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CHRISTMAS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Through most of the year the problem of maintaining Sunday school attendance seems increasingly difficult. Rewards of gift pins, crosses and crowns, and illuminated and illustrated cards affect the child mind with more or less persuasiveness. But all these schemes stir the padded feet of the unwilling scholar but for a time.

The lure of the Christmas tree pulled the boy of a generation ago, who annually turned up to get his quaint copy of the stilted Rollo books. It pulls the boy of today, who is willing to hear even about Habbakuk and Melchisedek, in order to help strip this shining and glittering foliage of Chiland.

Not that the Sunday school scholar is satisfied with the gifts that chance and Teacher may award him. It costs money to run a Sunday school. Teacher has a serious problem to make a respectable showing with the fragment of small change from an insolvent treasury.

It is the element of suspense that gives this drawing power even to a small gift. The unimaginative teacher will give a \$1.00 "scholar's companion" year after year. This array of school room tools makes the eyes dance the first time. But when repeated all the element of mystery is gone. The youngsters look enviously at other kidlets, to whom there came the Joy of the Unexpected in the form of a 20 cent knife.

It of course looks nowadays as if you had to bribe the children to study the Bible. For wages of candy, popcorn, and jackknives, they are willing to listen, with some interruptions of turmoil, while the Teacher talks about the world's one real book.

Still let no one become pessimistic. Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, runs the Word. That means that you have got to satisfy the boy out of the coin of Boyland, which of course is the candy, popcorn, and jackknives aforesaid.

The New York Times engages in the following comment: "It would meet a long felt want if there was a law that no shipper should complain of railway rates until he provided, first, that he is not earning more than 6 per cent on the actual capital in his business; second, that he has never watered his capital or issued stock for good will, etc., and third, that he is paying living wages to all his clerks, especially the women."

The dispatches tell of another young husband who blew his brains out beside his sleeping bride, giving as a reason the fact that he could not rid himself of the whisky habit. Whisky, murder, suicide, broken hearts and wrecked homes all go hand in hand and belong in the same class.

Vice President-elect Marshall enlarges on the value of a good cook in the domestic circle. Unanimity is rare, but this question will go through without a negative.

THE DECLINE OF SANTA CLAUS.

The Santa Claus myth is exploded early in life nowadays. Formerly the mere presence of painted jumping jacks and sticky candy before the hearth was irrefutable proof that he had been there. If some precocious skeptics asked how he could come down a narrow chimney, there was always the well authenticated fact that Santa has the power of enlarging and expanding his body at will. At least this philosophy was convincing until one was about 10 years old.

How many children of seven today believe in dear old Santa?

There is a growing scorn now for delightful unrealities, and not merely among grown-ups either.

The boy who once drowsed off to sleep picturing himself slaying buffalo and killing Indians, is now merely studying how he can down the kids of the next street at football. One by one the myths of childhood vanish. It is an age of cities. People live amid bricks, mortar, and cement. Myths were born in darkling forests and among the silences of the mountains.

Reading fairy stories is regarded by the children as about on a par with playing paper dolls. No boy of seven can any longer be frightened by the bogie man.

Literalists are opposed to the Santa Claus myth. It destroys faith in truthfulness, they say. Yet can the child mind be brought up in an atmosphere of literalism today? Every other word he hears is some fiction spoken in jest. He must learn to distinguish the whimsical and innocent unrealities of ordinary conversation, from the yellow and slinking falsity of a real lie. Otherwise he will be that primmest and most priggish of men, the fellow who can't take a joke.

This is an age of too little imagination rather than too much. The world prefers its dollars, its automobiles, its wines, its sauces, to poetry and ideals. Don't close the shades of the prison house around the growing boy any earlier than you can help. Let him dream some of the old dreams again! Give Santa his own place in the Calendar again!

A conference is going on in London to decide the future of Turkey. Probably an agreement can be reached sooner than the English Parliament will be able to harmonize on home rule.

