

THE CIMARRON NEWS AND PRESS

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EDITORIAL

Representative Abbott, of Colfax county, has just introduced a measure in the house donating the old court house at Springer to the Sisters of Loretta for use as a convent. The bill was passed by a vote of 12 to 11, and will now go to the council. We believe the bill should pass the council. The building has long been an expense to Colfax County, without remuneration for anyone. It is a valuable edifice, on an excellent site, and would be especially adapted for the purposes of the bill mentioned. The town of Springer would benefit by the change, and a noble institution would be established.

The appropriation bill, with all its riders still sleeps in the Council Committee, where it is said a lot of the barnacles will be scraped off, and it will probably be steered back to the house in a more seaworthy condition. Very few people in New Mexico are willing to accept the bribes offered by the bill if they have to swallow the undesirable provisions.

Socorro has an improvement association made up of the men and women of the town and these work together for the improvement of the city and its environment. Their next work is to be the building of a good road to the School of Mines adjacent to the city. Raton needs a public improvement association to lead in good roads to some of our scenic spots and to do many other needed public acts of improvement for the city.

Tom W. Lawson writes us from Chicago, Ill., to look out for Friday the 13th. The next month in which Friday comes on the 13th is September, and we dead sure will look for it. Tom must have something up his sleeve.

TOLD THE TRUTH.

An Indian Territory editor was running the motto, "We tell the truth," at the head of his paper. The other day, however, he was compelled to encounter several gentlemen who objected to the truth being told, and as a consequence the motto disappeared and the following was inserted: "Until we recover from the injuries recently received, this paper will lie just like the rest of them."

But the greatest factor in the formation of public opinion is the press. It gathers and publishes the facts upon which opinions are formed—the experiments, the successes and the failures of those in authority; it criticizes and analyzes; it commends and condemns; it suggests and advises; and it finally records the public view. Indeed, it is said that there are only two ways of obtaining the opinion of the public on a political question, and that is through the voice of the press or by a vote at an election. Now there are those who say that newspapers are rather dealers in the raw material of public opinion than shapers of its finished form; that they are detectives who run down and report opinions more than they instruct and guide it, and that they perform the function which Gladstone said was largely the office of the orator; that is, they receive from the public as mist what they give back as a shower. They do present to the public, however, the material out of which its judgment is formed, and whether they record more than they instruct, they do help the multitude to make up its mind and do give intelligent expressions to its shapeless mass of dim and half-formed ideas.—Chief Justice Johnston, of Kansas, in Topeka Capital.

A WORD ABOUT THE GARFIELD INTERVIEW

Regardless of the fact that the interviews given out by Mr. Will C. Barnes, of this city, in which he quoted Secretary Garfield, have been denied by a Washington correspondent, the Optic takes pleasure in saying

that after a careful investigation it has found that Mr. Barnes was justified in every particular in making the statements he did. We are absolutely certain that Mr. Barnes interviewed Secretary Garfield and that the secretary made the remarks accredited to him. When these dispatches were received the Optic made an effort to find Mr. Barnes, but unfortunately he was out of the city. Like all telegraphic news that comes from regular sources, it was published. That Secretary Garfield used the words quoted in Mr. Barnes' correspondence, there was never a doubt, but it was quite possible that the talk was not intended for publication. But even this is no longer a matter of uncertainty. Mr. Barnes had absolute authority to quote Mr. Garfield, and his action has since been approved by that official.—Las Vegas Optic.

BABY UP TO NOW.

"Oh, for a pair of scales," he said; "the baby must be weighed!" Yet none around the place were found, and all were sore dismayed. For babies must be weighed at once; the neighbors must be told, Yet who would take an infant out, the weather being cold?

Then rose its aged grandpapa and got into the game; He had a scheme to tip the beam with baby on the same. No plan was his that flickers up and in its weakness fails— He'd listen for that rasping screech and get the iceman's scales. The iceman in his flannel shirt protested, but in vain; They weighed that infant on his scales and hefted it again. And, lo! even of the greatest freak that on the earth abounds, That baby tilted off the scales at forty-seven pounds! —Dallas News.

AN EVERY-DAY SCENE.

Pedestrian—What's all that fuss about in that house—a wedding? Resident—No. A new baby arrived last night and all the women in the neighborhood are going into ecstasies over it. "Who is that tall man all the women are crowding around?" "He is a minister, come to fix the date for the christening." "And who is the short man who attracts so much attention?" "He is the doctor." "Ah! I see. That no-account fellow, who is being pushed out of the way or run over, is the hired man, I presume?" "No; he's the father."

Explaining it.

"It was too much education that landed me here, mum," said the burglar to the visitor at the penitentiary. "I had an assistant who was born in Boston. One night we had a good second-story job, but he queered the whole thing at the last minute." "How do you mean?" asked the visitor. "When I told him to climb up the down spout to get the swag out of the second story, he said: 'I refuse to do anything so paradoxical, and just then the copper woke up and collared us.'—Judge.

