

# Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

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SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 18, 1915

Nothing can work me damage but myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and I am ever a real sufferer by my own fault.  
—St. Bernard.

**Enlisted for the Market**

With the County Farm Improvement association, the Merchants' and Manufacturers' association, and the Chamber of Commerce engaged in their behalf, the farmers and gardeners of this valley should have for a solution of the marketing problem and the marketing for them of the door of prosperity.

The farmers will be encouraged to organize especially for this effort, and that must necessarily be the first step in the solution. Without it the Merchants and Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce can do nothing. But after organization and an arrangement to standardize Valley products, the commercial and industrial bodies can perform valuable service in the way of informing the world that the Salt River Valley is ready to supply the markets with what is wanted when it is wanted.

This getting together should begin to bear fruit at once. No time should be lost in carrying the movement forward step by step and the time and energy of the farmers and the commercial bodies should not be divided with diverse movements and enterprises which are of so much less importance than this great question, whose solution will alone assure the highest prosperity of the valley.

The people of the Salt River Valley have had before them nothing so important since the movement was begun that ended in the construction of the Roosevelt dam.

**The Loss of a Subscriber**

A favorite means of expressing disapproval of the policy of a newspaper is to stop one's subscription. This ancient weapon is employed even by persons who have not yet been brought within the purview of a lunacy commission.

The futility of this means of chastising a newspaper is understood only by those on the inside. It may be a blow to the vanity or pride of a newspaper management to learn that the wisdom of its policy is not universally unquestioned, but the paper is seriously unaffected.

The shores of time are all littered up with newspaper wrecks. There is no other enterprise in which so many failures have been chronicled. The newspaper business is as hazardous as John D. Rockefeller once said the business of producing oil was. But we do not believe that in all the long list of newspaper failures there is one which resulted from the falling away of subscribers. There is always some other reason, a discrepancy between receipts and disbursements resulting from a loss of confidence of advertisers. This loss of confidence often occurs while the subscription list is lengthened by leaps and bounds.

The people of a community may lose faith in a newspaper and yet read it with increased avidity. A paper may retain the subscriptions of its readers, but may have lost their good will, and then comes the scrap heap.

We have never found so good an opportunity to divulge the foregoing facts, which must be surprising to those who are not in the newspaper business, as at present. It was furnished by a Presbyterian minister, who wrote to the Chicago Tribune protesting against the character of a series of cartoons in which "Uncle Sam" is pictured, not as the gaunt, honest, masterful, determined character with which we have been familiar from childhood, but as a rotund, soft-bodied, hesitating individual, hen-pecked, we suspect, by "Polly," the cartoonist's name for "Patties." The minister complained that the cartoons were unpatriotic and insipid. He was going to stop his paper on the expiration of his subscription.

The Tribune, in a friendly and dignified reply, admitted that the cartoons were slightly faring to a misguided sense of patriotism, but it contended that they were warranted by the course this government, which Uncle Sam typifies, has pursued. The Tribune had looked over its subscription list and had found that the minister's subscription would not expire for nearly a year. It hoped that within that time Uncle Sam's noble proportions would be restored, and that it would take less tape to measure his waist than his chest. The Tribune, perhaps, hoped that he would get a divorce from "Polly."

In such a case the cartoonist could picture a different kind of an individual. In any event, however continued the delinquencies of Uncle Sam and however faithful to those delinquencies the cartoonist may be, the Tribune would survive the loss of the preacher's subscription.

**BENEFIT OF COLLEGE LIFE**

This is the season when wives draw husbands to the seclusion of a comfortable sofa and open a heart to heart talk with the ominous words: "Dear, we must have a little serious conversation about Mary's going to boarding school and John's going to college."

"Dear" sees his finish. Like Shylock, the Jew, it means he is to be robbed of his children and spoiled of his gold at one and the same time. Mothers experience a good many heartaches in September.

