

# Saint Valentine's Day.

## An Appropriate Tribute to the "Waltz King," Johann Strauss, the Magician Whose Services will Ever be Devoted to the God of Love and Joy.

[Vienna idolizes the memory and music of Strauss. Other places pay tribute to him in praise and yield unconscious tribute to his genius in the irresistible impulse to swing and sway with the alluring measures of his music, but Vienna calls him her own. That gray old city on the blue Danube is busy, gay, and excitable with a life that is part Parisian, part German, with gypsy, Oriental and Slav elements intermingled in a character as individual as Strauss's music. Strauss's music is an expression of the old capital. The Blue Danube is one of his tributes to the city. The people of Vienna are true music worshippers, the city is the world's music center. The Europeans are also more willing to give themselves up to enthusiasm over music, to be swayed off their feet by it and to cry "bravo" to a good song than we are. Also they are quicker to mourn and pay tribute to a dead musician. Noble, merchant and peasant mourned his death and all of Vienna and much of the world beside rejoices in the music that he wrote. In America his music is in every house. Strauss was a magic musician. Valentine, the patron saint of Love, owes the musician a long score, for wherever the music of the waltzes sounds, Love trips easily, and Youth, Joy, and Beauty are quickly found. Therefore it is appropriate that The Herald should print this tribute on this, Saint Valentine's day.]

DRAMATIC PROLOGUE.  
SPOKEN AT THE  
FESTIVAL-PERFORMANCE IN MEMORY OF JOHANN STRAUSS  
GIVEN AT THE THEATRE AN DER WIEN, VIENNA, SEPT. 1, 1899.  
BEING THE FIRST PERFORMANCE AT THIS THEATER SUBSEQUENT TO THE DEATH OF THE COMPOSER WHICH OCCURRED ON JUNE 4, 1899.  
WRITTEN BY MAX KALBECK.  
TRANSLATED BY FREDERIC EVELYN WHEELER, ESPECIALLY FOR THE HERALD.

(The orchestra plays the overture to "The Fledermaus"; as the last chords of the music die away, steps forward—)  
The Speaker.  
Cease, frolic strains! Sink never more to rise.  
Ye well-remembered, oft-sung melodies!  
Ye flung apart the portals of delight. A hand of merry merrymen burst in sight; Bewitched by whose enticing beck and glance Each felt himself invited to advance And with the joyous rabble to rejoice:— Sure, to decline would be a foolish choice!  
We sat at the high feast; no eye was dim. We won the welcome wisdom willingly. The sparkling wine perled at the goblet's brim. And spotted sportive greetings to the sky. Then, to the revellers with laugh and song; And thousand-fold increased the giddy throng—  
Oh, ecstasy! oh, bliss! to glide elate Through that charmed land, glowing With lights and flowers; Like moments, hurry by the joyous hours; Earth seems a banquet-hall and life, a fete.  
Cease, frolic strains! Sink never more to rise. Ye well-remembered, oft-sung melodies!  
Ope not the portal! See, a wreath it bears Of laurel, mixed with sable signs of woe. And sorrow stands before, and claims our tears. Pointing to the still form of one we know. A place of mourning is the stage today. For, with John Strauss, her radiance passed away.  
Extinguished is the ray that, hardly kindled, Shed splendor, various as the heavenly bow; Silent the mouth, that highest wisdom mingled

With all it spoke of human weal and woe; Still is the heart that beat with youth's delight For Beauty, and that loved her to the end. That heart, whose hoard of joy and wit would lend The deep, brown eyes their kindly mocking light. Within those eyes there dwelt a smouldering fire That flashed, like lightning from a summer sky If some adventurous deed, some keen desire Of headstrong youth, should cross his memory. Perchance, this Muse's son had scarce confessed In words, to all his music holds expressed.  
At work we saw him as, baton in hand, He stood erect among his orchestra. The potent wizard swayed his magic wand: At the first pass, sweet sounds possessed the air. And, like the fiery tongues of old, they flew From ear to ear, from lip to lip, and brought Strength and refreshment to the jaded crew. And smiling health and joy to hearts distraught. Was the theme slight? His art was all availing Slight themes with noble meaning to endue: Straight from the heart, launched with an aim unerring In every heart, the shaft of song struck true. So, when the waltz inspires to rhythmic motion, Its melting strains, perforce our voices sing. They say the man was old; but youth's emotion Breathes through the whole work of the Waltz's King. Age had not passed upon that voice, now mute; Death called him from the course, no goal in sight; From the firm hand has fallen the well-tuned lute. And his song ceased,—unended,—with the light.  
(The first chords of "The Beautiful Blue Danube" are heard faintly from behind the scene—Clouds obscure the background.)  
(Speaker Continues.)  
Whose mirth untimely interrupts our mourning? In tears, these merry measures have no part; My soul's oppressed by some occult fore-warning; I feel an icy hand laid on my heart—  
(The Speaker Retires.)  
[An aerial chariot, in which is seated The Genius of Good Humour, the Nymph Allegra, The Muse Thalia, floats down from the clouds upon the stage. The Genius descends from the chariot and steps forward.]  
Lamentations unavailing Serve but to increase your pain; So, to interrupt your wailing, I am in your midst again.  
Listen friends, and cease to wonder. I come to chase your tears away. Am I not your nymph, Good Humour, Sought in vain, for many a day?  
From the realm of flowers and gladness,

