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SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 16, 1920

**Discourage cunning in a child;  
 cunning is the ape of wisdom.**  
 —Locke.

**General Wood's Message**

The message which General Wood is sending out to the men and women who so loyally supported him in the primary campaign, cannot but produce a great effect in cementing together the elements of the republican party, not only in the few remaining days of the campaign but in the next administration. The support of General Wood, like that of Colonel Roosevelt, came from two sources. Much of the strength of the latter lay in his powerful personal following, but, of course, the greater part of it was in the men and women who were attracted to him by the doctrines he espoused to be enunciated in the Progressive platform. But how this support was divided was never exactly determined. We remember that William Allen White once asked after the 1912 campaign, "What was the ratio in your state of Roosevelt Progressives to Progressives?" But most of those who had been attracted to Colonel Roosevelt by his personality alone, embraced his doctrines later and became indistinguishable from what Mr. White, though a warm admirer and follower of Colonel Roosevelt, had described as "real Progressives." All of them were arrayed against standstillism. In 1916 a majority of the progressives followed Colonel Roosevelt in support of Mr. Hughes, though somewhat reluctantly. In Ohio, Kansas and California, many of them, largely for local reasons, did not. But in the present campaign, however, great may have been their disappointment at the defeat of General Wood, there was nothing in the public record of Governor Cox, and certainly, nothing in the circumstances attending his nomination, to appeal to them.

A very large majority of progressives at the outset turned to Senator Harding, regretful, though, of his associations. They were sympathetic onlookers rather than active co-laborers. But now, with the message of General Wood to them, in a sense, underwriting the campaign, and Senator Harding's purposes, they will take a renewed interest in the campaign, looking forward to the real part they will have in the next four years in the remaking of the party which was the aim of a very large number of the men and women who took part in the progressive movement eight years ago.

**Maricopa's Roads**

There was a time when Maricopa county might have been open to criticism for neglecting its share of road building to bring the different parts of the state together. But that criticism will not lie now. The execution of the so-called county road program is the construction of the most important link in a state highway system—we should say, a rank of links, for there are many of them in seventy-four miles of roads, all helping to connect the east with the west and the north with the south. While none of the many roads under the county program will quite reach a county boundary, several of them will approach closely, and in due time, when these brief gaps are filled, Maricopa will have constructed links across itself, completing five state highways.

A statement by the chairman of the board of supervisors, printed by The Republican yesterday should be given wide circulation in order that a wrong impression of Maricopa as a road builder may be removed.

Primarily, of course, the county highway system was designed to benefit the people of this county, to link together the sections of the county and, perhaps, some of us never looked beyond and considered the part that the county system would inevitably play in a state system. But it does play a most important part since Maricopa is situated as a sort of cross roads. Through it traffic from all parts of the state must pass. Its roads, or seventy-four miles of them, are used more for through traffic than those of any other section of the state.

We are claiming no special credit for what Maricopa has done for the state, or is preparing to do as a road-builder, for, as we have admitted, the county is primarily building for itself, though the whole state becomes the beneficiary. The money Maricopa has spent on bridges has been money spent for the whole state and in mind the time when a paved road in Maricopa county will run to and join a permanent highway in every adjoining county.

**The Federal Reserve Board and Its Administration**

The paper of Colonel W. B. Thompson of New Orleans on the cotton situation in the south, which was printed in part in The Republican yesterday, pointing the way in which the southern planters may find relief, is an arrangement of the inefficiency of the federal reserve board, though not of the system which Colonel Thompson declares to be a highly beneficial one. His illustration is an apt one. A chicken may justly complain of the carelessness of a hen-carrier who drops a brick upon his head without demanding the repeal of the very useful and excellent law of gravitation.

The board appears not to know how to employ the system in some emergencies; to lack breadth of vision; to be unable to estimate what effect one proceeding may have upon apparently remote and un-associated figures.

