AN INDEPENDENT DAILY NEWSPAPER

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE, THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIVE UNOPPOSED.

H. D. Slater, Editor-in-Chief and controlling owner has directed The Herald for 14 Years; G. A. Martin is News Editor.

EL PASO HERALD

Editorial and Magazine Page

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Sectional Division

ANALYZING the first ballot for nominations, it will be seen that the voting was marked by sharp sectional divisions. With the exception of the extreme northwest, the western half of the country went practically solid for Clark. Clark showed little strength in the south, while Underwood had almost no representation outside of the south. Wilson's support was more scattered, that is more general, than that of any other candidate on the first ballot; Wilson had states all along the northern frontier from ocean to ocean, and several southern states besides strong representation in the east.

The sectional division in the Democratic convention upon the first ballot was more marked than in the Republican convention. Clark showed greater strength because his organization has done much more work than Wilson's, and Clark is well known throughout the country, a public figure for years, while Wilson is a very new comer in the political field.

New York, despite rumors to the contrary before the ballot was taken, cast her solid vote for Harmon; New York's next choice was understood to be Clark. Tennessee certainly rounded the corners off in good shape; she gave each of the four principal candidates, six apiece of her 24 votes.

Wilson was born in Virginia and educated in the university of Virginia, but his home state turned him down; Wilson practiced law in Georgia and married there, but the state of his adoption turned him down.

Taft will have a better chance if he stays off the stump. The golf links at the Washington Country club are excellent, and Beverly is a pleasant place. Democrats and Rooseveltians earnestly pray that Taft will take the stump. The country at large doesn't care a whoop if he does. There are times when the advice of a throat specialist should be heeded, for political purposes. Taft has an awfully weak throat. He can defeat himself with equal certainty by sending Knox around.

Woodrow Wilson's books will arise to smite him. He has said some rough things about Democratic idols, idylls, and ideals, and his history of the civil war period does not meet the approval of the second generation in the south. More Republicans than Democrats have read professor Wilson's books, and that is one reason why the Republicans are willing to have him nominated at Baltimore.

Harmon's elaborate press agency work, carried on for the last year or two with much vigor, will not even obtain for him a cigar box lithograph label. He has been a corporation lawyer, and that scares the boys from the forks of the crick a good deal worse than the hookworm or the internal revenue tax.

The houn' dog doesn't seem to be overly popular in the convention musical program.

New stunt for the Democrats to be looking among the aristocrats and the highbrows for their standard bearer. That used to be the way, for Jefferson was both; times changed, but the pendulum may be swinging back.

Eve's Heritage

TRUE daughter of Eve she was, a fairy midget with glowing cheeks and sunny hair. One thing was on her mind—What was the matter with the express company? The package had been sent days ago, and it had not come. Would it never come? The world stopped for her while she waited. Nothing was very much fun, but she got some pleasure out of anticipation. There was to be a bundle, strings to untie, and excitement. She could vividly imagine how she would look in it. And her friends, especially her big friends, rejoiced with her in the surprise that was so cruelly withheld and so exquisitely enjoyed, even in the looking forward. Scarcely more than a baby, the little maid knew what she wanted most, and her unwavering desire had been wisely consulted in the choosing. It was to be a brown middy, and she could hardly eat cherry pie for wondering if the train she heard tooting in the distance was bringing her gift. The Herald hopes the mirror—when brown middy comes—will do the fair child justice; no flattery is necessary.

If the rebels only knew it, recent experiments in France have shown that bullets of butter, lard, wax, water, or wood are more deadly than bullets of lead, if the shooter gets near enough to the shootee.

Considering what Wilson said of Bryan only a few short years ago, when he write a letter expressing the hope that something could be devised to "knock Bryan into a cocked hat," it is a beautiful and inspiring sight to see them crowning each other with lilies of the valley.

Horses, mules, bulls and cows in large numbers have joined the Mexican refugee colony in El Paso. They, also, fear a rebel victory consisting of marching steadily backward.

The Democrats have required more police than the Republicans, to keep chained the dogs of war.

Chocolate elephants peddled around the convention hall at Baltimore melted before they could be eaten. Is this prophetic?

