NOW IF DEEDS WOULD ONLY BE SQUARED WITH THE WORDS

SENATOR FALL has a disconcerting way of using Democratic thunder to scare Democrats with. His clipping and filing system is faultless when it comes to digging out material from Democratic sources of highest authority, with which to goad Democrats in their most sensitive political sore spots.

Some years ago the New Mexico senator introduced in the senate a resolution in strong language, demanding protection of American lives and American rights in Mexico. In his speech advocating the adoption of the resolution he continually used the language of the resolution so as to drive it home to the consciousness of his hearers. Administration senators vigorously opposed the adoption of the measure. They flew to the defence of the president and state department, and made the air lurid with denunciations of the Republican senator for daring to introduce at a critical time, a measure calculated to embarrass the administration in handling a delicate situation.

Fall let them rave for several days. Then in an off hand way, merely as a side remark, he let drop the awful secret that the resolution he had introduced was merely a plank copied verbatim from the Democratic national platform adopted in the nominating convention.

In his report just filed, following the long investigation of Mexican matters, senator Fall uses the following language, which sounds as if it meant business:

> We should let everyone who assumes to exercise authority in any part of Mexico know in the most unequivocal way that we shall vigilantly watch the fortunes of those Americans who cannot get away and shall hold those responsible for their sufferings and losses to a definite reckoning. That can be and will be made plain beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

The language quoted is adopted as an integral part of the report, but it is explained in a note that the paragraph is quoted verbatim from president Wilson's address to congress on Mexican conditions, August 27, 1913, seven long years ago.

Funny thing is, nobody seems to expect the Democrats to fulfil their platform promises or give weight to the words of the president, master of the party.

The Republicans will have a hard time making campaign material out of Mexican affairs. The record of the Wilson administration during these seven years has been bad, but it has been no worse than the record of the Taft administration during the two years preceding Wilson's accession to the throne. Taft, Knox, and the others may talk all they like about what they would have done, and what ought to have been done, but the fact is beyond question that they made a mess of Mexican relations from the beginning of the revolution, and that they were as disregardful of American rights to peace and safety of persons and property, both in Mexico and along the border, as their successors have been.

The Republicans this year would better emit mention of Mexico in their platform and campaign speeches, or else make sure before they speak that they have a definite plan and that they fully intend to carry it out to the letter.

Splendid Americanism is voiced in that declaration of William M. Evarts made in 1878 and quoted in the Fall report:

> The first duty of a government is to protect life and property. This is a paramount obligation. This duty the government of the United States has determined to perform to the extent of its power toward its citizens on the border. It is not solicitous, it never has been, about the methods or ways in which that protection shall be accomplished, whether by formal treaty stipulation or by informal convention; whether by the action of judicial tribunals or that of military forces. Protection in fact to American lives and property is the sole point upon which the United States are tenacious.

Some such declaration as that might be timely now, but only if it were known and felt to be backed up by inflexible determination to make the words good at need.

Military intervention is not necessary and never will be, if the Washington government will cease meddling with Mexico's domestic affairs and let Mexicans and all the world know that Americans and American rights must be respected according to the laws of civilized communities. Fewer words, more deeds; less hypocrisy, more justice.

One must not judge a community wholly by how many persons are arrested annually, but rather by how many persons ought to be.

Poland at Bay

SO ACCUSTOMED has the world become to wars, big and little, that small interest is shown in America in the life and death struggle now in progress on the frontiers of Russia and Poland. Here, on a 90-mile front, a great battle is being fought, on the result of which may depend the future of many nations.

America is so absorbed in its own problems, including the political campaign, and in events in Mexico, that it pays little heed to the stirring events of the old world. Yet the war between Russia and Poland may bring on complications that will make all the world take notice. Admittedly the purpose of the Bolshevists is to open the way to Germany. That accomplished, union with German reds is planned, bringing on a new revolution in the German republic, with Lenine, at Moscow, plotting a world empire under the guise of soviet rule.

