



# Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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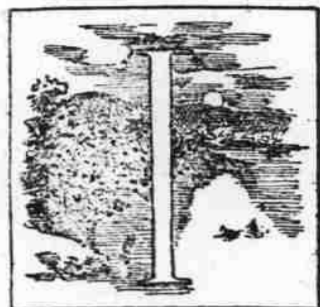
SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1916.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

## WILL EAT HORSE

### The Latest Fad Hard on Old Dobbin.



IT MAY have been that when King Richard wildly exclaimed, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse"—that he was hungry and didn't intend to beat it.

At any rate New York has just thrown off the lid on horse meat, and the inhabitants of Manhattan are cordially invited to swat the high cost of living by fattening up the old, played out horses and then slaughter 'em, and sit down to a Cannibal feast. Never before, since New York has been a city, and never when the Red Man ate his raw dog on the Island has the killing of horses for food been allowed, but now, because in some of the "furrin" lands they eat horse meat, it is claimed that it is good enough for those this side the seas. The resolution lifting the lid was unanimously adopted, so it seems that hereafter the man who wants something rare can get it cooked done by ordering horse steak.

"In adopting this resolution," said Health Commissioner Emerson, "the board wished to open the way for an inexpensive and healthy food supply. Hereafter old horses, instead of being sold for their bones can be fattened up and disposed of for meat. While the department does not precisely recommend the eating of horse meat, we can see no harm in its use.

"The horse never has tuberculosis and practically never communicates a malignant disease to human beings. Consequently the strict regulation of horse meat would not be necessary, as with cows, sheep or poultry, except that all horse meat should be so labelled. There is no medical reason to prevent equine flesh from being edible.

"To show the relative value of such food abroad I need only cite the report of Dr. Ackerman, a veterinarian of the department, who inspected the horse abattoirs of Paris, London and Brussels just before the outbreak of the war. He found that in Brussels horse meat from England was bringing higher prices than Argentine beef."

Of course this new order created considerable talk and the butchers and packers were interviewed and they all said that there was no great rush for the new food. Perhaps there will not be, and Old Dobbin can pass his useless years in the boneyard, as heretofore.

For our part we wouldn't want to eat horse meat, because it is coarse—worse than the worst corned beef you can buy at a dirty stall. Those who purpose selling horse meat must be specially licensed, and the hope is that Gotham will not set the style. We would just as soon think of confiscating a worn out automobile and eating the rubber tires.

### Settled For A Time.

Those who think the Mexican situation is finally settled because one wild man came into camp—starved out, need only to read the history of that unhappy country for the past three hundred years. There will always be revolution down there. It is the nature and the instinct of the citizens. Whenever one man imagines he can get following enough he is going on the war path, and nothing will keep him off—unless he is under another flag. Just what country will finally take Mexico cannot be foretold. It was up to the United States to have taken it long ago and settled the whole difficulty—but watchful waiting is being heralded as a Sweet Boon. It will soon be discovered that another outbreak is on. It is a history so old that there is no other hope.

### The Law And Fools.

In St. Louis a man is suing a defunct bank or those in charge of it, for 20 cents. Now had it been thirty cents we might understand. But when a man deliberately, and apparently, ghoulishly, goes to law for 20 cents he is certainly doing Society great harm. It doesn't look like the courts would stand for such foolishness. It will cost the tax payers hundreds of dollars—and the result will be nothing but the gratification of a crazy man's whim.

The fact is there are about two thirds of the cases on court calendars that should not be allowed there. Some day there will be a way found to keep them off, too.

### The Wrong Time.

The New York World says, speak of the Peace expedition: "Mr. Ford has failed not because he was wrong but because he was right at the wrong time and in the wrong way."

A good deal in that. In fact we have it on the authority of the greatest of all Guide Books that there is "a time for all things."

