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WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1916

"Tis not the love we get but that we give which leaves glad memories for the coming years. —Walter C. Smith.

Decoration Day

The years that have elapsed since the Grand Army of the Republic was organized, the years that have passed since Decoration Day was instituted, have illustrated most plainly the shortness of the span of human life.

The years steadily encroached upon their alertness and numbers until now, in the short space of time that has flown, all are aged and decrepit.

There were, too, the gray-clad men on the other side who battled as valiantly for their states as the men in blue battled for the nation, and to them the rights of the states were as sacred as the integrity of the nation was to the men of the north.

It will be but a few more years until the last of the men in blue and the men in gray are gone—only the memory of them will remain. But, what a memory! One which will never die.

We are bound more closely together by the travail which at times has overtaken the country. The nation was born in a storm and the storm brought and held the colonists together.

If the nation had been born in peace and if that peace had never been disturbed, we may doubt whether we would have achieved those things that have been recorded in the intervals between storms.

There may never be another war. We hope there may be none and that the nation may keep alive its military spirit by holding in perpetual memory the glorious deeds of the men who established the union in '76 and those who maintained it in the '90's.

Of the deeds of Nisus and Euryalus, Vergil sang: "Wanted on Time's broad pinions, yours is fame. Ages on ages shall your fate admire. No future day shall see your names expire. While stands the Capitol, immortal dome, And vanquished millions hail the Empress Rome."

The Office for the Man

The army reorganization bill as it was agreed to in conference was long enough but as it was framed by Chairman Hay of the house military committee whose name it bears, it was infinitely worse.

This is the provision: "Of the vacancies created in the judge advocate general's department by this act, one such vacancy, not below the grade of major, shall be filled by the appointment of a person from civil life, not less than 45 nor more than 50 years of age, who shall have been for more than ten years a judge of the supreme court of the Philippine Islands, shall have served for two years as a captain of the regular or volunteer army and shall be proficient in the Spanish language and laws."

The casual reader may see nothing wrong in the peculiar qualifications herein prescribed. One possessing them would undoubtedly be fit, so far as they could fit him, for the office for which they are prescribed. But one might wonder, not at the qualifications but at the limitations. For instance, why the narrow age limitation? Why the civil life specification? Why should military service in a certain grade and no other, higher or lower, be specified? Why should proficiency in the Spanish language and laws be made a requisite? And why should the vacancy

to be filled by a person of these peculiar qualifications not be below the grade of major?

One would at once conclude that the section was drawn with reference to a particular individual. Under its terms it would be apparent that not many men would be qualified for it. In fact, there is only one man living eligible to that vacancy. He, it turns out, is Judge Carson of Mr. Hay's own state, Virginia.

Mr. Hay not only created an office for his friend but he created it to fit the exact measure of his friend's record. Efforts have been made in the past with more or less success to fit men for office but this is the one case where the office was made to fit the man to a nicety and to fit no other man.

The Thrifty Mr. Kitchin

Majority Leader Claude Kitchin of the house of representatives, the prototype of Mr. Bryan, it transpires, has a commercial soul. He has offered in the course of the last year many arguments against preparedness and especially against a greater navy.

Now, Mr. Kitchin announces that he will support the naval bill though he thinks its passage at this time is an economic mistake. This is not a good time to build battleships, cruisers and other war vessels. The prices of materials and labor are too high; they will be lower after the war.

The trouble with Mr. Kitchin's thrifty scheme is that we have to have warships when we need them and we have to make arrangements for them before hand. They cannot be built over night.

Also it is after the war which may end any day that we will need a stronger navy. We do not immediately need it and may not need it as long as the war lasts but many thoughtful men fear that we will need it very soon after peace is restored in Europe.

There are some things we require which we must obtain regardless of present or future market conditions. If a man needs a gun he needs it at once; he cannot wait on a possible reduction in the prices of firearms.

