

LUBIN TROUPE TO BE GIVEN BIG WELCOME

Film Folk Will Arrive Middle of January to Make Dramas of West from Phoenix Studio—Fielding is in Charge of Work

Phoenix is to have a moving picture company. Romaine Fielding, one of the most efficient directors in the business, will lead a company of Lubin artists to the Arizona Capital about January 11, to establish quarters here for several months of good out-door work. A wire received several days ago by Lebbens Chapman of The Valley bank, confirms a Republican Scoop story that Mr. Fielding would select Phoenix as his headquarters. Correspondence between Mr. Fielding and Maitland Davies, dramatic critic on The Republican, also outlines the word to be done.

Yesterday, the board of trade named a committee to meet the Lubin troupe on its arrival, and to do all the necessary things to assure the film folk a pleasant and profitable stay. P. C. Gettins heads the committee and the members are L. Chapman, T. D. Shaughnessy, J. E. Richards, A. R. Gatter, Maitland Davies and Lyle Abbott.

Mr. Shaughnessy, who is secretary of the state fair, has promised the Lubin company the use of all the paraphernalia and the grounds where the annual show is put on in Phoenix. It is possible that the studio and store rooms will be located at the fair grounds. A great deal of equipment is necessary to do a studio of such proportions as Mr. Fielding requires, and no place but the fair grounds affords a proper place to keep it.

The troupe, which numbers about thirty, leave Philadelphia en route for Phoenix on January 4.

NEW JUSTICES FOR OHIO.

COLUMBUS, Dec. 31.—Three supreme court justices will be inaugurated tomorrow. Chief Justice Hugh L. Nichols, chosen for a six-year term; Justice Thomas A. Jones and Edward S. Matthias. The latter two were elected at the November elections.

NEW YEAR USHERS IN A NEW MOTORCYCLE SHOP

J. W. Thompkins and John Hohl Throw in Together on Merkel State Agency—Fine Shop is Secured

One of the things that the new year will start off with, is a brand new motorcycle agency in Phoenix. And that's the Arizona Motorcycle and Supply company, John W. Thompkins and John Hohl, owners.

For some time, it has been known in motorcycle circles that Hohl and Thompkins planned coagulating and then expanding, and the deed was done this week, when the new firm secured the old Capitol Paint shop from John Gregg and opened up for business. Thompkins, who, with partners has been conducting the state agency for the Flying Merkel on North Central avenue, went in with Hohl, whose motorcycle selling and repairing experience is second to none in Arizona.

A sort of a riders' club, the like of which has never been thought of in Arizona, will be a permanent attachment of the new shop. A room, with magazines, smoking tobacco and other necessities to the comfort of the riders, will be furnished near the entrance. The shop will be pulled off and a place provided for those who would work on their own machines. Erwin G. Baker, the famous motorcycle racer, will be here shortly to take up his headquarters at the shop. He will have his private bench, where he will work on his racing machines. It is also stated that Mr. Baker will be a sort of consulting engineer and backer of the new firm.

KRUPPS INCREASE CAPITAL

BERLIN, Dec. 31.—The first payment on the additional capital for the big Krupp gun works at Essen will be made tomorrow. As usual, the Krupp family will take up the new stock. The increase of capital is occasioned by the heavy demand for war material and big guns to meet the German emergency. The capital of the Krupp company was 75,000,000 marks, and is to be increased to 250,000,000 marks, or \$62,500,000, part of the new subscription to be paid tomorrow. The directors also decreased the dividend this year from 14 to 12 per cent. They have assigned 3,000,000 marks toward the relief of soldiers' families, 2,000,000 to the employees' furlough fund and 1,000,000 marks to the employees' pension fund.

Help Yourself and Help the Valley; Drag the Roads!

"GOING UP"

If you were downtown, on Adams street, yesterday morning, just at ten o'clock, you heard the people give

Three Cheers for the Valley Bank

That's the right spirit. Hyder says:

Three Cheers for the People

And I wish you all a most

Prosperous and Happy New Year

JOHN HYDER

35-37 N. Central

HYDER'S

35-37 N. Central

Fine Clothing—de Duxe Haberdashery

WEATHER IS SOURCE OF MUCH SATISFACTION

Solid Citizen Warms Himself in Glow of Suddenly Effulgent Sun—Weather Man Says More

"Ah, this is fine—fine!" exclaimed a well known merchant, as he emerged from his store, rubbed his hands together after the approved fashion, and threw open his coat to the balmy breeze of yester morn.

