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WHEN TRIPOLI WAS OUTH.

Although there is little interest in the United States as to the outcome of the war over Tripoli between Turkey and Italy, it is not to be forgotten that this country probably owes the fact that it has a strong navy to Tripoli.

Jefferson hated—that is the word for it—the institution called the American navy. He opposed it from the beginning, and when he was elected president he immediately took up the consideration of how to abolish it entirely.

Historians relate that Queen Elizabeth once objected to sending the English royal navy to sea for fear that the water would wash the paint off of the pretty ships. But in Jefferson's second message to congress he proposed an equally absurd thing. He insisted that all the ships of the navy should be assembled at one big dock to be built by the government on the Potomac near Washington, so that all the vessels might be "laid up dry and under cover from the sun."

To a friend he wrote in confidence that if he could establish such an arrangement it would require but one set of plunders to take care of them.

But it fell to Jefferson to make the first big expansion of the navy, and to put it into active service—and Tripoli was the cause of it. President Jefferson's administration came into power just in time to meet a revival of the custom of the Barbary States—Algiers, Tunis, Morocco and Tripoli—to exact tribute from the nations of the world in the Mediterranean sea.

Before Jefferson's administration the United States had built the Constitution, President, United States, Chesapeake, Congress and the Constellation. Jefferson ordered a halt in the building of any more ships.

The Barbary States had been exacting tribute from all the European nations, and the custom was encouraged by England because it enabled that nation to buy a practical monopoly of all the trade between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic seaports. Before the United States gained its independence its trade was under the protection of the tribute paid by England. But after the Revolutionary war the young republic was notified to "come across" with its share of the "bush money."

When it failed to do so the pirates would capture the vessels, take the cargoes and make prisoners of the seamen and prisoners who were appropriated as slaves.

Annual tribute was paid to each of the pirate states, and in addition millions were paid in money and gifts to the rulers. But one bright May morning in 1801 the Hon. Yusuf Caramelli, pasha of Tripoli, walked into the American consulate with a big "grinch" and a demand for more money. He had been receiving, he said, only a paltry \$20,000 a year from the United States as tribute, and had learned that the rulers of Algiers, Tunis and Morocco were getting more money than that, considering their relative importance.

In addition to his peevish temper and his demand for a raise in tribute wages, the Hon. Pasha carried an ax, and when his demand was elected he climbed upon the roof and cut down the American flag, which was the Tripolitan way of declaring war.

Then Mr. Jefferson got busy with the navy, which he was about to place in dry dock. He ordered everything that was in "fighting trim" to Tripoli and built new vessels and sent them to the Mediterranean with instructions to "go as far as you like" with the pirates. And history tells the rest of the story.

But history fails to record any further effort on the part of Jefferson to carry the navy into some shady place and pile it into a single heap and put it in charge of a night watchman.

DESIRABLE IMMIGRATION. The annual report of Governor Mills to the secretary of the interior setting out the general condition of the territory—soon to be the state—of New Mexico is a document that merits the careful study of all citizens. It is replete with useful information which furnishes a basis upon which those who are interested in building up the state may calculate for their future procedure.

Especially interesting is that part of the report which deals with the subject of immigration—perhaps the most important of all subjects with which the first legislature will have to deal. Now that the boon of statehood has at last been granted, and

we are about to begin the task of demonstrating the possibilities that lie before us as a state, the matter of inducing desirable immigration to New Mexico is one that is of paramount concern.

Let the lawmakers proceed in this matter with the greatest vigor and aggressiveness, and yet with the utmost prudence. We have seen communities which offered not half the advantages of New Mexico forge rapidly to the front from the sheer energy and determination of their people. New Mexico is not lacking in any reason for which we will not undertake to account they have heretofore not been expended in such a manner as to accomplish desired results.

THE UNION MEETING. The union meeting of firemen and engineers, which members of that brotherhood propose to bring here next summer, should be taken up by all the people of this city and every-thing possible is done to make it a success.

There is no doubt that such a meeting could be arranged if the proper amount of time and energy were expended on it and the results, so far as the good of this city is concerned, are apparent without discussion.

Anything that tends to bring people to Albuquerque, to advertise our wonderful climate and resources, should be welcomed thrice over. The firemen and engineers are universally known for their many good qualities and their ability to make a success of anything they take a hand in, from their brotherhood to a great railway system.

We should like to see the brotherhood pay this city a visit—for the good of the brotherhood and of Albuquerque.

