

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 Office421
City Editor433

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

MONDAY MORNING, AUGUST 10, 1914

War is a fire struck in the Devil's tinder-box.
—Howell.

The Need of a Merchant Marine

This country is now feeling the need of a merchant marine as never before, and is trying to pass an emergency measure directly contradictory to one that was given boastful prominence in the Panama canal act providing that "sea-going vessels, whether steam or sail, which have been certified by the steamship inspection service as safe to carry dry and perishable cargo, not more than five years old at the time they apply for registry, wherever built, being wholly owned by citizens of the United States or any state thereof, the president and managing directors of which shall be citizens of the United States, and no others, may be registered. Foreign built vessels registered pursuant to this act shall not engage in coastwise trade." The law lays down many other stipulations, including one which requires registered ships to take on American crews.

An amendment is now before the senate, but in spite of the emergency which confronts American trade and commerce, the traditional democratic objection was so strong that Senators Pomerene and Saulsbury on Saturday prevented an early amendment to the act, removing the disabilities of foreign ships, notwithstanding such an amendment has been urged by the administration.

At the present time there are only six ships engaged in trans-Atlantic trade under United States registry. This meager half dozen will fall far short of being sufficient for the carrying of American commodities abroad and for which there will probably be an increased demand.

The ships of Germany, France, Russia and Great Britain have been withdrawn from commercial carrying. Those of Italy will almost certainly be withdrawn. However, the war may go on the sea, it will be a long time before even the merchant ships of a nation in supremacy will run the risk of capture by the wandering warships of a hostile nation.

According to official reports, there have so far been no naval engagements in which any of the warring nations have suffered severely. If we assume, though, that in the course of the war, Germany will be worsted on the sea, for months to come, probably as long as the war will last, her cruisers, battleships and other craft will turn up in the most unexpected places. The fear of that alone will paralyze British, French and Russian merchantmen.

There will be no neutral ships aside from the half dozen of our own and perhaps a handful of those of the small nations of Europe which have not been drawn into the war, to handle the American trade. Our elevators are filled with wheat bought at high prices stimulated by war news, but it cannot be moved. Other food products and non-contraband goods are waiting at every port to be moved, but there are no ships to move them.

The United States will suffer more severely from this state of things than any other nation. Great Britain, in a pinch, can receive her food products from Canada and India, brought under the convoy of warships. France may be so supplied. Russia's wheat crop this year is a bumper, nearly a billion bushels, only a little less than our own.

After the war, of course the American supply would be in demand at good prices, but the average American producer cannot wait for wars to end. Only the wealthy speculators can stand such suspense.

Passive Faith

"Had our ancestors kept the land they bought for a shilling an acre in the heart of what is now a great city, how busy we might now be clipping coupons," says the Mesa Free Press. If enough of our ancestors had held such cheaply purchased land, there would be no great cities—the land would be worth little more than a shilling, and nobody would be clipping coupons.

Enough people in every town now hold to land, waiting for an increase in its value, to retard to some extent the growth of the town. It may be said in favor of the Astor family, whose great fortune consists chiefly of the growth in value of their holdings, that they assisted materially in the growth and did not wait for their neighbors to make it more valuable. They took the lead in making improvements and encouraged their less thrifty neighbors to make improvements. The elder Astors were too business-like to hold waste spaces which brought in no revenue, against the uncertain time when the natural growth of the neighborhood would make a market for their holdings. If the Astors had simply held their land, the members of the family would not be so busy now collecting rents and clipping coupons.

When a man merely holds great areas of ground in a town, that is evidence of some faith in the future of the town, but it is a passive faith like that of some Christians who do not know that "Faith without works is dead." But when a man holds land and improves it, and so contributes to the

growth of the community, his is an active and helpful faith.

The time is passing when men can afford to wait for the unearned increment. Before long the American system of taxation will be so changed that the man who holds property which he cannot, or does not, use for himself or the community, will be heavily penalized.

