

DEATH OF DR.

J. R. HOWES

VALUABLE CITIZEN OF SOUTHWEST PASSES AWAY.

Was in a Position to Do Much for the Mesilla Valley Had Death Not Claimed Him When It Did—A Successful Practitioner.

In the death at Hotel Dieu yesterday of Dr. John R. Howes, of Las Cruces, briefly chronicled in Monday's Herald, the southwest loses a valuable man, a citizen who has worked hard for this section since settling at Las Cruces, a few years ago, and a man who would have accomplished much for his community had he lived to complete the work that he had undertaken, such as developing agricultural lands, the construction of a hotel and a magnificent sanitarium, and a number of other things. He died after a brief illness and the funeral will occur tomorrow. His death is a loss to this section that will be sorely felt.

Dr. John R. Howes was born in Canada of English and Irish parents, his father being a Methodist minister. He went through college and then through an exacting medical education required in Canada of medical students with more than credit. From the first his career in his chosen profession was a success, and his achievements, especially in surgery, are still talked of in the northwest.

Besides having a hospital of his own, he was for many years chief surgeon to the Northern Pacific railroad and in charge of their hospital. His patients were never neglected; rich or poor, all fared alike. It is told of him that if he could get to a sick person no other way, he would charter an engine and ride through the blinding winter storms of that section to his destination, whether it were an Indian's wigwam or a rich man's palace.

The popularity of "the genial doctor" was immense. This, combined with his tremendous energy and public spirit, was the principal means of building up the town of Grand Rapids, Minn., which, mainly through his efforts became a flourishing community, with electric lights and all the practical evidences of modernity and progress. There was scarcely anything into which he did not throw himself heart and soul. Then came the panic year and the defalcation of a partner, which swept away the earnings of years, and he went out into the world to begin afresh.

It is said of him that his extraordinary courage and resource seldom failed, even under circumstances in which any other man would have fallen by the roadside, never to rise again; and he had the happy faculty of making friends wherever he went. And just when his long struggle was about to be crowned with success death took him. Overworked and exhausted by a hard trip to Chicago, which had been rich in results, and which only needed the final touch to complete the good work, he finally succumbed to the disease contracted on his trip, although he fought against it almost to the last with characteristic mental and physical courage.

The building up of the Mesilla valley had been for some time his object. It was his ceaseless industry and enthusiasm, the confidence with which he was able to inspire strangers, which have done much for that section of late. His constantly cherished desire to return to the practice of his profession was almost within reach of his hand—he was just about to reap his well-earned reward in seeing the development on the right lines of the beautiful valley for whose awakening he was largely responsible—when his strength gave out.

He had organized a company for developing many enterprises in the Mesilla valley, and, had he lived, it would not have been long till he would have witnessed their successful conclusion.

Deceased leaves two sons, two daughters, and a wife to mourn his loss, but none of them were here when he died, as his illness was not believed to be as serious as it proved until the very last.

He was taken ill about twelve days ago, while stopping at the Angelus on his return from his trip east to finance some of the Mesilla valley enterprises. After several days at the hotel he was removed to Hotel Dieu for treatment, but gradually grew worse till the end came.