Editorial *and* Magazine Page

EL PASO HERALD

Editorial *and* Magazine Page

Wednesday, April Fourteenth, 1915.

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

LET THERE BE LIGHT!--THE PARROT AND MONKEY PROGRAM IS PLAYED OUT

(BY H. D. S.)

IT IS TIME to put an end to the policy of suppression of the facts, that has marked the Mexico policy of the American government under two national administrations of opposite political parties. The very first step toward any rational solution of the Mexican problem is knowledge of the truth. The Washington administration under two presidents has been consistent in just one thing and one only, throughout these dark years of seemingly hopeless floundering: it has been consistent and persistent in dodging the truth and in keeping the truth concealed from the congress, the press, the country, and the world at large.

This is a serious indictment, and it is so intended. The manner in which the Mexican situation has been handled under two national administrations is damnable. And the manner in which congress has tamely submitted to the parrot & monkey program is as incomprehensible as the program itself is ridiculous.

Never before in the history of the United States has congress consented to be whipped around and lashed into disgraceful and cowardly silence as it has been during the Mexican troubles. Never before has congress considered the executive departments to be above criticism or even courteous questioning. Seldom have presidents or department chiefs so completely shut their eyes to the facts, closed the sources of truthful information, resented the submitting of impartial reports of faithful public officers and private citizens, and rebuked honesty in favor of prejudice and bias, on any matter of gravest import, as two presidents and two secretaries of state have done during the Mexican troubles.

A few, a very few, senators and congressmen—be it said to their everlasting honor—have refused to be bound by any agreement of dishonorable silence and timid acquiescence, and have made bold to express their honest opinions in public. But the great mass of both houses has been immovable in its policy of suppression, silence, and outward approval of measures that never possessed a shred of merit and that have proved utter failures.

This is one of the mysteries. Another is that the press and people of the country generally have taken the same stand as the congress, and have refused to insist on acquiring knowledge of the truth as the first step toward any possible improvement. They write and talk without knowledge, and the vast majority of newspaper comments on the Mexican situation are nothing but echoes of the parrot & monkey program of two administrations—this without regard to party. There has been no attempt to make party politics out of the sorrows of Mexico and the failures of the Washington government. On the score of demerits, one administration is fully as culpable as the other.

On file at Washington there must be millions of words of official and unofficial reports, correspondence, departmental documents, and memoranda, bearing on the Mexican question. Much of this concerns foreign countries. Almost none of it has ever been made public. Repeated requests by congress for specific information have been abruptly refused. Claims, appeals, reports of hearings, diplomatic correspondence, innumerable complaints supported by affidavits, have never seen the light. It is doubtful if the state department has ever taken the trouble even to compile or collate the stuff. Ninety-eight percent of the information in possession of the government, to which the public—and especially congress—is entitled, bearing on Mexico, has never emerged from the pigeonhole and has never been printed even for confidential circulation; probably it has never even been read by high authorities.

For two administrations priding themselves on "publicity" as their watchword, this is a most discreditable record. Secretary Bryan's attitude is too well known to need more than passing reference: he habitually dodges facts, about the Mexican situation, as if they were plague-carrying rats. The last thing he desires is a fact about Mexico. If he catches any public officer sending in facts that are displeasing to him, he seems to seize the first opportunity to send somebody out to make reports to suit his fancy regardless of the truth. If a fact accidentally breaks into his sanctum, Mr. Bryan seldom hesitates in finding a word with which to slur and attempt to insult the messenger of truth, or with which to discourage further efforts to get elemental justice or even common courtesy at Washington in connection with any Mexican matter.

Under the Knox and Bryan administrations, the state department has sunk to the lowest level of efficiency, public service, and national honor that it has touched in the whole history of the republic. There is no choice between them, unless it be that Bryan's opportunity for destructive work is greater by reason of his wonderful popularity and consequent greater ability to misdirect public sentiment. Knox was brilliant and unscrupulous. Bryan means well—give him credit for that. Knox knew the truth and brazenly disregarded it. Bryan kicks the truth out of his office in anger that he deems righteous, and embraces fiction with fanatic zeal. The result in either case, as bearing on our relations with Mexico, is cruel injustice to Americans, to Mexico, and to all the world.

