

EL PASO HERALD

Established April, 1881. The El Paso Herald includes also, by absorption and succession, The Daily News, The Telegraph, The Telegram, The Tribune, The Graphic, The Sun, The Advertiser, The Independent, The Journal, The Republican, The Bulletin.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AMER. NEWSP. PUBLISHERS' ASSOC. Entered at the Postoffice in El Paso, Tex., as Second Class matter.

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

The Daily Herald is issued six days a week and the Weekly Herald is published every Thursday, at El Paso, Texas; and the Sunday Mail Edition is also sent to Weekly Subscribers.

Business Office	115	Auto	1115
Editorial Rooms	115	Telephone	2020
City Reporter	115		
Advertising Department	115		

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily Herald, per month, \$2.00; per year, \$17. Weekly Herald, per year, \$2. The Daily Herald is delivered by carriers in El Paso, East El Paso, Fort Bliss and Towne, Texas, and Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, at 60 cents a month. A subscriber desiring the address on his paper changed will please state in his communication both the old and the new address.

COMPLAINTS.

Subscribers failing to get the Herald promptly should call at the office or telephone No. 115 before 6:30 p. m. All complaints will receive prompt attention.

GUARANTEED CIRCULATION.

The Herald bases all advertising contracts on a guarantee of more than twice the circulation of any other El Paso, Arizona, New Mexico or West Texas paper. Daily average exceeding 10,000.

The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The detail report of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figures of circulation guaranteed.

No. 97 *Telephone* Secretary.

HERALD TRAVELING AGENTS.

Persons solicited to subscribe for The Herald should be aware of imposters and should not pay money to anyone unless he can show him a legally authorized card by the El Paso Herald.

Fort Bliss As a Regimental Post

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR ROBERT SHAW OLIVER is expected to arrive in El Paso in the near future. He is now in the west on a tour of inspection and will it is understood inspect Fort Bliss. Assistant Secretary Oliver is acting secretary of war during his absence in the Philippines. The acting secretary has all the authority of the secretary and disposes not only of routine work but of extraordinary problems as they arise. Therefore it is highly important that the claims of Fort Bliss as a regimental post be presented to the acting secretary as forcefully as possible during his visit here.

Fort Bliss furnishes an ideal location for a great army depot. Strategically the most important city on or near the southern border, having several trunk lines of railroad radiating in each direction, raw troops or regulars could be thrown into El Paso for mobilizing in an emergency, organized and trained, equipped, and transported, in less time and with greater efficiency than would be possible in any other city in the southwestern quarter of the United States. The climate is ideal, either for acclimating troops returning from foreign service, or for regular garrisons on home stations. The water supply is pure and abundant, which cannot be said of a large proportion of the big army posts, especially the extensive grounds used for camps and maneuvers. The locality around Fort Bliss is particularly well adapted to the exercises of large bodies of troops, tens of thousands if necessary, and ample provision can be made for firing practice by the artillery, both with field guns and larger ordnance; for cavalry maneuvers, and for target practice by all arms of the service.

The data should be got well in hand and preparations made to lay the case as strongly as possible before the acting secretary of war upon his approaching visit here.

A number of storks were recently imported into New York following the return of Mr. Roosevelt from Africa. They can't do the census figures any good for another ten years, however, no matter how hard they work.

There is hardly any possibility of the Great Peace Advocate being called upon to arbitrate the vatican-Spanish trouble.

The Kaiser says he was chosen of God to rule the Germans. He had to put it over on Col. Roosevelt in some way.

God may have picked emperor Bill to rule the Germans, but he can hardly be charged with having picked some rulers who might be named, and he might hesitate about accepting all the responsibility for emperor Bill.

A Whole City Under Boycot

ONE of the most remarkable instances of boycott that have been written into the pages of history is the boycott by "262 residents of Roosevelt county, N. M.," otherwise known as farmers, declared against "the city of Portales." The boycott notice against Portales also favors Elida, and reads as follows:

Minco, New Mexico, August 16.—We, a committee of three, appointed at a mass meeting of 162 residents of Roosevelt county, do proclaim to the general public that the city of Portales, the county seat of this county, has discriminated against the country people of said county and by their united efforts have attempted to strangle the voice of the people, and believing that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and, believing that the town of Elida has just and fair-minded people who will appreciate our trade and our circumstances, do hereby declare our intention to buy goods of merchants who reside in Elida and of the country merchants who buy from Elida stores.

From which it might be inferred that the name of God is dragged into a lot of things he cannot really be taking a keen interest in. When the "voice of the people" gets rightly into action there's no telling what wonderful things may come to pass. Elida may even come to pass Portales.

