

# Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

The Arizona Republican  
Published by  
ARIZONA PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The Only Paper in Arizona Published Every Day in the Year. Only Morning Paper in Phoenix.

Dwight B. Heard.....President and Manager  
Charles A. Stauffer.....Business Manager  
Garth W. Cate.....Assistant Business Manager  
J. W. Spear.....Editor  
Ira H. S. Huggett.....City Editor

Exclusive Morning Associated Press Dispatches.  
Office, Corner Second and Adams Streets.

Entered at the Postoffice at Phoenix, Arizona, as Mail Matter of the Second Class.

Address all communications to THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN, Phoenix, Arizona.

TELEPHONES:  
Business Office.....421  
City Editor.....433

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
Daily, one month, in advance.....\$ 75  
Daily, three months, in advance.....2.00  
Daily, six months, in advance.....4.00  
Daily, one year, in advance.....8.00  
Sundays only, by mail.....2.50

TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1914

True bravery is shown by performing without witnesses what one might be capable of doing before all the world.

—La Rochefoucauld.

### The Political Line-Up

The Hon. Thomas Taggart of Indiana is, in many respects, not the most admirable figure in American politics, but he has an unbroken record as an acute forecaster of political events and is accounted, even by his enemies, to be a man who always knows what is going on. Mr. Taggart was in Washington the other day and in an interview expressed the positive opinion that the contest in Indiana this year is between the democrats and the progressives.

Says he: "The progressives have outdistanced the republicans in Indiana." They unquestionably hold the second place in the politics of the state. Whenever a progressive goes back to the republican party the republican leaders and newspapers try to get the utmost advantage out of it by making a mighty noise over the conversion, but my observation is that very few of them are going back.

The contest for the senatorial toga lies between Ben Shively and former Senator Beveridge. In giving to the progressives the "second place" in Indiana, Mr. Taggart was either speaking from the figures of 1912, or as a democrat. Only the election this year will determine the exact position of the progressives—whether they will be in first or second place.

But, passing over this matter as something yet to be determined, the line-up in Indiana will be much the same as it will be in most other parts of the country, except in such states as Wisconsin, where progressive republicans will be arrayed against democrats, and in New York, where progressive republicans and progressives of all parties will be pitted against reactionary republicans and reactionary democrats.

The New York situation, by the way, has not been generally understood throughout the country. President Roosevelt's endorsement of H. D. Hinman has been misrepresented, and in many quarters has been misunderstood as a recommendation of fusion with the republicans. Mr. Hinman, on the contrary, was not recommended as a republican candidate, but as a fit man to be a candidate against the Barnes element and against the Murphy element. He is equally distasteful to both these leaders.

Mr. Hinman himself declared, before his endorsement by Colonel Roosevelt, that he would enter both the republican and the progressive primaries, something that could be done in New York and many other states, but could not be done in Arizona under our primary laws. Mr. Hinman further declared that he would seek a nomination "from the masses," so that he will go before the people as the candidate of the people rather than as the candidate of any party.

But, generally throughout the country, and especially in the south, the line will be drawn distinctly between the democratic and the progressive parties. In some states, as in Arizona, where there is a division in the democratic party as distinct as the division in the republican party in New York, the line will not be so clearly drawn and many democratic voters as well as republicans will cross it and support the progressive ticket.

### The Course of Great Britain.

The expressed determination of Great Britain not to send an expeditionary force to the continent, if adhered to, will not greatly affect the balance between Germany and Austria-Hungary on one side and France and Russia on the other, for, as we pointed out a week ago, such a force could not consist, at the most, of more than 200,000 men.

But the neutrality of Great Britain, which it is stated every honorable effort will be made to maintain, would be a different matter and, we believe, an impossibility without a violation of the terms of the dual alliance.

Perhaps, if Great Britain were bound only by the triple entente, she could avoid participation in the war, but her alliance with France is a solemn and binding one. An attack upon either nation calls for interference by the other. While, at the time the statement was made that Great Britain would endeavor to preserve neutrality, there had been no declaration of war against France, her territory had already been invaded by Germany. Moreover, Germany had repudiated to Great Britain that she could not promise to observe the neutrality of Belgium, which Great Britain had guaranteed.