Let's have the facts. That is the first step. It is due the people of the United States, the congress, the press, Mexico, and all the world, that the truth be laid bare. Away with the veil of secrecy which cannot shield dishonor or disguise wrong. Let's have the facts. Every scrap of information in the hands of the government ought to be put in print and widely circulated. Let the people form their own conclusions.

The present policy is getting nowhere. If the president and secretary of state are conscious of having done the best they know how, they ought to have no fear of ruthless exposure of all their acts, and of the data on which they based their conclusions. Let's have every scrap of correspondence in the department files, all reports and instructions. It will make interesting reading. Why suppress the stuff any longer? Its publication cannot make things any worse than they are, and it may indicate the way to some sort of an adjustment.

Short 'Snatches From Everywhere

The time not to go wrong is before you go wrong.—Bisbee (Ariz.) Ore.

Depression was, but it isn't now. Also, it is on long vacation leave.—Bisbee (Ariz.) Ore.

Japan trying to swallow China suggests an early sparrow mistaking a boa-constrictor for the traditional worm.—Amarillo (Tex.) Panhandle.

Work will accomplish many things. But opportunity and procrastination never clasp hands.—Hagerman (N. M.) Messenger.

Never was there a time when so strong and so many were the forces for good. The apparent increase of evils of all sorts is really due to an increase in publicity.—Tucson (Ariz.) Star.

Some people call baseball the national sport. It may be the leading out-of-door sport at this season of the year, but there is an indoor sport that is much more popular among those who engage in it. It is making lawn.—Phoenix (Ariz.) Republican.

One of the nicest features of the school election in Springer Tuesday was the fact that politics was not injected into it. People are fast learning that politics is a detriment to schools and the less of it practiced the better our schools will be.—Springer (N. M.) Stockman.

This paper will not shield anyone getting into the meshes of the law over the sale or giving away of liquor. The people of this state voted the state dry, now let it stay dry until such time as the people shall decide otherwise, and let every violator of the law be prosecuted to the limit—that's the only way to make the statutes effective.—Florence (Ariz.) Blade-Tribune.

The Hawaiian Archipelago Is Hardly Big Enough To Make a Decent Sized Cattle Ranch In Texas

BY GEORGE FITCH.

THE Hawaiian Islands are located in the middle of the Pacific Ocean 2000 miles from the San Francisco Exposition and occupy so much space in the atlas and the headlines that the reader would naturally imagine them to be of imposing extent.

Nothing is farther from the truth. The Hawaiian archipelago doesn't contain enough land to make a respectable Texas cattle ranch. It is only half the size of Belgium and most of it is devoted exclusively to the production of volcanoes and lava beds. If the city of New York were placed on Oahu, the most important of the islands, several wards would get exceedingly wet at high tide.

Altogether the Hawaiian Islands contain 6,500 square miles, divided into eight principal islands. For so small a patch of ground it has contributed mightily to history and tourist literature in the last fifty years.

The Hawaiian islands are noted principally for climate, natives and volcanoes. The climate is so encouraging that anything can be grown and Hawaii is a sort of a national hothouse. All tropical products except boa constrictors flourish there and seven steamship lines are kept busy hauling Hawaiian sugar to this country.

Hawaii also contains the largest and one of the best behaved volcanos on earth, Mauna Loa. This volcano and its mate, Kilauea, are over 12,000 feet high and have craters several miles across. They are located on a separate island. If Sicily had done this with Mt. Aetna much trouble would have been saved.

Hawaii is also famous for its natives who are gentle, ingenious, musical and much more orderly than whites, not having had a real war for many decades. The Hawaiian native is the best swimmer in the world and one of the poorest business men. The race has lived on the islands many hundred years and has only accumulated, thus far, about 1,000th of the land and a pair of trousers apiece.

The islands have a population of over 200,000, including 15,000 Japanese, 25,000 natives, 25,000 Portuguese, 15,000 Chinese, 12,000 Germans and enough Americans to run the bunch—several thousand. Honolulu is a fine town of 50,000 people with a baseball league and a United States judge.

