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WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 13, 1918.

It is fear that clogs our feet and  
holds us back. It is fear that places  
limitations upon man's accomplish-  
ment, and prevents him from achiev-  
ing all things.

—Anonymus.

## This is a New Registration

Every man who votes at the primary on March 1 or at the succeeding general election must register for those elections. We are told that there is some misunderstanding on that point, as there nearly always is, regarding registration. Some think that a registration for the county election a year ago last fall or for the city election a year ago, carries with it the privilege of voting at the coming city primary and election.

That is not the case. This is an entirely new registration. All previous registrations have expired. Those who have not registered since the present registration has begun or do not register before it closes next Monday night, cannot vote at the coming elections.

We should like to see for once a complete registration this time, the registration of every man and woman in Phoenix otherwise qualified to vote. And then we should like to see every voter at the primary vote, so that when the smoke has blown away we should know just where we stand. So that we may know just what kind of government a clear majority of all the people of Phoenix want.

Certainly every voter has some idea regarding that very important matter if he can only be brought to take the trouble to express his idea. That is the purpose of this campaign and of every political campaign.

And right here is where earnest political workers often make a mistake. They think that the work before them is to make opinions or change opinions. That is only a very small part of the work and it is totally ineffective unless that opinion can be translated into a vote.

It would be far better to leave the opinions of people alone and get them to come out and express them at the polls, whatever they may be. That is a part of the work that can be done only by the "personal touch."

Political meetings have their places, and no doubt do a great deal of good, but when we consider how comparatively few people always attend these meetings we can see that if all of them were brought into full accord and should vote in accord, they would be but a small part of the whole number of voters. We have seen such political gatherings of 20,000 and others proportionately as great, though only of 1,000. Yet both numbers were small in comparison with the number of those not present.

It is the "personal touch" that counts in politics, the visit of a neighbor or a friend and his urgent request to qualify and go to the polls.

The best application of the "personal touch" is made by organization of those neighbors and friends, of whom there should be enough to go and see every voter on every street. It is not necessary and generally not advisable to advise the voter how to vote, unless he asks for advice. It is enough to get him to vote. We believe that the majority of the people are right and will vote right if they can be brought to vote at all.

## The Latest Re-Statement

The address of President Wilson provoked by the statements of the German and Austrian premiers, von Hertling and Czernin, is an admirable re-statement of the war aims of this country, which by now must be pretty well understood both at home and abroad. The re-statement is a little less specific than that of January 8, and is in such general terms that it could be readily accepted as the basis of peace negotiations if Germany wanted peace. But the president must have been aware from von Hertling's statement that that is one of the things Germany does not want—now.

Broadly speaking, only two terms are laid down by the president, justice and the principle of self-determination. Justice is a condition that no nation ready for peace should balk at, leaving it to a conference to agree as to what that rather tenuous and elusive thing is. Self-determination is rather more specific as to meaning, but may be found not to be easily and exactly applied. That, however, would be a problem for a peace conference. Under these two heads come the remarks of the president concerning the right of small nations to work out their destinies undisturbed by powerful neighbors.

Interpretations placed upon the president's address are that he is under no illusion as to the attitude of the German government toward peace, and that he was not addressing that government, but the people of Germany and Austria-Hungary. He has shown a persistence in addressing himself to the people. His first message preceding the declaration of a state of war was to them. So has every message since been one ignoring the governments of the Teutonic countries and intended only for the people of those countries. This persistence has been in the face of advice that it can produce no results, and so far there has been no indication that the people so addressed have been even slightly affected.

We have sometimes thought that Germany, that is the German government, with which evidently we have to deal, and not with the German people, would have been more profoundly impressed if after our first declaration we had gone about the business of war with a grim silence, signifying determination. It is possible that our frequent statements and re-statements may be mistaken by our enemies for signs of weariness of war.

## The Graham County Affair

We do not believe that a majority of the people of this state are of the opinion that Arizona, as matters now stand, has any means of punishment adequate for the three men who murdered the three officers in Graham county last Sunday unless the federal government should take jurisdiction after their capture. It was a wanton massacre, added to the crime of evading the draft.

