Editorial *and* Magazine Page

EL PASO HERALD

Editorial *and* Magazine Page

Friday, April Twenty-third, 1915.

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

MILLIONS VOLUNTARILY GO TO THE SLAUGHTER, AND SO THE WAR GOES ON

(BY H. D. S.)

SELF INTEREST will finally end the war: but it will be, in a small measure at least, the self interest of altruism, the self interest that measures its satisfaction partly by the interest of others, and by the satisfying of others' just demands. Self interest, in the true sense, or "enlightened selfishness," is as far removed as the poles, from selfishness, in the usual sense. When selfishness begins to give way to self interest, there is reason to hope for progress and permanent betterment. Selfishness is destructive and evil in its tendencies, self interest is constructive. Carried to its logical development of maximum service to the race self interest, in its altruistic sense of "enlightened selfishness," is a motive high as any star. "What truly serves my neighbor's welfare serves mine also." When the powers of Europe begin to see facts in that light, there will be a chance for peace, with room for everybody on a basis of common understanding and mutual respect.

The dead in this war already number 50 times the whole mobile regular army of the United States. The wounded so far number 150 times the whole mobile regular army of the United States.

Approximately one-third of all the men who have been engaged in all the armies have already been either killed or wounded.

To state the death list in another way: We now have four regiments of regular troops here and parts of other regiments; if the entire brigade were killed today, replaced tomorrow with another brigade, and each day as many troops as the total number on this station were annihilated, it would take a year, at the rate of a brigade a day, to equal the death list in the European war thus far.

Each day, on the average, since the war began, soldiers equal in number to one-tenth of El Paso's total population have been killed, and soldiers equal in number to one-third of El Paso's total population have been wounded. In other words, soldiers have been killed and wounded on the average at the rate of 18 every minute, 26,000 every day, since the war began—imagine half the population of El Paso killed or wounded today, the other half tomorrow, and this rate of devastation kept up across the country, and you get some faint idea of what the slaughter means.

Men are not cattle. They are not being driven to the slaughter; they are going voluntarily; they could refrain from fighting, any time they liked, and thus cause the war to cease; but that would not be human nature. It would mean the ruin of any government or any dynasty that consented, after such awful human sacrifice, to quit the war now without obtaining some substantial material advantage. A force has been set in motion that is going to be harder to control than it was to release.

Wanted—Plays For Children

It is unfortunate that so few plays are fit for children, when children have such a deep hunger for plays and theater going. Shakspere being so rarely played deprives the children more than it does the older folk, for the children genuinely like some of the Shakspere plays. Boys delight in and understand Julius Caesar and Macbeth and the historical plays, while the girls always like Romeo and Juliet, the Merchant of Venice, As You Like It, Twelfth Night and Winter's Tale. Most boys and girls like Shakspere when it is well played.

The standard of plays for children is that they should set for them higher ideals and show them more justly life's real punishments and rewards and the value of loyalty and faithfulness than most modern plays do. The play which exalts riches or luck or high living or extravagance or indifference to marriage or motherhood, is apt to be degrading to children who are like wax sentimentally long after they begin to harden and be their own mold and form mentally.

England is proposing to cut out the dining cars in all the railway service to permit more men to go to war.

Railroads Develop Conscience

Railroads like cities are developing consciences quite fast. Not only do railroads now take pride in not killing off folks and in having sober employes from track walker up, but pullman cars are not necessarily overheated, dining car meals are almost always run on the "order what you want and pay for it" plan, porters invariably return lost pocketbooks and jewelry and risk their own lives as a matter of course in accidents; you can quite safely plan to leave one city at 2 minutes after 7 and get to another city at 6 minutes after 2 on the second day after; the 8:15 generally goes out on time and always gets to its other end on time, galloping a little faster the night hours and making up lost time, if any; the things to eat are good, the beds are clean, no time is lost, and for all this all that is asked of the passenger (beside the price of a ticket, plus the price of the pullman, plus the price of his meals, plus tips to the porter and waiters) is that he do not stick his head or hands out of the window or otherwise endanger himself.

Twilight sleep is as much discussed this year as radium cancer cure was last. The world always like to have one or two medical topics to discuss.

