Editorial *and* Magazine Section

EL PASO HERALD

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Saturday, May Eighth, 1915.

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE, THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIVE UNOPPOSED.

LUSITANIA'S LOSS AGAIN EMPHASIZES DANGER OF CHAUTAUQUA DIPLOMACY

(BY H. D. S.)

WELL, WHAT are we going to do about it? We may be tolerably sure that whatever we do or don't do, we shall be, as a nation, humiliated by reason of the Chautauqua diplomacy in vogue. The United States does not desire war with anybody. It does not desire to make war on Germany any more than on other powers. But the United States has been desperately injured in its vital interests—the life and safety of its citizens on the high seas—and the whole world waits to hear what we have to say about it.

The state department typewriter was working with its customary profligacy of eagle screaming literature and its also customary absence of the slightest intention of making good, when it typed the letter to Germany, the letter now destined to become famous while helping to make our government notorious. It was declared in effect that if any American citizen were hurt by German attacks on passenger ships on the high seas, the United States would hold Germany to "strict accountability."

The language used was such that in the relations of any other powers than the United States it would have called for quick and drastic action in the present instance. The trouble with the United States government is that it is becoming so used to throwing bluffs that it does not seriously consider its own words. No such phrases ought ever to be used, in the relations of governments any more than in the relations of individuals, unless the one who utters the phrase shall have already made up his mind just exactly what steps are to be taken in case such a warning is disregarded.

It is probable that nobody at Washington thought of the consequences of disregard of such a positive warning. If the government and the people be not ready to resort to the ultimate appeal to arms, the government should be careful not to put itself in an advanced position from which it must recede when challenged.

At this writing, it appears that at least 100, perhaps 200 or more, Americans have been killed by the explosion of German torpedoes and by drowning as a result of the attack on the Lusitania. This brings us up Bang against all the fundamentals of human existence and national rights and privileges. Germany has claimed the right to make maritime laws of war to suit her own ends; the United States has refused to admit Germany's assumed rights to destroy passenger vessels on the high seas. Now, after we have given positive warning that we shall hold Germany to "strict accountability" for violation of our national rights on the seas, we suddenly face REALITY and we stand aghast. We Americans don't know what to do about it—we feel hurt in a vague sort of way, and our pride is pricked by Germany's disregard of our beautifully typewritten warning; but we Americans have no idea of what ought to be our next step, or how we are to go about making good with our threat of "strict accountability."

"Will money compensate us? Would money compensate YOU if one of the corpses now furnishing a banquet for the deep-sea fishes were YOUR father or YOUR daughter? Would $100,000 for each life, paid in gold in 20 days, look like a fair exchange? Would smooth talk compensate you? Would volumes of legal arguments compensate you?

If not, what would you do about it, if you had it to decide? Germany has no ships on the sea, so the United States could not retaliate in kind even if she desired to. Would any American advocate that we should enter into a war on land, with Germany, and send our people to Europe to join actively with the allies in the fighting lines? The very thought of it is absurd. But what ought to be done? We Americans are all asking this of ourselves and of each other, and the Washington government is no more undecided or hesitant at this moment than are all the people. We have been hurt, as a nation, in our very vitals, and we have not the slightest idea what to do to defend ourselves against another attack of the same sort tomorrow morning, or what to do to exact some sort of more or less adequate compensation for our injured national pride and our dead citizens.

"International law" has nothing to do with the case. "International law" is nothing but the rule of the strongest nation for the government of the weaker ones in maritime and international affairs. Most existing "international law" has been made by England to serve her own ends. Germany now claims the right to make some "international law" of her own. The United States has just the same right to make "international law" as any of the other powers have, but unless we back up our own brand of "international law" with force there is no alternative left to us but to accept and abide by such "international law" as Europe and Japan choose to impose upon us.