When, last summer the board made use of the system to assuage the standard of high prices it had popular approval because it seemed to be aimed at the back of the profiteers. It compelled their release of large stocks of bonds and raw materials which had been accumulated by means of credits that

had been extended to them. Naturally when these credits were withdrawn, the holdings collapsed, were dissipated and the result was falling prices.

The difficulty was found to be in controlling the cataclysm which had thus been intentionally invoked. When one attempts to knock down only a part of a house of cards he is almost certain to disturb the whole structure. In the ancient game of jacksnaws we have all recognized the delicacy of touch necessary to remove a particular straw without a fatal disturbance of one or more of its neighbors.

It seemed impossible; it may have been, but perhaps it was not, to strike at certain corners which had been constructed by the profiteers without demolishing legitimate holdings. But it is always a difficult matter to force or regulate prices without a regard to economic laws and avoid disaster to somebody. At any rate widespread disaster followed the action of the federal reserve board with little or no benefit to any part of the public. On second thought, we believe that the action of the federal reserve board was not wholly without beneficial result. It was followed by a reduction of the price of silk shirts, and to that extent the woes of suffering humanity were ameliorated. Many young men who had been obliged to work the greater part of a week to secure the means of buying a silk shirt, could then buy one with the proceeds of three or four days' hard labor.

The usefulness of the federal reserve system has been established beyond question. That a bad use of it may be made by unskillful men has also been established. No one would want the system abandoned or seriously tinkered with but all of us would want a different administration of it from that which has recently been given it.

**The Diminution of Governor Cox**

It is a good thing for Governor Cox that the campaign is so nearly over. It was demonstrated from the beginning that a presidential contest was too big an enterprise for the caliber of Governor Cox. As it proceeded the governor constantly denuded and diminished. He became peevish and was disposed to engage in small bickering with all who disagreed with him. He made a personal affair all disputes of a public character. He questioned the motives of all opponents. It never seemed to occur to him that two men or two parties could honestly differ and neither be sure of being quite right. Governor Cox has everywhere detected a conspiracy against him. Not long ago he complained that the newspapers were banded together to "do him dirt," when as a matter of fact, more space was being given by the news-gathering agencies to the tour of Governor Cox than to the movements of Senator Harding. So marked was this that several good republicans who are not familiar with newspaper technique have complained to The Republican that it was giving more news space and greater prominence to Cox than to Harding. We could only explain that we had printed what the Associated Press had sent and that very naturally the appearance of Governor Cox at a new place every day was more fruitful of news than the daily reception held by Senator Harding on his front porch. Likewise in 1896 the tour of the country by Mr. Bryan developed more interesting news than the quiet gatherings on the lawn of the home of Mr. McKinley at Canton, Ohio.

The latest close-up we have of Governor Cox is in an undignified quarrel with small boys in Ohio towns. We will confess that the small boy, that is, the boy between the age of 12 and 15 is frequently a nuisance. He can do the most provoking things. We never blamed very much Elijah for "sicking" the bears upon the boys who annoyed him, but we never thought quite as much of that major prophet as we should have done if he had not so yielded to irritation because those youth directed attention in an offensive manner to his need of a hair restorer.

And if our estimate of the size of Governor Cox had not been steadily declining as the campaign lengthened, it would have fallen with a hard jolt when we read that he had got into a quarrel with little boys at Wapakoneta, Ohio, and called them liars when they had denied that they were not in the employ of the Republican National committee to annoy him.

If the reporters, the printers and the proof readers of The Republican will only yield to our entreaty to print it "beneficial" and not "beneficent" we will face death with resignation if not intrepidity.

**THE THOUGHT OF GOD**

By Dr. James I. Vance  
 The thought of God is one which everybody has. We may not give God the same attributes nor call Him by the same name. We may not always believe that the thought has an answering reality, but there are few so crude and untaught but have moments when across the field of their mental vision there drifts the thought of God. Where does the thought come from?

The race seems always to have had it. You can go back far enough to find a world without the thought of God. The race started with it. Almost if not quite the first act of conscious being was a recognition of man's responsibility to the supreme power that rules the world.

