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MONDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 18, 1915

Perhaps all things come to him
who waits, but, considering the
number of things not worth wait-
ing for, a man is justified in go-
ing after what he wants.
—Anonymous.

A Market Problem Convention

There will be a counties convention of the California Development Board at San Diego beginning November 12, at which much light will doubtless be thrown upon the marketing question and will offer some assistance to the solution of it here. Some of the industries of California are already well organized, such as the raisin, the citrus and the other larger ones, but many of the smaller ones are not. It is for the relief of them that the convention is to be held.

The program is designed to cover the entire situation, which is thus succinctly but comprehensively stated: "The grower can produce almost anything in California and in unlimited quantities; but he cannot sell it at a fair price and in some cases, cannot sell it at all."

"But," continues the statement, "the consumer pays just as much at the grocery and the restaurant as he ever paid; whose fault is it?"

The experiences and conclusions of five growers, representing as many products, will be given in brief speeches on the first part of the statement. They will be followed by the addresses of two consumers. The truth of the statement having been thus established, the next thing will be the location, or attempted location, of the fault somewhere in the ranks of the middlemen.

The retail grocer naturally falls first under suspicion and two members of the guild will be given an opportunity to be heard. They will just as naturally refer the matter to the wholesale grocer, in whose behalf two speakers will be heard explaining the relation between the wholesaler on one hand and the retailer and the ultimate consumer on the other.

The broker will be given an opportunity to defend again his position that he furnishes the most direct, and frequently, the only avenue between the producer and the consumer. The carrier and the dryer will reply to the charge frequently made and not long since reiterated in The Republican that they frequently take advantage of their positions and give the grower his choice between selling his perishable products at a ruinously low price or letting them rot on the ground or the trees.

The question of restrictive railroad rates will be discussed by representatives of the roads and the restaurant and hotel men will be permitted to tell why prices on their menu cards do not follow the downward course of the growers' products. In passing, we may say that the hotel man will probably have the most plausible defense of all. Obviously, he cannot change his rates from day to day or even from month to month. Moreover, his rates are multiples of the 5-cent piece and in most cases, a lowering of a rate on a card of 5 cents would result in a decrease of his profits in spite of the lowered price at which he could purchase goods.

By this time the fault should be pretty well located and, therefore, the third feature will be taken up. One proposition will be that of direct selling to the consumer, but that plan is not new and its difficulties have not been surmounted. The extension of the co-operative association plan will be advocated and in that there is the greatest promise of relief. Meanwhile the program is so arranged as to lead up to a discussion of the proposed State Market Commission.

Out of this meeting something should come for the growers of California and as well for those of Arizona, whose situation in all respects is much the same.

The Jury System

It is little wonder that the confidence of intelligent men in our boasted jury system is waning; that thinking people would almost as soon submit their grievances to the arbitrament of the tossed coin or the shaken dice as to throw themselves upon the judgment of twelve good men and true as such men are usually brought together into the jury box. That this is so, is perhaps less because of defects in the material of which juries are composed than because of the blind and foolish procedure in the selection of this material.

As matters stand the case of one or the other of the litigants is lost or won as soon as the box is filled with twelve men who have sworn that they know nothing about the matter in dispute and that they have neither sympathy for nor prejudice against either of the litigants. In a large majority of cases we believe jurymen are honest. They may not be aware of sympathy or prejudice but the more astute, the more skillful or lucky of the coun-

sel who has assisted in the selection of the jury, knows better.

There was never a finer illustration of the outrageous procedure that obtains generally in the selection of juries than was presented the other day in the case of Schmidt, who is on trial at Los Angeles for complicity in the blowing up of the Times building five years ago. Among the veniremen was a man named Behier, whose replies to the questions asked him, developed an unmistakable sympathy with the defendant. Behier did not believe that the building had been destroyed by dynamite. His belief was not based on any evidence contrary to that theory, but upon the fact that he did not know. He did not know that the McNamaras had confessed to their part in the destruction of it by dynamite and that they were now in the penitentiary. He had heard so but that was all and he did not believe all or much that he had heard. Behier at first expressed doubt as to the existence of a war in Europe, but in reply to questions, he said that since all the papers contained accounts of it he was inclined to believe that there was such a war. He had heard of an accident in which the Times building had been destroyed, but he had "not paid much attention to it; he did not bother himself with stories of explosions." Over the objection of the state, Behier was "passed for cause."

Still more ridiculous was the result of the examination of Schofield, another venireman, and evidently a man of some intelligence. He pretended to know nothing of the facts connecting Schmidt with the Times explosion; he had no opinion respecting his guilt or innocence; he could give him a fair trial, he swore. But Schofield believed that the Times building had been dynamited by somebody and for that reason alone, a challenge for cause by the defense was sustained.