The Bulgarians may reply to M. Venizelos' hot complaint of their violation of Greek neutrality by pointing to the occupation of Saloniki by the entente allies. They may offer the same excuse for the invasion of Macedonia—military necessity which has covered in the present war a multitude of crimes against neutrals.

In the contest in the field of note-writing it is nip and tuck between President Wilson and Mister Caranza. The president has the advantage of being able to manipulate a typewriter.

THE CHARM OF SKY-GAZING

I love—and only too well, I fear—to sit in my garden summerhouse, forgetful of the task before me, and gaze out on a summer day over the beds where the bees are busy in the blue veronica and the goldfinches are swaying in the coming, to the doming hardwoods on the hill beyond, which throw their leafy outlines against the lower slopes of vast mountain ranges, mighty Himalayas robed in eternal snow, but with no terror in their billowy ravines—the ethereal heights of the cumuli. A great, snowy, pink-tipped cumulus cloud above a doming green hill, rising into the blue of the summer sky, the hum of bees, the scent of flowers, and far off, perhaps, the sweet shrill of children at play—who for such a picture would not neglect his work? Who, indeed, but would let even his imagination grow languid, and if Hamlet were to say, "It is very like a camel," would reply, "By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed," and when he said, "Or like a whale?" would answer quite as cheerfully, "Very like a whale." After all, camel or whale or Mount Everest—what does it matter? It is a great white cloud on a summer day!

But it is when we leave the city abruptly, where we have scarcely been aware of moon or stars, sunsets or sunrises, and go into camp, perhaps on the shore of some forest lake, or on the shoulder of a mountain, that we become most startlingly aware of the importance of the weather and the beauty and imminence of the sky. What camper, rising in the night to poke a dying fire, or waking on the ground with unaccustomed aches, has not looked up in sudden astonishment to the vault of stars, amazed at their number, and aware, too, with a strange, new sensitiveness, that they are shedding a perceptible radiance around him which he had never detected on his electrically illumined pavements? What camper on the mountainside, as he turned over on his back and looked up, nothing in his field of vision but the spire of stunted spruce and the great garden of the stars, has failed to sense with something akin to awe the eastward swing of the earth ball, a sense so sharp sometimes that all the stars seem the torches of a great procession marching by the other way, far aloft in the midnight? It is at such moments that the little cares and perplexities and ambitions of our human life seem most to fall away, to shrink into insignificance, and we feel new springs of power pouring in from the silent places; or, at the very least, we wonder if, after all, the life which is lived close to the earth and the sky does not hold something we have lost in our hurry, our herding, our unrest.—Walter Prichard Eaton in Harper's Magazine for June.

LOST

The late Gilman Marston, of New Hampshire, was arguing a complicated case, and looked up authoritatively back to Julius Caesar. At the end of an hour and a half, in the most intricate part of his plea, he was pained to see what looked like inattention. It was as he had feared. The judge was unable to appreciate the nice points of his argument. "Your Honor," he said, "I beg your pardon, but do you follow me?" "I have so far," answered the judge, shifting wearily about in his chair, "but I'll say frankly that if I thought I could find my way back, I'd quit right here."—Christian Register.

GEORGIANS IN BIG OUT DOOR PICNIC DINNER

Members of Society Hold Most Interesting Outing of Their History: Chicken Dinner and Afternoon Sports Program

The Georgian society held their annual picnic yesterday at Eastlake park and it was voted the best in their history. There were about two hundred present and old time southern hospitality was the order of the day.

After the dinner Guy Acuff, president of the society, called the Georgians to order and again welcomed the members and the friends to the gathering. He expressed his love for Georgia, the state of his nativity but that now he was an Arizonian and not a hyphenated one.

Geo. Harben, assistant attorney general was then introduced. Mr. Harben said the Georgians were called crackers and gubergabbers. They got the name of crackers because in the revolutionary war every time their guns would crack, there would be one English soldier less. Georgia was founded for criminals, but not the class of criminals we have today.

