

# ARIZONA

THE STATE MAGAZINE

Volume V

PHOENIX, ARIZONA, JANUARY, 1915

Number 3



TREATING ALFALFA IN SALT RIVER VALLEY, JANUARY 6th, 1915,  
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PHOENIX  
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# ARIZONA

THE NEW STATE MAGAZINE

Office: 416 Fleming Block  
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Entered as Second class matter March 22, 1911,  
at the p. office at Phoenix, Arizona.

Published Monthly by  
STATE PUBLISHING CO.

Vol. V, No. 3

PHOENIX, ARIZONA, JANUARY, 1914

Price 10 Cent

## ARIZONA

The New State Magazine

Published Monthly at Phoenix, Arizona  
By

STATE PUBLISHING COMPANY

C. S. SCOTT Editor  
ETTA GIFFORD YOUNG Associate Editor

Subscription price, one year.....\$1.00  
Single copies ..... .10

When you come to Arizona call and see us and read the bound files of the Arizona Magazine. You will find what you are looking for.

This is the smallest number of the Arizona Magazine ever issued—just another form of record breaking. The fact is alluded to in ex-

WHY IT IS SO. some of whom might imagine it was our plan to dry up and blow away. On the contrary we have trimmed ship temporarily, just as other publishers have done, to face the squall that broke in Arizona three months ago and that is now practically over. It may take another month or so to get all our canvas stretched but we feel sure we will soon be gliding as smoothly as during the steady voyage of the last two years. If none of our passengers become panic stricken and a few more real business men come alive to the sort of a bark we are guiding and take passage with us it will not be many months until we float a flag from every mast and spar.

The Arizona Magazine is "different" from any other publication in the Southwest, or anywhere else so far as we know. That's the only reason it has a field, and that is the reason also that it can afford to be frank on this occasion as on all others—tell the reason why instead of putting up a bluff. Our optimism is well founded. Notwithstanding the hard times everywhere, during the past year, we have made a little money, according to our books, but it is still on the books instead of in the bank. So we trimmed ship for printers will not eat dead horse. But we propose to stay in the sailing and stick to our ideals. Things are coming this way and we are bound to get our share.

While political experimentalists and sentimentalists have been knocking things galley-west the Arizona Magazine has been doing valuable, effective and constructive work for the prosperity of this state and we have proof of it. Our efforts have been loyally supported by a few good advertisers, but take it the state over, or even right here in Phoenix, not one business man in ten has supported us to the value of one dollar. This is not soreness—just the calm statement of a fact. We are clothing the magazine to suit our purse. If we could collect the money that is due us, accounts believed to be perfectly good, we could pay every debt and have money left. And we are cheerful for we feel sure we will get most of it without great delay.

This is no criticism of those who owe us for they have been facing like

conditions that now, happily, are passing away. We have not knowingly carried the advertisement of any unworthy person and we do not believe there is a dead beat in the bunch. On the contrary we appreciate their recognition of the value of our medium and thank them for their patronage, even if they still owe us. There are better things ahead. Already we hear the "rattling of dry bones in the valley" and know that a lot of people hitherto counted as "dead ones," and playing the part beautifully, are about to wake up. We KNOW we are doing something worth while and that proper appreciation is bound to follow, "For" as Riley says:

\* \* we know not every morrow can be sad;  
So, forgetting all the sorrow we have had,  
Let us fold away our fears,  
And put by our foolish tears,  
And through all the coming years  
Just be glad.

an extent, with consequent bettering conditions, though the opportunities and resources of the state are a constant invitation to those with capital to invest or to loan at good interest on certain values.

Also since the December number of this magazine was issued one more bank, an entirely new institution, has opened its doors to the Phoenix public. It is the Citizens State Bank, backed entirely by local capital including some of the most successful business men in the state. This will be a further help to the mediums of business exchange.

But that is not all. The third new bank, representing what is reported to be practically unlimited capital from Wichita and Chicago, was organized the present month and may have its doors open for business before this magazine is in the mails. If prosperity had not already bought its ticket for Arizona, why would these financiers be on the ground?