Short Snatches From Everywhere

The difference between peace and war is plain. Bloodshed and hunger in Europe; turnip greens and fishing in America.—Tulsa (Okla.) Democrat.

A good talker is one who not only knows how to talk, but also never misses the psychological moment for him to stop.—New Orleans (La.) States.

Even those who have the most accurate eyesight seem to suffer from dilated pupils when they look at the fish they catch.—Nogales (Ariz.) Herald.

It appears to have been reserved for Gen. Obregon to teach Villa the real difference between war and a chicken stealing raid.—Austin (Tex.) American.

Now that Harvard has barred book agents from the college grounds, we suppose that the boys will have more time to devote to athletics.—Tucson (Ariz.) Star.

New Mexico, next to Montana and Wyoming, is the largest wool producing state in the union. The 1914 clip was 1,907,700 pounds. No wonder we are "wild and woolly."—Socorro (N. M.) Chieftain.

It is remarkable how few raises in salary are secured by the man who is always complaining about being overworked and who says that he bears the responsibility of the firm on his shoulders.—Fort Worth (Tex.) Livestock Reporter.

Some men farm all their lives with their feet. Others farm with their head and feet, and they are the ones who succeed. There are others that farm with their mouths and we need to look out for them.—Carrizozo (N. M.) Outlook.

Great Dramatic Music Splendidly Interpreted; Four Singers Give El Pasoans Lasting Pleasure

(BY H. D. S.)

NO MATTER how callous, how dull, or how sated one might be, as to musical impressions, it would be impossible to escape one lesson of Thursday night's concert: that dramatic music is as sharply defined a realm of artistic achievement as dramatic literature. The book of Job would be hopelessly flat in narrative, but in drama it is unsurpassed, its poetry burns like stars, its emotion shakes, its humanity is all embracing. The "acting quality" of some of Browning's greatest work is what grips the reader, rather than its imagery or its other elemental poetic qualities. Some of Shakspere's men and women stand forth from the printed page in flesh and blood, commanding, appealing, living our own lives for us, turning our baser and our more exalted thoughts into action, so that as we read we become intensely conscious of our own repressiveness.

Other forms of music, and other forms of literature, than the dramatic form, have their splendor, their beauty, and their power. And it is a mistake to think that everything in an operatic score is dramatic, or that all non-operatic forms lack drama. Many folk-songs, symphonies, nocturnes, dance measures, are highly dramatic. But the musical artist-interpreter who has not the dramatic power can never suitably interpret dramatic music. And when an artist has that power, it is a pity to repress or divert it, for it is a rare endowment. When the singer is conscious of self-repression, it is hard to conceal it.

Exigencies of a concert program, in evening dress on a stage set dalintily for a garden party, necessarily limit the possibilities of dramatic expression of operatic music. But Thursday night's program gave many a pleasing hint of what these artists could do and would do, in grand opera with all the accessories of scenery, costume, orchestra, and consecutiveness toward the denouement of a plot. Every member of the quartet excels in dramatic quality, and it was in those numbers permitting the greatest range for the "acting quality" of the music to take command, that each of the singers did most notable work.

It was a rich and varied program, covering a wide scope of musical creation. Exclusively Italian and French, it was also chiefly tragic, passionate, or deeply emotional in its program numbers; frequent encores gave the variety and lightness essential to a well balanced concert program. As the lover of woodlands delights in the vista of a sunlit clearing, so the mind revolts at too sustained somberness and brilliant scoring, and reacts joyfully to the simpler melody and the note of laughter.

Great music adequately interpreted always thrills. It would be idle to attempt to traverse in detail the swiftly succeeding pleasures of such an evening of musical indulgence as the National Grand Opera company quartet favored El Paso with. But everyone there felt a building up of musical power and a gathering of control over the audience by the singers as the moments drifted by. At first it was a concert; toward the last it began to suggest more and more the operatic stage. It would have taken a lively imagination to visualize "Mignon" or "Tosca" or "Trovatore" from the first part of the program, however pleasing the voices. But toward the close, imagination began to flutter its wings, and theater, stage, lights, crowd, became dimmer and dimmer as the picture rose to background the singers whence proceeded the ever renewing wondrousness of harmonic sound caught out of eternity by a poet and made into universal language.