If, in these circumstances, Great Britain should earnestly seek to evade the obligation under the dual alliance, the expression of Napoleon, "Perfidious Albion," would be recalled to Frenchmen. It is a matter of record, too, that Great Britain has let other nations extract her chestnuts from the fire, but she can probably not do so in this case. Her peaceful asseverations are, no doubt, of a part of those which all the nations now flying at each other's

throats have been making. We may shortly expect to see the British navy in action against her growing and dreaded rival.

### The Peace Commission's Report

We have the report of the peace commission on the causes and the conduct of the Balkan wars, a perhaps not interesting document, since the world, through the public prints, was pretty well informed of the causes of those struggles and was horrified by the news accounts of the conduct of the wars. The report of the commission could hardly add to the story of the barbarities committed, and if it should show that those stories were exaggerated, it would not serve the purpose for which the commission was formed.

The commission is a well meaning and harmless body, organized under one of Mr. Carnegie's numerous endowments, in the interest of international peace. The present disturbance in Europe seems to have got started while the commission wasn't looking—while it was engaged in the preparation of the Balkan report. The commission will learn, if it has not already learned, that it must be everlasting on the job if war is to be prevented.

But if the commission cannot prevent war, it may serve the purpose of contributing to the fulfillment of the ambition expressed by Mr. Carnegie some years ago, to die poor.

The European war will probably not last long. We can not use the duration of wars in which the United States has been engaged as a gauge. It has generally taken the slow-moving Uncle Sam three or four months to get ready. All European nations were all ready. They had only to move out of their camps against one another.

We notice in an English publication, in an advertisement of a new kind of suspenders, that "they make the wearing of trousers a positive delight." This is an inflammatory statement calculated to stir up the suffragettes afresh.

When Germany made that excursion to Paris forty-odd years ago, there was no enemy hammering at the back gate. It is yet to be developed whether there is another Von Moltke to direct the way Paris-ward.

The state of war existing in Europe did not prevent our observation yesterday that there was some caloric in the air.

### A RUNAWAY BOY WORKS FOR A MEAL OF "LEFTOVERS"

(Bealby is the hero of H. G. Wells's latest novel now appearing in Collier's Weekly. He runs away from an English country home, where he had been apprenticed as a butler's boy, and meets a party of happy caravanners—three women—who are just preparing a meal.)

Quite mechanically Bealby scrambled through the hedge and drew nearer this divine smell. The woman scrutinized him for a moment, and then blinking and averting her face went on with her cooking. Bealby came quite close to her and remained, noting the bits of potato that swam about in the pan, the jolly curling of the rashers, the dancing of the bubbles, the humming splash and splutter of the happy fat.

(If it should ever fall to my lot to be cooked, may I be fried in potatoes and butter. May I be fried with potatoes and good butter made from the milk of the cow. God send I am spared boiling; the prison of the pot, the rattling lid, the evil darkness, the greasy water.)

"I suppose," said the lady, prodding with her fork at the bacon: "I suppose you call yourself a Boy?"

"Yes, miss," said Bealby.

"Have you ever fried?"

"I could, miss."

"Like this?"

"Better."

"Just lay hold of this handle—for it's scorching the skin off my face, I am—" She seemed to think for a moment and added, "entirely."

In silence Bealby grasped that exquisite smell by the handle; he took the fork from her hand and put his hungry, eager nose over the seething mess. It wasn't only bacon; there were onions, onions giving it an edge; it cut to the quick of appetite. He could have wept with the intensity of his sensations.

A voice almost as delicious as the smell came out of the caravan window behind Bealby's head.

"Ju-ty!" cried the voice.

"Here!—I mean—it's here I am," said the lady in the deerstalker.

"Judy—you didn't take my stockings for your own, by any chance?"

The lady in the deerstalker gave way to delighted horror. "Ssh, mavourneen!" she cried—she was one of that large class of amiable women who are more Irish than they need be—"there's a boy here!"