The Hawaiian islands were owned by Queen Liliuokalani but revolted in the early nineties and tried to break into the United States. After being kept on the waiting list for many years they were admitted in 1908. Those American nations who fear the grabbing propensities of Uncle Sam should consider Hawaii's history and make their application early (for admission to this great country. It will take them many years to prove their eligibility."

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggily and His Whiskers."

By HOWARD R. GARRIS.

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"NURSE JANE," called Uncle Wiggily, the nice rabbit gentleman, to Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady nurse one morning, "Nurse Jane, are you going to use, right away, that new tin dishpan I bought you the other day?"

"Why, no, I'm not going to use it until it's time to wash the supper dishes," replied Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. "I just washed the dinner dishes in it and hung the pan up to dry. But what do you want with it, Uncle Wiggily? I hope you aren't going to take it to slide down hill, or anything like that."

"Oh, no indeed!" exclaimed the rabbit gentleman, laughing.

"Because if you slid down hill in my new dishpan it might get dented full of holes," went on Nurse Jane. "I mean the dishpan would get dented, not the hill," said the muskrat lady, as she pulled down the shades in the hollow stump bungalow where she lived with Uncle Wiggily. Nurse didn't want the sun to shine in too strongly and fade the color out of the orange shortcake.

"I'll not hurt your new tin dishpan in the least," the rabbit gentleman said. "All I want to use it for is to see to shave off my whiskers. They are getting rather long, and I want to look nice this evening."

"Why this evening?" asked Nurse Jane.

"Because, have you forgotten that we are going to a dance over at Grandfather Goosey Gander's house?" said Uncle Wiggily. "We are going to dance the lollypop glide and the gooseberryple trot."

"Oh, so we are!" exclaimed Nurse Jane. "But what has the dishpan to do with it?"

"I want to hang it up for a looking glass," explained the rabbit gentleman. "The round bottom of the pan is so shiny that I can see beautifully in it to shave off my whiskers. I hope you don't mind if I use it. My own looking glass is cracked and when I look in it my face seems crooked. Once I nearly shaved off the tip of my ear by mistake."

"Oh, don't do anything like that!" begged Nurse Jane. "Certainly you may take my new shiny tin dishpan to use as a looking glass."

So uncle Wiggily hung out on the lilac bush the new dishpan, the same one with which he had scared away the bad fox the day before, as I told you in the story last night. Uncle Wiggily was going to shave his whiskers out of doors, as the light there was better than inside the hollow stump bungalow.

On a chair in front of the lilac bush, where he had hung the dishpan looking glass, Uncle Wiggily put his razor, his shaving brush and some soap and hot water to make a lather, like the stuff that comes inside the charlotte russe cakes.

"Ah now I will have a fine shave!" thought Uncle Wiggily, as he looked in the round, shining bottom of the dishpan. He sharpened his razor and then mixed a cup full of the thick, white, creamy lather with the brush, the hot water and the soap that smelled like perfumery.

"What are you doing, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Bully No-Tail, the little frog boy, as he hopped past the hollow stump bungalow.

"Shaving off my whiskers," answered the rabbit gentleman.

"May I watch you?" asked Bully. "I love to for you make such funny, crooked, lopsided and upside down faces, when you try to shave under your chin and around the corner of your nose! May I watch you, Uncle Wiggily?"

"Well, Bully, I'd rather you wouldn't," gently said Mr. Longears. "I s'pose I do make funny faces when I shave, but——"

"It makes me laugh like anything to see you!" interrupted Bully.

"Yes, I know it does," Uncle Wiggily admitted. "But when I hear you laugh and giggle at my funny faces, which I can't help making as I shave why then it makes me smile, and I might cut the end of my nose off, if I smiled too much."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Bully No-Tail, the frog boy.

"You wouldn't want that to happen, would you?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"No, indeed," said Bully.

"Well, then you run away like a nice little frog, and when I get through shaving you may come back, dere's a penny for a spearmint lollypop flavored with ice cream cones."