The main point the El Paso Herald seeks to drive home just now is the danger of using in our diplomatic correspondence, phrases that in the usual language of diplomacy are burdened with strong meaning, but which we have no idea of construing for ourselves in a literal sense. We have done that a hundred times in relation to Mexico, until Mexicans have come to understand that we do not mean a thing we say. Henry W. Grady's oratory was described by a Boston newspaper as consisting of "cannon balls garlanded with roses." Our present day brand of American diplomacy may be fitly described as "green cheese encased in silvered and gilded paper to imitate shrapnel."

Absolutely nothing the United States can say or write in this crisis with Germany will be worth a whoop in hades. Either we have been vitally hurt in our dearest national interests, or we have not been hurt at all. Either we must hold Germany to "strict accountability," or we must accept the situation calmly, even with simulated pleasure. Either we must make good with our terrible threat, or we must content ourselves to have our peanut stand upset and our pennies stolen by every rough visitor to the European sideshow.

Get the idea out of your mind that there is any "law" to cover the case. There is no law, and no law can be made, to justify the murder of innocent men and women and children of neutral countries traveling in a passenger ship on the high sea. But there is one thing that does "justify" such actions and that one thing is "war" which is, after all, the denial of all law. The Lusitania was undoubtedly carrying arms and munitions of war to England. England has sworn her intention to starve Germany to death—men, women, and children, noncombatants, babes in arms, and babes unborn. Germany has seized the only effective weapon in sight—the submarine to kill British commerce. This is war, and war is a law unto itself. A nation may make "laws of war" to govern its own armies, but no nation can make "laws of war" to govern another nation, except it be prepared to enforce those laws by force of arms, which, again, is war, and we argue in a circle.

It was admiral Sir John Fisher, the Englishman, who, upon taking supreme command of the British navy, declared "There is no such thing as a humane war." Fisher is right. England has done and is doing her part to prove the truth of his remark. Germany, with her murder of the Lusitania's hundreds of passengers, has added one more proof to admiral Fisher's maxim.

The United States might as well try to prevent an earthquake by citing the resolution of a church missionary society, as try to influence Europe by quoting law tracts or appealing to "traditional friendship." We should serve our own ends better, and conserve our national pride against serious wounding, if we should keep perfectly quiet and say nothing until we have made up our minds exactly what we are going to do in case our warnings are disregarded. With 1,100,000,000 people already in a state of war, the Diplomatic Bluff has lost its force. We may be able to retain our dignity by silently suffering injustice during the period of world chaos, trusting to a later time to bring about some sort of adjustment. But we cannot retain either dignity or friendship through a policy of tiger talk and jellyfish performance.

Short Snatches From Everywhere

Th swapplur ships for forts at the Dardanelles the Allies have the advantage. They have more ships than the Turks have forts.—Chicago Herald.

Although not in a position to get arms from us, Germany is at least availing herself freely of our splendid interning facilities.—Chicago Herald.

Could brewers and distillers only have foreseen all that has happened, the ranks of the antimilitarists would have had at least one powerful reinforcement. —New York Evening Post.

With the British using our flag on the high seas and the German raiders taking refuge in our harbors, it would appear that we are absolutely neutral.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

An exchange says that there are a half million dope fiends in New York deprived of their dope by the new federal law. Well, they still have the stock exchange.—Flagstaff (Ariz.) Sun.

The New York woman who complains that she lost $120 learning to play poker is a lucky soul. Thousands of men have dropped more money than that without ever learning the game.—New Orleans States.

"Spruce up" smile and look glad. We have information from authentic sources that "general prosperity" is headed this way; from many sources and all directions comes the glad news of awakened commercial activities.—Bowie (Ariz.) Enterprise.

The French people, with their craze for ancestry, in trying to trace Gen. Joffre back to ancient royalty, have found that the first Joffre was nothing more than a cooper. But that disappointing fact isn't likely to interfere with his generalship to any great extent. —Bisbee (Ariz.) Review.

If there is a man made device on earth that truly merits the name infernal machine, it is the submarine, the assassin of the sea, a satanic monster of cruelty, craft and cowardice, a skulking renegade which shoots from unseen and unsuspected cover to perpetrate wholesale murder.—Prescott (Ariz.) Courier.