The obvious things have all been said: nobody would care abstractly to know about Miss Sarame Raynolds's fine control in the high register, her sustained power, or the clarity, sometimes compared with that of a flute, in her semi-staccatos. No one, having heard Miss Jarman's splendid voice and having come under the influence of her friendly stage personality, cares particularly whether she is a contralto or a mezzo-soprano. The Herald is not aware that the public is interested in the good and sufficient reasons why Italo Picchi, the basso cantante, caught cold, though the public is more than sympathetic, and warmly appreciated his heroic efforts to overcome his slight obstruction which was undoubtedly very distressing to him though not at all an imposition upon the audience. Mario Rodolfi, the tenor, will sing just as beautifully and as convincingly whether The Herald comments upon his lack of self consciousness, his certainty of pitch, and his open tones, or keeps still about them. Why say that the voices blended beautifully? That is what they were intended to do.

But it is in grand opera that all these distinguished artists have essayed to made a career for themselves. And it is not beside the mark to give them all the word of a lay auditor alive to the difficulties of operatic interpretation, and all too familiar with the frequent failures, to the effect that each one of the four singers shone most brightly when the "acting quality" of the music was allowed the freest play, and when the singers forgot for the moment that they were singing a program piece, and let themselves go.

To our mind, that is a right severe test. A singer who does not possess the dramatic quality makes himself ridiculous when he tries to act—by which The Herald means, not gesture or grimace, but vocal acting, interpretative expression of the music. But the true operatic talent cannot successfully be hidden. Certainly the members of the quartet Thursday night failed, to a degree, every time they tried to hide it.

It was a great and satisfying performance in every way, and it fulfilled The Herald's prediction that it would surpass the work of any quartet that ever appeared here, in opera or concert.

Mr. McNary, under whose management the concert was given, is entitled to the gratitude of music lovers for his insistence upon this appearance. And certainly the people of El Paso demonstrated their appreciation in the most tangible way, not only by attending but by applauding with sincerity, discretion, and great good will.

The concert was the first public appearance here of Miss Sarame Raynolds, whom El Paso, as well as New Mexico, claims as its own, by reason of the conspicuous part her family has played in local and southwestern development. It was a triumph for her in a way, but El Paso was the more greatly honored. The other members of the quartet came in for their full share of appreciation and applause, and it was an event not only pleasureable but memorable.

Without perfect accompaniments no singer can do himself justice, and The Herald is only reflecting the known sentiments of all the singers when it records the fact that the accompaniments, themselves often extremely difficult and always an essential part in the concert score, were perfectly played by Mrs. J. G. McNary and Mrs. W. R. Brown. Here again the imagination had to be summoned, to replace the orchestra with the single instrument, but not a few times we found ourselves listening for the accompanying phrase to complete the musical picture and give the needed background to the principal figures developing the motive and centering the thought.

All El Paso society was there. Every seat was occupied, there were many box parties, and great masses of flowers were sent to the stage for the singers who so graciously responded to repeated recalls.

Spring In Europe

THE balmy spring should stir up all men to labors sane, but over there in Yurrup they're planting men, not grain. The plow's unused and dusty, with rust the hoe is red; the cultivator trusty stands idle in the shed. Red is the stream that washes its pathway to the sea; they're planting men, not squashes—what shall the harvest be? They're planting men, not pumpkins, beneath the bright spring sky; they're sowing poor dead bumpkins who fought and knew not why; they're planting men in furrows, among the clods and stones, and there the gopher burrows among the soldiers' bones. Oh, what a foolish sowing, in Europe's sodden plain, while here the crops are growing in sun and wind and rain! In this fair land the farmer is sowing wheat with drills; o'er there the gents in armor are planting men in hills; they plant, the peasant's yard in, the victims of their biffs, the common or the garden variety of stiffs. Oh, Europe, old and hoary, you ought to have more sense; your agriculture gory, that's now in evidence, is wicked, vain and foolish; the seed is out of style; the tools you use are ghoulish, the crops you'll raise are vile.

WALT MASON.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.)

Daily Novelette

RIGHT AGAIN.

FAHINA, the fortune teller, gazed occultly into the crystal ball.

