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A THOUGHT FOR TODAY
*If we fall in the race, though we win,
 Yet the hoof-mark is scarred on the course;
 Though Allah and earth pardon sin,
 Remaineth forever Remorse.*
 —Rudyard Kipling.

That young New York lady who jilted Ralph Stubbs evidently had a tie pass.

"An affair between gentlemen," reads a headline in a territorial newspaper. Bloodless, undoubtedly.

"What is proper?" asks the Phoenix Gazette. Well, except in very exclusive circles, bock is having quite a run these days.

Globe and Phoenix take particular pride in pointing to the outside world the profits of municipally owned water systems.

A Phoenix paper asserts that "railroads have rights." Bless you, yes; but, pray tell, what railroad has been overlooking bets?

Dr. Cook may have gone to New Jersey under the belief that the people of that commonwealth from sheer force of habit would trust his statements.

If New York senators were for sale at \$500 apiece, it is not to be wondered that the scale of prices for Pittsburg aldermen ranged away down.

There was a time when the most sagacious statesmen regarded the tariff as something in which the public would never take an enthusiastic interest.

A Phoenix man has been sentenced to serve thirty days for horsewhipping his wife. It's a pity a man can't attend to his domestic affairs without the law butting in.

The "Coming of Spring" is the caption of a lengthy editorial in a Colorado newspaper. Down here in Arizona we never permit the gentle thing to get away from us.

A recent bulletin of the department of agriculture is on the "economical use of meat in the home." But how can meat be economically used in the home at present prices?

It is something of an admission, considering the source, but the Tucson Star in a generous mood, assures the world that Arizona railroad building is not limited to Tucson.

Elections in Phoenix come with so great frequency that the saloons are confused as to their rights under the laws.—Phoenix Republican. If reports coming from Phoenix be true, the rights of the saloon men of that burg are confined almost exclusively to paying licenses.

Now, will somebody be good. The Tucson Star says: "A few words to the little politician. Abide by the dictum of the majority and if you can't do that then join the other fellow, but don't try to be a bigger man than your party unless you would write failure after your name."

"Globe enumerates unhatched chickens," writes the Phoenix Republican in commenting on Mr. Rohrabacher's "Globe, the capitol city," boom. Don't let the incident distress you, neighbor; Globe recently took aboard a new-fangled incubator, and there is no telling one day what may be hatched the next. However, no sites are being offered for the capitol building.

"CULTURE"

The other day somebody in Globe was heard to say that a certain other person lacked "culture."

That wasn't a very surprising thing to hear, because you could hear it, probably, in any community in the land; and you would be particularly liable to hear it from the type of individual to which this critic belongs.

For the person who said that a certain other

person lacks culture happened to be one of those who have only the vaguest idea of what culture really is. What is it, anyway? Webster says it is "the state of being cultivated; especially the enlightenment and discipline acquired by mental and moral training; civilization; refinement in manners and taste." That is the best the dictionary can do, for it is a hard thing to define. It isn't to be defined, as a rule; it is merely to be lived. It is easier to pick out an individual and say that he or she is cultured, than it is to define culture.

A pretty good idea of what culture isn't, however, can be gained from this individual who reproached another with lack of it. That person "studies" Browning, for instance, instead of reading and appreciating Browning. He talks about Shakespeare and Shaw, Suderman and Nietzsche, Ruskin and Tasso, without understanding or appreciating any of them. To him, these artists and thinkers and their works are things to talk about and to appear versed in, not to enjoy and assimilate and glory in. To him, culture is a garment, not an inner life; a masquerade, not a mode of living. It is the shell and outer husk of culture that that man sees, not its substance and its beauty and its peace and poise.

Culture, if it can be defined otherwise than as Webster defines it, is that which enables you to get the utmost out of life and to give the utmost. It is more than appreciation; it is efficiency. It is more than flaccid and inert enjoyment; it is a dynamic quality that not only participates, but produces. It not only takes, but it gives. It isn't a cloak to be put on of a Monday evening or a Thursday afternoon, but a state of being, as irremovable as your brain. Culture is not alone learning and understanding and appreciation; it is being. It is not a veneer, but a soul. It is not a thing that sets its possessor apart and aloof; it is a state of being that fits its possessor to mingle with humankind and to do his part in the mission of humanity. It is efficiency; and that does not mean craft or cunning or skill in money-getting. It is developed personality. It is not that which is taken in from outside, but that within which is cultivated and developed and made to blossom in the perfect flower of individuality. It is personality developed to the point where it will receive, as raw products, the world's knowledge, the world's wisdom and the world's beauty, and transform them in the crucible of individuality into impulses and actions toward higher things.

