

# Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

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MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1914

The law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things. —Theodore Roosevelt.

**An Unconsidered Effect**

One effect of our commission-manager form of government that has, perhaps, not been greatly considered is the interest it will arouse in young men in the public service. If our new government turns out to be a successful one, many an ambitious young man in Phoenix will see in it an opening through which he may pass and from which many avenues lead to places of profit and distinction. These positions will compare favorably with the highest and best to be found in private business. We believe that within a few years all progressive towns and cities in this country will adopt the commission-manager form. Those which adopt it earliest may be made seed-beds for plants to be transferred to those cities and towns where this form is installed later.

Not only will expert city managers be in demand. The creating of new service departments and even of new municipal official positions, together with the demand of citizens for efficiency and proficiency in city affairs, will cause a demand for the pick of young men for these positions. Under our charter and state constitution we are debarred from the privilege of selecting experts. But in other states where the commission-manager form is permitted, there are no such bars and doubtless our own will be removed when we come to perceive that home-rule does not mean that the appointive offices shall be held by citizens; when we come to understand that the people rule and not the appointees.

Municipalities are asking today what one can do rather than where he lives. The day when city employment was dependent upon the political career or friendships, when pull, instead of fitness counted, is happily passing.

The true idea of a commission-manager form of government is one under which we might go, as the railroad companies do, for the best service, wherever we can find it. A city manager chosen for his known capability might not be able to find in the city to which he has been called the best men for the places under him. He should not, therefore, be limited to a choice from among the residents of that city; but he should be allowed to call in men whom he knows to be capable and trained. Citizens are not really interested in their fellow citizens holding office, but they are deeply interested in securing the best public service. This understanding will naturally follow the operation of the commission-manager form.

Another effect of the successful operation of this form of government will be the quickened interest in the public service. Hundreds of young men and women who will have no idea of entering it, but who have already selected other vocations, will make a study of it, with the result that it will be the better for their espousal. They will vote more intelligently for candidates for elective offices. We expect the time will come when the study of the public service will be a part of our public school curriculum and that, in consequence, the schools will turn out intelligent voters to overwhelm the hoodlums and the heeled at the polls.

**The One Thing We Can Do**

A late editorial in this paper, "An Ugly Subject," has called out many interesting communications, but in such numbers that we are unable to give space to them all. As a rule, the writers criticize the attitude of The Republican as one of helplessness before the remorseless double standard of morality for men and women. They admit its universal prevalence, but one of the writers says: "I am not willing to believe that because an evil is of long standing, of necessity it must continue indefinitely."

Some of the writers are inclined to argue against the injustice of the double standard, but there is no room for argument there. There is no defense of it. The consensus of opinion among the writers is that, as we approach a higher civilization and as women come more and more into their share in the making of our laws, the double standard will disappear. But it must not be forgotten that civilization, so far, has not weakened it in the slightest. On the contrary, we believe that it has had the effect of making it stand out with greater distinctness. The averted gaze, the curling lip, the impassable barrier which has been set up, all are more cruel punishments than savage tribes inflict upon offending women.

As to the influence of women on our lawmaking, laws have nothing more to do with this matter than they have with the tornado. As to the lapses of men and women, the laws of most civilized coun-

tries are now equitable. We no longer see the Scarlet Letter upon the dresses of the latter. The laws are rather more lenient toward the woman than toward the man.

The whole thing is the unchanged human attitude which law cannot change. If anything could change it, teaching would do so, and for recent centuries women have been among our foremost teachers. But we recall that none of them has gone farther than to protest against the double standard as they might protest against disease. They have accepted it as natural and some of them have impotently defied it. No woman leader has entered upon the hopeless task of changing the human attitude, the attitude alike of men and women toward the woman transgressor.

It seems to us that the best we can do is to impress upon girls the blighting, branding effect of being measured by the hateful standard.

**The Simplified Spellers**

A new and more radical simplified spelling movement has been started at Lincoln, Nebraska. Notwithstanding the favorable position of Lincoln as the home of Mr. Bryan, to which he flies from the Chautauqua circuits or the cares of the foreign office, the Lincoln movement is not likely to harvest any more ice than its predecessors have done. It has always seemed to us that the simplified spellers have never comprehended the difficulties of the task which they have set for themselves.

