The Evening Herald.

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QUITE BAD ENOUGH.

MAYOR BOATRIGHT appears to be hunting trouble. Most of us were convinced that the situation in the city government had been made bad enough by the mayor's ill advised attempt to take violent possession of the police chief's office Monday night. We were very willing to leave the determination of the mayor's rights in insisting upon his appointees, to the district court, the place where the mayor should have taken his troubles in the first place, and where they were taken, very properly, by City Attorney John Lewis in order that further violence might be prevented and justice secured in a decent and orderly manner.

In course of his prompt and commendable effort to keep Albuquerque a law-abiding city, City Attorney Lewis found it necessary to go to Santa Fe to obtain the order of the court restraining the mayor and his appointee for chief of police from further violence; the judge happened to be in Santa Fe on official business. Lewis could not bring the judge to Albuquerque and it became his duty as the chief law officer of the city to go to the judge. He did so, and Mayor Boatright last night announced that he had removed the city attorney from office because Lewis went to Santa Fe, in the interest of law and order and decent government, without first securing the mayor's permission to leave the city limits.

No doubt the city attorney will decline to leave his office on any such childish ground. There isn't a shadow of a doubt that ninety-nine per cent of the people of Albuquerque approve the city attorney's prompt and vigorous action for law and order and that they are right behind him, under the circumstances, and hope that the city council will see to his retention in office.

No one objects to the mayor's asserting what he believes to be his rights, so long as he asserts them in a legal and orderly manner. But it is difficult to understand why he wants to make a fool of himself.

YEARS AND USEFULNESS.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the senator of the United States, retired from public life having little of the confidence or esteem of the American people. It was a melancholy ending to an almost unbroken and very brilliant public career of half a century. It may not have been a useful career to the people, but it was entertaining to a considerable part of them. Depew, however, was but one of many hitherto highly respected public men who, justly or unjustly, fell under the onslaught of the muckraker, who in the course of his career as a wrecker of men and institutions, managed to do the country as a whole a lot of good.

Saturday, April 25, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, apparently as full as ever of the joy of living and the rare humor that won him success, Mr. Depew delivered a speech before the Montauk club of Brooklyn, it being the twenty-third annual birthday dinner given him by the club. The speech did not attract a great deal of attention outside of that limited circle of men who still regard the Alleghany as the boundary of civilization and Buffalo as a frontier town. It was sent in advance to the newspapers, but in the rush of war news few of them even found time to notice its delivery, much less to print it. Yet in many respects it is a notable speech. Its expression on "Years and Usefulness" is most interesting. It is to be regretted that space will not permit the whole speech. If you have time you will be interested in reading the extracts given in an adjoining column of the Herald today, and you probably will be benefitted, if you have reached, or are beginning to reach, the "later years."

WAKE UP, BOYS.

WE PRINT in the next paragraph following, immediately below, the plaint of the editor of the Roy Spanish American, a weekly newspaper published at Roy, Mora county, New Mexico. We desire to call said plaint to the attention of the owner of every newspaper in this glad sunshine state of ours, and to urge his serious attention thereto. We do not know what the editor of the Roy Spanish American is guilty of specifically. We know generally that he has been charged with needing somebody and that the plaint is with reference to the subsequent proceedings in that connection. Here is the plaint:

"A large portion of the population of Roy and vicinity will be obliged to attend court at Mora next week. It will require two days' travel each way and an expense of something like $50 per head to make the trip. Now, under present conditions which can hardly be called 'economy,' it must be done. The editor of the S. A. will be among those who are obliged to make this pilgrimage. The cause of our going is so well known and of such general interest here that it is not necessary to dwell upon it. It is hardly believable that we will be brought to trial to defend ourselves against such an absurd charge, still, stranger things have happened.

"It is a source of satisfaction to us to know that we have not committed a crime and that a host of friends have flocked to our aid with material assistance as well as moral support. Alone and unaided we would certainly be driven to the wall, into submission to arrogance that would deprive an American citizen of the righ to protest against tyranny and oppression.