Japan is reminded by the London Daily News that there is a future. Quite right. There is a future. Japan saw an opening. She stepped in and grabbed rich island possessions in the orient and choice portions of the Chinese empire. Why not be honest about it? Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia are notorious land grabbers. Then why make faces at the Jap?—Fort Worth (Tex.) Record.

Railroad Gives Away $35,000 Worth of Farm Seed: Tills 40,000 Acres to Show What Farmers Can Do

"IT IS a big work the Santa Fe is doing for the farmers of the sections it passes through," said H. M. Bainer, agricultural demonstrator for the system, who was in El Paso on business yesterday. "In the five years that I have been connected with the road, we have distributed $35,000 worth of seeds in my jurisdiction, which covers the Panhandle and plains country of Texas and the states of Colorado, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Kansas. During that time, we have farmed 40,000 acres in demonstration work for the farmers along our lines. We have been encouraging the construction of silos for cattle feeding and in the past four years, I have seen a tremendous increase in the Panhandle country. Four years ago last February there were but seven silos in all the Panhandle country; today there are over 600 and I believe 700 would be nearer correct. The farmers have found the value of feeding silage to their cattle and are building silos fast. One acre of forage that is put up in the silo will do as much good during the winter feeding period as three acres of forage allowed to dry in the field or in a stack. El Paso should encourage the establishment of silos and should encourage hog raising and dairying. As soon as you have a sufficient number of cows here, you will have no trouble getting a creamery; as soon as you have enough hogs, you will get a packery. You already have the cattle.

"I want to suggest that El Paso take steps to have a farm display at the Soils Products display to be held in Denver this year in conection with the meeting of the International Dry Farming congress. The United States is spending $20,000 on the educational side of this display and products of dry farming, irrigation and of the humid region will be shown. It will be the biggest session in the history of the Dry Farming congress. Denver has raised $20,000 for the use of the work of the congress this year. Congressman Mondell, of Wyoming, is the president. The congress is doing a great work in advancing scientific farming in the regions where the rainfall is small. Scientific methods in the Texas Panhandle are proving their worth every day."

* * *

"There is certainly lots of interest in this section of the country," said George B. Clements, publicity agent for the chamber of commerce. "Thursday there were men in my office from Minnesota, Kentucky, California, Nevada, Indiana, Wisconsin and Buenos Aires, all looking for information regarding the price of land in this section, irrigation facilities and what crops can be raised here. I think that shows clearly that people all over the country have turned their thoughts this way and are becoming curious as to what we have to offer out here in the way of farming land."

* * *

"I know of no pleasanter jaunt than a ride in the cool of the evening down the valley," said H. E. Kilburn, of the Kilburn Realty company. "Although the cool weather has hung on late into the summer, it is not uncomfortable and the valley is very pretty just now. Almost any evening if you go down the valley you can see dozens of motor parties making the Ysleta run. Many business men take a ride before dinner to sharpen their appetites and make them forget the stuffiness of their hot offices."

* * *

"While May 22 has been designated as 'Clean Up day' in El Paso, it is not too early to start the work of improving sanitary conditions and adopting preventive measures against disease," said Dr. W. C. Klutts, city health officer. "Flies are already pretty bad, and a systematic campaign in every household of 'swatting the fly,' will do much towards preventing the spread of disease. Cleaning up the premises and doing away with all things that attract flies will help to solve the problem."

* * *

"Nearly all the 'wags' and 'train riders' we have had in the corporation court recently claim to be headed for Arizona," said Capt. W. D. Greet of the police department. "They have heard of the rise in the price of copper and the resumption of operations by many of the mines and claim they are going to get work. How many of them will work when they get to the camps is a question, but it is certain that nine-tenths of those picked up recently claimed to be headed that way. Ordinarily hobo travel is eastward at this time of the year."

Princeton College Is Not So Shockingly Large, But It Makes Architects Roll Their Eyes In Joy

BY GEORGE FITCH.