The federal government is taking up the search for the men who investigated the dynamiting outrages, but though we trust the government may succeed in finding them, we are afraid that the McNamara will carry the full burden of the crime of which they undoubtedly were merely the agents and not the brains nor the financiers.

A Kansas newspaper man apologizes for spoiling a good news story but he emphatically declares that it was not killed in Mexico as reported. It is pretty hard on the balance of the force, when even an editor won't permit a good pipe dream like that to go unchallenged. What difference would it make to the editor—so long as it wasn't true?

Captain Charles De Bremond has organized a gang of dynamiters over in the Pecos valley. But don't be alarmed. It is a good gang and it is digging ditches and planting trees and not blowing up newspapers.

Over in Amistad the other night they took a minister out of doors, lammed him with a barrel stave, applied a bucket of car and showed him the road out of town. Amistad, evidently, is running a close second to Shady Bend, Kan.

The Interstate Commerce commission holds that a shipper is entitled to safe and speedy shipment of freight by common carriers. Yes, but it wasn't what the little boy shot at that he hit.

Hon. Hunter C. Louke of New Orleans, speaking before the irrigation congress, declared that the government drain the swamps of the south. There are some people who never will be satisfied until the south has gone entirely and completely dry.

Mr. LaPointe has another guess coming and three chances to pick an answer, if he is counting on our friend, Theodore flopping to him in the next convention. If Theodore flops anywhere it will be to Mr. Roosevelt.

There isn't anything wonderful about that farmer who is making a living off one acre of land. A whole lot of fellows are making a living off a second-hand roller-top desk in a little rented office space.

We could get up more enthusiasm over that reception to King George in India if we could entirely eradicate from our memory the great famine about the time of the golden jubilee.

Because some person carelessly left a bunch lying around in a mosque at Ishuk the Turks broke nose and slaughtered a dozen or so Bulgarians to even things up. Those Turks are so excitable.

Mr. Taft, in a message to congress yesterday, discussed "Our Foreign Relations," but right at this time of the year interest, perhaps, centers a trifle more in "Our Poor Relations."

The freight rates on lemons have been suspended by the Interstate Commerce commission. However, we will likely have the usual number of lemons with us from time to time.

The secretary of agriculture says that the consumer pays one dollar

for food but the farmer only gets fifty cents of it. What does the consumer get? The death rate in the United States, according to the census bureau, is 15 in each 1,000 population. Let us all hope firmly that we will not be among the chosen fifteen.

If we get right down to business we ought to have the paving finished by the time the vote has been canvassed.

If John D. Rockefeller appears before that steel investigating committee the members had better keep their hands on their pocketbooks.

We rise to inquire how long it would take Police Judge Craig to walk from Raton to Albuquerque and get stop at Lamy?

The Democrats already have started in to revise the tariff. There is nothing to it, when the Democrats really set out to do something.

A St. Louis man has bought 150 acres of Rio Grande valley land and will set it with alfalfa. He is going to be rich soon.

And permit us to again remark that now is the time to do your Christmas shopping early.

And, by the way, wasn't Jeff the mean little thing, last night.

UP "SALT RIVER." (Tuncmarci News)

L. L. Klinefelter, late candidate on the Republican ticket for the state senate, humorously touches up the trip of the losing politicians up Salt River, and does it in a way that makes the boys feel that there is yet something in life after the battle of ballots has ended. Mark Twain is said to have made more Americans laugh than any other citizen of our country. It might just as well be added that Uncle Kline is contributing his share to putting a little sunshine in November's weary along with the rest of them. He reasons along the line that a man may take himself altogether too d—d seriously. That is correct too; we should never hand our troubles to other people—every succor has plenty of his own. Like Kline, we believe:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant. When life flows along like a song, the man who walks while is the one who can amble. When everything goes dead wrong. If you are looking for conviction that Uncle Kline is one of these, read his "Salt River" humor in this issue, and when you have finished you will get more out of your Thanksgiving. Salt River, Nov. 10, 1911. Hotel de Gloom.

Ever since I was a boy I have heard about defeated candidates "going up Salt River," but I don't ever remember of reading an account of the country around the headwaters of that historical stream, nor have I heard any description of the people who came here in the past.

In short, there seems to be a decided lack of general information in regard to the geography and inhabitants of this undefined country.

When a man runs for office and doesn't run fast enough to get it, people say, "He went up Salt River"—and that's all there is to it.

Now, it seems to me that a country that is visited by so many of our distinguished (or perhaps I should say distinguished) political lights, deserves some sort of a write-up, so I will try my hand at it.