Not long since the writer heard a wealthy Baltimore man talk proudly of the benefits his son had derived from college, but he added, humbly: "It was his mother's doing, not mine, that he got there. My wife kept urging me to consent to the boy's going, but, being a self-made man, I did not see why he needed greater educational opportunity than I had enjoyed. One morning I awoke to find my wife absent. She left word with the butler that she had gone to Princeton to enter the boy at old Nassau. I could not well say to the butler what I thought, and by the time she returned my wrath had cooled. I am glad enough now she took the law into her own hands."

Yes, parents are usually glad they did it—after the years roll by—and the children are glad the rest of their natural lives that such an opportunity was afforded them. A mother once lamented to an intimate friend, after her daughter's first year at boarding school, that she seemed to have sacrificed much that Mary might acquire at school an appetite for and a due appreciation of hot pickles.

Perhaps the girl's mental development was not astonishing after those first few months, certainly her erudition was not calculated to see the Thames on fire, but the girl had learned something at school that she could never have learned at home. Deep down in her heart she knew it. She had learned things that enabled her, when need arose, to face life with far greater courage than would have been possible to the wholly sheltered home girl.

The community life of college or boarding school is invaluable training to youth. Quite apart from the educational stimulus and instruction this companionship puts the student in touch with the spirit of the time in which his or her life is to be lived. Students, coming together from all parts of the country, bring with them a national spirit that rises above a local spirit. Removed from home environment, the scholar sits or swims, according to individual merit. Usually he swims—there are plenty to instruct him in the art of keeping his head above water. He gains strength and courage to hold his own against the world, and reasonableness enough to respect the rights of others. The college body must have standards also—high standards—and the pupil learns not only to be a gentleman at heart, but to act as one. He unconsciously acquires rhapsodized wisdom as well as wisdom. He is neither dead nor sleeping when he wins his degree, but acutely alive and ready for the fray.—Baltimore Sun.

**A GREAT UNKNOWN**

A passenger in a London and Northwestern train recently tells me that the following conversation occurred in his carriage between Mr. Rudyard Kipling and the train attendant:

The Train Attendant—Anyone for lunch?  
Mr. Rudyard Kipling—Yes.  
Attendant—What name?  
Mr. Kipling—Kipling.  
Attendant—Beg pardon?  
Mr. Kipling—Kipling.  
Attendant—How d'you spell it, sir?  
Mr. Kipling—K-i-p-l-i-n-g.  
Attendant—K-i-p-l-i-n-g. All right, sir.—Manchester Guardian.

**IGNORANCE NO EXCUSE**

Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to refute him.—John Seiden.

**Suppose**

We will suppose. If a group of bankers of this country should succeed in arranging the Anglo-French loan of a billion or a half billion dollars, on no collateral, there might be an aftermath. It is contended that a loan privately arranged is not a violation of neutrality. It is a matter with which the government of the United States is not concerned. If the loan is arranged, there will be many subscribers to it, large and small, who must look to Great Britain and France for repayment.

We will now suppose that the possible, though unlikely, thing should happen—that Germany should decisively win the war. It is still less likely that Germany could overrun Great Britain, but it is quite possible, however unlikely, that it will overrun France and so trench itself that it will surrender the country, if at all, on its own terms.

Suppose that Germany, in possession of France, should decide to extinguish its foreign debt, wipe it out as if it had never been, and take the country to itself; or, that it would turn the country back to France after having levied a war indemnity that would strain France for a century to pay. Would the Anglo-French loan thus involved in the catastrophe and extinguished by either of the foregoing processes still remain a purely private matter or would our government be called upon to intervene for the benefit of its citizen-creditors?

Most of the trouble we have had with our South and Central American neighbors from the beginning has arisen out of attempts by our own government to collect large private debts which the foreign debtors had either repudiated or had still more cavalierly disregarded.

The Civic League is arranging for the annual fall clean-up campaign, so that it may be completed before the opening of the state fair. The work is going to be done rather more systematically than it has been done in the past. The city will be divided into districts, each under the direction of a member of the league, so that a closer contact will be established with property owners. But citizens should not let all the work of the campaign rest on the league. There is something that every property owner can do, not only on his own premises, but within his own neighborhood.

