

THE DAILY REVIEW
BISBEE, ARIZONA

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Bisbee, Arizona, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published by STATE CONSOLIDATED PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Publishers of THE BISBEE DAILY REVIEW, Bisbee, Arizona, THE ARIZONA DAILY STAR, Tucson, Arizona.

Advertising rates covering insertion in both papers furnished on application.

Telephone 23

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Taft's supporters in the senate declare he will veto any of the tariff bills now up for consideration. That sounds like correct information from headquarters.

Right along with the nomination of Roosevelt and the real opening of the campaign comes cooler weather in the east, which proves that the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

The latest popular dance in the eastern resorts is known as the "horse trot." Like all of the late popular dances from the east it displays the fact that the person starting it lacked horse sense.

A scientist has discovered that flies are greatly annoyed by minute insects. If the same scientist will destroy the fly his name will go bounding down the ages as the greatest scientist ever known.

It isn't certain that there is a real war in Nicaragua, but if they kill as many people as have been killed by falls from aeroplanes this year we will begin to believe that they are having a real revolution.

Not one of the three prominent candidates for president had to earn his own living when a boy and not one had to pay his own way through the public schools or through college. Are the poor boy's examples a thing of the past?

It took the senate hours and hours of debate to decide that American boats should be allowed to pass through the Panama canal free of toll. The rest of the people in the United States, before the canal was built, knew that American ships wouldn't pay toll.

WILL TALK TARIFF.

While there are many things to be considered in the present campaign the principle issue is the tariff. That is one of the main causes of the high cost of living and it is the tariff that has made the trusts. The republican system of protective tariff, a high protective tariff, has robbed the poor man. It has taken the pennies out of the savings bank. It has added a penny here and a penny there to the ultimate cost of everything the protected interests handle and the ultimate consumer has to have.

The republican party has made excuse after excuse for keeping the tariff high and it has said it would lower the tariff but, instead of so doing, it has increased the tariff by jokers and jockeying with the tariff bills that have been before congress and have been enacted into law. President Taft has had the opportunity to sign tariff bills providing for a decrease in tariff. But he has vetoed them and given the weak excuse that the tariff board had not reported on the particular items mentioned in the bill, or some of the items.

Roosevelt declares for a revision of the tariff downward, but when he was president the tariff was not revised downward. He took no steps to reduce the robber tariff.

There never was a bill providing for the robbery of the people on a greater scale than the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, the last republican tariff measure.

Woodrow Wilson, in his speech of acceptance, necessarily touched strongly on tariff and the issue

growing out of tariff. He stands on the democratic platform and declares for a revision of the tariff downward. He stands with the democrats in congress who have consistently fought to have the tariff lowered, especially on articles produced by powerful concerns that no longer need protection, if they ever did.

But the democrats will not make such a sudden and sweeping reduction as to cause injury to business. They will see that the consumer is not robbed to build up great fortunes and to make great dividends for owners of factories in the east who do not pay living wages to their employees, but who are protected by an extremely high tariff "in order that the American working man may receive better wages for his labor than the laboring man of Europe."

FOR THE COUNTRY'S GOOD.

It is now certain that the democrats will carry Ohio for governor and for presidential electors. The republican party in that state is split beyond healing. Judge Dillon, republican nominee for governor of the state, has resigned the nomination and says he did so because he was informed by Colonel Roosevelt that he must either declare for the eastern progressive party or a candidate would be put in the field against him. As he did not care to face certain defeat Judge Dillon withdrew.

The fight of the Bull Moose party is tearing asunder the republican party down to the precinct officers and it means that there will be more democrats in power next year than ever before in the history of the country. It will be a great day for the United States to have all the old republican officeholders cleaned out and new timber put in. It will be particularly beneficial in Washington. A house cleaning is needed and the government needs new and efficient servants.

Not only will there be a cleaning in the federal departments, but there will be new men in the state houses over the country. Democrats for the first time will be given an opportunity to show what they can do in states that virtually have been under republican control since the civil war. Many things will be discovered and many old methods of doing business will be thrown out and new methods put in. The more the national progressive party fights the standpat party the better it is for the democrats and for the entire nation.