Zach Lamar Cobb, the Boswell of Nebraska's peerless son.

Still the political excitement is not over—ring and anti-ring have their innings next.

Buying On A Large Scale

A GROUP of Cloudcrofters on the way down were comparing memoranda on sundry purchases they had been commissioned to make in town before the next visit. One admitted that he had to purchase a locomotive and three passenger cars, another had been instructed by his family to buy a circus, another was to find a suitable ice wagon, another had to obtain for a reasonable price, a blonde with real hair and sleepy eyes, another was to carry up a whole drove of miscellaneous farm animals, while another was to buy a village with men and women, a clock tower and a big church.

One might have suspected that they had children at home, and that life at Cloudcroft was to be anything but dull.

Carefully scanning the platforms of the two great parties, we fail to find one word of eulogy for the gray mule killed in El Paso during the battle of Juarez. How insignificant are all our petty little affairs of every day, viewed in the glare of national events.

The Democrats in their platform take the trouble to condemn the Republican party for not carrying out its platform promises. Well, just please to remember that neither has the national Democratic party carried out its platform promises for the last 50 years.

When Madero lost Juarez, he declared it was nothing, of no consequence. Are the rebels going to be as good sports?

Mexican artillerymen are respectfully requested to aim at the old church, for the same reason that American artillerymen are requested to aim at something else. In either case, the church will escape a scratch.

One-Sentence Philosophy

JOURNAL ENTRIES.
(Topeka Journal)

You can't keep a man down unless he is willing to stay there.

Some folks are also known by the company they strive in vain to keep.

Most people have as much good luck as bad luck but they only give attention to the latter.

Nor are the foolish questions propounded by youngsters any more so than many of those asked by the grown-ups.

If everybody in the world had all the money they wanted they would soon find something else to worry and kick about.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
(Chicago News.)

Children who have been brought up as pets may never get over being disagreeable.

Many a doting father has paid hundreds of dollars to learn that his daughter couldn't sing.

It's difficult for the average man to understand why some women are jealous of their husbands.

A girl may laugh at love, but later she may realize that there is nothing better to cry on than a man's shoulder.

Every time the wrong young man calls on a girl she always says to some other girl the next day: "I thought he never would go home."

UNCLE WALT'S DENATURED POEM

Human Nature

By Walt Mason.

WHEN I am well I josh the doc, and say his pills are vain. "You have no dope," so runs my talk, "that cures an ache or pain. When I am loaded down with ills and feel extremely punk, you give me plaster paris pills, or try to heal with bunk. Your boasted science is a fake and in the dark you grope; you never stopped a human ache by handing out your dope." And as I talk I really think that what I say is right, that pills are classed with writing ink when one is in a plight. For skepticism is the stuff in this sad vale below; we think we cannot knock enough to show how much we know. As when in health we skip and jump, and life a fixture seems, we send religion to the dump and say all creeds are dreams. But when Old Death comes round to chew the rag, with fears increased we raise a painful howdydo, and clamor for a priest. And thus, when I am taken sick, I lean upon the doc, and take his pills, nor make a kick should all those pills be chalk. Ah, then he seems a tower of strength, his science something fine; but when I'm on my feet at length, I wind these lungs of mine, and ridicule his basswood pills in all the haunts of men, and kick about his modest bills—until I'm sick again.

THE BLACK OUTLAWS

The Herald's Daily Short Story

By F. St. Mars.

IT WAS terrible weather and the two great blackfeathered, blackhearted ravens who lived on the moor were hard put to it to keep even their rascally bodies alive, even though, it is said, ravens will live where other creatures starve. This is true, for their code of honor is slack, and they live on the starved ones.

The snow had come late, and, as all late snows are, was the worse for it. So late had it come, in fact, that we find one of our ravens standing on a ledge of rock above a cliff, looking down upon his mate on their great nest of sticks lined with dry grass and sheep's wool, which they had built and almost deserted because the snow half covered his mate as she sat on the three eggs.

Far as his keen, twinkling mischievous eyes could see over the dreary moor, up to the great mountains on one side, and down the valleys and lowlands where the towns were on the other, was nothing but a desolation of shimmering white, unbroken by a single living, moving object. Stay, though, there was something about a mile away across the moor.

