

THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN

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Strength is natural, but grace is the growth of habit. This charming quality requires practice if it is to become lasting. —Joubert

The Pioneers

Welcome to the pioneers today, the men and women who carved and paved the way and made it possible for the later ones of us to come—who opened up the best state in the union.

As a rule the pioneers reaped little of what they sowed. They were so worn by the toil of planting that the harvesting was largely left to those who came fresh and vigorous.

We wonder at the hardihood and the endurance of the pioneers. What a high course must have been theirs to set out across the trackless desert with unnamed perils at the end. And then there were the discomforts and the privations. Such self denial was imposed as the pioneers of no other region had been called upon to endure, unless we may except the Pilgrims who arrived in midwinter on the inhospitable New England coast.

It is to be regretted that this reunion was not held earlier, many years earlier, when hundreds of the men in the vanguard were alive and might have been brought together, and when an association might have been formed and arrangements might have been made for future reunions.

No achievement of the Republic has been so gratifying to it as the one which has been given so great promise of success as this calling together of the pioneers. The call has been answered from every section of the state in louder volume than was anticipated. Though many of the men who took part in the building of Arizona have not answered by their presence, they have replied by letter expressing their appreciation of the movement for their reunion and their determination to be here in spirit.

Hardly less gratifying has been the interest and the co-operation of our citizens who are not pioneers but who recognize their obligations to those who opened the way for them. It is the first opportunity they have had to give voice to their recognition of that obligation.

The whole people of the state, as a consequence of this reunion of the pioneers will be brought closer together; they will have been given a touch of one another, more intimate than they have ever felt before. It will be felt by those who are not present. It will be communicated to them by those who will be. The present will be linked with the past.

The South of Tehachapi Secession
A movement is under way for the secession of the southern counties of California—those counties lying south of Tehachapi. It is not universally known, but such a secession has been possible at any time within the last sixty-four years—under a resolution adopted by the California legislature of 1857. It has remained for the south to decide whether it desired to withdraw. There has always, however, been so much local opposition to secession that it has never been seriously attempted, notwithstanding the periodical agitation of politicians who are always at the bottom of state and county divisions.

This opposition has always rested on two things, loyalty to the great state and the foundation of which was laid, and the center and associations of which are, in the north, and the objection to the expense of a new state government.

The loyalty of the southern part of the state has been steadily weakening until now, it is asserted, the old Californian spirit is dead. It has been replaced by the Iowan spirit—not the spirit of Iowan cities, but of Iowan rural life, the spirit of Bird Center and of Hillville, whose inhabitants have moved en masse to Los Angeles, taking with them their whiskers, their arctic overcoats, their earmuffs, their shiny Sunday suits and the household goods and gods of their fathers.

But in inverse ratio to the decadence of the Californian spirit south of the Tehachapi has been the strengthening and the ascendancy of the second of the objections of the south to a new state—the expense of it. The Iowan is thrifty. He is not given to wild and riotous expenditure. He is not the kind of a man who would give up his good right eye with no other object than to stimulate the glass-eye industry. Desirous as he may be for a separate government he is unwilling to yield himself expensively to the schemes and whims of politicians who want a new set of state offices with appurtenant salaries created. He would rather let the weather north pay the lion's share of supporting the present state government.

The people north of the Tehachapi, we learn from their newspapers, are indifferent to the secession movement of the southern counties; they are willing to let the erring sisters go. There is no longer homogeneity. The Californian and the Iowan spirits cannot coalesce. Beside, we suppose, though there has been no allusion to this fact, the population of the south is increasing entirely out of proportion to its increase of taxable wealth, and if the present rate of increase of population is maintained, it will ultimately dominate the state government and the Iowan spirit will prevail.

Then will have passed forever "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49." No longer will the Native Son feel a pride in his paternity. He must yield to him (paraphrasing Cowper).

Whose boast is not that he derives his birth from Iowan enthroned and rulers of the earth, but from men uprooted from Iowan soil, and transplanted in California without the loss of any of those attributes formed by the long contact of themselves and their ancestors with the wind-swept prairie out of which the Hawkeye state was carved.

Northern Californians see before them two perils, the Yellow Peril of Japan and the Whiskered Peril of Iowa. If they can be freed of the latter by the secession of the southern counties they can the more effectively maintain themselves against the Japanese irruption.

