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TRUTH AND FICTION.

Those who have happened to read "The White Ghost of Disaster," a story of the sea, in the May number just issued of the Popular, one of the many fiction magazines, must be startled by the coincidence of the circumstances with those that are known or may be imagined of the sinking of the Titanic last Monday morning.

The giant liner, the Admiral, with about the same number of passengers aboard as the Titanic carried, collided with an iceberg in very nearly the same latitude and longitude where the Titanic ended her maiden voyage.

The second officer of the Admiral for hours had "smelled" ice and had warned the captain who hated him. For minutes before the collision, the second officer on watch "smelled" the ice more plainly; he shivered in the cold breath and heard strange sounds in the haze. Again he counselled caution. His advice provoked an insult and the captain ordered the liner ahead at full speed. He was "tired of loafing around." The second officer turned away.

"Let him run his ship to hell and back," he said to himself. "There was a puff of colder air than usual. A chill as of death came floating over the silent ocean. A man on lookout stood staring out into the mist ahead and then sang out: 'Something right ahead, sir.' He yelled in a voice that carried like the roar of a gun.

Captain Brownson just seized the lever shutting the compartments, swung it, jammed it hard over and screamed: "Stop her—stop her—hard over your wheel—hard over—His voice ended in a screeching scream that sounded wild, wild and uncanny in that awful silence. A hundred men stopped in their stride or work, paralyzed at the tones coming from the bridge.

Perhaps when we get the full story of the survivors of the Titanic it will read like this from "The White Ghost of Disaster:"

And, then came the impact. With a grinding, smashing roar as of thousands of tons coming together the huge liner plunged headlong into the iceberg that rose grim and silent right ahead, towering over her in spite of her great height. The shock was terrific and the grinding, thundering crash of falling tons of ice, coupled with the rending of steel plates and solid planks, made a chaos of all sound.

The Admiral bit in, dug, plowed, kept on going, going and the whole forward part of her almost disappeared in the wall of white. A thousand tons of huge flakes slammed and slid down her decks burying her to the fore hatch in the smother. A thousand tons more, crushed, slid and plunged down the slopes of the icy mountain hurled themselves into the sea with giant splashes, sending torrents of water as high as the bridge rail. The men who had been forward were swept away by the avalanche. Many were never seen again. And, then, with reversed engines she finally came to a dead stop with her bows jammed a hundred feet deep in the ice wall of the berg.

After that it was panic. All discipline seemed to end in the shock and struggle. Brownson howled and stormed from the bridge and Smith shouted orders and sprang down to enforce them. The chief mate came on deck in his underclothes and passed the word to man the boats. A thousand passengers jammed the companionway and strove with panic and inhuman fury to reach the deck.

The Admiral running twenty-two knots had struck straight into the wall of an iceberg that reached as far as the eye could see in the haze. It towered at least three hundred feet into the air, showing that its depth was colossal, probable at least half a mile. It was a giant ice mountain that had broken drift from its northern home and drifting southward had survived the heat and the breaking of the sea upon its base.

Smith had felt its dread presence felt its proximity long before he had come to close quarters. The chill in the air, the peculiar feeling of danger, the icy breath of death—all had told him of a danger that was near. And yet, Brownson had scoffed at him, railed at his intuition and sense. Upon the captain the whole blame of the disaster must fall if Smith told. The second officer almost smiled as he struggled with his boat. "The pig-headed fool!" he muttered.

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT By Roy K. Moulton.

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THE POSSIBILITY There is none so unfortunate, so far as we can see, as the poor misguided presidential possibility.

THE VETERAN There's corned beef and cabbage, an old standby, sure. There's faithful old pork and beans, bound to endure.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY Mr. Edison has written an article to the effect that sleep is unnecessary. Not only that, but with his phonograph he has made it well nigh impossible.

ACCORDING TO UNCLE ABNER A never yet seen blacksmith who could play on the mandolin with a darn.

