

Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

The Arizona Republican
Published by
ARIZONA PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The Only Paper in Arizona Published Every Day in the Year. Only Morning Paper in Phoenix.

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Executive Morning Associated Press Dispatches.
Office, Corner Second and Adams Streets.

Entered at the Postoffice at Phoenix, Arizona, as Mail Matter of the Second Class.

Address all communications to THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN, Phoenix, Arizona.

TELEPHONES:
Business Office422
City Editor432

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Daily, one month, in advance\$ 7.50
Daily, three months, in advance23.00
Daily, six months, in advance43.00
Daily, one year, in advance81.00
Sundays only, by mail2.50

WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 25, 1914

ASH WEDNESDAY

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

Micah, VI-8.

Concerted Action for the Verde Reservoir

The action taken yesterday by the Board of Trade in offering its cooperation with the Salt River Valley Water Users' Association, in working out plans for the early construction of the Verde reservoir, was certainly a long step in the right direction. The flood waters of the Verde now wasted, would thus be conserved and used in connection with the waters of the Salt in bringing all the acreage within the limits of the Salt River Project into a highly productive condition.

From information presented at yesterday's meeting at the Board of Trade it was developed that an exceptionally desirable site for storing the Verde flood waters is located at the Horseshoe Reservoir about 20 miles north of the junction of the Salt and Verde. At this site, by the construction of a dam costing approximately \$1,000,000, about 200,000 acre feet of water can be stored, or sufficient to irrigate in the vicinity of 40,000 acres annually. Unfortunately the water records indicate that in some years there would not be sufficient water stored to fill the Verde reservoir, but with the Verde waters stored at this point and used in conjunction with the stored waters of the Salt and the normal flow of both rivers, probably not less than 20,000 additional acres could be irrigated within the Salt River Project.

It is now generally understood that the Board of Survey now in session, in view of their study of the water supply, the duty of water, etc., in this valley, will probably have to cut out considerable land within the Salt River Project from the immediate benefits of water. The owners of these lands have for years paid their assessments in the Water Users' Association, many of them have materially improved the lands and if this Verde water can be stored as suggested, they can be given assurance of water within a few years.

The first and most essential thing to be done would seem to be to arrange for a complete survey by the government, of this Horseshoe Reservoir site, without delay, and to obtain the official estimate of the cost of the proposed dam. No other expense than the cost of the dam would be necessary as the complete distributing system for the water already exists.

It might be possible, after the Board of Survey has made its report and after a further study of the water supply of the Verde and improved methods of the economical use of water within the project, that a portion of this water from the Verde could be utilized in Paradise Valley for the benefit of the homesteaders who have settled in that section. This use would be certainly very desirable but we believe in all justice to the settlers within the Salt River Project, that the first use of the Verde water should be to bring into complete cultivation all the lands within the Salt River Project.

The construction of a dam at the Horseshoe site would add to the power possibilities of the valley; would enable the bringing of large areas of land into cultivation by means of pumping. Other uses of power will greatly increase in the valley and its towns as they develop industrial enterprises, taking up more than can be supplied by the energy developed at the Roosevelt dam and the plants below.

Another fact to be taken into consideration is that there will be no complications as to the ownership of the Verde dam site, such as existed with reference to the Roosevelt site. The former is already in government ownership, having been reserved as a storage reservoir site in connection with the development of the Salt River Valley project.

In view of the foregoing facts and the many advantages to this community of the construction of the Verde reservoir and the assurance of complete co-operation between the board of trade and the Water Users' Association, we feel confident that without delay definite steps will be taken to harness the now wasted flood waters of the Verde.

Journalistic Prescience

The Tombstone Prospector reproduces from its files of February 21, 1888, twenty-six years ago, among others, the following statement under the head of news: "There is no doubt but that work will be commenced on the railroad between San Diego and Yuma by September." Thus from this, and now, maturing events, we better understand what the poet meant when he sang of Truth, "The eternal years of God are hers."

The Prospector wisely did not confine itself to the September of 1888 or any other year—just some September. The accuracy of the more than a quarter of a century old prediction has been

verified or is in the way of verification. The railroad is already well under way. It was under way a half dozen Septembers ago, as far back as the September of 1867, and by next September it will be completed to Seeley, Imperial county, California, where a junction will be effected with the Southern Pacific, establishing communication with Yuma. Thus will the vivid dream of the Prospector twenty-six years ago be fulfilled and the reputation of the press for reliability will be further buttressed.

It matters not that on February 21, 1888, John D. Spreckels was not thought of as a railroad builder; that if he was known at all, it was as one of the sons of Claus Spreckels, the sugar king and it might then have been supposed, that like most of the sons of American kings he would never succeed to an industrial throne but would cut very little figure in the world. But that was unessential. It made no difference who should build the railroad. It was enough that the editor of the Prospector could look across the intervening years and the shimmering desert sands and see with prophetic eye twin ribbons of steel binding Yuma and San Diego together. Let us no more hear the unbeliever speak of building railroads on paper.

