

THE ALBUQUERQUE CITIZEN

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The Man Who Does Things

It speaks well for Albuquerque that when W. H. Andrews, Republican delegate to Congress from New Mexico, reached home last evening, he was accorded a hearty reception, which was largely attended by representative citizens of all political faiths.

Mr. Andrews was greeted by a large sized crowd at the station, where a band was playing as the train pulled in and later in the evening, he was the guest of the city at the Commercial club, where a hearty welcome was extended to him.

Mr. Andrews richly deserves the title, given him by President Medler of the club last night, of "the man who does things."

During the recent session of the Sixtieth Congress, despite the manner in which legislation was impeded by the filibuster tactics of the Democrats, Mr. Andrews succeeded in securing for this city in particular, and the territory generally, more legislation of a helpful kind, than all the delegates which this territory has ever had before.

The reception last night was a mark of the esteem in which Mr. Andrews is held in this city and of the appreciation of the people of Albuquerque for the good work he has done for them.

Mr. Andrews richly deserved the tribute paid him by the speakers last night and by the people who attended the reception and addressed him individually.

The address of welcome by Mayor Lester, who is a Democrat, was a glowing tribute to the ability of Mr. Andrews to do things for this city and territory. Mr. Lester reviewed the good work done by the delegate and, as he stated, he voiced the sentiments of the people of the city, when he told Mr. Andrews that his work was appreciated by all. Mr. Stern, who spoke on behalf of the National Irrigation congress, also was unstinting in his praise of Mr. Andrews' work and he voiced the appreciation of every one connected with the big congress and the Industrial exhibit, when he said that without the thirty thousand dollar appropriation secured by Mr. Andrews, the city would have had a most difficult task in taking care of its many visitors.

Mr. Andrews can not be too highly honored for what he has done. He deserves the commendation and assistance of every citizen of New Mexico regardless of party. The reception last evening was not political in its nature and there were as many Democrats as Republicans in attendance. Without exception they were deeply appreciative of the value of such a man as W. H. Andrews, when it comes to securing recognition and assistance for the territory at the hands of Congress.

Mr. Andrews stated last evening that without doubt this territory would receive admission to the union at the next session of the Sixtieth Congress and that we would be a state before next spring.

The delegate's work since he has been representing this territory in Congress, is indicative that we will be admitted to the Union as he says. He should have the unqualified support of every resident of the territory, in the coming statehood fight.

The Bryan Way

It will be remembered that it was the Democratic members of the last session of Congress who defeated the campaign publicity bill, although Bryan, who will undoubtedly be the Democratic nominee, expressed himself as favoring such a measure.

Just how sincere Mr. Bryan really was in his protestations in favor of such a law is plainly shown up by the New York World, a Democratic paper, which has the nerve to say what it thinks regardless of Bryan's attempts to dictate to the contrary.

The World, thus brings Mr. Bryan's campaign methods into the light: As further evidence of its sympathy with Mr. Bryan's demand for campaign-fund publicity the World prints this morning some of the details of the so-called Garber fund raised in October, 1904, to promote Mr. Bryan's election to the United States Senate.

This contribution of \$5,000 was totally distinct from the Thomas F. Ryan contribution made for the same purpose. The Ryan money was paid over to Mr. Bryan's brother-in-law, Thomas S. Allen. The Garber fund money, at least in part, was turned over to Mr. Bryan's brother, Charles W. Bryan, the able business manager of the Commoner.

No doubt this Garber \$5,000, like the Ryan \$15,000, was what the Hon. "Blue-Eyed Billy" Sheehan calls "a perfectly legitimate transaction." But did Mr. Bryan's brother turn it over to the regularly constituted political committees? Was it reported to the state authorities? If so, where are the records? A close study of the Nebraska publicity law reveals no clause exempting Bryan contributions from the provisions of the act.

It is a great misfortune that Mr. Bryan, who is such a zealous advocate of campaign-fund publicity, seems to have failed so lamentably in converting his political managers and the members of his family to his own lofty theories.

"Then came the Prohibition party, sweet of breath, clear-eyed and clean-handed," spoke a candidate for the nomination to an audience at Saratoga, Ah, but the Prohibition party has never experienced a morning after an all-night session before the committee on credentials.

It is rather interesting to note that despite his advocacy of the government ownership of railroads, Mr. Bryan now expresses a desire to omit any mention of that policy in the platform of the Denver convention.

The heavy rain, which fell last night, was quite general. It will do great good to crops and ranges and will also aid in extinguishing the forest fires which have been prevalent during the recent dry spell.

England is at work now building a battleship bigger than the biggest one in the world. However, it isn't always the size that counts, as Paul Jones demonstrated many, many years ago.

There won't be anyone left in San Marcial on the Fourth of July except those in the cemetery. All the balance of the population expects to go to the big celebration at San Antonio.

The city clock has entirely stopped which would indicate that it has been trying to keep the pace set by the Democratic administration in the building of that much needed sewer system.

At last accounts pandemonium was safely tied up, ready to be "broke loose" at Denver and the psychological moment.

A war between the United States and Venezuela would find its equivalent in the spanking of a bad boy by dear old dad.

The president is wearing a white duck suit, probably in anticipation of the time when he will "duck" and go hunting.

Mrs. Frank J. Gould has filed suit for divorce. Just another instance of where money don't bring happiness.

Roosevelt has been offered \$100,000 for a story on his hunting trip to Africa. Let's all go hunting.

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GOOD CITIZENS

Hercules was poisoned by the shirt of Nessus. "I should have been suspicious," he muttered. "The top button was on." Herewith he sought the pyre.—New York Sun.

Senator A.—And do most of your constituents think as you do on this question?
Senator B.—Well, most of them think as they think I do.—Somerville Journal.