Yet, there is probably not one man in ten in the country who does not believe as Schofield does, that the building was dynamited. In addition to that fact, there were the confessions of the McNamaras, so that we may say that there is neither moral nor legal doubt that the Times building was destroyed by dynamite.

But there was nothing in the confessions of the McNamaras implicating Schmidt so that one might easily and reasonably accept their confessions as true without entertaining any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Schmidt. Still, because Schofield believed what nine of every ten of his countrymen who can read believe, he was disqualified.

Lord Milner's Proposition

Lord Milner, whose recommendation for an abandonment of the campaign against the Dardanelles, or rather for an evacuation by the allies of Gallipoli, which would probably mean the same thing, has created such a storm in the allied countries, is a less persistent fighter than he was in 1912, when he was a member of a small group of the house of lords, resisting in the last ditch the movement to deprive the lords of the veto power. While many of the peers were reluctantly convinced that they were no longer "free agents," and were giving way before the threat to create new peers, Milner was one of the leaders of Lord Halsworth's "Die Hard" movement to dare the throne to the creation of new peers.

Now he is the first to advocate an abandonment of a campaign, amounting to a confession of the most colossal military mistake that was ever committed since men first went to war. It must have taken no small measure of courage on the part of Lord Milner to submit such a proposition to his countrymen—to leave the thousands of dead whose bones are bleaching on the peninsula or in the adjacent waters, and to count as lost the dead and the months of furious struggle by sea and land.

There is, however, business as well as sentiment in war. If "someone has blundered" nothing is to be gained by persistence in blunder. Unless the armies of the Central Empire can be arrested on their sweep through Serbia, there is even less hope of a successful end of the campaign against Constantinople than there was last spring when the navies of the allies undertook the impossible task of forcing the Dardanelles without the co-operation of a land attack.

If the Teutons are to be arrested in the east at all, it must be done before they have over-run Serbia. With Serbia conquered and a junction effected with the Bulgarian armies, not only would the campaign against the Dardanelles be automatically ended, but the way "from Berlin to Bagdad" would be opened. In the event of the collapse, too, of the Dardanelles campaign under pressure, it would be more difficult to arrest the Teutonic advance upon Suez than to stop it now in the mountains of Serbia.

MUELHAUSEN SUFFERS HEAVILY

Muelhausen, near the southern tip of Alsace, the city through whose streets the French line swept impetuously northward and returned in retreat, was a French-speaking German city and an important textile center before the outbreak of the war. The people of the city were closely related to their neighbors across the border by blood, speech and ideals. French capital was interested in its many mills. According to reports, this prosperous industrial city has suffered terribly from its experience as a battle field more than any other southern city of Germany.

The city lies just behind the present German front, fifty-six miles south of Strassburg and about twenty miles northwest of Swiss Basle. The French frontier is less than twenty miles away.

The city is an old one. It was mentioned as early as 717, and had won reputation as a trading town by the tenth century. Rudolph of Hapsburg became its patron in the thirteenth century, and, by the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, it was recognized as an independent ally of the Swiss league. It passed to Germany in 1871.—National Geographical Society Bulletin.

TIRED OF IT

"Taking anything for your hay fever?"
"Yes; I'm taking boxing lessons to wallop the first man who gives me free advice."

KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA AND LEADERS OF HIS ARMY



King Ferdinand is shown at extreme right.

While the Bulgarians are being led principally by German commanders, they have a few high officers of their own. Photo shows them with King Ferdinand in a group.

Vest Pocket Essays

By George Fitch

POLITICS

The world has long been in doubt, but there should be no question, as to whether politics is or are singular. Every one will admit that politics is singular—extremely so.

Politics is the art of carrying a large number of votes in the vest pocket and of straddling fences, hunting holes, turning back some-swells and jumping onto band-wagons without spilling any of them. There are politicians so expert that they can be caught robbing hen roosts and can be elected state's attorney on the strength of it; there are men who are such poor politicians that they would be defeated for dog catcher for rescuing a young lady from a burning house without the formality of an introduction.

Politicians are born, not made. If politicians were made, the act would have become a penitentiary offense long ago. The politician believes in people's rights, but that it is a shame to pester them with the job. He believes that the office should seek the man, and he lies down in front of it and trips it up so as to make the job easier. He believes that the majority is supreme and he has 189 formulas for making majorities that are just as good as the kind you get in the local box.

