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SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 28, 1916

Justice commands us to have mercy upon all men, to consult the interests of the whole human race, to give to every one his due, and to injure no sacred, public, or foreign rights, and to forbear touching what does not belong to us. —Cicero.

Standardization of Dress

We cannot fail to be interested in the discussion in the Federation of Women's Clubs at New York on Friday regarding the standardizing of women's gowns, especially those designed for street wear. We do not believe that it is possible to effect such a standardization and we do not know whether it is desirable that it should be done.

Standardization should not appeal to the milliners and the modistes who thrive upon the caprice of women. Without such change as the women demand or such change as is artfully suggested to them by artists and aristocrats, many milliners and dressmakers would be driven into other lines of activity.

The Chicago convention will bring various and sundry disappointments, but it will leave a crop of Favorite Sons large enough to supply the next four campaigns, even if no new ones should mature in the interval.

CRITICISM

It's easy enough to pick out the flaws in the work that others have done. To point out the errors that others have made. When your own task you haven't begun. It is easy enough to fuss and find fault when others are doing their best.

It's easy enough to cavil and carp. To criticize, scold and deride. For few of us ever have done perfect work. No matter how hard we have tried. It is easy enough not to speak of the best, and to dwell all the time on the worst.

It's strange what interest small boys and girls take in boasting about the possessions of themselves and their families.

Mollie, nine years old, and Nancy, a year younger, were trying to outmatch each other at this game, and Mollie was several points ahead in the contest.

It may not be necessary or advisable to signal them at all. To some these expressions of grief relieve the pressure of woe within, just as tears are sometimes an anaesthetic for grief and pain.

New Opening for Egyptian Cotton

There was recently sent out from the University of Arizona, by Professor Stanley F. Morse, superintendent of the agricultural extension service a question especially directed at the farmers of this valley: "Four million dollars added to the annual income of the Salt River valley, would interest you, would it not?"

The attainment of that mark, Professor Morse said could be facilitated by the employment of proper methods which would show a profit to those now engaged in growing Egyptian cotton so that a larger acreage would be encouraged next year.

The acreage this year is about 10,000. The limit for the valley once designated by Dr. Walter T. Swingle of the department of agriculture was placed at 40,000 acres. The price of cotton this year will probably be thirty cents a pound and the gross returns from the crop should be a million and a half dollars.

In this connection it may be stated that Mr. Theodore Wood of the fabric department of the Good-year Tire and Rubber company of Akron, Ohio, will arrive here about the middle of next week to make a personal inspection of the cotton situation.

Such a use of the exceptionally high quality of the valley cotton would create a demand for it from other manufacturers of rubber tires with the result that practically the entire crop, however great it might become with the development of the industry, would be consumed by the tire industry so that it would not suffer from manipulation by speculators and middlemen.

Reparation of Bernhardt

Is there something in dramatic art that keeps the mind and body young? If one considered Sarah Bernhardt alone, one would be strongly disposed to say that there is. Despite the recent amputation of a leg and her nearly seventy-two years, she has entered into the work of cheering her countrymen with a spirit that is considered remarkable when found in women in the prime of life.

Congressman Hay approves the army bill, declaring that it is "an ideal measure for times of peace." Nothing is harder to drive into the congressional intellect than the seemingly simple truth that armies and navies are intended for war.

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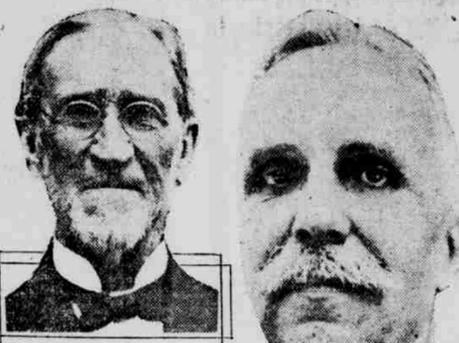
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SENATOR CLAPP TO HAVE OPPOSITION



Frank Kellogg (top) and former Governor Eberhardt.

ACTIVE WORKERS FOR SOCIAL REFORMS



Left to right, top: Timothy Nicholson and Frederic Almy. Bottom: Dr. Alexander Johnson and Mrs. John Glenn.

Here are four of the most prominent figures attending the National Conference of Charities and Correction at Indianapolis. Mrs. John Glenn of New York is the retiring head of the conference; Frederic Almy of Buffalo is the new president of the organization; Dr. Alexander Johnson is a former president of the conference, and is now a social worker of Philadelphia, Pa.; Timothy Nicholson of Richmond, Ind., is a former national and state president and is the oldest leader at the conference.

ANN MATILDA JONES POETESS

Her Reflections in Prose and Verse (All Rights Reserved.)

CHAPTER XXX

Decorations Day has always been to me, the most solemn and the most sacred day of all the year, and I note with pleasure, and patriotic pride that this year our citizens, generally, will so regard it.

Memorial Day, 1916

Behold, Memorial Day at hand! A sacred day in all the land—When patriotic souls unite To celebrate a holy rite.

No morbid gloom the hour enshrouds. The streets are filled with reverent crowds. The thrumming drum salutes the ear, Old Glory blazons, far and near.

With one accord we gladly go To scatter blossoms white as snow, With pink and violet, blue and red, Upon the graves of heroes dead.

These men were freemen, loyal and true, They fought for us, they wore the blue; A grateful hand cannot forget How well they paid Devotion's debt.

There is no rancour in our souls—No petty spite the mind controls; With us the ancient battle ends, And we are countrymen and friends.