### THE COVER PAGE.

The cover page this month, though not presenting a wealth of color, nevertheless carries with it the art of McCulloch's photography and a suggestiveness that appeals to both sentiment and pocketbook. Verily it is a glorious land where one may revel in knee-high pastures on the 6th day of January when most of the world is snow-bound, resting in the shade of giant trees, with haystacks on one side attesting the prosperity of the preceding year, and a device of local genius on the other, insuring the wealth of the coming seasons. Nature's beneficence and man's ingenuity, combining to make the Arizona farmer the happiest and most independent ruralist in the world is dealt with more extensively within, under the caption, "Feed Your Own Forage".

One of the finest canvases in the entire exhibit was Megargee's "Lone Wolf", loaned by Dr. Willard Smith. In this picture the artist caught the very spirit of the lonely desert. Twilight creeps across the land, her shadow a gray-blue haze; and her coming makes the plain so indefinitely lonely that it touches the heart of the gray wolf who with clarion throat sends out the rallying call of his wild clan.

Newcomers Day, exploited in the November number of the Arizona Magazine, will be duly celebrated on February 15. This is primarily a social event but indirectly it means dollars in the pocket of every "oldcomer" as well. Arizona needs "newcomers" more than anything else in the world and the way to get more of them is to show our appreciation of those already here. Every citizen should give this matter thought from the angle of business as well as common politeness, and help to make "Newcomers Day" as much an institution in every Arizona town, as the Fourth of July or Christmas. And its most helpful "womens' auxiliary" would be Neighborhood Calling Day.

### LIKES OUR GIRLS.

Barbara Worth Hotel,  
San Diego, Cal., Dec. 28, 1914.

The Arizona Magazine:—

I cannot miss the opportunity to tell you that I think your December issue just fine; a credit to you or to any publisher.

The Yuma Daily Sun is going to put on a subscription contest the first of the year and the winners—some 14 or 16 young ladies—are coming to this hotel next summer. If they look like the American Beauty on the title page of your December number we will have some Beauty Show, believe me.

The front page of your December issue adorns the walls of my private office, and it adds to my collection of good printing and beautiful faces.

(Signed) W. A. LANE.

## OUR SALUBRIOUS CLIME

DECEMBER WEATHER, 1914.

Arizona's greatest resource, Climate.

	TEMPERATURE (degrees)					Total Precipitation (in inches)	NO. OF DAYS		
	Mean Maximum	Mean Minimum	Average for the Month	Highest	Lowest		Clear	Partly Cloudy	Cloudy
Phoenix	59.3	41.3	50.3	68	28	3.09	9	5	17
Prescott	44.8	21.6	33.2	55	5	2.45	10	10	11
Tucson	59.3	35.7	47.5	73	22	5.85	16	8	9
Flagstaff	36.1	11.3	23.7	48	-13	2.05	9	14	8
Yuma	61.4	40.5	50.9	68	23	0.98	22	3	6
Cstl. Hot Sp'gs	66.4	42.1	54.3	76	35	2.52	15	11	5

—before dates mean below zero.

When the December number of the Arizona Magazine was issued, the state and especially the city of Phoenix, was under a cloud of gloom due to the suspension of the Valley Bank, the largest financial house in Arizona. It was strictly a business condition and not the result of fraudulent transactions. Even in its trouble the nine thousand depositors were for the most part in sympathy with the institution and ready to do everything possible to help put it on its feet. Instead of passing into a receivership, that fact with the patriotic co-operation of the state auditor, Mr. J. C. Callaghan and a committee representing the depositors, has resulted in the reopening of the bank under the same time honored name, but backed by new capital to an amount satisfying all possible needs, and officered by new men.

### ABOUT BANKS.

True to their implied faith the people have retained confidence in the bank and it is reported that to date more money has been deposited in the new institution than has been drawn out since its opening and business is fast readjusting itself. There has never been a moment when Phoenix or Arizona at large did not have real value, many fold exceeding its debts—all that was lacking was money—the medium for making this value negotiable. That is now being supplied to

### FIRST ANNUAL ART EXHIBITION.

The first annual Art Exhibition of Arizona held under the auspices of the Woman's Club of Phoenix, occurred on Tuesday, January 12th. Canvases were displayed by Mrs. Jessie Benton Evans, Lon Megargee, Louis Aiken, Miss Marjorie Thomas, and a number of other local artists who call this home or who are painting here. Miss Fay DeMund, Miss Helen Ely, and Heighton James were represented by some excellent examples of their art as illustrators.