"I hear he is getting rich since he quit drinking."
"Appearances would indicate that he is. I understand he is about to trade the water wagon for an automobile."—Nashville American.

Robbs—Closefit says he believes in taking things as they come.
Stobbs—Yes, but he hates to part with them as they go.—Philadelphia Record.

"Say, pa, won't you buy me a drum?"
"No, I'm afraid you'd disturb me with the noise."
"No, I won't, pa; I'll only drum when you're asleep."—Life.

"Poor Adam!" sighed Mr. Nupop.
"Why poor Adam?" demanded Mrs. N.
"He didn't have anybody to whom he could tell the bright things little Cain said."—Cleveland Leader.

"Some people," grumbled Groucher, "make me sick."
"I should think nearly everybody would make you sick," replied Diggs.
"Indeed! Why?"
"Reciprocally, you know."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Ardupp—Anyway, I never borrow trouble.
Knox—That's queer.
Ardupp—What's queer about it?
Knox—It's one of the few things people are not expected to pay back.—Chicago News.

"Didn't I give you ten cents to get a meal?"
"Ye, sir."
"And now I find you in a saloon."
"I came in to get a piece of cheese. Dey don't serve cheese with them 10-cent dinners."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"How time changes our impressions," remarked the melancholy man.
"I have been reminded of that," answered the indolent friend, "by my alarm clock. An hour which at night I look forward to with eager interest becomes next morning merely a matter of passing curiosity."—Washington Star.

"I beg pardon," said the new arrival, "but it seems to me that it is excessively warm here."
"Oh! what?" snorted Satan, "evidently you forgot where you are. This place is meant to be warm."
"Quite so, but there's such a thing as overdoing it."—Baltimore American.

Feminine Customer—What beautiful things you make of celluloid! Do you think you could make a pipe of it?
Shopman (aghast)—Why, madam, don't you know—
F. C.—Oh, I don't care what it costs. I want to give it to my husband for a birthday present.—Chicago Tribune.

DAILY SHORT STORIES

HIS AGENT.

By Frank H. Williams.

Fred Stevens was astonished. Scattered along the dusty road on which he was driving he had noticed for some time a great many paper scraps. Fred descended from his carriage to examine them. It was then, to his great amazement, that he discovered that the scraps were his torn letters to his agent, E. L. Girard, in the town to which he was driving.

Fred climbed back in his wagon. He could see no reason why his agent should tear his letters and scatter them along a public highway and he decided to investigate the matter thoroughly. He drove along slowly and then, to his surprise, he found the scraps leading into the wood at the side of the road. At this Fred climbed out the second time and fastened his horse to a tree. Then he cautiously followed the trail in among the trees.

Some distance in the wood he stopped suddenly. The sound of sobbing came to his ears. He ran on and in a moment burst into a little clearing. He gasped. There, leaning against a tree, was the girl—the "only girl"—whom he had seen for three short days, six months before and had not seen again.

"Bessie!" he cried, ecstatically, and ran toward her with outstretched arms.

"Fred!" she cried, with a glad light in her eyes and delight in her voice. Then she sobbed suddenly and Fred felt chilled.

"Why, Bessie," he cried, "what's the matter?"

"Let me congratulate you," said the girl, solemnly, with an evident effort to remain calm. "I heard of your approaching marriage."

"You heard of—why, what do you mean?"

"Yes, I heard it. Let me congratulate you."

"But, Bessie, let me explain. Don't you know you're the one I'm going to—that is, I want to marry?"

"The girl gazed at him with startled eyes.

"I don't know who told you," he went on. "The only person I wrote to around here was my agent. I wrote him recently that I hoped to get married. I was excited when I wrote it. You see I had just gotten my first trade of you—I had found that you were in this neighborhood—"

"I was awful hard work, you know, seeing that I only know your first name. I wrote the letter just before I started for here and he couldn't more than have gotten it. I don't see how you found out so quick. I was just going to find my agent—I don't believe that I told him I was coming—when I saw the scraps of my letters in the road and followed in here. How did the letters get here? Is my agent near here? Did he make you cry?"

"No, he didn't," replied the girl, suddenly, with burning cheeks. "I am your agent, Elizabeth L. Girard! When we parted six months ago, although I said I was angry then, I couldn't drop all communication between us, so I secured recommendations and you finally made me your agent here. I was crying—I was crying—here she bowed her head and blushed deeply, "because you had just written that you were going to be married. I got all your letters then and tore them up. I've also sent off my resignation as your agent."

Fred caught her swiftly to him. "Dear heart!" he cried. "Dear heart, I may have lost an agent but it's more than made up for. I've gained a partner!"

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LIPTON MAY MAKE ORPHAN HIS HEIR

Greek Boy Displayed Such Knowledge of Languages and History That Tea Merchant Helped Him.

London, June 26.—Sir Thomas Lipton, confirmed bachelor, is to make a poor Greek orphan boy his heir, according to reports in London clubdom.

The boy's name is Stello Arghiri, and he is 18 years old. Some time ago Lipton was yachting in the eastern Mediterranean, and while at Crete he met Stello in the street. Stello's father and mother had been murdered in the Cretan insurrection and the young boy was left alone in the world. The millionaire tea merchant was greatly struck by the precocity of the boy. He could talk French, German, Italian, Russian, Greek and Armenian and he had a remarkable knowledge of eastern history.

Lipton brought the boy home with him to England and placed him in a grammar school, after the lad had picked up English, which he did in quick time. Stello is to enter one of the universities shortly and Lipton hopes he will adopt a political career. The young man, according to club gossip, will soon drop his surname of Arghiri and will become Stello Lipton. When he succeeds to the Lipton millions, he will be unable to take over the Lipton baronetcy which can be inherited only by a natural son.

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