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TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 19, 1916

I pledge myself to the cause of national defense and will endeavor to be a patriotic servant of the republic to my life's end, and do all that in my power lies to secure my country from the hands of every foe. Frances Whitaker Baker.

Let the Speeder Beware!
We would respectfully suggest to some of our enthusiastic automobilists that now is a most desirable time for them to take their machines in hand and work their speed down a little below their accustomed thirty mile an hour gait, especially in the district in Phoenix bounded by Second street and Second avenue and Jefferson and Van Buren streets.

We are reliably informed that steps are being taken, in behalf of said fair-time visitors to permit them a freer use of our down town streets than is at present possible, although, to our regret, this may temporarily interfere with the speedway artists who are now in apparent ownership of our streets. It has been said that a movement is under way to secure the aid of the police department in this matter, and that it is not impossible that some of the amateur Oldfields may be required to separate themselves from a considerable quantity of coin in token of their penance.

The Public Domain

In a report issued recently by Secretary of the Interior Lane, we read that in Arizona there yet remain over twenty-three million acres of land in the "public domain." Only four states have greater areas thus classified, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico and Wyoming. Arizona's twenty-three million acres were but a few years ago regarded as of practically no value, today we know that already ways and means have been found to put thousands of acres to a practical and beneficial use, and that the scientists are hinting at discoveries, close at hand, which will unlock an immeasurable treasure, now hidden in the secrets of mountain and desert.

Twenty-three million acres, a domain that is an empire, an area ten times as large as cultivated area of Norway whose products amount to \$70,000,000 annually, and over one hundred times as large as the irrigable area of the Salt River valley. And then, when the strength of the great Colorado has been harnessed to the mines and the soil of Arizona, and there yet remain "new worlds to conquer," some one will have found the secret of the sun and new kingdoms will be added to the empire. Here's energy enough to the acre, wasted each day through the long Arizona summer-time, to drive great motors, and its availability is already an established fact, although not on an economical basis.

New uses for the old desert plants, and new plants for the old desert, here too, are possibilities beyond number or limit. Already the ocotilla is yielding, and in large quantities, a gum from which real rubber is being made, and Arizona may, before long, have distanced the rubber plantations of the Congo in the production of caoutchouc, even as her copper mines have set a record beyond those of Michigan and Montana.

A Story of Jutland

Some day, when "military reasons" permit, the public may receive a complete and detailed report of the great naval battle of Jutland. Military experts have apparently not yet found any common ground for agreement, other than that losses were tremendous on both sides. The fact remains, however, that the Germans were unable to break through the British line, and whatever the cost of this may have been to the defenders, they gave ample proof of their ability to maintain the blockade which they regard as so necessary to the successful prosecution of the war.

In a series of articles now appearing in the New York Tribune, Alfred Noyes contributes many interesting side-lights on the great sea fight. It may be remembered that for some time the Berlin dispatches claimed that the battle cruiser Warrior was numbered among the boats lost by the British, but the Warrior herself soon gave evidence that the account of her "demise," was like that of the reported death of Mark Twain, as he himself once said, "a sadly exaggerated statement." Noyes visited the Warrior while she was undergoing repairs, and has this story to tell of her part in the fight: "It is true that she had been battered heavily, for

she had taken on no less than eight German ships. One hole was about the size of a small church window, and she had many dents. But the real damage done was not great, and the spirits of her men were very great indeed. This is the way in which they tossed aside their crowns of heroism. In the hottest part of the fight they had executed an extraordinary manoeuvre. The Warrior was being very badly mauled at the time, and the Warspite came between her and the enemy, taking all the punishment, paying as much back as she could, and slowly revolving like a great cat chasing its tail, all her guns coming into play in turn. The Warrior was saved, and every one aboard agreed that this manoeuvre of the Warspite was a new and a remarkable one, deserving of much gratitude. Whereupon a deputation was sent to the Warspite bearing gifts—boxes of cigars and sundry bottles—that would in most cases arouse enthusiasm. "Take 'em, mates; you saved us," said the grateful emissaries. "Take 'em back, you blighters!" was the reply, roared through a gale of Homeric laughter. "Take 'em back! We didn't try to save you. We was chasing our own damned tail. 'Ow could we 'elp it? Our 'elm was jammed."