The world had politicians long before it had chicken pox, influenza, grasshoppers, poets, trusts, book agents, wars, legislators or other afflictions. Noah was the first great politician. He got all his family in out of the rain. Joseph worked the stock scare on the Egyptians. Samson slew ten thousand Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, while the best that can be done with it today is to tie up a legislature at the last minute with a nine-hour speech.

There are all kinds of politicians. Some are so honest that their right hands would be shocked to death if they knew what their left hands were doing. Others are so crooked that they could wear a brass horn for a vest. Statesmen are politicians who love their country in words of six syllables. Grifters are politicians with steely fingers. Reformers are people who would like to play politics without catching it.

"The people" are to a politician what circulation is to an editor. He has to have them or go out of business. A political party is a politician's union. Party issues are the patent medicines of politics. They will cure anything. A campaign is something that the politician gives to the voter to keep him busy and happy until election. An election is a frightful display of corruption and unscrupulousity by the other side.

Politicians work twenty-five hours a day and live on hope, campaign clears and party fervor. When a good politician dies he gets a libelous statue in Washington. When a bad one dies, St. Peter locks his gates and puts plaster of Paris in the keyhole.

SOME SUNDAY VIOLATIONS

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—Fifty-two violations of the Sunday closing law were reported to police headquarters tonight. Last Sunday when the mayor's orders went into effect, twenty-eight violations were reported. There was one arrest today.

STRUMITZA OCCUPIED

LODNON, Monday, Oct. 17.—Strumitza in Bulgaria was occupied by the allied armies of Great Britain, France and Serbia, according to official advices from Saloniki telegraphed to the Reuter correspondent at Athens.

SNOW SHED BURNS

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 17.—Fire destroyed 1,928 feet of the snow shed at Summit, Cal., on the main line of the Southern Pacific and caused a temporary tie up, according to advices received by the company.

Uncensored Sense and Nonsense

By Remlik

Pancho Villa's not dead,
Nor he never has bin,
He still is alive.

Though he's nearly all in,
Three or four times, I guess
He's been killed by the press
And now they're attempting to kill him again.

And, taking the matter "by and large," it might be a lucky thing for Villa if he should get hit. It will be pretty hard for him to watch the installation into office of the old mogul who used him until he could better himself.

So, let's rah for Carranza.
For better or wuss,
Let's swell him all up.
The bewhiskered old cuss.
For a patriot brave was he
In his camp down by the sea,
And he never mixed in battles
Never got into the fuss.

He was a BRAVE leader, this Carranza, and Pancho Villa was a BAD hombre too. He was a VERY bad hombre at that, though he was USEFUL to Carranza, in a small way at one time. He drove HUERTA out of power and out of the country, he de-throned a monarch if ever there WAS a monarch—he whipped his armies—and all of this was very convenient for Carranza. HE never could have done this thing you know—and when VILLA was winning the battles, he was a GOOD hombre—as soon as the important battles were won, Villa began to turn into a BAD hombre again, because he had gotten NEXT to the fact that Carranza would use him and then stab him in the back. Naturally, and knowing the character of Carranza, Villa refused to submit to his desire to become president—he had fought for a cause and had been used as a tool and if the man had any conscientiousness whatever—any belief in the righteousness to sanction the appointment of such a man to the presidency.

A COWARD will never GOVERN Mexico—it never has been ruled by a coward, and Carranza is a rank coward and has shown it on many occasions. Every man, woman and child in Mexico is aware of this.

"Recognition" of this man, by this country, is an unfriendly act, and but for a short time, several years more of strife and unrest for worn out Mexico. Any Mexican may not TELL you that this is true—but any Mexican alive, KNOWS that that it is.

Another thing—whether we elect women to rule us or not, we will still be ruled by women. We like it too. You wouldn't own that a woman ruled you, would you? You wouldn't need to—everybody knows it; and besides that—well, they're so darn nice we WANT 'em to rule us.

That ought to bring in a subscription or two.

Methrift runs a grocery store in Phoenix—it's a good store, too. If all the stores of Phoenix were run by thrift, they'd ALL be good stores.

And that ought to bring in an ad or two—maybe. It takes an awful lot of that stuff to make a Phoenix man loosen his clutch on a dollar though.

On the other hand there's an awful lot of people here who are workin' on 'em pretty steady, and you can't blame 'em if they don't take the cork under EVERY time.

Still, thrift ought to come though.

ATHENS, Oct. 17.—Energetic action of the entente allies in opening actual hostilities between Bulgaria and Serbia is apparently rapidly modifying the attitude of the Greek anti-war party. It is said that Greece will abandon its attitude of neutrality when concentration of troops is completed and army arrangements perfected.

