

THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN

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SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 23, 1916

Easter Sunday
Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.
—St. Luke xxiv, 36.

A Russian Myth?

We have received a communication from a resident of Phoenix, a former officer in the German army, relative to the story of the arrival at Marseilles, France of large masses of Russian troops for operations on the western front.

Our correspondent who is familiar with northern Russia says it is impossible that the troops could have come that way. They would have had to cross the White Sea which at this time of the year and until about May 1st is not open to navigation.

WHITE SEA—A large gulf of the Arctic Ocean, penetrating Archangel province, North Russia. Its length from northwest to southeast is 200 miles, and its area 25,000 sq. miles. It is frozen from October to May.

The correspondent estimates that the journey would occupy from forty-five to fifty days so that the troops must have left Archangel in the latter part of February, something ridiculously impossible.

On account of winter conditions, therefore, it is impossible that the troops could have traveled from Archangel or any other European Russian port. They could not have crossed the Scandinavian peninsula without discovery and no mention has been made in dispatches from Berlin or any other German point of large bodies of armed Russians passing through that country, though that is the most direct route from Russia to the western front.

There are some other fishy facts regarding the Russian troop movement. Assuming that the sea was open in February and that the voyage was actually made, it may be asked why was the landing effected at Marseilles rather than at Bordeaux or some point on the Bay of Biscay, whence they could have been transferred to the front at a great saving of time and a voyage of more than 2,000 miles.

Also, it seems impossible that such a troop movement could have taken place from any point without some hint of it having been obtained. Also, at first glance, it would seem impossible that such a hoax could be perpetrated without an early discovery. But when we consider the means by which avenues of communication in all the warring countries may be closed against the transmission of facts and opened to the transmission of falsehoods, we can easily see why no denial of the presence of the Russians at Marseilles could reach the outside world or even the great masses of the French people themselves.

The Defeat of the Bryans

Either one of two things, or perhaps, both, contributed to the defeat of William J. Bryan for delegate at large from Nebraska to the St. Louis convention. The prohibition question probably had something to do with it. Mr. Bryan was once before defeated in his own state, not for an office, but in his advocacy of the cause of prohibition.

This is wrong; such questions have a proper place in party politics. They are the really live issues in contradiction to the dead and gone issues on which as a rule, parties exist. It is far more important that these matters should be taken up and settled right than that party fetiches should be paraded campaign after campaign for no other purpose than to catch votes.

But more contributory to the defeat of Mr. Bryan for delegate at large was his action in the Baltimore convention when he disregarded the instructions given the delegation in favor of Champ Clark. From the opening of the convention Mr. Bryan sought an excuse to break away from Clark. Indeed, throughout the pre-convention campaign, though he had declared

his loyalty to Clark some months before, he had steadily played other aspirants for the presidential nomination against him. While pretending to support Clark, early in convention year he injected himself into the Missouri struggle and took the lofty ground that inasmuch as the state convention the previous year, without any authority from the people, had endorsed Joseph W. Folk, Mr. Folk was entitled to the Missouri delegation, regardless of the wishes of the democrats of that state as expressed at the primaries.

In the early days of the Baltimore convention, Mr. Bryan waited in vain for a plausible pretext to break away from his instructions. Clark was in the lead. He seemed about to receive the two-thirds vote required by the rules of the convention. What was to be done by Mr. Bryan to thwart the will of the people of Nebraska that to be done quickly, with or without a pretext. Suddenly Mr. Bryan discovered that his conscience and the conscience of his people would not permit him to continue the support of a man whom certain other democrats were supporting.

We may believe that the democrats of Nebraska are now satisfied with the choice of the convention. We might even assume that they are glad that Mr. Wilson rather than Mr. Clark was nominated. But that does not wipe out the crime of Mr. Bryan's act of disobedience. The democrats of Nebraska decided that he should not again be put into a position to repeat that offense. It is human nature. All of us like to have our consciences well taken care of and given proper direction but we feel a resentment against the man who violently takes charge of our consciences.

