine Cushing, 10. |
| Florence Cathart, 13. | Wilhelmina Lyon, 11. |
| Hornace Walker, 13. | John King, 13. |
| Earl Johnson, 16. | Flowers Hare, 14. |
| Mabel Lancaster, 12. | Angela Palazzo, 13. |
- Yesterday's list is as follows:
- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| Elma Seffel, 13. | Laura McLeroy, 13. |
| Charles W. Hyten, 11. | Grace Odell, 16. |
| Clarita Mabel Wright, 11. | Eulton Vowell, 8. |
| Donald Pitt, 8. | Dean W. Miller, 16. |
- There is a ticket of admission to the Bijou at the Herald office for each one named above.

Just stroking the nervous sufferer's forehead. At last, when the longed-for sleep had come to the daughter of the house, the orphan crept out to her own room and to bed.

But the last thing she did before she slept was to kneel down and send up a little prayer for Tom. She wished that he, in his lonely apartment in New York, could know that she was

thinking of him and trusting him. Then, as she found herself drifting off to sleep, she called herself a silly fool who was meddling in something that was none of her business.

She tried to believe that it was only interest in her cousin that made her so sorry for Tom Morton.

(To be continued.)

TOM TABBY IS A HERO

OM does not look like a hero in this picture. In fact, he looks just as he has always looked. But he saved the life of Ted Spot, and kept Miss Flax from getting a terrible scolding from grandmother Tabby.

"I do hope that you will behave to- day," said Miss Flax at the table at luncheon. "Ted Spot is here to play with you." She smiled at Ted, who became very embarrassed and looked off in another direction. "I know that he will not get into any mischief."

"Will you Spot?" she added pleas- antly, but Ted made no answer and grandmother Tabby has left me to make preserves, and I cannot be bothered with you boys."

"Must I take my nap today?" asked Tom. "Is not that the very reason that your mother has had you stay with us? Of all the kiddy girls and boys and puppy and bunny people in Tabbyland you are the most troublesome. Any one would think that you were a human being. I thought when I escaped to Tabbyland I would be free from troublesome boys, but you are the very worst." She rose suddenly from the table and, after sending the two boys out to play for a while in the yard, she made a light under the kettle.

Grandmother Tabby had filled it with the preserves before she left, and Miss Flax, who was a young doll girl just learning to cook, was to finish them. She moved around very restlessly and jerkily, and mumbled all of the direc- tions over and over again.

"Sit constantly," she took the long spoon and stood near the kettle stir- ring as fast as she could. "Let come to me."

But she still standing stirring bravely when Miss Flax, who had stopped to hallycax, came back 15 minutes later. She lifted him down, took his place herself, and said never a word. Tom did not take a nap that day. She let him off.

But she told Mrs. Tabby what a brave boy he had been, and gave him a little extra. She had a slice of bread and Ted Spot two slices of bread and preserves apiece, just as soon as it was cool. And grandmother Tabby said that it was a hero.

GUESTS FLEE RAPIDLY FROM BURNING HOTEL IN DENVER
Denver, Colo., June 1.—Fire of un- known origin early today burned the Retter hotel, a three story brick building. Sixty-three men and women asleep in the hotel, escaped. Robert Anderson, a fireman, was taken to the hospital suffering from severe burns due to an excited fire. The loss to the hotel, a restaurant and confection- ery store, is estimated at between \$67,000 and \$75,000.

INDOOR SPORTS

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SOMETIMES IT TAKES A DOZEN MEN

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If at first you don't succeed, blame secretary Bryan. Look out for the fellow that let's you do all the talking.