

"IF I REJOICED BECAUSE MY WEALTH WAS GREAT, THIS ALSO WERE AN INIQUITY"

(BY H. D. S.)

WHEN we plan Thanksgiving services, be they of a religious nature or not, there is danger that we Americans may be led into the pharisaic frame of mind, Lord, we thank thee we are not as other men are. The thought of the European war is uppermost at this time. We Americans are apt to try to deceive ourselves into thinking that in some way we have deserved to escape from its horrors; we mix with our spoken thanks the self gratification that seems to set ourselves up on a sort of pedestal of superiority, as if some merit we deem ourselves to possess had in some way saved us from the war.

And when we thank Deity for the vast material gains and benefit of this rich and prosperous nation, we do not forget to make allowance for our national industry and brains. There is smooth self praise in much of the spoken thanks which go up to heaven at this annual period. We are not a little proud of the record we have made, and not averse from rendering to Deity a catalog of the excellent things we have brought about—all to the glory of God of course—even the hundreds of millions of dollars worth of "war orders," the record breaking exports, and the flood of gold.

It is just as well to be frank with ourselves and with Deity about this business. If we are to praise and thank God for sparing us from the war, that attitude involves a kind of censure for God's having brought war down upon Europe and Asia and Africa and the islands of the sea. If the belligerent nations thank God for victory, why should they not equally thank him for defeat? Assuming that the course of events in the world is following some sort of Plan which mankind cannot comprehend, is it not a trifle presumptuous for mankind to pick and choose the things that God is to be thanked for and the things he is to be blamed for?

Above all, let us keep ourselves free from that attitude of self assumed superiority which is always and everywhere offensive to men and perhaps may be as offensive as it must be ludicrous to Deity. It is silly to permit the idea to enter our minds that the great war is in some way a punishment visited upon the nations for their wrongs. That is hardly for us to judge. Every belligerent calls upon Deity for justification, and who are we that we should question the sincerity of any of them?

What we Americans may truly and justly be thankful for is that ourselves, or our forefathers, were endowed with the spirit to choose the way that has led to comparative freedom and comparative peace—the spirit that directed our people westward across the seas and then across the mountains and plains, to found a new nation—the spirit that has made us measurably content with our possessions, and tolerant of differences. Something there was, and is, that protects us in a measure from the consequences even of our own misdoing.

Nor can The Herald become enthusiastic over any plans that would involve setting the United States up in the international priesthood as Giver of Light and world-reformer. We have infinitely more to gain from other peoples and nations than we have to offer them. Our own problems are enough to demand all our attentions and energies. If our example is not enough to induce others to follow our leadership, argument will not do it. If our friendships, nationally and internationally, are one-sided; if our sincerity is doubted; if our offers of moral help are spurned, the place to look for the fundamental trouble is in ourselves, not in our neighbors, the other powers of earth.

When we pray for our nation, let us pray for guidance to enable us to avoid unwarranted interference in affairs which do not primarily concern us, and for strength to enable us to manage our own national affairs wisely and forcefully. Let us determine to avoid alliances, formal or informal, that entail responsibilities outside of our legitimate sphere. Let us be careful that we do not prejudice any people or any nation. Let us be tolerably sure we are right ourselves, and then devote ourselves to protecting what we deem, with our fearfully limited and fearfully dim human intelligence, to be those things vital to our national welfare.

There is nothing to be proud of in our national history. The spirit was given to the fathers to establish the foundations, and such opportunities as never came to any people before have been ours. Our national catalog of failures—moral, ethical, religious, political, economic—is endless. That retribution has been generally withheld is something to be truly thankful for. We may be thankful for the glimpses of the Spirit that have been given to our leaders now and then. We may be thankful for the boundless opportunities that have been opened to us. But let us beware lest we take to ourselves unjustly a measure of grace for having achieved a little of what we might have achieved. There is no other element in our national spirit at this moment so offensive, so likely to lead us into

trouble, as the assumption of superiority in the world. We are not fit teachers for the world. We are not faithfully holding up the lamp. In all humility then, let us seek earnestly for the truth, and assume no merit for what has been given us.