## AS TO HIGH POLITICS

### Wisconsin Senator Makes Interesting Revelations.



ND Murder will out, and most politics is dirty. "Uncle Ike" Stephenson, the aged Senator from Wisconsin has recently written and published a book for private circulation in which he gives some inside pictures of high-politics together with high finance in it in Wisconsin, and among other things he claims that he gave as much as \$500,000 to finance the reform campaigns of LaFollette—the Fighter. He says that in all he has given as much as \$1,000,000 to the republican party. Further he gives it out that when Fighting Bob wanted to run for the presidency a lieutenant of Bob's called on him in Washington and wanted \$250,000 as a contribution. This, he claims, he refused and finally it was suggested that \$25,000 would be better than nothing. Then it was that LaFollette, according to Stephenson turned on him. When Uncle Ike ran again he spent \$107,000 and was elected and the "reformers" had him investigated. But they showed nothing wrong. Uncle Ike simply responded to all callers—for his purse was long and fat. But these figures, if true, and doubtless they are, show how some of the great reformers of the age float.

### The Season.

This winter has been the limit—everywhere. It has been blowing hot and cold, like the Satyr—it has been flirting like a pretty girl. In New York the machine would make a high dive from sixty to freezing—it did the same in North Carolina—and in Arizona, that land of sunshine—that land of Paradise, it "acted scandalous." In many sections it "friz," in many it snowed; in others it rained where it had never dared to rain before—and those who had sought there a dry climate; a light atmosphere got into their great coats and sneezed and coughed and blew their nose because nobody had time to blow it for them.

The Arizona climate is a mystery. Down in the Salt River valley the days will be for a time as genial as an angel's smile. The sun woos and wins and beguiles. It is as pleasant as a dream of Arcadia ever was—and then it will drop down, the machine will, and the night registers freezing. All nights are cold. You want your coat off for three hours some days and the minute the sun sinks you must have an overcoat or suffer. It reminds one of a devilish pretty woman—all smiles and caresses for awhile—and then the devil abroad. It is like the heavy villain in a play. Smiles and smirks and all gentility and good manners in daylight—a dress suit and a diamond pin—and at night, in the shadows a jimmy and a dark lantern. But it is a great climate nevertheless. While Phoenix tourists and health seekers were cussing out Arizona during the recent "spell" the reports showed frost below the frost belt in Southern California and San Francisco was ten degrees colder than ever known.

"O, say, slender will you go  
To the high lands of heaven—  
Where the storms never blow  
And the long summer's given?"

—And that, we guess, is the only place where there is really a grand, cumulative, wide-spreading never ending all the year climate guaranteed to suit the most fastidious.

### We Feared As Much.

And now comes the Pan-American Scientific Congress and proposes to prove that the so-called New World is older than the so-called Old World. The members insist that they have found caves and broken fragments of things older than the pyramids of Egypt—that the proof is easy.