Now the Waltz-King's gleaming home,  
On swift wings to chase their sadness,  
To his faithful folk I come.  
Hear the message that he plainly Sends to you, by my lips sped,  
"Well loved friends, the living, vainly Do ye seek among the dead."  
Mount with me, the earth forsaking,  
For the Master is not dead,  
To a higher life awaking  
When each morning sky glows red.  
Not for naught to do his pleasure  
Come I, on swift, bird-like wing:  
A fair gift, a former treasure,  
To his faithful folk I bring.  
"On the Beautiful Blue Danube"  
True Vienna melody;  
"In the beautiful blue Danube  
Dear old town, thy reflex see!  
Vestiges of vanished ages,  
Proud cathedral, rampart, wall,  
Dwelling place of peers and pages,  
In the clear stream, see them all!  
Vine-clad slope, and gleaming meadow,  
See, and wooded upland fair,  
Bathed in sunlight, steeped in shadow,  
See thy beauty past compare.  
Love is lord! In wondrous fashion,  
Energizing Earth's huge frame,  
Throws the storm and stress of passion!  
Up, and let us praise his name.  
Like the perfumed breath of summer  
Is your nature sweet and warm,  
Cherish, for your city's honour  
Kindly hearts and simple charm.  
Far and wide of you is spoken,  
Distant lands Vienna know,  
Whereso'er, as kingship's token,  
Strauss has swayed his fiddle-bow.  
Then, to measures deftly woven  
By the strong magician's hand,  
Rose before man's eyes, the vision  
Of the town on Danube's strand.  
May that vision's gentle lustre  
Never fade to empty air;  
May kind thoughts and memories cluster  
World-wide, round our city fair.  
Long has been thy lot to suffer,  
Danube-Strand's Imperial Town;  
Take the gift that here I proffer:  
"Tis the song of thy renown.  
Cherish it as first of measures,  
Song of songs, thy crown's best gem,  
May it bring thee purer pleasures,  
And may'st thou be worthy them.  
(She waves her hand; the strains of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz are again audible at first faintly and gradually increasing in volume to the full power of the orchestra. At the same time the city of Vienna becomes visible through the clouds in the background, with a number of dancing couples.)  
Happy couples thank the donor,  
Fair by pair his gift acclaim!  
Hold his memory high in honour;  
Unforgotten be his name.  
HO YOW ON LATIN CHINA.  
"Of course any man will fight against the invasion of his own country, but you must remember that in the interior of China are millions of peaceful people who do not even know that there is a war in progress. We have as yet only 40,000 regular troops and all the rest are irregular fighters. But even these 40,000 are poorly paid, and we have no pension system. They are poorly equipped and poorly drilled. Just wait until the allies have established garrisons—in Tien-Ssin, for instance. Then you will see our people taking careful note of all that goes drill; they will copy modern methods and arm themselves in modern style, and in the end, they will overthrow and massacre any garrison however strong. The European nations cannot place strong enough garrisons to hold down these millions of people. They may hold them now just for a little, but as soon as the Chinese shall be sufficiently civilized foreign occupation will not only be impossible, but the Orientals will be a menace to Europe itself.  
"I believe that the allies themselves will see this, and that they will acknowledge the futility of attempting soon as one province shall be subdued another will rise, and so on throughout the eighteen when it will be time to begin over again. It does not require a statesman to see the futility of that. It can never be accomplished—not with millions of men or with millions of money, nor, I was going to say, in a million of years.  
"To sum up, China is a tremendous force, dormant now, but she is exceedingly quick to learn and amazingly intelligent and imitative. Her people love their country more, perhaps, than any other nation in the world. They have not yet been stirred; and they do not understand force in the world, and if the powers do, look out, for there will be a new remain in China, whose territory they seem to covet, they will raise a force which not all the power in the world can put to sleep again. The allies make a great mistake if they think that China will tamely or ultimately submit to being sliced up. She is dazed now, but she will awaken, and nothing in the world can stope her then."—Leslie's Weekly.

