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MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1919

All of us who are worth anything
spend our manhood in unlearning
the follies, or expiating the mistakes
of our youth. —Shelley.

The Classified Ad.

Let us look into a matter which, though, apt to
be unconsidered is one which ought to be a matter
of gratification to the people of Phoenix and is cer-
tainly one of great gratification to The Republican.

Yesterday's issue of The Republican carried six
pages of "classified advertising." That is a record
not only for Phoenix but, we believe, for the whole
United States. The Republican confidently believes
that Phoenix has a population of 40,000. We think
we can say without the risk of contradiction that no
other newspaper in America, printed in a town of
40,000—and we will say 60,000—ever printed in one
issue anywhere near six pages of classified advertising.

While this is the record, it must have been ob-
served that The Republican's daily and Sunday classi-
fied advertising department was long growing rapidly
and pushing forward, so that the record of yesterday
was only a further development.

The layman will not understand until he is told,
what the classified advertising department of a news-
paper signifies. It signifies several things.

It is, in the first place, an index of the size of the
town of the newspaper. A very small town,
however energetic its citizens and however excellent
its newspaper, could not afford a very large classified
advertising department.

A very large town, with a well educated, rather
dense population; a town with little changing either
for the better or the worse—that is to say, a hide-
bound town, though it might have a very good news-
paper could not furnish much of a classified adver-
tising department.

So, in the first instance, when we see a large
classified advertising department we know that the
paper which carries it is printed in a good-sized town
and a good town.

But every good town and every good-sized town
does not present a good classified advertising depart-
ment. When such a phenomenon, or rather such a
lack of a phenomenon occurs, it is a sign that the
newspaper and not the town is at fault. It signifies
that the people of the town have not confidence in
their newspaper; they lack confidence in its pulling
power and they are thus deprived of a very valuable
means of exchange.

There is another thing about the classified ad-
vertising department that many people do not con-
sider, in fact, nobody considers it except advertising
men and advertisers who have correct and systematic
notions of the general value of advertising.

That is that the size of the department and the
value of it to advertisers are interdependent. The
bigger it is the more people there will be to read it,
and this number grows with the number of classified
ads. Thus if a man advertises a horse, a rabbit or a
house for sale he is much more likely to find the man
he is looking for through the medium of a classified
ad department of six pages than he would be to find
him through a department of one page.

The average man who has not thought much
about it would suppose that the fewer the number
of classified ads there are in a newspaper the greater
the chance of one of them being seen. But that is
not the case, for the fewer the classified ads, much
the fewer the people who read the classified ads. "To
him that hath much, much shall be given." That is
especially true with respect to classified ad depart-
ments; the bigger they get the faster they grow.

The Kansas City Star perhaps has the largest
classified ad department of any newspaper in the
country—running from fifteen to twenty pages some-
times. It is the testimony of advertisers that there
is no other classified ad department so valuable to
them. It is a feature that is read daily by thousands
of people, not only in the city but in a half dozen
states. Moreover, it is recognized that it adds to the
value of all other advertising space in the Star.

A newspaper takes greater pride in its classified
ad department than in any other advertising depart-
ment, even though another may be more profitable.
The classified ad department is to the newspaper the
best advertisement of the town and at the same time
of the newspaper's own relation to the community in
which it lives; it shows what the people think of the
newspaper; it is the guarantor of the newspaper's
reputation.

Law and Headlights

It has been observed that since last Thursday
night when the officers made a raid upon drivers of
unlighted or improperly lighted vehicles, all automo-
biles now are properly equipped. One can no longer
stand on a street corner at night and count in the
short space of five minutes a half dozen motor cars,
with either a dark tail light and one or both head-
lights dark.

The people will comply with the law if only they
are asked to do so—that is, if they are asked hard
enough—say five dollars' worth.