The General Confession and the Litany, no less than the Te Deum, deserve place in our national Thanksgiving services. The field of our legitimate national endeavor is far smaller than we have too often made ourselves imagine. Within that limited field, if we would fulfill our true destiny, we need every form of guidance whose light we can attract. And a truly religious spirit, such as ought to rule us at the time of this great national festival, forbids any assumption that we deserve more than the least creature deserves, wandering through the infinite mazes of this earth-puzzle.

El Paso has never had a gayer autumn, never has had more perfect days; and with two circuits, the Liberty Bell, three days of military jousting at tourneys, Halloween two nights on account of the right day being Sunday, the valley promising fat gobblers for the national sacrifice, and Christmas only four weeks away, the town has been having and will have a continuous high old time.

New York is planning to give up two "isles of safety" on crowded corners as they have proved isles of danger. More accidents have occurred near them than on equally crowded corners where there are no safety isles. Except in very wide streets isles of safety prove of doubtful value. In these days, he who hesitates is lost, in an automobile or afoot.

They do say Japan is manifesting a kindly interest in things German; is taking unusual care of German prisoners captured at Kiao Chow, while Japanese newspapers print frequent tribute to the gallantry of German troops in action. Now what shrewd move is Japan planning?

Short Snatches From Everywhere

Mirth is nature's best remedy.—Chicago News.

The use of the mosquito is to show us that troubles are not in proportion to their size.—Detroit News.

Some people are so eager to be on the right side that they will even take both sides.—Philadelphia Record.

The poor old war is being stretched to cover the conditions in the Philippines, also.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

As a woman grows older she realizes that a Good Provider is more important than the prince she may have been expecting.—Atchison (Kas.) Globe.

It is said that there will be plenty of toys for the Christmas season. Good! That will leave nothing but the tariff to worry about.—Rochester (N. Y.) Herald.

Another thing that is best to sight but to memory dear, is the old-fashioned Kussel apple that used to be the king of its kind and a joy at Christmas time.—New Orleans States.

A special medal should be struck in honor of the crown prince Frederick for the reason that the record shows that he has died more times for his country than any man in the empire.—New Orleans States.

The emperor of Japan resembles Napoleon in stature. The emperor of Germany resembles him in the matter of the geographical position of his army in Russia in November.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Judging from the disrespectful manner in which certain Panos speak of the Trinity river, we conclude that he has given up the idea of lining Texas up in the Republican column in 1916.—Dallas Times-Herald.

It would seem to an unprejudiced observer that a ship is taking the same relative chances in trying to escape from a submarine that a belated citizen does in trying to get away from a hold-up artist.—Los Angeles Tribune.

Two million dollars' worth of Mexican "money" goes up in smoke in San Francisco. And what the shams are worth about as much as two million dollars' worth of the paper now in circulation in Mexico.—San Francisco Chronicle.

More Money Needed To Advertise El Paso Things Are Done On Larger Scale Than Of Old

YEARS ago, say 15 years ago, it was the custom among the business men of El Paso to contribute anything from \$100 to \$500 to bring a convention or a big entertainment to El Paso," said R. E. Orndorf. "The proposition that is asked of many of them now in making up the chamber of commerce budget does not go beyond that amount, and yet some seem to think the amount is high. In looking back over the past several years it is admitted that the things we have had that has placed El Paso upon the industrial and social map of Texas were the things that were made possible through the progressive spirit of the chamber of commerce. In those days where we did not hesitate to ask dealers right and left for \$100 to \$500 and got it, we got perhaps one convention or affair a year. That day has passed. We must provide for work and entertainment on a much larger scale and the only way is the cooperative plan and a support of the chamber of commerce budget. The chamber of commerce has been back of every activity of the city on a large scale—the horse show, the auto show, the baby show, the tournament, and its influence has been dynamic, and it must continue to be dynamic."

"It is for the best interests of the businessmen of this section to have a packing house in El Paso," said Secretary T. W. Tomlinson, of the American National Livestock association. "Especially for the slaughter and packing of work animals. The El Paso valley will turn out an increasing number of hogs and hog products, and say what you will of the difficulties of the country in the way, a packing house here would mean big things for the development of such an industry round about you. The packers, it has been said, control the situation as regards prices for cattle and livestock of other sorts, but this matter will solve itself in time. I believe the establishment of many smaller independent packing houses scattered in all parts of the cattle country will help draw the influence of the present packing combine down to a normal, nondictatorial station."

