

Wit Worth Money

These days a good phrase is worth a gold mine. In other times epigrams and the finely turned phrases were saved for kings and courtiers...

The neater the phrase and the wittier, the more finely it is turned, the more it is worth. You can sell anything if you can get a good phrase about it...

The last year or two has shown an odd development of the idea that it pays to advertise politics, peace plans, savings banks, or any idea or plan. Every effort is made to give the newspapers a good story to push a thing along...

There is no counting how many lives the phrase "Safety first" running through the newspapers has saved. The idea met the need of the moment for a prompt education in caution. It is crisp and does not fuss...

gun. It never suggests fear or cowardliness or lagging, but always means just the right amount of caution. "Give your vacation to your country" is the slogan of military training camps in the east...

Such is the work a well turned phrase will do. A phrase is more convincing than a fist, even a mailed fist. A phrase turned with neatness and wit has more of the convincingness of a dum dum bullet...

An Arizona editor says, in effect: "I have no credit in this town, and henceforth, this town has no credit with me. I hereby drop 100 names representing accounts long overdue from the subscription list..."

The judge in the Orpet case threatens to punish for contempt of court 134 veniremen who wriggled out of becoming jurors for that interesting murder trial. It wasn't contempt of the court, judge. Chalk up an error against the sheriff for picking a panel of farmers when the corn needs hoeing.

The Italians must wish they had never broken in.

Two Patriotic Corporations

Two of the great mining corporations of Arizona, the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining company and the Calumet & Arizona Mining company have just arrived at a patriotic and highly commendable decision. Inasmuch as they, in common with the rest of the state, want the Arizona border defended against prowling bandits, they conceive it their privilege to assist the government of the United States in that defense...

In this as in other instances, the Copper Queen and the C. & A. companies have appeared in the role of corporations of a broad gage kind which enlist the respect and the loyalty, not alone the labor, of the men they employ.

If every man owning land in this valley would be content now to sell at what he paid, plus taxes and 8 percent compound interest on his purchase price while he has held it, the valley would be quickly populated. Speculative holdings will be held out of use for a long time.

El Pasoans without military experience, who do not enroll in the summer training camp, can at least join one of our several very excellent rifle clubs, and learn to use an army rifle with some accuracy, besides getting a lot of good fun and wholesome exercise out of the practice.

One resounding, mouth filling name we have long missed from the daily Mexican story is that of Genevieve de O.

Our Larger Army—On Paper

Capt. Charles A. Reynolds of Roswell, N. M., commenting upon the fact that the senate has voted for a peace strength army of 215,000 men, sees no provision to make men jostle each other to enlist for that larger army, and no particular allotment added to the national guard; nothing, in fact, to stimulate recruitment above its present low figures. The remedy, as Capt. Reynolds sees it, is universal compulsory training and service.

He is right, and the United States is coming to it, sooner or later. In time of peace, when wages are high and labor is in demand, the desire to be trained for service to the nation is not strong enough to cause large enlistments. Congress might create a paper army of 1,000,000 men without actually increasing the number of men in service.

Universal training service and universal service as the Swiss have them, are the solution of the problem, but the country is not yet ready for that system. If the proposal were fully explained and a test vote taken, it would be voted down. Exclaiming against militarism, our people shun any measure which, in time of peace, threatens to curtail their moneymaking and their enjoyments.

However, the summer training camps are a small step in the right direction, and the universal training and universal service idea will ultimately win its way as the development of true democracy, the expression of the nation's right to expect patriotic service from every able bodied citizen, irrespective of wealth, social position, or influence of whatever kind.

"Every reform has a lunatic fringe," said Roosevelt once, explaining a thought that has been in the minds of men since time began.

One place the war office made no mistake in sending Pershing at the head of the expedition.

Texas can get along without a prohibition fight this year.

Short Snatches From Everywhere

Carrazza doesn't even admit his "mistakes"—New York Sun.

Goopel for gardeners: Watch and spray—New Haven Register.

The only fly in the Old Guard's ointment is T. P. Ryan—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Just at present the cry in this country is—Mexico first—Troy Record.

What has become of the old-fashioned politician who used to rock the boat?—Atlanta Constitution.

The bonds of the father are visited upon the children; eye, even unto the third and fourth generation—Life.

For Japan to make 400,000,000 Chinamen lie down and roll over would be another world spectacle—Toledo Blade.

