

Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

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THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, 1914

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of others.—George Washington.

Inquiries About the Ordinance

The great interest of the people in the new license ordinance is indicated by the great number of letters on that subject, with which the mail of The Republican is laden. Some of the letters consist only of comment, generally adverse, upon the measure while others are devoted to inquiry concerning it. It is impossible to print all these letters but we take pleasure in replying to inquiries concerning the meaning of the various features of the ordinance.

One reader, a farmer, assumes that the ordinance imposes a tax upon farmers who sell in the city garden products, fruits, eggs, poultry or butter, raised or produced by themselves. The ordinance does not impose such a tax. It could not have been made to do so if the commission had had such a purpose in view. The state law gives the farmers and others the right to sell products of their own without the necessity of paying a license tax.

The assumption that farmers were to be taxed is based upon a misinterpretation of sections 85 and 91 of the ordinance which are intended to relate only to hawkers and peddlers of fruits and other articles which they have bought and expect to sell at a profit. One object of these sections is to protect merchants, regular dealers in such articles but they do not in any way affect the producers.

Another reader inquires: "Will you kindly inform me through the columns of your paper if it is the purpose of the new license ordinance to levy a tax upon any mechanic who undertakes to do a job of work individually, with his own tools at his own trade, for any citizen, whether merchant, householder or otherwise, the said mechanic having no shop and being unable to own one?"

The answer to this is an answer to all of several other inquiries in the same letter. Such a mechanic is not to be taxed. His status will be precisely the same as it is under the existing ordinance. Ordinance No. 6 is designed to tax, not men but ESTABLISHED vocations. A mechanic who should establish himself as a jobber or contractor would be subject to a license tax under the new ordinance just as he is subject to such a tax under the present one. But under the new ordinance he will enjoy all the fruits of his own labor just as he does now.

The Merchants' License Tax

Among the amendments which will be necessary to make the new license ordinance acceptable, and there must be many such amendments, will be one affecting those clauses relating to the merchants' license tax. They run entirely too high on the basis of a \$12.50 quarterly tax on sales of merchandise, not exceeding \$5,000 a quarter. This rate applied to the sales of many of the stores of Phoenix would compel the annual payment of sums ranging as high as \$1,000 or more, which is too much, considering the fact that stocks of goods now pay a tax on their full value, to the city, and to the county, for county and state purposes. Either the rate prescribed in the ordinance should graduate downward or a smaller rate than one-fourth of one per cent on sales exceeding \$5,000 a quarter should be fixed. Or as has been suggested a rate may be levied on net, instead of gross sales.

We believe, also, in justice to some of the merchants, the smaller ones, a lower basis than sales of \$5,000 quarterly should be established, the tax being fixed correspondingly lower. Probably, though, not many of the merchants of Phoenix or those classified in the ordinance as merchants, will be adversely affected by the new scale. The sales, probably, of few of them are lower than \$5,000 a quarter. Under the existing ordinance such merchants pay a tax of \$5 a quarter while those whose sales reach \$5,000 but do not exceed \$10,000 quarterly pay a tax of \$10. We see how groundless, however, is the supposition that the new ordinance will put the small merchant out of business. While his tax is only slightly increased that of his larger brother is many times doubled.

That the new ordinance, when the figures and rates have been properly adjusted will protect the honest merchant against the dishonest one is illustrated by a story printed elsewhere this morning. Every merchant will be compelled to pay his full share, whatever it may be, of the license tax while, at present, if he has paid at all he has paid only on his simple statement as to the volume of his business.

Dr. Wilde's New Position

The friends of President Arthur H. Wilde of the University of Arizona will be pleased to learn of his appointment to the professorship of education and school organization in Boston University, his alma mater. This is a position in which the superior executive ability of President Wilde will be given a good field of activity, similar to that he has enjoyed at the university where he has accomplished so much within the three years he has been its directing head. Within that time we have seen it raised from the

position of a preparatory or high school of Tucson to the real grade of a university.

President Wilde has not escaped the criticism which he would have missed if he had been less active and efficient. A laissez faire policy would have been easier to follow and a much more pleasant one for a university president with no other aim than to please the powers that be and make things pleasant for those around him.

The extension work of the university has grown greatly under the administration of Dr. Wilde. The university has been spread over the state, brought to the door of the farmer. The greatest encouragement has been given to the youth of the state to avail themselves of all that the university has had to offer in its various departments.