"I recognize that El Paso has a hard job ahead of it in the cleanup of the city, because of the presence here of so many Mexicans," said Mrs. E. L. Darwin, of the Texas state food representation. "But this El Paso City is such a hustler and so well lined up with the foremost Texas cities that I do not think the bigness of the problem will hold it back one iota, when once your women and your business men brace themselves for the work before them, standing shoulder to shoulder in their determination to root out the evils."

"It is good to get back on the old stamping grounds," said Douglas Gray, for 15 years connected with the El Paso smelter and now the owner of a store at Tombstone, Arizona. "Things are progressing well enough in Tombstone. There are now 300 men or more working daily and there is a

The Song Of The Camp

(This poem is based on an incident that occurred in the siege of Sebastopol, in the Crimean war, and has become a great favorite wherever the English language is spoken. The author, Edward Taylor, who was born in Pennsylvania in 1825, and died in Germany in 1874, was a printer by trade, but was a great reader and became famous for his writings.)

"Tivo or a song," the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding.
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scorn,
Lay grim and threatening under.
And the tawny mound of Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause, a guardman said:
"We storm the forts tomorrow."
"We storm the forts tomorrow,"
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Drave heroic French and from Clyde,
And from the ranks of Saxon.

They sang of love, and part of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory.
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voices after voices caught up the song,
Until the tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong;
Their battle-axe confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean barbed
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Colossus soldiers' journals
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters
With scream of shot, and burst of shell
And belching of the mortars!

And Irish Nita's eyes are dim,
For a slinger stands in honored row,
Sleep, soldier! still in honored row,
Your death and valor waiting:
The bravest are the deadest—
The loving are the darest.

Little Things

LITTLE horns of whisky, little cups of beer, make a gent feel frisky as a tall roan steer. For a little season he feels passing well, and he sees no reason why he shouldn't yell. Then the peevish cart him to the village jail, and the judge will part him from his bunch of kale. If he has no money, says the jurist, then, "Break some boulders, sonny, with the other men." There a while he'll languish, young man in the hole, while green streaks of anguish sizzle through his soul. Little drops of bitters lend amusement brief, then will land poor critters in some kind of grief. If it isn't jailing it is something worse; ask the woman waiting round that pauper hearse. Little steaming toddies, taken now and then, ruin minds and bodies of all kinds of men. For the more you swallow, they the louder cry, for some more to follow, which you can't deny. Little tots of brandy, little slogs of gin, show the short and handy way to be all in.

There are a good many incidents connected with this job of catching unlicensed dogs that get to the heart, and it is hardly necessary to state that the dog was promptly released. And we were amply rewarded when we saw the joy that came into the faces of all three—the two little girls and the cur dog.

"Hot Wells, properly equipped, would be quite a health resort," said J. J. Murphy. "The curative properties of the water are better than at many of the famous watering places, and the great advantage to El Paso is that fact that the wells lie close at hand."

ABE MARTIN



INSURGENCY has existed ever since Joseph's brethren got tired of having him make all the house rules and put him in a hole. This particular incident happened 2000 years ago and yet some people pretend to be shocked over insurgency now as if it were a new thing.

An insurgent is a man or person or anything which rises to object. There are various ways of rising to object. Some people rise with a soft, pained voice and a vest-pocket full of votes, while others prefer to rise with a cut-lance in either hand and a bushel of assorted foe radiators between their gleaming teeth.

Insurgency is a revolt against the powers that be by the powers that ain't. It is spoken of with horror and concern by those who are being insurged against, but for that matter every man has been an insurgent in his day. The baby who insurges in the middle of the night, and who rises to his extreme height of eighteen inches, sitting, and demands reform in the matter of meal hours, is as likely as not to grow up into a brand party leader with the starting plug to the party machinery in his pants pocket and a firm conviction that only lost and added souls would think of opposing him. But then it has been observed for many centuries that it is practically impossible to insurg when you've got everything you want.

Joseph's Brethren Originators of Insurgency Got Tired of Joe Making All the House Rules

By GEORGE FITCH.