As the United States spends \$1,000,000 a day for sugar it would be extremely poor policy to strike down our own increasing means of sugar production by cane, beet or any other crop.

About 90,000,000 people in Europe speak the German language. In any rearrangement of the map the Kaiser will not permit the fact to be overlooked.

We are too poor to contract appendicitis and cannot even keep up with the pallagra or hook worm. Going to have a boil Christmas, though—in the pot.

CUPID AND MISS GOULD.

Not long ago Miss Helen Gould felt moved, under a criticism by a Denver clergyman of all women who remain unmarried for choice, to say that it is the privilege of a woman not to marry until she pleases to do so. The lady's argument was unanswerable, alike from the viewpoint of law and of taste. It carried with it a suggestion of a woman's equal right to marry when it pleases her, and the man making the request also pleases her. The announcement of her engagement to Mr. Finley J. Shepard of St. Louis shows how Miss Gould has exercised both of these inalienable woman's rights. We violate no delicacy, and certainly no confidence, and no reasonableness, in saying that, after having looked askance at many unpleasing suitors, in exercising the privilege of her sex, she now exercises its other great privilege in accepting the pleasing one.

There is no fact or more pleasing study than the mind of a good woman, in matters of the heart. Inspired always by a good motive, it often reveals its workings in an innocent artlessness which does not belong to the mind of man. We may be pardoned if we call attention to the fact that, when the lady's sensitiveness was touched by a challenge of the right of her sex to remain single for choice, she had but just met the fortunate man in whom subsequent events show her to have been well pleased. Their acquaintance began with the beginning of a trip by a party for the inspection of railway branches of the Y. M. C. A. of which Miss Gould has been a benefactress. Mr. Shepard, as assistant to President Bush of the Missouri Pacific, was in charge. It was early in that trip, if we remember rightly, that the Denver man spoke and Miss Gould answered, little suspecting that Cupid was then drawing a bow and aiming an arrow at her, or, if suspecting, arming herself against it in vain. It is the way of her sex. But, then, Miss Gould's declaration of independence did not say that all men are equal. It said, on the contrary, that men are not equal, and that it is woman's privilege to wait for the one she thinks the best.

Mr. Shepard is quoted as saying he can hardly believe even yet, that it is his good fortune to be the choice of such a woman. It is not strange that he should feel so. The lady has ever been, since they came to know her, one in whom Americans have felt a pride, and for whom they have entertained a genuine affection. Born to great refinements which wealth can give, and with entree to exclusive circles in this country and Europe, she has remained "heart whole and fancy free" because she was long in meeting a man measuring up to her American ideals. In the eyes of a people who have come to feel that Miss Gould's choice could fall on no unworthy man, Mr. Shepard is to be congratulated not only on his felicity but on the right distinguishment it brings him.

The stage is getting to be a deluge of French sewage, glorifying infidelity, making a jest of marriage and sneering at virtue as rustic prudery. The morals of the footlight favorites are as scanty as their clothing—gauze veil, anklet and a dab of paint.

It makes a fellow want to be a boy again to see the happy kiddies rubbering in at the store window at the holiday toys and Santa Claus fixins'.

Everybody is shopping but father, but he comes in handy footing the bills. Last month we saved up six-bits, but it's gone now.

The women who are combining up the butter and egg combinations in the East understand how to get votes for their sex.

Mr. Bryan raises onions in Texas and oranges in Florida. A more interesting question is what he will raise in Washington.

THE CAT CONGRESS AND CATS.

The announcement that a Cat Congress is to be held during January at Washington will be received with varied emotions.

The position of Kitty in modern society has been under attack of late from many humanitarian people. The complaint is that cats destroy a great many birds, many more than is commonly supposed.

The holding of a Cat Congress may seem to such persons an unworthy dignifying of an animal whom they feel to be hostile to peace and harmony in the family of lower animals. To this it might be said that if all friends of cats would attach a tinkling bell during the months when young birds are learning to fly, this charge against poor Tabby could not be made.