The insurgents in the United States can now point with pride to the victory of their namesakes in Nicaragua, but Mr. Cannon can call attention with equal satisfaction to the collapse of insurgency in Honduras.

Schrader, the "prophet" and high priest of his own church, has joined forces with a brother of the late "prophet" Dowie and they are combining religion with the more material affairs of life by collecting a fund to search for pirate treasure off the Mexican coast. They are reported as being successful at least in living well without working very hard.

Referendum and Lazy Voters

THE American system of representative government is designed to make popular government practical and efficient. If there is failure to measure up to the ideal, the fault is not with the system but with the voters. The initiative and referendum and recall will not mend matters.

Everybody knows how easy it is to get up petitions and how hard it is to get voters out for a special election. The initiative, referendum, and recall, unless very strictly guarded, will enable a minority, often a corrupt or evil designing minority, to direct and control legislation.

We ought to be able to trust our officials for a two year term. We ought to elect officials we can trust. If two years is too long a time, make the term one year. But responsible officials should be left pretty free while in office to carry out their plans and policies without having to submit every detail back to the people on the demand of a few factionists.

People sometimes have to have their own prosperity brought to their notice before they realize it. That is what The Herald did for El Paso Saturday with its big advancement edition. Many people did not realize the good fortune of the city or its rapid advance, until the cold facts were put before them all at once. El Paso's growth has been gradual and steady, so steady and sure that it has come to be looked upon as a matter of course by too many people. It is not a matter of course; it is remarkable.

It is idle to try to draw a partisan division over the question of the initiative and referendum in the new state constitutions. One of the states used as the typical example by the advocates of the system is Republican Oregon, and one of its foremost advocates is the Republican senator Bourne. The national Republican party is not proud of it either; but it is probable that there are as many Republicans in favor of the system as there are Democrats against it—and that means a good many.

UNCLE WALTERS Denatured Poem

O H, YES, my friend, it's mighty hot! No man whose head is right could doubt it. The sun is on his job, I wot, but 'twill not help to talk about it. Men chase along and fume and sweat, and roast the climate, all together; they might be cool if they'd forget to think and talk about the weather. Some fellow stops me in the shade, and of the sizzling sun he preaches; and all the time my thoughts have strayed to Eskimos and Arctic reaches. I'm thinking of the ice up there, of snowy trails and tired explorers, who eat a slice of polar bear, and wash it down with their restorers. I'm thinking of the sledge and raft, of storms with which brave men have reckoned, I'm thinking of the gumdrop graft, and heat can't bother me a second. Most human ills contrary are; and if we coddle 'em and pet 'em, they'll stick like forty kinds of tar, but fade away when we forget 'em.

Oscar Mason

THE BITER BIT

By Radcliffe Martin.

THE three walked Blackpool pier and if they owned the earth and Halley's comet.

"Nothing like a bit of swank," chuckled Trevor, the oldest. "Look at the girls watching us. Take us for blooming millionaires, you bet."

Chaddock smiled blissfully. "They'd stare if they knew we were all from Bates' Emporium."

Hinks shook his head. "I don't know whether all this swank," he grumbled, "is sure that ruffian of a boatman charged us a quarter extra because he thought we'd money to burn."

"And didn't I order him about," cried Trevor, "to a quarter's worth of bully-ragging out of him, anyhow. Hang it all, on my holidays I'd rather be taken for a pauper and overcharged than for a pauper and undercharged."

"Jolly nice lot of girls about today," remarked Chaddock. "Pity we can't pick up with three."

"Get out—we don't want to worry with girls," said the economical Hinks. "If you've a girl with you a five cent ride costs ten cents, and they're beasts to make you spend money."

Chaddock looked unconvinced. "I don't know about that. They'd rather walk up and down and show off their dresses and the fellows they've got than anything else. And you can't say that costs money."

"I don't know," said Hinks. "I was a baraboo one day and met Miss Robbins there—remember her, 'light-haired girl in the lace, who married the shopwalker that got the push for pinching. And before I could shift her on to some one else she'd run me into five dollars."

"Well, if only we could get to know a few we could drop them when they seemed to be getting expensive," replied Chaddock.

Trevor, who had been observing the lady promenade with intent all the time, now broke into the conversation.

"That shows what you know about women," he said magnificently. "I tell you all the girls walking up and down here are just as anxious to know us as we are to know them. You're both in the men's hostelry and of course you know nothing about women. Now, I'm in the dresses, and I'm dealing with women all the day long. I tell you that you'd be amazed to see how some of the girls who come to the shop make up to me."