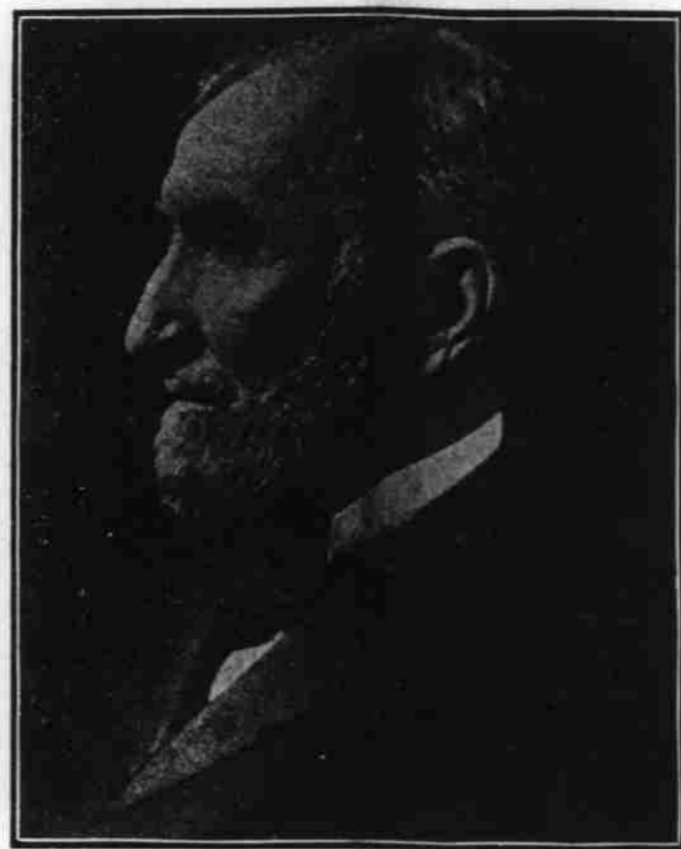
Too bad, too bad, that all our idols must be broken. One of these days we will find that all our modern things—wireless and such, were so common in "those days" that they were discarded. The gay old world has no doubt been in motion some time—but we regret to give up the idea that this is the New World. For it is here that all the great discoveries are made; here that all the wonderful inventions have been handed out—and if we are old and has-beens it doesn't furnish the inspiration.

### All In At Seventy.

United States Senator John D. Works, of California, announces that as he will be seventy years of age when his term expires he will not run again. He says the present methods of conducting campaigns are distasteful to him; that it takes too much energy and too much money; and as he hasn't long to remain on top of the earth he is going to take things easy. Sensible old man. Willing to cut it out—willing to let loose and forget the glories of Washington life.

And he is honest in what he says. He insists that he isn't exactly in harmony with the republican party and that next time a republican will be elected—therefore he gives up the ghost.

## UNCLE JOE IS THERE



HE MAY be getting old in body—but never in mind. We want to record in these pages what Uncle Joe Cannon said about Preparedness when he was interviewed in Washington, so we reproduce here his platform. Uncle Joe is ready to vote money if it is in sight—but he is one of the pay as you go men. This is what he said about Preparedness:

"Preparedness ought to have been provided for by maintaining a bank account to meet extraordinary expenses. The Republicans left such a bank account, but it has been dissipated in the same way the Prodigal Son dissipated his surplus. The President has evidently forgotten that parable and has turned to Ezekiel, the most pessimistic prophet of the Old Testament.

"He might have found a better quotation from the old Roman, Tacitus, who said 'Peace of nations cannot be secured without arms nor arms without pay, nor pay without taxes.' The Democrats have been opposing taxes so long that it has become a habit, while they continue to spend recklessly as though government revenues could be extracted from the air, or with the expectation that the Republicans would come back and lay another surplus nest egg in the treasury. I confess that I do not know how they are to prepare for preparedness, but it is their affair."

### The Reason.

A correspondent in a New York paper wants to know why if the apple crop is so big, the price of apples remains out of reach for many people and good eating apples sell for from three and a half to six cents each in New York City.

Wonder if it could be the tariff. Wonder if it could be on account of preparedness. It is because the men who sell apples place the price. They want a profit for handling them, and they demand it and get it, as they should. The tariff has nothing to do with products. It has when it comes to manufactured articles—but fancy fruits do not let the tariff bother them. We see oranges selling for a song a box—but when you count freight; when you count decay; when you count two or three men's profits you are lucky to get them for less than sixty cents a dozen.

The American people buy what they want, if they have the price. The dealer knows this and he puts his own price on all fruits. He can afford to do so and he does so. A cut price on apples wouldn't increase the sales very much. Diamonds have no real value; the average man doesn't know one when he sees it—yet people walk up and pay the price affixed and think they have a bargain.

### We Wonder.

Wonder how the tourist got along before the post card came into existence. These days millions of them are sent yearly; everybody who travels must send back some cards, and often so full of himself is the sender that he dreams his plain initials will reveal his identity. The other day we received a postal card—just two initials on it, and to save us from Bagdad we can't figure out who sent it. Some friend, doubtless—but we have passed it up.