The Kaiser did indeed write the note with his own hand; he is more facile with sword than pen—Syracuse Post-Standard.

British slavers will be pulled from their last ditch and sent to a less comfortable one somewhere in France—Brooklyn Times.

Cigarettes undoubtedly go up in smoke, but they are being made in record quantities bring in the tobacco stakes—Buffalo Commercial.

"Plant peanuts now," says the Houston Post. Certainly, and reap the politicians they reap long about election days—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

A woman sometimes wants equal rights in the matter of balling, but she expects a shade of the best of it in other matters—Athenian Globe.

Looks as if the persons who maintain that the militia is sufficient for our needs might soon have a chance to demonstrate it—Philadelphia North American.

Theodore R. Burton has been in public life longer than Theodore Roosevelt, but somehow or other we never heard him called Teddy—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

The president's latest note to Germany simply notifies the leader that Uncle Sam can give all the advice he needs right at home—Des Moines Register and Leader.

Bachelor lawbreakers outnumber married ones by more than two to one, reports the New York district attorney. Why not try to marry them instead of putting them in jail—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Baseball Played With Hands And Feet Some Players Use Their Heads, But Very Few

By HOWARD L. RANN

BASEBALL is a popular pastime which is played with the hands and feet, and sometimes with the head. At least many players remain in the big leagues year after year without displaying anything that looks like a head, but this is because they are good for a home run with the bases filled once in every four weeks.



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When baseball was first introduced it was played for fun, but of recent years it has become commercialized like a motor truck factory. This process has gone so far as to make it impossible for the home player to get on the home team until he has graduated from some freshwater college with the aid of a low breaking spit ball. The good old days when nobody played for money and everybody called the players by their first names are gone, and along with them the neat uniforms which mother used to make.

Now every burg of 2500 inhabitants which doesn't have a minor league team, composed of entire strangers supported by the free will offerings of the

business section, is considered a fit subject for the Smithsonian Institute. Old-fashioned patrons who would rather see nine husky home boys whlop the champions from the distant seat are invited to retire to the far distant rear and be seated, but when the annual fair raising deficit begins to stick up over the horizon they are allowed to contribute and no questions asked.

Baseball, as at present constituted, is very remunerative to the players, who draw salaries that would make the president of a country bank look like the first raise in a penny ante game. In the spring the players are taken in Pullman cars to some southern port and whittled down to summer size, after which they are obliged to work two or three hours a day in the hot sun and then take a bath. For putting up with this hardship they are paid the modest stipend of \$56 a day and the unrestricted right to consume \$15 worth of meat in 24 hours.

Baseball is one game that the public can look at without seeing a frame up. Whenever baseball becomes as crooked as the average wrestling match the public will not look at it except by proxy, but that day is as far off as free speech in Turkey.

Well, the harder it storms today the more likely it is to be clear tomorrow.

When Jane had drunk her coffee and left the table, she spoke timidly, "I don't mind, I think I'll be down in a little while." The dressing room—lined of one room today. It's warmer, and Mary won't have to go in there to straighten up. And I think, that as I have a cold, I'd better sleep there tonight, too.

"All right," Augustus assented absently.

She did not reply. Yesterday her deception had seemed to her a wrong in which she was determined to indulge. Now, compared with other sins she knew—calist, it seemed almost innocent.

On her way down the hall she went into the spare bedroom and closed the receptacle she had left open last night. When she reached the dining room she closed the register here, too. She thought that she had thus removed the last signs of her last night's experience.

She Shows the Strain.

But her face showed that she had been through many phases of mental suffering. As she entered the kitchen Mary greeted her with a grave "good morning," then glanced at the heavy eyes.

"Don't you feel well?" the housekeeper asked, throwing off her apron with an effort. "Have you a headache?"

"Yes," Jane admitted. "I have."

"I didn't you sleep well?"

"I had fearful dreams," Jane replied.

As these seemed to be nothing for her to do in here she went back to the dining room to wait in dull misery for her husband to come downstairs.

Even Reeves noticed her pallor. "What's the matter?" he asked. "You look terribly peaked."

"I have a headache and I'm cold," she said, with a shiver.

"Well, you had a good night's sleep," Augustus affirmed, and she did not contradict him.

"It's a cold, isn't it?" she remarked, gazing out of the window, down which the drops were courting.

"Yes," Reeves agreed. "It is. I guess I'll have Jane start a little fire in the furnace. By the way, when he does be sure to see that the registers are open. I shut them all the other day."