There may be other persons, who, while not hostile to the Cat for such reasons, yet would regard the Cat as too inconspicuous an animal to be dignified by the holding of a Congress. They will ask why men and women should hire a hall, travel distances to transport their feline thoroughbreds, spend valuable time and money on an animal that produces neither food nor drink.

Anyone who has read in Rudyard Kipling's "Just So" stories, of the "Cat who walked by its wild lone, waving its wild tail," must admit the justice of its feeling that the Cat is a creature having a very aristocratic dignity of its own.

Not merely is the Cat a creature of singular beauty, graceful in every motion. Not merely does she have a hereditary function in the family as a destroyer of vermin. More than that she has a certain self-contained independence that gives interest to her character. She is attracted more to places than people, she holds herself in reserve, she has her own determined will, she never gives herself to human beings in the affectionate transports manifested by the dog.

Meekly as Kitty sits purring by the fireside, she has a certain very distinctive and self-contained personality of her own, calmly independent of hum comings and goings if her simple wants are supplied.

This self-sufficient reserve attracts an interest you cannot feel in the dog who follows every passerby who whistles at him. Well may a fine type of cats then be bred, and displayed at Cat Congresses, and perhaps under such training the predatory instincts of common mongrel types could be eliminated.

THE NEW COINS AND BILLS.

The changes now being made in the designs of paper money and of the five cent piece are received with some derision of humorous paragraphers. Nevertheless, every man who ever had much to do with the printing business will be pretty sure to welcome the proposed changes as soon as they appear.

Any printer with an eye for craftsmanship would say that the designs of American coins and paper money have looked about like the printing that used to be put out 25 to 50 years ago.

Any man with an eye for form should see how great an improvement the Lincoln cent was over the ancient and commonplace drawing of the old copper. The slender and graceful lettering, the suppression of needless detail so as to throw attention on the central features, and the graphic illustration of the Lincoln head, create a design of which Americans may well be proud.

If you look over the types of a print shop, you can detect the old faces by their coarse shading, and the stiff monotony of their box like right angles. The fat letters on the old coins and on the present paper money are like these old type faces. A good printer would scarcely care to turn out an auction bill with such ungraceful types.

It may be said that these symbols of value facetiously known as the long green pass so rapidly from hand to hand, that it makes no difference whether their designs are good or not. Provided they pass

at the grocery store. Nevertheless, don't overlook the value of an example of good craftsmanship. In all the mechanical arts today, fine work, having beauty of design and delicacy of execution, commands a high price. Let Uncle Sam show that his print shop can do at least as well as a country paper.

KEEPING COOL IN LEADERSHIP.

In addressing the Southern Society of New York President-elect Wilson is reported to have discoursed "somewhat vehemently" on politics. He said among other things that he had recently found "an increased temptation to profanity," and that he thought the recording angel in such cases is indulgent, "for there is such a thing as righteous anger." No doubt of the righteousness of earnest disapproval at times, but the way to make it count is not by an agitated manner and explosive words. As Mr. Wilson has mentioned the matter it is well to remind him that it was not by expletives that Washington, Lincoln and Grant carried great responsibilities successfully. Washington is said to have been profane but once, and that was when Gen. Charles Lee, commanding the advance of the patriot army at Monmouth, deliberately disobeyed orders and enabled the retreating British forces to escape a crushing blow. Lincoln's way was not to swear things through, and Grant was always the silent man in a crisis, letting results speak for him.