The cock bird's quick eye spotted it instantly, and rising hastily, he flew slowly toward it, heavily on his great black pinions, for they were both very hungry and could not afford to lose a chance at anything. Moreover, unless he could find his mate food, over and above feeding himself, she would either freeze where she sat, or have to desert the aggs and leave them to freeze.

The object that moved was a gamekeeper, and he had a gun of course. As he waded along and the raven approached him, but before he noticed the bird, there rose from behind a clump of stunted, half dried heather one cock grouse—two cock grouse—three cock grouse. They had been sheltering out of the terrible north wind and did not hear the keeper coming.

There was a flash and a loud report followed by another. One of the grouse turned cleanly head over heels, and fell headlong, and one of the other two left three feathers behind them, though he kept on after his unwounded companion for about 600 yards. Then suddenly he began climbing straight up into the sky, till just when he was no more than a speck his wings collapsed, and down he came, whirling round and round as he fell. He had been hit in the lungs—birds always act like that when they are hit in the lungs.

The keeper at once hurried towards the place where he fell, after picking up the first grouse; but he had not taken four strides when he uttered a shout. Down over the edge of the rolling white moor swept the old cock raven. He had seen the second grouse fall, and was racing the keeper for the body.

The keeper ran, and swore and shouted as he saw the body settle, and began hopping and dancing in the snow, but the snow was deep and the pace slow, and when he got within 100 yards of him, the rascally raven rose and slowly flapped off out of shot to a boulder, where he sat and called "Glock, glock," in harsh derisive croakings. As for the grouse, there was, when the keeper finally found it, scarcely more than half of it left. The raven had gobbled down the rest.

Then the keeper set a trap with the remains of the grouse for bait, and went away, the raven sitting on his boulder and watching him the whole time. But he would have none of the trap. He knew very well that when he had fed on it, the grouse had not had an iron thing with jaws and a chain attached to it like that, and though he inspected it from every point of view, he was suspecious and would not touch it.

Next morning the snow, after falling all night, drew off with the sunrise, leaving the hills all glittering white in a fresh and deeper mantle. Both ravens were awake before dawn and very hungry; for birds require a lot of food to keep them going, much more than larger animals do by comparison.

The old cock raven set off at once, with a mighty rustle of wings, for the lowlands, deciding that there was nothing alive on the moors to die, or to help to die. His first find was a doe red deer in a sheltered pine wood. She had got into a deep drift of snow, and was unable to ge out again. The raven perched on the bare branch of a tree nearby, and waited for her to freeze. He was used to this kind of waiting, by the way.

Unfortunately, however, the deer could not freeze. She continued her struggles to get out, and that kept her warm. However, to make things worse, an old villain of a gray crow found her, and called half a dozen of his fellows, and they sat around on the trees, waiting also. Then a black carrion crow loafed up and was joined by his mate. Then the raven decided that he had better precipitate matters before more birds appeared to join in the feast. The thing was, how to slay so large a beast.

He flew down and beat the doe about her defenceless head with his big pick-axe shaped beak; and even as he did so, silently as little boys stealing apples leave when the farmer comes in sight, all that company of gathered bandits slipped away.

There came a short sharp report, and a rifle bullet spat the snow up directly under the raven's breast; and the bird looking up, beheld to his horror, a hundred yards away, three keepers, who were looking for exhausted deer in order to feed them. Those keepers never got a chance for a second shot. Our raven went away quickly—marvelously quickly for so heavy a bird—and did not return.

His next discovery of note was a dead dog. Most unfortunately, however, he was not the first on the field. An old thief of a carrion crow was already at work—burying the dog, shall we say? Now the carrion crow is a raven in miniature, and has just that bird's black character and pluck; but it is no match for its larger robber relative. This one found that out by the time he had interviewed the raven for exactly half a minute. He got four good stabbing pecks in that time, and went away in a hurry.

In five minutes, however, he was back again, with a pack of gray crows—who are like black carrion crows, only worse—at his heels; and after a pretty severe argument, during which beaks and claws were freely used on both sides, the raven was forced to beat a retreat and leave the doggy feast, after all.