FROM SEA GIRL

(Courier Journal.)

It was a day of good words and good omens at Sea Girl yesterday. There was about the formal opening of the democratic campaign an air that was anything but perfumery; that was charged with significance of great and vital things. It was truly a democratic air—no ceremony participated in by Ollie James could be other—and its essence of democracy was that wider and deeper spirit which looks to the conditions, the needs, the aspirations not of mere political parties, but of the constituency of a mighty country, which employs political parties only as means for the effacement of its beautiful existence under organized representative government.

It is not exaggeration to say that Gov. Wilson's address in acceptance of the nomination of the Baltimore convention was exceptionally impressive and inspiring. That it would be scholarly, thoughtful and well-expressed, was expected as a matter of course, that it would be marked by the ability of the man of intellect, the student both of books and affairs was equally anticipated. But with all this its real force was the force of the intelligence, the acuteness, the clarity with which the student has analyzed conditions and the courage, the sincerity and sanity with which he approaches the responsibility of their rectification. With a thorough appreciation of the fact that there has been a great awakening of the people and that the country is at the beginning of a new epoch, he defines his conception of the responsibilities which the voters of the United States are to place upon his shoulders with no suggestion of cowardice, yet no taint of demagoguery. In his masterly treatment of the tariff and trusts he urges that our policy in working reform should be neither rash nor timid and this lack of both rashness and timidity characterizes the definition of his attitude on the various important questions touched upon in his address.

The party to which the country is to entrust the administration of its government next March is fortunate in having to lead and forcible a spokesman, and the country will be doubly fortunate if, under the presidency of Woodrow Wilson, it shall see realized the soundly progressive policies enunciated by him at Sea Girl yesterday.

A WOMAN'S OBSERVATIONS
Edna K. Woley



A POOR TRAIT—BUT HUMAN

"I wonder if other people have as much bad luck as I do about getting back fruit jars and glasses?" sighed an old-fashioned housekeeper.

"Now just for instance: A while ago I sent several glasses of jelly and about a dozen jars of fruit to a friend of mine who was convalescing. She was delighted to get it and couldn't thank me enough.

"Well, she went away for a vacation, and the next day a package from her came to my house. I had it taken back to the kitchen, thinking it contained my jelly glasses and fruit jars, and told the maid to open the package and put the contents away.

"A few moments later the maid called me.

"These don't look like your jelly jars, ma'am," she said. Then she showed me the worst lot of old jars and glasses, all dirty, and most of them without tops! I had sent out my best new jars, with the wide glass tops. Not one of them was returned. Instead, there were those old-fashioned ones with the screw-on

tops—I stopped using that kind long ago.

"I was thoroughly discouraged and I wanted to sit down and cry. It wasn't just getting back those old dirty jars instead of my own new ones. It was the discourtesy of sending such things to me after I had meant to be kind.

"I suppose, though," she sighed again, "I ought to be thankful to get back any jars at all. Usually, when one gives away preserves, she might just as well say goodbye to the glass, for hardly anybody ever thinks of returning it. It's just like lending books. People don't seem to think that such things cost money."

Here's a story told me by an enthusiastic suffragist the other day.

"There's a wealthy woman in this town," said the suffragist (who is young and distractingly pretty) "who has lately decided that she doesn't want to vote, so she has joined the ranks of the anti-suffragists. She told me what had decided her, in this way:

"Really, you know, at first I thought I wanted to vote. I hear about taxation without representation and all that, my dear, and I really thought I ought to have something to say about taxing my property. I have so much of it, you know. So I joined the suffragists—many of them are really of fine family, and it's growing quite fashionable to be a suffragist. But, dear, me! It required so much study and thought to understand those suffragists. Really, it tired me terribly. I found that my mind as well as my property was taxed. So I decided that I preferred not to vote after all, and I shall do everything in my power to keep that burden from my sisters."

Yes, that's just the way the young and pretty suffragist told it. And it's really too good to keep, isn't it?



