

Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

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SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 1, 1914.

Party honesty is party expediency. —Grover Cleveland.

The Bright Salt River Valley Sky

The outlook for the Salt River Valley was never brighter. The water users' burden has been lightened so that they can hardly feel it, by the passage of the bill extending the time for the repayment for the Salt River irrigation project. This is a relief that, two years ago, seemed hopeless, and in the temper at that time, of congress and of the people living outside the arid region, it could hardly have been expected except by the most sanguine.

The Republican was made to realize the difficulties in the way. This paper a year ago last October adopted, among its definite policies, the advocacy of an extension of the time for repayment for the irrigation project. Beside conducting a campaign in its own columns, it opened a correspondence with every important newspaper in the Pacific coast region and with papers in the vicinity of every government irrigation project. It was painfully surprised at the hostility developed to any extension plan. It brought forth from some quarters a bitterness of opposition that might have been expected only from the country outside the region that would be benefited by an extension.

Correspondence and personal interviews with officials of the reclamation service brought no encouragement. The disposition in all quarters was to hold the water users to their bargain in spite of the fact that the cost incurred was twice as great as they had been led to expect it would be. It was said by the officials that it would be impossible, even if desirable, to secure an amendment to the reclamation act in behalf of the water users. The proposition of The Republican for an extension of time without interest on the deferred payments was pronounced unthinkable.

But the following winter the matter was taken up by Representative Hayden and the barriers of prejudice began to give way. The east and the south began to take a broader view of the justice due the home-makers of the west. Then came the administration of Secretary Lane, whose well-founded knowledge of western needs was gradually communicated to the congressmen. Concessions were suggested, and they finally matured into the granting of all that The Republican had asked, in almost the exact terms of the policy it outlined almost two years ago.

Nearly simultaneous with the announcement of the passage of the extension bill comes the reasonable assurance of an abundant water supply, bringing with it increased confidence, not only for this year, but for all years to come, that there will be water for all. There can be no doubt that the future of the valley, in respect to the rest of the season, is better than it would have seemed a year ago if we could then have foreseen how scant the rainfall on the watershed then was to be.

Now the summer rains in that region are more abundant than they have been in many years—in fact, than in any season since the storage of water in the Roosevelt dam in any considerable volume was possible. And there is an almost certain prospect that the greater volume of the summer down-pour on that immense watershed is yet to be gathered into the dam.

The farmers of the Salt River Valley and the merchants of its towns have greater reason now for confidence than they have ever had before.

The President's Use of Power

President Wilson has adopted a system of rewards and punishments for those members of his party in the senate and the house, to be meted out to them with respect to their conduct toward his various policies. Other presidents have done this before Mr. Wilson, but they have been somewhat more tactful. The president has let it be known that he will not appoint the candidate of Senator Reed of Missouri to be postmaster at Kansas City because the senator headed the opposition to the confirmation of the nomination of Mr. Jones to be a member of the federal reserve board. In this incident the president has the example of predecessors who have felt that they were within their official rights in determining the fitness of applicants for appointive offices by the character of the chief sponsors for them. Mr. Wilson is said, however, to have sought more openly than any of his predecessors to change the views of sponsors for applicants, with respect to his pending policies.

It is said that opposing congressmen, though supposed still to be amenable to reason, have been sent for by the president to discuss the policy toward which they seemed to be unfriendly, and that the discussion has always been brought deftly around to include the somewhat irrelevant topic of the ambition of some constituent of the congressman to hold office. It may be that the fathers invested the president with the power of life and death over the hopes of applicants for office in order that he might the better influence their congressional friends and so leave his impress upon national legislation.

But there is something more than want of tact—gross impropriety—in the manner in which the pres-

ident has recently rewarded one of his most faithful supporters in congress, Senator Fletcher of Florida. The senator's son-in-law, a Dr. Kemp, had just been convicted and sentenced to two years in a federal prison for using the United States mails to advertise the facility and safety with which he could perform criminal operations. There could be no doubt of the doctor's guilt, and there were no extenuating circumstances. There were his brazen advertisements. But he was promptly pardoned by the president. No one can believe that the president would have so interfered in the case of any other criminal, or that he would have interfered if the criminal in this case had been the son-in-law of an unfriendly senator.

Though, as we have said, the fathers may have had in mind the use of the presidential power of appointment to influence legislation, they could not have contemplated that any president would so use the pardoning power to discharge his political obligations.

The slaughter now going on in Serbia and which in all probability will spread over the continent of Europe is the most imposing sacrifice ever offered to appease the shade of an mortal. At the end of the war the ghost of the Archduke Ferdinand ought to be satisfied.

Spain, we learn with surprise, has also assembled its warships in anticipation of the coming struggle. We supposed that they were all reposing at a depth of several fathoms in the bays of Santiago and Manila.