The next day was even worse than the previous ones. The raven looked almost hopeless, as he set out for the lowlands in a raging snow storm at dawn. He knew that it would be harder than ever to obtain food, but luck favored him for the first time. He had not taken 50 wing beats when he met a collie dog looking for some lost sheep. The dog found the sheep in a snowdrift, helped to dig them out, and took them home all by himself.

But one sheep he did not find; that one was about 100 yards further on, and already dead. The old raven's quick eyes detected one leg sticking up out of the snow, and upon that sheep the two black birds of ill omen fed royally till the thaw came two days later, and they were able to proceed with egg-sitting in peace.

THE HUMAN ICEBERG

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX:

"I AM going with a gentleman for eight months," writes a nice little girl. "He calls to see me twice a week but he has never told me he loved me, although he often speaks of marrying and what he intends to do when we get married.

"Don't you truly think if he loves me he would have to show it? I hear other girls talking about how their friends act and it makes me feel very blue. Do you think it would be right or not to show him some affection? He gave me a very pretty diamond bracelet for Christmas, but he is as cold as an icicle in his actions."

One of the greatest tragedies that can befall a loving and lovable woman is to marry a human iceberg. She knows she would find no comfort, no return of emotion, if she went out and hugged a snow man.

She realizes that there would be no warmth in throwing her arms around a marble tombstone and pressing her cheeksagainst it. Yet that is the kind of companionship she is choosing for life in marrying a cold blooded man. If the future holds any joys for her she receives no kindred smiles from a man like this nice little girl describes.

If it brings sorrow she will find more consolation in the companionship of a stone pillar than in that of her husband.

His kisses will be like the drippings of cold rain drops on a stone porch, and his caresses, if there are any, will chill like the north wind.

He may come wooing with a diamond bracelet, but there would be greater happiness if he came wooing with a warm and tender heart and an affection that would make some demonstration.

May Make Good Husbands.

Men have been known to be cold and reserved as lovers who made good husbands. I am sure the majority do. They are good in this. They are loyal, considerate, always gentlemanly, and faus dignified, always true.

This nice little girl has the right since an engagement exists, to show this man some mark of affection. If a demonstration from her, a little caress, a kiss perhaps, is received as coolly as if she handed him his hat or a boiled egg, I insist that happiness for her doesn't lie his way.

His training, which has made him a human iceberg, must be overcome before he can be melted and remolded. Some women can do this, and many have done it. But it is a process that requires rare tact, rare patience and time.

The majority of women who marry for love and find themselves hugging a snow man to their breasts make a hopeless effort to warm into life the man chosen for life. And when this fails they accept an unhappy fate with patient resignation.

Of warm, loving natures, and only happy when they are showing that love, they are like the plant that never arrives, because an ignorant gardener keeps it too closely pruned.

Coldness has been known to come after marriage. When it is apparent during a courtship the outlook is tragic.

This human iceberg is not for you, my dear little girl! He should select a woman like himself, and his voyage through life with a twin iceberg floating by his side, majestic and cold, will be ideal.

ZEPPELIN AIRSHIP FLIES NINE HOURS

Sails Over North Sea and Island of Helgoland With Ten Passengers.

Hamburg, Germany, June 28.—The Zeppelin dirigible airship, Victoria Louise, started early yesterday on a 10 hour sea trip with 10 passengers. The monster airship flew directly out from this city over the North sea.

The Victoria Louise passed over the Island of Heligoland at a quarter past 9.

Shortly before 3 oclock in the afternoon the craft was again sighted over Hamburg, where she landed at a quarter past 3 after a flight lasting exactly nine hours.

CIVIC BETTERMENT SUPPLANTS STUDY OF BROWNING IN MANY WOMEN'S CLUBS

Fines for Club Women Who Do Not Work For Improvement of Their City Is Urged by Mrs. Decker.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 28.—Interest in civic betterment has become so widespread throughout the country during the past few years that even the ultra-intellectual woman's club has been forced to take up some work in this line, while in many places clubs that were organized primarily for literary culture have become completely civic societies. Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, of Colorado, formerly president of the general federation of Women's clubs, said recently:

"Dante and Browning now have to take a back seat to make room for Being and Doing. Personal culture is no longer put before a great purpose. The subject in which the best women of America are most interested is 'How can we best serve our town, our state and our nation.' The answer to this question almost without exception is found in some form of civic work."