INSURGENCY is natural, constitutional and healthful. It promotes the circulation of ideas and eliminates tyrants by making tyrants a dog's life and poor joy. The man who first insurged against \$1.50 gas gave the world \$1 gas. The man who placed the mule, the patron saint of insurgency, on his banner and went forth against the pernicious habit of charging a man full rates for sleeping two hours in an upper berth and then yelling four hours for a ladder got the car side. The man who made a baritone nuisance of himself when the crocer sold him glucose and grass seed for strawberry jam helped the pure food law along, and the man who leaped into revolt and dared his weeping wife to drown herself in tears put down the movement to inflict the hoopskirt upon us again.

There are insurgents in religion, politics, business, art and baseball. To be an insurgent one must first learn to enjoy being kicked and to kick back with great care and accuracy. Insurgents are not pleasant to have around unless one wears earmuffs, but they leave pleasant results behind them and are frantically beloved after they are dead.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service.)



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HOGWALLOW NEWS



Dunk Botts, Regular Correspondent. (Copyright 1915, Adams Sys.) (George Bligham.)

MUCH heavy hauling will get in from here to Bounding Billows and other points as soon as the roads get bad.

Cricket Hicks went over and had a long sociable talk with the Bye Straw storekeeper the other day on the financial condition of the country, and it was found that conditions were so bad that Cricket was unable to borrow the 25 cents he went after.

Dock Hocks, who has gained much notoriety as a dentist during his leisure hours at the blacksmith shop, inked business with pleasure yesterday by pulling a fine tooth for Miss Gondola Henstep.

Imac Hellwanger has a hole in the hem of his hat, but he puts it to use by looking through it when he wants to see up.

Clck Hancock, who with his family, was washed down Gander creek during the rise last spring, having grown tired of waiting for a rise going the other way, has returned by wagon to Hogwallow.

Two new posts have been installed to assist in holding up the front porch of the storehouse. The four others there have stood the strain well for the past several years, having been leaned against more than anything else in this section, with the possible exception of the bar at the Hog Ford still house.

Sam Jickens was seen headed toward the Cliff side neighborhood Sunday wearing his high standing collar and small shoes. Slim puts these on whenever he wants to walk in the tight and narrow paths.

Say Spradlin is seeking a lemon this week so that he won't be hoarse when he goes to speak to Miss Frankie Allson next Sunday.

Little Piddly Henders carried an all-day sucker to school with him Monday, but the teacher used it until recess.

Miss Flutie Belcher says there are two things a man will stand around and look at and they are, election returns and skirts.

The Fog Hill preacher had on another clerical shirt Sunday. Pokes Ezley says he can't see how some folks can afford to dress so well.

The horse doctor was called Thursday night to see Ellick Hellwanger.

who has been so badly threatened with pneumonia that he has had to order a second jug of that Smith's "Moonlight Red." His ailment, it is said, was brought on on account of negligence on the part of Ellick, in his failure to don his wax at the customary time this year. He has been in the habit of donning them about the first of October for protection against the cool weather, but, being busy with various other important matters, he acted imprudent by neglecting to do so. And now from this case arises the question as to what time of the year a person really should put them on. Should he don them the first of October or should he wait, and take his chances with the advent of a cold spell, when the persimmons get ripe? While it must be admitted that the former is the safer plan, it is believed every citizen should do as his conscience dictates in this matter.

A "Wild West" drama was witnessed at the Tickville opera house Saturday night by a large and representative audience. As soon as the smoke cleared away, work was begun to get the stage in repair for the next show, which comes next Thursday night.

While Being Burned to Death Man Sends Last Messages To His Family

Pueblo, Colo., Nov. 24.—Held fast under an overturned automobile, 12 miles from the city, John A. Campbell, city sales manager of a local oil company, was slowly burned to death Tuesday by ignited gasoline.

Would he rescuers stood about, unable to lift the machine or put out the flame, Campbell talked with them 15 minutes and then, as he grew weaker, dictated last messages to his wife and daughter.

ARMY FOOTBALL TEAM HAS FINAL PRACTICE. West Point, N. Y., Nov. 24.—The Army football squad had its last heavy practice of the season here today. The coaches planned a long drill of the play which the cadets will use against the navy on Saturday.

"THE WISHBONE"

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EL PASO HERALD

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

H. D. Sater, editor and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 17 years; J. C. Whinnery is Manager and G. A. Martin is News Editor.

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