A correspondent writes the Kansas City Star that "An excellent lady, a member of the church, delighted me this afternoon by telling me that she never takes either ice or milk on Sunday." Excellent idea indeed, but how about the cow? Not until some enterprising breeder has produced cows capable of carefully preserving the Sabbath in connection with their milk-producing activities, can we lend our whole-hearted support to the milkless Sunday idea. As soon as the Milk Cows Union indicates its ability and desire to operate strictly on a six day basis, the Kansas City lady's suggestion will be in order, and not before. There are necessarily some exceptions to Sunday observance regulations, and we remember how the Scotch school teacher when he was discovered one Sunday afternoon, doing work for some of his backward students, answered his accusers with a verse from Luke, "Which of you shall have an ass fall into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath day?" Anyway, the idea seems to be gaining popularity that one of the best ways to "remember the Sabbath" is to keep the week-day holy.

Have you heard anyone who spent part of their vacation in the middle west complain about Arizona's hot summers. Never again, Arizona's hottest July and August on record, taken together and thoroughly mixed with a few extra sandstorms, are preferable, we are told, to the unbearable tropic heat and mugginess which dominated weather conditions east of the Rockies this year. "A prophet hath no honor in his own country," and the same might be said of Arizona's summer climate. Arizona offers a genuine bargain counter of summer climates, hot, cool or frigid, wet, dry or moist. You buy your ticket, or cank your Ford, and take your choice.

This has been a great year for all Salt River valley products. Pity the big ranchers, what a dilemma they have had forced upon them. We know of one ranch on the south side which each year makes a regular practice of bringing in cattle and fattening them for a rather noticeable profit, and now comes along General Prosperity and marks the price of alfalfa up so high that it's a serious problem whether to sell the hay or to feed it. One sure thing, there are going to be more good automobiles sold to the ranchers of the Salt River valley this winter than in any past two seasons together.

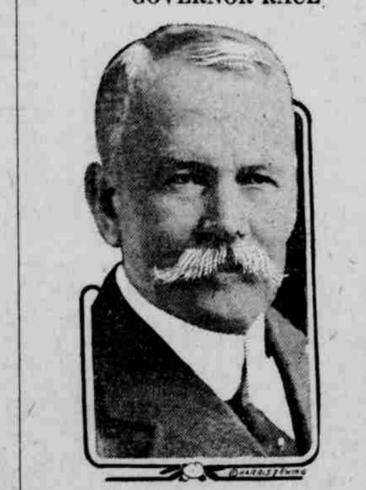
Did you know that practically all general records for profits on cantaloupes were broken here this year? We have just learned of one farmer in the Mesa district who netted \$375 an acre. This beats Harry Welch's best booster story by a long way. Of course, we know that no real estate man will quote this high figure as an average, for the average is big enough to suit anyone.

The season's champion bale of cotton in Texas has just brought its grower \$132.25. The bale weighed 711 pounds and sold for \$108.43, and the seed brought \$24.85. Good for Texas, but just wait until the champion bale of Salt River valley Egyptian cotton is marketed.

WHERE IT STOPS
Artistic temperament can't eat corn off the cob—Toledo Blade.

"Why do you specialize on rutabagas?" "Well, nobody wants to steal 'em. There's no temptation to eat 'em yourself. Nothing hurts 'em. It's a sure crop."—Chicago Journal.

SWEET TO MAKE GOVERNOR RACE.



Edwin F. Sweet, assistant secretary of commerce, has promised Michigan Democrats that he will make the run for governor on their ticket this fall. Mr. Sweet hails from Grand Rapids and before his appointment to his present post represented his district, normally Republican, in the lower house of congress for two years.

BROCADED PAJAMAS DISPLACE NIGHTIE



Here is the very latest decree of the high court of fashion. You positively must retire costumed in brocade crepe de chine pajamas to be in style. This fetching night attire is of pale pink brocade crepe de chine and is topped off with a dainty lace night-cap.

LOCAL HUNTERS FIND OIL IN MARSHY SPOT

Interest in the oil development work by E. L. Holmes and associates is increasing. Recently, W. L. Finny, a well known Phoenix hunter, and others have called attention to the fact that frequently in the past when they visited the marshes near the river, where the properties of the Easter Oil, Gas and Mining company, have created their well drilling rig they have reported seeing oil on the water at various times where the springs came up in this marsh. This marsh, or "slough" as it is called by the hunters, is an attractive place for Phoenix hunters during duck season. The springs bubbling from the ground make quite an extensive body of water, it therefore, seems that oil comes out of the springs with the water in the marsh. This is another one of the indications that have come to light that has put enthusiasm into the proposition that is bringing about the present development. It begins to look to many men interested in this oil property, including many oil experts, that there is no doubt but that the surface indications are as good for oil in that section as those encountered anywhere in the beginning of the development of the great fields of the country. The property of the Easter Oil, Gas and Mining company lies twelve miles south of Phoenix, which is just south of the Salt River mountains. It is in a basin where two ranges of mountains approach each other and where the oil experts say, a "pool" would naturally form. The location of the drilling was made by E. L. Holmes, who initiated the developing work here, and who, before coming to Arizona, had many years of oil field experience in Louisiana. The company has erected a 74-foot derrick and is getting ready for operations. Oil experts who have recently visited the property and who have made examinations have approved Mr. Holmes' judgment in the exact location of the rig. The development of a big oil field within twelve miles of Phoenix is of utmost significance. For many years there have been proposed developments for oil in various parts of Arizona, but usually depth is not attained before the attempt is given up. That is the principal factor that will enter in the development of this Maricopa county oil field. Arrangements have been made whereby a great depth will be made if necessary to reach this prospective oil field.