Culture isn't a form or a garment or a course of study; it is the substance of developed personality. Culture isn't a distinguishing mark to set its possessors apart and aloof except as their achievements set them apart; it is quality of efficiency that fits them to play their part in the world as whole and complete men and women.

THE MISERABLE CONSUMER

A writer in the Saturday Evening Post points out in a lucid article that in all the talk about railroad rate regulation nothing is said about the rights of the consumer. The railroad man wants rates as high as possible; but the disputes are always between the railroad man who wants rates to be high, and the shipper, who does not care a picayune how high rates are so long as they are uniform.

That statement of the situation is entirely correct. The consumer's interests are not considered by any public authority, nor do they ever figure in a rate law or in a rate fight. There are plenty of ways to get at high rates if there were anybody to present the cause of the consumer. Not even watered stock would make any difference, because the supreme court of the United States has held that charges higher than those necessary to pay a reasonable return upon actual values cannot be upheld. Capitalization really cuts no figure; it is value that counts.

But nobody is doing anything for the consumer, the Post points out; and it parades it as a discovery. It is no discovery. It is a painful, familiar fact. Nor does it apply alone to railroad rates; it applies to everything else.

Senator Lodge has said that the ultimate consumer is a myth; that he does not exist. Certainly everybody in authority has been acting and is acting as though that were a literal truth. Though every person in the United States is a consumer, nowhere do the consumer's interests figure in the plans of reformers, except in those of a few to whom nobody pays any attention because they have been branded as "populists," "socialists," or something of that sort.

If there is anything in which the consumer is vitally interested it is the tariff and railroad rates. Every consumer—and that means every individual in the country—pays tariff taxes and railroad freights on every article he buys.

Freight rates are adjusted between the railroad man, who wants freight rates to be high, and the shipper, who doesn't care how high they are so long as he gets the same rates as other shippers, because whatever the rates are they are added to the cost of the commodities and charged up to and paid by the consumer.

Did anybody ever hear of a tariff law in this country framed in the interests of the consumer? Tariff laws have been fixed with a view to profiting the manufacturer and producer. There has been a pretense that they have been fixed with a view to maintaining the wages of labor; but that is the nastiest piece of hypocrisy that his-

tory ever recorded. Actually, tariff rates have been fixed in the interest of the manufacturer and producer. Theoretically, the wages of labor have been considered, but when wages have been increased slightly by the tariff, their purchasing power has been reduced in a proportion so much greater that labor as a consumer has been hurt far more than he has been helped as a wage-earner.

The producer, the manufacturer and the laborer are organized. The consumers are not organized. Though every person is a consumer, the consumer's interest never is considered by political parties, statesmen, politicians, interstate commerce commissions, state railway commissions, or other public officials.

A shifting of the focus of public thought to the interest of the consumer would help amazingly to make real and effective the attack upon the high cost of living.

RUSSIA'S WAR RAILROADS

While the other great powers are straining their financial ability to build war navies, Russia has the added burden of war railroads. The duma has been asked to sanction an appropriation of \$266,312,000 for the working expenses of the state-owned roads for the coming year.

This does not include extensions, but represents only the deficit in operating expenses. Yet this is nearly twice the total appropriation asked of congress for our navy, and it is an emphatically a war expenditure, as Russia operates as well as builds its railroads as a war agency, rather than for trade extension, or as an economic demand.

They are built and operated for strategic purposes, and settlement is carried on for the same reason. Consequently, the nation as a whole not only has to pay for the transportation of troops and munitions of war, but for the carrying of immigrants to the Siberian country and Manchuria.

It is all a penalty for that forced expansion to the east, which is Russia's historic policy, and which, so far, has brought her little save failure and war. For this her people are held in ignorance and induced to debauchery, while debt is piled on debt and tax on tax to further that territorial aggrandizement which adds misery to misery.

Siberia is to be settled, not for the good of the people, but that armies may be drawn and sustenance furnished by them in the event of other wars in that eastern territory. The one good feature is that these settlers are put upon land which is given into their possession.

From this may finally come Russia's salvation. A land owning and soil cultivating population is the basis of any country's safety. This Russia has lacked, and this may come through this war migration, and so build up in the east a spirit of independence and with it an intelligence that may leave the now sodden lump.

MORNING SMILES

She—I'm afraid I'm tiring you rather.
 He—Oh, not at all. I used to be attendant in the elephant house at the zoo.

