

ONE PLACE WHERE THE H. C. L. HAS NEVER BLIGHTED PLEASURE

It is an old-fashioned view to take of life, no doubt, and hardly welcomed these days, but sometimes it seems worth while to recall that average folks a generation or two ago got lots of fun out of life, thoroughly enjoyed it all, performed worthy service, reared families, gained an education, acquired homes and a modest competence, cared for the poor and sick, found recreation in play, or in reading, learned to appreciate and enjoy the good things that have come down to us from the past, and went through the years with a smile and a song, yet they were not a hundredth part as dependent as we of today are on "shows" and all the things provided by organizations and governments as part of the "social uplift."

The average child of today spends as much money on mixed drinks and "cream" and "shower" in one week as his parents and grandparents spent in a year when they were children, yet it is a question if there is more real happiness. Somehow we of today have largely lost the power of self-entertainment, as we have largely lost the ability to educate ourselves. We rely too much on governments, and on special organizations to do this and that and the other for us and our children. As we of this day multiply "social uplift" agencies of all kinds we seem to become more and more helpless, less self-reliant. The intense organization of this age is not always a means of developing and applying greater power; too often it is simply a means of shifting responsibility and dodging work.

There is need for a revival of the vigorous individual life of other times. This does not mean an anti-social exclusiveness, it does not mean the cloister or the cave, it does not mean antagonism to government or to cooperative effort in human society. It means that we need to learn over again the value of self-education, self-entertainment, self-reliance, self support, self-sufficiency in a broad sense, and self-dependence but simply good old American independence and self-reliance.

The world today has a better sense of interdependence than it used to have, a clearer sense of social obligation. Experience has shown that the welfare of all is to be sought by him who would fare well himself. To be generous, to be liberal, to give oneself to community work and to give one's means in proportion to one's ability, this is one way to insure one's own happiness and contentment. But with the world's gain in social morality, has come a slippage in the individual human machinery; we of this day are too much inclined to rely on others instead of on ourselves, to bring us what we desire and need.

People, young and old, used to play together and make their own amusements; now they think they have to go somewhere and pay somebody to make their amusements for them. People used to know and love the region close about them; now they think they must go a thousand miles to enjoy nature. People used to sing; now they must be sung to; they used to play music on musical instruments; now they must pay to hear musical instruments. People used to clear land and build homes; now they sell their houses and pay dearly for apartments in a house belonging to another, thinking to escape work by sacrificing home. Great men have been greatly educated in the past on a library of six or a hundred books; today we have hundreds of thousands of books available in libraries, but are we better educated by reason of that? Are the complicated tools and costly equipments in modern "education" used to such advantage that our boys and girls are really better educated than their parents in proportion to the great advance that has taken place in supplying educational facilities? Sometimes it seems as if parents today are a bit inclined to shirk their own responsibilities off on the schools, and that children today are a bit less keen about mastering the elements of life than their forebears were—our children must be aided and helped and fed, they are not quite so resourceful as children used to be, not quite so independent and self-sufficient, their standards are not their own, but are artificial and supplied for them. They cannot find their joys and their education in the ordinary life around them, but must buy something to imitate happiness, they demand gifts instead of creating and making things for themselves.

We hear so much of the high cost of everything. Yet there is one storehouse whose stock is unlimited and free to all; there is one treasure house whose wealth does not diminish with the taking away. Anybody may come and enjoy its treasures, anybody may take away what he pleases, and anybody may give back what he pleases, yet there is no decrease in the supply for others. To use this wonderful treasure, you pay no rent, no usury, no tax. You are not ordered away or ordered out. You can go and come as you please, and stay as long as you please. You may take what you want, keep it or borrow it, return it or give it away to a friend, just as you please. You may take up the jewels by the fistful and drip them through your fingers just to gloat, or you may take one and cherish it through life. It is yours for the taking; you do not even have to ask permission.

The Treasures of the Ages—these are the treasures that do not diminish with the taking away. These are the treasures that become more beautiful, more lovely, more useful, with time and use. Like fairy's gold they multiply. Look at it and it grows under your eyes; you take your share and call your friend to see, and behold there is more now to be had than there was before, and no one need ever go away empty handed.

The Treasures of the Ages—books, art, love; music, painting, architecture, sculpture, wood and stone and glass; literature that has passed its right to live, as the cathedrals and the great works of the fine arts have proved their right; nature with its mountains and its flowers and its sunsets; God and his works, the greatest of which is Man. The Treasures of the Ages—infinite wealth, to be possessed and enjoyed for life by every one who wills to enter through that wide flung door. In this way, a soul frees itself from bondage and takes possession of its warrant of full partnership in the Universe.