IT TAKES more than a vast, resounding mob of students to make a firstclass university. This is amply proved by Princeton university, which has less students than Valparaiso, Highland Park, Bates, Ohio Northern, George Washington or Marquette, to say nothing of 50 other American universities and yet has acquired more fame than all the six above mentioned together, and a dozen more thrown in.

This is partly because of Princeton's age. It began educating the Presbyterian youth of the country in 1746, and has kept at it ever since. In the last 168 years it has acquired a beautiful campus, a group of buildings which make architects roll their eyes and sob for joy, 12,000 graduates who take off their hats whenever they see a tiger, an expresident who now runs the United states, a library of 329,000 volumes and an annual income of $1,300,000. It also has a fine new lake, kindly donated by Andrew Carnegie, who got rich about 50 years too late to give it a library building. It is also said to have had a champion football team at one time.

Princeton is located just far enough from the main line of the Pennsylvania, in New Jersey, to prevent the students from stealing the locomotives on holidays. Owing to the fact that it is harder to pass its entrance examinations than it is to pass a World's Championship baseball game with the gate wide open, the University has never had over 1600 students, and is proud of it. Because of its slow growth it has been able to preserve its fine old Nassau Hall and its celebrated Whig and Clio halls, but all of the Poes who made it famous in football have departed.

Take off their hats whenever they see a tiger

Princeton is the only great American university which does not permit Greek Letter Societies. However, if the student dresses well, minds his manners, and acquires influence and grandeur, he may join one of its celebrated eating clubs and look down upon all mankind.

Princeton has always been distinguished for its fine faculty. Dr. McCosh was the world's greatest college president in his time and Grover Cleveland lectured there after he gave up presidenting. The university may be a little lame in football just now, but she trained Woodrow Wilson for the greatest race ever run by a Democrat.

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wigily and the Funny Tiger."

By HOWARD R. GARIS.

ONE DAY, when Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice old gentlemen rabbit, was out walking with his new little black crow friend, Jimmie Caw-Caw, the bad old tail-pulling chimpanzee monkey, who so often had tried to make trouble for Uncle Wiggily, chased after him again.

"Why, what in the world does he mean?" asked Jimmie, the black crow, as he saw the chimp (which I sometimes call him for short) racing after the rabbit gentleman. "What does he want to chase us that way for, Uncle Wiggily?" crowed Jimmie.

"Oh, don't stop to ask questions!" panted Uncle Wiggily, as he hopped along on his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch. "Run—jump—fly—anything to get away! If that chimpanzee catches me, he'll pull my tail something terrible. And if he catches you, Jimmie Jay, he'll also pull yours."

"Ah ha! So that's how it is, eh?" Jimmie said. "Haw! Haw! Haw! I guess I'll stop that!"

So he flew after the monkey, who was chasing Uncle Wiggily, and Jimmie, with his sharp bill, picked and pecked the bad monkey chap on the end of his soft and tender nose until the chimpanzee was glad enough to stop, turn a somersault and run off in the woods, crying:

"Wow! Wow! Wow!"

"Oh, thank you so much, Jimmie, for saving me from him!" said Uncle Wiggily, when he could get his breath.

"Pray do not mention such a little matter as that," spoke Jimmie politely. "It was a real pleasure for me to pick that tail-pulling chimp."

Well, after that, for several days, the chimpanzee monkey tried to catch Uncle Wiggily all alone, so he could pull his tail. But the rabbit gentleman was either too quick or hopped away in time, or else Jimmie Caw-Caw, the crow boy, was on hand to tickle the tail-pulling chap with his sharp bill, and you know how little the chimp liked that.

But finally, what do you think happened? Well, you'd never guess, I'm sure, until long, long past your bedtime, so I'll tell you.

That bad, old, tail-pulling chimpanzee monkey went to a funny tiger, who lived in the woods nearby, and the chimp politely bowed to the striped beast.

"Look here, Mr. Tiger," said the monkey, "will you do me a favor?"

"What is it?" asked the funny tiger, standing on one ear and spinning around like a top.

