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

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D-i-c-o-u-r-a-g-e-m-e-n-t

NO MATTER what our task, some days will find us sighing, and wearily we ask, "What is the use of trying?" The heart is often sore, from struggle and endeavor; from doing one thing o'er, forever and forever. We feel that what we do is really not worth while, and that the goal in view is not worth the pursuing. We feel there is no chance to better our condition, as sadly we advance to old age and demnition. We dwell with Fear and Doubt, and all ambitions perish; the bottom's fallen out of everything we cherish. Upon such doleful days, which come to clerk or writer, how quickly words of praise will make the whole world brighter! There ambles to my side a pilgrim bent and hoary, who murmurs, "By St. Bride! I liked your latest story!" This little cheerful word, though it may be deluding, makes worry seem absurd, and ends my grief and brooding. And I, refreshed and strong, go forth, no longer tearful, to pass that word along, and make some toiler cheerful.

—WALT MASON.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.)

El Paso's Opportunity In Mexico

WHO SAID El Paso's Mexican trade has been ruined, or that Mexico is "dead?" Make him eat his words. The fact is that El Paso's trade with Mexico is steadily on the increase, and that it has assumed notable proportions, in spite of the war disturbance in the neighbor republic.

Any banker or local wholesale merchant will tell you that he has customers today on his regular books who had never been in El Paso—had scarcely heard of El Paso—up to a year or so ago. Important merchants from Torreon and further south, even Zacatecas, have opened banking accounts here, make frequent trips, and send their orders this way. Some even have permanent local representatives and buyers here, who a year or two ago hardly knew El Paso was on the map.

One El Paso implement house reports that at this time the bulk of its trade comes from Mexico, even from as far south as Zacatecas and Aguascalientes, 800 miles and more. This is new trade, built up since the revolutionary period began—trade that is absolutely new to El Paso, and that indicates what openings are outs to develop if we take a little thought and make the effort.

One local wholesale house is planning a Mexican campaign on an extensive scale, having become convinced that a vast market lies to the south of us that is all ready for El Paso goods, and that knows too little of El Paso's advantages.

There is scarcely a line represented locally, in manufactures and trade, that cannot profitably develop the Mexican market. It is time for El Paso to begin to realize that as a result of the wars in Mexico, several things have happened that El Paso can turn to the mutual advantage of herself and the people of Mexico, if we go after the business right: First, the traffic lines in Mexico to and through El Paso have gained greatly in relative importance; second, tens of thousands of Mexicans of the best classes have become personally acquainted with El Paso for the first time; third, imports from Europe and American seaports have dwindled in relative importance while the land lines have gained; fourth, Mexicans have learned to rely on El Paso as a market center, a travel center, a banking center, a news center, a social center, a school center, (and, it might be said, as a political center and ammunition center), to the comparative exclusion of San Antonio, New Orleans, St. Louis, New York, and Los Angeles, formerly dominant capitals in the mind of the average welltodo Mexican.

The moral of it all is that, so soon as it becomes possible in the course of events, El Paso must take the lead in organizing and conducting a "Get-Acquainted" excursion through Mexico, at least down as far as Aguascalientes, and if possible through to the City of Mexico.

Not less than 100 men should participate; they should be representative men in all lines—not salesmen or mere sightseers, but heads and proprietors of firms, corporations, and banks, men who know Mexico and Mexicans and want to know more; men who will be competent not merely to acquire information, but to impart it; men whose mission will be neighborly and friendly to an extraordinary degree; men who can fitly interpret the new El Paso to the restored Mexico.

Let us not premit this project to die, or to languish. Let us begin arrangements now, and sign up members of the excursion conditionally—all arrangements to take effect so soon as conditions warrant.

Such a tour would have far more than local significance and importance; it would demonstrate to the whole country and to all the world two things: First, that Mexico welcomes American trade, American capital, and American visitors; second, that El Paso has established herself in the dominant place she deserves as the principal port of entry and chief gateway to the country that has produced one-third of all the silver produced in the world in the last 400 years—the country that has produced one-half as much gold and silver bullion as there is in the whole world today in coin and bullion.

"On to Mexico."

A Soldier Dead

TODAY in El Paso a military funeral passed through the downtown streets. The dead artilleryman's horse, draped in black, with the empty stirrups turned to the rear, was led behind the artillery caisson on which rested the flag draped casket. At the head of the column of mounted soldiery was the band, also mounted, and it was playing a march for the dead, a most simple piece, the more impressive and lovely for its very simplicity.