Poland, single handed, is holding back the Russian hordes, but it is unreasonable to suppose that she can long hold out against such overwhelming odds unless aid is given her. Germany, under the terms of the armistice, is powerless to give Poland aid, even should she so desire, which is doubtful. And Poland would hesitate to accept German aid, for she distrusts Berlin as much as Moscow. England and France, like America, are so occupied with their own affairs that they are in no position to enter upon a new war. The state they created at Versailles must fight alone.

Thus Poland, restored through sacrifices of her sons and the blood of the youth of many nations, in the first year of her renewed existence is passing through the test of fire. If she saves herself and central Europe from the red peril, she will have won for herself the world's gratitude. If she fails it will be partly because she was deserted by the nations that gave her birth; but it is a test of unity and of the national soul, even more than of material resources.

The Southwest Has Room

ARIZONA, New Mexico, and west Texas have a population of about 1,200,000, or about 1 percent of the population of the United States. We have 200 acres to the individual, or 1000 acres to the average family of 5. This is breathing room, to say the least. In New Jersey there are less than 2 acres to the person, as compared with our 200 in the southwest. The first oportunity, then, is for homes. The southwest can take care of many times the number of people living out here now.

Here are a few figures from the irrigated valleys of New Mexico and Arizona for 1914: Pounds of wheat to the acre, 2150; potatoes, 5000 pounds; tomatoes, 13,000 pounds; melons, 27,000 pounds; and corn, 1735 pounds.

The mesas of New Mexico and Arizona are covered with rich grass on which graze about 1,000,000 cattle, 1,500,000 sheep, 120,000 horses, 6800 mules, and 300,000 goats. Bees and swine also thrive here.

There is room for miners and prospectors. In 1915 Arizona became the first copper state in the union. The state is fifth in gold and silver with only the corners and surfaces scratched. In addition to vast deposits of coal in New Mexico and Arizona there are rich mineral deposits in wide variety.

West Texas has lately become the center of oil activity in the United States.

New Mexico and Arizona have enormous undeveloped water and power supplies.

There are in addition to these things, incomparable climate and all conditions making for good health. The world is invited to come and join us.

Republican leaders must not imagine because almost everybody is dissatisfied with the present national administration that the public will approve of just anything the Republicans do.

It seems to be a question now of which dark horse will win.

"Remember Garfield" is the slogan of the orators who will put favorite sons in nomination at the Chicago convention.

Sorrows remember'd sweeten present joy.
—Robert Pollok.

Little Interviews.

Engineers See Fine Farms On Their Hike To San Antonio

American People Are Too Idealistic For Their Own Good

"ON our hike from El Paso to San Antonio we found the valley farms along the road in a far better state of cultivation than any we encountered after leaving Fabens," said Sergt. Merrit I. Wheeler, company A, Ninth engineers, who with his outfit has just reached San Antonio after hiking from El Paso. "The farms we passed through near San Antonio seemed to be well cultivated, but they lacked that prosperous air that surrounds the south valley farms near El Paso. We crossed the Pecos at a point about six miles below the high bridge and it took a little over six hours to get us all over. The ford at the bottom is good but going down on one side and up on the other was a real little war in itself. If anyone doesn't believe that is a real 'divide' he should attempt to bring a mounted column and a train of 12 wagons across the point where we did. It is convincing. The men are now in Camp Travis, but they long for El Paso and Camp Cody cheaper and many of them say they would far rather have stayed in that camp at El Paso than to be here. The kindness of the people of El Paso has made our fellows love that place."

* * *

"The American people are too idealistic as I see it," said David L. Petrie of Indianapolis at the Paso del Norte the other day. "By that I mean we have been dreaming too much. In the face of the fact that we are credited with being the dollar chasing nation of the world, we are, as a matter of fact the most impractical nation in the world. Take our method of government as an example. Theoretically there is no better government in the world than the republican form, particularly the American type of republic. Its creative documents resound with fine phrases that strike sympathetic chords in every liberty loving breast. But in reality the operation of the republican form of government, as we have it, is the most costly thing imaginable. There is more waste of money by our government in one day than can be found in a month in any other nation of the globe. This is partly due, it is true, to the fact that we have more to waste.