Shakespearean Citation.

Professor of English Literature—Can you cite any passage from Shakespeare which presages the coming of the automobile? Freshman—Yes, sir. "Curse not loud but deep."

Probably Not.

"In her application for a divorce a Pittsburg woman makes use of 42,000 words." "Gee! Her husband is not going to contest her action, is he?"—Houston Post.

His Need.

"What you need, my man, is change of scene." "Gee!" "What is your business?" "I'm a scene-shifter at de t'enter."—Houston Post.

Not So Very Flattering.

Howell—What do you think of Rowell? Powell—Well, to be perfectly frank, I don't think he is fit to have desk room in a dog house.—N. Y. Press.

WHEN WOMEN QUARREL.

"You know how I despised her. I have had my revenge." "Gracious, Katherine! I hope you have done nothing desperate!" "Yes, I have done my worst." "Merciful goodness! You haven't killed her, have you?" "No, but listen. I laughed at her hat." "My!" "And her waist." "Gracious!" "And ridiculed the hang of her skirt." "My!" "And, to make my revenge complete, I made faces at her baby. Now, who can say I did not get even?"—Chicago Daily News.

A Faulty Theory.

Do you know what I believe about myself?" asked the man with the myriatic eyes and the straggling whiskers. "No. What do you believe about yourself?" mechanically asked the weary listener. "I believe that I am the reincarnation of Napoleon." "Nonsense! No matter how much confidence Napoleon had in himself, he wouldn't have wanted to start in at the bottom all over again."—Judge.

THE CONCEITED COW.



"Now, what do you think! Since that cow has had her picture painted by the artists, she's that stuck-up she won't give any more milk!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Hunch.

If you wish to kill time Your life is your own, But don't bother busy men, Leave them alone. If some one is knocking, Some chap with a will, If you can't say something Good of him keep still. —Houston Post.

Didn't Suit Her.

The Judge—Where's your wife? The Prisoner—At home, your honor. "Wasn't she subpoenaed also to be in court?" "Yes, your honor." "Well, why didn't she come?" "She heard that a person was not allowed to talk only when spoken to in court, your honor!"—Yonkers Statesman.

One of Many.

Mr. De Dude—Cawn't I introduce to you my friend Arthur Wemington? He is a litewawy man, you know. Miss De Belle—Indeed! Mr. De Dude—Aw, yes. He sent the Society News a list of the guests at the last party, and the editah accepted it, bah Jove!—N. Y. Weekly.

Professional.

Popkins—Speaking of frenzied financiers, our family physician's at the top of the heap. Wilkins—He is, eh? Popkins—You bet he is. When I called him in to see my little boy who had swallowed a nickel he made me cough up \$2.—Chicago Daily News.

The Sinews of War.

"So he was elected, after all!" said the ordinary citizen. "Easily," replied the politician. "There was so much mud flung at him that I was sure he would be defeated." "Yes; but, you see, he came down with lots of dust."—Judge.

Similar but Different.

"The bare limbs of those trees," he remarked, "bring to my mind pleasant recollections of my vacation last summer."

"In what way?" she queried. "I spent my vacation at the seashore, you know," he explained.

Mutual Sense of Humor.

"How are you getting on with your titled son-in-law?" "Better," answered Mr. Cumrox. "We are both getting so we don't feel so much like laughing every time we see each other."—Washington Star.

And They Say Figures Can't Lie. Jones—Do you believe there is safety in numbers? Skorcher—Sure; whenever I'm exceeding the speed limit, I hang some other chap's number on the back of my auto!—Life.

A Way to Do it.

"He made money by that garbage contract." "Yes; he struck pay dirt."—Baltimore American.

His Own Medicine.

"What cured Smartly of practical joken?" "One of them."—Detroit Free Press.

A Desperado. "So this is a typical frontier town, eh? I suppose you have citizens who have killed their men?" "There goes one now." "A peaceable looking chap. How many notches has he on his gun?" "He doesn't carry a gun." "Not carry a gun!" "Nope; he's a doctor."—Houston Post.

BOTH SICK OF IT.



He—When we were married I thought we were to be two souls with but a single thought. She—Well, aren't we? Don't we both wish we were single again?—Rochester Democrat.

The Brute.

She always addressed him as Mr. Until he took courage and Kr. But now that they're wed Like a brute he has said That he wishes to goodness he'd Mr. —Pearson's Weekly.

No Wonder.

Footie Lighte—And you say she can't believe a thing her husband says? Miss Sue Brette—Certainly she can't! Her husband is her press agent!—Yonkers Statesman.

Poverty and Wealth.

Miss De Pretty—I was out riding today with Mr. Swellhead, the editor of the Hightons Magazine. Poor Author (rival sutor)—Did he pay for the rig in postage stamps?—N. Y. Weekly.

The Usual Way.

"Does your father keep an automobile?" "No; he doesn't keep it. He merely borrows it from the repair-shop when it happens to be in running order."—Judge.

A flatterer never seems absurd.

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