"We've heard all about that before," interrupted Chaddock; "but it's one thing talking to a girl who comes to buy dress materials and it's another thing getting to know a girl on a seaside promenade."

"Not a bit of it. All you want is confidence—confidence and tact. That's a pretty little bit of goods, isn't it?"

He turned to look at a dainty, dark-eyed girl who had just passed.

"All you want is a bit of confidence and tact, why don't you go up and make her acquaintance? You've confidence enough for a regiment," jeered Shattuck.

"Right. I'm off! Keep an eye on me, you fellows."

Trevor sped away in pursuit of the dark-eyed girl, and his two friends wheeled round—looking forward with amused expectations to seeing Trevor get snubbed. But to their disgust and disappointment the girl shook hands with Trevor, and they walked on together in the friendliest manner.

In half an hour Trevor took a most affectionate leave of the damsel, and came striding triumphantly towards his friends. He winked artfully as he approached them, and they looked a little enviously at him.

"Never knew such countenanced cheek," cried Chaddock.

"That'd be a take-down for Trevor, wouldn't it? I should nearly die laughing. He may come roller skating with us, after all."

"Hang it all—there she is. Crossing the road now, just past one lamp. There's no mistaking her walk."

"Well, I give in. It's true what he said."

THE other evening I was having a dinner in the fresco restaurant of a pretty Long Island roadhouse. Pretty soon a big, expensive, red automobile dashed up, and its four occupants came in and seated themselves at the table next to the one at which I sat, so close that I could not choose but hear their conversation.

There were two men, middle-aged, fat, prosperous, sleek, man-of-the-world looking, and with them were two little, fragile, childish-looking girls, neither of whom could have been more than 18 years old. The girls were obviously poor little working girls. Their clothes were cheap, their pathetic little efforts

at adornment tawdry. They looked ill-nourished, underfed. Their little, thin, babyish arms stuck out, bony and angular, from the excessively short sleeves of their 49-cent imitation-lace-trimmed shiftwaists.

They were silent, shy, ill at ease amidst unfamiliar surroundings. They did not know what to do with so many knives and forks, nor such an array of glasses. And they kept glancing at the men in a half-frightened way that made me think of a helpless little bird fluttering and twittering, repelled and yet drawn on by the snake that is to devour it.

The men ordered an elaborate dinner, with much wine. Walters scurried in and placed silver buckets of ice with

prize fight, and the state of the stock market, and so on.

Presently I heard one of the men say to the other:

"When are you going away?"

"The middle of August," replied the man. "My wife and children are spending the summer at Lake George, and I am going up and stay a month. I've got my oldest boy a motor boat, and he is crazy to show me how he can run it."

"My wife is spending the summer in Paris," said the first speaker, "and I've promised to run over and motor with her through the Chateau district, so I expect to get off in a couple of weeks now, too. Should have been gone before

the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

The weary stenographer, tawling from the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

The weary stenographer, tawling from the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

The weary stenographer, tawling from the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

The weary stenographer, tawling from the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

The weary stenographer, tawling from the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

The weary stenographer, tawling from the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

The weary stenographer, tawling from the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

German Municipal Regulations, And Berlin, the Queen City

XXV. AND XXVI.—THE GERMAN ADVANCE.

BERLIN, Germany, Aug. 29.—That German cities are better governed than other cities probably is due to the fact that the German people are thoroughly imbued with military ideas of discipline and obedience. They obey instantly and without cavilling, the slightest command of the omnipresent and omnipotent police officer. They never set personal liberty to do as they please above their duty to the community as a whole. They are willing in civic life and in the capacity of citizens to sacrifice private gain for public profit, just as they are willing in military life in the capacity of soldiers to lay down their lives for the nation. German thinkers declare that this condition is the result of universal military training. Whether it is or not, it is certain that no such condition is even remotely possible in America.

In a German municipality every law and regulation, important or trivial, is enforced to the letter. There is no nullification of the law by common consent, and there is no purchase of immunity by bribing officers. The law is the law, a police regulation is a police regulation, and no officer of the government is permitted to temper the severity of a statute by an admixture of magisterial mercy. It is in the little things that the harshness of this system most appears, but the Germans do not complain of an exact administration of the regulations which would precipitate a riot in any American town within a week.