"We are not only wasteful in the administration of our government, but we spend fabulous sums every two and four years in order to provide ourselves with an administration to give us our government. In reality our elections are utopian. Theory our elections are utopian. In reality they are grotesque burlesques. What with the boss joke-eyed conventions and primaries and the vote buying and the slush funds we have a system of eliminating candidates that is deplorable. And in the ultimate simmering down what American citizen really has anything to say about who shall be president, for instance? Usually it is a case of take our choice between two men who have little if anything in common with us.

"In our social phenomena the same strain of wastefulness is to be found. In our aspiration to the ideal we seek the costly, the showy and the unusual, believing them to be certain signs of all-rightness. We want a better car than our neighbor has, not because ours is not big enough or won't do the work, but because it makes people sit up and take notice when we glide down the avenue in a 12 cylinder battleship. Our wives want better clothes than their neighbors. The clothes contest between our wives is like the armament contests between nations and will some day end disastrously.

"In our amusements we seek the artificial, the bombastic, the melodramatic and the showy. We will go to an opera just because it is an opera or to a Russian ballet simply because it is a Russian ballet and sit in misery for hours because we think it is the thing to do. Opera is all right. A Russian ballet, like earmuffs, looks funny, but now and then it is a good thing. Better than either is the great outdors, and fun we make for ourselves by games and walks and rides.

"In our industrial life our idealism has led us from the paths of reason. We picture as a success the man who walks to the great city from the country with his worldy goods done up in a bandana handkerchief and later, through climbing and ascetic habits, becomes president of the company. We need companies and presidents. But we must reverse the picture. We must depict the business hero of the future as going to the country from the city and plowing and producing food. We must not depict success as confined within some mansion on the boulevard where the self made man resides, but spread it out to thousands of humble cottages and bungalows wherein are love and happiness and no debt.

"Finally, we idealize our religion clear out of all reason. We have set up a standard which only the spineless and mindless can honestly aspire to. Religion of the orthodox kind depicts a heaven of gold paving where angels fly around all day thrumming harps. To obtain this we must keep ourselves sweet, pure and sinless and chew no tobacco, do no swearing or drinking, make ourselves miserable on Sunday and think no thoughts that are not strictly neuter. In other words we must arrive at the pearly gates uncontaminated, such is our idealism. An attempt to make religion practical is frowned upon as an attempt to eliminate God—something as impossible of accomplishment as the elimination of space and matter."

* * *

"It is no secret that it is not luck, only bulldog grit, that brings success," said Milton L. Burleson, assistant postmaster. "The only trouble is that many persons, knowing it, try to forget it. Improvidence fills our poor houses. If 100 men were to have fortunes left to them, only one or two would keep their wealth more than a few years. But any man, if he will stick to it and use a little grit, can acquire a competence. It is mighty good advice to urge the public to put their savings into war savings stamps and treasury certificates. They always are worth more than cost, and are not the sort of riches that will fly away overnight. The government is the oldest institution in this country, and by far the most trustworthy. There is no danger of an absconding cashier, and the rate of interest is good."

PECOS TOWNS ASK EL PASO TO AID IN FIGHT FOR WATER

Pecos, Tex, June 1.—Resolutions of the Pecos and Barstow chambers of commerce, demanding that the attorney general of Texas act immediately to secure release of water impounded by dams in the Pecos river in New Mexico, have been referred to the El Paso chamber and other commercial organizations in the Pecos valley, with the request that they concur in the resolutions and forward them to state authorities at Austin.

Rains in the Pecos valley this spring have prevented an actual water famine, but the farmers claim that if the season had been dry they would have lacked water for the crops due to the action of the New Mexico districts damming up the winter water.

Several sectional weekend rains fell in the Pecos river valley and have served to greatly aid the second crop of alfalfa and in developing the cotton crop.

A MEXICAN MANDATE.

From New York American.

If this country must take some kind of "mandate" to be in the fashion, why not a mandate for Mexico? We have interests there, and responsibility, because of the Monroe doctrine.

We have people near us, on this continent, nearly always shooting each other, occasionally shooting us, and at intervals murdering some old man like Carranza, to make room for somebody else.