Will We? WATCH US—1902.

## STORIES OF THE STREETS

Sometimes it seems there is no use at all Of toiling, striving, hoping, day by day.  
Yea, toiling till the shades of evening gather  
And from the earth we all are swept away!  
Ah! But we chase the rainbows to the last,  
And struggle for a goal we cannot see;  
Fair Hope allures us on and on forever  
With whisperings of the joys that are to be.  
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El Paso, Texas, Feb. 12.—Mr. Editor:—Will you kindly tell me through the columns of your valuable paper what income in your opinion, a young man ought to have before he contemplates matrimony in El Paso. My salary is only \$80 per month and I feel that I cannot live another day without Angelina.  
Love Sick Bachelor.  
Love Sick Bachelor:—Your question is rather a hard one to answer. Now if you were contemplating matrimony in some eastern city the proposition would be entirely different. If you could find a real good mother-in-law willing to take care of you things would be greatly simplified, but if you have got to rustle yourself to support two it would be advisable for you to think twice before taking the fatal step.  
In order to answer you intelligently your query has been submitted to three young married couples for estimates. One couple was boarding with the old folks and was getting along nicely on \$75 per month. Another lived in a first-class lodging house, dined at a fashionable restaurant and maintained their position in society on \$125 per month, while a third pair rented a house for \$25, paid servants \$20, a grocery and meat bill of \$30, coal \$10, incidentals \$25, total \$110. The young man in this case earns a salary of \$100 per month and runs in debt on the average of \$50 per month. At the end of five years he says he will have to take advantage of the bankrupt law and let Referee Rich Burgess figure out his financial standing.  
So you see, "Love Sick Bachelor," that it costs something to maintain a family in El Paso. The foregoing estimates made no allowances for children. So do not be rash and do anything that you might afterwards regret. Keep on with your billing and cooing in the moonlight and continue to imagine that you cannot live another day without her. It is mostly imagination. Take something for your liver and work hard until you get a raise of salary.  
Now if you can find a sweet, confiding girl whose father desires rather to gain a son than to lose a daughter, you might be wise to marry her at once. But if you are earning only \$80 per month and have left the impression on the mind of the fair one that your salary is \$150 I would advise you not to marry at all at present for if you do your dear one is sure to be quickly disillusioned and you will have cause to regret that you deceived her. If you are asking for the hand of this maiden be fair about it. Tell her father and mother the truth about your income and antecedents and if her parents are satisfied then you will have nothing to reproach yourself for later, nor can they reproach you. It is the common belief that many of the young men who cut a wide swath in society are unable to pay their laundry bills and let their board bills go by default so as to have sufficient money to pay the musicians and coachman. If you are one of these, do not get married at all, unless you can find some rich man's daughter whose father wants to adopt you. Trusting that I have not ruffled your feelings by this plain, friendly talk to you on the subject of matrimony, I remain  
Your Friend,  
"Stories of the Streets."  
\*\*\*  
Relative to Dr. R. C. Flower the Phoenix Republican says editorially:  
An El Paso paper of recent date says: "R. C. Flower and S. L. Pearce of New York came in last evening from Chihuahua and went west this morning to look after mining properties in eastern Arizona." Let us see. It is not so long ago that buyers of certain Arizona Eastern and Montana shares were looking after "Dr. R. C. Flower, the "Dr.'s" mining properties in eastern Arizona consists of the Spenazuma, assays of whose veins, ledges, dips, spurs and angles show them to run high in suckers.  
One thing about El Paso that often excites considerable comment is the fact that there are so few old people. It appears to be strictly a young man's town. There are children plenty of them—healthy, rollicking little chaps all of them—and there are girls; bless their bright eyes and rosy cheeks—but as for the old men and old ladies—the grandmothers and grandfathers—they seem to be in the hopeless minority. They were apparently all left behind in the east or north or elsewhere when the sons and daughters emigrated to this far corner of the earth and there are few, very few, of them to be seen on the streets of El Paso. It is not hard to account for this condition of affairs when you consider that El Paso is a new town and that in the opinion of many eastern and southern people, it is situated in the heart of the wild and woolly west. Easterners believe it and it is hard to make them believe otherwise. They are imbued with the idea that the blood thirsty Apache still lurks in the adjacent hills and that the untamed cowboy gallops nightly through the heart of the town shooting at the lamp lights; that the ferocious grizzly roams among the foothills and the howl of the wolf vibrates on the night air. They cannot be made to realize that out here, six hundred miles from the nearest city, we have a city in every sense of the word, with churches, schools, telephones, electric lights, waterworks, saloons, railroads, policemen, ward healers, and all other things of which the most effete civilization can boast. It is the impression that has gone abroad which keeps old people away