We now urge the police to get after the glaring
headlights which are as bad if not worse than no
lights at all. The police have ample power to do this.
Though the county is powerless against the glaring
headlight the police can compel the proper equipment
of practically every car in the valley. It can be done
so easily. Almost any driver of a car would rather
spend \$5 or \$10 for the right kind of a headlight than
to pay that sum as a fine. Get after the glare and see
how easily and quickly it will be abated.

Who Is at Fault?

What Governor Shoup of Colorado said when he
heard of the lynching of two murderers at Pueblo on
Saturday night was indisputable, that is when it is
considered alone:

"In times of unrest, such as these through which
we are passing, outbreaks such as this at Pueblo can
only serve to undermine public respect for the orderly
processes of law and endanger the peace and safety
of the nation."

That "listens well." But what are the circum-
stances? Has not the governor himself inspired the
very diaresept he fears?

The men who were lynched had murdered an of-
ficer of the law. Not long ago another Pueblo officer
was murdered. The murderer was convicted and sen-
tenced to death. Less than two months ago the gov-
ernor commuted his sentence, and since the commu-
tation there have been ten murders in Pueblo. The
lynching was a demonstration less against the two vic-
tims of last Saturday night than against the whole-
sale commutation by the governor of the sentences
of murderers.

The governor is not, therefore, the person to
speak of diaresept of the orderly processes of the
law.

And while the peace and safety of the nation are
to be desired, the citizens of Pueblo are not to be too
severely criticised when they seize upon the only
means at hand for rendering their own peace and
safety more secure.

Among the orderly processes of the law of Colo-
rado is the hanging of men convicted of murder. The
governor has not permitted the hanging of such men
and he has, therefore, interfered with an orderly
process with much more serious results than can pos-
sibly follow the informal execution of two men last
Saturday night.

If those charged with the administration of our
laws do their duty the laws will be respected.

The Arizona Labor Journal notes that The Re-
publican observed "with surprise and chagrin" the
length of the Labor Day parade. That shows how
little the Labor Journal knows of the emotions of The
Republican. The parade was a surprise by its size,
not only to The Republican but nearly everybody else
outside the immediate labor circle. The Republican
was pleasantly surprised as it would be at any demon-
stration which indicates the progress of Phoenix.
We can hardly conceive of one who would not have
been gratified at the length of that parade. As for
The Republican it was gratified not only at the great
length of the parade, but at the character and ap-
pearance of the paraders. Instead of feeling "chagrin"
it took pride in the fact that it was itself well rep-
resented in that procession.

Admiral Kolchak kicks the Bolsheviki in the
morning and gets licked by them in the afternoon.
So it goes, day after day and month after month.
That kind of a war is liable to last a lifetime.

Secretary Lansing in the course of his pisca-
torial pursuits will have ample leisure to frame a
rejoinder to the recent outpouring of Mr. Bullitt if
he desires to do so. He may have, probably has, no
reply to make. But in a case of this sort a post-
poned reply would be like a deliberately mixed dose
of seidlitz powder. It will not keep till Christmas.

COMMUNITY KITCHENS

By Edmund Vance Cooke

We have long had community water, so why not com-
munity ice?
Isn't water still water when frozen, except that it
stiffens in price?
And we often are given community "gas," when we
we ask our officials' advice.

We have our community fireman; why not a com-
munity fire?
We have our community servants who serve us for
honor and hire;
Why not a community scullion, as well as community
squire?

Community meetings are common enough, and so are
community speeches;
We have tried our community dances and even com-
munity beaches,
Where community prunes are seen bathing, along
with community peaches.

We collect our community garbage and ride it in au-
to-mo-biles,
So why not community kitchens to serve our com-
munity meals,
Before they become rind and refuse, before they are
parings and peels?

And when the community kitchen, run by the com-
munity book,
Will broil a community codfish from out the com-
munity brook,
Why then the community copper, no doubt, will spon-
sore the community cook.