The rabbit gentleman tossed Bully a penny and then Uncle Wiggily began putting the lather on his face, ready to shave off his whiskers. He was pretty well lathered, all except under one ear, when, just as he was putting a dab of soap under his chin, all of a sudden a voice cried:

"Well, I'm here!"

Uncle Wiggily turned around so quickly that he got some soap in his mouth, and it didn't taste like candy, either. And there, standing right behind him, was the bad old skillery-scalery alligator with the double jointed tail.

"Oh, you here!" asked Uncle Wiggily, sort of surprised like.

"Yes," said the skillery-scalery alligator. "I've come for you! I'm going to grab you by your ears and carry you away. You'll never see your hollow stump bungalow, or Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, again."

"Please don't!" begged Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes, I shall, too!" cried the alligator. "I'm going to take you away with me and——"

"Ha! We'll see about that!" suddenly exclaimed the brave rabbit gentleman. "Here! Take that! And that! And some of this!"

And then with his brush all covered with white, creamy shaving lather, Uncle Wiggily splashed the soap in the eyes and nose and mouth and ears of the bad alligator.

"Shave! Hair cut! Hair cut! Shave!" cried Uncle Wiggily, just like a barber, twisting the brush around and lathering the alligator's mouth full of soap.

"Oh! Wouch! Ouch! Blub! Slub! Glub! Dooble-ooble! Gurr!" cried the alligator. "Let me go! Oh, that soap! Oh, how it tastes! Oh, I'll be good! I'll be good!"

Then the alligator, all covered with soap, so that he looked like a bathroom sponge, ran away to wash himself in the rain water barrel, leaving Uncle Wiggily alone.

Then the rabbit gentleman shaved himself by looking in the shiny tin dishpan, just as he intended to do, having plenty of lather left over after soaping the alligator.

So this teaches us that shaving soap is not good to eat, and in the next story I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the lost chicken. And if you can stop the fire shovel from throwing snowballs at the gas stove when it's trying to rock the rice pudding to sleep I wish you a jolly wound.—Copyright, 1915 by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald of this date 1901.

The work on the new Federal Copper company smelter is progressing with great rapidity. The contract for the masonry work has just been let by S. Barron, the general manager, to J. T. Teufenthaler. He will commence the actual construction work on Monday on the retaining walls and foundations for the main building. There will be more than two miles of trackage at the plant and most of this has already been installed.

Frank Anderson returned last night from a trip to Deming.

George Harvey left last night on a business trip to Arizona.

Harry Alexander left this morning on a business trip to Tucson.

F. W. Conner has returned to the city from a brief vacation.

F. P. Burns and wife left yesterday on an extended eastern trip.

E. Petilbone, who has been ill for the past few days, is about again.

B. Rotermond is about again, after having been ill for a week.

Mrs. Pasevitch left last night for a visit with relatives in Germany.

L. E. Reed and little daughter have returned from a visit with friends in California.

G. A. Kaseman will leave tonight for Albuquerque to spend several days attending to business.

Phil Ehret who was with the El Paso team two years ago and is a native El Paso boy, has been signed by the Louisville club.

A general meeting of the stockholders of the Superior Mining company will be held this evening at the office of D. W. Reckhart.

The race for the position of city physician has narrowed down to Drs. I. J. Bush and W. H. Anderson. As to the police chief's job, it is now said that Will TenEyck may hold over.

A Yuma dispatch says that Arizona is to have a seaport in a few years and that the new steamers that are to ply between the "port of Yuma" and the gulf of California have already been ordered.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. J. Stolaroff entertained a number of friends at cards at her home, on Oregon street. Those attending were: Mesdames Wolf, Bargman, Schuster, Mathias, Bray, Chilberg, Spellicy, Rand, A. A. Kline, Pennebaker, Stephenson, A. Stolaroff, Waterman, M. Dillon, Levy, D. M. Stewart, Hammett, McNeill, H. Sprintz, A. Goodman, Aronstein, Kohlberg, N. Solomon, Zielonka, Lewis, Calisher, Newman and A. Solomon and Misses Newman and Zork.