Would Put An End to Lynching

The Georgia republican state convention has succeeded in calling attention both to the existence of a republican organization in that state and to its platform by advocating a law requiring the state to pay \$10,000 to the family of each victim of lynch law, and permanent ineligibility to office in the case of the sheriff within whose jurisdiction the crime occurs.

But under proper leadership this small voting strength might be increased to respectable proportions, and the anti-lynching platform gives promise that such leadership may in time be developed. Georgia leads all the states in the number of lynchings, and the total has increased year by year until the thoughtful citizens of the state have become alarmed. They are beginning to realize that lawlessness and mob violence are undermining the foundation on which organized society rests.

A Dream of Secession

The latest production of the roback factory at El Paso gives almost, if not quite, to the level of humor. It gives currency to a story, which was first given a place in print at Chihuahua, Mexico, to the effect that General Vergara, an ambitious Mexican resident of San Diego, Tex., has perfected a plot, which if successful, would materially change the map of the United States.

The dinosaur perished from the earth, the anti-preparedness advocates claim, in spite of its wonderful armor. So did the passenger pigeon, which had no armor at all. The fate of one is probably as valuable as an object lesson as the fate of the other.

"Pure food caused insanity," according to an Indiana health officer. Those who escape on that score are in danger of falling victims to the individual drinking cup or the paper towel.

At last a really serious charge against Brandeis—in democratic eyes—has been found. It is claimed that he registered in Boston as a republican.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Holding up a right angle triangle made of wood, the teacher asked what it was. "I know," said small Johnnie. "It's the end of a chicken coop." Small Dorothy was showing a little playmate her birthday presents. "This," she said, holding up a pin set with a rhinestone, "is a present from grandpa; it has a genuine grundy in it."

BOTH WERE TRYING

"Well, sir," exclaimed the millionaire, "what do you want this morning?" "I've come again to ask you for your daughter." "Haven't I told you six times over, on as many different days, that I is out of the question?" "If I seem to be more persistent than circumstances warrant, you, sir, are to blame."

JUST IN TIME

Plaintiff's Lawyer—"I rest the case." Defendant's Dito—"You ought to; it's pretty weak—Boston Transcript.

ANN MATILDA JONES POETESS Her Reflections in Prose and Verse (All Rights Reserved.)

CHAPTER XXVI
One of the pathetic stories of the great war is that of Rupert Brooke, a young English poet who was a lieutenant in the British navy, and died of illness on a French hospital ship on the Aegean sea, April 23, 1915, at the early age of 28. His "Collected Poems"—a thin volume of 168 pages—have just been published. George Edward Woodberry furnishes a sympathetic and appreciative introduction to the work. There is a hint of Shelley, Byron and Keats in these remarkable poems. To quote from the introduction, "Rupert Brooke was both fair to see and winning in his ways. There was at the first contact, both bloom and charm; and most of all there was life. To use the word his friends describe him by, he was 'vivid.'"

"Still may Time hold some golden space Where I'll unpack that scented store Of song and flower and sky and face, And count, and touch, and turn them o'er, Musing upon them."

"When he knew that death was near, these—almost his last words—were written:

"If I should die, think only this of me: That there's some corner of a foreign field That is forever England. There shall be In that rich earth a richer dust concealed; A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware, Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam, A body of England's, breathing, breathing English air, Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home."

Margaret Levington, who writes some biographical notes for the book says, "I am strangely mistaken if the accent of the noblest English poetry does not speak in those lines."

Now some reflective nature-verses of my own, to close the chapter.

The Twilight Hour

Give me an hour of quiet, The twilight hour of peace, When, as by Nature's fiat, The tumult and the riot Of daytime noises cease.

Beneath the leafy cover Of my umbrella tree, Sweet fancies meet and hover, And like an ardent lover, I prize their company.

The birds have taken "ticket of leave" and disappear: From out a grassy thicket The zither of a cricket Makes all the sounds I hear.

The moon unheathes her crescent, Far in the cloudless west; The air is cool and pleasant, And all the stars seem present Their friendship to attest.

An hour for introspection, When to myself I own Some lapse, or slight deflection— Some fault, that needs correction, Before 'tis overgrown.

A time for memories golden, That light the passing years, And still my heart embolden— Though some hold sorrows olden, And 'grief too deep for tears."