### Looks Pretty Good.

Looks like Big Business was going to have a chance this Presidential election. Looks like Wilson isn't going to attempt any hostile legislation, and Big Business isn't afraid of republican policies—the policies of protection and progression which have made Big Business possible.

Fact is, many of the wise ones are now predicting, freely, that Wilson will never be elected. If the stories are true that the slogan is going out "Beat Wilson" and republicans and progressives enlist in the common cause, it is Good Night, Woodrow, old boy.

There is certainly something doing on the political checker board. Teddy is in on the game—how far no one knows, but he is watching the ticker and it is said that he, too, says: "Beat Wilson."

### Remember.

The winter fly is the one that does the mischief for the Spring. Swat him now. That is the advice from the best authorities; and we all should lend a helping swatter.

## TO RECLAIM DESERT

### Irrigation Will Do It, Says Secretary Lane.



SENSIBLE suggestion that of Secretary of the Interior Lane when he calls for more irrigation—wants to reclaim the arid lands and shows that fifty million more people could make a living and money by farming lands now absolutely idle—a wild waste of sand and cactus. Mr. Lane proposes that Congress pass two bills that will do much for the development of country. One of these is a water-power bill governing the use of public lands for hydro-electric development. The other is a general development bill, providing for a practical method of disposing of our oil, gas, coal, phosphate and potash "without danger of monopoly or misuse."

He declares that the great West can pay for its own development by applying the royalties from oil, gas, coal and phosphate to developing the public lands, which only await a proper supply of water.

Those who have seen the desert reclaimed in the west, the southwest and northwest know that where there is irrigation crops are abundant and never fail. We have recently been strongly impressed with this proposition, because in the Salt River Valley of Arizona where thousands of acres of rich land have been reclaimed because of the Roosevelt dam, a government enterprise, crops are abundant and great wealth is being brought from what was for years an arid desert. You can ride out a few miles from that Valley—outside the irrigation ditches and you are in a vast desert—nothing in sight but sand and cactus—a waste absolutely.

If Congress were to heed Secretary Lane's suggestions and make it possible to reclaim the millions of acres of waste land and let the men who bought the farms pay back the money to the government as is being done in other places, it would be a far greater move for Preparedness than buying war ships which must become obsolete. One must necessarily see what irrigation does before he can fully comprehend the magnitude of the Secretary's recommendations. But it is a grand scheme—a scheme that would enhance the wealth of this country billions of dollars and be a source of perpetual income.

### Poor Debbs.

Mr. Debbs, the great socialistic orator, who has spent several of his declining years in riding Pullman cars, in a talk recently went on in this wild fashion about war:

"The workingman who turns soldier today becomes the hired assassin of his capitalist master. He goes on the murderers' payroll at 50 cents a day under orders to kill anybody, anywhere, at any time.

"This is the vile, abject thing we call a soldier. Lower than the slimy, dripping depth in which this craven creature crawls neither man nor beast can ever sink in time or eternity."

"The Capitalist master—the loathsome creature who keeps alive the socialist—who contributes money to labor which in turn throws into the hat of Debbs so he can ride his Pullmans and explode his expletives is always first in the mouth of the man once called Gentle 'Gene. But Gentle 'Gene soured on the world. For a long time he was a "good fellow" good to his own detriment—good until he became a confirmed dipsomaniac—then he soured on all the world. Then he became the evangel of Evil—sailing under the flag of Socialism. But his ravings excite nothing but pity. There is no fear in him, for 'Gene has too long displayed his fire works. As it was said in Holy Writ, "let the wild ass bray."

### For This Year.

Make up your mind that for this year you will speak nothing but good words for your town. If something happens you don't like, keep your mouth shut and go about quietly attempting to correct the evil. But don't sit in the cigar store and around the hotel lobbies knocking, knocking all the time. There is nothing perfect here below, we all know that, but your town will be more perfect if you have a kind word and a boost for it instead of a knock. The man who said a knock was as good as a boost was trying to make the sore place feel pleasant. It is not.