The Social club gave a dance last night at Hotel Sheldon. Among those attending were: Mesdames R. W. Brown, A. P. Coles, Ward, Wingo, Eddy, Pulliam, Fearne, Bray, Feldman, W. H. Burges, Buckler, Hartman, Coles, Kingsley, Whitbeck, S. Campbell; Misses Hyde, Cannady, Trumbull, Smith, Edwards, Harper, James, Beattie, Anderson, McCarthy, Shelton, Beall, Cartwright and Fulvey, and the Messrs. W. R. Brown, Ward, A. P. Coles, Wingo, Eddy, Miles, Cooley, W. H. Burges, Feldman, Bray, Buckler, Hartman, Kingsley, White, Kemp, Campbell, J. Krakauer, Williams, Harper, Kehoe, Slater, Martin, F. Coles, Cunningham, B. Krakauer, Greig, O. Coles, Moore, Anderson, Landry, Arnold, Marr, Hyde, Hall and Webb.

TWO TOURIST PARTIES.

Two parties of Raymond and Whitcomb tourists will reach El Paso on Wednesday evening on G. H. & S. A. train 9 at 5:30 oclock. One party, comprising about 30 persons, will stop over in El Paso to see the sights of this city and Juarez and leave again on Thursday morning. The other party will proceed direct to Los Angeles.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"WITH the possible exception of Chicago, El Paso is the finest city I was in while away," said James S. Morrisson. "Business conditions in the east are none too bright. I found that in Ontario, the big orders for war supplies are keeping all the factories busy and times are fairly prosperous there, despite the war. While I was in Welland, one party of 250 men from the city and district left for the concentration camp at Hamilton and thence to the war with the third Canadian contingent. All the big machine shops in lower Ontario have been turned into ammunition factories and one plant, formerly owned by an old Ontario family, has now been taken over by an American firm. The shop finished an order for some tremendous dredges a couple of months ago and since then has been equipped for the manufacture of shrapnel. They load the whole shell, only the cap being missing, and whole trainloads are being shipped to Quebec to be sent on to Europe. Some of these shells are for huge guns but the great majority are for the smaller field artillery."

* * *

"The shooting of policeman S. H. Veater Monday night is more evidence of the fact that a dangerous element has come into El Paso from Mexico," said Capt. W. D. Greet, acting chief of police. "That he escaped death is only due to his good fortune; for the man who fired upon him shot to kill. The criminals that have come in from Mexico since the trouble there started hate Americans; they feel that we are responsible for the trouble on the other side of the river, and seem to take a special delight in picking out officers as the object of their hate. They do not work; they do not want to work. They prowl around at night and therefore couldn't work by day. I venture to say that 98 percent of those arrested every day outside of the regular 'drunks' are exiles from Mexico and a dangerous element to the community."

* * *

"If you want something of a thrill in the way of a Sunday morning's mountain climb, try Bald peak, the pyramidal hill that sets out from Mt. Franklin on the east side," said E. B. McClintock. "The sides of this hill are very steep and as you approach the top you feel as though you were climbing up the side of a wall. It is not particularly dangerous, for you can get a good foot hold, but it is pretty steep. Arriving at the top you are rewarded by an excellent view of the city and lower valley."

* * *

"It is impossible to give a description of the Grand Canyon of Colorado and convey even a small part of the grandeur and wonder of it," said Fred Mulberry. "Nothing that has ever been written, no matter how gifted the writer, and no picture ever painted of the canyon, by the most talented artist, can give more than a vague conception of this master piece of nature. It is a sight that every American should see for himself."

* * *

"The trip to the Mescalero Indian reservation from Tularosa is wonderful," said Mrs. G. A. Graham. "White mountain is covered over a third of its surface with a white blanket of snow and at its base and through the valleys the fruit trees in blossom present a beautiful picture. The road is good and the trip is very much worth while taking at this season of the year."