DOLLY GRAY, SUFFRAGET.

Let the old man run the ranch, Dolly Gray.

Let him mind the olive branch, Dolly Gray.

Let him spend his time indoors, Dolly Gray.

Doing all the household chores, Dolly Gray.

Let him cook and scrub the floors, Dolly Gray.

Let him darn and let him mend, Dolly Gray.

Don't give him a cent to spend, Dolly Gray.

Treat him in a way severe, Dolly Gray.

Make him eat and sleep a tear, Dolly Gray.

When he wants to buy a beer, Dolly Gray.

Make him stay at home with the kid, Dolly Gray.

And screech lock the lid, Dolly Gray.

Let him take your place a while, Dolly Gray.

Let him give your job a trial, Dolly Gray.

Make him ask you for the dough, Dolly Gray.

For the car fare, even so, Dolly Gray.

Let him all the home cares tote, Dolly Gray.

Just for once make him the goat, Dolly Gray.

Then, perhaps, he'll let you vote, Dolly Gray.

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES

Depending upon the boss being late and having him arrive at the office an hour earlier than usual.

Having to pay good money for having teeth pulled.

Having some friend remark, "Oh, I glance at your squib once in a while."

Cutting a corner to dodge a life insurance man and then running into a collector from the department store.

Spending \$4 for seats to make an impression and then have the girl tell you she saw the show in New York "with the original company."

Hurrying to the door to greet the mail man and having him hand you miss letters with insignias fronts.

A CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.

Oh, what has become of the old-fashioned farmer.

Who used to go out bright and early each morn.

Before he had breakfast and work

in the barnyard.

Or plow six or seven large acres of corn?

No longer he drives in an ancient wagon

To town with a tattered straw hat and blue jeans.

He uses a touring car now on his travels,

His wife has the choice of three fine limousines.

You see, things have changed since 'way back in the nineties.

'Tis years since the old man has followed a plow.

For he and his wife are just rolling in riches.

They take summer boarders at fancy rates now.

IN THE BARNYARD.

Or plow six or seven large acres of corn?

No longer he drives in an ancient wagon

To town with a tattered straw hat and blue jeans.

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ACCORDING TO UNCLE ABNER

Hank Tumms says next to havin' a tooth pulled the pleasesstest thing in the world to him is to sit and hear two women discuss a third.

Had Peters, who wants to be elected highway commissioner of this county, bipes to capture the vote by letting it be known that he was born in a log house and got his education by readin' by the light of a burning knot. That ought to get 'em if anything will.

Amry Tubbs, who is a very saintly man, has read the Bible through seventeen times in two years. In the meantime he has been livin' on his wife's folks.

Miss Euphemia Perkins, our poetess of passion, is certainly getting along. She has written some poetry that has been refused by many of the best magazines in this country.

When a feller gets to the point where he is entirely satisfied with himself he hits the back trail from that moment.

It beats all how many bright young men, who might make money, have a hankering to start an opposition newspaper in a small town.

Mrs. Anse Friaby says her young son is so bright that she is awfully afraid that when he grows up he will try to be president.

It seems as though the entire population of Norway, Sweden and Denmark must be busy making those safety matches that light only when scratched on the box.

"THIS DATE IN HISTORY"

August 13.

1775—The British naval force made an unsuccessful attack on Gloucester, Mass.

1812—U. S. Frigate Essex captured the Alert, the first vessel taken from the British in the war of 1812.

1818—Sir Peregrine Maitland appointed Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada.

1845—Americans under Commodore Stockton and Major Fremont captured Los Angeles.

1868—The city of Arequipa, Peru, almost destroyed by an earthquake.

1877—Chauncey Rose, founder of Rose Polytechnic Institute, died in Ferris Haute, Ind. Born in Weathersfield, Conn., Dec. 21, 1794.

1890—First annual convention of letter carriers of the United States held in Boston.

1898—Manila surrendered to the American forces after a short land fight and a bombardment by the fleet.

1898—Ira D. Sankey, noted evangelist, died in Brooklyn, born in Edinburgh, Pa., August 23, 1840.