"You couldn't find better weather anywhere in the United States. Isn't this a grand day?"

What did it matter that no one was directly addressed by the well known merchant? He was speaking right out of his happy and contented heart, and he didn't give a cuss that no one but a wandering reporter happened to hear him.

Impelled by the idea that it was a pretty good old sort of a day, at that, said reporter climbed the stairs to the weather observatory of R. Briggs and put the question. Mr. Briggs agreed that it was a nice day, and that it would be repeated New Years.

The clouds—however welcome they were—have rolled up into the north, and there is a spell of fair weather facing Phoenix.

AUSTRIAN STUDENTS AT THE FRONT

VIENNA, Dec. 31.—Less than one-third of the usual number of students were enrolled at the University of Vienna at the beginning of the present semester. The remaining two-thirds have gone to the war.

The women students, however, number 548, which is a much larger representation than usual, many of them coming from other universities which are closed on account of the war.

No less than seventy percent of the students of the technical school of the University of Vienna have also gone to the war. The majority of these are in the engineers and the automobile and flying corps.

RAG SALLIE.

I s'pect I'd get some dollies Christmas day, I always do;

An' I'll love them pretty much, I s'pect, when they is new.

An' while them eyes is shiny, an' them hair is brownie-gold—

I'm ain't asked mamma lately, but I fink I'm free years old.

An' I love pretty, shiny fings, an' nice new dollies, an' so

I'll get my Christmas dollies an' I'll set 'em in a row,

An'—her ain't got no brownie hair an' got no smilin' face,

But I'm Rag Sallie doll will be put in the bestest place.

Rag Sallie is the bestest doll; her never cries at all;

It never breaks her arms or legs to let Rag Sallie fall;

An' fore I play with her I don't not have to wash my hands,

An' when I whisper fings to her her always understands.

An' snuggles closer up to me, an' always when it's night,

An' when I'm snuggled down in bed, an' when there ain't no light,

Rag Sallie sleeps right close to me; an' when I'm lay-me said,

I ain't not scared like I would be if her was not in bed.

An' so I'll love the other dolls a little bit o' while,

An' love their brownie-golden hair, an' love their Christmas smile,

An' them's stiff hands, an' them's stiff legs, an' love them's shiny eyes;

But when I'm tired out from play, an' when I almost cries,

Like little girls does night-times some, I'll hold Rag Sallie tight,

An' when I'm got I'm's nightie on, an' when there ain't no light,

An' when I'm been kissed, an' when I'm got I'm's lay-me said,

I'll be glad for I'm's other dolls; but her's be in my bed.

—Judd Mortimer Lewis in Houston Post.

Help Yourself and Help the Valley; Drag the Roads!

COMMANDS GERMAN ARMY OF THE WEST



General von Linem.



If you'll make this market your market during the coming year, you'll save materially on your meats and get better meats, too

We're Not in the Trust

There is no one making prices for us. You'll find by experience that you'll get more meat for less money here than any place in town, and the quality is unexcelled. We buy all of our own stock, do all of our own butchering, and, adding a fair and legitimate profit, sell you meat at prices you can afford to pay.

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Nowhere, we believe, in the entire Southwest will you find a better or cleaner meat market. We have spared no expense to make it absolutely perfect in cleanliness, sanitary conditions and in the methods of handling our meats. You'll find, if it comes from the Union Market, it's right.

So, why not now note the telephone number, 1079, and give us your next order. If you once start with us, you'll never want to trade elsewhere.

The Union Market

E. Linsenmeyer, Proprietor

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119 N. First Avenue



WONDERFUL OLD GERMAN FIELD MARSHAL HAESELER

Although Nearly 60 Years Old he Accompanies troops in Field Riding as Much as 14 Hours a Day. Soldiers Believe Him Bomb and Bullet Proof

BERLIN, Dec. 30.—Old Count Haeseler, the retired field marshal, is playing a unique role in this war. Some twenty years ago military men, both German and foreign, were accustomed to look to him as leader of Germany's armies in the event of a war as he had acquired a great reputation as a strategist. But the war did not come in time to give him his great opportunity. He had fought through three wars—against Denmark in 1864, against Austria in 1866 and against France in 1870, but he was then too young to attain high rank, and when the present war broke out he was too old to command an army. Though he was approaching his seventy-ninth year, he went to the Kaiser, it is said, and begged permission to accompany the troops into France, pleading humorously that he had lost a rib there in 1870 which he wanted to find.