The Pioneers' Edition
The Republic's "Pioneer Edition," to be issued tomorrow, will be unlike any other, so far as our knowledge goes, that ever came from a printing press. It will be replete with stories of adventure by men who were a part of the things which they relate.

These stories are thrown together, perhaps, in a heterogeneous way; some of them are well told and some are ill told. But altogether they represent a wealth of material never before collected and which, but for such an enterprise, could never have been collected—the experiences of hundreds of men in battle with Indians, with beasts, with the desert, the most implacable foe of all, and with the sorest privations.

Though many of these incidents are worthy of a place in the history of Arizona, they had never been brought to the notice of historians, or even to that of two generations of newspaper writers. Within a few years they would have been lost forever. We have often heard, in the course of several years, expressions of regret that so much of the wealth of material for a story of Arizona was being allowed to expire with the men who made it. Much has gone never to be recovered. But in The Republic tomorrow there will be preserved practically all that remains at this date.

This is an accomplishment far beyond the original scope when this edition was conceived. It grew of itself, of the unexpected interest the pioneers have taken in the movement and who brought in un-dramed, of rich contributions.

What a storehouse is here opened for the novelist and the short story writer, of red-blooded adventure. Here are actual incidents stranger and more thrilling than any which even the most vivid imagination could have conjured. No fiction could be so remarkable as these actual happenings within the experiences or the knowledge of the men who tell of them.

For what a plot may the writer select from this mass, the raw and sometimes crude material to be woven. Out of this collation, by a master hand, may be constructed "the great story."

The Sweets of Disappointment
Some people cling to a disappointment as if it were the pearl of great price. Foiled in a cherished plan, they moan and lament their hard luck with a constancy that is worth of a better cause.

This is a great mistake. No good can possibly come of it; instead, much harm through the waste of time, energy and enthusiasm. So much of the world's enthusiasm is lost in crying over spilt milk, it is small wonder that there are so many mediocre people in the world.

That is something the wise never do. Of course, there is always the first shock of the disappointment which means the altering of our plans, and for the moment things may look dark. But once we see the positive necessity of abandoning a plan, we should do it and begin at once to cast about for a better one. More often than otherwise, we shall find that, after all, the disappointment was really a blessing in disguise.

How many boys or girls in the teens have been broken-hearted at the sudden termination of the most wonderful love affair in the world, only later to thank all their lucky stars that they escaped the entanglement.

Disappointment is simply a signal for shifting our sails according to the kindly breezes that are bearing us toward our coveted goal in life.

We cannot understand this stagnation in copper in view of the increased demand for copper coil stimulated by the home brew industry, and the multiplicity of private distillers.

One would acquire a reputation for truth-telling if he would refrain from criticism.

We wonder if we find comfort in the reflection that we will all be pioneers some time.

The fact that the money into which we have recently come is anticipatory of tax collections need not detract from our enjoyment of it. Nothing but death is surer than that taxes will be collected.

WHAT OF IT? (By Berton Braley)

Gone is the stately minuet, The lancers and the gay gavotte, Some view their passing with regret But I confess that I do not.

Virginia reels are gone to pot They couldn't hold their vogue, somehow, I can't say that I weep a lot, We're dancing only fox-trots now.

The waltz-quadrille is never met The two-steps in a burial plot, And who is there remembers yet The maxixe or the turkey-trot?

The one-step on the wane, I wot, Soon it will make its final bow, Well, let it go, I care no jot, We're dancing only fox-trots now.

Oh very soon do we forget The dance of yester-year, and blot It from our memory, and let New steps absorb us on the spot; The shimmy's bolt is nearly shot, Though jazz still rules the floor, I vow, I like it, though it may be rot; We're dancing only fox-trots now.

Envy Princess, you savvy what is what We'll dance while fortune will allow, All other steps are quite forgot— We're dancing only fox-trots now!

Woman will have equal rights with men, in regard to employments and occupations, in New York, if a bill recently introduced in the legislature passes. The measure provides that women doing the same work as men, in any occupation, shall receive the same pay.

Report of the Employers' Association of Detroit indicate there are 18,900 fewer people out of work in Detroit now than on February 1.