The Cape Cod Canal

There is no genuine New Englander so old he cannot remember that in the days of his youth it was confidently predicted that the dangerous ocean passage around Cape Cod would be rendered unnecessary by a ship canal from Barnstable bay to Buzzard's bay. It is said that the idea of a Cape Cod sea-level canal originated in the minds of the Puritans. In the days of Washington a survey was made, and just before the opening of the civil war a comprehensive report on a canal to cut through Cape Cod was presented to the legislature of Massachusetts. It was not, though, until the year 1909 that the project took definite form, under the stimulus of private capital, and the waterway has now been opened to traffic after five years of constructive work.

The opening of the Cape Cod canal has inspired Leslie's Weekly to bring out some interesting statistics regarding navigation around the famous cape. It is said that during the past half century or more over 2,000 vessels have been wrecked while trying to weather the treacherous cape, and approximately 700 lives have been lost. It is estimated that 25,000 vessels, carrying 25,000,000 tons of freight, round the cape every year. The claim is made, and it is doubtless well founded, that practically all of this immense traffic will find absolute safety and additional profit by traversing the Cape Cod canal.

The new waterway has fair ship-canal dimensions. At low tide its depth is twenty-five feet, and its width at the bottom of the prism is 100 feet. The progress of vessels is not impeded by locks. It is fair to assume that no vessels in the coastwise trade draw twenty-five feet of water, hence it will be that the important part of this traffic will seek the inland passage.

It is said that many American teachers have been caught on the other side and will not get home in time to "take up" school. In which case many American youth will return thanks for the respite to the god of war.

Just when it is really needed, the flying ship America will postpone her trans-Atlantic trip.

THE SANE LUNATIC

A man entered a picture gallery the other day and said:

"I've got \$100,000 that I want to spend in the encouragement of native art. I want to buy paintings by unknown painters of talent. This will help the painters along, and, if I choose wisely, it will be a good investment for me. I put myself in your hands."

Needless to say the dealer was more than pleased.

"You're a wise man and a good man," he muttered, and he had already chosen for his patron 130 canvases, value \$67,000, when a uniformed keeper entered. The patron was, alas, insane.

But, dear reader, ere you smile, stop and ask yourself if that lunatic's proposition was so very lunatic after all.

Men go daily to their bankers with far greater than \$100,000; they ask their bankers to choose investments for them; and the bankers choose N. C., which later on drops 70 points; and P. D. H., which drops 37 points; and S. O. H., which vanishes altogether. Yet the action of these skinned men is not deemed insane and nobody dreams of smiling at it.

Why smile, then, at the lunatic's action? The lunatic, a score of years ago, could have spent his \$100,000 on Whistlers at \$50 or \$75 that are now worth \$20,000; on Innises at \$100 that have risen to \$5,000; on Sisleys at \$150 that easily fetch \$7,500.

And there are American painters in New York today who will be the Sisleys, the Whistlers, the Sargents and the Innises of the future. The man who spends \$100,000 on the work of these painters today will unquestionably leave a fortune of several millions of dollars in pictures to his heirs. But if a man should buy unknown pictures, his investment would be deemed lunatic and ridiculous, where, if he bought some water-soaked stock, everybody would say he had in him the makings of a Morgan or John D.