There was indeed an almost obsequiously industrious and obliging boy. An hour later he was no longer a boy, but the boy and three friendly women were regarding him with a merited approval.

He had done the frying, renewed a waning fire with remarkable skill and dispatch, rebuffed a neglected kettle in the shortest possible time, laid almost without direction a simple meal, very exactly set out camp stools and cleaned the frying pan marvelously. Hardly had they taken their portions of that appetizing savorniness than he had whipped off with that implement, gone behind the caravan, busied himself there, and returned with the pan-glittering bright. Himself if possible brighter. One cheek, indeed, shone with an animated glow.

"But wasn't there some of the bacon and stuff left?" asked the lady in the deerstalker.

"I didn't think it was wanted, miss," said Bealby.

"So I cleared it up."

He met understanding in her eye. He questioned her expression.

"Mayn't I wash up for you, miss?" he asked, to relieve the tension.

### NOR PRETZELS

"Man (in bakeshop)—My wife told me to get something else—what was it?"

Baker—You have biscuits and a pie—maybe it was some crullers.

Man—No. I distinctly remember her telling me not to get things twisted.

### SOLENN AND SAFE

"What's this solemn stuff you are getting up here?"

"A joke book for ambassadors," answered the party of the second part.

### PRINCE ALEXANDER IS LIKELY TO BE REAL WAR LEADER OF SERVIAN ARMY



Prince Alexander.

While King Peter the aged ruler of Serbia who some time ago gave up the cares of statecraft and retired from the throne, has now announced that he will personally lead the army of the Serbs, it is likely that his son, the crown prince, who has been acting prince, will continue in reality in power. Crown Prince Alexander did gallant work on the battlefield during the Balkan war, winning the commendation of all those who witnessed his fearlessness. Prince Alexander is a younger son of King Peter and became crown prince in 1908 when his brother George renounced his right to the throne.

### The Can Opener

By WALT MASON

This handy tool, the household pet, we ply with skill and speed; and in the modern kitchenette it's really all we need. The shining tool that opens cans makes household work a joke; it supersedes the pots and pans, the stoves that used to smoke. In olden times the tolling wives were always on their feet; they wore away their weary lives preparing things to eat. They fried the meat, they baked the beans, they cooked the spuds, I wist; they had no time for magazines, for eucree or bridge whist. How fortunate the modern wife, with many a leisure hour! For she can fill with glee her life, and languish in her bower. And when at evening comes her man, impatient for the eats, she says, "I'll open up a can of beans or deviled beets." It takes three minutes by the clock to get his meal in shape; he's so well trained he doesn't balk, or try to make escape. It may be, as hand over hand he throws the victuals in, he sighs for grub that isn't canned, that doesn't taste of tin. It may be that his vagrant mind recalls the old-time steak, the dishes of the good old kind his mother used to make. But idle are the man's regrets, and vain his hopes and plans; this is the age of kitchenettes and things put up in cans.

### BEEES IN THE BONNET BOXES

We descended the bridge into the village. A boy on a bicycle, loaded with four paper bonnet boxes, pedaled towards us out of an alley on our right. He bowed his head, the better to overcome the ascent, and naturally took his left. Mr. Lingnam swerved fractionally to the right. Pententony shouted. The boy looked up, saw the car was like to squeeze him against the bridge wall, flung himself off his machine and across the narrow pavement to the nearest house. He slammed the door at the precise moment when the car, all brakes set, bumped the abandoned bicycle, shattering three of the bonnet boxes and jerking the fourth over the unscrupled dashboard into Mr. Lingnam's arms.

There was a dead stillness, then a hiss like that of escaping steam and a man who had been running toward us ran the other way.

"Why! I think that those must be bees," said Mr. Lingnam.