We are sure that no considerable part of the right thinking population of this state will be satisfied with the confinement of these men in more or less ease, comfort and distinction in the state prison nominally for life, but really for a few years, until the edge of the horror and resentment of the populace has been dulled by corroding time.

In the case of one of these murderers, Sisson, it has been bloodily demonstrated that the moral and benign influences of the prison did not benefit him. He was paroled, the authorities doubtless believing that he had been restored and that a good citizen had been made of a man who had shown a tendency toward criminality.

Graham county contributed, we believe, to the narrow majority by which the indifferent voters of Arizona permitted, in the way of an experiment, capital punishment to be abolished a year ago last fall. We cannot escape a feeling of curiosity as to the result of a plebiscite in that county on that question now.

## THE LOST EMPIRE OF GENGHIS KHAN

There are few regions of the world so little known as Mongolia. Of the great nations that figured as world powers in the Middle Ages few have been so eclipsed and forgotten in the onward march of civilization as the country of the Khans who once ruled the greater part of Asia and half of Europe.

In the Thirteenth Century the great Genghis Khan and his successors united the Mongols and changed them from wandering nomads into a great military nation which conquered China, Tibet, Persia, Mesopotamia and Russia. Their empire extended from Poland to the Persian Gulf and Hindustan; from Constantinople to the China Sea; from Korea to the Ganges. The great Khans established their capital at Peking, where they reigned in splendor over an empire beside which those of Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon seem but petty states.

Their power was based on ruthlessness. For this reason they were never able to conciliate the nations they conquered. The moment their policy of blood and iron weakened they were overthrown and driven out. Finally, the Mongols were forced to return to the prairies of their native Mongolia, where they sank into that stupor of inactivity from which Genghis Khan had awakened them.

The secret of Mongolia's weakness lies in the fact that the warlike ardor of its people has been dampened by Buddhism, a religion more pacific in its doctrines than any other in the world. Under the soporific influence of this religion the Mongols are content to live a nomadic life, wandering from place to place with their herds of sheep, cattle, horses and camels. They have made no progress since the days of the Khans. They live in tents exactly like those described by the earliest travelers who visited them in the Middle Ages. They have no political unity and no real national government. Their only bond of unity is the Buddhist religion.

The high priest of this religion is the Hutuktu, who resides at Urga, the religious and secular capital. The Mongols believe that the Hutuktu is the reincarnation of Buddha. They worship him as god and call him the living Buddha. They sacrifice to him with incense and keep tiny lamps burning before his image, which is found in every Mongol tent. Because of his desire to become the emperor as well as the god of the Mongols the Hutuktu allowed himself to be drawn into the meshes of Russian intrigue, thus making his country a second Manchuria wherein Russian and Japanese interests have become paramount in utter disregard of China's sovereign rights.

## THEN AND NOW

I called the coal man on the phone  
When summer wheeled her fiery flight,  
And made my modest wishes known,  
To wit: a ton of anthracite.  
His voice was soft, his voice was kind  
(Remember, this was last July);  
And quite to set at rest my mind  
He made the following reply:

"A ton of coal? Sure! Right away.  
I'm grateful for your order, sir,  
I'll have it in your hand today,  
And twenty more, if you prefer!  
You can't afford so much right now?  
Don't let that trouble you at all!  
I'll send it up there anyhow.  
And you can pay some time next fall!"

I called the coal man on the phone  
When it was twenty-two below,  
And all the shivering temperate zone  
Was buried under ice and snow.  
His voice was rough, his voice was rude  
(Remember, this was yesterday),  
His speech was coarse and crass and rude;  
And this is what he had to say:

"A ton of coal, you bone-roofed simp!  
A ton of coal? Well, I guess not!  
Somebody ought to put a crimp  
In such a nerve as you have got!  
Say, I've been pestered quite enough  
By guys like you. It makes me sore!  
Hang up the phone, you dippy stuff,  
And don't you call me up no more!"