And, at a much later day, within the last year or two when the Prospector asserted the claim of Tombstone to a position as a maritime town, as we then supposed, because a former resident of that place had bought the yacht, Lurline with money extracted from the Tombstone mines, it was then really looking forward to the future, veiled to our unseeing eyes, when Tombstone should be connected, though somewhat indirectly, via the E. P. & S. W., via the Southern Pacific, via the San Diego and Arizona railroad, with Coronado Bay. And what is there preposterous about that when Los Angeles, twenty-six miles distant, as far removed from the sea as Sancho Panza's island, calls itself a seaport? Where shall we draw the maritime line inland, at twenty-six miles or at five hundred and twenty-six miles, approximately the distance between Tombstone and the lapping waves of Coronado Bay?

No Time for Fiction

According to the dispatches of yesterday, "Washington may, for diplomatic reasons accept the official version of the court martial of Benton, the British subject, lately murdered at Juarez." Why then for diplomatic reasons, should not this country have accepted the official version of the taking off of Madero just two years ago? We think it did well not to accept that version of a wanton, cowardly and unnecessary assassination, though, perhaps, if it had been accepted by us and recognition had been given the assassin he might long before this, with a strong hand have put down the rising but scattered revolution and have restored order.

That version might have been accepted without giving offense to the world which had already accepted it but now, a diplomatic fiction will avail nothing and will deceive nobody. There is a desire in this country and, especially in England, and perhaps, in a lesser degree in the other countries of Europe to know the truth about the death of Benton.

If Benton was killed in the manner described in the official version, Villa, (we omit mention of Carranza who seems to have been shoved into the back ground as usual) could make the task of our government lighter by acceding to its request to produce the body of Benton. If it were shown that he had been killed by a firing squad, that would substantiate the story of the court martial and we would not have to go back of that to inquire into the justice of the verdict. But the failure of Villa to produce the body and the insistence of his friends that Benton was a quarrelsome and violent man confirms the belief that the death of Benton was a private murder of an unarmed man.

Villa cannot rest upon the theory that proof should not be required of a gentleman. Falstaff's refusal to give a reason on compulsion, though reasons were as thick as blackberries, was not convincing of the veracity of that gentleman.

DANCERS OF THE SAHARA

The Ouled Nail women come from a distant part of the Sahara, and at Biskra they dance for their livelihood, until they have made sufficient money to return to their desert homes and marry some camel-owner of their tribe.

Some of these women are young and of exceeding beauty. They wear costumes of many colors and decorate themselves with barbaric jewelry—silver ear-rings and and bangles and anklets, and an ornament peculiar to their tribe, made of numerous gold coins, the gifts of their patrons, which they wear on their bosoms. They are gay, light-hearted, vivacious women, and during the day are to be seen idly sitting on the balconies or the flat roofs of their houses, or arrayed in all their finery, promenading in groups about the street, smoking cigarettes and laughing and jesting with the Arabs and native soldiers.

The music for the dance is supplied by three musicians, one a big Soudanese negro, who bears a tom-tom, an Arab who pipes away on a flute, and a third who bangs noisily on a rude tambourine. They make a hideous and monotonous sound. A weird barbaric air repeated over and over again. The music of savage Africa.

On the occasion we visited the Cafe Maure, the principal dancer was a girl of not more than 15 years of age, tall and lithe of figure. She had the chocolate complexion of the south, dark, lustrous eyes, sensitive lips, a low forehead, and a face of bewitching beauty. Her cheeks and chin were tattooed. She wore large circles of silver suspended from ears, broad, massive, spiked bangles and silver anklets, and over her raven hair sprays of silver and gold thread. She was a favorite, a premiere danseuse, but recently come to Biskra. Her dance was rapturously received, but it was not dancing as we understand it. It was rather a rhythmic swaying of the body, a quivering of the shoulders, a serpent-like motion of the arms and hands, and a heaving movement of the breasts and hips. Those who have seen the representations of Eastern dances silver sarring and and bangles and anklets, and an ornament peculiar to their tribe, made of numerous gold coins, the gifts of their patrons, which they wear on their bosoms. They are gay, light-hearted, vivacious women, and during the day are to be seen idly sitting on the balconies or the flat roofs of their houses, or arrayed in all their finery, promenading in groups about the street, smoking cigarettes and laughing and jesting with the Arabs and native soldiers.

REVOLUTION SEPARATES MISSIONARY'S FAMILY; REUNITED AFTER THREE YEARS



Dr. George Haddon, his wife and son Patrick, from whom he was separated for three years in China wilds.

A strange tale of the Orient is related by Dr. George Haddon, a medical missionary, who has just returned to this country with his wife and little son, Patrick. Dr. Hadden says that he and his wife were separated at the breaking out of revolutionary troubles while working in the interior of China. A child was born after the separation, but the father could not rejoin his wife and see his boy until the latter was three years old.