I welcome thus the fiat That brings a full release From daytime stress and riot— That one sweet hour of quiet, The twilight hour of peace.

ANN MATILDA JONES (To Be Continued)

LITTLE JAMES

When Matters of State are Shunted to the Side Track and a Religious Week is Given the Right of Way

"Soz Mister Holdwig to th' Keezer: "Mister Gerard calls on me today an' left what he calls a Ulymattum, wot ever that is. I ast him if he was a reply expected for I don't see no Return Postage in it. He sez, yes, th' President Wilson Rote him a Inkshure with th' Noot an' sez 'at he'd like to have a Anser sometime but they aint no hurry about it; he sez 'at th' Meer sendin' of it has 'most served its Purpus in th' United States but 'at as a Matter of Form he'd like to have th' Co-responents fer to File away; it'd look more like bilness."

"All Rite sez th' Keezer. "You rite him a Anser whenever you have time, but don't neglect your other Dooties, after you Find out what th' Noot's about."

"I looked over it Kind of Cashuly" replize Mister Holdwig "an' it seems to Relate to our Submareens agin."

"O Shaw," sez th' Keezer: "I was hopin' it was Something' Noo. They must 'a' got Submareens on th' Brane over there. We aint had a Noot from 'em in more'n a Yeer 'at didn't have something' in it about Submareens. I jist Hate a Co-responent which aint doin' got only won them to Rite about."

"Well, now what's th' President Wilson got to say about Submareens this Time?"

"As neer as I can Recollect," sez Mister Holdwig, "th' President Wilson rites like he's Pretty Hot under th' Coller. He sez 'at th' thing of goin' around an' Blowin' up American Citizens when they aint doin' nothin' 'cept Joy-ridin' around with their British Cuzzens on the Oshun has Got to Stop. He sez it's a Shame an' aint no better nor Murder. If you want to Blow up Ships thisaway, you ort to send out Transports with your Submareens so 'at they'll be somewhere 'at th' Passengers can git Off At when th' Ship's Blowed up. It aint more'n a Rite sez, fer you to find a Con-tyance fer 'em if you're goin' to Blow Up th' Ship 'at they Paid their Fair to Ride on. They're Entitled to some Kind of a Passidge to their

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FINDING PLACE IN BAND WAGON

Republicans Formerly Prominent Machine Politicians Bitterly Fighting Roosevelt Lining Up Behind Him

That republicans of all varieties including republican machine politicians are climbing into the Roosevelt band wagon is everyday more evident. It has become plain to them that the issue of Americanism must win. Though they have been fighting Roosevelt they prefer to accept him as a winning candidate.

Senator Harding, who has been selected by the Republican National Committee to preside as temporary chairman of the national convention, says, or is quoted as saying, that the issue of the coming campaign is the tariff. Assuming that he said it, there is not a republican, from one ocean to the other, who believes that he thinks what he says.

There is not a single republican, from one ocean to the other, who does not believe that he is simply trying to obscure the real issue and the real man. If, in his address to the convention, he attempts this, he will give us, so far as he is concerned, a bad start.

No party, since national conventions and partly platforms came into existence, has ever nominated a candidate for President whose views upon the immediate issues before the country were not distinctly known. No candidate is a safe candidate whose views (being unknown before he is nominated,) stated to the country only after he is nominated, cannot be tested by a previous record.

Justice Hughes "The efforts that are making to induce Justice Hughes to supply to the country a notion of his position upon pending issues are efforts to have him reflect upon the his own integrity. He has said that he is not a candidate. He has said that, in his opinion, he should not be. He has said that he will not give color, by political discussion, to the likelihood of his having an ambition which he does not have. If anything is certain it is that Justice Hughes will by no word or act cast discredit upon his own sincerity."

Americans look ahead. They move ahead. They look back, if at all, only by observation and reflection to get the points of the compass for their forward movement. There is no use trying to bring the issues of 1912 into 1916. Ossawatimie is forgot, except by that small number of persons who don't know how to forget, whose pleasure in life is to keep their heads on a hinge.