We would recommend to all persons engaged in compiling telephone and city directories to take a course of instruction under George Haxeman, who seems to have grasped the correct notion that directories are intended to "direct" or inform and not to confuse the populace.

Phoenixians who spent the summer in the north and east have returned home in time to escape the latest paralyzing heat wave sweeping over that part of the country.

**Wild Oats**

There are two kinds of agriculturists. One kind sow tame oats in the country fields and the other sow wild oats on the Great White Ways.

Tame oats are sown in the spring, but wild oats are sown all the year round. Tame oats are sown between daybreak and sunset, but the most successful wild oat agriculturists start putting in the crop about midnight and ride home with the milkman in the morning. Tame oats will not grow without rain, but if there is anything that isn't necessary in raising a crop of wild oats it is water—except in minute quantities as a chaser.

The young man who has a large quantity of wild oats to put in usually dresses for the job very carefully. He wears all the clothes his tailor will trust him for. And yet sowing wild oats is infinitely harder on clothes than the other job. Night after night, the sower will come home with his plug hat mashed down over his ears and one tail of his dress coat unaccounted for. This proves that the wild oats farmer is a fool. He should swathe himself in blue overalls and wear a two-acre straw hat which does not soil easily. People would send for the insanity commission if a farmer were discovered putting in tame oats in a plug hat and Prince Albert. But said plug hat would last seven years longer in a tame oats field than it usually does in the wild oat business.

The bona fide farmer puts in all his oats in a few days, but the happy young man with the soft pompadour hair and the pellet of gray matter under his left ear sows wild oats with industry for as much as ten years at a time, frequently working twenty-four hours a day at the job. Wild oats were formerly sown by hand, but machinery is getting into the field of course and at present most of them are sown by automobile. An earnest sower in a fast automobile with a few assistants can sow enough wild oats in one evening to reap about four decades of unavailing regrets spotted with divorce suits, personal injury damages and red-nosed ghosts.

The cost of sowing wild oats depends on the sower. It usually takes all he has and the crop can't be marketed for seven cents. Still the wild oats sower is very scornful of the plain and fresh-faced farmer and laughs loudly at his losses in sticking to the unilluminated style of agriculture. It is quite safe to do anything at which the wild oats sower laughs fondly.

**Rippling Rhymes**

By Walt Mason

**GAY SHIRTS**

With stripes of yellow, blue and green, and pink and purple in between, the kind of shirts we're wearing now would jar the antler from a cow. Who are the gay and giddy flirts who hand down fashions in men's shirts? Do they wear braids front and behind, or are they merely color blind? When I jog down the village street, I wear same shoes upon my feet; my outer garments all are mild, by freaks of fashion undefiled; my lid's an unassuming one, its color brown, approaching dun. My eyes don't shock the public eye, I am no rainbow in disguise. But modest folks feel pained and hurt when they behold my screaming shirt. "Since when," they ask, "O ribald soul, have you become a barber's pole?" "Since my good friend went chafing down to study fashions in the town, she'd rather see my lying dead and planted where the daisies spread, than wearing garments out of date, and hence this

**Vest Pocket Essays**

By George Fitch

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**Uncensored Sense and Nonsense**

(BY REMLIK)

Of all the slang phrases there's one I'd dispel,  
For while it means nothing, it's bound to repeat.  
You don't have to go there,  
There's nothing below there  
Only ignorant people now say, "go to hell."

Yesterday a man told me to go there. There was no merriment in his tone when he made the remark either. He was mad for some reason or other, and judging from exterior appearances he really meant for me to go. He misjudged me. I'm not that kind of a girl. Hell was abolished about four years ago. It is a fact. The National Association of Biblical Students, in assembly at Washington, D. C. at about that time, ruled and "resolved" that there "really was no hell" and they went further and "resolved" to acquit the clergy of the country with their discovery.

They advised the clergy to bear the "resolution" in mind—in clearer English they intimated that this decision of theirs should be passed into the masses and all UNDERSTOOD that there was "no hell,"

All of the clergy have not followed this sensible advice for some of them are preaching hell fire and damnation right up to now.