To come to a later example William McKinley's name occurs pleasantly in his fellow countrymen. He never lost his temper nor used heated language. Yet throughout his long public life he dealt with all sorts of complicated situations and difficult affairs. No man ever worked harder in studying tariffs and making them. He was, much as he loved peace, a war president, and an exceptionally successful one. In an extraordinary assault on real values he was an effective leader. He quieted sectionalism and treated political parties other than his own with considerate good temper. It was said after he had fallen at the post of duty, an innocent victim of insane human malignity, that his uniformly good statesmanship was marked by "gentle inflexibility." It was kindly as well as sound. The world knows of nothing he said that would have offered the recording angel. Mr. Wilson should keep cool. Calmness will lighten the load he has courted with little experience and uncertain qualifications.

On the same theory of what constitutes a good Indian, there are a lot of good Turks now.

Will Taft and Teddy kiss each other under the mistletoe, or slug one another under the left ear?

With stove wood 'steen dollars a load, a fellow would play smash getting hold of a whole Yule log.

There is neither peace on earth nor good will toward men in the vicinity of an English suffragette.

We would rather be a poor sagebrush western editor just now than the fattest turkey that ever strutted.

A fellow gets up against so many buncos and slams in this old world that there is really no use for another hell.

VERDE GIRL BRIDE OF A SAILOR BOLD

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Dec. 21.—Margaret Jane Casner, aged 19, of Camp Verde, and Jesse Lee Ward, aged 22, midshipman on the cruiser California, were married today. The bride is a sister of Mrs. William Clifford Caton, one of the principals of the marriage in August as a result of the Arizona Gazette girls' trip. The bride came here a month ago with her mother and younger sister, Eva, on a visit and met Ward three weeks ago. The marriage today was the result. The groom is from Birmingham, Ala.

LARRY LITTLE IS NOW OWNER OF FARM

Larry Little was before United States Commissioner Moore Saturday making final proof to his homestead entry of 160 acres of land near Granite, on the S. F. P. & P. railway. He is an acknowledged authority on dry farming and during his few years in that country, has demonstrated the practicability of the above principle by raising splendid crops in various lines. Aside from farming, he reports that country as assuming interest in poultry raising, which is being successfully followed. He brought to the market in this city 100 head of fine bred fowls.

LEAD AND ZINC MINE PROVES ITS WORTH

Charles H. Bolman, one of the owners of the United States Navy mine, in Copper Basin, while in the city Saturday stated that the shipping of a car of lead and zinc ore will be made to the Needles smelter early in the coming year, to be followed later with a regular shipment. He begins development on an extensive scale next week, a new ore zone of the old workings having recently been encountered. He feels very much elated over the outlook.

THREE HUNDRED WOMEN ON REGISTER

(From Tuesday's Daily) City Clerk Robinson reported yesterday that the total number of registered voters for the January election had reached 1,150, of which 300 were women. After next Saturday the books will be closed. The timidity that was noticeable among women in having their names entered on account of giving their ages, has practically disappeared and it is believed that at least eighty per cent of the qualified women voters will enjoy the franchise for the first time. Many women are taking a keen interest in the forthcoming election, and lively electioneering is going on.

GIRL IS LEFT TO MOURN HIS FATE.

(From Sunday's Daily) Howard Kearney, a half-brother of Horace Kearney, the aviator who was drowned with Chester Lawrence off Redondo Beach, Cal., several days ago, passed through this city from Kansas City, for Los Angeles to receive the remains and take them back to the above city for interment.

Speaking of the sad fate that overtook his brother, Mr. Kearney says it was to be expected, as he was a most daring aviator, and against the protestations of several relatives and scores of friends, he persisted in making a record flight and treated his perilous antics in mid-air in a jocular manner. He was, in short, the most intrepid of birdmen, and on one occasion in the east, before a small audience, his feats were astounding from a danger standpoint. The harder the wind was blowing all the more anxious was he to get within the clutches of the elements, and to baffle with them with his airship.

The deceased leaves several relatives in the east. He was engaged to be married early in the year to a young lady residing in Kansas City.

Government conservation has made Christmas trees so hard to get a fellow has to put up with a green nightmare from the toy shop that looks like a Mexican cactus shot up by a revolution.