"Please don't do that," begged the monkey. "You make me dizzy watching you. But what I want you to do is to catch Uncle Wiggily for me. I've tried and tried to catch that old rabbit gentleman, but I can't. Now, I'd like you to help me. Will you? I'll give you a diamond ring if you will."

Now this funny tiger was a very vain and foliish animal. He was very fond of stylish things, like diamond rings, and when the chimpanzee offered him one, the tiger said:

"Well, of course I haven't any grudge against this Uncle Wiggily rabbit, but if you promise not to pull his tail very hard, and if you will give me a diamond ring, I'll catch him for you."

"I'll do it!" cried the chimpanzee monkey. "I'll only pull his tail a little, and here is your diamond ring. I'll give it to you ahead of time, but, mind you, if you don't catch Uncle Wiggily for me, you'll have to give me back the diamond ring."

"I will," promised the funny tiger, making faces at himself in the bottom of a shiny dishpan, so he could feel tickled and laugh. "But don't pull Uncle Wiggily's tail too hard," the tiger said.

"I will not," promised the chimpanzee monkey. But I think all the while that he intended to pull the rabbit gentleman's tail very, very hard—as hard as he could. Mind you, I'm not saying for sure, but maybe.

Anyhow, the tiger put his big, sparkling, flashing diamond ring on his claw and watched it twinkle in the sun, flashing red, green, golden, purple, blue and even skillimigluk color, which is an Easter egg dye, such as Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, once fell into.

"Now I'll catch Uncle Wiggily for you," the tiger said, marching proudly off on his hind paws and holding well up in the air the one with the glittering diamond ring. He wanted the other jungle animals to see it sparkle.

"Ah ha!" hissed the chimpanzee monkey, "at last I shall be able to pull Uncle Wiggily's tail!"

Now of course Uncle Wiggily did not think the funny tiger wanted to catch him, as he never had tried to do so before. So of course the rabbit gentleman did not run when he saw the striped beast. The funny tiger thus easily caught Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, what does this mean?" the rabbit cried, as he found himself in the tiger's claws. "Why have you caught me? I never did anything to you! Oh, please let me go! Please!"

"No," said the funny tiger. "I did not catch you for myself, but for the chimpanzee, who gave me a diamond ring for doing it," and the tiger watched the diamond sparkling in the sun.

"Oh, let me go!" Uncle Wiggily cried, trying to get away. But he could not get loose from the tiger. Until, of a sudden Jimmie Caw-Caw, the crow boy, who was flying around in the air, saw the diamond sparkling on the tiger's claw.

"Ah ha! There is something bright and shining for me to hide in the ink well!" crowed Jimmie. Down he flew and snatched the ring off the tiger's claw. He intended to hide it, for crows always hide sparkling things.

"Here! Come back with that! Come back with my ring! Come back with that!" cried the funny tiger. And, letting go of Uncle Wiggily, the tiger raced after the crow boy to get back the diamond ring.

But of course even a funny tiger can never catch a crow, and Jimmie was safe. Uncle Wiggily was safe, too, for the funny tiger thought no more about him, only about the lost diamond, and he raced all over trying to get it back, but he could not, for Jimmie dropped it down a deep water well. And so you see the plan of the bad chimpanzee monkey failed, as it ought to have done. Uncle Wiggily's tail wasn't pulled a bit.

And in the story after this I am going to tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the bluejay, and if you can kindly do anything to stop the milk bottle from falling down the steps and hiding under the doormat to scare the baker man, I wish you would.—Copyright, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

The Moon

THE moon gets full, and men don't care; it isn't charged with sordid sin; there is no stellar cop up there, to run the jingled moonlets in. The organ of the Milky Way has no reporter flip, to write, and in police court diction say, "The moon was full again last night." What though the moon, at every chance, falls off celestial water carts? It fills the night world with romance and freshens up our jaded hearts. Beneath the moon the lovers walk, and pour their vows in happy ears; the sun will never hear such talk, though it may shine a million years. Beneath the moon the old men dream of bygone struggles, loves and cares; in all the years no solar gleam will stir up tender thoughts like theirs. The daytime landmarks disappear when Luna her effulgence sends; beneath the moon one seems to hear the voices of his long dead friends. The ghostly shadows float and play like elves in an enchanted land, and worldly things seem far away, and mystic things seem close at hand. And so I love the moonlit night, when every glade has fairy rings; for I've grown weary of the fight that every garish morning brings.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.)