On the night of November 7th, I joined the big excursion from Quay county which left Tuncmarci for the headwaters of Salt River. The passengers included all the social and political lights in the recent election and all the republicans except Paek who gave his light to Williams, the only Democrat in the bunch.

The voters on that day had given us all one way, through tickets and charter we were all safely on board Charles Kohn pulled the gangplank ashore and pushed the boat out into the stream, while the central committee, assisted by Donald Stewart, Tom Jones, Roy Prentiss, Sid Wharton, Harry McElroy and Uncle Sam Devor, stood on the wharf and sang, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

When we got out into the stream we found a number of other barges coming up from other counties. I couldn't make out how it was that the entire flotilla moved steadily up stream as if each boat was drawn by an invisible tow line.

I thought I had figured it out when I noticed at the head of the squadron a large boat from which a heavy smoke arose and from this infernal that we were in tow of a steamboat. I afterward learned that the big boat contained the state candidates and the smoke I had noticed came from Bureau's pipe.

It was not a hilarious crowd. Every one was wrapped in deep meditation and the nearest approach to conversation was a deep and heart felt sigh. I have been told that the agency along the banks of Salt river is grand, but I don't think you can prove it by any of our crowd. We never noticed it.

By daylight we reached the headwaters of the river and pulled up at the landing place for breakfast. It is called "Hotel de Gloom" and the bill of fare consists mainly of crow. Across one end of the dining room was a large sign which read "Guests are positively prohibited from telling 'How It Happened,'" and I noticed later that all the old timers here wore a button reading, "I Know How It Happened," and when a newcomer begins explaining they point to the button and begin talking about something else. In fact, they allow no reference at all to politics here.

I followed wanted to talk about his own I got out my note book and pencil and they just had to cut it all out. You can talk about strictly non-partisan things like the multiplication table or the procession of equinoxes but not about politics. It won't do, and you soon get it.

Being in the newspaper business I got out my note book and pencil and started out to get material for a story and some day when I feel like it, I am going to write up this country.

We have all sorts of characters here and what makes it pleasant everybody is on the same level and you talk to whom you please. There are lots of people here, and more coming after every election.

Thus far the population has consisted entirely of men, but the adoption of woman suffrage by many states is sure to bring up a steady supply of female members of the Salt River Co.

Some of the old timers like Webster and Sam Tilden are afraid that the advent of the new element is going to raise the discussion with the social affairs of the colony. Hitherto the men have lived at the various clubs, but nobody knows what may happen when the suffragettes get to running for office and are defeated.

There is a "President" club, to which anybody is eligible unless he has been defeated for president. Here I met Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Sam Tilden, Jim Blaine, Bill Bryan and a lot of others whom I had completely forgotten. (It is surprising how quickly the world forgets in Salt River.)

There is a "Senate" club, a "House" club, a "Governor" club (Bureau joined that), a "Judicial" club (Holloman took a card in that), a "State" club for state candidates, standing up with the "Hot Politics" club, county candidates, and the "Algo Han" club for the fellows who failed to get nominated at the primaries. (This is the biggest club of all.)

They have a little fun at the expense of the newcomer by conferring on him a title just a little different from the one he would have been entitled to, had he been elected. Thus Blaine is "President of Preobscot," Tilden "President of Grammarly Paris," Bryan "President of Nebraska," etc. Bureau is "Governor of Socorro," Holloman is "Judge o Quay county," and they call me "Senator from Obar."

I should have stated that the Hotel de Gloom takes its name from the feelings of the new arrivals and that when you get out among the old timers you find the air quite different and the people ready to talk on any topic outside of politics.

I tried to drop out Winfield Scott Hancock, who, as some of my readers may remember, ran against Garfield in 1880, or somewhere along there, by saying that "the tariff is a local issue," but he merely remarked that "the tariff is no issue of any kind in this locality," and began to ask me what I knew about the fourth dimension and other non-sensical subjects.

I saw Bill Robinson, the tenderfoot of the Roswell Register-Tribune, hobnobbing with John C. Fremont about the days when they were falling together on the Pecos. (My opinion is that they both led.)

Paul Jones of the Logan Leader, was trying to make a speech A. Deangelis believed that he was the identical fellow that licked the British at sea and that he afterward washed ashore. Bill Bryan is working on a new Chautauque lecture entitled "What I Know About Everything," which he tells me he will get copyrighted to keep Roosevelt from stealing it. He says he has had a good deal of trouble in that line with Theodore in the way of political ideas and won't take any chances.