"The spirits is working well," she murmured in a mystic, wonderfully sweet voice. "How can I guide you?"

"This here is the way of it, lady," began Peashell Winnick. "You see, I allus carries a considerable sum of money along about me, and I'm always worrying that mebbe some day I'll be robbed. Well, now, I thought if a regular union fortune teller tells me that nobody special is on my trail, there won't be so much worry about it."

Long Farina gazed into the crystal.

"You do well to come to me," she said at length. "How much of a roll do you tote at a time?"

"Never less'n a thousand," replied Peashell Winnick. "A thousand, in fact, is what I got on me right now."

"Good," said Farina, in a trance-like whisper. "Beware of a tall dark man with freckled face and a little red mustache. Good-bye. I think it would be rather a shame to charge you anything."

As Peashell Winnick withdrew, Farina rapidly pressed a button on her table—three times.

"I gotcha, Steve," muttered a tall, dark man with freckles and a little red mustache, who was standing in the hallway that led to the front door.

A moment later, Peashell Winnick was looking into the muzzle of a gold, not to say glistening, Fatime 35 caliber, while a tall dark man with freckles and a little red mustache went expertly through his pockets.

"By heck, that woman's a wonder!" marveled Peashell Winnick.

FUTURE PRESIDENT PROPOSES INTERNATIONAL LAW CHANGE

Washington, D. C., April 22.—Albert Membreno, minister from Honduras, who becomes president of that republic this summer on the retirement of president Betrand, has proposed to the 21 nations in the Pan-American union that they adopt in international law the method of investigation of international disputes embodied in secretary Bryan's peace commission's treaties.

A commission which might act on its initiative, would investigate disputes which cannot be settled by diplomacy and the disputing nations might declare war or begin hostilities during its investigation.

Secretary Bryan today made public the memorandum which Dr. Membreno has submitted to the nations outlining his proposal.

The Wheat Crop

By George Fitch.

ABOUT this time of the year a great many people begin to watch the wheat crop reports with feverish anxiety.

Some of them are farmers later in the year. And some of them are men who wouldn't know a farmer if they saw one, but who believe that they alone are able to guess what the price of wheat will be in 14 days from now.

The farmer has a right to be anxious about the wheat crop because if it is too small it will not pay him to harvest it and he will have to go through the winter on the same old set of tires. And if it is too large the price will go down and he will spend twice as much perspiration and binder twine for less than he got last year.

The merchant also has a right to be anxious about what wheat may decide to do in July. If there is plenty of high priced wheat, business will hum and there will be so much money in the country that the bankers will be compelled to lend a little of it in self defence because they can't sit on it all. Nothing is more pathetic than a banker who is trying to gather in all the money in the country after a bumper crop has been paid for and to guard it in his vaults, shaking a solemn head whenever a manufacturer wants a small loan. He can't do it any more than a hen can set on 24 eggs.

"A sudden, unexpected drop of ten cents in the price of a wheat crop which will not be ripe for three months."

The speculator also has a good excuse for examining the prospective wheat crop with earnest care. More men have become millionaires by guessing how much wheat we are going to raise in this country than have got the same result by raising wheat, clad in overalls and an old straw hat; and a sudden, unexpected drop of 10 cents in the price of a wheat crop which will not be ripe for three months has ruined more men than the chinch bug ever has.

The only people who do not need to worry about the wheat crop are the ordinary Americans who are going to eat it next year. The crop may be big or small, expensive or cheap, but it is going to be sufficient. The American citizen who sits down with a furrowed brow and wonders whether the wheat supply is going to last through June is not only borrowing trouble but he has gone into the manufacturing end.

The Herald Has Aided Silver City To Grow; Wide Publicity Brings the City Many Inquiries

"INQUIRIES received by the Silver City chamber of commerce and directly traceable to the El Paso Herald, caused the chamber of commerce to decide to use the newspapers for its advertising campaign," said Carl Hinton, secretary of the Silver City chamber of commerce. "We confined our last campaign to the magazines, and while we received good results, I was fully convinced by the inquiries we received as the result of the news stories from Silver City which were printed in The Herald, that daily newspaper advertising was essential to the success of such a campaign as we have planned this year. While it is difficult to trace the results obtained from any one medium or class of mediums, I have been fully convinced of the pulling power of The Herald.