Judge Frank Duff of Nogales was then introduced. He stated that when he was invited the night before to be the guest of the society, he begged to be excused from making a talk that he was not an orator. He stated that he was not a Georgian but was born in a northern state.

Mr. Acuff then inquired if some one had found a long lady's silk glove that had been lost during the morning. Paul Beville of Mesa was then introduced. Mr. Beville stated that he had spent a few years of his life in Georgia. The place had been in California twenty-six years and in Arizona four. Nowhere did he find the warm heartedness and hospitality that is found in the south.

The committee on sports then reported. Miss Ruth Lloyd was selected as the prettiest girl present and received a box of candy. Mr. Geo. Harben as the ugliest man, received a prize of a corn cob pipe. Mr. Emil Ganz won the prize as the man with the longest hair and received as a prize, a red pair of socks.

A. D. Aiken from Wickenburg was then introduced. Mr. Aiken said that when he was asked to be present some time ago, he told the president that he did not know whether he could be present or not. When Mr. Acuff saw him today he told him he was to make a talk. He protested, but it did not avail. That all his impromptu speeches were prepared a month in advance. He came to Arizona to get a political job, but found that Acuff and Harben had pre-empted them. He was here in Arizona but some time he intended to go back to Georgia to live.

The following sports were indulged in: Fat man's race won by James P. Lavin. This was a preliminary to the race he expects to make this fall. Potato race, eight little girls, won by Minnie Cross. Sack race for boys, won by Eben Elder. Sack race for girls won by Fay Hughes.

Mail driving contest for women won by Mrs. W. J. McKee. Foot race for boys won by Oakley Winters.

Mr. Emil Ganz was the oldest Georgian present being 78 years of age. He went to Georgia in 1859 from Germany. At the outbreak of the war he was postmaster at Cedar Point, appointed by President Buchanan. He had learned the trade of a tailor in Germany. When the war broke out, the good women of the town asked him if he would not help them in making uniforms for the soldiers. He responded by cutting out suits and the women made them. When the

THOROUGHLY BREED DAIRY STOCKS

Large Shipment of Registered Holsteins Reveals Wealth of Dairy Industry in Valley Possible Under Advanced Methods

There has just been made a shipment of registered Holstein cattle to the valley, consisting of three-year-old cows and some choice heifers. This big shipment includes some of the finest breeding and heavy milk producing strains in existence.

This is further proven by the wonderfully increasing production of butter for the valley. Shippers have been hunting the country over for the best cows that could be obtained and it is said that today there is here a class of as high grade cattle as any country can boast of.

It is maintained that the valley will safely carry 100,000 dairy cows. The production per month of this number would give a money distribution in the valley of at least \$8,000,000 per month. This of course will give the local creameries and condensing plants a sufficient volume to maintain a sales organization large enough to insure the best markets and resulting better prices.

The creameries now operating in Salt River valley are splendidly equipped and a credit to the state. They have up to the minute equipment and develop their facilities just a little in advance of the production of the valley. It is generally believed that sanitary conditions will be rapidly improved and before long all dairy cattle will be given fresh pumped water instead of "ditch" water.

FAIR TAGGERS MET WITH OPEN HEARTS

Liberal Response Meets Young Women Who Raise Large Fund for Silver Service

One hundred and eighty-eight dollars and fifty-five cents, was the sum total realized yesterday by the young ladies of Phoenix, selling tags for the benefit of the silver service for the battleship Arizona fund.

Taking into consideration the short time available for the sale of the tags, the amount collected is nothing less than remarkable. Just prior to the forming of the Memorial Day Parade and during its passage through the streets there was a large crowd down town. The young ladies, took advantage of their opportunity with a vengeance. No one was passed up, and practically everyone came across with sums varying from ten cents to ten dollars.