Lady Caller (confidentially to her hostess)—My dear, why doesn't the dean pad his legs?
 Wife of the Dean (pathetically)—But, my dear, he does.

Fish (caught and taking a touching farewell of her children)—Good-by, my dears. Let this be a lesson to you never to be ambitious. As you see, life hangs on but a thread.

"What you want is a pretty American wife with a dowry of twenty millions?"
 "Oh, I'm not so particular. I could be quite content with an ugly one with forty."

"So you think education can become a disadvantage?"
 "Yes," answered Mr. Biggins. "I'm always having trouble because I inadvertently use words the stenographer can't spell."

Dick—if you will give me a penny I will show you the nearest way to the town.
 Tourist—Good, my boy! Here it is.
 Dick—And if you give me another penny I will show you a nearer way.

"Isn't there a great deal of water in the cellar?" asks the prospective tenant.
 "Yes," answered the agent proudly. "We really ought to call it a natatorium and charge extra rent for it."

"Have you lost any money on the races today?"
 "No, not a sou."
 "H'm, you're lucky."
 "Not at all. I had my purse stolen on the way there."

"What is the most unfortunate situation you can imagine a man being in?" asked the man who is always propounding useless questions.
 "I should say," replied the man who can't be stumped, "that the worst plight would be to be up in an airship, with lunch just served, and drop your false teeth overboard."

MORNING SMILES

"Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh?" queried the minister in talking with one of the deacons at a meeting.

"No, sir, I don't," replied the deacon. "You have been preaching on the subject of resignation for two years, and ye haven't resigned yet."

Customer—Hey, waiter!
 Waiter—Yes, sir.

Customer—Kindly tell the leader of the orchestra to play something sad and low while I dine. I want to see if it won't have a softening influence on this steak.

"Would it be any harm to deceive her about my age?" inquired the elderly millionaire.
 "Probably not."

"I'm 60. How would it do to confess to 50?"
 "I think your chances would be better with her if you claimed 75."

Did you tell him you didn't believe him when he told you that you were the first girl he'd ever loved?

Marjorie—No; but I came right back at him with another whooper. Said he was the first man who had ever kissed me.

"Maria, I can't stand it any longer. Where did you put my pipe?"

"Up in the attic, John, behind the old trunk, along with a package of chewing gum I put there at the same time. You may as well bring them both down."

The eye of a little Washington miss was attracted by the sparkle of dew at early morning.
 "Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hotter'n I thought it was."
 "What do you mean?"
 "Look here, the grass is all covered with perspiration."

"What we want is harmony," said the statesman.
 "Yes," said Senator Sorghum. "It makes me think of a glee club I used to belong to. Every fellow's idea of harmony was to pick his own key and sing so loud nobody else could be noticed."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Some men and many phonographs have bad records.
 You can save yourself lots of trouble by not borrowing it.

Charity that expects a return on the investment isn't charity.
 Many a woman holds her mirror up to art instead of to nature.

The flower of a flock of girls isn't a flower at all; she's a peach.
 Ever notice how much better a sample is than the real thing?

Judge a man by his daily talk rather than by his Sunday prayers.
 Many a man at the age of 50 wishes he was half as smart as he thought he was at the age of 21.

And when a man meets a woman with genuine blonde hair he always if it is genuine.
 While it may not be lucky to have a rabbit's foot, every intelligent rabbit knows that it is unlucky to lose one.

Husbands, occasionally, are men who stay at home and earn money to pay the bills of wives who go away on vacations.
 Even baseball fans can't keep the flies off.

The lucky man at a wedding may be one who loved and lost.
 Even a man who has time to love his enemies seldom does it.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

An ideal never seems to be able to pay its own way.
 Save your pennies and investments will swallow your pounds.

Some men seem to think they deserve all the credit for their ancestors.
 Widows don't seem to know how lucky they are any more than bachelors.

It appears like it could be heaven just by having no relations there to visit.
 A woman has such an imagination she can remember the beautiful complexion she had as a girl, when her nose was freckled and peeled from sunburn.

A woman's mirror tells her the truth; she interprets it falsely.
 Even a man with sense can prove he hasn't any when he makes a speech.

A married man brags more about it in the first six months than all the rest of his life.
 A man can get a reputation for most anything if he has enough money to prove it.

There doesn't seem to be more than half a dozen ways to make money, but a million to lose it.
 A man who says he wants to take his wife along when he goes on a pleasure trip is one kind of hypocrite.

It is said that there is no accounting for tastes, but one can always account for the dark brown taste he has next morning.



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