"Silver City is on the eve of a great gold strike in the Pinos Altos, copper has gone up and the Chino, Tyrone and other companies in the Silver City district are putting on increased forces and the cattle business promises to break all records this year. The repair of the Mogollon road which connects Silver City with that big tributary to Silver City, will be another progressive move on the part of Silver City, as the road had been in such bad condition that traffic has almost been impossible over it. It is now a state highway and $12,000 will be spent in getting it in repair for the fall rush of business."

"Agriculture is gaining headway in the Douglas district," said Peter Smith, of Douglas, Ariz. "For several years dry farming was fairly successful, but now the farmers are putting in wells for irrigation. With the aid of pumps they get enough water to irrigate, and the belief is general that if the wells were sunk deeper a natural flow could be secured that would obviate the necessity of using pumps. With the advance in the price of copper and the resumption of mining in Arizona, the smelters of Douglas are increasing their forces and are now employing nearly full crews."

* * *

"Prospects are very bright for a good year in New Mexico," said E. A. Drake, of Socorro, N. M., formerly connected with the New Mexico School of Mines. "The rains and snows that have fallen during the past winter have put the ranges in excellent condition and the cattle men are very cheerful. New Mexico should be very prosperous this year."

* * *

"Sunshine is the greatest known agent to destroy tubercular germs; the only others of equal destructive power to the germs are formaldehyde and pure alcohol," said Dr. E. J. Outwater. "Sunshine is greater than either, yet people, particularly sick people, do not let enough sunshine and fresh air into their living rooms."

* * *

"The free moving pictures at the East El Paso Presbyterian church are a regular feature of the weekly Friday night service," said Rev. Kenneth Brown. "In addition to the two reel films shown this week there will be violin, piano and phonograph music and special recitations and songs. We try to make the program as attractive as possible."

* * *

"A few months ago, I had an idea that England might starve out Germany and win the big war that way," said J. J. Kaster. "Now that Germany has lasted over eight months, I am of the opinion that the allies will never be able to win through a blockade. The Germans will soon have their spring crops to help out on the food problem and they unquestionably are developing their natural resources for the war material which they need. They are killing men over there by the thousands and even we El Pasoans who have seen the sad side of the Mexican trouble can have no conception of the loss of life in Europe at the present time."

* * *

"We are going to arrest every Shriner who does not march in the Saturday parade," said Eugene Harris. "We will arrest them and give them a free ride in the two police patrol wagons which the city has very kindly loaned us for the occasion. Those arrested will be taken to the police station. The wagons will be in charge of Fred Hewitt and Harry Turner and a number of assistants."

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggily and the Jack in the Pulpit."

By HOWARD B. GARIS.

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

UNCLE WIGGILY LONGEARS, the nice rabbit gentleman, was out taking a walk in the woods one day, hopping along on his red, white and blue striped barber pole rheumatism crutch that Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, had gnawed for him out of a sornstalk.

"I wonder what sort of an adventure I'll have today?" said Uncle Wiggily to himself, as he turned around to see if any smoke were coming out of the chimney of his hollow stump bungalow.

And smoke was coming out, which showed that the muskrat lady was getting the fire started for supper.

"And seeing that smoke tells me that I must not go walking too far," said Uncle Wiggily, "or I might be late for supper. And I wouldn't want that to happen for the world, for Nurse Jane is going to have carrot pudding with peanut sauce on tonight. No, I'll not go far—just a little way longer until I see if I can not find an adventure."

So Uncle Wiggily walked on and on and pretty soon, behind some bushes, he heard a voice saying:

"Ha! Take that! And that! And some more! Bang! Now I'm going to hit you hard!"

Then came the sound of blows being struck, and the rabbit gentleman said:

"Oh, I guess I had better look out. This may be more of an adventure than I want. That sounds like the skillery-scalery alligator threshing about with his double-jointed tail."

Uncle Wiggily listened again, and he heard the voice saying:

"There! How do you like that! Bing! Bang! Bung!"

More blows were struck. Uncle Wiggily was just going to run away, when he saw Bully No-Tail, the frog boy standing in the woods, slashing about him with a long stick.