As the column slowly moved toward the station, bystanders along the streets were strangely moved. Street traffic momentarily stopped. Trolley gongs were hushed, and automobiles waited in silence. Men and women came out of the shops and stood at the curb. When the flag passed by, many men (though far too few) were seen to bare their heads, in most natural (and too uncommon) token of respect, not merely to the flag, but to the dead.

For the moments during which the funeral was passing, there was a marked stillness; voices were lowered; those who are easily touched by such solemn pageantry felt their throats tightening, their eyes to become dim.

For that little moment, snatched from the busy noisy life of a city's noon, the thoughts of hundreds flashed across the Atlantic to where millions of men are battling for the cause that to each is dear; flashed back to El Paso, where preparations are complete for the greatest military demonstration in the history of the southwest—Army Tournament week, and the great parade soon to take place, in which 5000 men of all arms of the American military service will march.

For that one moment, solemn and somber even in the dazzling light of autumn noontime, men and women felt the very pang of war. It was soon over, and men and women lightly went about their usual tasks. But for that one fleeting instant, those who looked on at this spectacle—always pathetic, always grim as the death angel himself—felt the pang of war, felt indeed the breath and presence of the messenger who brings to every one, suddenly and with finality, the summons to that long tomorrow, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

And among the fragmentary thoughts that came flashing over the quickened spirit was this: Men are being killed or wounded in the European war at the rate of 50,000 every week, 7000 every day, and since the war began, in nine short weeks, 100,000 men have been killed and 350,000 men have been wounded, many of them to death; 450,000 men in all have fallen on the many fields of combat since August 2, only nine weeks gone.

And the passing of one soldier in our very midst makes a city full pause in thoughtful reverence. What of the 450,000 of our brothers who have shed their blood on the other side? What of the 100,000 who have gone the way of this dead artilleryman who only yesterday was one of us, a soldier at Fort Bliss?

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more, days of danger, nights of waking.
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveille.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1900.

A. B. Phillips is in Alamogordo on business.

J. Chilberg left today for Phoenix, Ariz., on a business trip.

James Albert, a switchman of the G. H., will return to work tomorrow.

Mrs. Charles Pollock and mother accompanied conductor Pollock on the White Oaks today.

The music study department of the Woman's club will meet Tuesday with Mrs. W. M. Gillespie, on Mesa avenue.

Robert Lyons, Clarence McKie, George Hickey and Isaac Rader went to Lobo on the eastbound G. H. train last night, on a hunting trip.

It was intended that a meeting of the chamber of commerce should be held last evening to discuss sidewalk improvements and waterworks, but only two members of the committee, J. B. Badger and M. E. Williams, were present.

A movement is on foot among the young men of El Paso to form a "We Will" club and to set aside one night in each week from now until next January, at which time an entertainment of some kind will be given. The proceeds of the entertainment will go toward the midwinter carnival fund.

The city council met in special session yesterday afternoon and considered recommendations from the board of health for the improvement of the sanitary condition of the city. After some discussion the recommendations were adopted and Dr. Anderson was appointed to fill the position as sanitary inspector.

THE CANNON

BY FLORENCE E. YODER.

THE creatures in Tabbyland never knew why it was, but for some reason or other the little store at the corner began to fill up with all sorts of Fourth of July things. There were firecrackers by the cart load and big set pieces and cannons. Whenever toys and playthings of all kinds were neglected in the real world they came to Tabbyland. Mrs. Tabby said that she thought that perhaps they had stopped having Fourth of July celebrations with firecrackers, but that she was not sure.

As a matter of fact this was the real reason. Now, although the animals were somewhat afraid of the firecrackers and the cannons, they liked to play with them, and Tom Tabby was the very first person to get a cannon, from the old cocker spaniel who kept the little store. It was expressly against his mother's orders, but he disobeyed.

He hid it at the back of the shed on their place, and did not tell any one that he had it. But one day, Binkie, his kitty brother, found it, asked Tommy whose it was and Tommy had to confess. Binkie was surprised at first, but soon was as interested in it as Tom was, and together they decided to try to set it off.

They did not know just how to set it off, but by hanging around the little store and asking questions they finally learned. Then early one morning before any one else was up, they crawled out of bed, loaded the cannon and prepared to set it off.

Mrs. Tabby never spied on her kitty children, but sometimes she just bumped in to see what they were doing. So it was that this particular morning she heard them get out of bed. As soon as she could get her clothes on she followed them, but she did not get to the back of the lot before they loaded the cannon and were about to light it. Binkie was standing near it and Tommy was just behind him.