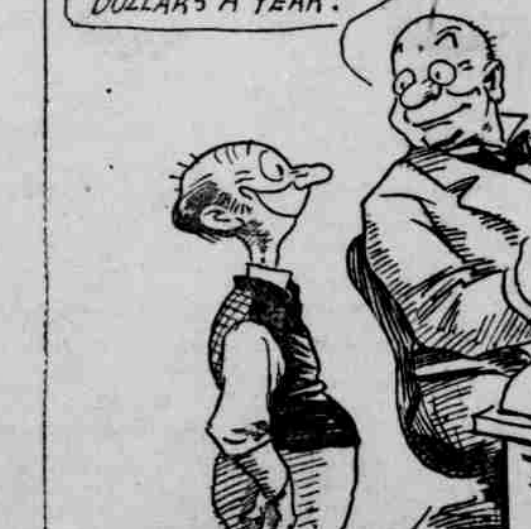
Formal notice of the severance of relations between the American Federation of Labor and the International Federation of Trades Unions has been dispatched to the international's headquarters at Amsterdam.

A change in the working schedules for employees of the United States Steel Corporation has been announced. The seven-day week, officials say, is abolished and it is expected that there will be a reduction soon in the 12-hour day.

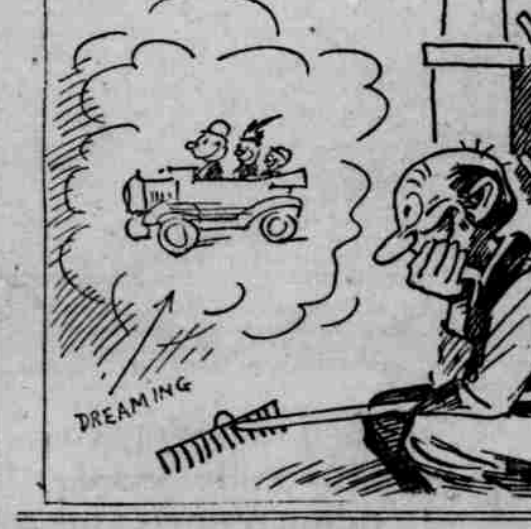
The Jones and Laughlin Steel Co. of Pittsburgh, which reduced wages of all laborers 20 per cent March 1, has 45 per cent on the pay roll classed as laborers. The company normally employs 25,000 men.

What Every Husband Knows

Copyright, 1921, by Herbert Johnson. MR. PINCH, YOUR SALARY IS INCREASED ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A YEAR!



OH, JIM, I HAD LITTLE HOMER IN TO THE DENTIST'S TODAY— HIS TEETH WILL SIMPLY HAVE TO BE STRAIGHTENED—



THE ONCE OVER By H. I. PHILLIPS

THOUGHTS ON "DO-DAZE." Now for Eat-an-Onion Day!

Eat-Fish Day, Eat-Apples Day, and Eat-an-Orange Day were quite successful. But there was this shortcoming: the enforcement officers couldn't tell with any certainty whether every citizen had done his duty or not. A citizen can eat fish, apples, and oranges and prunes and not show it. Or not eat 'em and still show it.

But with an onion it is different! When a man has consumed the National Fruit of Bermuda the proof is conclusive. Against the man who hasn't, he stands out like steaming air against a pine breeze. Consequently the Onion Day slacker won't have a chance to escape.

Onion Day may, as a matter of fact, be designed not so much to promote the onion industry as to definitely locate the people who have been ignoring the Eat-What-We-Tell-You days and the Do-as-We-Say Weeks.

If it doesn't work an Eat-Garlic Day may be resorted to. There will be no way of evading that. Onion Day hasn't been set as yet, but the date will be named soon by the Department of Agriculture. The new onion crop is a bumper, and there is an excess of 2,500 carloads of Asaphyllum Fruit from the 1920 crop. Something has to be done.

A grand reunion and barbecue of the onion eating classes, a sort of Onion Eaters' World Fair, would seem to be the fair solution where the entrants could be divided into Fried Onion, Boiled Onion,

Stewed Onion, Onion Soup and Onion Sauce and Onion Poutice groups. They could be smothered in Onions to their hearts' content.

But the Department of Agriculture expects every citizen to do his and her duty in affairs of this sort. There will be no escape.