The prize was awarded to Jessie Benton Evans, whose picture of Camel Back mountain is sculptural in its definite lines. Mrs. Evans has secured, as so few artists have, the clear atmosphere of the desert at noon-day. In the crowded condition of the department room at the club house which served as a salon during the exhibition, it was impossible to fully appreciate the austere simplicity of line in the mountain which formed the background of this picture or the lavish beauty of the foliage in the foreground; one needed perspective.

The club greatly appreciated having Mrs. Evans' canvases, both the loan and contesting exhibits, for she is rapidly making Arizona known as a mecca for artists through her magnificent depictions of local scenery which are shown in the famous salons in America and abroad.

# The Chieftan and the General

This is the fourth installment in the series of stories on Cochise and his Stronghold, and our readers are now too well acquainted with the subject to need further introduction. We will probably dispose of the old warrior entirely in the next issue.

Fourth of Stories on the Cochise Stronghold

By Burton C. Durand

tall, spare, and wearing reddish whiskers. To him, the ways of the Chiricahua Apaches were as intelligible as the depths of the mountain fastnesses

**T**HE encroaching pale-face had continued his westward progress despite the bitter opposition of the vengeful Chiricahua Apaches. At first they had been numerous and strong but now their mighty chieftain, Cochise, saw them gradually falling away—fewer and fewer they had become. Weakened by sickness, and the baffling fire water of the accursed white man, HE realized that the end was near.

About him were the mountains clothed in their glory of summer verdure—the tall peaks were grim and silent, but they were his companions—every canon, ravine, and crevice in their seamed and scarred sides was an open book to him. Silent and alone he sat, a look of unconquerable determination upon his bronzed features. These hills, these castle-crowned peaks, great rocks, huge piles, sheltered canons deep in the shade of gigantic trees, and rich with springs were HIS, and he would have them.

To be sure various military aides had attempted to draw him into conference, and as he recalled it he rose to his magnificent height—shaded his cold black eyes with a hand guilty of countless deeds of revolting cruelty, and gazed away—across the purple valley, fresh as a bank of violets, after a shower which has passed in the night. Pale rose and delicate lavender tinted the distant, wavering line of hills. The walnut trees rustled solemnly, and sighed in accord with the melancholy mood of the implacable chieftain.

Yes—his day was passing, but he would fight his battles till the chill of death was upon him—and then—would these wolves now driving him to bay, hack and mutilate his splendid body; his present pride? Horrible episodes had been related to him, and the mental impression was still vivid. These thoughts sent him gliding noiselessly along the rugged, almost perpendicular face of the bluff, above which he had been seated, with the gracefulness and menace of a rattler; once he almost lost his footing, when all the blood that surged in his being rose up and clamored for revenge.

At his lodge he smoked in grim and sullen silence; with him words were precious, and seldom wasted—his patience, and watchfulness was as inexhaustible as that of the Sphinx. His endurance, the marvel of the bands he had organized under the one head, Chiricahua Apaches, and his rule the terror of his tribe. Theirs was one great purpose—to that end they had united to stay the invasion of the unwelcome settler, but the power of the leader was tottering, his forces were weakened. Could he, with the remnant of his people, endure imprisonment upon a reservation? Never—and he knew it.

He scarcely saw the moving figures, the ponies—the all but naked children, the grass wickiups; heeded not the odors which reached him from time to time, as the savory venison browned before the open fires. Only when his scouts returned from their outposts in the hills did he show signs of animation.

They could give no information in

regard to the movements of the enemy; all was peaceful as the leaves which did not quiver in the afternoon stillness. Neither was there indication of early attack; the land was devoid of life, and all was well. Cochise was suspicious and decided to prepare for unexpected activities. He called together his warriors, and they smothered the cheerful fire, but held council far into the night. The moon peered inquisitively over the massive cliffs, and shone speculatively down upon them; the wind rose, and the trees complained mournfully, away in the distance a coyote barked, and soon pair after pair of shining eyes punctured the denseness of the shrubbery—still the consultation progressed.

A final decision was reached—if the military aide chose to confer with the Chieftain of the Apaches—should THEY not seek HIM? If he gave battle was there not good and sufficient reason? He, upon his own territory, and in his own domain; while peaceable, had been set upon by troops—unaware of their intentions he had risen up for the protection of his people. It was by no means a wise idea to take these greedy, military pale-faces at their word, and meet them in the open. They chose to break their promise often; regarded their word far more lightly than an Apache, their fire-arms were quick and deadly—but Cochise did not desire THEIR presence; it was their request that HE confer with THEM. He preferred death in battle to being shot like a coyote, as the result of being foolhardy. Consequently he made known to his warriors that it was expedient to avoid any meeting with the whites. The risk was theirs, not his, and the longer they were evaded, the longer his people might remain in their stronghold.