"Boys," called Mrs Tabby, "drop that fire at once!" Both kitties looked around, but it was too late. With an awful bang! the thing went off. It reared back like a horse, and a cloud of flame and smoke hid the two kitty boys from Mrs. Tabby's sight. Almost before it had cleared she ran to find them, but did not have to go far, for the shock had knocked them almost back to the house.

The noise had roused all of the country round, and by the time she had Tom and Binkie safe inside of the house all of the creatures were gathered about the hot and smoking cannon.

"Who did it?" asked everyone of some one else, but they did not find out right away. Not until several days after, when Tommy and Binkie were able to come out of doors, did they know who the culprits were.

But they knew then, for the fur was almost gone from their faces, their beautiful whiskers were seared away, and they had no eyelashes at all. None of the creatures in Tabbyland could be coaxed to touch the Fourth of July things after that, and after a while they were completely forgotten.—Copyright, 1914, by F. E. Yoder.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

Villa Did It

El Paso will now engage in a dateline duel with Paris, London and Berlin.—Dallas Journal.

Business Opportunity.

Since we can get no dyes from Europe we shall be oblised to learn how to cast our own dyes.

Up From Barbarism.

China is rapidly mobilizing her army. She seems almost persuaded to become a Christian nation.

Consolation.

If Jawn McGraw will study his bible attentively he will find something to the effect that the last shall be first and the first last.

An Awful Lesson.

After reading descriptions of European battlefields many a young man has taken a solemn vow that he'll never play football again.

Unjustified Assault on a Great Man.

The contention that Gen. Sherman never said that war was what he said it was is tantamount to asserting that Gen. Sherman never saw any war.

Getting the Habit.

Having observed his British allies scattering h's all over the continent, the Russian has begun to shake the consonants out of the names of several hundred cities.

Not Interested in the Dispute.

We cannot see how the controversy over dum-dum is going to do much for the soldier who was shot through the heart by a highly civilized and humane steel tipped bullet.

Abe Martin

Ther's no middle ground with a new hat. It either's makes you look ten times better or ten times worse. Tell Binkley is sellin' North sea minin' stock.

EIGHT TO RECEIVE DEGREES.

Mount Franklin Encampment No. 196 will hold a degree camp Saturday night at 6:30 o'clock in the I. O. O. F. hall. A class of eight will be given degrees. A banquet will follow the degree work. On the committee in charge of the barquet will be Arthur Borcherding, chairman; F. C. Hecox, G. C. Richerson and E. C. Forney.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"HOW would you like to hear from three to six of the same jokes(?) on an average of every 10 minutes for eight hours each day?" asked a U. S. customs inspector. "If you think you could laugh at them after about two years listening, come down to the Santa Fe street bridge and follow the customs inspectors through the street cars." He gives the following as the regular "jokes."

"I've got a lot of booze, but it's in my stomach."

"I've got some bad race tickets, if you want them."

"I've got a whole lot less than I took over with me. Haw! haw! haw!"

"I'd be in big luck if I had what I left over there." More haw haws.

"I left mine all over there. Tee hee, hee."

"I've got a handful of keno checks. Is they duty on them? Ho ho ho."

"No, I left it all over there"

"If you can find anything on me you can do better than I can."

"No, they got everything I had."

"I've got nothing but myself"—which usually isn't much.

"You'll have to get a stomach pump to get what I got."

"Some of the men in the customs service have got in nearly four years' time on the bridges and have heard these replies probably a quarter of a million times, and part of them, at least, have ceased to be funny," continued the inspector.

"If anyone has been using a reply which he thinks is funny and which has been overlooked in this list, they needn't feel slighted, as it was not intentional."

* * *

"The high school pupils are making a big success of the self government plan," said principal A. H. Hughey. "The pupils have taken hold of the idea with much interest and enthusiasm and the general order of the entire school has been improved in a wonderful degree. The student council hold court every afternoon, meteing out whatever penalty the offence demands—and is a just and fair way. The success of self government is most gratifying to the teachers of the school."

* * *

"There is a very good field in El Paso for the Y. W. C. A. work," said Miss Gail Lane, the new general secretary of the El Paso association. "We are hoping to make the work of the association for the coming year cover a broader field than it has done in the past and reach all of the young women of the city."