Haeseler got the king's consent, and for weeks he was following the German armies, astonishing the soldiers with his utter contempt of danger. His former orderly, Arnold Rechberg, tells in a German monthly some interesting stories about his daily life with the old field marshal. It has repeatedly occurred, says Rechberg, that the Count has ridden in the firing line of the infantry while making an attack. The men were advancing only by rushes and leaning low to the ground, but Haeseler would ride calmly forward with his attendant, the target of French rifles; and at times he was even fired upon by machine guns and cannon without being hit. In this way a superstitious tradition has found foothold among the soldiers as to the old marshal being supernaturally bullet-proof.

An incident illustrating his cool daring, occurred in a certain battle when he was approaching a village in which the natives were firing upon the Germans from their barred houses. To the left and the right the German lines were advancing. Somebody warned him not to ride through the village owing to the "sniping" going on there; but he rode through without getting a scratch. Arrived at the farther side he met a patrol under a lieutenant coming back from a reconnaissance, and remarked to him: "Comrade, I advise you not to ride through this village. The citizens are firing from their windows, and you would be in danger."

On another occasion the old general was watching from the edge of a wood a battle in which the Germans were trying to dislodge the French from a village which was strongly occupied. After a time firing from the village ceased, but it was still uncertain whether the French had withdrawn, so he was decided to send forward a patrol. When the patrol rode into the village the first man it met was Count Haeseler, accompanied by his orderly and a French prisoner. He had anticipated the patrol on the guess that the

French had left. Both he and the orderly were unarmed, but when they saw a French soldier lingering in the village, Haeseler galloped up to him and said in a threatening tone: "You are my prisoner." Whereupon the Frenchman threw down his rifle, made a military salute, and replied: "Yes, my general."

In another battle he sat down under a walnut tree at the edge of a village and watched the fighting with a group of officers around him. Suddenly a French shell dropped about 200 yards ahead of them, and a few minutes later another only 100 yards short. An officer was calling Haeseler's attention to this when a third shell fell only 50 yards away. "Two more, gentlemen," remarked the old marshal, "and they will hit the walnut tree." As the party moved away another shell exploded still nearer, and a moment later the tree was squarely hit. It was soon ascertained that the mayor of the village was in telephone communication with the French battery and was directing its fire. The story does not tell what was the fate of the mayor.

Despite his great age the count still has a remarkable endurance. It is said that he has remained in the saddle as much as 14 hours a day in some parts

of the present war. He is very abstemious in food and drink, he lives chiefly on milk and eggs, eating only a little meat, and he drinks no alcohol whatever.

MICHIGAN'S NEW PARK SYSTEM

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 31.—Fifty-two smaller Yellowstone parks, 52 spacious forests where the native plants and trees of America can flourish and the native birds and beasts of the region can be protected, will be established in Michigan. The twelve parks are in different counties, and are all to be under the supervision of the public domain commission, beginning January 1. No more state land will be sold, and the 600,000 acres remaining are all needed for the new system of parks.

The wild creatures of the woods, the elk, antelope, many kinds of deer, down to the wild turkeys and the quail, are all to be brought back, protected and allowed to increase and flourish in the state parks. The zoological parks of other sections will not be followed, but the state parks will be reforested and put in their original condition so that the native

animals and birds will thrive as they did before the settlers, hunters and lumbermen drove them off.

The first steps in the new work is the shipment of twenty-five elk from Yellowstone Park to Roscommon county park. The elk formerly abounded in this section, and the animals will be given another chance.

FRISCO TUNNEL TO ENLARGE CITY

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 31.—Work has been begun on the \$3,312,000 tunnel under Twin Peaks, which will open up thousands of now undeveloped acres of this city. Giant steam shovels are gouging into the mountain sides, in an attempt to build the tunnel within three years. The tunnel will be 12,000 feet long, 22 feet high and 25 feet wide, and will contain two tracks of rails. Eight hundred men are employed on the work, in three shifts a day, six days a week. That the Twin Peaks tunnel, the longest municipal bore in the world, will result in a great enlargement of the city is the opinion of leading real estate men.

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