No doubt the community palate will deem that the
dish is delicious,
So please do not think me distrustful, nor deem my
suggestion is vicious,
But after community dinner, good Lord! who'll wash
the community dishes?

Or perhaps we shall be as the bees are and work in
community hives,
And eat our community honey to sweeten community
lives,
But—please no community sweethearts! and please!
no community wives!

WHILE WAITING FOR CONGRESS TO ACT

Doctors are agreed that influenza germs are scat-
tered by coughing and sneezing, and that by covering
the cough or sneeze danger of a flu epidemic is less-
ened, lives are saved and many persons are spared
days of painful illness.

The New York board of health has added this to
that city's sanitary code:

"In order to prevent the conveyance of infective
material to others, all persons shall, when coughing or
sneezing, properly cover the nose and mouth with a
handkerchief or other protective substance."

All persons can do this—and should. It means
safety for others, including those around you, the
members of your family, your children, and your
friends.

PALMER COX STARTED MAKING TOBACCO ADS

Palmer Cox, whose Brownies have amused chil-
dren of two generations, got his start drawing adver-
tisements for the Duke Tobacco company, through
the late Oscar Hammerstein. Hammerstein then ran
the Tobacco Trade Journal, and Cox made the famous
Bull do all kinds of stunts in this earlier advertising.

EIGHT CLAIM HONOR OF INVENTING TANK

Upon meeting in October, the body which deals
with awards for inventions will have the problem of
choosing the inventor of the tank out of eight claim-
ants. Naval, military and civil engineers and de-
signers are on the list of those awaiting the decision.

U. S. TAKES BRAZIL'S TRADE FROM BRITAIN

Brazilian buyers in London are going back with-
out placing orders, declaring the United States will
get the trade of Brazil. Prices quoted there have been
higher than in America and there has been less assur-
ance of deliveries.

"Concernin' the high cost," says Uncle Ichabod, "I
deduces that the way to re-duce is to pro-duce."



(Dorothy, aged 26, is spending the summer at Lively Beach, having staked her job and \$500 savings on the chance of winning a suitable husband during the summer. These are her letters home to Joan, her chum.)

Silversand, the 26th.
Rejoice, my dearest Joan, and be
exceedingly glad! Something good has
happened, as something always does
when you least expect it! Did you
ever know a hotel manager could be a
pale pink angel with diamond wings
and sky-blue fringe? Well, he can, and
he is. Mr. Montford, of Silversand
Arms, is the little fairy godmother of
this here tale. And this is how he
happened:

Mrs. Kymbal was preparing to leave.
She said she would go down to New
York, get her boy, who is stopping
there with a woman she knows, and
go away to some quiet country place
for a week or two, to rest and get
her bearings. I determined in the
meanwhile to scout round and see what
I could dig up in the way of employ-
ment for her. Here is where Little
Fairy Godmother Montford enters to
merry music.

"It's the very height of the season,
Mrs. Kymbal," he remarked when she
told him she must go. "We've got
more people booked than we know how
to take care of."

"I—I'm not exactly here for the so-
cial part of things," she answered with
a touch of embarrassment (I was
standing by and couldn't help hearing).
It was the manager's turn to look
embarrassed.

"I—I had guessed that," he began,
glancing away and burrying on with
his speech. "I have been wondering
Mrs. Kymbal, if—please pardon me for
being personal—you had ever thought
of doing anything in a—ah—profes-
sional way?"

"I—that is, the hotel has for a long
time needed someone who had the gift
for social things, the refinement and
culture and suggestions that only a
woman who has run her own home is
mistress of. When my wife was liv-
ing, she attended to that part. But
for several seasons now, we have had
no one but the housekeeper and while
she does her best, it is not exactly the
touch I want. There are many young
women guests, here alone, many per-
sons who miss the bestest atmosphere
that I feel should prevail at such a
house as this."