* * *

"It will cost less than $15,000 to grade the four lots in the Alexander addition owned by the board of education and upon which the new high school building will probably be erected," said George R. Le Baron. "When this is done the value of the property will be increased to approximately $75,000. It was purchased for $24,000, so you can easily see that it will be well worth the trouble to grade the four blocks. When work starts in grading these blocks the property owners in that section of the city will at once get busy laying sidewalks and improving their property. That section of the city will undoubtedly soon become thickly populated. There will be scores of beautiful houses spring up all along that section. The proposed scenic drive and scenic park makes the high school site a good location."

* * *

"While there are a large number of alarms unanswered by the El Paso fire department, there is little damage from fire loss in this city," said W. W. Armstrong, fire chief. "This fact is due to the manner in which the city is built. In the fire district there are few buildings that are not brick, stone or concrete structure. When a fire does occur, it is quickly put out and cannot spread because there is little wood used in building the houses. I believe that El Paso has the smallest fire loss of any city in the country of a similar size."

* * *

"The Phoenix-El Paso auto race this year should be one of the greatest cross country races ever held in this section," said Harry Couden, of Globe. "Every town along the route is taking keen interest in the race. They have all subscribed much larger amounts than last year and this means that there will be many more entries. Another factor is that the roads are in at least 100 percent better condition than last year, partimularly in Arizona. At Globe there has been extensive work, the canyon road leading to Tombstone having been completely gone over. Convicts have done most of the work in Arizona and, with competent overseers, excellent progress has been made."

* * *

"The German chamber of commerce in New York is spending a good deal of money to get accurate war news," said F. L. Goetz. "Each day the true reports of conditions are sent to New York from Germany and this information is then sent to German representatives throughout the world. There have been a number of cases where this news has come out ahead of the press dispatches. One case in particular was that of the sinking of the Kaiser Wilhelm, which was received by the chamber of commerce a day before the regular press dispatches. This would show that the news is in no way colored but is as fair to the allies as to Germany."

* * *

"In condemning the socalled social clubs, the report of the grand jury was one of the best I have seen in a long time," said Albert A. Faulkner. "There were entirely too many of these clubs in the city. The majority of them are ill kept, with doors wide open and no way of preventing the entrance of strangers, who were not registered. After 9:30 p. m., which is the time when the saloons close, it was a very easy matter for anyone to go to the clubs and obtain admittance."

* * *

"Men desiring to enlist in the navy are being accepted rapidly by the U. S. recruiting officers," said A. K. Alberts, a former sailor on the U. S. S. Dakota. "While there is usually numbers of young men who desire to become sailors, during the past few weeks there has been a large number apply for admittance into the navy, probably influenced by the war in Europe. Three years in the naval service, part of which time you spend on the sea, is a great experience for anyone. During my term of enlistment while I was not on board the South Dakota, I was in the training school on Goat island, in San Francisco Bay."

Students of the El Paso Schools

WAR means more to El Paso's children than a page out of history. While the little girls in Belgium and France are seeing their homes burned, their schools wrecked by shells and their fathers killed, the El Paso school children are going happily to school under conditions which the blessings of peace have made possible.

The pupils of the fifth grade, Alta Vista school, should be especially thankful for such a beautiful building in a pretty home district where war never enters except on the front pages of the daily papers.

The pupils of the fifth grade, Alta Vista school, are:

Talman Andress.	Marie Froussard.	Robert Morris.
Wilbor Bowington.	Frances Foster.	Marvel McClammy.
Richard Blum	Cike Gonzalez.	Hazel Naumann.
Mary Elizabeth Bush.	Ollie Gates.	Frederick Oberkamp.
Katherine Benjamin.	Ruth Goan.	Robert Osborn.
Joy Butler.	Maxine Goan.	Marion Powell.
Felicia Bourdreau.	Carrie Greek.	Harvey Rickey.
Mamie Bean.	Robert Heffelfinger.	Marie Roberts.
Francis Coleman.	Helen Henderson.	Carl Swartz.
Eddie Comeau.	Dorothy Hall.	Jessie Sommer.
Mabelle Cerf.	Lucy Kobel.	Marie Tuttle.
Ida Emery	Ione Livingston.	Gladys Tillery.
Louise Emery.	Nettie Long.	Elma Walker.
Enar Emery.	Gaspar Larrazolo.	Kenneth Wells.
Minnie Fitchett.	Ralph McClintock.	Joe Watson.
Amelia Fletcher.	Concha Martinez.	

The fourth grade of the Alta Vista school will appear tomorrow.

H-a-y

BY GEORGE FITCH,

Author of "At Good Old Siwash."