By The Sea

By WALT MASON.

I'M at La Jolla, by the sea; the view is something fine, with large blue billows rolling free—five thousand miles of brine. The grand old ocean is my lawn, it slops against my door; no dandelions grow thereon, to make my spirit sore. The water boomes into the caves, reminding me of this: I do not have to mow the waves; and such a thought is bliss. I see the billows, high and dark, the endless surge and swell; I see the seals, and hear them bark, as though they'd things to sell. And I could sit and watch the sea one thousand years or two, and every hour 'twould bring to me some message strange and new. It's saying, as it sighs and raves, and murmurs, moans and pleads; "You do not have to mow my waves, or from me dig the weeds." The salt sea sloshes round my coop, and sharks come up and play, and I sit out, upon the stoop, and smile the livelong day. I've always had to mow, and weeds to dig at night; no sandburs on the ocean grow, to mar my chaste delight.

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SCHOOL DAYS

Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate. *By DWIG*

THE CIRCUS BALLOON

Ye Towne Gossip.

Registered U. S. Patent Office.
By K. C. B.

I HAVE been invited.
TO A special showing
OF A new picture.
AND I have no doubt
THAT IT'S everything.
THAT THEY say it is
AND I hope it is.
BUT SO many times
HAVE I been invited
TO PRIVATE showings,
WITH TWO or three persons
INCLUDING THE manager
AND THE director,
AND MAYBE the press agent
AND WE all sit there.
AND THE picture begins.
AND I keep waiting.
TO FIND a place.
WHERE I can enthuse
AND IT doesn't come.
AND THE chances are
IT'S HOT in the room.
AND I'M perspiring.
AND I must say something
AND SO I say.
"IT'S CERTAINLY fine."
AND CHOKE a little.
AND IT'S just like that.
ALL THROUGH the picture.
AND WHEN it's over.
I LOOK at my watch.
AND SAY I have to hurry.
AND BEAT it away.
BUT ONCE in a while,
OF COURSE, it happens
THAT THE picture's good.
AND I don't have to lie.
AND WHEN it's over.
I DON'T have to hurry.
AND I stick around.
AND TALK about it.
AND I'M very sure.
IT WOULD be that way
WITH THIS one.
BUT IF they don't mind,
I'LL GO and see it.
WHEN IT'S in the theater
I THANK you.

- Beauty Chats -

By EDNA KENT FORBES.

Some Recent Letters.

ROSE of the Valley.—If the swelling in the back of the neck is very noticeable, I would advise you to ask your physician about it; at the same time get his opinion on the puffiness under the eyes. This sometimes comes from liver trouble and is corrected by diet. Massage will make the skin on the nose finer in texture; also a daily ice rub will be valuable.

* * *

Bob.—You are not very much under weight. A girl 15 years old, five feet three and three-quarters, is supposed to weigh 120 pounds according to insurance table statistics, but the allowance on these is always very generous.

I am sure it will do your hair good if you bob it, particularly if you use a good hair tonic. If you will send me a letter with a self-addressed envelope enclosed, I will be very glad to mail you a formula for one.

I would not advise you to wear mauve—this is a color for older people or for blondes.

* * *

Alice.—One of the best things I know of for clearing the skin of blackheads is the following:

Blackhead Cleansing Powder.

Wheat or cornstarch, two ounces.
Powdered borax, one ounce.
Almond meal, two ounces.

This is used in place of soap. Hold hot wet cloths over the face until you have opened the pores, rub in the cleansing powder and then rinse thoroughly with hot water. This powder is necessarily quite drying. If you find it too much so, use a little cold cream on the skin afterwards. In any case, finish the treatment by rubbing with ice or rinsing with cold water.

* * *

A subscriber.—There are several ways of making cosmetic gloves for hands that have been very much neglected. The simplest way is to turn a pair of old loose gloves inside out and smear them thoroughly with a flesh-building cold cream (my formula for fine cold cream is excellent for this, or with vaseline or any cosmetic lotion containing vegetable oil. Wash the hands thoroughly with hot water, then let them soak for a few minutes in clear hot water until the pores of the skin are open. Pull on the gloves and let them stay on all night.