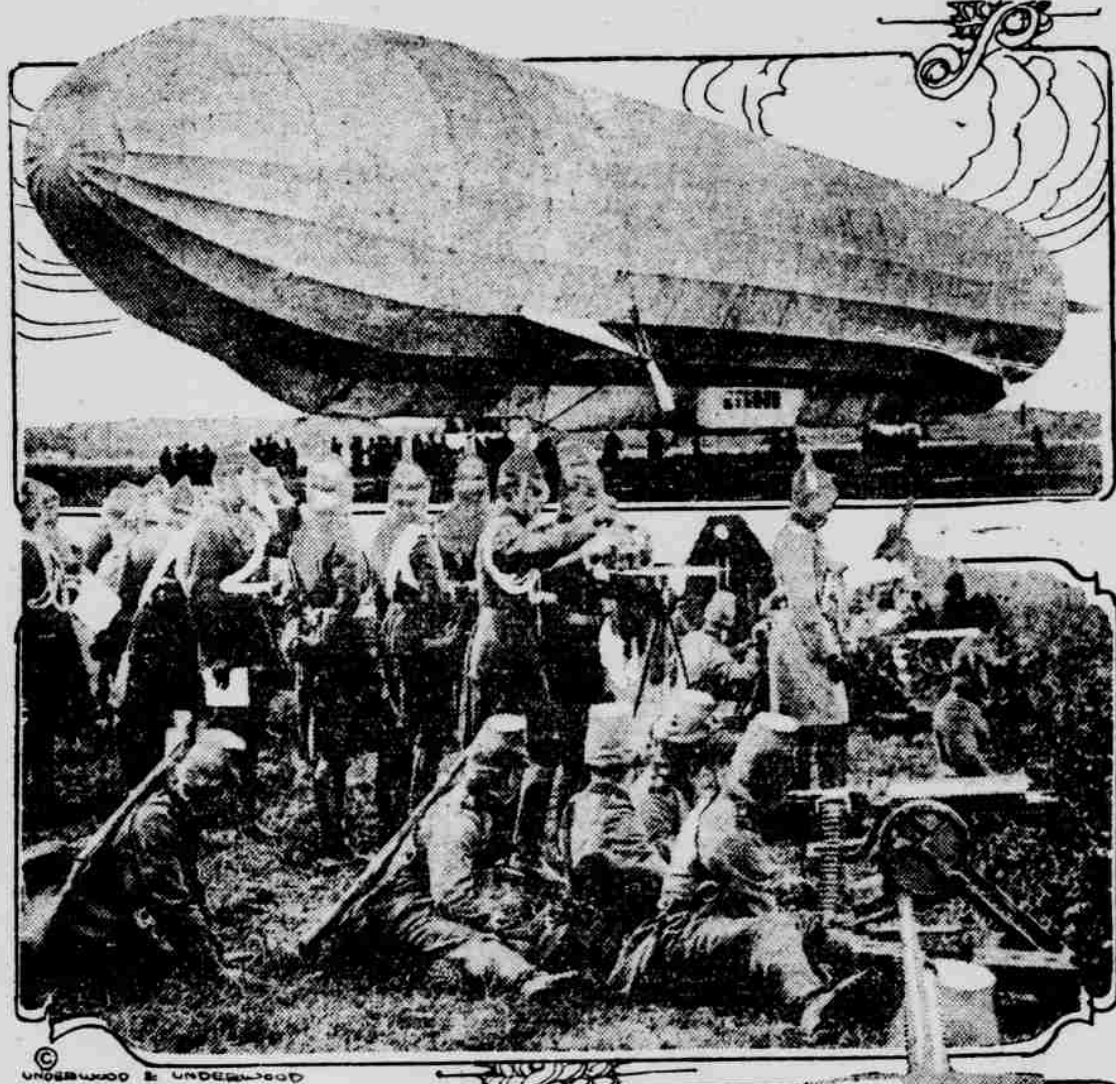
A COMPASS WITHOUT A MAGNET

Gyroscopic compasses are now being installed on all the battleships and submarines of the United States navy, where the magnetic compass can not possibly be used because of the proximity of iron or steel. On submarines, where the gyro compass is exceedingly important, a ninety-volt alternating current generator of special design is required to drive the heavy balance wheel at a velocity of about 8,000 revolutions per minute. The characteristics of the generator allow the wheel to be thrown directly upon the line and brought up to full speed automatically in about thirty minutes without attention on the part of the operator and without excessive current. The servo-motor or follow-up system shields the gyro from all external forces and friction, operates the transmitter for sending out indications to any number of repeater compasses in distant parts of the ship, and operates the device correcting for speed, course and latitude of ship. So exact is the gyro-compass that the maximum error must not exceed 0.5 degrees in azimuth when swung for six days under conditions of rolling, pitching and yawing of an artificial ship. The stabilizing gyro will require one-tenth the space and weight of the equivalent best designed water pendulum.—Electrical World.