What a blow is this my countrymen? What hogboon have we left with which to frighten bad children? What about the sinner "on the path of hell"? You won't have to "save" him now, for though he is "on the way", he really isn't going any place.

We have got to find some horrible new thing to hold back bad boys and girls. If they get wind of this, everything will be off with THEM. Just think of it, when you die you are taking no CHANCE. To most of us this is a great relief for while we were possibly showing up all right to the rest of humanity, inside of us we had grave doubts as to which line we would be routed over after "demonizing." Everything is all right NOW.

HOLD—something IS WRONG. The Bibles forgot to ABOLISH the DEVIL. This IS SERIOUS.

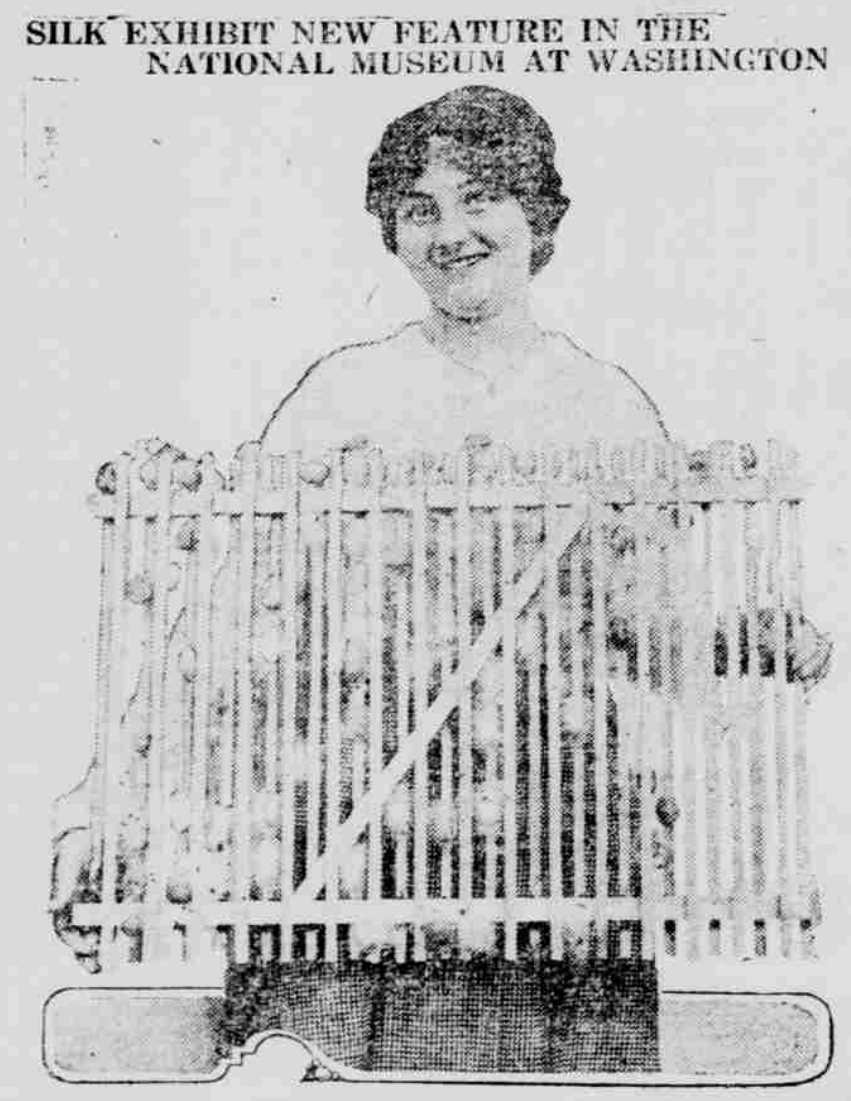
"Take thou thy pound of flesh, but not one drop of human blood", take thou thy Hell but leave the DEVIL. It can't be done, you can't separate those two, you've got to have a Hell. What would Hell be without its Devil?