"As the matter stands, we feel confident of vindication in our stand for the rights of the people of our community. We are not playing for notoriety nor reward of any kind; we are simply doing our plain duty as we see it. If it is a crime to demand a square deal, then we will cheerfully take the punishment when the last appeal has been denied but not before. We are glad, at least, that if we are to be humiliated for doing our plain duty as a citizen, there are none bound to us by family ties to suffer humiliation and financial loss with us. Until we return the S. A. will be in the hands of the office 'kids' who, with the help of friends will keep the paper going as usual."

To repeat, we do not know what exact form of libel this particular editor is charged with, and we have enough troubles of our own not to care, were it not for the fact that, guilty or not guilty, as he may or may not be, any one of us are likely to be found in the same embarrassing and expensive position at any time of the day or night. This particular editor may have committed a wilful and harmful libel on an innocent public official. If so he should be punished for it. He says he didn't do it, and in the light of past cases of the kind, we are inclined to take his word for it.

The point to you men who own or are responsible for newspapers in this state to consider is this:

You have on the statute books a law, passed at the behest of politicians who needed its protection, which lays you open at any time to be indicted by every grand jury in every county in this state, dragged out of your own home into any other county in the state and there tried, convicted and punished—for telling the truth about a public official.

This libel law of ours is the most effective muzzle ever attached to the freedom of the press in this glorious nation of free speech. If you don't know about it, go have your lawyer interpret its terms to you. Or just let your newspaper start something against a political highbinder somewhere and see what happens to you!

Furthermore you may be punished to the human limit for a mistake of an employe, an unintentional "break" in the news, even though you use every effort at your command to rectify it.

We do not know the facts in the Roy man's case. But we know the facts about the existing libel law—a law for the protection of criminals is what it should be named and what it really is—and we make the definite statement that if the newspaper owners of his state let that law remain on the statute books after the session of the next state legislature they deserve to be muzzled or suppressed.

Ask the man in your district about it before you support him for the legislature. If he's for that law as it stands he's not fit to hold an office.

A Trade Secret.

"Now the first thing to learn about the shoe trade is this. As soon as a customer comes in take off his shoes and hide 'em."

"What's that for?"

"Then you can wait on 'em at your convenience, my boy. They cant walk out."—Courier Journal.

The most disastrous explosion ever known was at Gravelines in 1654. Three thousand persons were killed.

Foresight.

"Well, did the boy take the medicine?"

"No, he didn't."

"Why not?"

"You see, I thought it wasn't meant for so small a boy, so I took it myself."—Borsszem Janko (Budapest.)

In the course of one year more than 6,000 persons were identified by their finger prints in the London police court.

Years and Usefulness

(Extracts from a speech by Chauncey M. Depew delivered before the Montauk Club of Brooklyn, Saturday, April 25th, on his eightieth birthday and on the occasion of the club's twenty-third annual dinner in his honor.)

Eighty seems to be universally regarded as a sort of almost impossible climacteric. In all countries and among all peoples it is an event, and as everybody is hoping to reach the same age, the days of the man of eighty are shortened by everybody anxiously asking, "How did you do it? Give us the combination."