We learn that our esteemed townsman and good fellow, Walter Brawner, has divested himself of the handicap of the chairmanship of the democratic county committee in order that he may have a freer hand in the primary campaign in behalf of the candidates of his choice. In other words, by resigning his position, he has reduced himself to a war-footing and has painted his fleet an ominous gray.

HOW WALLACE IRWIN SCARED SWIMMERS

"My first story," says Wallace Irwin in the August Strand, "was a newspaper yarn founded on a thread of fact, but mostly invention. In the summer of 1899, when I found myself unwillingly disowned by Leland Stanford, my Alma Mater, I took a short trip to the shore of Santa Cruz, in California. After a month spent in fishing, flirting and loitering, I found my funds running extremely low. Friends who happened to be with me at the time were giving me roseate accounts of the vast and easy wealth to be accumulated through writing for Sunday editions of newspapers. I had never attempted anything more ambitious than college journalism, but I needed the money so badly that I went forth very early in the morning in search of material.

"Almost the first picture to greet my eyes that morning was a group of Portuguese fishermen struggling ferociously with their nets a few hundred yards down the coast. 'Mackerel!' shouted an early-rising hotel guest, so we raced to the scene of action, removed our shoes, rolled up our trousers, and volunteered our assistance to the fishermen, who were obviously in need of help.

"Several men were working at a huge pulley on the shore, twenty others were waist-deep in the surf struggling with the stubborn nets—evidently a record catch in a region where mackerel frequently ran as high as six tons to the haul. The net was almost on the beach when the Portuguese began expressing their disgust in their native patois and before I knew what was actually happening the foreman was floundering among the nets cutting the mesh with a huge draw-knife. Then the escape of the fish began—shark! The unlucky fishermen had cast right in the middle of a school of 'dog-fish,' pygmy shark who follow mackerel, and had hauled in a netful of the useless, tough little fighters.

"A man was there with a kodak, and the idea flashed upon me. There were at least a thousand young sharks in that net; shark were dangerous; most of the released captives would soon grow up into formidable man-eaters. Therefore, the netful thus carelessly turned loose upon the Pacific was destined, in time, to be a menace to bathers along the coast! Perfectly good newspaper logic of a kind! By noon my story was done. As soon as the snapshots were developed, I submitted the masterpiece to a San Francisco Sunday editor, and was gratified to receive therefrom a check for \$20.

"I spent the money and forgot it, yet I am told that the story was copied in hundreds of newspapers in America and abroad, and that the legend still persists to the effect that the Pacific coast is alive with shark only waiting for the date when they shall have grown to sufficiently formidable proportions to gobble a full-grown summer girl—despite the fact that the fish who contributed to my story were a variety of shark which seldom grows beyond four feet long."