There is only one way to fix this thing up. The Bibles were right in abolishing Hell—in advising us that there was no Hell, (we say that because we WANT it that way) and overlooking the Devil that was merely an oversight. I am sure that the matter is explainable at this time. This Washington convention took place four or five years ago or about the time the Mexican revolution started and—well, it's easy, the Devil took up his abode in Mexico and has been raising—that is, he has established a new Hell over there. Judging from newspaper reports it is SOME Hell, too. That's what I say—you can't separate Hell and the Devil. How would it sound to tell your kid boy that if he isn't good he will go to Mexico?

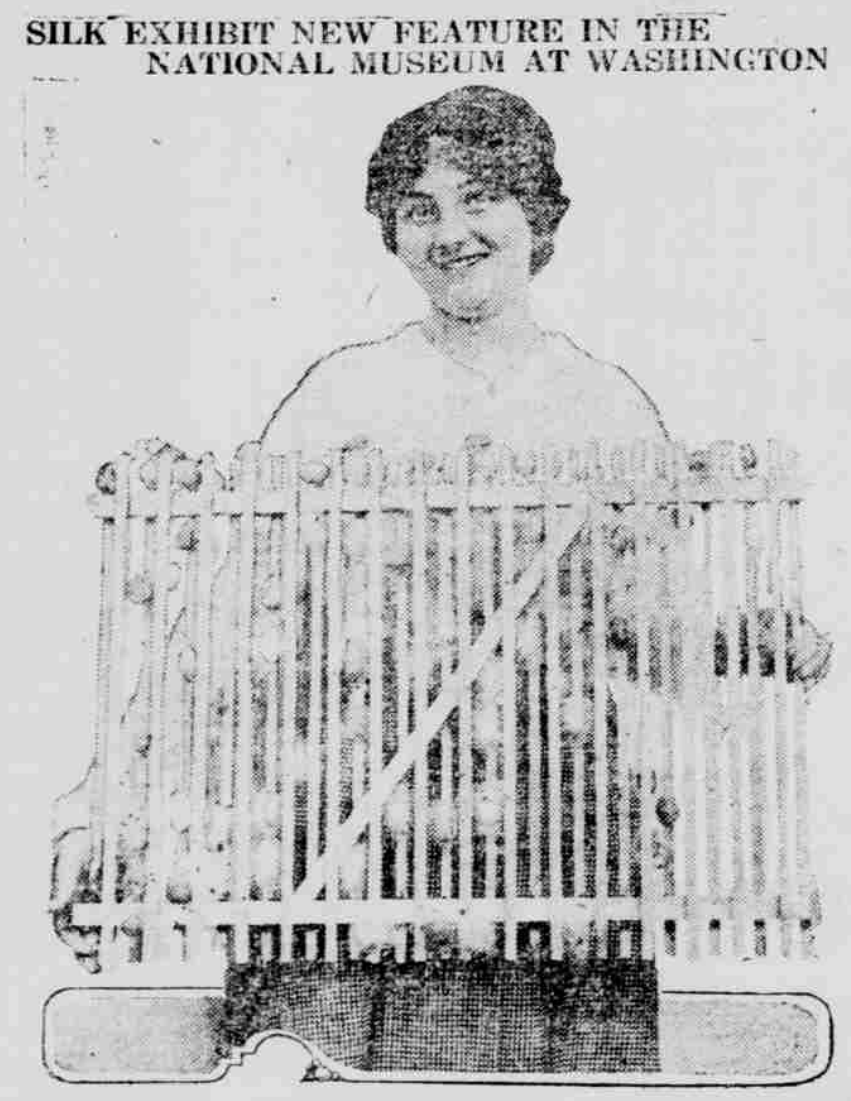
So that's the way of it. We have no Hell, or Devil either. Well that puts us all an easy street—all on a parity—the Devil HAS been known to "come back." So don't get to feeling TOO safe, there may be SOME way to get you.

shirt, whose hues I hate." With gaudy stripes and gorgeous bars, and purple dots and yellow stars, my shirt is cutting lots of grass, and mules are shying as they pass.

