

The Evening Herald.

Published by THE EVENING HERALD, INC. GEORGE S. VALLIANT, Manager H. B. HENING, Editor

Published every afternoon except Sunday, at 124 North Second Street, Albuquerque, N. M.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Albuquerque, N. M., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

One month by mail or carrier, 10c. One week by carrier, 15c. One year by mail or carrier, in advance, \$15.00.

Telephones:

Business Office, 169. Editorial Rooms, 187.

HE NEEDS A REST.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S address at Pittsburgh last night serves to illustrate strongly that reputed advice from his physicians that he needs a long rest is sound and that the conditions on which they base it are aggravated. This is the most significant thing in connection with the Colonel's first formal political speech since his return from the disastrous Brazilian trip.

As his first speech of the campaign, last night's address had been looked forward to eagerly by the whole country. The speech has been delivered, and even the Colonel's warmest advocate must admit that it falls so far below the Roosevelt standard as to be a shocking disappointment. It lacks wholly the vigor, the ring, the force and drive of the Roosevelt political speeches of former days. It does not "hit the ball." In fact it hardly seems to be directed at the target. The administration's tariff law is hailed as a "colossal failure," the anti-trust program is described as "an economic absurdity" while the administration's foreign policy is dismissed, to the surprise of everyone, with a single sentence in which it is described as "wretched."

These very properties may be classed as "slithering generalities." Yet, save with the anti-trust program, they are as near to specific argument or argument of any kind as Colonel Roosevelt comes in course of a speech covering many pages. The attack upon the administration, as regards the tariff, is such as any standard Republican stump speaker might be expected to reel off at \$10 a day and traveling expenses. The attack on the "bosses" who ditched him at Chicago and in so doing created the "Progressive party," is a reiteration of what the country generally has come to class as "old stuff," with this marked difference, that whereas the old-time Roosevelt was accustomed to sling out with a flourish call to arms that always drew a hand from the gallery, his Pittsburgh attack upon Peurne, Barnes, Lorimer and company has no ring in it save that of the personal grievance, and no force and drive at all. It is pretty certain that this speech will fail to bring even a murmur from the once devoted gallery.

In what appears to be a deliberate mistatement of the provisions of the administration's pending anti-trust bills, Roosevelt elaborated somewhat upon the Progressive program as regards regulation of big business. There has been more than a hint that big business has been turning to Roosevelt as its possible savior from further "interference" by the government. If this is true, big business, after reading the Roosevelt speech will either turn from Roosevelt utterly, or it will have need of further assurance that now as in the past Roosevelt's idea of regulating business abuses is to talk loudly and do nothing. For in place of the trade commission as proposed by the administration, formed to meet a positive need, but based upon constitutional right and in harmony with our form of government, Roosevelt proposes a commission above the courts, utterly free from any restraining influence or power save its own judgment, and equipped with dictatorial powers to do as it pleases with business; to regulate or to destroy, with a stroke of the pen and without any possible recourse. Big business has complained of government interference with its "rights." Under the Roosevelt program, the only feature of his "policies" upon which he is clear in his Pittsburgh speech, business would have no rights at all. It would be absolutely and irrevocably at the mercy of a commission whose powers would exceed those of the most absolute dictator the world has known. If big business were willing to risk the creation of such a power in this government, it is certain the American people are not.

The Pittsburgh speech, however, is not likely to cause much of a sensation as a political utterance. Its chief interest lies in the fact that something has gone out of the Roosevelt we have been accustomed to; the picturesque, unusual, forceful, dominant figure that the whole nation has

been forced to admire for its virility.

Of the two statements made in Pittsburgh last night, the calm dignity and evident truth of the one made by House Penrose will carry much more weight with the country than the extravagant mouthings of Roosevelt. In an ordinary man one would be inclined to say that last night's speech was the outburst of a political "dead end." But Roosevelt has astonished the country before and he may be able to do it again. He may be able to "come back." But it doesn't seem likely.

One thing is sure. This is the first time in his life that Theodore Roosevelt ever made a keynote speech without any keynote in it. Beyond all doubt he needs a rest.

THE ARIZONA PRIMARY.

CHIEF of all arguments presented against the direct primary in New Mexico, the one upon which our friends of the Republican state committee fell back when approached by Mr. Rodey last week, and which they advance on all occasions, legislative and otherwise, is the sparse population of the state; the expense of making a campaign for a nomination and the difficulty of getting the right kind of men to undertake it.