Would Fine Club Women.

Mrs. Decker is a firm believer in the responsibility of club women for the conditions of their community. She favors fixing a fine upon every club woman who does not work for the civic improvement of her section of the city. "I would make the fine big enough," she said, "to make every club woman in the country awaken to the importance of a 'cleanup day' for every city. I want Arbor day made a cleanup day when the club women shall go after the accumulation of rubbish upon vacant lots. Since we have a law now in Denver entitling the city to clean up debris and charge it to the owner of the lot, we can do something here if the club women only enforce the new ruling and in this way we can set an example for other cities."

The term "civics" may be made to include every matter pertaining to the general good of a community. Pure food and water, proper school accommodations, sanitary public buildings, the improved conditions of towns, as well as clean streets and numberless other subjects, can all be listed under civic work, so that the woman desiring to enter this field has a wide range for her activities. The great wave of civic consciousness which has swept over the country during the past three years has sent innumerable requests into the civic department of the general federation for information as to how to start the work. To meet this demand a circular has been sent out to each club suggesting that it should study the most urgent needs of its own community and then determine what to do first. In the larger cities, of course, there are clubs devoted exclusively to civics, which support a separate department for each branch of work.

Is a War Against Evil.

The interest of club women in civic work is only a recognition of the fact that all work pertaining to the welfare of the community is an enlarged form of housekeeping and therefore of natural interest to women. While the establishment of playgrounds, free baths, pure water supplies, the abatement of the smoke nuisance and kindred other matters are fine and feminine works, there is yet a deeper significance in civics than any of these. It includes a constant and relentless warfare against any form of evil wherever it be found. The study of civics includes the study of how to apply the right principles of government to society, to those persons, collectively, who are united by the common bonds of neighborhood interests and who recognize each other as associates, friends or acquaintances with common interests.

In many towns the interest in civic work has brought about a cooperation between men and women in the improvement of public conditions which has produced excellent results to the conditions of the town. The Woman's club of Concord, New Hampshire, began a series of civic conferences last year which were open to both men and women and attended freely. The leading women and men of the state made addresses. After this, led by Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, the city of Concord opened a vigorous campaign under the auspices of the women's clubs. Public meetings were held at which numerous stereoptican views showed what might be accomplished in the way of civic reform. Great public interest was excited and following this the civics committee of the club made its appeal to the city government for cleaner streets. The fight was won in only a few days time.

The clubs then felt that they must inform themselves upon other existing conditions, so a meeting was held at which the mayor and other city officials were asked to outline their special departments of work and the needs of each. At this meeting there were presented the department of health, education, the street commission and the public library, and for each of these the club arranged that there should be a practical committee to give aid. Since then the club women have worked along practical lines With many good results. They have secured cleaner market service, purer milk, a series of lectures upon health in all of the public schools, the employment of a school nurse by the board of education, an appropriation for public playgrounds, a record breaking attendance upon the tuberculosis exhibit carried on under the auspices of the club, and as a last victory the resuscitation of a long defunct city improvement association, organized years ago by the men of the town, which is now giving energetic aid to the various civic activities carried on by the club women.

The Work in Oklahoma.

In Oklahoma, the civic departments represent the strongest efforts of the women's clubs. One club has given to its town a well equipped garbage incinerator, thus providing for the sanitary disposal of the refuse of the community. Several others have provided rest rooms with free coffee and good literature for the farmer's wives who come into the towns. The clubs in all the towns throughout the territories have worked for sanitation, the artistic improvement of the streets, alleys and public playgrounds and many similar objects. Trees have been planted, public drinking fountains for human beings and horses placed where most needed, trash cans supplied and an insistent warfare has been waged against both mosquitoes and flies. The club women of the city of Oklahoma are credited with having been instrumental in placing around the city a 26 mile boulevard, connecting with three large farms containing respectively 160, 640 and 744 acres of land. These farms are to be used for public parks and will be improved in various ways. This early activity upon the part of the club women has provided abundant playground space for the children of the future, no matter how great the growth of the city.