"Very well," she heard herself say. "I've got to go to town this week," Reeves observed, "but I've decided to go tomorrow instead of attempting it today."

Mary was putting the hot biscuits on the table close by Jane and the wife felt her sudden start. She understood it, but Augustus appeared not to notice it.

"I've got to see my lawyer," he went on, unconcernedly. "I ought to have seen him before this, but I neglected it."

Mary stood still for an instant, then turned and went back into the kitchen. Jane said nothing. How cruel this man was! And this was the husband she had promised to "love, honor and obey." What right had any one to allow a girl to do what she had done? How could she endure life now that she knew what he was? He was a hypocrite, a wicked, inhuman creature.

Augustus is Cross.

"Jane," she started guiltily at the note of impatience in her husband's voice.

"I beg your pardon?" she exclaimed. "Did you speak to me before?"

"Three times," he said, crossly. "What's the matter with you? What were you thinking of?"

"I—don't feel well, Augustus," she said. "Perhaps I've caught cold."

"If you don't mind I'll go back upstairs."

She told herself that she could not stay in his presence another minute. She must be alone, away from this man and this woman. And yet she was so sorry for Mary that her heart ached for her.

"Drink a cup of coffee, and then go upstairs and lie down," Reeves addressed to her. "What right has he to be sick. Keep warm today and you'll be all right. Yes, I guess you've caught cold. This is what we used to call the blossom storm; he's eddied walking to the window and looking at the weather vane on the barn. 'Wind's due east,

ABE MARTIN



At last it's warm enough for the girls to wear their furs. The time of economize is when you've got the coin.

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sent-mindedly.

Obviously his thoughts were already on other matters than his wife's ailments.

(To be Continued.)

No Lack of Water For The City This Summer Judge Goggin Slated For St. Louis Delegate

NOTHING short of a serious break in the big water main can create a shortage of water in El Paso this summer, said H. P. Jackson, superintendent of the city waterworks. The new machinery installed last fall, the new wells put down and the old wells cleaned out and the building of the new reservoir on Sunset Heights all combine to greatly increase the water supply, and there will be plenty of water for even the hottest and driest period that may come this summer.

Judge J. M. Goggin is almost sure to be one of the district delegates elected to the national Democratic convention by the state convention Tuesday, said J. F. Dawson, acting campaign manager. Judge Goggin has the endorsement of El Paso for the place and he believes has the support of all the delegates from the district. The El Paso delegation is strong and undoubtedly will have a voice in the convention persuasive enough to put through an El Paso man, and that means Judge Goggin.

While citizens of El Paso are complaining of the heat during the days and nights, the members of the punitive expedition in Mexico are having an equally hard time with the changeable weather around their base at Namiquipa, said D. N. Stearns. "Some days are excessively hot, while the nights are cool enough to draw extra blankets. Several nights within the past two weeks it has been cold enough to know while the days are just as hot as ever. Real estate transactions in this city are certainly surprising and I do not

wonder at the growth and general prosperity within the past ten years," said C. L. Jones, of Denver. "In many parts of the west and eastern cities scores of houses may be seen on the same street with the roof signs hanging out, but it is very rare that one can see a house in El Paso, where people coming to the city are always on the lookout for quarters. The enormous amount of building being done in this city is also an impressive fact."

During the fall in the rehearsal of "The Fishing Widow" at the Crawford theater this morning, the original and unadorned "Bo" Cohen, hero of a thousand thrilling adventures, one night stands while "trouping" with Haggling's circus and numerous theatrical companies and who has accumulated experience now find a fitting sphere of activity in the more or less aesthetic position of house property man at Messrs. Meyer's playhouse, revealed the actors with some humorous anecdotes.

"The first time I ever had in show business," said Cohen, "was years ago with a little dramatic outfit that had included the jungle dens of east Texas. It's hardly necessary to remark that the enterprise was not financed by John D. Rockefeller. Our manager was a most aggressively enterprising individual that I ever bumped up against. We seldom saw a salary slip, but it was a common occurrence to find, for enough coin to pay our actual hotel bills.

"Things went on in this way for weeks, but one day I remember, I wanted to get a shave and hair cut, so I mounted up courage and went to the barber with a demand for the usual price for a haircut and a comb.

"I've stood for your stalling long enough," says the barber, "and I want money, and I want it quick."

"All right, all right, don't get nervous about it," says the Big Horse.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

BY BRIGGS



14 YEARS AGO TODAY

From The Herald of This Date, 1902.