Was it invented? In the annals of the race we have preserved the names of many of the sages and philosophers and statesmen and poets and pioneers and history makers and world builders, but you will search in vain for the name of the man who invented the thought of God.

Is it a superstition? If so, from the cleverest people in the world have embraced it. The people who believe in God are not all fools and mental incompetents. If it be a superstition, what lends plausibility to the thought? It has lasted too long to be a lie.

Is it an evolution? If so, from what has it been evolved? It was full grown when first seen. It is not the kind of thought that is produced so much as the kind that produces. It is one of the great dynamic ideas of the race.

If, then, it is a thought that everyone has, that the race has always had, if it is not an invention nor a superstition nor an evolution, where did the thought of God come from?

The most plausible explanation is that it has come as every other high, straight, true thought has come—from reality. Back of the thought of God is the fact of God. Men have thought God because God is.

**CONCRETE SHIPS**

The United States Shipping Board has ordered discontinued work on a concrete ship building at Oakland, California, and there are those who think that this is the death knell of the stone vessel as a freight carrier. Nevertheless the construction and navigation of the steamer, Faith, has proved that such a ship was a structural possibility.

**CLAIMS AGAINST MEXICO**

Mexico seems to owe about half a billion dollars in American gold. Claims for indemnity from citizens of twelve different nations including Mexico, have been presented amounting to \$21,952,414. These claims include \$12,914 of Americans filed with the Mexican claims commission in Mexico City, but do not include claims filed with the United States government amounting to \$25,793,099.

**COMME BLACK**  
 PHOENIX MUST HND WILL HAVE A DRY LINE TO NOAGLES  
 A Weekly With a Hump on It. We Cover the Desert.  
 Price: Tut! Tut!  
 Ariz., Oct. 16, '20  
 Eighty-Eighth Trip

**OUR OWN ELECTION CATAclysm**

What is an election?  
 An election is a battle between the "Ins" and the "Outs." It is an excuse for making charges and counter charges.  
 When does the battle begin?  
 It begins with the conventions.  
 What is a convention?  
 A convention is a test for the survival of the unfitted.  
 What is the purpose of the convention?  
 To show us what a fine theory "popular" government is.  
 Who is referred to in the phrase, "the people's choice"?  
 Usually the candidates turned down by the conventions.  
 After the convention, then what?  
 Then comes the campaign for votes.  
 What is a political campaign?  
 A political campaign is little copy corner of hell, brought up here for the inspection of the "peepul," it's a battery of squirt guns filled with mud; it is anything but something pleasant.  
 Who are the "Ins"?  
 The "Ins," according to the "Outs" are crooks, liars, and thieves.  
 Who are the "Outs"?  
 The "Outs," according to the "Ins," are thieves, liars and crooks.  
 Who is right in this respect?  
 Nine times out of ten, both sides are right in this matter—at one and the same time.  
 What is a political issue?  
 A political issue is some thrown to the "peepul" from biting him on the ankle.  
 Can anything be done to remedy this deplorable condition of affairs?  
 Mebbe, stranger, imebbe. But did you ever try taking a bone away from an hungry dog.  
 (To Be Continued)

**IN A TIGHT**

By Edith Rockwood  
 Within my little innards I have a little still.  
 And when I eat a little food, as anybody will.  
 Who doesn't weigh so very much and who has no strength to lose.  
 The dietetic gossens claim that I am making booze.  
 They say a little sugar and of starch a trifling bit.  
 And other wicked things I eat without a-knowing it.  
 Well, when they're mixed together, though the mixing is well meant,  
 The consequences far exceed the legalized per cent.  
 Oh, if those prohibition agents ever smell my breath.  
 They'll put me in the cooler and they'll make me sicker to death;  
 I always have obeyed the law, I swear I always will;  
 But, jinks! I don't know what to do, about my little still!