For instance, it is forbidden to water flowers except between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning; it is forbidden to practice or play the piano in the morning or after 10 o'clock at night; it is forbidden to air bedding by hanging it out of the front windows; it is forbidden to sing, shout or whistle on the streets; it is forbidden, in one apartment house, to bathe at night; it is forbidden for a woman to wear a cloak or cape into a theater; it is forbidden for anyone to get on a street car which is filled; it is forbidden for a pedestrian to obstruct the way of a carriage or automobile; in short, the word "verboten" is the sign manual of the German municipal regulations. Some of the trivial prohibitions mentioned above are insisted upon by the police, not by the city government, but as the policeman will assist the landlord in enforcing observance of the rules of the house on the part of the tenant, the practical result is the same.

Strenuous Are Not Disturbed.

The complaint of an American sojourner that this multiplicity of regulations so rigidly enforced deprives him of his personal liberty is inconceivable to the German mind. The German replies that these regulations guarantee him his liberty, since they assure him that his clothing will not be bespattered with water from upstairs windows; that he may go to "sich baden" and may stay in bed late without fear

says. You can bounce women into doing anything."

In the meantime Trevor greeted Miss Deane in the warmest way.

"Only just got here this second," he began. "Had some awfully important business to attend to—wires from the works, you know. I was so afraid that I'd be late, and keep you waiting, and I wouldn't have done that for worlds."

Three hours later Chaddock and Hinks found Trevor outside the board-inghouse.

"You're slow, that's what you are, to let the girl go home so early," cried Chaddock.

For a minute Trevor could not speak. Then he stammered, "She dropped her handkerchief down on the beach, and got me to go and pick it up. And when I came back she'd gone."

"Foolish you nicely," laughed Hinks. "And she must have gone through my pockets while I was kissing her, for my purse, and your pin, and Chaddock's chain had gone."

"What!" shouted the two. "And there was my return ticket in my purse," walked Trevor.

"Tact and confidence," quoted Hinks bitterly, "that's all you need to manage women. You can fool 'em easily, can't you? What you don't know about women is their hearts. They're all right. She took in your story beautifully, didn't she? But she took you in far better."

It had indeed fluttered down on to the pebbles below.

"I'll run round by the steps and get it."

"Don't trouble, please—it is scarcely worth while."

He snatched a kiss as reward in advance for his exertions, and hurried away towards the steps.

Three hours later Chaddock and Hinks found Trevor outside the board-inghouse.

"You're slow, that's what you are, to let the girl go home so early," cried Chaddock.

For a minute Trevor could not speak. Then he stammered, "She dropped her handkerchief down on the beach, and got me to go and pick it up. And when I came back she'd gone."

"Foolish you nicely," laughed Hinks. "And she must have gone through my pockets while I was kissing her, for my purse, and your pin, and Chaddock's chain had gone."

"What!" shouted the two. "And there was my return ticket in my purse," walked Trevor.

"Tact and confidence," quoted Hinks bitterly, "that's all you need to manage women. You can fool 'em easily, can't you? What you don't know about women is their hearts. They're all right. She took in your story beautifully, didn't she? But she took you in far better."

is away, and the mice will play," and we can only trust that the recording angel shuts up his books and knocks off business in the summer time.

But however little a man's indiscretion in the dog days may affect him, the moralists hold all the year around for woman. She cannot wipe off her state and begin all fresh again with the first of October. Her summer record stands forever against her, and so many girls—so pitifully many—find that the harvest of their golden summer days is nothing but tares that they reap in bitterness, and tears, and repentance.

A Great Temptation.

Always the excuse is to be made for the working girl who strays down the primrose paths of summer that the temptation is very great. It is hard to see all the world going a-vacationing and to have none yourself. It is cruel to be young and long for pleasure and gaiety, and yet to be tied down to the dull round of monotonous labor.

Who can wonder if the tired little shop girl, whose sole prospect of recreation of an evening is sitting on a doorstep, or a fire escape, in an overcrowded street, does not hesitate too long at an invitation from her employer for a 40-mile spin in his automobile?

Who need be surprised that the girl

The automobile, that looks so innocent to some, is made a veritable devil-wagon by some men to lure girls to ruin.

The automobile, that looks so innocent to some, is made a veritable devil-wagon by some men to lure girls to ruin.

The automobile, that looks so innocent to some, is made a veritable devil-wagon by some men to lure girls to ruin.

The automobile, that looks so innocent to some, is made a veritable devil-wagon by some men to lure girls to ruin.

The automobile, that looks so innocent to some, is made a veritable devil-wagon by some men to lure girls to ruin.

The automobile, that looks so innocent to some, is made a veritable devil-wagon by some men to lure girls to ruin.

The automobile, that looks so innocent to some, is made a veritable devil-wagon by some men to lure girls to ruin.

The automobile, that looks so innocent to some, is made a veritable devil-wagon by some men to lure girls to ruin.