We're all Americans today, As we our loving tributes pay; The May-day garlands that we wear, Alike, the Blue and Gray receive.

This day be theirs forevermore, In all the land from shore to shore, Till monument and marble bust Alike have crumbled into dust.

Mrs. Partington once told her son, Isaac, that her minister had spoken about "The nave in the church." No name was mentioned, but "She believed she knew the party to whom he referred." Like the minister, I will not give away any "state secrets," nor disclose the name of the young lady who is the subject of the lines here given.

The Blue of Sunny Waters If you're seeking for a mate, To beguile your lonely state, I can tell you where to find a splendid prize: She's a maiden, passing fair, With a wealth of golden hair, And the blue of sunny waters in her eyes.

She is dignified in mien, As becomes a very queen, With the fairy gifts that crown the good and wise: While her charms of face and form Take the hearts of men by storm—With the blue of sunny waters in her eyes.

Then take courage, wooing knight! There is victory in sight—If you win her, you will win a peerless prize. For her sweetness and her grace Are reflected in her face, With the blue of sunny waters in her eyes.

ANN MATILDA JONES. (To be continued.)

JUNE VICTOR RECORDS NOW ON SALE—REDEWILL'S

Hire a little salesman at The Republican office

THAT AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

I found an old autograph album, 'Twas dated in '92. And I lived again in my girlhood While reading its pages through. The writing was very old-fashioned: The verses both light and deep; The signatures wakened old friendships.

At rest in memory's keep, Its beginning I well remembered, 'Twas during the time of school—A few of those early attachments Have not even yet grown cool. Some rarest selections were classic. From Shakespeare, Bacon and such. While some were original truly, With all the amateur's touch. "Be true to yourself," was given, By Mary, my mate at desk. A Byron selection donated, A misquotation grotesque. The boys wrote sentiment rhyming, From "The grass under the stump" To "Roses red and violets blue" And "Sweet as a sugar lump."

But there was a gem of rare beauty, By one who loved me well, The name at its close was not needed, For promptly my heart could tell Just who had penned his devotion In such a masterful style. With manner in homage so knightly, Beguiling a hope the while, My tears fell fast on the album, Because of my youth's first beau; For time had but mellowed the music Of "Dearest, I love you so."

I had read in a recent listing Of men in the battle slain, His name, and it brought me a quiver Of deep, mysterious pain. And that was the reason I hunted The library through and through To find that old autograph album Of eighteen ninety-two.

MARIE MAYFIELD.

LITTLE JAMES

(Concerning a Mysterious Ailment Which Has Lately Been Discovered and Diagnosed.)

"What's a Knee Pots?" I ast My Paw. "What's a What?" he replied in grate Sprize; "I never heard of no Knee Pots. I can't imagine what wun's Like. Where'd you ever git a Noshun 'at they was sich a thing? You don't mean Knee Pance or anything like that?"

"No," I replied, "it's somethin' New, I was 'at the Resuscite meetin' the other Nite an' wun of th' Speakers sez 'at th' County Government was Afflicted with a Decease which is called Knee Potissum, an' 'at th' Sines of it was all over th' Court House, which was full of Knee Pots 'most everywhere, an' 'at they got so Thick 'at they had to Transfer some of th' Knee Pots to th' State Capitle Bldg, where they's More Room, though it's pretty Crouded there, too."

"Well," sez My Paw, "Why don't you look in th' Dicksunary instid of comin' around an' Takin' up my Time? That's what I got you th' Dicksunary fer, so's 'at you wudden be Entrocbin' on my 'Time." My Paw's always glad to Answer Questions when he can make a Show of his Knoolidge, but it makes him Soar like a Gote to ast him about Things 'at he don't no nothin' about.

"I sez 'at I been lookin' through th' Dicksunary an' cudden find nothin' about Knee Pots. My Paw looked Releev'd for it wasn't no Disgrace not to know nothin' 'at th' Dicksunary don't know. He sez: 'Mebbe th' Speaker didn't know what he was Talkin' about, or mebbe you Mis-understood him. Didn't he say nothin' about this here Decease 'at give you some idee what th' Sintoms was Like?"

"Th' only thing I can remember," I replize, "was 'at it was Some kind

BUICK BULLETIN
BATTERIES
Again let us remind you that your batteries need attention. Come in as soon as possible, and avoid crowding our floors.
BABBITT-POLSON CO.

Do You Believe? in "Safety First"
Then have your trust, esrow and probate matters handled by the Phoenix Title & Trust Company 18 North First Ave.

REMARRIAGE OF DIVORCEES IS NOT PERMITTED
(Continued from Page One)
WASHINGTON, May 27.—Federal employees will not be permitted hereafter to charge shoe shines or hair cuts to their expense account.

THE VALLEY BANK PHOENIX, ARIZONA
CAPITAL \$500,000.00
Capable and Promising Young Men
Young men who are the most capable and promising are those who save their money and make regular deposits in the bank. This gives them energy, ability and the requisite capital to accomplish something worth while.

COMPOUND INTEREST
There are two kinds of compound interest. Two illustrations may best explain them. One dollar deposited in a savings bank that pays four per cent will amount to \$219 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. One dollar deposited every year for twenty years in the same bank at the same rate of interest, will become \$39.97. This is progressive compound interest.
To get the full and beneficial results of compound interest not only must you begin to save but you must keep steadily at it. When you see the effects of progressive saving you find out just how valuable it is to get the thrift habit.