WALT MASON.

HACHITA CATTLEMEN BUY $10,000 WORTH OF CATTLE

W. C. Krebaum, cattleman of Hachita, N. M., left here Friday after purchasing $10,000 worth of cattle from Leavell & Carpenter, whose ranch is situated in the eastern section of El Paso county. The cattle, 200 head, will be shipped to Hachita next week. The sale was made by H. W. Broaddus.

STREET RAILWAY WILL PAVE STREET CROSSINGS

Mayor Tom Lea announced Friday that H. S. Potter, manager of the El Paso Electric Railway company has agreed to improve the crossings on Boulevard at Kansas, Stanton streets and Mesa avenue.

At present the crossings are in poor condition.

MOTHER O'MINE

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine.
If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine.
If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine.

—Rudyard Kipling.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1901.

Big oil fields in El Paso county are promised. Two extensive deals were made public today through the filing of oil claims covering nearly 40,000 acres. The filing began with a rush yesterday afternoon and kept up until late last night. County surveyor Parker kept his office open long after the usual hours to accommodate the claimants. Today the rush was renewed and the significance of a great deal of prospecting done recently near the Delaware river was revealed. The first big filings yesterday afternoon weer made by Judge A. M. Walthall.

W. J. Cox left this morning for Chihuahua.

Dr. S. T. Turner is in central Texas on business.

This evening the Chihuahua band will give a concert in the plaza.

Mrs. Lucius Anderson of Carlsbad, is visiting the family of Richard Rule.

Rev. C. C. Waller and family of Alamogordo, arrived here today on their way to south Texas.

Harry Trower returned here last night from Pecos, where he has been loading cattle for several days.

The wife and children of Gen. Juan Hernandez will arrive from Guaymas tonight and will be met by a committee of women headed by Mrs. B. F. Hammett.

Hon. P. B. Hunt, commander of the Texas division of the G. A. R., and also internal revenue collector for the Dallas district, has been in El Paso several days. eH was here to attend the presidential reception.

Mrs. W. W. Mills, wife of the American consul in Chihuahua, is the guest of Mrs. T. J. Beall on Olive street. Mrs. Mills was one of the members of the reception committee yesterday and made herself a favorite with the guests.