"Oh, how you frightened me, Bully!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "Was that you making so much noise?"

"Yes, Uncle Wiggily," answered the frog boy. "I am hitting these flowers and Jack-in-the-pulpit. I am making believe I am a giant, and they are bad enemies, so I am chopping them down with my sword."

"Bang! Slash! Bung!" went Bully's long stick, which he called a sword, and he cut down some bluebell flowers and some more Jacks-in-the-pulpit, which are a sort of flower also. And the frog broke and scattered about many clumps of ferns.

"Oh, Bully, I wouldn't do that, if I were you," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Why not?" asked the little frog boy. "It's fun!"

"Yes, but there is no need in breaking and slashing down the flowers, ferns and Jacks-in-the-pulpit just for fun," the rabbit gentleman said. "If you want to pick some to take home for a bouquet on the table, that's different. That would be pretty, and there is great good and use in pretty and beautiful things. But don't destroy them just for fun. Besides, you can't tell when you might want a flower to do you a favor."

"Favor! Ha!" laughed Bully. "How could a flower or a Jack-in-the-pulpit do us a favor?"

"I don't know," answered Uncle Wiggily, "but I think they might, some day. Don't break any more, Bully."

Well, Bully said he wouldn't, though he did not see a Jack-in-the-pulpit flower could ever do him a favor. But let us wait and see what happens, as they say in books.

Uncle Wiggily went back to his hollow stump bungalow to supper, not having had an adventure, unless you count that little wise and kind talk he gave Bully.

"Never mind, perhaps I'll have an adventure tomorrow," said the rabbit gentleman.

Surely enough he did.

Uncle Wiggily was out walking in the woods again one day not long after that and he met Bully No-Tail, the frog boy, who went walking with him. This time Bully did not have a long stick to beat and break off the flowers.

"I'm going to pick a nice bouquet to take home," he said. And Uncle Wiggily thought that would be a good idea.

Well, the rabbit gentleman and the frog boy walked on and on, and pretty soon a bad old fox saw them and began to chase after them.

"Oh, run, Uncle Wiggily! Run!" croaked Bully. So he and the rabbit hopped and ran, and soon they got safely away from the fox, who only had three toes anyhow, so he could not go very fast. He didn't get Uncle Wiggily, you see, and I guess you're glad of it.

"Oh, dear! But I'm thirsty!" exclaimed Bully as he and Uncle Wiggily finally sat down to rest. "That run made me thirsty. I wish I had a drink of water."

He looked all about, but they had come far into the woods, and no spring of water or pond or brook was nearby. Poor Bully grew more and more thirsty.

"Oh, I must have a drink! I simply must! I am almost choked!" he said, as hoarse as the frog in your throat.

"Perhaps I can find you a drink," Uncle Wiggily said. He went over to where some Jack-in-the-pulpit grew, amid the cool, green ferns. Lifting up the little flap over the top of the Jack plant, Uncle Wiggily showed Bully where the part, like a little cup, was filled with water that had rained in during the night.

"Here, Bully, drink this," said Uncle Wiggily.

Bully drank about forty-eleven Jack-in-the-pulpit cupsful of water and Uncle Wiggily drank some, too.

"Do you feel better now?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes, thank you, I do," Bully No-Tail said, as he took one more drink. Then he exclaimed, "Why, Uncle Wiggily, the Jack-in-the-pulpit did us a favor after all; didn't he? He stopped you and me from being thirsty."

"Yes, he did," answered Uncle Wiggily with a twinkle of his nose.

"And I'm never going to cut and slash flowers any more," Bully went on. "Just to think of a Jack-in-the-pulpit giving me a drink!"

Then Bully and Uncle Wiggily went on safely home and no more story tonight, if you please. But in the next one I shall be happy to tell you about Uncle Wiggily and the clock, and I do hope the hands I my watch will not tickle the insides and make them sneeze so I'm late for the moving pictures.

SAYS THINNING OF WOODS CAUSE OF DEPOPULATION

Paris, France, April 22.—Paul Descombes, discussing the progressive depopulation of France, gives some statistics to show that the thinning of the woods and forests is largely responsible. There are 21 French departments that are more or less mountainous. These now have 3,694,940 inhabitants. If the old rate of increase had been maintained, their population now would be 11,898,364.