**FORTY YEARS AGO TODAY**

From the Phoenix Herald, which was absorbed by The Arizona Republican in 1899, and for a time was published as an evening edition

Saturday, October 16, 1880.  
 Indianapolis, Oct. 15.—Returns from 85 counties give a Republican majority in the state of 6880. It is now certain that the Republicans have carried the fifteenth Indiana district.  
 Columbus, Oct. 15.—Townsend's majority will be 19,000 and the others on the Republican ticket about 22,000.  
 San Francisco, Oct. 15.—Nathan C. Holland, United States inspector of elections, is having hundreds of warrants issued for the arrest of persons charged with fraud in connection with registration.  
 New York, Oct. 15.—The Republican national executive committee have decided to direct their efforts to carry Florida, North Carolina and Virginia.  
 Legal News  
 The people of Arizona are told that they should vote for Oury in preference to Mr. Stewart because he has resided here 25 years while Mr. Stewart only six. The Democratic press tells us that Oury is an Indian slayer and was one of the advance guard of civilization. Very well; was not Mr. Stewart one of the pioneers of Colorado? Ask Mr. Ganz of Phoenix, who is politically opposed to Mr. Stewart and who was his neighbor in Colorado. These questions are plain, gentlemen, and easy of solution. We mean to be just in all things and we present them with candor. Stewart is wide awake, a worker; Cary is lazy and sleepy.

**Jean White's Adventures in Arizona**

This Tale Tells Of a New And Delightful Place In Which Many Phoenix People Eat

Don't you think, when you are so tired that you are sure that you cannot possibly go a single step farther, that there is nothing so refreshing as tea? Especially when you can have this tea in a lovely tea room with a group of congenial friends to enjoy it with you? Tea, you know, is almost as old as time itself and has been a favorite beverage for many centuries.

Yesterday afternoon, just as I had about decided that life was no longer worth living, I met Mrs. Allison and Marjorie who had been shopping. And they invited me to the Ranch House to tea with them. And I went!

I wonder if you all know what and where the Ranch House is. It is a new dapperly, tied and dyed in gorgeous colors of white and with wonderful draperies, tied and dyed in gorgeous Spanish colors done by hand, hanging at the clear windows. And I do want to tell you about the adorable little apples! Some of the smartest young women found while a few are for a larger number. And on these little tables, which are enameled in shiny white, are cunning little salt and pepper shakers, little flowers painted on them. And then the finishing touch is added by service mats of black on which more brightly colored flowers appear. The white room and tables, with the black mats and the bright colored flowers really make a wonderfully attractive combination. And yet it is as dainty as anything I have ever seen. Even the little marmalade jars are different and add the final touch to a perfect arrangement by having on the covers a few more gay flowers.

And not a little of the charm of the Ranch House is added by the hostesses, Miss Margaret Anson and Miss Mary Wilson, who are college trained and who are experts in tea room work. Miss Anson and Miss Wilson have made a special study of dietetics, and thoroughly understand just how a properly balanced meal should be arranged. And of course it is really the excellent cooking itself that makes the Ranch House the entire success that it is.

When Mr. Tired Business Man resorts to the Ranch House for lunch, he knows that he will have the proper balance of carbohydrates, proteins and apple pie. And that they are right is easily testified to by the crowds of business men and women who each day lunch, either alone or with friends at the Ranch House. Every meal is prepared with special attention to the proper balancing of the food values, for Miss Anson and Miss Wilson have conducted tea rooms before coming to Phoenix and thoroughly understand just what is required to make a perfect meal.

And then too, private luncheons and dinners at the Ranch House are fast becoming the thing, and although the Ranch House only recently opened its doors it promises to be the social rendezvous for Phoenix society folk. It really is such a lovely way to entertain, don't you think, to ask a number of friends to dine with you at such a delightful place as the Ranch House. And you can feel assured that dinner will be perfectly prepared and as perfectly served. Mrs. Allison has invitations out now for a dinner to be given there next week and I know of several more affairs that will be given at the Ranch House.