In the southern states also there is great activity among club women along civic lines. In Shreveport, Louisiana, the Woman's club has established an annual municipal cleaning, in which the municipal officials and the club women work harmoniously for the establishment and maintenance of a sanitary city. In New Orleans the club women have accomplished many reforms in connection with the street service and the conditions of the markets. Several of the clubs in Georgia feel that one cleanup day a year is not sufficient, and are having two in their towns, one in the spring and the other in the fall.

Censor Picture Shows.

A new matter in which the civic departments of many clubs are giving attention is the censorship of the five cent theaters which have sprung up with such marvelous rapidity all over the country. While in some clubs this matter has come under the direction of the educational or art department, the District of Columbia clubs established a precedent in placing it under civics, since it involves so many things. The ventilation, the precautions for exits and protection in case of fire, the hours at which they should be closed, no less than the subjects presented in the programs, give plenty of range for the activities of club women. The fact that the cheap show has come to stay is generally recognized and the aim of the club women is to make it of the greatest possible value to the community.

In a number of cities, the horrors of the white slave trade are being bravely grappled with by club women under the direction of the department of civics. A crusade against this evil has already had great influence in Kansas City. In Louisiana, the state federation has appointed a committee to investigate the means of lessening the white slave trade in that state and for cooperation with other organizations working toward the same end. The clubs in the New England states are also taking up the matter and crusades for the suppression of vice, conducted under the auspices of prominent club women, have increased with a rapidity almost incredible to the women who remember how in most clubs less than a decade ago, this subject could be mentioned only in dropped voices behind the closed doors of a committee room. But having once become aroused to the need of bravery in attacking an evil which menaces every home, the club women have risen above prudery and are modestly but firmly putting forth their most valiant efforts.

Establish Junior Leagues.

Realizing always that the best time to secure interest in any subject is in childhood, the women's clubs are working to establish Junior Civic leagues in connection with the public schools in every state in the union. While some of the state federations report greater progress in this direction than others, the movement has now passed its initial stage in the whole country. In many towns the attractive appearance of the streets and parks must be credited largely to the effective work of the children belonging to the Junior Civic leagues who have been taught by the club women not only to refrain from scattering paper and trash themselves, but also to collect that thrown down by other people and as an act of good citizenship to deposit it in the receptacle provided for it.

A woman visiting in a southern town noticed a small boy stopping in the midst of a brisk run towards the school yard to pick up a banana skin which he had just missed stepping on himself. "Why did you do that?" she asked, as she noticed his rival entering the school ground. The boy proudly displayed a badge bearing the letters "J. C. L." as he answered: "It was a civic duty. A woman gave us these badges to remind us that we must always be looking after the good of other people. If I hadn't picked up this banana peel someone might have slipped and fell on it, and it's always every person's civic duty to help to keep the public walks safe."

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1898

S. Frudenthal is in the city again, after a little trip to Las Cruces.

Zack White returned to the city from a visit to relatives in Waco, Texas.

U. S. Stewart, of the First National bank, left on the Santa Fe this morning for Socorro.

At last the long wanted street improvements for North Oregon street have begun, and it is hoped that the street will be put in first class condition.

The board of equalization met this morning and was having a picnic all day listening to the different tales of woe that the complainants had to tell as to why they were charged too much on real estate, household goods and personal property.

S. P. Ascarate arrived Saturday from Corralitos and proceeded Sunday morning to Las Cruces. Mr. Ascarate has extensive ranch and cattle interests in Mexico, which suffered for want of his personal supervision the four years he was receiver of public monies for the Las Cruces land district.

The following have announced themselves as candidates for office: George W. Huffman, county assessor; Isaac Alderete, district clerk; Peyton J. Edwards, county attorney; Albert S. J. Eylar, county attorney; J. R. Harper, county judge, and John R. Tyra, for constable of precinct No 1.

The cattle season is dragging along with the Santa Fe people. There will arrive in a few days over the Mexican Central two train loads of cattle for Newman Bros. & Nations and will be transferred to the Santa Fe. The feed is reported fine in the republic and there is an abundance of stock.