The Psalmist gave distinction to threescore by his declaration in the nineteenth psalm, "The days of our age are three score and ten and though men be so strong that they come to four score years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow, so soon passeth it away and we are gone." But times were far different when the Psalmist wrote. The sanitation of today, the methods for preserving health, the wonderful discoveries in medicine and surgery, the elimination of perils of life and eugenics were then unknown. It is a tribute to their outdoor life that any of them lived to seventy. No one, even with all the knowledge and skill in our day, could hope to reach eighty if he enjoyed all the pleasures of David, nor would we even at seventy be improved by the remedy King David's physicians devised to keep him warm. John Bigelow writing his memoirs at ninety-two was as cheerful, hopeful, charming and inspiring a man as I knew of any age, and for ten years showed no sign that beyond eighty "his strength was but labor and sorrow." Neither did Gladstone whom I met in the flush of his great victory at eighty-three. The German ambassador records that Thiers at eighty-four in his discussions with him, which saved France, was the liveliest and ablest Frenchman whom he had met. I found Lord Hailsbury, ex-lord chancellor of England, one of the most active and interesting men at eighty-five, and now at eighty-seven, he is writing a monumental work on revision and codification of the laws of England. Lord Palmerston, when prime minister at eighty-three, said that the prime of life was seventy-nine, and Sir William Crookes, the scientist, says he has at eighty-one been so absorbed in the marvels of science and its possibilities that age has never occurred to him and he has laid out work which will require fifty years to complete. As an example from the industrial world, I was associated as an attorney with Commodore Vanderbilt during the later years of his life. He was more alert, wise and efficient at eighty than at any period and the acknowledged leader in the railway enterprises of that time.

A few years ago gray hairs were a fatal handicap to employment. Professor Osler did a good service for the unemployed when he declared that at sixty we should be chloroformed. It led to wide and universal discussion and developed the fact that the best work in every department of human endeavor is done by men over fifty. Our presidents are vigorous illustrations. Taft was never so active as now. Colonel Roosevelt is hailed as the most active and resourceful man of our time, and Wilson leads his party and congress, with the same obedience from both, as Napoleon had from the Old Guard. Edison told me twenty-odd years ago that he intended to bring grand opera within the reach and enjoyment of the masses in city and country. The cinematograph would put upon the film the moving picture of Melba, Patti or Caruso in action, while the phonograph would at the moment record the voice. He thought he could make the illusion so perfect that there would be no difference in expression, gesture, action and voice between the living presentation at the opera and its mimic reproduction on the village stage. Since that conversation the great wizard has given the world many inventions of inestimable value, but always working on his original idea, he celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday last month by laboring in his laboratory to perfect this marvel.

The supreme court of the United States is the most powerful judicial body in the world. Its judges were never worked so hard nor more efficient than now. Chief Justice White is brilliantly meeting the responsibilities and performing the duties of his great office at sixty-seven, and the associate justices illustrate the value of maturity with wisdom, discretion and fearless patience.

The seven wonders of the world which engrossed the admiration of the ancients, and the seven wonders of the Renaissance period seem trivial compared with the achievements of the period in which it has been my privilege to live and work. I was thirteen years old when the Hudson River railroad completed its first forty miles from New York to Peekskill.

We have become so familiar with the telephone and it has become such a necessity in our family, social and business life, that we seem always to have had it, but Graham Bell's invention was made only thirty-seven years ago, and the phonograph was revealed to the world by Edison one year later in 1877. Roentgen discovered the X-rays in 1895, only seventeen years ago, and their use in surgery has been one of the blessings of the age. It is only recently that we have photographs of daring operators, who are encountering perils unknown to the hunter or explorer, in revealing to the world wild beasts at rest and in attack, volcanoes in eruption, and shells exploding on battlefields with the photographer on the firing line. It is reported that Villa is accompanied by a cinematograph operator with whom he is in partnership, and that the charge may be halted with men dropping dead or wounded all about him if the films need adjustment. It is only within ten years that Marconi has perfected the most beneficient invention of all time—the wireless telegraph. Within the same short period radium has revolutionized science, and added incalculable resources to the equipment of the physician in combating diseases which have heretofore baffled his skill. Dr. Carrell, within the year at the Rockefeller institute by demonstrating that tissues can be kept alive almost indefinitely and successfully grafted, has proved that there is certainty in the speculations of the possibility of prolonging life. In February of this year President Wilson pressed the button of the electric wire which blew up the Gamboa dam and united the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The aspirations of Columbus had been attained, the dream of Charles the Fifth of Spain realized, but not under the Spanish flag. In the month of February four hundred and ninety years before, Balboa saw the Pacific from the heights of Darien. He descended to the shore, and wading into the sea raised his sword, proclaiming that the Pacific ocean and all lands adjoining were annexed to Spain. Eight years after, Magellan found and added to the crown of Spain the Philippine islands. Now, this achievement of the greatest of enterprises by a new people with institutions and liberties which Charles the Fifth and his successors fought for five hundred years, and with a world power and prestige far surpassing that of this mighty monarch, and that same people governing and preparing the Philippines for self-government, makes us reverently repeat what Morse said on the success of the telegraph, "What God hath wrought."

