

THE DAILY REVIEW

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THE REVELATION OF MR. BARKER.

The statement of Mr. Wharton Barker before the senate interstate commerce committee on Tuesday, regarding Mr. Roosevelt's association with financiers and his acquiescent part in the panic of 1907, cannot be dismissed by the refusal of the colonel to enter into a discussion with an "inmate of bedlam." It is true that the evidence presented by Mr. Barker in his part heard and in part, circumstantial. His knowledge of the things he talked about, he admits, was obtained from a man now dead and whose identity he refuses to disclose. Yet it may be surmised that he was either Mr. E. H. Harriman or Mr. A. J. Cassatt. The circumstances point to Mr. Harriman, though it is a matter of common knowledge that Mr. Cassatt inspired the railroad bill. Before it was presented in the house however, it was decorated with Rooseveltian features which Mr. Cassatt would perhaps have not approved. But the more foolish of them as well as much of the real effectiveness of the measure itself were later sacrificed when Mr. Roosevelt betrayed the democrats who stood ready to make the measure a law, became frightened, and surrendered to Alrich. But this is a matter of recent history. We are concerned now only with the character of the witness who has risen against Mr. Roosevelt and we find him to be worthy of consideration, a former intimate friend and supporter of the ex-president and a conspicuous figure in the banking and industrial world for forty years, whose activities extended to Russia and China. In 1896 Mr. Barker who had been a republican became a populist and four years later, was the anti-fusion populist candidate for president. He is actively identified with various important societies—the American Philosophical Society, the Academy of Natural Sciences and the American Academy of Political and Social Science. We are forced to believe that what Mr. Barker tells of his own knowledge is true; that a certain "financial giant" had assured him Mr. Roosevelt was frightened, had acceded to the demands of the financiers, retaining to himself the right to "hold for all he wanted to." Mr. Barker was incredulous, but no reassuring word came to him from the White House in answer to a letter to Mr. Roosevelt describing what he had heard and professing a continuing faith in him. Then came the message to congress in 1905 leading color to the statement of the "financial giant," and two years later came the panic and the manner in which relief was afforded—not to the country, but to the financiers. Mr. Barker in reply to further questioning regarding the name of his informant refused to divulge it though he turned with significant irrelevance to the matter of the stolen correspondence of Mr. E. H. Harriman. It is not charged by Mr. Barker that Mr. Roosevelt, two years earlier, had a guilty foreknowledge of a panic, but that he had promised under pressure, in certain contingencies to pursue a certain course. The financiers, probably thought that the president in "awakening the public conscience" was doing as much to serve the ends of the conspirators as he could by any conscious act. He was only needed to perform the crowning act at the proper time and

DEMOCRATIC STATE AND CONGRESSIONAL TICKET

- For U. S. Senator's Mark A. Smith, Tucson. Henry F. Ashurst, Prescott. For Judge of Supreme Court Alfred Franklin, Phoenix. Henry D. Ross, Prescott. D. L. Cunningham, Tombstone. For Representative in Congress Carl Hayden, Phoenix. For Governor George W. P. Hunt, Globe. For Secretary of State Sidney P. Osborn, Phoenix. For Auditor J. C. Callaghan, Bisbee. For Treasurer David Johnson, Douglas. For Attorney General George Purdy Boland, Phoenix. For Superintendent of Public Instruction C. O. Case, Jerome. For Corporation Commission W. A. Jones, Phoenix. P. Geary, Winslow. A. W. Cole, Douglas. DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET For State Senator C. M. Roberts. W. L. Sims. For State Representative Samuel B. Bradner. J. M. Hall. George D. Craig. A. G. Curry. James F. Duncan. W. J. Graham. Carleton B. Kelton. For Judge of Superior Court Fred A. Sutter. For Clerk of Superior Court J. E. James. For Sheriff Harry C. Wheeler. For Recorder Owen E. Murphy. For Treasurer Frank Ramsey. For School Superintendent H. H. Hotchkiss. For County Attorney W. G. Gilmore. For Assessor A. A. Hughes. For County Road Superintendent J. J. Benton. For Surveyor J. S. McNeish. For Supervisors August Hickey. William Riggs. John Hock. Warren District Precinct Ticket. For Justice of Peace. John W. Hogan, Bisbee. Samuel L. Juge, Bisbee. George R. Smith, Lowell. For Constable. James L. Cannon, Bisbee. John J. McCrea, Bisbee. R. Bailey, Lowell.