The expense of making a primary campaign in New Mexico would be no heavier for an honest Republican than for an honest Democrat, or Socialist or Progressive. The protection of such men against dishonest campaigns, campaigns of purchase, as possible by a new, modern and effective election law; such a law as the people of the state are coming to demand and such a law as they will have before very long.

In the meantime, before our legislature meets again we will have an opportunity to observe at first hand the working of the direct primary in a state next door to us, and in which population and transportation and all other general conditions are practically identical with those in New Mexico. The general Arizona primary, at which all parties must nominate all candidates for national, state and county offices, has been called by the secretary of state for September 8th. We will have a first class opportunity to watch the working of the direct primary and to judge of its adaptability to New Mexico. If there are defects in its operation in Arizona we will be able to protect ourselves against those defects. It is a valuable opportunity.

RECIPROCIITY.

WE UNDERSTAND that the Albuquerque Retail Merchants' association has agreed to pay the expenses of five delegates to the convention of retail merchants at Raton on July 12th. This indicates the right spirit on the part of the local association and it is all the more surprising in view of this action, to learn that difficulty is being experienced in finding five men who have the time to make the journey as representatives of Albuquerque. It is one of the best indications we have had that business here is good; not to say rushing. When business men are so pressed for time that they cannot take three days off for a vacation with all expenses paid, it certainly indicates that commerce is at the flood.

Even at that we should have here enough public-spirited retail men to volunteer for a duty of this kind, even at a personal sacrifice. We invite the people of our neighboring cities to Albuquerque on many occasions, and they generally come in a generous and cordial procession in response. But we can hardly hope for a continuance of this cordial response if we do not reciprocate when occasion offers. We sent one delegate to Roswell last year when the retail merchants held their convention. It is not surprising that Roosevelt this year is throwing its influence to Santa Fe for the 1915 convention; for Santa Fe had a big delegation at Roswell. It will have a big delegation at Raton. Albuquerque will not become a convention city; the convention city of the state, as it should be, by permitting the stay-at-home spirit to become chronic.

OUR METAL PRODUCTION GAINS.

LARGE gains were made in the production of gold, silver, copper and zinc in mines in New Mexico in 1913, according to figures compiled by Charles W. Henderson, of the United States geological survey. The production of gold showed an increase of \$97,486 over the output of \$784,446 in 1912; silver, an increase of 24,572 ounces over the production of 1,526,791 ounces in 1912; lead, a decrease of 1,547,824 pounds from the yield of 5,494,018 pounds in 1912; copper, an increase of 22,277,742 pounds over the yield of 24,950,864 pounds in 1912; and zinc, an increase of 2,956,524 pounds over its output of 13,846,527 pounds in 1912. Despite lower average yearly prices for copper and zinc, the total value of the output was \$11,694,065, an increase for 1913 of \$2,166,047.

The Three Gladiators

Mexicans! (Los Cruces Republican.)

Elifeo Baca's war on Andrews continues, and Andrews preserves a lead-like silence that an application of Bernard Rodey's A. B. C. mediation policy of people's primary would surely break. Then the people could prove who is most needed, a man who is his own candidate, a man who is the politician's candidate, or a man who is the people's candidate. The abolishment of party and the nomination of candidates directly by the people would determine very different policies, and perhaps eliminate the man hunting office and allow his neighbors to select and elect whom they thought best.

After You! (PL Summer Review.)

Those would-be delegates to congress from Albuquerque are not showing each other much Albuquerquean courtesy.

Once Too Often. (Roswell Record.)

Our old friend, "Bull" Andrews, is trying to "come back," but like the pugilist he has another guess coming. The old adage of the pitcher that goes to the well once too often will apply in the case of "Bull."

Some Scrap. (Santa Fe Eagle.)