The automobile, that looks so innocent to some, is made a veritable devil-wagon by some men to lure girls to ruin.

Abe Martin



Th' feller that puts a rubber band around his pocket book never pays over a quarter for his dinner. Our Commercial club has advertised for a cigar maker that kin play a clarinet an' make a municipal gas plant pay.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1896.

Ernest Dean, the negro held on suspicion of having attempted to enter Dr. S. T. Turner's home night before last, admitted this morning that he had done so and was bound over to the grand jury in the sum of \$1000.

Two baseball players in full regalia toured the town this morning mounted on burros, and acting as town criers, telling of the coming game.

One of the most fashionable weddings of the season in Juarez occurred today, when Camilla L. Arguelles and Miss Josefa Herascastas were married in the cathedral.

Brigadier general Juan Hernandez arrived in Juarez yesterday with one troop of the 11th cavalry and one company of the 19th infantry.

Policeman Archer saw a Mexican named Balderama on Seventh street at 3 o'clock yesterday morning with a number of chickens. He called to him to stop and when he refused to obey, shot him. The boy died today.

It has developed that the artesian well fund is fundless and over \$700 has been taken from other funds to carry on the work. The artesian well is now down 1625 feet.

The Corralitos people have a camp pitched two miles below Juarez and are pushing the grading work.

Dr. Randall has been appointed surgeon general for the United Confederate veterans of Texas.

Gen. Wade Hampton left last night in his private car.

The regular weekly band concert was given on the plaza by the McIntyre band last night, and the largest crowd of the season was in attendance.

When the 19th infantry band was in Juarez last year, several of the men deserted. One of them, who has since been in this city, imbibed a little too freely yesterday and went to Juarez.

As a result he was recognized, put in irons and taken to the Chihuahua.

Capt. Derby, of the United States engineering corps, has returned to New Orleans.

The ministers' association met today and arranged for union meetings to be held during the winter months commencing in October.

Metal market: Silver, 66 1/4c; lead, 25 1/2c; copper, 10 1/2c; Mexican pesos, 52c.

H. G. DAVIS VERY ILL.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 29.—Henry G. Davis, former United States senator and candidate for the vice presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1904, is lying at Elkins, W. Va., seriously ill, and the gravest fears are expressed as to his condition. Henry G. Davis is father-in-law to United States senator S. B. Elkins, senior senator from West Virginia.

A BAD BARGAIN, GIRLS—By Dorothy Dix

THE other evening I was having a dinner in the fresco restaurant of a pretty Long Island roadhouse. Pretty soon a big, expensive, red automobile dashed up, and its four occupants came in and seated themselves at the table next to the one at which I sat, so close that I could not choose but hear their conversation.

There were two men, middle-aged, fat, prosperous, sleek, man-of-the-world looking, and with them were two little, fragile, childish-looking girls, neither of whom could have been more than 18 years old. The girls were obviously poor little working girls. Their clothes were cheap, their pathetic little efforts

at adornment tawdry. They looked ill-nourished, underfed. Their little, thin, babyish arms stuck out, bony and angular, from the excessively short sleeves of their 49-cent imitation-lace-trimmed shiftwaists.

They were silent, shy, ill at ease amidst unfamiliar surroundings. They did not know what to do with so many knives and forks, nor such an array of glasses. And they kept glancing at the men in a half-frightened way that made me think of a helpless little bird fluttering and twittering, repelled and yet drawn on by the snake that is to devour it.

The men ordered an elaborate dinner, with much wine. Walters scurried in and placed silver buckets of ice with

prize fight, and the state of the stock market, and so on.

Presently I heard one of the men say to the other:

"When are you going away?"

"The middle of August," replied the man. "My wife and children are spending the summer at Lake George, and I am going up and stay a month. I've got my oldest boy a motor boat, and he is crazy to show me how he can run it."

"My wife is spending the summer in Paris," said the first speaker, "and I've promised to run over and motor with her through the Chateau district, so I expect to get off in a couple of weeks now, too. Should have been gone before

the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

The weary stenographer, tawling from the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

The weary stenographer, tawling from the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

The weary stenographer, tawling from the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

The weary stenographer, tawling from the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

The weary stenographer, tawling from the coarse food at home, thinks there is no harm in accepting the invitation of a married man."

cold bottles buried in them to the neck at the men's sides. Then they set cocktails before the party. The little girls looked doubtfully at the amber Martinis, and then, urged by the men, began to drink. They made very faces over the drink that evidently tasted to them like medicine, and the men shrieked with laughter and gazed them in and little by little the