* * *

"I have just returned from Amarillo where I had some court business to attend and while there is no movement of cattle in the Panhandle, I find that the future looks very bright," said W. H. Harrell. "Some time ago, Kansas state officials announced that no claims for cattle killed in that state for foot and mouth disease would be allowed unless the owner happened to be a resident of Kansas. Now, the pasturage in Kansas is a big thing and it has long been a custom to ship range cattle in there to be fattened before being placed on the market. When cattle are destroyed for the foot and mouth disease, it has been the custom for the state to pay half and the national government half of the reimbursement to the owner. When Kansas would not do this, naturally the shipments of cattle for pasturage ceased. I have now heard that Kansas is to raise this condition and will pay for any destroyed cattle in the future. With the raising of the embargo and with plenty of easy money, prosperous times should be ahead of the cattlemen. I find that the banks are always ready to accommodate any man who needs money and can demonstrate that he is deserving of a loan."

* * *

"Auto travel through El Paso is increasing daily," said C. S. Morse. "The really heavy traffic will not begin until about the end of June but by that time El Paso will be having a record number of auto visitors. Any action that is taken by the chambers of commerce relative to securing information for the tourists will be well repaid. At Douglas and Bisbee, for instance, I understand the chambers of commerce have cooperated with the auto clubs and have arranged special bureaus, where maps and accurate conditions of the roads for miles around can be secured. Autoists arriving here recently state that the roads to the east are in very fair condition. Many of the parties are being routed through Roswell and this route is highly spoken of."

* * *

"The recent anti drug law has greatly increased the price of opium and kindred drugs in this country," said A. T. Reed. "A small can of opium is now worth $25 and other drugs, such as morphine and cocaine, have increased about as much. The drugs, of course, are not worth this amount for commercial purposes but simply from the fact that the users of it are willing to pay almost any price. The new law has greatly cut down the supply and the drug will soon be worth its weight in gold. Opium is imported into Mexico in cans about the size of a mustard tin and, at anything like present prices, nets a huge profit. The new law is so drastic, however, that the chances run in smuggling it into this country are too great at any profit."

El Paso Never Before Had An Opportunity to Hear Such a Fine Operatic Quartet As This

(BY H. D. S.)

THURSDAY, April 22, the people of El Paso will have an opportunity to hear the finest operatic quartet that ever sang here. It is true, furthermore, that the quartet is the best that has ever appeared here in a musical entertainment of any sort, whether opera or concert. El Paso has heard many soloists of highest talent and technic, but never an aggregation equal to this. If El Paso cares for the best music adequately rendered, this is El Paso's opportunity to indulge her preference. Certainly the theater should be filled to capacity on the night of the concert.

It has been suggested that an enthusiastic and large outpouring of the people is due as a compliment to Miss Sarame Raynolds, the brilliant soprano who is a member of a pioneer family of New Mexico and El Paso, and daughter of Joshua S. Raynolds, president of the First National banks of El Paso and Albuquerque. This is true and El Paso will doubtless do herself the honor of thus testifying to the public appreciation of such faithful work as Miss Raynolds has done in developing her talent, and such artistic success as she has already achieved on the operatic stage.

But it were an error to imagine that this is the only motive that should actuate El Paso in connection with the coming concert. Music lovers who give themselves the pleasure of hearing the concert will agree that they could not afford to miss such a delightful and satisfying entertainment, which is quite beyond anything of the kind that El Paso hitherto has had a chance to hear.

The quartet of the National Grand Opera company stars who will appear here a week from Thursday comprises, besides Miss Raynolds, Miss Margaret Jarman, contralto or mezzo soprano; Mario Rodolfi, tenor; and Italo Picchi, bass. All have studied under the best masters in Europe, and have achieved fame upon the operatic stage. All possess in marked degree the attributes of dramatic ability, and in all their operatic musical interpretation this quality is displayed with force and intelligence of no common order.

Miss Raynolds not only has a natural voice of exceptional purity, range, and power, but her long training has given her a technic which she has made her servant and not her master. Hearing her, one is not annoyed by the mechanics of singing, as one sometimes is with even the greatest virtuosi. Her first care is to make music, not to demonstrate a method.

Miss Jarman has a voice well adapted to operatic work, full and round, with dynamic reserve and excellent control. In the quartet she is never put to it to make her part carry, as contraltos so often are in singing with other voices of unusual power, and she does not have to sacrifice tenderness to the necessity of balanced harmonies.