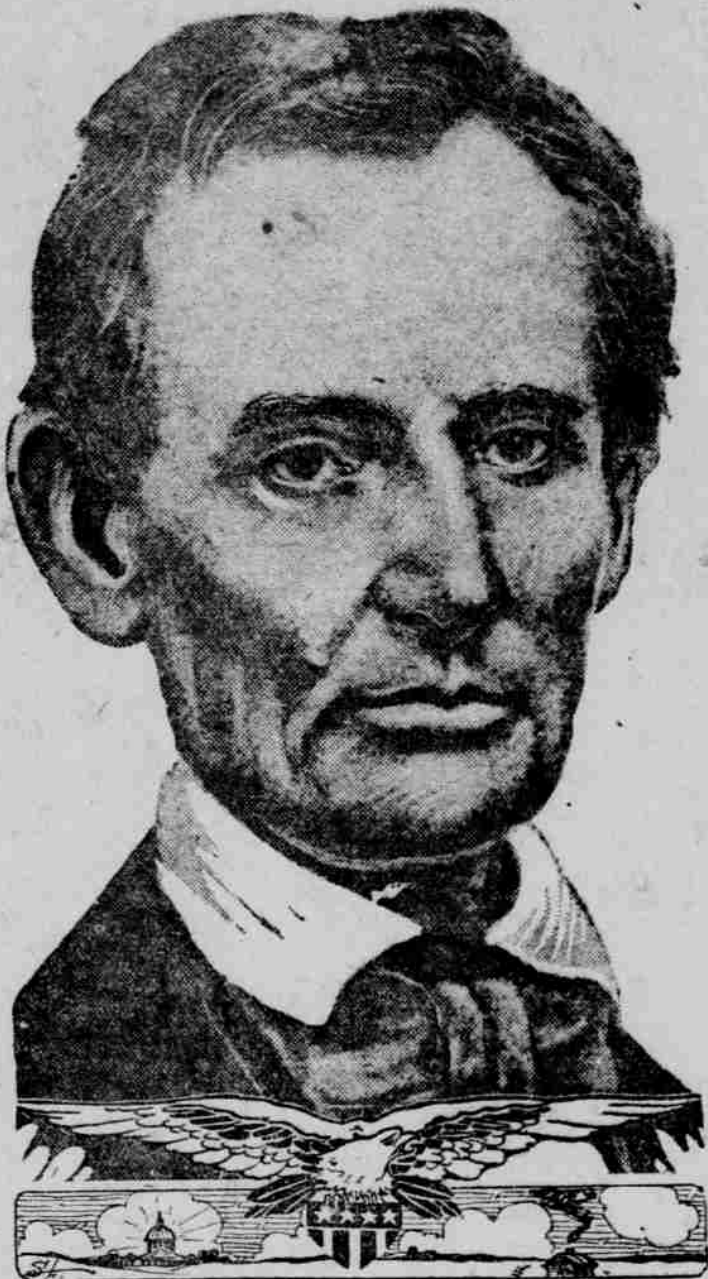
—Boston Advertiser.

WESTERNER HELPS  
McADOO RUN RAILS

R. H. Ashton.

Director General of Railroads McAdoo has named R. H. Ashton, president of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, as regional director for territory west of the Mississippi, with headquarters in Chicago.

## THIS PICTURE, LINCOLN SAID, MADE HIM PRESIDENT OF UNITED STATES



Abraham Lincoln used to call the above photograph "The Picture That Made Me President." It is one of the less familiar portraits of the martyr president and was taken in 1860. Lincoln had at that time been a national figure for two years, thanks to the reputation the Lincoln-Douglas debates had given him. After his famous Cooper Institute speech in February, 1860, he sat for this photo at Brady's studio. It shows the Lincoln that Illinois knew best. It was used extensively in the campaign which resulted in his election.

INTIMATE LINCOLN STORIES—  
SOME OF BEST TOLD OF HIM

(The following are some of the best of the many intimate Lincoln stories. They have been selected from George R. Lamb's Lincolnia.)

At the very outset of the war sundry wise men from New York urged Mr. Lincoln to draw away Confederate armies from Washington by naval attacks upon the southern seaports. It reminded him, he said, of a New Salem, Ill., girl who was troubled with a "singing in her head," for which there seemed to be no remedy, but a neighbor promised a cure if they would "make a plaster of psalm tunes and apply to her feet and draw the singing down."