To Hold Teachers.

NEWARK, New Jersey, need have no fear of a teacher shortage. It has granted a \$100 bonus to each of its present teachers, effective June 30; a \$400 increase, effective next September, and \$200 more, effective in September, 1921. After 10 years of service each teacher will get a year's leave of absence, with full pay, less the salary of a substitute, "for study, observation, and increasing efficiency" and after 20 years the same leave will be given for recreation and rest.

At the head of the Newark school board is Frank H. Sommer, dean of the New York university law school, who knows how hard it is to keep teachers in their profession because of the attractive fields offered for young men and women in other lines. The Newark plan will cost a lot of money, but it will be worth it all to citizens of that city to know that their children have the best instruction available. With such inducements Newark teachers will not turn into clerks and stenographers.

Sweet the rat! California declines to admit her earthquakes are part of her climate. The Democrats should have a care that their wet plank is not slippery.

Whether it is an advantage to be the son-in-law of a president all depends. Just to let people know he hasn't vanished, Mr. Hoover says something for publication.

Among those who are not demanding a free international bridge is the street car company.

Whether the rooster should supplant the donkey as the Democratic emblem depends on what is done in San Francisco.

Before you made us citizens, great Nature made us men. —James Russell Lowell.

Little Interviews.

American Made Shoes are Now in Great Demand in Mexico

There has been a marked increase in the popularity of American made shoes in Mexico. American made shoes in Mexico, said E. A. Dow, American consul at Juarez. "This fact has been mentioned in letters received from consuls at various posts in the Mexican republic. Consul Foster at Veracruz writes that practically all shoes worn by the better class of people in that city are American made. Women there he says, prefer shoes of a broad last with short straps and round toes. Black and colored shoes seem to be most in demand, although white canvas and kids with soft soles and high French heels are always in demand. If the consuls at other posts buckled or has an attractive looking ankle strap or bow tie, it sells more rapidly. The consular walking shoes sport these short straps by American women has no market in Veracruz. The shoes demanded by men of the better class are mostly practical, although shoes of black or tan, with light and fancy cloth tops, are sold in this market in demand. Women are paying from \$8 to \$12.50 for shoes, while men's shoes sell at from \$10 to \$12.50.

"No city was better advertised at the recent Adclub convention in Indianapolis than El Paso," said A. J. Millican, vice-president of the El Paso Adclub, who has just returned from that convention. "The work that Percy Montgomery did there was great. He has three big stores in the city and through his city and the southwest, telling all about our advantages and resources, our progress and our future. In addition to the newspaper publicity we got we got a lot of good advertising among the other delegates and the women generally. The biggest hit of the entire convention was made by the little El Paso Adclub. I think it is generally believed that in many ways conditions will be improved through the woman in politics."

The political situation in regard to SOUTHERN PACIFIC PLANS TO SLAG BALLAST TRACK. The Southern Pacific lines plan to slag ballast track owned by the system for nearly 100 miles west of El Paso. It will cost the railroad an expenditure of about \$750,000, necessitating the employment of about 400 men. About one year will be required for completion of this work. Arrangements are being made in El Paso by H. A. Turner, resident engineer for Southern Pacific, and J. E. Butler, construction manager. The work probably will be started in two weeks.

CITY PLANS TO PUT END TO BLOCKADE OF STREETS. Because freight trains have blocked crossings in El Paso several times in the last few weeks, and often have tied up street car and motor car traffic for about half an hour, city officials plan to take steps to prevent a recurrence of the blockades. The inspection of public utility reports that G. R. & A. freight trains are most likely to block traffic last Wednesday and Thursday nights.

REPORTS LOSS OF PAY CHECK. Jesus Robles and J. Monga reported to detectives Friday the loss of eight pay checks totaling \$124.83. The men said the checks were numbered and furnished the detectives with the numbers.

HEALTH ESSAY CONTEST TO BE HELD IN TEXAS NORMALS. Austin, Texas, June 19.—A health essay contest will be held in the six state normal colleges during the summer sessions, under the direction of the Texas Public Health association. Students may compete from the normals at Comstock, Denton, Alpine, Canyon, San Marcos and Huntsville. Two prizes will be awarded in each of the normal colleges, first prize of \$15 and a second prize of \$10—by local judges; while a state prize of \$25 will be given for the best essay. The subject of the essay is to be "The Modern Health Crusade—A Factor in Health Education," and the contest is being held to interest the teachers in health instruction in their schools.

FINED ON TWO CHARGES. Paul Contreras, 193 East Boulevard, was fined \$50 in justice court Friday afternoon. Half of the fine was assessed for speeding and the other half on contempt of court charge for the alleged use of profanity in speaking of the arresting officer.