THE MURDERING RAT—He's done it now! He's killed himself and five hundred people along with him—

Then ensues the story of the fight of the few survivors; the suicide of the captain as the stricken liner was going down by the bow as the Titanic did; the drowning of Smith while trying to rescue a crazy passenger who had leaped out of the boat; a description of many episodes conjured up by the writer but probably most of them were enacted in reality last Monday morning.

GENERALISMO O'ROSCOE he writes to Mister Taft and sez: "Wot are you agoin' to do about this here Rebelliyus we got down here? Are you agoin' to Recognize it or ain't you? Reply by return wire."

Mister Taft, he replies and sez: "Things has been comin' pretty fast fer me of late, I got a lnswerreckshun here at home 'at I wasn't agoin' to Recognize at first but it's Assommed sich properahness sence th' Illinois an' Pennsylvania Primmeries 'at I can't help but admit its Existence. Of course, I aint made no Public Statement to that effect but me an' my Frens has agreed 'at its Visibile to th' naked Eye and then some.

"It stans to Reason, an' any good Optishun'll tell you so, 'at you can't Recognize 2 Objects at th' same time when they is as fur apart as Oyster Bay an' Chewawa, Messico. 'Therefore, sence th' former Rebelliyus is Nearder an' promises to make more Trouble, I got to admit 'at I seen it first an' I got to keep on Recognizin' th' B'liggerency of th' Oyster Bay Inswerreckshun. So you see, at fer th' Present, at Least I can't take no Offishial Notis 'at you got any Rebelliyus at all."

Generlismo O'Roscoc he sez in reply: "Th' United States aint got no Edge onto me. If you don't Recognize us, we won't Recognize th' United States. Git your Counsels out of here. I'll give you a Week to Comply with this here Ultimatum."

A few hours after that Generlismo O'Roscoc gits a Tellygraft from Mister Wilson, a botheaded young man which has increased th' Temperchure of th' State Department in th' Tens-

ly manages to land somewhere, even if it is only in jail. Hank Purdy says, by gravy, if there is anything he loves better than beatin' carpets he don't know what it is unless it is puttin' up stove pipes.

There's corned beef and cabbage, an old standby, sure. There's faithful old pork and beans, bound to endure. There's hash and boiled 'taters, which cling to us still. And boiled beef and horseradish yet on the bill; But there's one old veteran we can't forget: It is the best sticker that we've ever met; When all else is lost he will still be our boon.

Mr. Edison has written an article to the effect that sleep is unnecessary. Not only that, but with his phonograph he has made it well nigh impossible. La Follette says he would rather be right than president, but some of the standpatters do not believe that he will ever be either.

Chicago is to have a monkey hospital. If all the monkeys in Chicago go there for treatment it will do a capacity business. The president is only fifty-four years of age, but sometimes he cuts up like sixty.

Helen Ware, the actress, says she is willing to marry. Where's Nat Goodwin? What has become of the old gentleman who used to take out his false teeth between the courses of the banquet and polish them with a silk handkerchief.

There is one thing that will cause the tightwad husband to dig up the \$25 for the new spring hat, and that is to have his wife bring out a batch of old yellow love letters he wrote her and start to read them out loud.

They say that Russia is going to war with China, but how can she when all of the Russians are at present in this country doin' Russian imperial toe dancing or playing in Russian imperial orchestras?

Generalismo O'Roscoc he wires back: My Remark has been misleadin' to you. Me an' th' American Counsel has made up agin. Us Messicoan B'liggerents don't want to be Recognized no more."

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 20.—The coming week will afford something of a breathing spell in the hard-fought contests for the presidential nomination. The conventions and primaries to be held will be neither so numerous nor so important as those that have marked the week just closed.

The interest of the republican politicians will be confined largely to Missouri and Iowa, where state conventions are to be held for the selection of delegates to the national convention at Chicago. The Roosevelt claim appears to be stronger so far as Missouri is concerned, though the Taft managers are not ready to concede that they have lost the state.