HAY is a sort of excelsior which is used for stuffing horses.

It consists of various sorts of grasses in a mummified condition. All spring until midsummer the hay crop grows up by itself with training cultivation or suggestions from the farmer. A hay field gets less attention than the child whose parents are bursting into the smart set. Day in and out the farmer cultivates his corn, chases chinch bugs out of his wheat, and looks at the market quotations on oats with frantic disgust. But when the meadow is waist high he greases up the mower, gets out the horse rake, hoists the rack on the wagon and proceeds to make hay.

When the farmer has cut all his grass and the sun has dried it into hay, it rains. Hay harvest is an infallible cure for drouth. If they raised more hay in the Sahara desert there would be less dry weather in that region. When the rain falls on his hay the farmer curses capably and scatters it out to dry again. Then he loads it onto a half-acre wagon with pitchforks. A skilful farmer can get more hay on a fork than an Italian can spaghetti. When the farmer has stuffed his barn so full of hay that it sticks out of the cracks like the stuffing in a cheap sofa, he takes the rest into neat little blocks, looking like breakfast food for Goliath, and sells them for $20 a ton. The farmer who has almost 40 acres of good meadow, which comes up of its own accord in the spring and hands him a few tons of hay per acre in return for a little skilful fork work has no reason to complain about the tariff or anything else.

"Hay harvest is an infallible cure for drouth."

We hear a great deal about the wonders of wheat and the greatness of corn, to say nothing of the royalty of cotton. But in a quiet, unassuming way the hayfields of this nation add each year about $600,000,000 to its wealth. This is more than we get for wheat or oats or cotton or hogs. But no one spends any time throwing bouquets at the humble hay. What it appears to need most in these days is a press agent.—Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

The Daily Novelette

A WOMAN'S MIND.

THOMAS EDISON was frying a dinty fish on his patented electric stove. He was hungry, for, working night and day on his now famous wireless coat hanger, he had not eaten or slept for three days.

Suddenly, a strong smell smote the laboratory air. Edison sniffed suspiciously.

It was the smell of burning fish!

"The dinty fish is burning," exclaimed the great inventor. "What on earth shall I do?"

Frantically, he racked his brains for a scientific solution.

"Perhaps I have shot too many molecular volts into it," he thought. "I'll call up professor Bookenburg. Perhaps he can think of something."

He strode to the telephone. By this time, the odor of burnt fish was terrific.

Mrs. Edison rushed into the laboratory. After one hurried glance, she rushed to the stove, lifted off the pan containing the dinty fish and opened all the windows to let out the smell.

"Now I shan't have to bother the professor," said Edison.

And with a sigh of relief he hung up the receiver.

J. L. DYER HAS FINE GARDEN OF DAHLIAS

John L. Dyer has an experiment station in yard and garden culture at his home, on Arizona street. His dahlias are among the finest in El Paso and his yard is as attractive as a city park. Mr. Dyer has been making a specialty of growing dahlias in his garden and has produced some specimens which are the equal of those shown in the flower shows in the east. One is a "caprice" which bears two different colors of blooms on the same stalk. One bloom is a dark maroon or deep red, while the other is a light pink or coral shade. The dahlia plants grow to a height of from six to seven feet and are loaded with blossoms.

In addition to these plants, Mr. Dyer has a number of fine rose bushes which are now blooming, fig trees that have borne this year and chrysanthemums which are now budding and will bloom soon. The garden is divided into circular flower beds, squares of green lawn with trailing vines covering the fences and the home of King, his Chinese gardener.

Collector Z. L. Cobb is also producing some wonderful roses on his ranch below Tularosa. Hogs are the real excuse for this ranch's being, but the collector of customs has hundreds of rose bushes planted in front of his ranchhouse. He recently brought an auto load of American beauty roses to the city which would sell at the florist's for $6 a dozen.

160 Years Ago Today

JOSIAH GILBERT, who attained wide fame as a painter, was born 160 years ago today in Yorkshire, England. His early education was received at home. Later he became a student in the Royal academy, practised as a portrait painter for some years in London, and then went to live at Marden, Ash, where he spent his remaining years in literary and artistic pursuits. Mr. Gilbert became widely known as an authority on painting. Among his works were "Art, its Scope and Purpose," "Cadore, or Titian's Country," "Art and Religion," "The Dolomite Mountains" and "Landscape in Art Before Claude and Salvator."

INDOOR SPORTS -:- PANNING A PHOTO OF "THE BUNCH"

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