THE TORCH

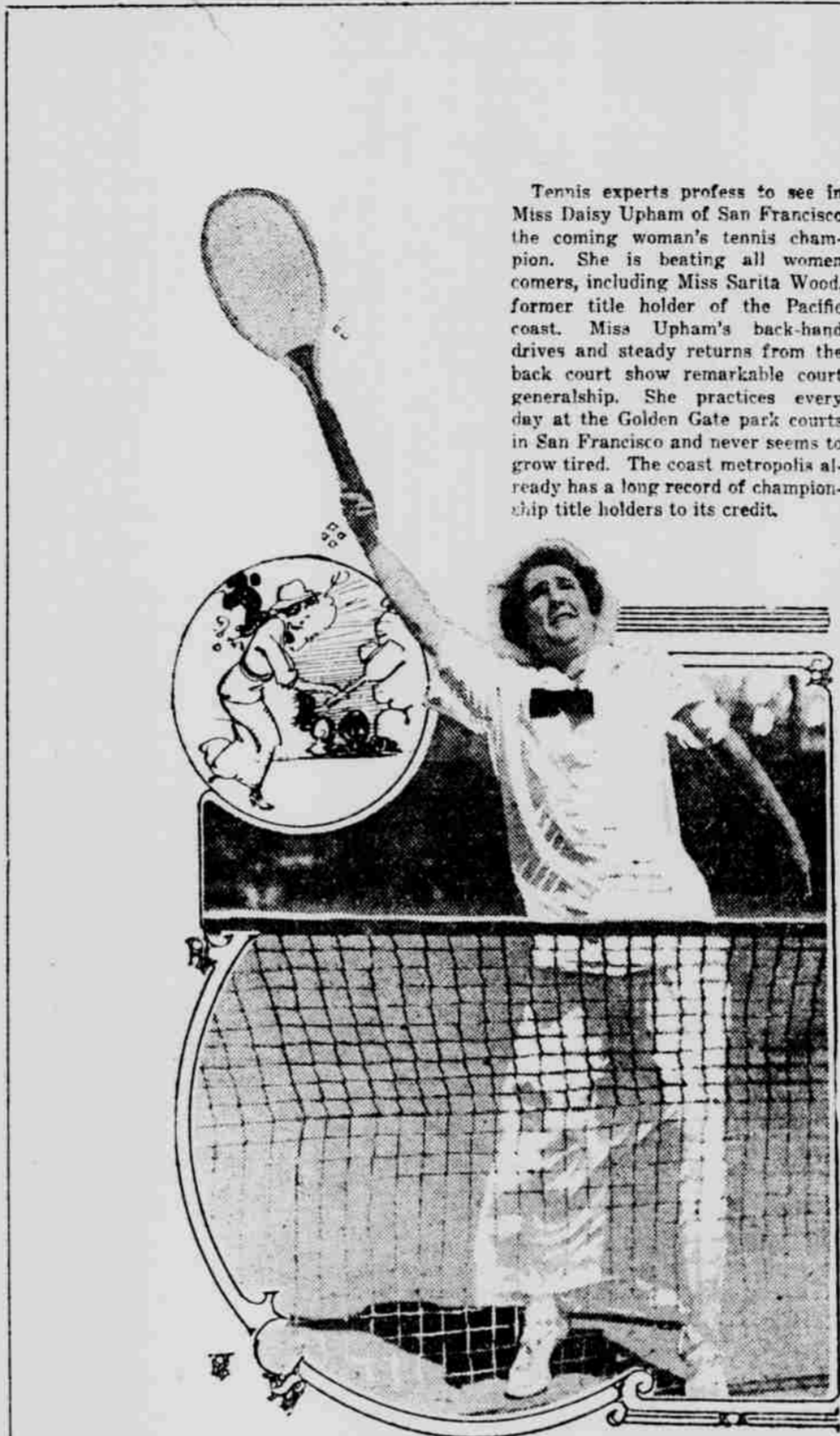
"It's the play that is my rival?"
"Yes."
"Does the play mean as much to DeLanvier as it does to you?"
"More—it is his life."
"Would you give your life to preserve the play for him if it was in danger?"
"Without hesitation."
"It's the man I hate, but you say the play is my rival." De Bersac spoke slowly and judiciously. "Well, my rival must be destroyed. I will destroy the play."
Yvette gasped.
"You can't. We'll guard it."
"You will have no chance. I'm stronger than you, and there are few people on the place. I saw the man sitting in his armchair as I passed the window, with the papers spread out before him. I know that, as yet, there is but one copy. I shall go now and destroy that, unless—unless you return with me."—From "The Torch," by Vennette Herron, in Women's Stories.

I BRING YOU ALL I HAVE

I bring you all I have, my life, my work;
I lay my soul before your smile.
But in the wind of one light word
Idly directed by a passer-by,
A word no more conserved for you
Than for another of the crowd,
My poems, all my treasuries,
Are puffed away.
My life and work are written, sealed, forgotten.
I shall unseal them while you are not watching,
And add to them and come again
And bring you all I have, my life, my work,
And lay my soul before your smile.
—Witter Bynner, in The Smart Set.

FACT.

Of 2355 pupils in a Minnesota school only 439 were of American parentage. But their children will all be.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.



Daisy Upham reaching for a high one.

Tennis experts profess to see in Miss Daisy Upham of San Francisco the coming woman's tennis champion. She is beating all women comers, including Miss Sarita Wood, former title holder of the Pacific coast. Miss Upham's back-hand drives and steady returns from the back court show remarkable court generalship. She practices every day at the Golden Gate park courts in San Francisco and never seems to grow tired. The coast metropolis already has a long record of championship title holders to its credit.

Old Mother Hubbard

By WALT MASON

Old Mother Hubbard, who went to the cupboard, to get her poor dog a bone, but when she got there the cupboard was bare, and so the poor dog got none. Then old Mother Hubbard sat down and blubbered, and roasted the scandalous trusts; "They're surely inhuman, to rob a poor woman of even the bones and the crusts. I'll write to the papers and show up their capers, and prove that we need a reform; I'll skin them completely, and do it up neatly, while I am indignant and warm." The old woman's neighbors, who stuck to their labors, had plenty of grub in their flat, they promptly made payment for bonnets and raiment, their bow wows were rolling in fat. But old Mother Hubbard, she lied and rubbered, at suffragist meetings, and such, and so she was hollow, with nothing to swallow, while sensible beldames got rich. The wise dames are baking, the Johnnie-cake making, they work the old stove till it busts; with ladylike ardor they stock up the larder, and so they can laugh at the trusts.

WHO MAKES MONEY FARMING AND HOW?