In Iowa, the Taft people have strong hopes of winning as a result of the progressive vote being divided between Roosevelt and Cummins. The republican state and district conventions in Rhode Island will be held Wednesday. The Taft people are in control of the regular party organization and expect to win out in the convention. A different situation exists in New Hampshire, where Tuesday's primaries are expected to determine the complexion of the republican state convention. Governor Bass and a strong progressive following in the Granite State are working hard in the Roosevelt interests. Encouragement has been lent to their efforts by the recent Roosevelt victory in the neighboring state of Maine.

In pursuance of a movement initiated by President Taft, representatives of business organizations throughout the country are to meet in Washington Tuesday to discuss plans for the formation of a "national board of trade," which shall have for its object the bringing of business men into touch with the government for advice and counsel in the administration of laws, the enactment of new statutes and the development of commerce.

Among other large and important gatherings of the week will be the annual convention of the National Retail Grocers' association, in New York, and the annual meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' association, in New York, and the annual convention of the Southern Wholesale Grocers' association, in Montgomery.

Favor Increased Pay In Public Health Service

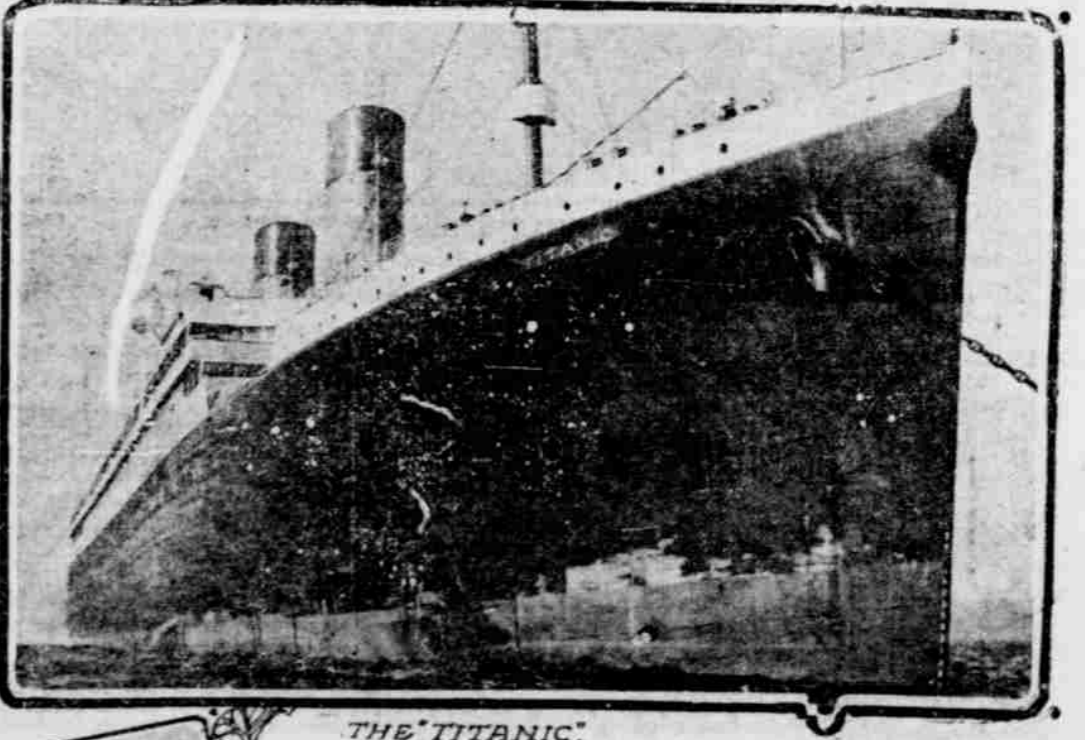
A bill is now pending before the house of representatives designed to make the salaries of officers of the public health and marine hospital service equal to those of the army and navy medical corps. A moment's consideration shows the importance of this measure. The public health and marine hospital service is the single national agency charged with the prevention of the introduction of contagious diseases and their spread into interstate traffic. It has demonstrated its efficiency and proved its right to confidence and support in many a bitter campaign against disease. Not alone has its work resulted directly in saving life and improving hygiene and sanitation, it has also saved the country from epidemics. During the three months of the typhoid fever epidemic in New York, the public health service saved the lives of many as compared with the typhoid fever of 1876, which caused the loss of more than half a million in the Mississippi valley. The officers of the service are exposed to continual danger because of their contact with dangerous disease and because their duties take them to the most unsanitary and most unhealthy localities in the country. Many of them have succumbed to disease contracted in the line of duty. Typhoid fever has claimed fourteen, tropical dysentery five, typhoid four,