STAKED

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"She can't stay here."

Jet's eyes flashed ominously. Standing in the low doorway of the little log shack, half way up Sawtooth mountain, she stared out at the shabby yellow carryall, with its team of lean, shaggy horses.

"Then where is she goin' ter stay, I'd like to know!" ejaculated the driver, hoarsely. "She's bound for here, and she's paid her way here, and she's sick, too, and she tells me Jim sent for her. You lend a hand here, like a good fellow, and help me get her out."

"Nobody's home but me."

"Then you're boss, ain't you? And what you say goes." He grinned up at her comfortably. Jet's temper was familiar to him. "She's got to rest up some place, and it's thirty miles back to Double Forks."

"Why didn't she come before?"

"Ask her," said Wilkins.

Most begrudgingly Jet led the honours of her home to the half-unconscious stranger. She helped carry her into the kitchen, and loosened her many wraps. She made strong coffee and winced a little from her own bitterness when she saw how young and sick she was. It is not the game to fight an enemy who is already down.

After the man from Double Forks had driven away, she went silently about her work, while the other woman lay on the bed and watched her.

Finally Jet spoke.

"Well, you got here, didn't you?"

"I came as soon as ever I could."

"Yes, you did!"

"I did. I started the day after he by came."

Jet turned around. "What baby?"

"Why, ours; mine and Jim's."

A pause. Jet looked as if some body had most swiftly and surely slapped her in her pretty, aggressive face.

"You knew I had a baby, didn't you? I wrote to Jim. He might have told you that much. I guess he didn't care, anyhow."

"No, he didn't tell me." Jet sat down opposite the bed.

"When did you tell him about the other—the baby?" asked Jet slowly.

"Not right away. He wrote back he'd try to send for us both, and to name it after him if it was a boy."

"Maybe he meant to." Jet walked to the open cabin door and leaned her back against the casing. A year and a half she had lived down at Double Forks, running a miners boarding house. She was thirty, and amply able to look after herself. Her pines and cornbread had followed gold strikes in Nevada for years. And she trod her way heartwhole until Jim Barclay showed up.

"He got hurt last month. They had to take him up to Trent, where the company's doctor is. He works for the Kay-Allen outfit, foreman. Your letter came here while he was gone, so I opened and read it. They said he might die, and I sent you the money to come on quick, to get here and see him. So long as you was his wife, you had a right to be in at the finish."

The other woman was off the bed before the words were fairly out of Jet's mouth, swaying slightly, she caught Jet's willing hand for support.

"But he isn't dead, is he?"

"What do you care?" Jet looked at her curiously. "You were married to him about two months, wasn't it? And then he left you. I always liked Jim, and I hoped all along something might happen so we could get married, and swing up further north into some of the provinces and start all fresh again."

"I want you to know everything first." Jet rose slowly, and crossed the floor of the two-room shack. "He's in yonder. They brought him up here because it's his place. He's alive, but he'll never get well again. The company's given him a pension so he won't starve."

She took a hat from a nail, put it on her head with a yank forward. "Go on in and say hello. I'm going away now. Where's the baby?"

"With my mother—home. It's a boy."

"And named Jim?" she said, carelessly. "There's some money in his room there, in a little buckskin sack under the pillow. It's his, so you can use it. Goodby. I wouldn't tell him I sent after you. Men don't have to know everything, you know."

"Listen, you mother of Jim's baby! I meant to jump your claim. And I couldn't. It was all nicely staked out and guarded. He even told me you made better pies than mine. Your picture's in the inside pocket of that coat, and a long curl of hair around it. Don't you worry. You send for the baby quick and call this home. So long."

She stopped at a sound from the other room, the sound of some one walking, stretching tiredly on a creaky bed, sighing, and cursing softly to himself at pain. Then they heard him call peevishly, longingly, "Where's the baby?"

Jet shrugged her shoulders, and went on with the work of the shack, shutting the door after her softly. She could hear Jim's laugh as she went down after her pony. The staked claim was proved up now.

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