And later on in the season, after theater suppers will be a special attraction at the Ranch House, as will suppers to precede or follow dancing parties. And afternoon teas are already on in full swing, for hardly a day passes but that a group of women may be seen at the dainty tables, each with her group of friends. During the time that Mrs. Allison and Marjorie and I were there we saw several of the smartest women in Phoenix come in with their friends. But the women haven't a monopoly on the Ranch House. Indeed not. Every day at noon a large number of business men are in the pretty home-like rooms, chatting with friends and eating the delicious noontime luncheon. And it isn't far out to the Ranch House at all. One can walk to North Central and Roosevelt in a very few minutes. And the Ranch House is the big house with the lively long porch on the front. Or perhaps you may be fortunate enough to possess an automobile and then you won't have to walk. Lots of the business girls and women eat there and it seems that one who goes there once is sure to return. Marjorie and I are going every opportunity that we have.

I almost forget to mention that the prices are also something of an attraction to this place. For 75 cents one is served a substantial and delicious luncheon, while the dinners are \$1.25, with Sunday dinners at \$1.50. And the dinner hours are from 6 o'clock until 9.

**TRADING AT HOME**

For nearly three months now we have been trying to get a copy of Frank Adams' "Something Else Again," and still we are without the book. The first local book store took the order and promised to phone us when the book came. After two weeks we dropped in and asked about the book. "We have heard nothing from the order," you'll have to wait a while," was the assurance.  
 At the end of three weeks we heard nothing of the order, and at the close of the fourth week we dropped into the store and told them to "forget" the order for the book. We wanted to read it on our vacation, and we were leaving the next day.  
 About three weeks ago—possibly four—we called at another of our leading book stores and asked if they had a copy of "Something Else Again."  
 "No—," the prop. ruminated. "I don't think we have. But we can get it for you if you give us the order," he cheerfully solicited.  
 "Yeah, I know. Your competitor down the street wasted four weeks of my time with such a promise. I haven't got the book yet."  
 The old duck was hurt and he said resignedly, "Well if you want to make us suffer for the poor work of our competitor, all right. All right." On the same day we sent to Field's at Chicago for Arnold Bennett's new book, "Our Women." Just eight days later Purple ordered that the book was not out of the press yet but would be sent just as soon as it was put on the market. Last Monday another card came saying that the book is on the way.

**THEY ARE FARSIGHTED WOMEN**

(From The Republican's Club Notes)  
 The 1920-1921 calendar is overflowing with attractive numbers.  
 "There is no monotony about Gazette headlines," advises our revered contemporary. As for instance, Gazette head, "Farmer Confesses to Killing His Daughter" over a story telling of the arrest of a farmer attempting to kill his daughter and for killing his daughter's two children.  
 Chicago, it is announced, is to have a laundry workers' college. Diplomas and special diplomas for the local Northwestern alumni club promises to give every man, woman and child in Phoenix a ham sandwich. The losing Badgers, we understand, will furnish the mustard.  
 Illinois and Michigan showed up strong Saturday by beating their opponents in practice games by top-heavy scores.  
 Will Ed Harrington be good enough to run the football scores tomorrow?  
 Warning: We are figuring on fringing some of our own jokes and songs. Only four trains out of Phoenix daily.

**MORE SPORT NOTES**

Well, the biggest upset in conference football last Saturday was the defeat of Minnesota by Northwestern; score 17 to 0. Chicago beat Purdue 20 to 0. No other conference games played.  
 It was the first time since 1899 that Northwestern has been able to clean the Northwestern on the gridiron. If the Purple crew can beat Wisconsin today, the local Northwestern alumni club promises to give every man, woman and child in Phoenix a ham sandwich. The losing Badgers, we understand, will furnish the mustard.  
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**HIGH SCHOOL NOTES**

The Freshmen tennis tournament was finished yesterday. Ralph Sledge won over Henry Tweed in the finals. Mr. Turner, the tennis coach, says that prospects for a good team are very bright this year. It has always been difficult to secure any matches for the team, but Mr. Turner thinks that he will have more for this year.  
 The Freshman mixer party was held last night at the Y. M. C. A. There were quite a few freshmen there and all seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.  
 The girls tennis tournaments were started yesterday afternoon. All girls interested in tennis met with Miss Hurley and signed up. There were quite a number of girls present, which assures the high school of a good girls' tennis team.  
 The elephant, turtle, parrot and carp live an average of 100 years.