* * *

A. B. C.—The ingredients you mentioned are all excellent for making the hair healthy; however, their value depends on the quantities in which they are used, and I could not tell wether your hair tonic is good or not unless I knew this proportion.

* * *

Tootsy R.—I am sorry your letter was not answered sooner, but so many letters come to be answered in the column that each has to wait its turn. If you wish an immediate answer, it would be better to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your question.

Bedtime Stories For The Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGILY AND BRIGHT EYES.

By HOWARD R. GARIS.

ONE DAY, when Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the nice muskrat lady housekeeper, had finished giving Uncle Wiggily his breakfast in the hollow stump bungalow, there came a knock at the door. Uncle Wiggily's pink, twinkling nose turned rather white.

"Do you s'pose that could be the Pipaseewah after me so early in the morning?" he asked Nurse Jane.

"Nonsense!" laughed the muskrat lady. "The Pip, bold and bad as he is, never would dare to knock at the front door as if he belonged to the family. It must be one of the neighbors."

"All the same," said Uncle Wiggily, as Nurse Jane left the table to go to the front hall, "all the same, I wish I had made one of those button buzz saw buzzers, such as Buddy, the guinea pig boy, had the other day. It would do the Pip good to have some skin tickled off his nose!"

Uncle Wiggily picked up the toasting fork, thinking he might use that to tickle the Pip if it should happen to be the bad chap. But when Mr. Longears saw Nurse Jane coming back with a smile on her face and half way around to her ears, the bunny knew everything was all right.

"It's Brighteyes, the sister of Buddy, and she has come for you in her auto," said Nurse Jane.

"Her automobile?" cried the rabbit gentleman. "Why, I didn't know Brighteyes had an auto!"

"Just look," said Nurse Jane, still laughing.

Uncle Wiggily looked from the window and saw the little guinea pig girl out in front with an old

"Come out and take a ride."

baby carriage. Brighteyes sat in it as big as life, with some curly carpenter shavings around her neck to make believe they were stylish summer furs.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, and he smiled so that his pink nose twinkled like the cherry on top of an apple dumpling.

"Hoo-oo! Oh, you Uncle Wiggily! Come on out and take a ride!" invited Brighteyes, waving her paw at the rabbit gentleman as she saw him at the window. "Come take a ride in my auto."

"Do you call that an auto?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as he hopped out on the porch with his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch.

"I make believe it is an auto," said Brighteyes. "It goes down hill as fast as anything. And on the level paths all I have to do to make it go is to stick one paw out and push. Of course, I can't go up hill, but it's something to ride down, I think."

"So it is," said Uncle Wiggily. "But how do you steer your baby carriage auto, Brighteyes?"

"I've tied a piece of clothesline to the front wheels," explained Brighteyes. "When I pull on the left rope I go to the left, and when I pull on the right rope I go that way. Come on, take a ride, Uncle Wiggily," she invited.

"All right! I'll take a chance!" laughed the bunny gentleman. So he got in the old last year's baby carriage, which Brighteyes had made over into an auto. It had sofa cushions in like Uncle Wiggily's airship, and when the bunny sat beside the little guinea pig girl, she just stuck one paw out, pushed on the ground, and off went her auto.

"On your way stop at the store and get me a loaf of bread!" called Nurse Jane, as Brighteyes and Uncle Wiggily rode along.

"I will," said the bunny gentleman.

"Doesn't my auto go nicely?" asked Brighteyes, as with her paw she pushed it along the level path in the woods.

"Fine," answered Uncle Wiggily. "I did not know you were so clever, Brighteyes. It goes almost as fast as my motor boat."

"Oh, but you should see it go down hill!" cried Brighteyes. "We're coming to a hill now. We'll whizz down without pushing in a minute!"

Surely enough they came to a hill. Down the slope started the baby carriage auto. Brighteyes did not need to push with her paw now. Faster and faster they went. Faster and faster!

"How do you stop when you want to?" cried Uncle Wiggily, holding on to his tall, silk hat.