At the time when General Burnside's force was besieged in Knoxville, Tenn., with an apparent danger of being starved into surrender, a telegram came one day from Cumberland Gap, announcing that "Firing is heard in the direction of Knoxville."

"Glad of it!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln. "Why should you be glad of it?" asked a friend, who was present, in some surprise. "Why, you see," he explained, "it reminds me of Mrs. Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine. She had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place, and she would exclaim, 'There's one of my children that isn't dead yet!'"

No doubt Mr. Lincoln sufficiently appreciated the good qualities of ex-President Fillmore, then living, but a mention of him one evening brought out a shot at the vice presidential succession.

Just after Taylor's death, when Fillmore succeeded him, Fillmore needed to buy a carriage. Some gentleman was breaking up housekeeping and had one for sale and Fillmore took Edward (the old doorkeeper of the White House) with him when he went to look at it. It seemed to be a pretty good turnout, but Fillmore looked it carefully over and then asked Edward: "Do you think it will do for the president of the United States to ride in a second-hand carriage?"

"Sure your excellency," replied Edward; "you're only a second-hand president, you know."

Among the European soldiers who from time to time came over and offered to serve in the Union armies was one young man who, on receiving his commission as lieutenant, assured the president that he belonged to the oldest nobility of Germany. "Oh," replied Mr. Lincoln, "never mind that. You will not find that to be an obstacle to your advancement."

Mr. Lincoln was one day asked: "How many men do you suppose the Confederates have now in the field?" "Twelve hundred thousand, according to the best authority," was the prompt reply.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the inquirer. "Yes, sir, twelve hundred thousand. No doubt of it. You see, all our generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumbered them three or five to one, and I must believe them. We have four hundred thousand in the field, and three times four makes twelve. Don't you see it?"

The result of the great conflict seemed to be in more doubt than ever just after the emancipation proclamation. Mr. Lincoln expressed his own view of the situation with: "We are a good deal like whalers who have been long on a chase. At last we have got our harpoon fairly into the monster; but we must look out how we steer, or with one flop of his tail he will send us all into eternity."

Mr. Lincoln had several reasons for not admiring ex-President Tyler, and a mention of him on one occasion brought out an anecdote. "A year or two after Tyler's accession to the presidency," said Mr. Lincoln, "contemplating an excursion in some direction his son went to order a special train of cars. It so happened that the railroad superintendent was a very strong Whig. On his making known his errand, the official promptly informed him that his road did not run special trains for the president."

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS

BORN in Hardin county, Kentucky, on February 12, 1809.

MADE CAPTAIN of a company in Richard Ill. for service in the Black Hawk war, April 21, 1832.

ELECTED CONGRESSMAN from Illinois in 1846.

ACCLAIMED ORATOR in 1858 after his famous slavery debates with Senator Douglas.

SHOT AND KILLED by John Wilkes Booth in Ford's theater, Washington, the night of April 14, 1865.

SHAPE, you shall have the best train on the road."

Once when a deputation visited him and urged emancipation before he was ready, he argued that he could not enforce it, and, to illustrate, asked them: "How many legs will a sheep have if you call a tail a leg?" They answered, "Five."

"You are mistaken," said Lincoln, "for calling a tail a leg, don't make it so," and that exhibited the fallacy of their position more than twenty syllogisms.

There was an ignorant man who once applied to Mr. Lincoln for the post of doorkeeper to the house. This man had no right to ask Lincoln for anything. It was necessary to repulse him, but Lincoln repulsed him gently and whimsically, without hurting his feelings, in this way:

"So you want to be doorkeeper at the House, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Well, have you ever been a doorkeeper? Have you ever had any experience in doorkeepering?"

"Umph-no."

"Have you ever attended lectures on doorkeepering?"

"No sir."

"Have you ever read any text on the subject?"

"No."

"Have you ever conversed with anyone who has read such a book?"

"No, sir, I'm afraid not, sir."

"Well, then, my friend, don't you see that you haven't a single qualification for this important post?" said Lincoln in a reproachful tone.

"Yes, I do," said the applicant, and he took leave humbly, almost gratefully.