INDOOR SPORTS

WHEN THE CHIEF TELLS A JOKE

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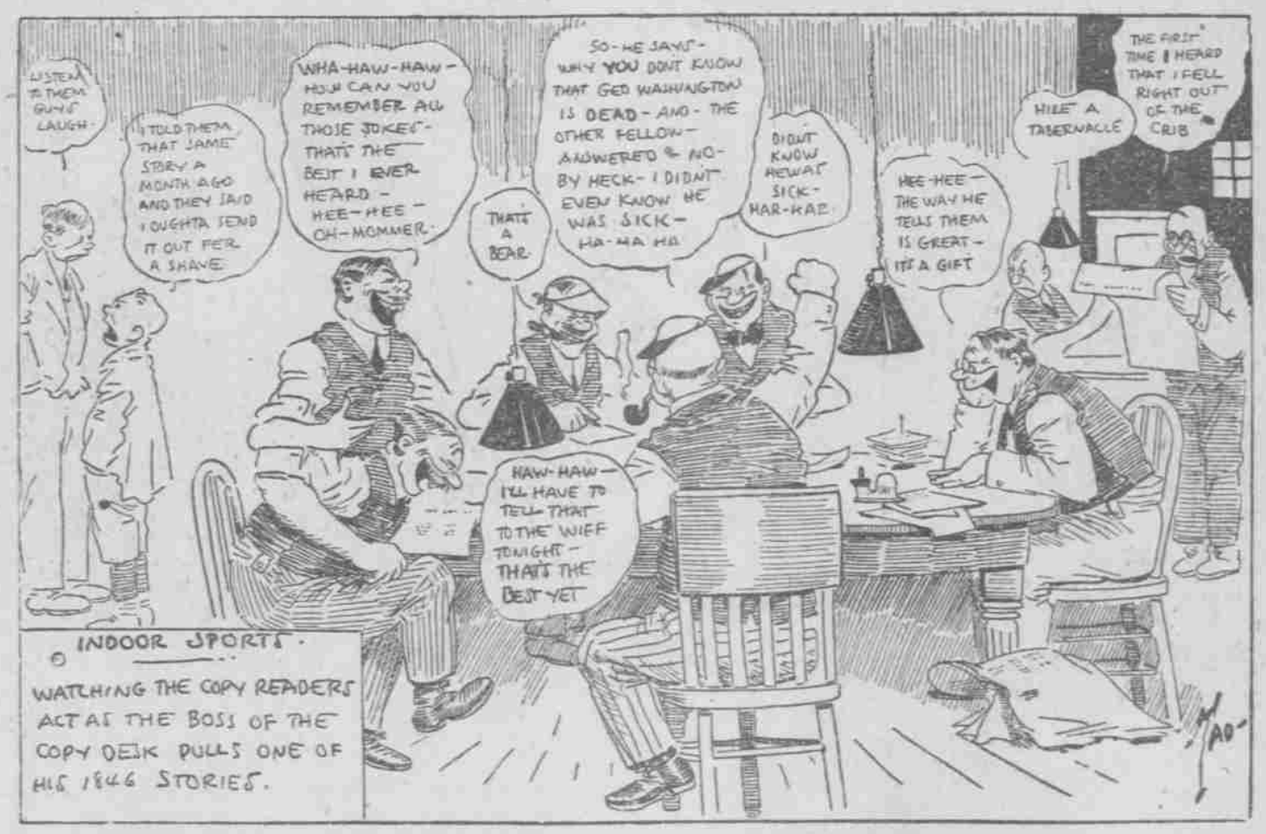

T'e Daily Novelette

NOTHING FOR NOTHING.

"I can't make hay,
While the sun doth shine,"
Said Adelaide McSpreckles;
"Because, you see,
My Skin is so fair,
The sun makes awful freckles."

THE lean stranger stopped and read the placard in front of O'Heerchan's saloon: "Royal Free Lunch All Day." Then, his face lighting up with sudden resolution, he walked inside. O'Heerchan, behind the bar, was breathing into whiskey glasses and polishing them with a napkin.

"Mr. O'Heerchan, for I judge that is your name," began the stranger, "Mr. O'Heerchan, I want to shake you by the hand. I want to shake the hand of one of the world's finest philanthropists. I want to shake the hand of the man who, not satisfied with merely giving the populace a royal lunch free of charge, advertises that fact in front of his place of business. Mr. O'Heerchan, you are a noble character!"

"Aw, I only try to do me duty," said O'Heerchan, bashfully, taking the stranger's proffered hand.

"Modest, like all truly noble characters!" said the stranger. "And now, just to be able to say that I myself have tested your unique offer, I will help myself liberally to your free lunch without so much as spending a penny on your spirituous liquor, a phase of your activity, by the way, of which I heartily approve."

And the lean stranger strode resolutely to the tempting spread of free lunch. As he was making up his fourth bologna sandwich, the proprietor, woke up out of his daze, picked up a goblet, put it to his lips and blew a blast on the rim. Big Biff Brogan, the bouncer, appeared from an inner room and did the rest.

ABE MARTIN

Ever' time a good citizen passes away we all wonder why th' Lord didn't take some certain acquaintance of ours instead. Mrs. Tilford Moots an' Mrs. Tipton Bud have buried th' hatchet, but not th' hammer.