He dared look into her face at this
stage of his long, rather self-conscious
oration, and caught her expression of
gratitude. He had been watching at-
tenta, bless his adorable soul, sensed
the unfortunate love affair, and the
probable necessity for earning. Really
seeing such a person as he described,
the old dear brushed her convention aside
and let his fairy godmother stunt
loose.

"I think I understand, Mr. Montford,"
my poor lady said graciously (she has
the "class," Joanie, no mistake), "and
I should very much like to talk to you
further about it."

admirable. But I could admire less her
attitude toward Certes. Although
they were about to marry, these two
were so formally respectful toward
each other that I wondered whether
there could ever be any real frankness
or intimacy between them, even when
they were by themselves. And if not,
how could this grand marriage Chrys
was glorying in endure?

For an instant my mind contrasted
Chrys with Katherine Miller, who on
the slightest provocation usually in-
dulged all the frantic emotional per-
formances which Chrys so coldly re-
pressed. I couldn't imagine my Bob—
with all his Lorimer traits—loving a
woman who cultivated hysteria as she
did.

And the thought flashed upon my
mind, passing again almost unnoticed,
that if ever in our rivalry for the
heart of my husband, Katherine Miller
seemed to be winning, I might destroy
her with her own weapon! Let me but
provoke her to hysterics in Bob's pres-
ence, I smiled confidently to myself,
and her goose was cooked!

Bob and Jim, Jr., had quietly gone
off a-sailing in the moonlight, as if
nothing in the world were less impor-
tant than the final chapters in the
history of the Riminez pearls.

But I couldn't take those last chap-
ters so calmly. "Poor Mary!" I sighed,
as I realized that their toil of human
lives was completed with her death.
Then, as I watched the boys' white sail
tack back and forth across the streak
of moonlight under which the U-boat
lurked, my thought changed to "Poor
Chrys!"

Chrys had promised her a wedding
gift as grand as the ruined rope of
pearls. It wasn't hard to guess where
he could find that gift.

But how was he going to raise
those other pearls?
Would he go down for them him-
self?
(To be continued.)

Observations

The Irish charge the British with bombarding towns and "wantonly murdering women and children." Perhaps Mr. Wilson will bring it to the attention of the league unofficially.

The prohibitionist's contention that 2.75 per cent is intoxicating is correct. It would intoxicate a prohibitionist.

The privilege of getting full is now confined to those whose cellars are.

The men who think his pedigree makes him superior should tell it to Bershires, Poland Chinas, et al.

If the league covenant is ratified by governments and not by the people, its value will be determined by the governments that displace those now in power.

The only unfair thing about submitting the league proposition to the people is that a lot of them would vote for it under the impression that it had something to do with baseball.

We have understood where high society got the notion that a woman doesn't need any clothing above the waist line after 6 p. m.

The best thing we got out of the war was the conviction that the world consists of the U. S. A. and countries where one wouldn't care to live.

One reason why the sons of rich men seldom amount to anything is because rich men have very little time to waste on their children.

Everlasting peace will settle down on the earth when a man can be called a liar without desiring to massage the other fellow behind the ear with a brick.

These are the dog days in Russia.

The Marines Eat Well



The spirit of cheerfulness and contentedness is an outstanding characteristic of the boys who are "first to fight."

The cook—"The man behind the gun," is a very popular person in the marine corps or the navy. The smiling faces of

the marines shown in the illustration show their contentedness, and also their expectations.

And "good eats" are the cause of it all, for in the marine corps they believe in feeding good, the old adage that to reach a man's heart is through his stomach, is lived up to, in this branch of the service.

Peter Hears of Jim's New Sister

By THE STORY LADY
James Augustus Brown was plain
Jim Ramsay now. His back was get-
ting strong again under the care of the
great doctor. His face was almost
plump and his eyes didn't look quite so
big. His new father was very proud
of him and forgot about being sick
himself in his interest in his son.

James asked to go back to his old
home one day and take his cousins
some fruit. But he came back with
a very sober face.