"I'll show you!" answered Brighteyes. But then, all of a sudden, something happened. The baby carriage auto struck a stone, and though the little guinea pig girl tried to steer it straight, it went crooked.

The wheels twisted zig-zag and sideways, and then the auto turned a somersault and spilled Brighteyes and Uncle Wiggily right out. All over the ground they were spilled, but they did not get hurt, for they fell on the sofa cushions.

Brighteyes picked herself and her shaving furs up and Uncle Wiggily picked himself up. Brighteyes turned the auto over on its wheels.

"We won't go so fast next time," she said.

"Thank you," answered Uncle Wiggily, limping a little. "I guess there will be no next time for me. I'm much obliged to you, Brighteyes, but I'll walk to the store," and he did. However, Brighteyes didn't mind little things like that, so she went riding again in her new auto. And if the electric light doesn't cry for a candle when it's left all alone in the dark pantry with the jam, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Jimmie's jumble.—Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

All over the ground they were spilled.

Patter And Chatter

By S. E. KISER.

Who Said the World Was Gloomy?

GEE, but I feel glad this morning!
So you needn't waste your breath
If you think you should be warning
Me to prepare for death.
Please don't try to make me fearful,
For my fears are on the shelf;
Yesterday a lovely, cheerful
Woman handed me an earful
Of nice things about myself.

ALL the world looks fine and dandy
As it spreads before my view,
And I'll not consent to handy
Gloomy prophecies with you.
With my belt hitched one hole tighter
Than it was a month ago,
I am stepping higher, lighter,
And the outlook's fairer, brighter—
None but bracing breezes blow.

WASTE no words, in saying to me
That conditions are all wrong;
I've no time for being gloomy
Since I'm feeling fit and strong.
There are matters to be mended—
We will right them all in time—
Neither faith nor hope is ended,
Freedom still is well defended,
And our blessings are sublime.

SHE enchanted me completely;
Beautiful and not too coy,
And she whispered very sweetly
That I still looked like a boy!
Gee, how all the world is glowing!
Fragrant blossoms everywhere!
Cheer in every breeze that's blowing,
Songs wherever streams are flowing,
And the prospects all so fair!

PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE.

Few men succeed in living up to their own opinions of themselves.

BUT THERE'S THE RUB.

Silence isn't golden if you can say things that will make people laugh.

About Broadway Plays And Players

By HIDE DUDLEY.

NEW YORK, June 1.—The new Klaw corporation, known as Marc Klaw, Inc., in which Mr. Klaw and his two sons, Joseph and Alonzo, are the principal stockholders, is to build a theater. It will be located on West 45th street and the construction work will begin within a few days. Marc Klaw will leave for Europe next week to look for plays and musical comedies. He will visit England, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Austria and France and while he is in Vienna he will hear the Kalman operetta which his interests intend to bring over here.

BY POET CASAD.

Under the title of "Blasted Hopes," Campbell B. Casad sends us a rhyme. He says it's original, but—well, here it is:

> Little drops of water,
> Add some raisins, too,
> Then a little yeast cake,
> Just to make the brew;
> Place it in a warm place,
> There you let it stay,
> Try it on your neighbor,
> Throw the stuff away.

WHOLE SHOW STOLEN.

Will Morrissey's new musical revue, "Bussin' Around," of which we told in this column last week, is to go into the Bijou. The other day while Will was in the office of a music publisher trying some voices, somebody swiped his book, lyrics, music, scene plots and, in fact, everything but his bankroll. Will is looking for the thief, to put him in jail or the show.

ANOTHER ENDORSEMENT.

From Los Angeles comes the following encouraging note relative to our candidacy for the presidency:

"Dear Sir: I take pleasure in informing you your candidacy for president on the Limerick ticket has been hilariously approved by the Los Angeles Home for the Weak Minded. You are earnestly requested to show your appreciation by applying for membership in this club. Yours, R. Pick, Head Janitor."

Marc A. Luescher is to lead the Press Agent division in the great Dudley for president parade on June 31. He will be followed by 199 mimeographers and his new heifer calf. Don't miss this parade, no matter what you throw.