### Say About July.

"Long about July and things will be warm politically. Then the big conventions will be over. Then we will know what Teddy is going to do and what Bryan is going to do. Then the fur will fly and fly furiously.

If all goes as predicted this 1916 campaign will be one of the most interesting in many years.

Well, we need some internal gayety to keep down our sorrow concerning the troubles beyond the sea.

## DRINK DE LUXE

### Cut Out on the Western Railway Trains



THE WHOLE country seems to be determined to hit Old John Barleycorn a good one for this year. Most of the railways in America have discontinued the sale of whiskey and beer on their trains. In the west on January first several roads which had kept up the bar room practice on their trains de luxe cut it out and with but few exceptions the railways of America are without booze.

Recently the anti-saloon league of New York state sent letters to all railway presidents asking them to please discontinue the sale of Old John on their trains. Inasmuch as the letter contains some information as to the amount of dry territory in the Empire State we copy a portion of it. This letter says:

"This letter is sent, pursuant to formal action of the board of directors of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, which represents the large majority of the churches of this state, to yourself and the other presidents of railroads operating in New York State which have not already acted in the premises, to call to your attention the fact that a large number of towns voted 'dry' at the recent election and that now 485 towns (townships) in New York State have voted to prohibit the sale of alcoholic liquor in every form, and twenty-six others to permit its sale only by drug stores on physicians' prescription.

"Many of these towns are traversed by railroads. Granting that a dining car is a hotel, the fact remains that in 511 towns out of 932, covering half or more of the area of the State, not even hotels are allowed to sell liquor and every sale in dining or buffet cars within the limits of these towns is a violation of the State law, which is not covered by possession of a Federal liquor tax receipt."

It is interesting to know that in New York state there are 485 towns already dry. This shows that with the exceptions of the great cities the sentiment is against licensed bar rooms. Verily by 1920 we will have National Prohibition.

### Naturally.

Every Christmas holiday or as soon thereafter as possible and practical, we read long screeds about the wanton waste of our forests in taking from them Christmas trees.

The Christmas tree is going to be always an institution and if a man owns a farm and wants to raise trees on it, he should have the same right to sell them as a nurseryman has. Surely it would not be claimed that our forests were being desolated if nurserymen sold trees for Christmas. And if I have an old field or you have an old field and I want to let the young pines and cedars and firs grow there and cut 'em down Christmas times, and sell 'em for Christmas trees seems I should have that right.

But the fellow with his conversation comes in and talks until about the first of June, then he switches on the horrible casualties on the Fourth of July.

And so runs the world away.

### The Colored Chauffeur.

There is getting to be a serious question down in these pine woods and that is what to do for a chauffeur. The colored man is proving irresponsible. A dozen cases recently cited prove this fact. The wrecking of the big new car of Colonel Benehan Cameron is an instance. It was one o'clock in the morning and the driver had stolen the car, to all intents and purposes, and completely wrecked it. There seems to be some sort of fascination about a car, akin to the fascination of a hen roost, when a colored man has a half chance. The time is rapidly coming when people who own cars will have to dig down deeper and employ responsible licensed, and mayhaps, bonded drivers. It is coming to this. Because when a two or three thousand dollar car is smashed it means something.

### Mr. Bryan Still After Him.

It is noticed that Mr. Bryan isn't puffing Mr. Wilson to any great extent. The front page of the Commoner these days contains what might be called hot stuff—and Mr. Wilson is right under the tobacco bottle, and the stopper is out.

### They Take It Hard.

It is said that Colorado takes her prohibition law harder than any state in the Union. But it won't last long. Gradually men will sober up and look out on a newer, a brighter and fresher world and wonder why they ever clamored for drunkard making establishments.