BUSINESS BOARD OF COCHISE COUNTY.

That the entire democratic ticket in Cochise county will be elected, no one man doubts. Cochise county is reliably democratic, but the party depends upon the excellence of the ticket rather than upon its normal majority. The Review, from time to time has presented the qualifications of the party candidates, and now, it would especially direct attention to the peculiar qualifications of its candidates for supervisory. Three strong men could not have been selected. All of them are not only successful business men but all of them have an intimate knowledge of all parts of the county and of the county's physical needs. There is Gus Hickey, for seven years a successful business man of Bisbee, but for thirty years Mr. Hickey has been a resident of the county. He knows every section of it and how the public funds can be best employed in public improvements. Mr. Hickey has never held any public office and it was only at the earnest solicitation of his friends that he has consented now to bring to the administration of the county's affairs, those business methods which have made his private affairs so successful. William M. Riggs was another happy selection. Mr. Riggs too, has been eminently successful in an industry in which only good judgment can succeed. He is regarded as one of the foremost cattlemen of the territory and he has been a resident of Cochise county for more than a generation. Mr. Riggs has had experience on the

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT By ROY K. MOULTON.



IT'S A PROBLEM Ah'd sho'y ink to be informed how it's some feelers got along. Day nevah does a stroke of work an' his am jes' one grand sweet song. Day always has fine shoes to wear an' fix demselves up mighty neat. Jes' fo' to stand aroun' all day an' watch folks go by on de street. Day nevah seems to worry none. Expenses seem to cut no ice. An' when a s-w troupe comes along dey always seem to have de price. Ah knows of one, a frien' of mine. Ah set right next to him in school. From al, appearances it seemed he wasn't far short of a fool. But he kin go for eleven months an' never do no work at all. Ah' was new same an' in de styles they ad votise cash spring and fall. Ah' ah tried to go eben days without no work. Ah sho'y know. Without the slightest kind of doubt Ah'd simply starve to death fo' sho Seems ink de ones w'at does de mos' has always got de mos' to do. An' dem what wasn't lo'n to work can simply loaf their whole life through. Talk! no far shake, dat much Ah knows. Ah'd like to see it straightened out. Ah kin't quite dope it out mahself, but seems lak some professor mout. T'would be interestin' thing to vesti-gate what you will allow. Ah ain't got t'me to figger it. Dar goes dat factory whistle now.

TEMPERANCE IN THE BARN-YARD

Indulgence in wines has long been a characteristic of the French, but it seems as though the latest plan of M. Joubert, professor of agriculture at Fontainebleau, exceeds the speed limit to a considerable extent. As told in the D Spatcher, he is experimenting with the hen, and in order to increase their output of eggs, he has been mixing with their daily rations, wine. The low s that have taken their wines responded nobly and have laid many more eggs than they ever did before. It is not known what effect the eggs laid by these intoxicated hens will have upon the people who eat them, but there will doubtless be a great demand for champagne eggs and the French hen owners will have very decided advantage. From a moral standpoint, however, the scheme is all wrong. Nothing could be more distressing to the sign than a barnyard full of merriment, hiccupping and looking for a amp post to hang on. The hen up to his t'me has been a model of behavior and has spent all her time looking after the needs of her numerous families. A hen with a sentimental as is apt to forget her home duties and wander afield while her brood of little ones are left to scratch for themselves at a very tender age. Steps should be taken to save the hen and to preserve her dignity. Next

Thought for Today by MRS. ROBERT N. LAVOLLETTE. Includes a portrait of a woman.