Italo Picchi, the bass, or basso cantante, has great vogue in Italy, where he has for ten years played and sung leading operatic parts at La Scala in Milan, and at Rome and Bologna. He has also achieved fame in Buenos Aires and Rio Janeiro, where there is permanent opera of highest standards.

Mario Rodolfi, the tenor, is a singer of exceptional artistic attainment, and he has in addition a kind of magnetic quality that may make him one of the most popular tenors in America as he continues in his operatic career. His range is remarkable, and there seems to be no limit to the power which he brings to bear in the highest register. He sings without apparent effort, and without mannerisms. Whether in solo or ensemble work, his voice is exquisitely controled and betrays neither calculated mechanics nor anxiety.

The program chosen for the El Paso concert is purely an operatic one. All the numbers are those in which the four principals have taken the leading acting parts in grand opera, so that, added to the purely musical expression of the score, there are dramatic experiences and dramatic training to enrich these interpretations.

Having had an opportunity to hear a complete rehearsal of the program, The Herald is in position to recommend with unusual force that El Pasoans do not fail to hear the coming concert. It is not out of place to say that most of the numbers selected are those familiar to the public through phonograph records made by great artists, as well as through the frequent performance of operas that time has proved to be the most popular. Some of the best of the program numbers, however, while familiar through records, are almost unknown in this country through stage presentation, and it will be a unique and delightful experience for many music lovers to hear these numbers suitably interpreted on the concert stage.

It would be unfair to indicate too closely in advance of the concert just what numbers are likely to be most enthusiastically received. All the solo numbers will be enjoyed, for they are chosen rather for their permanent beauty and charm than for their opportunity to display vocal gymnastics. But the greatest surprise will come with the quartet and trio work, wherein the singers especially display that greatest of all musical powers, the power to subordinate the individual voice to the composer's will—the power that distinguishes the artist from the mere virtuoso. And in the singing together of the two men in the quartet, there is thrill enough for the most satiated.

Following is the program in full, for the coming concert.

Duet—"Solenne in Quest' Oro" from the Force of Destiny—(Verdi).
Mario Rodolfi and Italo Picchi.

Contralto Solo—"Knowest thou the Land" from Mignon—(Thomas).
Margaret Jarman.

Tenor Solo—"Questra o Quella" from Rigoletto—(Verdi).
Mario Rodolfi.

Soprano Solo—Aria from La Tosca, "Vissi d' arte, Vissi d' amore"— (Puccini).
Sarame Raynolds.

Duet—"Home to Our Mountains" from Il Trovatore—(Verdi).
Margaret Jarman and Mario Rodolfi.

Quartet—Sextet from Lucia (arr as quartet)—(Donizetti).
Sarame Raynolds, Margaret Jarman, Mario Rodolfi, Italo Picchi.

Intermission.

Duet—"Miserere" from Il Trovatore—(Verdi).
Sarame Raynolds, Mario Rodolfi.

Bass Solo—"Il Lacerato Spirito" (My Troubled Soul), Aria from Simon Boccanegra—(Verdi).
Italo Picchi.

Trio—From I Lombardi—(Verdi).
Sarame Raynolds, Mario Rodolfi, Italo Picchi.

Soprano Solo—Aria from Cavalleria Rusticana—(Mascagni).
Sarame Raynolds.

Quartet—From Rigoletto—(Verdi).
Sarame Raynolds, Margaret Jarman, Mario Rodolfi, Italo Picchi.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

But Bill Writes Fine Stories.

We have read a home town poem by William Allen White in the Emporia Gazette, and are of the opinion that Walt Mason ought to supply the rhymes for that publication, as heretofore.

Good for Something After All.