In the first place, the simplified forms are very little easier to master than the spelling which we learned in the lower grades, or have "made a stall" at learning, and men and women who have accomplished that much are not willing to throw it aside and learn something new and of doubtful superiority. The writers, that is, the authors and newspaper men upon whom the prevalence of the new system must depend, are not going to adopt it. In fact, they could not without a more serious interference with their work than those who are not writers can comprehend. Though a simplified form might be adopted in all the schools, in all probability it would never spread far beyond them. A result might be that we would have two forms of spelling, one used in correspondence and another in general literature. Some teachers and pupils of schools where simplified spelling has been taught send communications in bad English and simplified spelling to newspapers and magazines where profane copy-readers correct the English and restore the old form of spelling.

Changes in the form of English words are occurring steadily and naturally. They do not occur arbitrarily or by convention, but in the change is a record, preserving the history of the words which the simplified spellers would ruthlessly efface.

**FAMOUS SHORT POEMS**

Printed in connection with the work done in the English department of the Phoenix Union High School.—Conducted by Prof. I. Colodny.

**Song**

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hillside's dew-pearl'd;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the world!  
—Robert Browning.  
1812-1889

**REAL WONDERS**

We've been in many cities  
And sailed from many docks,  
But never found a bootblack  
Who did not daub our socks.  
—Youngstown Telegram.

We've been in many cities  
And sailed from many ships  
But never found a waiter  
Who would refuse our tips.  
—Houston Daily Post.

We've been in many cities  
And sailed from many lands,  
But never found a youngster  
Who liked to wash his hands.  
—Baltimore News.

We've been in many countries  
All kinds of barbers sought,  
But we've never heard one silent  
Who was told to "cut it short."  
—Yonkers Statesman.

**NOT THAT KIND OF AN OFFICER**

Gen. Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the United States army, has had many expressions of admiration voiced as to his personal appearance. It remained, however, for a humble male servant to apotheosize his looks.

A young girl—who, knowing the general, worships him as her hero—always keeps a photograph of him in uniform on her dressing table. One day, entering her bedroom suddenly, she chanced upon her newly acquired maid, who stood agape, with gleaming eyes, holding the photograph in her hand. Startled into speech the servant asked:  
"What's he, miss?"  
"He's an officer, Norah." The young mistress deemed that answer sufficient.  
"Gee, miss, was the breathless comment as the maid put down the picture lingeringly, "but ain't he the sweet-looking cop!"—Neale's Monthly.

**NO FINANCIER**

"Pat," shouted an officer to his Irish servant, "here's a shilling to get some cheese, and a shilling for some biscuits."  
Pat started on his errand, and, after a long delay, returned, fumbling with the coins in his hand apparently in great distress.  
"Well, Pat, what's wrong?" said the officer.  
"Shure, sir, O'Ve got the shillings mixed, and don't know which is for cheese and which is for biscuits."—Tit-Bits.

Conductor of Village Band—What's wrong Duncan?  
Duncan (cellist)—The drum's been playing my music and I've been playing his.  
Conductor—I thought there was something no just quite right—London Punch.



Mme. Jacques Richepin.  
Jacques Richepin, a son of Jean Richepin, the French "immortal," recently fought a duel with Pierre Froude, the playwright, in Paris, to avenge an insult to his wife, Mme. Richepin. The wives of the combatants were not allowed on the field, but remained in the roadway in their automobiles, from where they could hear the clashing of swords. M. Froude was injured in the forearm.

**Farm Notes**  
By HOWARD L. RANN

What has become of the old-fashioned, double-decked apple dumpling that grandma used to make? As a boy, we remember spraying our stomachs with these dumplings until we looked as if we had swallowed a watermelon. They were a greater delicacy than a slab of side pork. The man who tops off a light breakfast with six of these dumplings, washed down with a quart of hard cider that would stand up and defy the whole family, will find his appetite fading away like a thin man in a feather bed. If you want to test the seating capacity of your stomach, lead it up to a plate of fat-faced dumplings and unhook your belt.

If the hired girl oversleeps in the morning, stand up to her enaste alone and pin an alarm clock to her off ear. If this fails to land her on the linoleum in jig time, present her with an ear trumpet. We have known hired girls with a snore which would blow out the gas, and in that case an alarm clock is about as effective as using the sign language in a blind asylum. They are now making a self-tripping alarm clock which runs around the room like a rat terrier with the Cuban itch and tears off a ring which sounds like a stewed drummer calling for ice water and clean towels. It is said that before this clock was put on the market it was tried out on the supreme court, the result being that one venerable justice awoke so hurriedly that he kicked the cover off the code. Give this worthy device a trial.