**BIG BOOM IN SIGHT**

There's a new outcropping promising up in poetical diggings that shows up to assay high in entertaining value. B. L. T. dubs it "left-to-right" verses. One of Mr. Taylor's contributors, Mr. Riquarius, has succeeded in taking out some good pay ore in this field, as for example, the following from the L.V. (if the composing room was in favor of his local efforts in following the mechanical style of the work).  
 ritornelle  
 Tittilz the minstrel  
 thrummed his guitar  
 to a dainty tune  
 of Kuhlambhar  
 that sang  
 on the strings  
 of his lute

Tittilz ripped a lingering bar  
 till the murmuring strings were mute  
 and the lipping moan  
 of his lute-guitar  
 where is the warbling  
 of Yosse's flute  
 kissingly laughing Yosse  
 a star  
 smiles with the sunset  
 on Kuhlambhar

yesterday  
 Youste kissed me  
 Allah!  
 alas for yesterday  
 fled so far  
 with her lingering lips  
 that are mute

Tittilz ripples  
 his sighing guitar  
 or is it tears  
 that are dripping  
 Allah!  
 tinkling the strings  
 of his lute, riquarius

"Food Prices Drop Nearer 1914 Level"—Headline. Upon hearing which the congregation will rise and sing, "Nearer My God to Thee."

**SPORTING NOTES**

Harding refuses Cox's challenge to meet and debate on the league of nations. Simms refuses Campbell's challenge to meet and debate on the state and board row. Score: Run 2 (away from); Hits 0; Errors 2. Call for your rain checks; second window to the right.  
 "Saturday And Sunday Net Heavy Crust In Local Police Court"—Headline. Yeah, it IS a great life if you don't week-end.  
 Refrain: "I love thy rocks and hills." Political rocks and hills of bootleg.  
 Next week will see the appearance of the Carnie's Back "Cotton Number." As requested heretofore, please get your tears and sobs in before Wednesday night.  
 Have you a little cotton story in your home? Send it to us for our cotton number.

**FANN'S SKIN LEADS TO FILING OF CHARGE**

As the result of a visit to the taxidermist, Joe V. Prochaska, state game warden, has signed a complaint against Joe Smith, who is charged with having a fawn in his possession. A warrant for Smith was issued out of Justice Wheeler's court yesterday.  
 Prochaska chanced to call on the taxidermist and found the hide of a fawn being tanned. He immediately got busy, with the result that a misdemeanor charge was lodged against Smith.  
 "It is only a misdemeanor to shoot a fawn," he said, "but it is a felony to have the time would be a felony," declared Prochaska as he signed the complaint.

**Jean White's Adventures in Arizona**  
 "Your Friend Thoroughly Enjoys a Cup of Tea, Especially in Such a Thoroughly Delightful Place as This"—Jean White.  
 proper balancing of the food values, for Miss Anson and Miss Wilson have conducted tea rooms before coming to Phoenix and thoroughly understand just what is required to make a perfect meal.  
 And then too, private luncheons and dinners at the Ranch House are fast becoming the thing, and although the Ranch House only recently opened its doors it promises to be the social rendezvous for Phoenix society folk. It really is such a lovely way to entertain, don't you think, to ask a number of friends to dine with you at such a delightful place as the Ranch House. And you can feel assured that dinner will be perfectly prepared and as perfectly served. Mrs. Allison has invitations out now for a dinner to be given there next week and I know of several more affairs that will be given at the Ranch House.  
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Tomorrow's Story Will Be Another Different One