Rippling Rhymes

By Walt Mason

AUTUMN LEAVES

The Autumn leaves are falling, and poets have a sigh, and say that Nature's calling on living things to die. A pensive melancholy Fall month to poets brings; but I am fat and jolly and gambol as I sing. I do not think of horses when autumn zephyrs waft, but write some cheery verses and earn nine kinds of hule. The skies are dark and dreary, the rain begins to spout, but people should be cheery unless they leave the goul. The wind is chill and snappy, the earth is dank and wet, but people should be happy, unless they are in debt. The wind will soon be piling big snowdrifts on the plain, but people should be smiling, unless they are insane. I love all kinds of weather, I love the autumn well, when we all sit together around the fire and yell, and keep the corn popping, each in his easy chair; the autumn leaves are dropping—it's little that I care. The autumn leaves are falling; I let the blasted things fall; my phonograph is squalling, "Dear Days Beyond Recall." There's freight on the rafters, and kidlets on the floor, around me joy and laughter and neighbors at the door.

YANKEE AGENTS GRAB

(Continued from Page One)

in their own right, for every one of those gloves would have kept an Indian soldier at the front.

It appears to be the consensus of opinion among the commercial men that it is very hard to do business with the average European official.

First the bureau systems make an endless amount of circumlocution and red tape, and it is difficult to find out who is the official who has the real decision. And after that the travelers say that hide-bound conservatism stands in the way of the adoption of anything outside of old, well understood models, many of which are out of date. They tell many strange experiences in their efforts to reach the right people.

"I was told," said one of the travelers, "that an introduction from prominent people was necessary to get you any attention. One firm advertised in London that they could furnish the right kind of introductions. I looked them up and found that they were house agents. Then I heard that the Duke of — could give the sort of letter required. So I managed to see him, and told him that in America we were able to tell a customer when we saw one, and I was so anxious to see what a British customer looked like that I would be willing to spend a thousand dollars to have one introduced to me. The duke said he would be glad to introduce the very man who

"Thoroughly?" said the French home des lettres in surprise, recalling the labyrinthine vastness of the Louvre collection. "And how long did it take you?"

"Fully an hour," was the reply, which left the Frenchman puzzled ever since.

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had the final signing of contracts for my line of goods and he would bring him to me in two days. I waited anxiously the second day, but he did not come, and I have been waiting ever since. But the Duke can do it if he wants to, there is no doubt."

"Another representative of an extensive American industry related the following experience:
"An artillery harness for six horses is being furnished to one of the belligerent governments for \$250. The contract was first let as a whole to an American agent at that net price. But as the agent was not in the harness business—this being only one of many war contracts—he sublet it to another contractor who made a specialty in harness but not in harness, so that in turn sublet the contract to us. Now I was able to go to these government people and say to them that I would furnish this six-horse artillery harness at \$218 instead of \$250, and also would give them our first grade of harness instead of the third grade they are getting. Why, it was just like offering a man gold sovereigns. But do you know, they would not listen to me. No, they were perfectly satisfied to pay \$250 and it did not appeal to them in the least, to hear they could get something better for \$318. That's what they call conservatism. Can you beat it?"

One of the most remarkable propositions put before the allied governments was for an aerial cruiser, supported by seven gigantic air-planes with a crew of seven men, carrying 250 50-pound dynamite bombs, guaranteed to fly from the French frontier to Berlin and back or no sale.

This was worked out with the utmost detail, with blue prints showing a hull something like the trim lines of a large steam yacht, and small quickfire guns mounted on the bow and stern. Above this hull were the large air-planes, in two alternate series, one above the other, so as to catch the "air billows." The specifications were equally detailed, including several high power engines. The arrangement of the planes and the construction as a whole had the approval of an influential aeronautic society in America. But the British and French air experts were sceptical, some of them declaring what was presented on paper could not be carried out in actual flight, notwithstanding the offer made to build the craft and send it on a trial voyage before making a contract. It was thought that recent Zeppelin raids might inspire officials to take up this novel air project as an offset, but so far they have not lent a sympathetic ear.

A French literary man fell in with one of the new order of American commercial men the other night, and asked him if he had seen the sights of Paris.

"Yes," he said "but I find that the police have closed most of the sights."

"Oh no," said his literary friend, "the real sights of Paris, the monuments, are always open—the Pantheon, Notre Dame, the Invalides, the Madeleine, and the Louvre."

"Ah yes, I have seen the Louvre thoroughly."

"Thoroughly?" said the French home des lettres in surprise, recalling the labyrinthine vastness of the Louvre collection. "And how long did it take you?"

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FASHION NOTE

"Now that women have fallen for furs in summer, I'm working on a great idea."

"What is it?"

"I'm getting up a rain hat fan for winter purposes."—Detroit Free Press

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