from El Paso. They dread to encounter the hardships of what they suppose is a wilderness and refuse to emigrate. Even the average stay at home easterner's of southerner's conception of Texas is quite as erroneous as his ideas about El Paso. In some eastern or southern cities when a young society woman consents to marry a Texan her relatives and friends, after it is all over, say: "Poor thing, she married a man from Texas and has gone away out there to live."  
A young man who visited his old home in Tennessee last summer told a story on returning about a schoolmate whom he met. The young man had never left his father's roof and knew very little about any part of the country except west Tennessee. When he had met the Texan and conversed a while he finally wound up by saying: "I wish you would get me a position out there; I believe it would do me good to go out west and 'rough it' a while." He evidently had visions of wild Comanches, buffaloes, and prairie schooners whenever Texas was mentioned.  
That is why there are so few old people in El Paso.  
GETTING EVEN WITH SPOONER.  
The Brilliant Statesman's Experience With Two Men and a Bible.  
From Saturday Evening Post.  
Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, when a young man, was attorney for two men charged with stealing.  
The prisoners stated that they had been strolling along the river bank when they espied a boat, and for a little amusement jumped in and rowed out into the stream. The owner of the boat saw them and hurried for a constable who arrested them as soon as they returned.  
There had been taken from the men a well-worn bible and a small drawer. On the fly-leaf of the bible was the inscription: "To my darling boy, from Mother."  
The trial was held the next day and the future senator made a brilliant speech to the jury. He exhibited the bible and pointed to the inscription, and without leaving their seats the jury rendered a verdict of "Not guilty."  
After the trial the young men gave the lawyer fifty dollars. "Boys," said Mr. Spooner, as they were about to separate, "I am curious to know why you carry that bible and the empty drawer." Then the senator listened with astonishment to the history of his clients.  
"We are professional safe-blowers and have been for five years. This bible has a double cover and opens like this," (here the self-confessed criminal pressed a hidden spring in the thick cover and disclosed a hollow in which there lay two steel files and a small saw); "and this old drawer has tools."  
The future senator confiscated the bible and the drawer.  
One of the thieves shouted angrily: "We'll get those things back yet; you mark my words!"  
Several years passed and then the incident was brought to Mr. Spooner's recollection in the following manner. One evening he and his family attended an entertainment, and no one was left at the house. When they returned at a late hour they found that the house had been entered by burglars and ransacked, but that nothing, apparently, was missing. The next day's mail brought a letter which read:  
"Dear Sir—Please excuse the way we came in last night but the door was locked. We never did think you treated us squarely by swiping our outfit, and so we came back after it and found you were not at home. We always keep our word.  
Yours truly,  
Jack and Jim."  
THOMAS B. REED ON ORATORY.  
He Says That the Spoken Word Has Its Power Today as in the Former Periods of the World's History.  
Former speaker Thomas B. Reed contributes to this week's issue of the Saturday Evening Post a brilliant article on Orators and Oratory of today. In the course of it he says:  
"Athens in its prime had but 20,000 free citizens; 8000 was a good attendance; and the human voice could have reached them all. In New York, Cooper Union holds less than three thousand people, and Madison Square Garden thirteen! If the orator could convert them all he would hardly disturb the majority of either party. What a difference between an audience in either place and the audience Demosthenes addressed when, in the oration on the crown, he reached the summit of fame whereon he has stood for three and twenty centuries in solitary and unapproached preeminence. Even Cicero himself, his only rival in historic renown, concedes that Demosthenes is the standard of perfection. His audience did not have to share place in Athenian mining, with absorbing business and with newspapers laden with the doings of a world."  
DOES IT PAY TO BUY CHEAP?  
A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible for you, then in either case take the ONLY remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles. "Boschee's German Syrup." It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest, and cures the patient. Try ONE bottle. Recommended many years by the best druggists in the world. Get Green's Prize Almanac.  
Sold by dealers in all civilized countries.  
A powerful engine cannot be run with a weak boiler, and we can't keep up the strain of an active life with a weak stomach; neither can we stop the human machine to make repairs. If the stomach cannot digest enough food to keep the body strong, such a preparation as Kodol Dyspepsia Cure should be used. It digests what you eat and it simply can't help but do you good. Fred Schaefer, druggist.

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Reports show a greatly increased death rate from the throat and lung troubles, due to the prevalence of croup, pneumonia and grippe. We advise the use of One Minute O'Gur Cure in all of these difficulties. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Children like it. Fred Schaefer, druggist.

Will We? WATCH US—1902.