THE EVIDENCE CONCLUSIVE

The Court—You make grave charges against your husband, madame, on your bill for divorce.
The Wife—I can prove them all, your honor.
The Court—You have absolute proof?
The Wife—I have.
The Court—What are they?
The Wife—I have four phonograph records of his singing glove songs to a woman friend.
The Court—Well, proceed, please.
The Wife—I have a transcript of records made from a dictograph which I had placed in his office.
The Court—Well, well go on.
The Wife—And my five reels of moving pictures show—
The Court—I think you had better take a detour.—Detroit News.

GERMANS BUSY WITH GREAT DIRIGIBLE, NEW RAPID FIRE GUNS AND MARVELOUS DEVICE TO FIGHT ENEMIES' AIR CRAFT



Type of German dirigible, kaiser directing with forefinger trials of rapid-fire guns and engines for destroying hostile airships.



The Umpire

By WALT MASON

We mobbed the umpire (other day, and chased him from the park; he called the game at close of day, because 'twas growing dark. Our boys had just begun to swat the ball, to take the bun, and then they had to leave the lot, defeated by one run. Then we arose, as though one man, and chased the umpire thence, ah, merrily the villain ran, and climbed a ten-foot fence. Over meadow land, through growing crop, we chased his frightened wife, and bottles, emptied of their pop, collided with his ribs. And bricks and bats, and lifeless bats, and chunks of brick and coal, we threw, to reach the victim's slats, and we had good control. Oh, you may say it was a crime, to bound the umpire thus, but we enjoyed a splendid time, and, following the fuss, we all were in a cheerful mood, forgotten were our woes, the heat in which we long had stewed, the sweat that soaked our clothes. We felt refreshed, and far behind our griefs were blown away, and we were in a frame of mind to face another day. If you a stranger are to smiles, if life seems sad and blue, just chase an umpire seven miles, and you'll be good as new.

IT'S A SMILE THAT WINS

The trolley car was well filled with people—tired people. Women who had been shopping, men who had been working—their nerves on edge from hours of relentless effort and the disappointments of the day. Some tried to bury their feelings in evening newspapers; some stared blankly into space. The heaviness of the ill-ventilated car rested on them all. Life was a dreary, sordid thing.

At the next stop, the last passenger to enter was a woman carrying a baby. The mother shook her just a little and the whimper turned into a wail. The men frowned behind their papers or glared above the sheet. Those who had no papers scooped at the mother for daring to travel with a child during the rush hour.

And then the miracle! A mother-looking woman with a bunch of ray roses in her hat snapped her fingers at the baby and smiled. The baby stopped crying. The motherly person tried it again. This time both her eyes and lips smiled and she nodded her head until the flowers on her hat fairly danced. The expression of the baby's face changed from surprise and curiosity to open delight. It waved its hands. It talked in eloquent "goos" and "gurles" to the nodding flowers. The peevish expression vanished from the mother's face and maternal pride yielded to the baby's conversational charm and their neighbors began to peer interestedly around the corner of their pages. By the time the baby was going through rattle contortions to reach the nodding roses, the entire mental atmosphere of the car had been sweetened.

And this miracle was wrought by a smile!

TWO JOLTS FROM MARK TWAIN

Mark Twain and Chauncey Depew once went abroad on the same ship. When the ship was a few days out they were both invited to a dinner. Speechmaking time came. Mark Twain had the first chance. He spoke twenty minutes and made a grand hit. Then it was Depew's turn. "Mr. Toast-master and ladies and gentlemen," said the famous raconteur as he arose, "before this dinner Mark Twain and myself made an agreement to trade speeches. He has just delivered my speech, and I thank you for the pleasant manner in which you received it. I regret to say that I have lost the notes of his speech and cannot remember anything he was to say." Then he sat down. There was much laughter. Next day an Englishman who had been in the party came across Mark Twain in the smoking room. "Mr. Clemens," he said, "I consider you much imposed upon last night. I have always heard that Mr. Depew is a clever man, but really that speech you made of his last night struck me as being the most infernal rot."