Times have greatly changed during my recollections of seventy and intense activities of sixty years. We are not happier, but have more opportunities for happiness. Unrest has kept pace with progress. The atmosphere of the village in those earlier days was ideal. There were no very rich or very poor. Church-going was universal and there was a genuine Christian democracy. There was much more admiration than envy of the prosperous. Most of the families had lived in the village for generations and knowledge of family origin and history was destructive of snobbery. The reproductions of family traits in children and grandchildren cultivated respect for heredity, and the bracing influence of honest and enterprising ancestors was recognized. One hundred thousand dollars was the limit of the hopes of the most successful. There was neither complaint nor discussion of the high cost of living, for there was no high living.

One remarkable change in popular opinion since fifty or sixty years ago is the attitude toward rich men. The first state convention I attended as a delegate was in 1856. Edward D. Morgan was nominated for governor because he was the wealthiest merchant in New York. It was considered most commendable that he was willing to devote to the service of the public the talents which had made him successful in business, and he was triumphantly elected. There were few millionaires. They were well known and could be enumerated on the fingers on one hand. Then they were public-spirited citizens, now they are malefactors of great wealth. Then the people wanted railroads and the building of railroads was a hazardous speculation. They wanted more and finer steamboats. They wanted factories in their towns and offered every inducement to secure them. They wanted water powers improved and natural resources developed. They were totally unwilling to tax themselves for these objects, but vociferously applauded men of wealth and enterprise who were willing to take the risks. Many failed and lost everything. Success was an illustration of the survival of the fittest. They were held to be entitled to their wealth and became popular idols.

There has been no greater change in this half century than in the attitude of government to business. Business is the method by which the individual alone or in combination with others secures the means for the support of himself and his family, provides for his old age and its infirmities, and accumulates the property which will care for those dependent upon him when he is incapacitated or dies. According as he is gifted in the use of the money he makes, he adds in various degrees wealth to independence. Every step of his advance requires help of more people and adds to the amount of employment available for their support of other members of the community. That there were limitless opportunities for the individual has been the pride of our people. Our institutions were founded on the individual and the genius of our government was to give him liberty and encouragement. He organized and engineered the peopling and development of new territories and developed them into sovereign state of the Union. He carried with him the church and the schoolhouse. Under his inspiration the units of the state, its counties and its towns became miniature commonwealths, ruled in their smaller dimensions by the town meeting and the more populous by representative government. All admit that this process has made the United States the most powerful, the freest, the happiest and the most prosperous nation the world has ever known. Now there is acute antagonism by the government to business. The calendars of the courts are crowded with suits under existing laws and the calendars of congress and of the state legislatures with bills for new laws against business. The assembling of legislative bodies is viewed with alarm, and the declaration of the president of the United States, in his recent message that he would be "kind to business" was hailed as a declaration of emancipation.

The statesmen who are using destructive instead of constructive methods toward business are able and patriotic men. But few of them have ever been in touch with affairs or have any practical knowledge of the vast and complicated machinery which moves and controls modern credit, finance and industry. The two most used and most abused words in the language are "efficiency" and "privilege." The efficiency expert says to the harassed railway's official or manufacturer, "You do not require relief from intolerable burdens. If you understood your business you would carry them with ease and profit." In other words, speed up labor, and this the efficiency fraud knows that labor unions very properly will not permit employers, especially corporations, to do. Though laws are equal and all have the same chance, yet in our new vocabulary prosperity becomes "privilege" and dangerous to the public welfare.