Miss Sophie Robbins got the highest donation for a single tag, \$10.00. Although the sum raised yesterday, will add considerably in making up Phoenix' share of the money to be paid for the silver service, another tag day will be held on the Fourth of July, when a more extensive canvass will be held.

The city yesterday was divided into four districts in charge of the following managers and assistants: First ward: Mrs. E. B. O'Neill, manager and Dr. Rosa Goodrich Boido, assistant. Second ward: Mrs. J. H. Williams, manager, and Mrs. Henry Baswitz, assistant. Third ward: Mrs. J. L. B. Alexander, manager and Mrs. B. E. Marks, assistant. Fourth ward: Miss Portella Brown, manager, and Mrs. J. D. Henderson, assistant.

The selling committee, Misses Dorothy Warner, Beth Thomas, Pauline Shaw, Imogene Bellas, Winifred Clark, Tina Brown, Doris Palmer, Crissie Temple, Ruth Palmer, Catherine Sabra Eleanor Hulet, Ruth McDermott, Gladys Kelly, Ruth Goldberg, Bernice Hecker, Lucille West, Lucille Grable, Stora Cluff, Nellie Temple, Bernice Shackelford, Mary Hulet, Angela Marshall, Adelaide Platt, Helen Platt, Fernie Johnson, Edith Norton, Mary Aiken Ida May Golze, Bertha Hughes, Ruth Behn, Laura Clark, Max Coggins, Doris Feekings, Marguerite Clark, Sofia Robinson, Naomi Reed, Mildred Reed, Snow Conrad, Emaline Porterie, Marlan Halderman, Mary Sloan, Helen Sheldon, Alta Lewis, Mary Louise Pinney and Mrs. Hortense Towne.

TO TOW BARGE ACROSS OCEAN (Republican A. P. Leased Wire) NEWPORT NEWS, Va., May 30.—A venture without precedent in the history of trans-Atlantic trade, shipping men say, will be undertaken tomorrow by American steamer Charles F. Mayor when she leaves Hampton Roads for Havre with a sugar-laden barge in tow.

call for a second company came and the women again asked his assistance he again gladly responded and said he would make one for himself also, which he did and went with his company to the front. Mr. Ganz has been in Arizona since 1874.

BUICK BULLETIN

BATTERIES Again this is battery day. Don't forget about the distilled water. Drive your car in and have it inspected.

BABBITT-POLSON CO.

M. E. CONFERENCE SESSIONS CLOSE

(Republican A. P. Leased Wire) SARATOGA SPRINGS, May 30.—The sessions of the twenty-seventh general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church held here during the last four weeks, were concluded.

The board of bishops made public conference assignments including the following: Bishop Adna W. Leonard, Nevada Mission, Sparks, Nev. Aug. 31; Pacific Chinese Mission, San Francisco, Sept. 17; Pacific Japanese Mission, Santa Cruz, Calif., Sept. 14; California Santa Cruz, Sept. 18; Bishop William O. Sheppard, Colorado, Sterling, Colo., August 30; Wyoming State, Douglas, Wyo., Sept. 6; Utah Mission, Sept. 7; New Mexico, El Paso, Tex., Sept. 28; De Ridder, La., Nov. 15; Bishop Francis J. McConnell, West Grant, Denver, Colo., Sept. 6; Upper Iowa, Waterloo, Iowa, Sept. 29; Mexico conference, Mexico, Southwestern Swedish Scandinavia, Kansas, August 24.

INNES ON TRIAL

(Republican A. P. Leased Wire) ATLANTA, May 30.—Victor E. Innes, the Oregon lawyer acquitted several months ago in Texas on charges of murdering Beatrice Neims and Eloise Neims Dennis, was placed on trial here today.

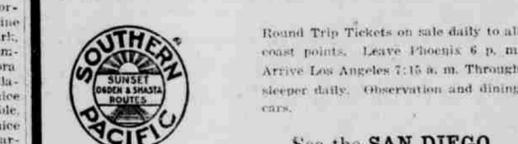
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