Lonely Emma. EMMA GOLDMAN'S sad and lonely as she treads a distant shore, and she sighs, "Ah me, if only I could see the States once more!" In a recent dinner letter she complained of her distress, and her furrowed cheeks grow wetter with her scalding tears, I guess. By her friends she seems forsaken, no one writes to her, says she, and she sits her head and weeps, by a weeping sea. By the ocean wet and clammy she sits down to sigh and yearn, wishing that her Uncle Sammy would permit her to return. When she lived he beat his hammer she was boasting very crime, acting in a beastly manner, raising thunder all the time. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, as the dippy post raved, and old Emma, ever ponder, doubtless wishes she'd behaved. For this country is the slickest that was ever out of doors, and that prairie is the slickest who is banished from its shores. And the folks who grumble, grumble, at our burlesques every day, should get wise and take a tumble to the things the exiles say.

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SCHOOL DAYS



Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

RETURNING HOME. FROM THE Chicago convention. I HAD a lower. AND THEY'D sold the upper. TO A charming young woman. AND I had to trade. AND GIVE her the lower. WHICH is hot weather. IS ALWAYS better. THAN in the upper. AND ANYWAY. SHE WANTED to know. IF I'D been to Chicago. AND TO the convention. AND I said I had. AND SHE was sorry. SHE HADN'T been there. BECAUSE SHE'D read about it. AND WAS quite sure. IT WAS very exciting. AND I said it was. FOR A segment at times. AND SHE wanted to know. IF ALL of the delegates. TO THE Chicago convention. WENT RIGHT from Chicago. TO SAN FRANCISCO. AND I was puzzled. AND WANTED to know. JUST WHAT she meant. AND SHE said she had read. THE NEWS of a second convention. AND SHE supposed. THE SAME delegates. WENT TO both of them. AND I tried to explain. AND SHE was interested. AND LISTENED closely.

AND KEPT repeating. "HOW SILLY of me. THAT I didn't know better." AND WHEN I said something. ABOUT THE vice president. SHE PIPED up sweetly. "AND WHAT will happen. TO MR. Fairbanks?" AND, OF course, I said. "TO MR. Who?" AND, OF course, she said. "TO MR. Fairbanks." "HE'S BEEN vice president. FOR SUCH a long time." AND I wanted to tell her. ABOUT MR. Marshall. AND THAT Mr. Fairbanks. HAD CEASED to be. BUT I hadn't the heart. AND WE dropped the subject. AND TOOK up the discussion. OF WOMAN suffrage. AND SHE'LL vote next fall. FOR THE very first time. AND SHE thinks it grand. AND WHEN I asked her. IF SHE'D vote for Harding. SHE WANTED to know. BECAUSE HER father. WAS FOR Gen. Wood. AND SHE had an idea. SHE WOULD vote for him. AND SHE wanted to know. FOR WHOM I'D vote. AND I said Woodrow Wilson. AND LET it go at that. I THANK YOU.

14 Years Ago Today. A DISPATCH from New York tells of an accident in the Pennsylvania tunnel today, which resulted in two men losing their lives and another receiving fatal injuries and several being seriously hurt.

Short Snatches From Everywhere. The old crowd doesn't care about peace with Mexico if it can get a piece of Mexico—Wichita Beacon. Still, there are some people who would be glad to see a chance to vote against Bryan next fall—Providence Tribune. The water wagon is now the hand wagon—Boston Transcript. One hundred acres of land containing it is said, the best deposits of shale to be found in the southwest. Have been purchased by the El Paso Portland cement works, just north of the city, upon which will be established the cement factory of the company recently organized. The work on the county school census is progressing under the charge of county judge Sweeney, who, as executive superintendent of the census, has taken charge of the office of the late G. W. Roach. Miss Blanche Bacon left yesterday for New York. Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Carpenter are expected home today. Eugene Neff left for Michigan to join his wife and daughter. Dr. W. L. Brown and wife are expected home some time this week.

OLD PASSPORT SWINDLE WORKED ON TOURIST HERE. "We can fix up your passport. Let us have your money." This ancient busco game still works, time worn as it is. Angel Neratax, a tourist, was accosted by two men in the downtown district with the above offer. He handed the men \$12. The strangers took the money, repeated their promises and departed for parts unknown. The swindle was reported to detectives.

ATTORNEY LOCATES HERE. W. F. Cook, a member of the firm of Stevens & Cook, Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and a nephew of Justice J. Morrison, of the supreme court of Mississippi, has recently arrived in El Paso with his family to take up a permanent residence here. He has opened his offices in the El Paso bank building.