HE FEARED THE WORST.

Wilbur Cox met J. Osborne Clemson on Broadway last night and told him a good story.

"A negro, with a quart bottle of real whisky in his pocket, was crossing a street," said Mr. Cox, "when an automobile hit him. Immediately he felt a liquid trickling down his leg. A look of fear came over his face.

"'My Gawd!' said the negro. 'I hopes dat's blood.'"

IRISH TENOR COMING.

William Morris cables from London that he has arranged for Tom Burke, the noted Irish tenor, to give 50 concerts in the United States next season. Mr. Burke will sing first in New York in October.

LAMBS GAMBOL JUNE 6.

The annual public gambol of the Lambs will be held this year at the Hippodrome on Sunday evening, June 6. It will be staged under the personal supervision of R. H. Burnside, shepherd of the Lambs.

GREAT MINDS, &C.

Ed Wynn writes us to say that for the past three days our "Thoughts for Today" and "Chestnut Tree" jokes have been gags used in his "Carnival" at the New Amsterdam. Here you see, folks, is absolute evidence that Ed Wynn reads this column. Now is the time to subscribe. The price will not be advanced until after we have lowered the cost of mutton.

GOSSIP.

"The Passing Show of 1919" will close at the Winter Garden in a week.

Arrangements have been made whereby "Not So Long Ago" will remain at the Booth indefinitely.

Joseph McCarthy and Harry Tierney are to furnish several numbers for the new "Follies."

"Adam and Eva" has closed its season at the Longacre theater.

"East Is West" will be produced in London at the Queen's theater with Iris Hoey in the Ming Toy role.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY.

Never fear the future. It probably holds more good things than bad for you.

FOOLISHMENT.

> Kate came home from cooking school
> Baked some apple pies,
> Gave one to the family dog.
> Soon caused his demise,
> When her father grew provoked,
> Kate said: "Don't get sore,
> You haven't got to pay
> Dog tax any more."

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Why is John looking so sober tonight?"

"He's drunk."

Republican Convention History of 64 Years

By A. H. VANDENBERG.

THE 19th Republican national convention, which met in Philadelphia June 18, 1920, was perhaps the most harmonious in the whole chronology. There was not one division nor roll call on any disputed question. The renomination of McKinley was unanimously conceded in advance, and unanimously made when the hour arrived.

Second place on the ticket was more a matter of advance speculation, with much discussion of secretary of the navy John D. Long, of Massachusetts, ex-secretary of the navy Cornelius M. Bliss of New York, senator Jonathan Dolliver, of Iowa, lieutenant governor Timothy Woodruff, of New York, and others. But when dominant discussion began to talk of governor Roosevelt, all else and all others disappeared—particularly when Dolliver declined.

Roosevelt himself declined repeatedly, but to no avail. His sponsors thought to side-track him politically. The convention sought to give McKinley the ablest and most popular running mate available in America. On the final showdown it was all Roosevelt and nothing else. He was nominated unanimously—with a destiny ahead which few participants in that stirring scene imagined.

The platform glorified the return of prosperity under Republicanism, renewed declaration of faith in protection and sound money, praised America's record in the Spanish war, recommended an "Isthmian canal" (no longer particularizing Nicaragua), approved the annexation of Hawaii, and encouraged peace machinery as set up at the Hague.

(Continued tomorrow, with the story of the Thirteenth convention.)—Copyright, the George Matthew Adams Service.

Sixty million dollars will be spent upon the construction of good roads in the province of Ontario during the next five years.

The Young Lady Across The Way

THE young lady across the way says that personally she wouldn't think of marrying a Caucasian or any other foreigner.

The shah of Persia owns an armchair of solid gold inlaid with precious stones.

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. slater, editor and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 13 years. J. C. Wilmath is manager and G. A. Martin is managing editor.

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THIRTY-NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION—Superior exclusive features and complete news report by Associated Press Leased Wire and Special Correspondents covering Arizona, New Mexico, West Texas, Mexico, Washington, D. C., and New York. Entered at the Postoffice in El Paso, Texas, as second class matter.