Root a Wise Man. "Mr. Root is wiser than those friends of his who signed a circular letter advising his nomination. He knows that what this country wants is inspiration along the line of its own deep and deepening sentiment. Advice, yes, and his kind of advice; but only after that sentiment has been consolidated in a vote and exhibited in a man."

Mr. Ford's victory over Mr. Smith, in Michigan, by a small majority can hardly be taken as proof that his country does not want what is being called Preparedness. It is a comment on primary elections, as applied to presidential candidates, nobody has permitted his name to go on the ballot who does not know in advance that he is going to be nominated. If this country is in favor of preparedness, it will put its business into the hands of the man of whom it believes that he knows what preparedness is; that he has absorbed the lessons of the Russian-Japanese war and of the present war in Europe; that his plans for preparedness will be intelligently made and honestly and vigorously executed. If the people mean preparedness they will not content themselves with a four-flush Roosevelt.

Tariff Talk is Dust. "Senator Mill's resolution about nominating a true or tried republican, however he expressed it, Mr. Bannard's talk about the impossibility of thinking of a party going outside its own body to find a candidate—all this, like Harding's talk about the tariff, is dust. There is no difference between Roosevelt and Destynashun. He sez 'at your Submareen Worfar is a Disgrace to all Creashun an' 'at we're Regler Huns jist like th' British, sez we is, if we don't Stop it."

"If you Coated him Rite" sez th' Keezer, "th' President Wilson must 'a' got hisself AR Het Up somehow."

"What shall I say to him in Reply" asts Mister Holdwig. "Never mind jist yit" replize th' Keezer, "ill I git Time to see th' Noot. But I'm Bizzy jist now an' next week is Holy Week an' if th' Noot's any thing like you say it is, it wudden be Proper Redin' now fer-wun which wants to Keep hisself in a Spirite Frame of Mind fer a Hole Week an' think about Hevin' an' sich Things instid of Submareens. You mite put th' Noot in Cole Storage or somewhere where it'll Keep Good an' mebbe by th' Time I've Compeated my Devotions, th' President Wilson'll be in a Reljus Frame of Mind hisself an' fergit all about Submareens."

LITTLE JAMES.

BUICK BULLETIN
As stated in yesterday's bulletin, you should not neglect the changing of oil every 500 miles. The body wears out, and you may as well be using a very low grade of oil, as to continue without changing. High priced cars demand the change, and we think the Buick deserves this at once, as well as they.
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There is nothing I want of him. There is nothing that I shall ever ask him for. "There is nothing I can think of that I can think he would give to me if I did ask for it. With this explanation of personal relations I certainly cannot hurt him by saying that I think the Republican National Convention ought to nominate Colonel Roosevelt for president. If it does nominate him it will do what the country wants; will do what the country will approve on election day, and will make a great stride toward the accomplishment of what the country wants—the assurance to every other nation that we are ambitious of no one else than the welfare of the whole world, and in the advocacy of that cause are able to maintain and to put into effect the full heart of our mind and our might. "LEMUEL ELY QUIGG." Hire a little salesman at The Republican office. A want Ad will see more customers than you can.

SALARY "POOR"
An Eastern Thrift Campaign was designed primarily to interest and help those having incomes of \$150.00 a month or less, although the contest was open to all. These rather easy conditions opened the way for some interesting contributions from readers having incomes much larger. These, of course, are the ones who most commonly live beyond their means, and their problems, frankly set forth on embossed, monogrammed letter-heads, reveal struggles quite as trying in their way, as to those of the man earning \$2.00 a day. Maids, theater tickets, extensive vacation trips and high rents, together with large allowances for food, are given as ordinary necessities in budgets that somehow will not quite do. One woman whose husband earns \$300.00 a month stated that since they had been following the newspaper thrift campaign he complained of her inability to save something out of his salary, pointing out the cases of families living comfortably and putting away money on \$100.00 a month. She was evidently discouraged, and so was he, so it is safe to assume that by giving the matter some serious consideration they will reorganize their finances to provide something worth while for the future. If you are one of those who are salary "poor"—between \$2,000.00 and \$5,000.00—and have such problems—going behind oftening than having anything ahead and saving nothing—call a family council and get on the right basis.

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