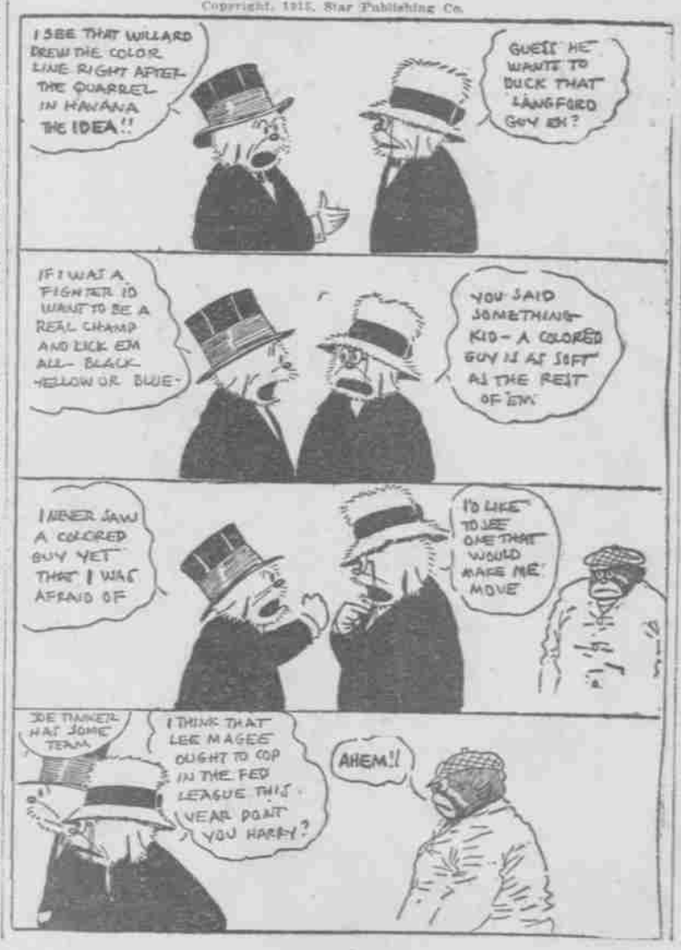
An Oregon woman has killed a bear with a hoe, but thus far no one has been able to kill weeds with one.

ABE MARTIN

Miss Fawn Lippincut is gittin' so she kin knit thro' th' most excitin' film. If ther's anything worse than a dyspeptic it's a feller who feels immense.

THE COLOR LINE : BY TAD

Copyright, 1915, Star Publishing Co.



Symptoms

A MAN can read an almanac, and learn that he is sick; then he will groan about his back, in which he's found a crick. Before he read that book of dole, he never knew a smart; he was a hale and healthy soul, with sunshine in his heart. But now he hangs about his coop, his head bent to his knees; he has the tymptoms of the croup, of hoof and mouth disease. A man as sound as Adam's ox, when "symptoms" get his goat, will purchase nostrums by the box, and send them down his throat. Of grievous aches and pains he'll whine, as sunny days go by, and go into a slow decline, and of his symptoms die. The "symptoms" fiend will cough three times, and to the drugstore skip, and blow for dope his hard-earned dimes, and say, "I have the grip!" And when his cough has pulled its freight, "I still am sick," says he; "my present symptoms indicate I have the housemaid's knee!" Our cares are much like pains and aches which keep that fellow sore; the most of them are flimsy fakes—just symptoms, nothing more. We wear away our little lives, and weep and walk the floor, and rend our beards and beat our wives for shadows, nothing more.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.)

WALT MASON.

EL PASO HERALD

An Independent Daily Newspaper

H. D. Slater, Editor-in-Chief and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 17 Years; G. A. Martin is News Editor.

The El Paso Herald was established in March, 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. Entered at the Postoffice in El Paso, Texas, as Second Class Matter.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS, AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION, AND AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—Daily Herald, per month, 65c; per year, $7.00. Wednesday and Week-End issues will be mailed for $2.00 per year.

Thirty-fifth Year Of Publication

Superior exclusive features and complete news report by Associated Press Leased Wire and Special Correspondents covering Arizona, New Mexico, west Texas, Mexico, Washington, D. C., and New York.

Published by Herald News Co., Inc.: H. D. Slater (owner of two-thirds interest), President; J. C. Wilmarth (owner of one-fifth interest), Manager; the remaining one-eighth interest is owned among 12 stockholders who are as follows: H. L. Capell, H. B. Stevens, J. A. Smith, J. J. Mundy, Waters Davis, H. A. True, McGlennon estate, W. F. Payne, R. C. Canby, G. A. Martin, A. L. Sharpe and John P. Ramsey.