HABITS AND HEALTH

Considered broadly health and invalidism are bodily habits. The habit of health once thoroughly established, the system withstands an immense amount of hard practice without deviating from the normal; while the habit of invalidism thoroughly confirmed, keeps on its course without any good physiological reason and under the circumstances favorable to health. "Hardening" is but a fine of a constitutional condition. Long in utero enables persons to live in a state of comparative health under conditions which would kill those not so inured. Men and women working in mines, children living in slums, keep well in spite of unhealthy surroundings. A chronic invalid is like one who must sink or swim. He may vainly grasp at this chance or that or he may fix his eyes on the shore and pull steadily for it. It is sure to be a long pull and to tax his faith and endurance to the uttermost. It may often seem easier to give up and go under than to take another stroke, but when he has rescued himself, he is thankful he made the effort, and knows how to appreciate what he has gained. I would not be understood as out of sympathy with illness. I know how unenviable it is, how difficult to manage, but I believe many a life is lost or wasted because we are not educated in the application of the laws of habit to health and illness. Many persons of strong moral natures who have no sympathy with any moral weakness, yield to bad habits of health, subject to the same laws as the drink or tobacco or morphine habit. When we consider how many so-called moral habits are but sins of the flesh, we realize the close association of training in habit for moral and for physical results. Copyright, 1911, C. N. Mather.

board and his administration was entirely satisfactory to the taxpayers whose burdens were reduced by the application of business methods. For sixteen years, John Rock has been a successful merchant at Tombstone where he has built up a reputation for good judgment and strict integrity. He is well and most favorably known in every section of the county. With these three men in control of the affairs of the county, Cochise will have the strongest board in the new state of Arizona. The qualifications of Fred A. Sutter for the office of superior judge are disputed by no one. He is acknowledged to be among the leading members of the Arizona bar and during his service in the legislature he was among its most active members. Mr. Sutter began in Bisbee at the be-

ginning of the Frenchman will have her smoking cigarettes. WILL HUNT WOMEN IN NORTH WOODS From the Athens, Mich. Times: 'Off neighboring village of Sherwood produces some women hunters, five having taken out licenses and gone to the North woods hunting.' THESE MUST MAKE ANANIAS JEALOUS 'Your luncheon, Mrs. Jones, was the most charming I eat I ever attended.' 'My wife lets me smoke anywhere I want to.' 'How well you are looking, my dear I was telling my husband just the other day that you seem to be growing younger every year. Few women do that.' 'What a love of a gown Myrtille! It looks as though it came from Paris and fits you like a glove.' 'Never in my life, Hank, did a bit collector call on me. None of that for mine.' ACCORDING TO UNCLE ABNER A man doesn't get anything in this world unless he asks for it. When he asks for it he is able to get every thing, especially if he asks for bas'. It was so cold here Thursday morning that the steam froze in a straight column when they blew the whistle at the stove mill and they had to climb up and chop it off with an ax. Since Miss Amy Stubbs has had that new blond trimmer from down to a city work in her millinery store, Anse Frisby has been wearing his will-hat down to the office on week days. Grandpa Bibbs says jedgin' by the arguments it is puffy hard to tell whether the country is being saved or is going to the dogs. He will probably find out this neither argument is correct. There may be other ways of makin a living besides workin' for it or livin with your wife's folks, but none of 'em have ever been discovered. Uncle Ezra Peets has got a great alibi. He wears long flowing whiskers and nobody ever thinks of giving him any Christmas neckties. Elmer Spink says you kin always tell a cheap resturant by the tooth-picks on the table, but there are other ways. Anse Frisby says he can always tell by the price. Grandpa Bibbins says he is going to swear off voting for Bryan, but there is one thing that says he ain't got the courage to do it. Yes, indeed, there is such a thing as love at first sight, and I guess it is a good thing there is, for if some of the wimmen stopped to take a second look there wouldn't be nothin' do'. Amos Britta, our popular and congenial undertaker, also folding c-airs for rent, is having his hearse hauled and polished and got ready otherwise for the usual winter rush. I never see a feller yet who would admit that his outnoble was runnin as good as it could. Just jekus a feller takes his hat off in an elevator it ain't no sign that he's polite around home a whole lot. Copyright, 1911, C. N. Mather.