In the current issue of Farm and Fireside, the national farm paper published at Springfield, O., Judson C. Welliver, Washington correspondent of that publication, writes an interesting article in which he shows that large farms are more profitable than small ones in proportion to the dollars invested. He says that after two or three years of investigation the government has published a bulletin presenting the conclusions of a survey of representative farms in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, wherein is shown who makes the money farming and how; also who loses it and why. Following is an extract giving some of the facts contained in the government's reports:

"In the first place, it seems to have discovered that most of it is made by the landlord, and that chiefly out of the increase in land values. The farmer gets poor wages for his work. In a startlingly large proportion of the cases he gets no wages at all, after allowance is made for interest on investment and cost of help. The man on the small farm makes less wages than the man on the bigger farm, because it costs more for what the efficiency experts might call overhead operating costs on a small than on a large farm. If you don't own enough land to make a good-sized economic farming unit, rent some and farm it along with what you own. If you can't get it, sell what you have and go where you can buy enough, or rent enough, to make the proper unit.

"The department figures show that as the size of the farm increases the proportion of it actually raising crops increases, and the number of horses and amount of machinery required per acre to farm it decreases. Likewise, until the farm gets big enough to make it possible to handle labor most efficiently—that is, to have something for all the hands to be doing all the time that is worth while—the proportionate labor cost is too large on the small farm. That may be tough on the intensive experts, but it's a fact they can't get around. The small farm must have the various implements, but they don't do as much work per dollar of cost that they represent, as on the bigger farm.

"The survey which brought out these and many more important facts included 277 farms in Indiana, 198 in Illinois, and 227 in Iowa. In each state rather more than half were operated by the owners, and the rest by tenants."

Guatemala

By GEORGE FITCH
Author of "At Good Old Siwash"

Guatemala is not as important in the newspapers as Newport or the Federal League. Yet if Guatemala were to turn entirely over, as it has vainly attempted to do several times during its volcanic and earthquake career, coffee would rise largely in price and thousands of Italians would have to buy street organs for want of bananas to sell.

For this latter reason we should regard Guatemala as a blessing and treat it with consideration. At one time Guatemala also supplied most of



It doesn't know how to work the thing

the red coloring matter for the world, it being infested with a small red bug called cochineal, which when boiled and used as a dye made beautiful red cloth. However, science has substituted chemical dyes and the cochineal bug now wanders unharmed through Guatemala and can only end its life by falling into the coffee.

Guatemala is situated in the center of South American hostilities and has been jostling Nicaragua, Honduras and Salvador for elbow room for almost a century. It is as large as the state of

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New York and contains over 2,000,000 people, a few of whom can read. Guatemala has no divorce question, this being avoided by cutting out marriage to a very great extent.

Most Guatemalans are Indians, many of whom work on the large German plantations and are perfectly free except that they cannot leave until they pay their debts, and they cannot pay their debts without leaving. Guatemala has a beautiful constitution, modeled on our own, but the nation is like a young lady with a complicated automobile. It doesn't know how to work the thing. Guatemala has had almost as many presidents as Mexico, and they have given as little satisfaction. It is the trouble-maker of Central America, and more than once the United States has had to rush down there in a gunboat and talk things over while holding two or more warring republics firmly by the ear.

Guatemala is a hot, moist land, profusely decorated with volcanoes and 13,000-foot mountains in its middle and with swamps filled with compressed malaria along the seashore. It has the most beautiful birds in the world and also the most ornamental postage stamps. There was once a highly civilized Indian government in Guatemala, with great buildings and a literature. The country is now slowly improving and may some day get back to where it was 500 years ago.

WHEN THE LANCERS SHOCKED

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Caste, authors of the just-published book, "Modern Dancing," as ardent advocates of the new dances, call attention to the fact that those of an earlier day—now considered sedate—encountered the same opposition as the tango and maxixe have met with. "Even the lancers," they say, "did not go unmolested by the poisonous arrows of prudens, and came in for its turn of foolish antagonism. An American writing home in those days 'hoped that the exhibition of dancing practiced in depraved Europe would never soil an drawing-room in the land of the free.' However, the lancers came to be included in the program of the state balls of Buckingham Palace and were sanctioned by Queen Victoria."

EDIBLE AND GOODLOOKING

The only thing wrong with the dandelion is that it is too common. If it were rare the government would be sending out dandelion seeds in neat little packages and urging cultivation of the plant.—Kalamazoo Telegraph-Press.

HIS PRAYER ANSWERED.

"Ah!" he sighed. "If you only gave me the least hope I—"
"Gracious!" interrupted the hard-hearted belle. "I've been giving you the least I ever gave any man."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Federal Reserve Bank

will help some, but YOUR success is up to YOU, Mr. Farmer. What you probably need is a few more cows to eat up that feed. Talk to

The Phoenix National Bank