AN INDEPENDENT DAILY NEWSPAPER.—The El Paso Herald was established in March, 1918. The El Paso Herald includes also, by arrangement and permission, The Daily News, The Telegram, The Tribune, The Journal, The Graphic, The Sun, The Advertiser, The Independent, The Journal, The Republic, The Bulletin.

THIRTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.—Special exclusive features and complete news report by Associated Press, United Wire and Special Correspondents covering the El Paso, West Texas, Mexico, Louisiana, D. C. and New York. Entered at the Postoffice at El Paso, Texas, as second class matter.

Patter And Chatter



The Ruling Passion Still Rules. LOVE, love, love! It causes the world to vibrate! The man who has labored through all his life To find a fortune, forsakes his wife And runs away with the witchboard girl. Love, love, love! The girl who possesses charms That cause respectable men to try To win her favor will pass them by. And find her joy in a convict's arms.

USELESS THINGS COME EASY. If words were all intended to help mankind to thrive, They'd have to be defended to keep the things alive. How long would we desire the habits we possess?

FROM OUR OWN SOLOMONS. It may be foolish to cross your bridges before you come to them, but the wise man tries to find out whether there is going to be a bridge when he reaches the crossing place.

WHY WON'T PROFESSORS LEARN? "Today," says one of the college professors, "the American republic is still drifting in its Russian policy." Why will learned gentlemen continue to think the administration is the American republic?

LOOKING AHEAD. It may be foolish to cross your bridges before you come to them, but the wise man tries to find out whether there is going to be a bridge when he reaches the crossing place.

Bedtime Stories For The Little Ones. UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE NEW BIRD. BY HOWARD B. GARIS.

UNCLE WIGGLY was once more walking through the woods one day, and he was carrying a basket full of apples. He was going to take them to the schoolhouse, and he was very happy. He had just picked up a new bird, and he was very happy. He had just picked up a new bird, and he was very happy.

"Dear me! This is too bad!" quaked Jimmie, the duck. "We had only that one ball and now that it is gone we are in a bad way. Oh, yes, you can!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "As I was walking through the woods just now I picked up a round, brown ball that one of my chaps must have lost. Here it is. Put this around and have fun. Uncle Wiggly put the round, brown ball in the red pocket of his shirt."

"Why, Uncle Wiggly?" mumbled Tommie. "This isn't a baseball at all. It is the kind of ball that grows in the woods."

"No matter what kind of a ball it is, what I am after is some kind of a game that I can play with my chaps," said Uncle Wiggly. "I've got a new game that I can play with my chaps. It's called 'The Game of the Ball' and it's very interesting. You can play it with a ball and a bat, and you can play it with a ball and a bat. You can play it with a ball and a bat, and you can play it with a ball and a bat."

"That's a home run!" quaked Jimmie. "Whistle-blow!"

chatterbox went—oh, excuse me, I'm thinking of his earlier pole catch. The rabbit, Tommie, had not gone very far before, but all of a sudden, he heard some voices shouting: "Look out!"

"Bang it good and hard!" Uncle Wiggly's nose gave a most jolly tremble.

"If Nurse Jane were here she would be frightened at hearing all these shouts," said Mr. Leaguer. "She would think the pig or skee was coming. But I know better. I know it is only some of the animal boys playing ball."

And Uncle Wiggly was right. Going on a little farther he saw Sammie, Jimmie, Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, Jack and Freddie Wewh, Hillie Wagtail, the goat, and Jole and Tommie Kat playing ball in the shade of a big tree.

"Hello, Uncle Wiggly!" called all the animal chaps as they caught sight of the bumpy gentleman. "Do you want to play?"

"Thank you, no, I guess not," was the answer. "I will sit here in the shade and watch you."

It was the turn of Billie Wagtail, the goat chap, to knock at the ball with his bat. And Billie hit the ball such a blow after Tommie Kat pitched it to him that the ball sailed away off out of sight.

"Oh, that's a home run! That's a home run!" quaked Jimmie Whistle-blow the duck.

"Yes, and I guess it's a lost ball, too," chattered Billie, the squirrel.

Tommie. "It was a brown puff ball, filled with animal powder. I know what it was the minute I picked it up and that's why I threw it at the Skee."

"I'm glad you did," said Uncle Wiggly. Then he helped look for the baseball which Billie, the goat, had batted so far. It was found in the grass, the game was on and everybody was happy. And if the canny herd doesn't pick all the ice cream cones from the dirt puddling, I'll bet you'll see about Uncle Wiggly and the whisker feller.—Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

EL PASO HERALD

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H. H. Custer, editor and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 22 years. J. C. Wilmitt is manager and G. A. Martin is managing editor.

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