We trust that no head of the university will ever be wanting in the energy and enterprise of Dr. Wilde whom all who have been brought into contact with him, must wish unbounded success in his new position.

Equine Dental Work

We reproduce the following from the latest Progressive Farmer and Homebuilder because it is so excellent that it ought to be made known to all horse owners, some of whom may not be readers of the Progressive Farmer. We wish all papers would print it.

"Once at least every year you should have your horse's teeth examined by a competent veterinarian. We are constantly coming upon horses that look badly nourished, thin, dejected, when the trouble is with the teeth. The animal cannot properly chew his grain and in many cases the jagged edges of the teeth lacerate the inside of the mouth. Remember these voiceless creatures cannot tell you their troubles. It is for you to find out if anything is wrong, and to prevent all possible suffering. But don't think that any blacksmith is good enough dentist to care for your horse's teeth. Have the best veterinarian you can get."

THE LURE OF THE CUBAN MOONLIGHT

Light serves only to brighten its color. Camaguey stands eminent even in the tropics, where moonlight is like a vivid northern day. There is something in the ether of the flat table land of the province that makes its moon an incredible thing. It rises like a burning dragon. It swims up from the edge of endless savannas as level as a sea. Immediately the land flashes with enormous plumes. First, they are glittering indigo; a moment later they are frozen silver. They are the plume heads of the royal palms, which stand in all the horizon bound land like temple shafts.

The sky is bare; the stars are drowned by light. Heaven is brightly blue. Camaguey is a city of the moon. It stands bewitched, ready to vanish. In the dead walls of the river like little streets, any defiant doorway should open at any moment for Bohemian himself to emerge with curled scimitar. From any giddy wisp's nest of balcony a veiled princess should beckon.

In a Maze of Streets
Though he meet no storied princesses, the stranger who prowls through Camaguey at night will find himself bewitched the moment he leaves the lively, lighted plazas. Camaguey's streets, according to authentic legend, were planned with the intention of bewildering the bucaniers. Certainly he was a reckless, desperate bucanier who dared to separate himself from his companions in them.

I am a specialist on getting lost, but in Camaguey my art was wasted. Persons who do not know the first elements of the science can get lost there. Strangers have been known to wander around and around, always in sight of the high tower of the cathedral, or even within hearing of trolley gongs, and never get nearer to their goal than the one of Camaguey's prodigiously armed little policemen.

Even horses get lost there. I know, for I tried to ride a horse and lead two others to their stable. Freely acknowledging to the horses my worthlessness as a pathfinder, I gave them their heads. They disagreed at the first corner. The stable was fifteen minutes' easier from where we entered the town. We reached it after two hours, and then only by going in a direction precisely opposite to the one where the stable should have been.

However, the horses and I found a cloister of violet nuns that night. Not that the nuns were violet; but their costume was, and if one wishes to see something beautiful, he must see black Spanish eyes under white and violet, with a Cuban moon shining. It was a violet nun, peering through a barred loophole in thick masonry, who pointed out the right way to the senior caballero. I never found that cloister of violet nuns again, but I found many other things.

I came on lovers clinging to window bars, the senioritas just visible behind a slit of shutter or lunette. I came upon half ruined houses, and behind rusty gratings saw faces as Indian as Montezuma.—Julius Muller in the Century Magazine.

VILLA THE BUTCHER

History will remember Pancho Villa, general-in-chief of the Mexican constitutionalists, as a fighter of remarkable courage and resource, worthy in those respects to rank with Santa Anna and Miramon. History will also remember him as a cruel and remorseless victor by whom the butchery of prisoners was practiced after every success. The recent execution by one of Villa's firing squads of a federal general and his entire staff of thirty-two men is one of those ghastly incidents that will always be recalled to him, his fame as a soldier.

Civilization cannot condone this kind of warfare. It is barbarism pure and simple. To argue that Villa is only pursuing the custom of his country; that what he did after the Huerta and Zapata, does not make his conduct any more tolerable in American eyes. The military genius of Villa may be indispensable to the constitutional cause, but should that cause finally triumph, as most people expect, it will carry into the sphere of civil administration a heavy handicap in the record of its chief general. Mr. Wilson, to be consistent with himself, could not strike hands with one who indulges in murder by wholesale. The future of Mexican constitutionalism demands the elimination of Villa as a political quantity.

THE BARGAIN OFF

The Sailor—Don't be larned, miss, but the steamer has sprung a leak and is quite likely to sink within fifteen minutes.

The Young Woman—Mercy, how very sudden!