TREES ARE KILLED BY POISONED MASH

W. E. L'Hame of Cochise, Arizona, writes the following in regard to the use of poisoned mash for destroying grasshoppers: "I will relate to you my experience with hoppers in my orchard this year, as it may prove valuable to some other farmers in the future. When fighting the hoppers I placed around every tree poisoned bran mash about every other day. So in the course of time quite a bit accumulated around every tree. As soon as the rainy season began, the hoppers let up and my orchard made a new start. After a few days, however, my trees began to die. A close examination showed that the rain water dissolved the poison and killed the bark where the trunk meets the earth. As long as the weather continued dry the poison was inactive, and it should have been removed before the rains came. I lost nearly 50 per cent of my trees but hope it will help some one else from similar mistakes."

COUNTRY CENTRAL COMMITTEE CALLED TO MEET THURSDAY

Finding no way to get around the conflict in the statutes which decree that the state central committee must meet before the county committees from which the membership of the central body is selected, the republican state central committee has devised a plan of action, described in the following telegram, sent to all county chairmen yesterday: "State committee meets September 25, and county committees September 26. Suggest meeting of old and new county committees Thursday, September 21. Resignation of old and appointment of new committees, then tentative appointment of new state committee and if possible securing of proxies to state meeting."

CAPITOL ELEVATOR ALMOST DERELICT

Several hundred people took their lives in their hands yesterday, and risked death or injury without even knowing it. Like the little hero that he is, Tommy Howard, elevator conductor at the state house kept his counsel and all day long rode up and down in the lift, knowing that the elevator repair man had just told him that if anyone weighing more than 75 pounds got into his cage there would be a drop in the market, rivaling none ever known before.

Upon the arrival of Tom Campbell, candidate on the republican ticket for governor and member of the state tax commission, that body went into executive session and took up the matter of assessing the two express companies in the state. The companies are assessed upon a basis of their gross receipts. The two companies, the Wells Fargo, and the United Verde and Pacific R. R. company, which is classed as an express company, have done more business in the past year than in 1915. The gross business is arrived at by the commission, by deducting the railroad expenses from the gross receipts. The Wells Fargo did a business of \$119,210.15, while the United Verde, which runs from Clarkdale to Jerome, did a business of \$4,187.45, which is a total increase of \$25,619.47 over the year

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MISSING PRECINCTS LEAVE BONE ON TOP

Returns from Wickenburg and McDowell have not changed the result of the primary election. The board of supervisors received the delayed boxes from the outlying districts yesterday and announced that the count had not affected any of the nominations. The closest race, that of county assessor between T. Bone, the present incumbent in office, who is said to be seven votes ahead of T. M. Burroughs whose friends claim he has received the nomination, has not been changed. McDowell returned two votes for Burroughs which are offset by the Wickenburg vote of two for Bone. The supervisors began canvassing the returns at nine o'clock yesterday morning and when the office closed at five o'clock, not half the 77 precincts had been gone over. Clerk of the Board, Clarence Standaug said he believed however, that by this evening the official count will be completed. Those who have seen Mary Pickford in "Hilda From Holland" have spoken of its freedom from the usual objectionable features of modern film plays. There was no "sex," no "lure," no "past," and no "problem." The plot was a trifle weird, but it was clean. And yet, managers says, "Hilda" is a financial success. It had very little besides its cleanliness. Maybe that is why it is successful. Do you suppose any producer will have the nerve to try another clean film?

WRIGLEY'S



"I always keep a supply at the studio and some at home—it's a friend in need."

If You Were

a great movie actress, getting — oh, ever-so-much per move, playing emotional leads in which you had to emote for all you were worth through several thousand feet of film — you too would find solace and refreshment in this delicious mint-flavored goody.



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