**SILK EXHIBIT NEW FEATURE IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT WASHINGTON**



Miss Helen Stuart of the National Museum and frame with silk worms on it



Miss Helen Stuart of the National Museum and frame with silk worms on it

**Make Prohibition Wider**

A stranger, on an eastbound train,  
Sat blowing verbal bubbles,  
Rejoicing he was free again  
From Arizona troubles.  
His gail was great, at his command  
A most expansive dictum;  
No note of love for this fair land  
Believed his flowing fiction.  
We heard his every reckless word  
With just a slight abhorrence,  
And half surmised he was a bird,  
New-fallen, perhaps, from Florence.

He said, "All Arizona law  
Is futile, ill-begotten;  
Declare their lives seraphic,  
The legislature rotten;  
And Phoenix, too, is out and lost  
With no assuring savior,  
The 'city dais,' though great their cost,  
Are bad in their behavior."  
The police force, the water works,  
He placed on the defensive  
With many ugly quips and quorks—  
All false, but comprehensive.

Recurring to the state, he vowed  
The farming and the mining  
Are patry fakes, a dismal cloud  
Without a silver lining.  
When all his missiles had been thrown,  
And we had ceased denying,  
He gave our rivers sharp rebuff,  
And very quick dismissal:  
"Not one, at times, is moist enough  
To wet a blackbird's whistle!"  
Yet he had heard—he now confessed,  
The Hassayampa ripple,  
And, many times, had made a test  
Of its illusive tipple.

Now turn the shield—behold the view!  
In language, chaste and graphic,  
A thousand men and women, too,  
Declare their lives seraphic—  
Spent under Arizona skies  
Among perpetual roses.  
But to the prudent and the wise  
Some later day discloses  
That there are troubles to be met  
In this peculiar heaven,  
Before the stakes are rightly set  
To almost seems the balance even.  
To all we say: Avoid extremes,  
Be diligent in trying  
To get ahead, but work your schemes  
Without recourse to lying.

From all the data now in hand,  
To use at my discretion,  
It almost seems the facts demand  
Another "extra session."  
One course, alone, is left to choose—  
Make Prohibition wider;  
Bar out the Hassayampa booze  
As well as ale and cider;  
Then those who press that river's brink  
Will have to do it slyly,  
And, if they stop, and stoop and drink,  
We'll give the case to Wiley!  
—ANDREW DOWNING.

**SUPREME COURT**

(Continued from Page One)

be dismissed if sufficient matter for substance be contained in the record to enable the court to decide the case on its merits. The answer to this is that there is no appeal here but merely a prerogative appeal.

The court further declares that where the death penalty for murder shall remain in this state is for the legislative branch of the government to determine, and that under the oath of office taken by the judges the courts must support and administer the law as it exists. The contention urged in this connection, it is stated has no merit and is entirely frivolous, and it is ordered that the pretended appeal be dismissed.

The supreme court denied the motion to consolidate in the cases of Francisco Rodriguez, Miguel Peralta, N. B. Chavez and Eduardo Perez vs. R. B. Sims, but permission was granted to use the same abstract of record and briefs in each case. These are the appeals of the four other Mexicans who were sentenced to hang at Florence, July 30. Motions to dismiss appeals in the cases of the Miami Copper company vs. Alfred J. Bowden, and the A. T. & S. F. railroad company vs. Carl F. Eisenberger were granted.

**DUMBA SEES BERNSTORFF**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH]

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—Ambassador Dumba, whose recall was requested by the president, visited Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador at his hotel late today and remained an hour. When he left he declined to discuss the conference. Count von Bernstorff said he wished it understood that Dr. Dumba merely paid a friendly call.

**NOT OVER LONDON**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH]

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—A Zeppelin raid over England on the night of September 7 in which it was officially reported that ten were killed and fifty injured, did not occur over London itself, according to passengers who arrived on the steamship Baltic.