"Yes, miss. Will you let me add that I mean to do my best to save you, miss?"

"Thank you, sir, but, of course, I can't be saved unless my chaplain is saved, too."

"Very stout lady with the hook nose?"

"Yes."

"Good-night, miss."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TWO SUGGESTIONS FOR AFTERNOON DRESS



At the left, model of white crepe with embroidered border. Right, model of embroidered voile with rose silk girdle.

Farm Notes

BY H. L. RANN

Scalp specialists tell us that the military hair brush is responsible for more baldness in man than the dandruff cure, which has passed the acid test with the cheerful grin of the chump who spoils a fresh shine by balancing himself on your elbows in the street car. This brush goes down deeper than the prosecuting attorney in a divorce suit, and when set at the proper angle it leaves a trick like a baby cart on the beach. It is a deathly enemy to falling hair that old age or a sea-foam tonic.

A good many of the fashionable hotels of the country are introducing pumpkin seed tea as a vermifuge. The plan is a good one. The pumpkin has been the butt of ridicule in song and story ever since it displaced the Hubbard squash as a choice entre, but we are here to say that a nine-inch slab of pumpkin pie, washed down with cider vinegar and dill pickles, will make a section hand's stomach sit up and take notice. The man who chaps a cold pumpkin pie to his bosom on an empty stomach and survives the ordeal will never need a massage for his digestive apparatus.

The alleged milk-fed spring chicken is a bigger joke than the civil service laws. The man who attempts to bring up his chickens on the bottle will need more rubber tubing than a fountain syringe and as many points of contact as a mechanical milker. While it is true that a diet of laboring milk has steered many a pullet safely through the teething period, its use is not to be recommended, as it is liable to introduce licecombs into the henery. Stick to the good old bill of fare of sharp sand and ground glass.

SHOPPING—AN INDOOR SPORT

Someone has said that you can always judge the caliber of a man by the manner in which he amuses himself. My experience of fifteen years as footwalker in one of the largest department stores in the country has convinced me that you can always judge a woman by the way in which she shops—which, after all, is only another way of saying the manner in which she amuses herself.

I have learned to realize that when the average woman goes on a shopping expedition—when she has taken up the trail of the bargain, determined to track it to its native counter—she brings all her cleverness into play, and in the zest of the chase she is certain to reveal her true self and unconsciously drop the mask she wears on most social occasions.

Always on the alert, always eager to bring down the game, big or little, with a timely purchase, these shoppers will see browsing about the counters in and out of season. You will see them questioning the sales girls, trying to learn in advance when reductions are to be made. You will see them pick out some article and then crouch in day after day and watch its price tag. Then when the price is lowered to the point where they think it is a bargain, you will see them pause on it and carry it home.—Woman's World.

CORRECTING AN ERROR

A tramp at Mr. Cobb's house one morning.

"I've walked many miles to see you, sir," he said, "because people told me you were very kind to poor, unfortunate fellows like me."

"Indeed!" said the old gentleman. "And are you going back the same way?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Well," said Mr. Cobb, "just contradict that rumor as you go, will you? Good morning!"—Lippincott's.

A NEVER FAILING SAFEGUARD

Prevent all misunderstanding regarding the paying of bills by using checks.

You are thus insured against a second presentation of the same bill, for your check can always be traced, and it always bears the creditor's endorsement, which is the best kind of a receipt. A man cannot deny his own signature.

For Convenience and Safety this plan is a winner.

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Safe Security
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7% Special Gold Bonds
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Capital

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Phoenix Title and Trust Co.

18 N. 1st Avenue

The English theatrical manager responsible for the innovation intimates that prices will range from \$5 upward. He expects to draw much of his talent from stage folk traveling from one country to the other to fill engagements, although there will be some permanent members of the ocean company.

Poor, old, tired business man! Go where he will, the vaudevillians still pursue him. It may be said that if he prefers seclusion, he can go to his bunk below. Theoretically he can, but in practice it doesn't work out that way. If there's any fun a-going, he'll not be able to keep out of it. The modern ocean liner emphatically is not a rest cure.—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

HIS REVENGE

"Did your father ever lick you?"
"Once, but I got good and even."
"How?"
"Why, when the circus came to town shortly afterward, I said I didn't care to go."—Boston Transcript.

An Incorporated Warehouse

If such an institution were established here where grain, fruit, vegetables and cotton and other products of this valley could be stored and insured, and its warehouse receipt used as security by the banks it would add a million or more to the profits of the farmers.

The Phoenix National Bank