Acting mayor Pennebaker and his fellow solicitors were successful yesterday in the amount of \$125 in collecting funds for the sufferers from the Colias, which occurred when that town was struck by a tornado a few days ago. The amount included \$50 which was turned over by Judge J. R. Harper, as a balance left over from the sheriff's and teachers' convention entertainment fund. The amount will be forwarded to the sufferers immediately.

Miss Edith Newman will spend the summer in California. Miss Florence Bell returned from Mexico where she has been for the past few weeks.

Mrs. A. G. Foster and children expect to leave some time during the latter part of the week for eastern Texas, to be gone several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Himmert, Jr., will entertain a number of their young friends on next Monday evening, at a table set for the occasion in the dining room of the Hotel El Paso.

The controversy between the Santa Fe and the street railway company concerning their crossing this side of old Fort Bliss, is creating a great deal of interest.

Judge Withall has admitted J. N. Wilkerson to practice in the district court. Mr. Wilkerson was already been admitted to practice in the other courts of the state.

Invitations are out for a reception to be given next Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. R. F. Campbell in honor of the return of Sen. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Wright.

Committees are out soliciting subscriptions for band concerts to be held in the plaza this summer. They should meet with generous response on the part of the business men and people generally.

About 150 men are now building grades on the smelter line of the street car company. The steel and ties are being laid just as fast as the grades are completed, and the line is expected to be completed within a short time.

The Equitable Life Insurance company, of New York, through its general agent here, recently placed the largest policy ever written on the life of a resident of El Paso. The policy calls for \$100,000 and was taken out by Hon. Felix Matines.

The shipments of Mexican cattle through the El Paso port, which averaged 2500 head as reported by the customs officials at the end of the past week, will have to be used for irrigation of the hills of Santa Fe. All of the Mexican imported cattle are examined carefully by state officers in compliance with the quarantine regulations.

LETTERS TO THE HERALD (All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will be withheld if requested.)

THEY WANT TO KNOW. Editor El Paso Herald: Just to express the feelings of a couple of people of El Paso on the Mexican affair of last Thursday in the hills of Santa Fe, I wish to say that an American cannot go over to Juarez and receive treatment such as a Mexican who receives on this side. It seems as though a Mexican is favored here, as he seems to have about all the jobs here in the city.

W. M. Mason, P. O. City.

Back to the Farm. I'll buy a little farm somewhere," the old man says, "and tinker there until it's time to go to sleep, down where the bending willows weep. I know a farm I'd like to buy; it's where I lived when three feet high. It's where my father used to strive to keep the family alive. 'Twas there, in bygone, golden days, I loosed the beans and husked the maize, and dreamed of triumphs I'd achieve, when I that dreary farm could leave. To dwell in cities was my aim, to cut a swath and conquer fame, and that old sandy, rocky farm was my quite devil of charm. The dreams I dreamed have all come true, I've done the things I meant to do, but I am old and worn and tired, and for a long time I've desired, above all other things, to go back to the scenes I used to know." Thousands of old men talk that way; when they are bent by the years, and gray, feeble of step and weak of arm, they turn their eyes to the old home farm.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service.) WALT MASON

The Daily Novelette

LITTLE MISS PRONOUNCIATE.

Of seed a peck the needs man tossed us.

Then sacks of bone, alas!

Oh! we wonder just what it cost us.

That little blade of grass.

"PROFESSOR," said little Rollo, "will you please tell me the correct way to pronounce the name of the Mexican bandit whose name appears so frequently in the public prints?"

"A very good question, Rollo," answered the professor. "However, as that is a point about which I myself am still a trifle hazy, we will seek our answer on the public highways, and perhaps byways. For in matters of pronunciation, Rollo, the lexographers are always guided by the usage of the multitude."

And they faced forth, and to the first man they met the professor put the question: "How, sir, if you please, do you pronounce the name of the infamous Mexican bandit, spelled V-i-l-l-a-g?"

"The correct pronunciation is Vee-toh," the glum wayfarer readily replied. "The glum are silent, as in a fish."

But the next man, being asked, replied, "Oh, you mean Villala—it's pronounced with Roosevelt consonance."

And still the next man spoke thus: "You pronounce it Rosenkarnen, because of the Spanish 's' and 'n.' Not at all. You're quite wrong."

And the professor and little Rollo returned to the classroom musingly.