Mummies

By GEORGE FITCH
Author of "At Good Old Siwash"

Mummies were invented by the Egyptians many thousands of years ago and consist of ex-human beings in a shocking state of preservation.

When the early Egyptian of good family expired his remains were considered too valuable to lose. He was accordingly turned over to the priests, who hollowed him out neatly, stuffed him with bitumen and old rags and then wrapped him in several miles of fine cloth saturated with preservatives. When this was done he was placed in a neat mummy case with a decorated lid and the case was put in a stone sarcophagus. If the deceased was very prominent a pyramid was then built over him.

Mummifying was a long and elaborate process and very comforting to the relatives, because they could be perfectly sure that the late departed would not wake up after being entombed and complain about the hastiness of the proceedings.

After the mummy had been filled away in the tomb of its father, it lay without change for dozens of centuries while empires perished, cities disappeared and the restless sand of the desert marched in serried hills across the land.

The rude vandals of a later civilization with



"Lunking Clodhoppers from Yorkshire Make Fun of Him and Try to Steal His Teeth for Souvenirs."

picks and shovels uncovered the tomb, hauled out the mummy and its relatives, piled them along a railroad track like cordwood and used them to stoke the engines of the construction trains.

This teaches us the folly of trying to preserve a dear departed relative beyond the time when our descendants will be able to stand around and defend his remains with a gun. The Egyptians were

Safe Deposit Boxes

MODERN VAULTS
PROTECTED BY TIME LOCKS.
ABSOLUTE SAFETY

THE VALLEY BANK

WE
issue to you guaranteed
Certificates of Title
Demand OUR Certificates

for safety, then you need have no worry about the title of your real estate. Real Estate Titles are the items in this world you cannot afford to take a chance on. Consult Us.

Phoenix Title and Trust Co.
18 North First Avenue.

well meaning but they overdid the thing. It is no favor to a man to preserve him so well that 4,000 years later when he is hauled out of a sarcophagus, friendless and alone, he will be ground up for fertilizer or sold to an American museum where thousands of spectators will make ribald remarks about his skinny features.

The Rameses boys were great kings and in their day could eradicate a whole political party with a wink. But who is now so humble as old Rameses as he lies in the London museum with his sparse dejected hair, built-in grin and protuberant Adam's apple, while the lunking clodhoppers from Yorkshire make fun of him and try to steal his teeth for souvenirs?

Rameses was hard on his people but they got even with him. They turned him over to posterity for revenge.

DEATH OF A POWERFUL MAN

There died at his home in Murfreesboro, Tenn., last Friday a very remarkable and a very powerful man—a man to whom many of the sovereigns of the earth paid honor and who envied his position, the honors that were his and the power for good that he exercised.

James D. Richardson for eighteen years a member of congress but for the last twenty years or more Sovereign Grand Commander of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction with his official residence in the magnificent temple nearing completion in the City of Washington.

Not only was he the honored head and the absolute ruler of a great and powerful body of carefully chosen men, selected for high personal worth, blameless life and profound patriotism, but he was himself a man of that high character which fitted him to be the chief of such men, and while the order of which he was the honored head has sustained a great loss, his country which he served with such distinguished ability and devoted patriotism has suffered more.

A DARK DEED

Wife (entering room wringing her hands, with an expression of extreme agony)—Now I have done it. But it serves me right for not turning on the light. I might have known I would make a mistake.

Husband—(who is reading the papers)—Great guns! What have you done. Taken bichloride?

Wife—Bichloride? No. I put a 2-cent stamp on a postcard.—Columbia Jester.

Ignorance of the Law

Excuses no man—that's law. Ignorance of the principles of Agriculture excuses no farmer—that's nature. Nature rewards or punishes according as a man Knows. Every man who reads can know—there are hundreds of publications—without price—that will teach you how. Give up Dad's way, and open your mind, and become teachable—then tell us your plans.

The Phoenix National Bank