A correspondent who signs himself "Sic Semper Tyrannis" writes to ask if it is proper to wear felt shoes with evening dress. Our correspondent is in the wrong paw. This is no corset model's round table or fashion dope sheet. We will confide to Sic Semper, however, that if he lives in Chicago, felt boots or rubber boots or hip boots will go anywhere outside of the Blackstone.

**THE SIGNS OF SPRING**

The signs of spring! The signs of spring! It used to be a joyous thing to tootle with mellifluous glee about the blossom and the tree. The early robin looked so neat with chibblains on his little feet. The buds that braved the sudden gale and made the annual fruit crop fail, the balmy breeze that brought along the germs, a wild voracious throng we hailed with warblings from the heart. But now we make an earlier start. The signs of spring are on display where shoppers seek the glad array of fuffs and feathers, fads and frills. Be brave, my lady, and pay the bills. Before the chickens in the coop begin to cackle and to whoop, before we have quite shoveling snow the sign of spring are on the go. They trip and toddle near and far. They jostle in a motor car whose shape and decorations fine proclaim it latest of its line. The signs that once dispelled our gloom, of late like danger signals loom. Poor father views them with alarm and puts a mortgage on the farm.—Philander Johnson.

**UNDISPUTED PROF**

Mr. and Mrs. Wiley were having a quarrel.  
"But you must remember," said the husband, "that my taste is better than yours, Alice."  
"Oh, yes, undoubtedly, Arthur," replied the wife, "when we come to remember that you married me and I married you."—Lippincott's.

**GLOOMY VIEW**

"I suppose you will try to avoid giving that boy of yours any useful Christmas?"  
"What's the use of worrying about a matter that involves such a short time? Anything I give that boy will be useless inside of a week."—Washington Star.

**The Good Apyetite**  
By WALT MASON

If man enjoys his daily vittles, he is a happy nib; he need not care if Fortune whittles a stick to prod his ribs. In times of stress and grim disaster, if appetites survive, then men just throw in steak the faster, and pies in blocks of five. No woe or troubles can terrify the men who like to eat, who are equipped with modern stomachs that simply can't be beat. Should Fate, that grim and grisly spinner of grief, camp on my trail, if I can have a good square dinner, her buffets won't avail. The men who bow before disaster, who tremble and repeat, to whom woe sticketh like a plaster, are those who do not eat. Napoleon, to good fighters partial, once combed his scanty wool, and said, "Men can't be brave and martial unless their tanks are full." Let me but eat a roasted turkey, well stuffed, in farmhouse style, and, though the outlook's dark and murky, I still shall sing and smile. I may be victim of abuses, and woes may come in troops, but let me eat a pair of geese, and I don't care three whoops.

**THE SERMON**

The minister had just finished his great sermon; the air still quivered with his burning words, and the people sat aghast, disturbed, embarrassed; yet he lingered for a moment in his place.  
"Is there one here," he asked, "in whose breast these words strike like a barbed arrow for the truth that is in them?" And he sat down.  
"That was hard on John!" said old James, "but he deserves it, every word."  
"A blow from the shoulder for James!" said old John. "Time he got one, too, if it isn't too late."  
"I wonder whether either of those two old sinners will take his medicine and be the better for it," said old William. But the little saint hurried home, huddled down by his little bed and cried out in anguish, "My God! my God! have mercy on me and give me for this stone a heart of flesh!"—Laura E. Richards in the Century.

**THE POLITE CALL DOWN**

What is beneath contempt sometimes deserves a word of amazed amusement. Of such is a cartoon in the Evening Sun fashioned after the familiar picture of Lincoln reading to his son Tad and labeled "Not Sex Hygiene!"  
The few opponents of telling the truth to children are persistent and hard to down. But none of them has ever carried his fallacy to this preposterous length. Opposition to the teaching of sex hygiene in schools is not without a basis, and

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unquestionably raises a debatable problem. Opposition to parents telling the truth to children in the home as they become old enough to understand it, is grotesque and fatuous folly. Its idleness can only be compared to the taste which devotes a picture of Lincoln to such a sorry cause.—New York Tribune.

**MY WORD!**

To his family an old Diplodocus said: "Cut out all this loud hoous pocus. You must act like good boys, And stop all this noise. Or the Ichthyopagous will crocus."  
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**HANDICAPPED**

Judge—Remember, witness, you are sworn to tell the truth and nothing but the truth.  
Witness—Judge, I am trying my darndest to do it, but that pie-faced slob of a lawyer there won't let me.  
Chicago Tribune.

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