The Republicans in New Mexico are lining up for the fall campaign. It is now apparent that there will be several candidates for the Republican nomination for member of congress from this state. The first one to come out for the honor was Elifeo Baca, and he had the backing of the native politicians in the Republican party, but it does not appear that the Republican leaders are going to support the candidacy of Mr. Baca. They appear to be seriously contemplating the nomination of W. H. Andrews, the man who "does things," and, in case this program is carried out, Mr. Baca, Mr. Rodey and a number of lesser lights in the Republican party in New Mexico who are willing to accept the Republican nomination for representative will be left out in the cold. In order that there may be no chance for the disgruntled ones to "hurl" the ticket, Mr. Andrews has set the example of pledging himself to the nominee of the Republican party in advance of the convention, expecting, of course, other aspirants for the nomination to do the same. Those politicians who expect the coming campaign to be a lame affair are going to be disappointed.

A Cheerful View. (Lordsburg Liberal.)

There was a cyclone in Republican politics in Albuquerque last week. For some time Elifeo Baca has been claiming the Republican nomination as his right. Last week W. H. Andrews, in an interview, announced that at the request of many friends he had consented to be a candidate for the nomination. The next day B. S. Rodey issued a statement that he was a candidate for the office, and wanted a state primary to decide who shall be the Republican nominee. Following this came a letter from Mr. Baca, addressed to Mr. Andrews, saying that Mr. Andrews had agreed that Baca was the logical candidate for the nomination, and had promised to support him; that in previous campaign he, Baca, never had got a cent of money from Andrews, and that if Andrews continued his effort to get the nomination and succeeded, he (Baca) would work and vote against him. From the tone of the letter one would believe Baca was somewhat peeved, but it was hard to tell whether it was because Andrews wanted the nomination or because Andrews had never let Baca handle his campaign funds. It looks as though the fight for the nomination would be a hot one, which would indicate that the defeat of Ferguson seems to be assured.

Important, if True. (Willard Record.)

Elifeo Baca has declared war on W. H. Andrews. If the statements contained in his open letter to Mr. Andrews are true, Mr. Baca is right in his stand. If Andrews fails to keep his pledge, once, what assurance has anyone that he would keep his pledge as regards the nomination of the Republican party for congress. Mr. Rodey has also let it be known that he will not support Andrews for congress even though he receives the nomination at the hands of the Republican party. The outlook for Mr. Andrews seems at this time to be rather gloomy and the outcome of this three-armed fight is yet in doubt.

Number, Please

(PL Summer Review.) Lots of old-timers in New Mexico think Bernard S. Rodey should be the next congressional delegate from this state and Herbert J. Hagerman his next governor.

New Charter for St. Louis. St. Louis, July 1.—The voters of St. Louis adopted a new city charter yesterday, which within sixty days will begin the inauguration of radical reforms in the municipal administration. The total vote was given out by the board of election commissioners as 48,529 for and 44,128 against the charter.

Three years ago a similar proposition was defeated by about 30,000 votes. There was much bitter opposition to the new charter on the part of a few real estate dealers and many labor leaders.

Johnson's Cash Attached. Paris, July 1.—The courts have authorized an attachment against Jack Johnson, the heavyweight champion pugilist, on claims by two creditors for sums of \$2,500 and \$11,120, respectively, provided no appeal is entered within a fortnight. The alleged creditors claim that they were to receive these amounts out of the stake won by Johnson in his fight Saturday night.

The Land of Broken Promises. A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution. By DANE COOLIDGE. Author of "The Fighting Fox," "Wildcat Wars," "The Teikaa," Etc. Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN. (Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey.) (Continued from Yesterday.)

So he thought, but instead they lingered, and when supper was cooked he decided to go to a show-down—and if they again refused to eat he would send them on their way.

"Ven amigos," he said, spreading out the tin plates for them. "Come and eat!"

The three low-brows glared at their leader, who had done what little talking there was so far, and, seized with a sudden animation, he immediately rose to his feet.

"Many thanks, senior," he said with a cringing and servile politeness. "We have come far and the trail is long, so we will eat. The times are hard for poor men now—this traitor, Madero, has made us all hungry. It is by him that we poor working men are driven to insurrection—but we know that the Americans are our friends. Yes, senior, I will take some of your beans, and thank you."

He filled a plate as he spoke and lifted a biscuit from the oven, continuing with his false patter while the others fell to in silence.

"Perhaps you have heard, senior," he went on, "the saying which is in the land: Mucho trabajo, poco dinero; no hay frioles, viva Madero! [Much work, little money; no beans, long live Madero!]"