They were—four full swarms—and the first living objects which he had remarked upon all day. Someone said: "Oh, God!" The agent general went out over the back of the car, crying resolutely: "Stop the traffic! Stop the traffic, there!" Pententony was already on the pavement ringing a door bell, so I had both their rugs, which—for I am an apiarist—I threw over my head. While I was tucking my trousers into my socks—for I am an apiarist of some experience—Mr. Lingnam picked up the unexploded bonnet box and with a single magnificent gesture (he told us afterward he thought there was a river there) hurled it over the parapet of the bridge, ere he ran across the road toward the village green. Now, the station platform immediately below was crowded with foresters and their friends waiting to welcome a delegation from a sister court. I saw the box burst on the flint edging of the station garden and the contents sweep forward comewise like shrapnel. But the result was stimulating rather than sedative.—From "The Vortex," by Rudyard Kipling, in the August Scribner.

### IN THE BUSH LEAGUE CLASS

"Majolica pitcher brings \$655 in sale," read Mrs. Fan. "Hub!" sneered Mr. Fan. "He can't be much of a player."—Buffalo Express.

### The Monkey

By GEORGE FITCH  
Author of "At Good Old Siwash"

According to Charles Darwin, who once made a very careful investigation of the heirlooms of humanity, the monkey is the ancestor of man.

If this is true, it is a sad thought for those whose greatest pride is to trace their ancestry into the dim uncharted past. For the monkey is no great shakes as a citizen. It is a miniature edition of a man with various improvements as far as appendages go. The monkey's toes are more useful than man's and he is also equipped with a versatile and intelligent tail by which he can hang from the highest limb while picking fruit with both hands and feet. If the bad boys of today were supplied with a monkey's appendages, they would make the orchards of America a howling waste in three days.



"They Would Make the Orchards of America a Howling Wilderness in Three Days"

The monkey has a full beard on all parts of his body and a small, bald face, which consists mostly of jaw. Nature only provided the monkey with room under his forehead for a teaspoonful of brains and she used inferior and added goods for filling at that.

The monkey is very quick and bright at imitation.



**SECURITY**  
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS  
\$300,000  
IDEAL RESOURCES OVER  
\$3,000,000.  
**THE VALLEY BANK**

Paid-Up Capital and Surplus  
\$165,000  
(And no demand liabilities)  
behind our Guarantee Title Policies.  
**Phoenix Title and Trust Co.**  
18 North First Avenue.

tion, and can be taught a large variety of astounding and useless tricks, such as wearing a plug hat and a dress suit, smoking a pipe, drinking champagne and eating ice cream with a fork. A monkey can take a watch or other mechanism to pieces as cleverly as a man. But when he attempts to put the pieces together again his full defects are exhibited.

The trouble with a monkey is the fact that he has no memory. If he could remember what he learned yesterday, he would be equal to some grades of humanity and might stand a chance in this hustling world. But he forgets as quickly as he learns, and for this reason civilization is slowly pushing him into the umbrageous regions of oblivion. In fact, the monkey has no better memory than the American voter, who one year throws the rascals out with tremendous unctious and much prayerful thanksgiving and the next year votes them in again with a glad hurrah. We cannot use the monkey in the arts and sciences, but in some sections of our great cities he might safely be intrusted with the divine right of suffrage without impairing the result in any degree.

In this country many of the electric light stations serve a large part of their customers at a loss. This is due to the fact that the interest on the investment made to supply the customer plus the cost of reading the meter and keeping the accounts is oftentimes more than the actual return for the electricity consumed. In Europe the change of small customers from unprofitable to profitable ones has been brought about in a large measure by reducing the fixed costs of serving them. This has been done by simplifying the methods of charging and billing, etc., so as to make possible the wholesale handling of small customers. The importance of the small and very small consumers toward the building up of the income of the electric light company is recognized to such a degree in Europe that in many places large amounts are invested by the electric light company in financing small customers, that is, financing aid is extended to small customers toward payment of the cost of wiring their houses. In the city of Milan, the laboring classes enjoy all the comforts of electricity and the company handles amounts as small as thirty-five cents a month. In the city of Trier even the humblest peasants use electricity in their cottages.—Electrical World.

### FINANCIAL.

People who hold mortgages on farms have formed an organization for the purpose of bringing about reforms. Reduction of interest is not one of the reforms that are contemplated.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Huerta

lost out because he didn't have the proper backing at the right time. Both are necessary.

We have the inclination and ability to help you if your game is right.

## The Phoenix National Bank