It was mentioned in The El Paso Herald some time ago that there was soon to be in operation in El Paso a new steam laundry, with machinery of the latest improved pattern. The Herald's reporter was asked what had become of the laundry. So he called at the place where they expected to open, and found Mr. Baum superintending the work of putting the many pieces of machinery together.

Abe Martin

Tipton Bud got a circular from a land company this mornin' sayin', "Oregon Wants You," an' he expects t' leave this week. Ther's lots o' things that money won't buy, but ther's no other way t' git 'em.

VESPERAL.

I too behold the day and know it fair;
I have lain silent where the noontide's spell,
Woven of leaves and waters and soft air,
Gives the hushed solitude a peace to keep:
Where gathered hues and fragrances compel
The willing souls along the ways of sleep.

I too exult when through a swirl of cloud
The flaming sun thrusts forward like a shield,
Whereunder all the hosts of storm are bowed,
And the last cohorts of the smitten rain
Flee down the wide horizon, till the field
of hard-worn sky be left without a stain.

Yet sweeter than all these the little space
Of slowly mounting twilight, ere the night's
Dominion is accomplished, and her face
Shadows the earth with calm; most dear to me
A dying flush of sunset, and veiled lights
Of musing stars above a soundless sea.

—Charles E. Whitmore in Scribner's.

FIVE OF INJURED SEAMEN DYING

Toulon, France, June 28.—Five of the 23 seamen injured on board the French armored cruiser, Jules Michelet, off Hyeres, by the premature explosion of a six inch gun are dying in the naval hospital here. The official inquiry into the cause shows there were two explosions.

It is believed the explosions were due to the draft caused by the sudden closing of the breach of the gun, which ignited some sparks remaining from previous charges.

Two more of the injured men died today.

HENRY VIII

BY GEORGE FITCH,
Author Of "At Good Old Siwash"

(Copyright, 1912, by George MathewAdams.)

THIS is the birthday of Henry the Eighth of England, who rose to fame and got a permanent place in history by being one of the most versatile and restless husbands on record.

Henry the Eighth was the son of old man Henry, the Seventh, and lived in the 16th century when facilities for getting divorces were so scarce and crude that common men had to worry through an entire life-time with the same wife, and even kings preferred an ax to divorce, although the former method was much more messy and disagreable.

Henry VIII began his matrimonial career early and was married to Catherine of Aragon by the government. For 18 years he enjoyed life without noticing that he was married, and it was only called to his attention when he fell in love with Anne Boleyn. He then applied to the pope for a divorce by return mail, but continued married much to his distress. However, Henry was a determined monarch, and finding that the Catholic religion wanted to confine him to one wife for the rest of his days, he ejected it from England and founded a new church which is still giving good satisfaction, though not in the matter of divorces.

Henry got his divorce and married Anne Boleyn, which was as fatal to her as a case of spinal meningitis. For in a short time he fell in love with Jane Seymour, and shuddering at the idea of dragging poor Anne into the divorce court, he had her beheaded quietly and painlessly.

Henry then indulged in a great variety of wives and used the divorce court and the ax alternately in getting rid of them. He was a methodical monarch and nothing irritated him so much as to discover that the court headsman was having his day off at the precise time when it was necessary for him to become a widower again. In a few years almost every marriageable woman in England took her meals in the cellar while Henry was a widower and absent minded friends got to sending wedding presents and memorial flowers in the same package.

Finally Henry married Catherine Howard, and just as he was looking over his waiting list and was motioning the headsman to edge quietly up and clear away a space for a good swing in case he should feel a passion for bereavement stealing over him, he died and his sixth queen was left a widow by a narrow majority.

Henry VIII did his best to make divorce popular in England, but did not succeed. He was a fat, royal man with a short wide beard and a velvet hat shaped like a Dutch pancake with a feather in it. In his matrimonial experiments he invented a religion, burned a few martyrs and caused one or two wars, and had he not been cut down at the unripe age of 56 might have made Bluebeard look cheap. His life teaches us nothing except the fact that those who are not satisfied with the 20th century never got a whiff of the 16th