BURNING DAYLIGHT BY JACK LONDON. AUTHOR OF 'THE CALL OF THE WILD', 'WHITE FANG', 'MARTIN EDEN', ETC. ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILL. Includes an illustration of a man with a rifle.

(Continued)

Sometimes he started small slides of earth that covered up his work and compelled him to dig again. Once he was swept fifty feet down the canyon-side; but he floundered and scrambled up again without pausing for breath. He hit upon quartz that was so rotten that it was almost like clay, and here the gold was richer than ever. It was a veritable treasure chamber. For a hundred feet up and down he traced the walls of the vein. He even climbed over the canyon-lip to look along the brow of the hill for signs of the outcrop. But that could wait, and he hurried back to his find. He toiled on in the same mad haste, until exhaustion and an intolerable ache in his back compelled him to pause. He straightened up with even a richer piece of gold-laden quartz. Steeping the sweat from his forehead he had fallen to the ground. It now ran into his eyes, blinding him. He wiped it from him with the back of his hand and returned to a scrutiny of the gold. It would run thirty thousand to the ton, fifty thousand, anything—he knew that. And as he gazed upon the yellow lure, and panted for air, and wiped the sweat away, his quick vision leaped and set to work. He saw the spur-track that must run up from the valley and across the upland pastures, and he ran the grade and built the bridge that would span the canyon, until it was real before his eyes. Across the canyon was the place for the mill, and there he erected it; and he erected, also, the endless chain of buckets, suspended from a cable and operated by gravity, that would cross the canyon to the quartz-crusher. Likewise, the whole mine grew before him and beneath him—tunnels, shafts, and galleries, and hoisting plants. The blasts of the miners were in his ears, and from across the canyon he could hear the roar of the stamps. The hand that held the lump of quartz was trembling, and there was a throbbing, nervous palpitation apparently in the pit of his stomach. It came to him abruptly that what he wanted was a drink—whisky, cocktails, anything, a drink. And even then, with this new hot yearning for the alcohol upon him, he heard, faint and far, drifting down the green abyss of the canyon, Dede's voice, crying:— "Here, chick, chick, chick, chick! Here, chick, chick, chick, chick!" He was astounded at the lapse of time. She had left her sewing on the porch and was feeding the chickens preparatory to getting supper. The afternoon was gone. He could not conceive that he had been away that long. Again came the call: "Here, chick, chick, chick, chick! Here, chick, chick, chick! Here, chick, chick, chick!" It was the way she always called—first five, and then three. He had long since noticed it. And from these thoughts of her arose other thoughts that caused a great fear slowly to grow in his face. For it seemed to him that he had almost lost her. Not once had he thought of her in those frenzied hours, and for that much, at least, had she truly been lost to him. He dropped the piece of quartz, slid down the slide, and started up the trail, running heavily. At the edge of the clearing he eased down and almost crept to a point of vantage whence he could peer out, himself unseen. She was feeding the chickens, tossing to them handfuls of grain and laughing at their antics. The sight of her seemed to relieve the panic fear into which he had been flung, and he turned and ran back down the trail. Again he climbed higher, carrying the pick and shovel with him. And again he toiled frantically, but this time with a different purpose. He worked artfully, loosing slide after slide of the red soil and sending it streaming down and covering up all he had uncovered, hiding from the light of day the treasure he had discovered. He even went into the woods and scooped armfuls of last year's fallen leaves, which he scattered over the slide. 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