"That, in truth, is no jest to the Mexican people. This man has betrayed us all; he has ruined the country and set brother against brother. And now, while we starve because the mines are shut down, he gathers his family about him in the city and lives fat on the money he has stolen."

He ran on in this style, after the fashion of the revolutionists, and by the very commonplace of his fulminations Bud was thrown completely off his guard. That was the way they all talked, these worthless handi-beggars—that and telling how they loved the Americans—and then, if they got a chance, they would stick a knife in your back.

He listened to the big man with a polite toleration, being careful not to turn his back, and ate a few bites as he waited, but though it was coming dusk the Mexicans were in no hurry to depart. Perhaps they hoped to stop for the night and get him in his sleep. Still they lingered on, the leader sitting on a log and continuing his harangue.

Then, in the middle of a sentence, and while Bud was bending over the fire, the Mexican stopped short and leaned to one side. A tense silence fell, and Hooker was waked from his trance by the warning click of a gunlock. Suddenly his mind came back to his guests, and he ducked like a flash, but even as he went down he heard the hammer click!

The gun had snapped! Instantly Hooker's hand leaped to his pistol and he fired from the hip pointblank at the would-be murderer. With a yell to the others, one of the Mexicans sprang on him from behind and tried to bear him down. They struggled for a moment while Bud shot blindly with his pistol and went down fighting.

Bud was a giant compared to the stunted Mexicans, and he threw them about like dogs that hang on to a bear. With a man in each hand he rose to his feet, crushing them down beneath him; then, in despair of shaking off his rider, he staggered a few steps and hurled himself over backward into the fire.

A yell of agony followed their fall and, as the live coals bit through the Mexican's thin shirt, he fought like a cat to get free. Rocks, pots and kettles were kicked in every direction, and when Hooker leaped to his feet the Mexican scrambled up and rushed madly for the creek.

But, though Bud was free, the battle had turned against him, for in the brief interval of his fight the other two Mexicans had run for their guns. The instant he rose they covered him. Their chief, who by some miracle had escaped Bud's shot, gave a shout for them to halt. Cheated of his victim at the first he was claiming the right to kill.

As Hooker stood blinded by the smoke and ashes the fellow took deliberate aim—and once more his rifle snapped. Then, as the other Mexicans stood agape, surprised at the failure of the shot, the cannonlike whang of a Mauser rent the air and the leader crumpled down in a heap.

An instant later a shrill yell rose from up the canyon and, as the two Mexicans started and stared, Amigo came dashing in upon them, a spitting pistol in one hand and his terrible "wood-chopping" knife brandished high in the other.

In the dusk his eyes and teeth gleamed white, his black hair seemed to bristle with fury, and the tilt of

his long knife made a light as he vaulted over the last rock and went plunging on their track. For, at the first glance at this huge, porwring figure, the two Mexicans had turned and bolted like rabbits, and now, as the Yaqui whirled in after them, Bud could hear them squeaking and scrambling as he hunted them down among the rocks.

It was grim work, too, even for his stomach, but Hooker let the Indian follow his nature. When Amigo came back from his hunting there was no need to ask questions. His eyes shone so terribly that Hooker said nothing, but set about cleaning up camp.

After he had washed the ashes from his eyes, and when the fury had vanished from Amigo's face, they went as by common consent and gazed at the body of the chief of the desperados. Even in death his face seemed strangely familiar, but as Hooker stood gazing at him the Yaqui picked up his gun.

"Look!" he said, and pointed to a bullet-splash where, as the Mexican held the gun across his breast, Bud's pistol shot had flattened harmlessly against the neck. It was that which had saved the Mexican chief from instant death, and the jar of the shot had doubtless broken the rifle and saved Bud, in turn, from the second shot.

All this was in the Yaqui's eye as he carefully tested the action; but when he threw down the lever, a cartridge rose up from the magazine and slid smoothly into the breach. With a rifle full of cartridges the ignorant Mexican had been snapping on an empty chamber, not knowing enough to jack up a shell!

For a moment Amigo stared at the gun and the man, and his mouth drew down with contempt.

"Ha! Pendejo!" he grunted, and kicked the corpse with his foot.



Threw Them About Like Dogs That Hang Onto a Bear.

But if the Mexican had been a fool, he had paid the price, for the second time he snapped his gun Amigo had shot him through and through.

(Continued Tomorrow Afternoon.)

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