Personally we abhor onions, and have never quite trusted people who get along with onions. But in a matter of national duty we might do our bit, not by eating an onion, but by investing in one and feeding it to the grocer's horse or using the juice as a hair tonic or supplin. Or we might buy a few onions and frame them with the day and date and a certificate testifying to our loyalty in the matter of onion consumption.

Two thousand five hundred carloads of onions would seem to be quite a heavy lunch, but one meets people every day who at close range give every indication of having devoured that many at breakfast.

Up to a late hour the National Association of People Who Use Subways and Interurban Trains had not taken any action, but they realized they will have to do something in self-defense if Eat Onion Day is generally observed. Nothing ever leaves them quite breathless, but they are greatly disturbed.

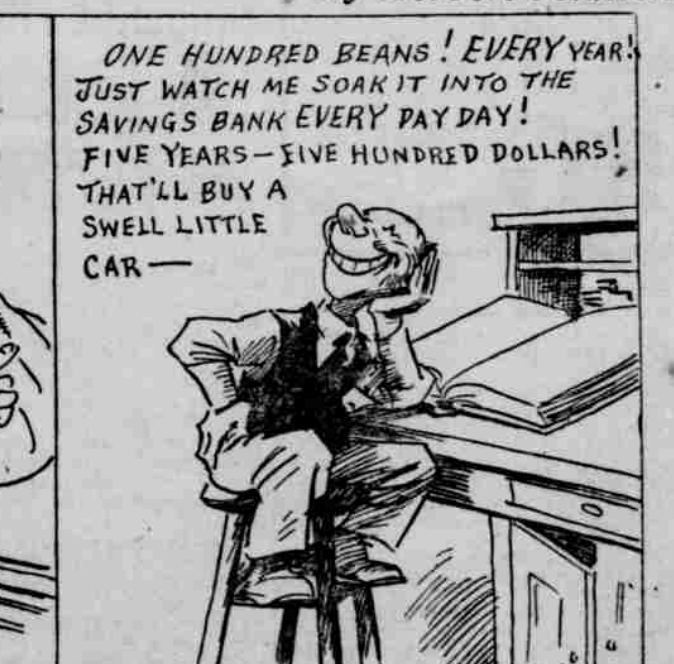
The happiest man in America, meanwhile, is the Chef. Who puts Onions in Restaurants, has no reason he ought not to do this except upon specified orders, but one day at least he will be able to do his worst and have the government behind him.

At least these recent writers seem to have reached the conclusion that woman should be protected from all sorts of work which in any way injures her usefulness as a mother, and they are forced to admit that many kinds of industrial work are in that class. They agree that the woman of brains should follow a profession if she chooses, and that women in the arts and professions have as good a chance as men. They admit that every woman should be given every opportunity to fit herself for any kind of work her health will stand. But they insist that motherhood is her most important function, from her own viewpoint in most cases, and from that of the state in all cases.

The trouble is that woman is now in industry by the million. For the most part she is not there by choice. She is there because she has to be in order to eat. Therefore, merely to establish the conclusion that she should come out again is futile. She is going to stay there because she has to keep her head there because she furnishes a cheap labor supply.

The answer of the scientific feminists is that laws must be made protecting her from conditions that menace her health and her value as a mother, and giving her all possible aid in caring for herself and her child. Enclaud and France have gone much farther than we have in protecting women in factories by laws regulating hours and character of employment. They are also going much farther in providing care for women during the prenatal and maternity periods. The Sheppard-Towner bill is the most advanced step yet taken in this country. It is chiefly an educational

ONE HUNDRED BEANS! EVERY YEAR! JUST WATCH ME SOAK IT INTO THE SAVINGS BANK EVERY PAY DAY! FIVE YEARS—FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! THAT'LL BUY A SWEET LITTLE CAR—



HIS NEW TEETH ARE COMING IN SO CROOKED! THE OPERATION WILL TAKE FIVE YEARS AND COST ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!



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MADAME CURIE

By DR. FRANK CRANE (Copyright, 1921, by Frank Crane)

It is rather difficult to say who is great and who is not, perhaps only God knows, but the most practical measures of greatness are what one does, the spirit in which one does it, and its usefulness to the world.

Gauged by these standards, the greatest woman in the world today is Madame Marie Curie.

Her great deed was the discovery of Radium. Her spirit is altogether worthy of her accomplishment. She is the incarnation of Science, working for the good of Humanity and not for selfish aims.