Monsieur Descombes points out that the mountainous regions of Switzerland, which should not be any less favorable to repopulation than the mountainous regions of France, show an increase of more than 50 percent in population during the last 60 years, and he attributes it to the fact that forest protection in Switzerland is far more rigorous than in France.

CARRIERS' DAY.

Tomorrow being the last Saturday of the month, Herald carriers will present bills for April subscriptions. Subscribers will please note and be ready for the boys.

INDOOR SPORTS

PLAYING A LITTLE "QUIET" GAME

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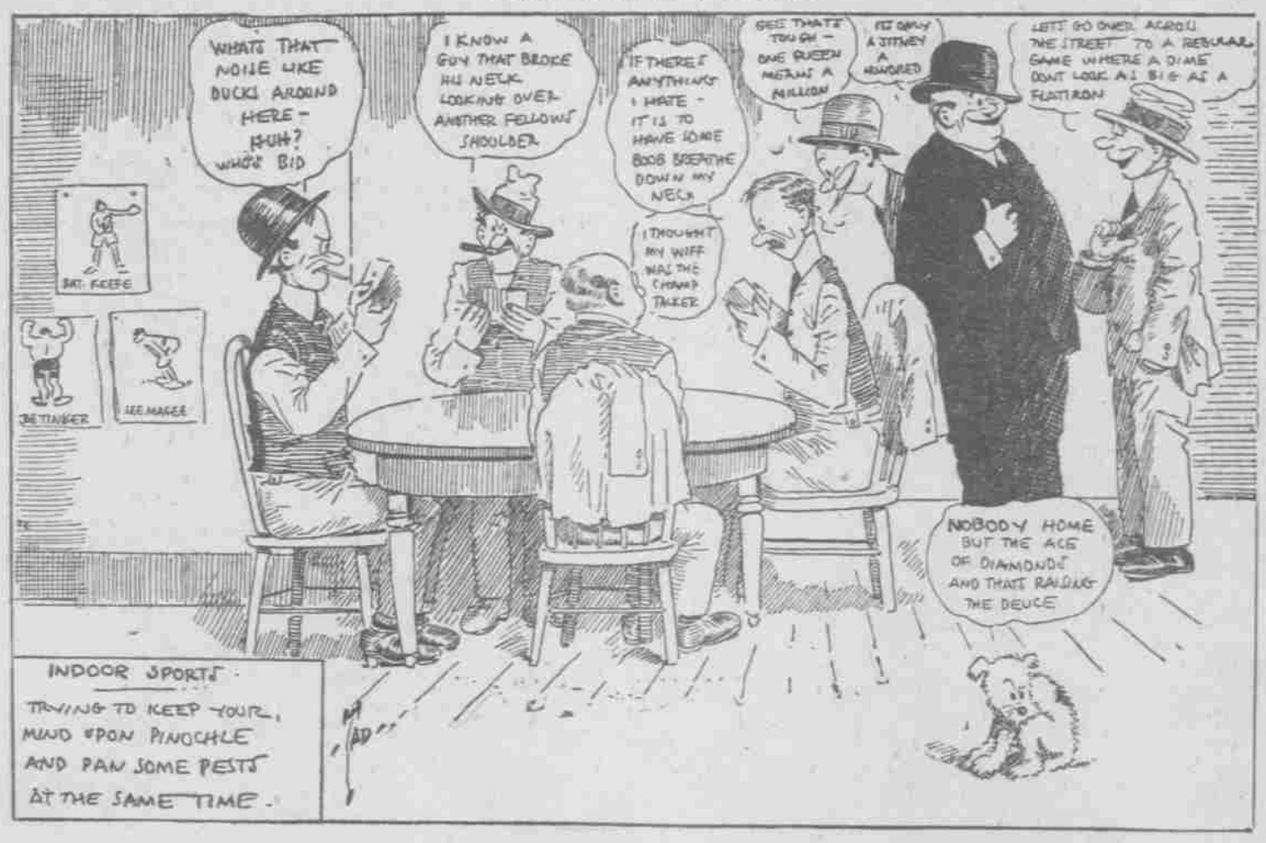

EL PASO HERALD

An Independent Daily Newspaper

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