This afternoon I was down at the "Governors" club and found Bureau considerably out of humor. He had evidently lost something and I asked him whether he was looking for the governorship. "No," he answered, "I don't mind a little thing like that, but confound it, I've lost my pipe!"

UNCLE KLINE. An "extinguished political light."—Obar Progress.

LINCOLN COUNTY MAN ARRESTED AS RUSTLER. (Special Correspondence to the Herald) Stephens, sheriff of Lincoln county, arrested a man last night bringing with him Francisco Lusanna, a young German whom he had followed for several days. He was wanted for horse stealing at Ocare, N. M., where he had stolen a horse from Metzer of that place. The officers took him by surprise on the west side of the Ocare mountains. He went after his gun but the officers were too quick for him and had him covered with two guns before he could get into action and his arrest followed. He was taken before Justice of the Peace at Carleton and placed under a one thousand dollar bond to appear before the next grand jury, which he failed to make and is now safely lodged in the Lincoln county jail. He is the young man that was brought before the Lincoln county grand jury last term for stealing two chickens and many witnesses were examined before the judge got to let them that the case belonged in justice of the peace court and had to be dismissed from the grand jury.

IN MEMORIAM. Whereas, death has invaded our ranks and claimed as his victim our comrade, Joseph Phillips, comrade and twice commander of G. K. Warren Post No. 5, Grand Army of the Republic.

Therefore, Resolved, First, That in the death of comrade Joseph Phillips, G. K. Warren Post has lost a good and worthy citizen and his family an affectionate father.

Resolved, Second, That we, the members of G. K. Warren Post, mourn his departure, and will keep fresh in memory his name and commendable deeds.

Third, That our charter be dropped in mourning for the period of six months in his memory. Fourth, That a copy of these resolutions be recorded in our journal, and published in the city papers and sent to the members of the bereaved family of our comrade.

Albuquerque, N. M., Dec. 2, 1911.

Want Ads in the Herald Pay

RUG Special For Ten Days Any Rug in Our Stock at Cost Plus 10% We must make a place for new stock and will reserve nothing. Now is your chance CASH—9x12 RUGS—CASH Wilton Velvets \$22.50 Body Brussels 27.50 Scotch Wool 11.00 All Fiber 8.25 Hartford Axminsters \$22.00 Smith Axminsters 20.00 Fiber Wool 8.50 Oriental Shervan 11.90 25x54 Axminsters \$1.10 27x54 Velvets \$1.75 These are record values—and remember, you may also win a Free Dinner Set. STRONG BROS. Strong Block Second and Copper

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM STANLEY Citizens Have Formed Co-operative Creamery Company; The Stockholders Will Meet Soon. (Special Correspondence to the Herald) Stanley, N. M., Dec. 5.—A meeting of the stockholders of the Stanley Co-operative Creamery company was held at the school house on Saturday, December 2, and another meeting is called for Saturday, December 9. W. P. Busiek was up from Amarillo this week visiting his family on the claim. Mrs. A. S. Pulliam returned Sunday from a visit with relatives in Ardmore, Okla. H. R. Peabody returned to Santa Fe on the 2d. J. O. Leatherwood and D. D. Olmstead left Monday for Gallup. B. E. Hunt returned on the 4th from a prolonged stay in Oklahoma. Clyde Winter was a visitor from Santa Fe this week. N. J. Canaday sold his relinquishment to his claim southwest of town to H. Pickett of Santa Fe this week. Mr. Pickett will move on the place at once. Frank Davis was a passenger to Santa Fe on the 5th. J. W. Black and Clay Kinsell are turkey hunting in the timber east of Stanley this week. J. C. Chapin and H. D. Cox made a business trip to Galisteo Tuesday. Ben Hill and Homer Spear made a trip to Madrid the first of the week. NOBODY SPARED. Kidney Troubles Attack Albuquerque Men and Women, Old and Young. Kidney ills seize young and old. Come quickly with little warning. Children suffer in their early years. Can't control the kidney secretions. Girls are languid, nervous, suffer pain. Women worry, can't do daily work. Men have lame and aching backs. Cure for man, woman or child is to cure the cause—the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are for sick kidneys. Have brought relief to Albuquerque people. Albuquerque testimony proves it. Mrs. C. Fournelle, 403 E. Broadway, Albuquerque, N. M., says: "I can vouch for Doan's Kidney Pills as heartily now as when I publicly recommended them over two years ago. Since then I have advised other persons to try them and I know from reports that they have acted satisfactorily. In January 1907, I said in a public statement that the contents of three boxes had cured me of pain in the back that had clung to me for a long time. I can now add that I have no recurrence of my old trouble." For sale by all dealers. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. 29.