She is a pure seeker after Truth. She does not strive nor cry. She seeks not honors and precedence, but service. So she exemplifies the word of the great Teacher, "He that would be greatest among you, let him be Servant of All."

She is coming to America in May. The women of this country are raising a hundred thousand dollars to buy her a present. It will be the thing she wants most; not diamonds nor estates, a title nor a coronet, but just a little something you could put in a thimble.

It is a gram of Radium.

Radium is the most precious substance on earth. All the Radium extant today, extracted and purified, amounts to only sixty grams, and you could carry it all in your pocket.

Twenty-five years ago there were dumped out of the uranium mines of Bohemia thousands of tons of reddish refuse, waste. It was worthless, and any one could have it who would cart it away.

Out of this refuse Madame Curie, by a long series of experiments, succeeded in extracting a few particles of a strange substance with powers that seem miraculous.

It is Radium. It is not measured by the pound, but by its force. It is the strongest creator of force in the world.

There is power enough in one gram of it to raise a battleship of twenty-eight thousand tons one hundred feet in the air.

Its rays are peculiarly luminous. They will shine through wood, leather, or almost anything else, except lead or steel.

If you carry it in your pocket, and forget it, it will raise a blister.

It will make a watch face visible in the dark.

It will detect a true diamond, and distinguish it from imitation.

It can cause blindness, paralysis, and death.

Its greatest value lies in its use in the treatment of diseases.

It is far and away the most wonderful substance known, and Madame Curie has a right to be called the most wonderful woman. As we honor her we honor ourselves, showing we know true greatness when we see it.

To quote John Drinkwater:

"Whom the high heart we magnify, And the sure vision celebrate, And worship greatness passing by, Ourselves are great."

Questions and Answers

Q. Why do the Polish people use the ending "ski" on their last names? A. L. Q. The termination "ski" in Polish means literally "son of."

Q. Why was George Washington called the Father of His Country? A. L. Q. George Washington was called the Father of His Country in grateful remembrance of his heroic patriotism, and the fact that having no child of his own, the United States represented to him the posterity which should keep his name.

Q. What is meant by "other than seed" for any purpose other than seed? L. S. A. Millet has been grown for centuries in India, China, Japan, where they are used as human food. In the United States millet is used only as a feed for domestic animals. The only use of seed in this country is for feeding domestic animals and for seedling purposes.

Q. Who first occupied the White House? E. M. H. A. The White House was first occupied by President Adams in 1800.

Q. What is meant by "catch-as-catch-can" wrestling? D. F. F. A. The catch-as-catch-can method of wrestling is otherwise known as the Lancashire and is the only method used in professional wrestling in this country. There are a great many methods of wrestling known as "catch" known being the following: Graeco-Roman, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Irish and Ju Jitsu.

Q. What is the average number of fatal motor accidents each year? W. G. A. According to the National Safety Council the deaths from automobile accidents now approximate 15,000 a year in the United States.

Q. Was there a War of Devolution, or is the "D" a typographical error? R. W. A. There was such a war in 1667-68, which arose from Louis XIV's claims to certain Spanish territories in right of his wife Marie Therese, upon whom the ownership was alleged to have devolved. This war was ended by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1668.

Q. Is there a material called "bombast"? H. S. K. A. In the time of James I of England, a mixture of cotton and silk yarn was called "bombast." It was used to pad the enormous breeches worn at that time. Hence bombast is applied to anything written or spoken in an inflated style.

Q. Where may I obtain a flux to solder aluminum cooking utensils? E. N. The Bureau of Standards says it is impossible to solder aluminum cooking utensils and obtain a repair that will satisfactorily resist corrosion.

Q. When I order double cream and it will not whip, what can be done to make it thicker? K. W. M. A. Cream that is too thin to whip properly will whip much better if the white of an egg is added. If a large quantity of cream is used, use the whites of two eggs. This will add both to the quality and quantity of the cream.

Q. What is the seating capacity of the Mormon Tabernacle? I. V. A. The seating capacity of this edifice, gallery included, is 10,000. Any question can get the answer to any answer by writing The Republic.

NOVELIZE IT 1921—Did you see that movie called "Oliver Twist?" Frosh—Yes, and say, wouldn't that make a peach of a book?

Seth Tanner