**GAME IS MULTIPLYING**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH]

PARIS, Sept. 17.—Because of the prohibition imposed by the government on hunting wild animals, birds have multiplied so rapidly that crops in the fields, orchards and gardens in various forest regions have been ravaged. The menace is so serious the government is now ordering rabbits, pheasants and other animals slain. The killing is done on specified days. Huntsmen act collectively and no individual sportsman is allowed to go for game. When possible game is taken alive and transferred to other parts of the country.

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In this way we guarantee your title.  
**Phoenix Title and Trust Co.**  
18 North First Ave.

**FINANCES and MARKETS**

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH]

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—Enormous dealings in war shares and other stocks related thereto mostly at substantial gains featured today's operations. Advances in this group ran from three to six points with more noteworthy gains in a few isolated instances. Railroads were even more quiet than usual but relatively steady despite the acute weakness in these stocks abroad. Great Northern opened at 117, best previous record of 115. United States Steel, Republic Steel, Crucible Steel, Westinghouse and Studebaker more or less in the order given, comprised active features. Many rumors were circulated in connection with heavy trading in these stocks, none of which were confirmable and some of which taxed the speculative credulity to the utmost. The most persistent "tip" was that a gigantic deal or combination was under way, involving Great Northern ore, Colorado Fuel and Republic Steel as far as they related to the first two names. Previous rumors were authoritatively denied. The market was strong from the outset, general motors being the outstanding feature by reason of its fifty per cent cash dividend distributions. That stock opened at 28 1/2, a gain of 1/2, best previous record of 28 and rose to 29 1/2 but closed at 29. United States Steel managed to rise to 75 1/2, a gain of 1 1/8 in the face of heavy offerings. Total sales were 737,900 shares. Bonds were higher with a lessening of European selling. Total sales were \$2,235,000. United States bonds were unchanged on call.

**Metals**  
Electrolytic, 18. Silver, 48 3/4. Copper, steady.

**Stocks**  
Smelting, 19 1/2. Santa Fe, 10 1/4. St. Paul, 84. New York Central, 92 3/8. Pennsylvania, 109. Reading, 149 3/8. Southern Pacific, 88 1/2. Union Pacific, 129 1/4. Steel, 75 1/2. pd, 113 1/2.

**BOSTON COPPER MARKET**

|                   | Bid    | Ask    |
|-------------------|--------|--------|
| Adventure         | 14 1/2 | 2      |
| Ariz Comm         | 5 1/2  | 5 3/4  |
| Alouez            | 54     | 54 1/2 |
| Calumet and Ariz  | 61 1/2 | 62     |
| Calumet and Hecla | 54 1/2 | 54 1/2 |
| Copper Range      | 54 1/2 | 55     |
| Daly West         | 25 1/2 | 25 1/2 |
| Ray Consolidated  | 23 1/2 | 23 1/2 |
| Greene Cananea    | 39     | 39 1/2 |
| Hancock           | 16 1/2 | 17 1/2 |
| Isle Royale       | 27     | 28     |
| Lake Copper       | 13 1/2 | 14 1/2 |
| Mohawk            | 71 1/2 | 72 1/2 |
| Mass Copper       | 10 1/2 | 11     |
| North Butte       | 29 1/2 | 29 1/2 |
| Nevada Cons       | 14 1/2 | 14 1/2 |
| Old Dominion      | 52 1/2 | 53 1/2 |
| Quincy            | 81     | 82     |
| Shannon           | 6 1/2  | 6 1/2  |
| Superior Copper   | 26 1/2 | 27     |
| Tamarack          | 56     | 56 1/2 |
| Utah Cons         | 14 1/2 | 15     |
| Victoria          | 24 1/2 | 25     |
| Winona            | 56 1/2 | 57 1/2 |
| Wolverine         | 56 1/2 | 57 1/2 |
| North Lake        | 14 1/2 | 15     |
| South Lake        | 5 1/2  | 6 1/2  |
| Chino             | —      | 44     |
| Utah Copper       | 65 1/2 | 66     |
| Inspiration       | 34 1/2 | 34 1/2 |
| Shattuck          | 25     | 25 1/2 |