THE MEN WHO LEAD. The man "highest up" in the labor movement is Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, a sharp-eyed, deep-voiced, large-framed man of 61. He began organizing labor unions when he was 14 years old and he has been at it ever since. Now he is the head of the greatest labor organization that ever existed—an organization that, in 1910, had a membership of 1,842,900 workmen, 28,000 local unions and 129 international unions. Samuel Gompers was born in London, the son of a Dutch cigarmaker. He became a cigarmaker himself at 11 and when he was 12 years old he came to America. He had been in this country just one year when he organized his fellow workers into a union, since then he has officiated at the births of thousands of unions. Mr. Gompers is the founder of the organization of which he is the head and he has been its president twenty-eight of the thirty years of its existence. His life has been devoted to that work and in his leadership of it he has traveled, it is said, more than any other American in public life. He spends at least half of his time on the road and he never ceases to study while he is traveling. He lives in a three-story brick house within sight of the United States capitol. On the third floor of that house is a "den" in which the labor leader often works until 3 o'clock in the morning. It was in 1881 that Mr. Gompers organized the American Federation of Labor. The movement was started in Pittsburgh in opposition to the Knights of Labor. The new order was fought by the Knights of Labor until the latter organization wore itself out. But that did not make everything peaceful in the federation. At many meetings of the order Mr. Gompers has been unanimously elected president, but there have been some very bitter fights since then. There is one in progress now. It is led by Victor Berger, the only Socialist in congress, and it is the attempt of the Socialists to change the foundation of union labor; to bring the Gompers has never favored. But the faith of the laboring men in Gompers is traditional, and Berger's fight has not succeeded. When the American Federation of Labor first was formed Mr. Gompers became its president at a salary of nothing. He kept on with his work as a cigarmaker to meet his expenses. After several years he was voted a salary of \$1,000 a year. His salary now is said to be \$5,000 a year, and his offices are in an imposing building in Washington. Mr. Gompers' organization is a sort of adviser for the unions of America. The federation has no direct authority. It is made up of representatives of the various unions and their voting power is determined by the number of men in their unions. The federation has worked along the line of Gompers' ideas—better pay, shorter hours, better conditions, but no strike if it can be avoided.

A HARMLESS WAY TO DARKEN HAIR A Little Sage and Sulphur Makes Gray Hair Vanish; A Remedy for All Hair Troubles. Who does not know the value of sage and sulphur for keeping the hair dark, soft, glossy and in good condition? As a matter of fact, sulphur is a natural element of hair, and a deficiency of it in the hair is held by many scalp specialists to be connected with loss of color and vitality of the hair. Unquestionably, there is no better remedy for hair and scalp troubles, especially premature grayness, than sage and sulphur. If properly prepared. The Wynth Chemical company of New York put up an ideal remedy of this kind, called Wynth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy and authorize druggists to sell it under guarantee that the money will be refunded if it fails to do exactly as represented. If you have dandruff, or if your hair is thin or turning gray, get a bottle of this remedy from your druggist today, and see what it will do for you. This preparation is offered to the public at fifty cents a bottle, and is recommended and sold by all druggists.

ORPHEUM THEATER COAL AND SECOND. Great Randolph Show all this week. Change of program every night. General Admission, 10c.

Elks' Theater SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9TH JOHN C. FISHER PRESENTS THE GREATEST MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS SINCE HIS "FLORODORA"

THE RED ROSE By Harry B. and Holt' B. Smith Music by Robert Hood Howers Direct from the GLOBE THEATER, N. Y. DIMENSION COMPANY, 34 MUSICAL NUMBERS, WONDERFUL PANTOMIME COSTUMES, STUNNING CHORUS AND BALLETS, SCENIC NOVELTIES. SEE "THE STUDENTS' GLIDE" PRICES, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00 SEAT SALE AT MATSON'S.

THE MEN WHO LEAD. While many a foreign agent, which our God can understand, is blessing him for home and bread in this free fertile land. Yes! when upon the eastern coast we sink to happy rest, The Day of Independence rolls still onward to the west, Till dies on the Pacific shore the shout of jubilee, That woke the morning with its voice along the Atlantic sea, O God! look down upon the land which thou hast loved so well, And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell; Nor, while the grass grows on the hill and streams flow through the vale, May they forget their father's faith, Or in their covenant fall; God keep the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath the sun; Our country, our whole country, and our country every one! —George W. Bethune (1805-1852).