typhus fever and cholera have also taken their toll. The commission of officers of the service constitute about 1.5 per cent of the total number of commissioned officers in the United States service. Since 1889, all of the other 98.5 per cent, have received substantial advances in their pay amounting to 20 per cent and upwards. In addition they have been given faster promotion, equivalent to a further 20 per cent increase in pay. The marine hospital service officers alone have received no increase, in face of the fact that their duties are equally as hazardous, or even more so, as proved by the character of their work and the rate of disease among them. In the first session of the sixtieth congress the senate passed a bill which included all the features of the present personnel bill, but it failed to pass the house. In the third session of the sixty-first congress the house passed a similar bill, which in turn was rejected by the senate. In the same session an amendment to the sundry civil bill was adopted by the senate, embracing the same features, but it was stricken out in conference. Finally the present bill (S. 2117) has been passed by the senate in the present sixty-second congress. Thus it is seen that the provisions of this bill have at different times been passed favorably by both the senate and the house.

DICKENS' WIT AND WISDOM BY MRS. HOGUE STINCHCOMB THE ELASTIC CONSCIENCE.

"Conscience is an elastic and very flexible article which will bear a deal of stretching and adopt itself to a great variety of circumstances." Some of the most striking characters in Dickens' books are those who do evil that good may come. Little Nell's old grandfather saved his conscience with the thought that all he did was for her sake. He has many prototypes. It has been so long accepted that to be shrewd in business means that you must be able to get the best of some fellowman, that it is not considered wrong. "A sharp trader" is another name for a man who will over-reach with-out any twinges of conscience. To use knowledge of future rise in value and buy property at a low figure is of every day occurrence. To know that certain stocks are going higher and buy them in at a low price is "good business." Among the little crimes society has to shoulder is the betrayal of the secrets of others. Not secrets that have been confided but secrets that have been discovered. One woman I know had a friend that was having a heartbreaking experience with her husband. She knew that her friend was suffering. She even wished that she might comfort her. But though there was a mutual friend who would probably be able to tell her, she would not ask to know her friend's secret. "I was afraid," she said, "that I might start some gossip by even making the inquiry." That is what I call loyalty. It is what I try to teach my children to feel toward their friends. It is even worth while to hold the same attitude to your enemies if you have any. Not for their sakes half so much as your own. If you are loyal to your friends, to your family, to your business associates, and to your ideals of life, you will not have to stretch your conscience out of all semblance to that which an honest man should possess.

TITANIC PICTURES



THE TITANIC.

"THIS DATE IN HISTORY" APRIL 21 1751—Ira Allen, brother of Ethan Allen and one of the founders of Vermont, born in Cornwall, Ct. Died in Philadelphia, Jan. 7, 1814. 1795—John Phillips, founder of Phillips-Exeter Academy, died. Born Dec. 27, 1719. 1836—Texas under General Houston defeated the Mexicans under Santa Anna at San Jacinto. 1861—West Virginia declared for the Union. 1873—Capital of Louisiana changed from New Orleans to Baton Rouge. 1898—Charles E. Smith of Pennsylvania became Postmaster-General of the U. S. 1911—House of Representatives passed the Canadian Reciprocity bill. The anniversary of the birth of General Grant will be made the occasion for the customary memorial exercises and banquets in various parts of the country next Saturday. President Taft is to speak at the Union League club banquet in Philadelphia and Vice President Sherman will be heard at a similar function to be given under the auspices of the American club at Pittsburgh. Archbishop Ireland has accepted an invitation to deliver the annual oration at the memorial exercises in Galena, Ill., the old home of General Grant.