A western senator who had failed of a re-election brought his successor one day and introduced him to the president. Lincoln, in reply, expressed his gratification at making the acquaintance of a new senator. "Yet," he added, "I hate to have old friends like Senator W— go away. And another thing—I usually find that a senator or representative out of business is a sort of lame duck. He has to be provided for." When the two gentlemen had withdrawn I took the liberty of saying that Mr. W— did not seem to relish that remark. Weeks after, when I had forgotten the circumstances, the president said, "You thought I was rude to Senator W— the other day. Well, now he wants Commissioner Dole's place." Mr. Dole was then commissioner of Indian affairs.

"Soon after the opening of congress the Hon. Mr. Shannon made the customary call," writes Carpenter, the artist, at the White House. In the conversation that ensued Mr. Shannon said, "Mr. President, I met an old friend of yours in California last summer, a Mr. Campbell who had a good deal to say about your Springfield life." "Ah," returned Mr. Lincoln, "I am glad to hear of him. Campbell used to be a dry fellow in those days," he continued. For a time he was secretary of state. One day during the legislative vacation a meek, cadaverous-looking man, with a white neck cloth, introduced himself to him at his office, and stating that he had been informed that Mr. C. had the letting of the hall of representatives, he wished to secure it, if possible, for a course of lectures he desired to deliver in Springfield. "May I ask," said the secretary, "what to be the subject of your lecture?" "Certainly," was the reply, with a very solemn expression of countenance. "The course I wish to deliver is on the second coming of our Lord." "It is of

no use," said C.: "if you will take my advice, you will not waste your time in this city. It is my private opinion, if the Lord has been in Springfield once, he will never come the second time!"

A telegram from Philadelphia was once received, setting forth that someone had been arrested there for obtaining \$1,500 on Mr. Lincoln's name.

"What," said Mr. Lincoln, "fifteen hundred dollars on my name! I have given no one authority for such a draft, and if I had," he added, half humorously, "it's surprising that any man could get the money."

"Do you remember, Mr. President, a request from a stranger a few days ago for your autograph, and that you gave it to him on a half sheet of note paper?" said Mr. Nicolay. "The scoundrel doubtless forged an order above your signature and has attempted to swindle somebody."

"Oh, that's the trick, is it?" said the president.

"What shall be done with him? Have you any orders to give?" inquired the secretary.

"Well," said the president, slowly, "I don't see but that he will have to sit on the blister bench."

"I once knew," said Lincoln, "a sound churchman by the name of Brown, who was a member of a very sober and pious committee having in charge the erection of a bridge over a dangerous and rapid river. Several architects failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones who built several bridges and undoubtedly could build that one. So Mr. Jones was called in."

"Can you build this bridge?" inquired the committee.

"Yes," replied Jones, or any other, "I could build a bridge to the infernal regions, if necessary."

"The committee were shocked, and Brown felt called upon to defend his friend. 'I know Jones so well,' said he, 'and he is so honest a man and so good an architect that if he states soberly and positively that he can build to—why, I believe it; but I feel bound to say that I have my doubts about the abutment on the infernal side.'"

"So," said Mr. Lincoln, "when politicians told me that the northern and southern wings of the democracy could be harmonized, why, I believed them; but I always had my doubts about the abutment on the other side."

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PHOENIX, ARIZ.

men and young women on vocational lines.

Phoenix High school will come in for a goodly share of this fund, and a number of new vocational subjects will be introduced. Probably the lion's share of the whole thing will go to this school.

Among one of the new subjects to be taught in the high school next year will be wireless telegraphy. This subject will fill a long left want in the hearts of the boy pupils. The boys of the school have long wished for a course in wireless telegraphy, but somehow it has never been offered in the course of studies.

Studies will be introduced upon other lines, too, agriculture, science, chemistry and physics all coming in for a share. There will be new lines brought in, such as mining, engineering and all branches that can be utilized by the government in time of war. The business department of the school, it is said, will receive no part of the appropriation, as they are already well organized and easily able to get along alone.

Does Money Have  
Wings?

"85% of all the money left to widows in lump sums is lost or dissipated within 7 years."  
—(Insurance Statistics)

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