Secretary Lamar of the cabinet of Mr. Cleveland made a speech at a famous dinner in New York. The speeches were long and serious. I came on at last, and to relieve the situation indulged in some fun at the expense of those who had preceded me, including Mr. Lamar. He was much worried for fear my forced construction would be taken seriously and complained that a cabinet minister speaks for his administration and for the time is the mouthpiece of his president. Mr. Cleveland enforced this view and told me that one of his cabinet, who was to orate on a patriotic occasion in the south, submitted to him the manuscript in advance. The president said to him: "It is all right, but will take three hours, and no New York audience would stand that." To which the minister answered, "In South Carolina an audience wants five hours and insists on three."

That rule of the responsibility of the Cabinet was in force long before Mr. Cleveland, but does not prevail with the new freedom. The Postmaster general advocates the taking over by the government of the telegraphs and the telephones. Since this was done in England the telephone service has become so bad that churches complain of the increase of profanity, and in Paris the service is so impossible that they are in despair of the republic. The deficiencies in operations in both countries are so great that they embarrass the finance ministers and the squeeze draws another groan of anguish from the taxpayers. It is a step in centralization which makes Jefferson a myth and Hamilton guide of our policies. It is not believed that the president is in sympathy with this far-reaching scheme, but its advocacy from such a source adds to uncertainty, and uncertainty is the mother of unrest.

One of the pricipal sources of healthy longevity and the pleasure of living is a sense of humor and keen enjoyment of it. People who laugh easily and often never have appendicitis. American humor and its cultivation were accelerated during the administration of President Lincoln. No president had presented to him so many and such vexing problems, or from men so important and difficult. He rarely argued, but illustrated his position and confused his questioner by an apt story admirably told. He told me eleven of them to show how each story had confounded his questioner or critic and ended the discussion. These anecdotes spread through Washington and all over the country, and we became a nation of story-tellers. When I was secretary of state and living in Albany fifty years ago, Artemus Ward, whose fame as a humorist was world-wide, came there to lecture. The audience was made up of the bluest blood of the old colonial Dutch aristocracy. They did not crack a smile until the evening was half over, when Ward came to the front of the platform, and looking whimsically over the crowd for five minutes without a word, finally said, "That last remark of mine was a joke." The Vans after this laughed immoderately at everything. The next night Artemus Ward was at Troy. The Trojans had heard of the Albany density, and to show that they knew a joke when they saw it, and that they saw it at once, they began to laugh when the lecturer began and soon were in violent hysterics whether Ward was speaking or looking at them. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mark Twain, Bret Harte and an innumerable company have contributed to the happiness of the people and the gayety of nations. The increasing intensity of our lives, the craze for money, and the craze for new and bizarre amusements among those who have money have limited conversation to the stock market, the show and the affairs of society. I fear it is rapidly destroying American humor. The venerable witticisms of the camp among the Philippine veterans who had formed the Carabao society delighted Roosevelt while president, and Taft's laughter made the country join. But after the recent rehearsal the most distinguished officers of the army and navy were reprimanded and only saved from court-martial by the protest of the people. Within a few weeks the American ambassador to Great Britain ventured in an after-dinner speech to follow Lowell and Phelps, Lincoln and Hay, Choate and Reid, in those pleasantries which add to the interest of the occasion and contribute to international peace and good fellowship. But the United Sattes senate called him down with unusual unanimity and one senator solemnly declared that a joke or humor in an after-dinner speech was an unpardonable offense. The iron-iron club of Washington has always been privileged to put officials from the president down upon its grill, and the victims have enjoyed the roast. But it is reported that the fun at the last entertainment of these merry gentlemen was indignantly resented as coarse, personal and abusive. As Lincoln's stories made us a nation of jokers and storytellers, possibly these stern rebukes from the highest official authorities may make us a nation of bores. Let us hope not.