Finding Fault

By WALT MASON

The kicking game will bring you fame unpleasant, grim and ghostly, so call a halt if finding fault is what you're doing, mostly. Some men seem born adrift, forlorn, then nothing ever pleases; in every cause they find the flaws, the spavins and diseases. They kick at home and when they roam about the town they grumble, and every talk they make's a knock, and they hurt the town, and hold it down, and balk at each improvement. There is a trail of woe and wail wherever they've gallivanted; the booster hates such moody skates and thinks they should be planted. They are a bore, the town grows sore beneath their ceaseless wiggings; the band will play some music gay when they have skipped the diggings. Just look around and note, coos would! how much the ground is hated, then make a vow to clear your brow, and keep your bile abated. So call a halt if finding fault is now your daily pastime; let out a roar just one time more, and let that be the last time.

CONSOLIDATED INDEX OF GERMAN LIBRARIES

One of the greatest library catalogues in the world is at the present moment approaching completion. This catalogue embraces the contents of the Royal Library of Berlin as well as those of the ten libraries belonging to the Prussian universities. The idea of cataloguing the works of these eleven libraries originated with the late Generalrat Althoff, who was for many years at the head of the Prussian educational department. The books are for the present being catalogued in the form of a card catalogue; this task has necessitated many years of hard work, but is now on the point of completion. As the result of this work, we see that these libraries contain over 2,000,000 volumes. It must be borne in mind, however, that the word "volume" as used by a librarian, does not mean every separate book, but every work bearing a separate title. For instance, a periodical of which 100 volumes have already been issued forms a "volume," or, to give a further example, a work like the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" also appears in the catalogue as one volume. If we compare the contents of these eleven Prussian libraries with those of the British Museum of London, which it must be admitted, have not been counted for decades, we see that the number of volumes in the former group of libraries is equal to and even surpasses those of the latter. This catalogue is far from including all the great libraries of Prussia; for example, there still remain the great town libraries of Berlin and Breslau, the libraries of different public institutes and corporations, such as those of the Prussian house of deputies, those of the technical high schools, etc.—Continental Correspondence.

NOT BAD FOR THE FIRST GAME

A young man took a young woman friend to a ball game for the first time, and in his superior knowledge asked her after the first inning was over if there was anything about the game she would like to have explained.

"Just one thing," said the sweet young creature. "I wish you would explain how that rheumatic bush-league relic in the box ever gets the ball over the plate without the aid of an express wagon."

And in the silence that followed all that could be heard was the faint chugging of the young man's Adam's apple, working feverishly up and down.—From "Life As It Is" by W. T. Call.

MEMORIES OF MARRIAGE

"There's one thing I will say for my first two husbands."
"What's that?"
"They always paid their alimony promptly."—Detroit Free Press.

Sidewalk Sketches

By HOWARD L. RANN

THE SPEAKER

The speaker is a calloused individual clothed in a little brief authority and a Prince Albert coat. He is a very difficult man to do business with unless you and he are trying to rescue the republic with the same deck of cards. Nothing will harden a man's heart and sear his conscience quicker than becoming speaker of the house. Many a kind husband and father, who was thoroughly halter broke in the home and never objected to filling the wood-box or carrying out the furnace ashes, has been transformed into a cold-blooded despot on being elected speaker. He also begins to suffer from atrophy of the ear drums and defective eyesight. It not infrequently happens that after a man has been speaker for a while his eyes get so poor that he can't recognize a single member of the opposition. Sometimes the speaker becomes so deaf in the ear abutting on the minority side that he can't hear the still, small voice or a shrill demand for the previous question. Although overwhelmed by the cares of state, the speaker finds time for a little light reading, such as Robert's Rules of Order, with appendix by J. Cannon. Sometimes the speaker cuts out the appendix and adds a neat little glossary, his own. When he wrote his book Mr. Roberts never suspected that it would be filled with home-made recipes by unlettered men with low retreating foreheads and adjustable spelling, but why should we complain? The speaker draws a large salary, in monthly capsules, which he dissipates in rent and other light amusement. He generally has plenty of ready money and seldom has to reverse his cuffs. The speaker is a kind man, and occasionally, for election purposes, allows some member from a close district to do a little pro temming for him, especially when a tie vote may be seen cooly edging its way over the adjacent horizon and threatening the perpetuity of our institutions.

BRITISH CAPITAL IN FOREIGN LANDS

Take first the capital supplied to new countries for the development of their railways their oil fields their rubber plantations, their agriculture. We all remember the political catchword of "capital going abroad," and the campaign against British investment, organized and controlled by the unionist party. The unionist leaders and the unionist ex-chancellor of the exchequer solemnly told the country that money was safer abroad than at home, and there is no doubt that the investing classes, which are largely unionist, took their word for it and did invest abroad. Believing that Diaz, Madero or Huerta was a safer guide than Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith or Lloyd George,

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they neglected everything English and subscribed for anything foreign—a policy that they may bitterly repent today.

The result of this attitude in England was great activity in the new undeveloped countries. In the capital market, when the tap is working easily, some one is sure to be there with a bucket and foreign borrowers did take money from London in bucketfuls. Exactly how much has been subscribed in the last few years no one can say, but the Economist figures, which are the most conservative of all the published statistics, place the amount of new capital publicly raised in England during the last five years at 1,044,509,000—one thousand millions in five years in advertised prospectuses alone! Of this sum by far the greater part has gone to British colonies and South America, Canada alone taking nearly 2,000,000,000 and Argentina nearly 100,000,000.—London Chronicle.