"Homesick?" asked Mr. Ramsay,
anxiously.
Jim shook his head.

"No, but—I'm feeling bad about
somebody."
"Tell me about it, Jim."
"Well next door to Cousin Lizzie
there is a little girl. Her mother died
when she was a tiny baby. Cousin
Lizzie didn't have a right little baby
then and I helped take care of her.

Cousin Lizzie's babies were all boys
and got big and ugly but this little
girl got prettier all the time. She's
the sweetest thing you ever saw.
That's the only reason I hated to leave
there. Slave I've been gone her father
has gotten married again and while
I was there for stepmother gave her
a bawling an' she's just a baby. She
ran to me and begged me to take her
home with me. They're going to put
her in a asylum. It just seems like
I can't stand it."

And James burst into tears.
The next morning Peter Palmer was
awakened by a gravel against the win-
dow, and looked out to see Jim Ram-
say dancing with excitement.

"Peter! Peter! I've got a sister.
You ought to see her. Her name's
going to be Gertrude Ramsay."
"Tell me more about it, Jim."
But Jim was gone.

SONG

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is for-
gotten,
Forgotten as a fire that once was
singing gold.
Let it be forgotten forever and over-
time is a kind friend, he will make
us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten.
Long and long ago—
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed foot-
fall—
In a long-forgotten snow.
—Sara Teasdale in Poetry.

REGAINING LOST GROUND

(Kansas City Star)
"To keep the dance clean is our
goal" say the dancing masters. And so
they voted against the shimme as their
first effort to get the ball back to the
55-year line. They lost a lot of ground
a year or so ago, you know.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says
the thin girls always look better in a
period of inflation.

SAME OLD WORLD

(Washington Star)
"Not like the old days!" I heard some-
body say.
"The old world changes as it swings
along its way."
But a robin came a-singing in the sun-
shine's golden glow.
He sang the song the robin sang a
thousand years ago.

The flower that came blossoming to
make a summer show
Was blooming just as flowers did a
thousand years ago.

The breeze, all perfume-laden as it
whispered soft and slow.
Was whispering as the breezes did a
thousand years ago.

The moonbeam shining far across the
water's silver flow
Was shining just as moonbeams did a
thousand years ago.

Just like the old days, in spite of work
or play.
It's the same old world that goes
swinging on its way.

Have It Repaired!

Just because some little thing goes wrong with one of the many little
articles or utensils you use in your household or business constitutes no
good reason for throwing it away. Much saving can be effected by
sending it to a good repair man. "A stitch in time saves nine." These
are practical times. Have it repaired.

The following repair directory will be of valuable assistance to Repub-
lican readers in getting prompt and efficient service:

Clip this Listing so you can refer to it when you want it.

Have Your Hat Cleaned and Blocked
PHOENIX HAT MFG. CO
HAT MANUFACTURERS AND RENOVATORS
Only exclusive Hatters in the state. We solicit out of
town work.
Phone 4455 24 N. 2nd St., Phoenix, Ariz.

SAFE THAN ITS ROOF
When building or making repairs demand Johns-Manville Flexstone
Asbestos Roofing. For sale by
PHOENIX ROOFING CO.
T. J. SMITH, Mgr.
823 W. Washington Phone 1074

BERTHEM ELECTRIC CO.
REPAIRS—SUPPLIES
Anything Electrical
Phone 3081 124 W. Washington

PLUMBING
The largest and best equipped
stock in Arizona. Have
parts for any fixture. Skilled
men at your service.
Geo. Hageman Co., Phone 712 2nd St. and Adams

Pumps TANKS, WINDMILLS AND
GAS ENGINES REPAIRED
GEORGE HAGEMAN CO.
Phone 712 Second and Adams St.

RADIATORS REPAIRED
WORK GUARANTEED
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CHAS. ERICKSON, Prop.
444 W. Washington Phone 3503