I have found the best insurance policy is the ability to say no. Many of my friends have died before their time, because they could not resist the appetites which destroyed them. Abstinence is hard at first, requires will power and self denial, but abstinence soon conquers desire. Ever after is the joy of victory and confidence in that mainspring of life—the will. Horace Greeley once said to me after the payment of notes he had endorsed had swept away years of savings: "Chauncey, I want you to have a law passed making it a felony, punishable with life imprisonment, for a man to put his name on the back of another man's paper." As I lament about one-quarter of my earnings gone that way because of my inability to say no, and without any benefit to my friends, I sympathize with Mr. Greeley.

It seems to me that the agnostic and the iconoclast lose much of the restfulness, content and satisfaction which come from faith. Better be often deceived than lose faith in friends. Faith in our church or political party grows by work. The Richmond colored preacher said: "My brethren and sisters, faith can move mountains, but what's do faith?" It is behind the strength which is constantly moving mountains of difficulty, troubles and worry.

I have tried, or known others who have tried, allopathy, homeopathy, Christian Science, faith cures, Swedish exercise, massage, famous healing springs, Turkish baths, chasing climates and other famed preventives and cures for relief from ills, or to prevent their recurrence or preserve long and healthy life. All have merits. But mind governs matter and to laugh with our friends, to contribute to their cheerfulness, to find out and enjoy the inexhaustible good fellowship which can be found in everybody, have done more than all else to keep me healthy and happy. The fated fourscore years have gone by. The past has had its full share of accidents, mistakes, errors, misfortune and hard luck, but its compensations are so many and so great, that each knock-down seems in the retrospect just the punishment and discipline needed to learn the lesson for a fruitful life and the enjoyment of its blessings.

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Mr. Simpler is only one of many Albuquerque people who have gratefully endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills. If your back aches—if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. Simpler had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50c at all stores. Foster-Milburn Co. Props., Buffalo, N. Y. "When Your Back Is Lame—Remember the Name."

The Volunteers

"The Volunteers," a song of the Mexican war period, was written by William Haines Lytle. Mr. Lytle was an Ohio man, and served in the Mexican war and also in the Civil war. He was killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863.

The Volunteers! The Volunteers!
I dream, as in the bygone years,
I hear again their stirring cheers,
And see their banners shine,
What time the yet unconquered north
Pours to the wars her legions forth,
For many a wrong to strike a blow
With manled hand at Mexico.

The Volunteers! Ah where are they
Who bade the hostile surges stay
When the black forts of Monterey
Frowned on their dauntless line?
When, undismayed amid the shock
Of war, like Cerro Gordo's rock,
They stood or rushed more madly on
Than tropic tempest o'er San Juan.

On Angostura's crowded field
Their scattered columns scorned to yield,
And wildly yet defiance pealed
Their flashing batteries' threats;
And echoed then the rifle's crack,
As deadly as when on the track
Of flying foe, of yore, its voice
Bade Orleans' dark-eyed girls rejoice.

Blent with the roar of guns and bombs,
How grandly from the dim past comes
The roll of their victorious drums,
Their bugles' joyous notes,
When over Mexico's proud towers,
And the fair valley's storied bowers,
Fit recompense of toil and scars,
In triumph waved their flag of stars.

Ah, comrades of your own tried troop,
Whose honor ne'er to shame might stoop
Of lion heart and eagle swoop,
But you alone remain;
On all the rest has fallen the hush
Of death; the men whose battle rush
Was wild as sun-loosed torrents flow
On Orizaba's crest of snow.

The Volunteers! The Volunteers!
God send us peace through all our years
But if the cloud of war appears,
We'll see them once again.
From broad Ohio's peaceful side,
From where the Maumee pours its tide,
From storm-lashed Erie's wintry shore,
Shall spring the Volunteers once more.

Query for Jones.

"Jones, what is the most disagreeable thing to you?"

"The most disagreeable thing is to have to associate with one's inferiors."

"That's true—but one thing still puzzles me."

"What's that?"

"How on earth did you ever find that out?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Near Boulder, Colo., 25 beavers recently gnawed down 100 trees, some of them five feet thick.

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