\* \* \* \*

General O. O. Howard had made a most favorable impression with the red-men. They found him sympathetic, ready and willing to listen to



A Budding Tribesman.

their graphic accounts of many wrongs perpetrated by the settlers; how they had gone above them; cut off their water supply, laying waste to their fertile farms. Then they had to raid to live. Had they not been there first, was this right, or just? Some of them had been forced to dry, barren reservations by troops. These people were General Howard's people, would he see to it that they were returned to the Rio Grande—where



The Shoulder of a Cliff in the Stronghold.

there was land for all; water in abundance, for crops—here they were languishing. All these and countless other injustices were laid before the patient, competent general. Yes—he would see to it all—and to the best of his ability he did so. As a result the red-skins were proud to call him friend, and honored, when from his superior knowledge he taught them that all men are brothers, and should work, each for the other, rather than divide, quarrel, go to war, torture—and murder. These latter atrocities were unworthy of brave bucks, like those surrounding him.

All the while the General's true mission remained unfulfilled. To him had been allotted the delicate, difficult, and dangerous task of placating the embittered and wily chieftain, Cochise, who, with his braves, had retreated to the Cochise Stronghold in the Dragoon mountains; here nature herself had favored the Apache leader, for the natural fortress was all but impregnable. Its countless huge boulders, naked shafts of granite, outlined against the cloudless blue of the sky, like gigantic monuments, afforded a thousand shelters for the deceitful warriors, who sprung upon their unsuspecting enemy, and crushed his skull with one slow of a stout club.

In vain various efforts had been

were to Cochise. Aware that he was acquainted with the Indians; their various methods and reasons for resisting the settlers, and soldiers alike; General Howard made known to Thomas Jeffords his deep regret that he must return to Washington with his greatest achievement unaccomplished, for the reason that the chief was craftily plotting to evade him at every turn.

Thomas Jeffords was a man of resources; a feeling of sympathy, and companionship so long denied him in these unsettled wilds, caused him to gallantly offer his suggestions and services, with a view to bringing about a meeting. This must be arranged without soldiers he explained; these Cochise would not tolerate, and it was this deep-rooted hatred which was holding him back.

In the company of Tularosa Indians it developed, was a nephew of the very same Cochise; a son of Mangus Colorado, a brother of Cochise, who had been killed by the whites in the year 1863, after countless deeds of wanton cruelty. This nephew was known as Chie, he was youthful, pleasant and obliging, and through him Thomas Jeffords learned of Ponce, who had fled from Fort Stanton, and was raiding. HIS, Jefford's father, he proudly informed them had been the friend of Cochise. Certainly if the chief would receive anyone in his Stronghold, or consent to meet them near his fortress—why would he not prefer speech with his nephew, Chie, his friend's son, Thomas Jeffords, well-known to—and versed in the ways of the Apaches? Gracefully HE (Ponce,) agreed to accompany them, and use his influence in behalf of General Howard, who had already freely given him a horse, noting that he was unmounted; a condition most humiliating. The General now presented CHIE with a pony thus strengthening the recently formed friendship. Thomas Jeffords would ride his mule, and seemed well satisfied.

A party of eight was formed to begin a journey across country with the ultimate purpose of pacifying Cochise, and removing, at least in a measure, the impression that all pale-faces were his sworn enemies.

\* \* \* \*

The golden blossoms of the prickly pear faded, the crimson bloom of the ocatilla gave place to dry dun colored shells, the graceful yucca stem with its white, starry flowers, and dense drowsy perfume—gradually bent lower

# FEED YOUR OWN FORAGE

**I**T IS a theory generally accepted that the best profits from the growing of forage, whether alfalfa, milo, corn, straw or other things, accrue to those who are in a position to feed their products to their own stock, centralizing in the one owner, the profits of both the farmer and the stockgrower, whether the livestock be cattle, sheep or hogs. In no part of the world are the conditions for this more suitable than in the valleys of Arizona. Besides incomparable farms, fields and ranges there are ideal conditions for getting the most possible out of the feed products through the balanced ration, the constituents of which are all available.

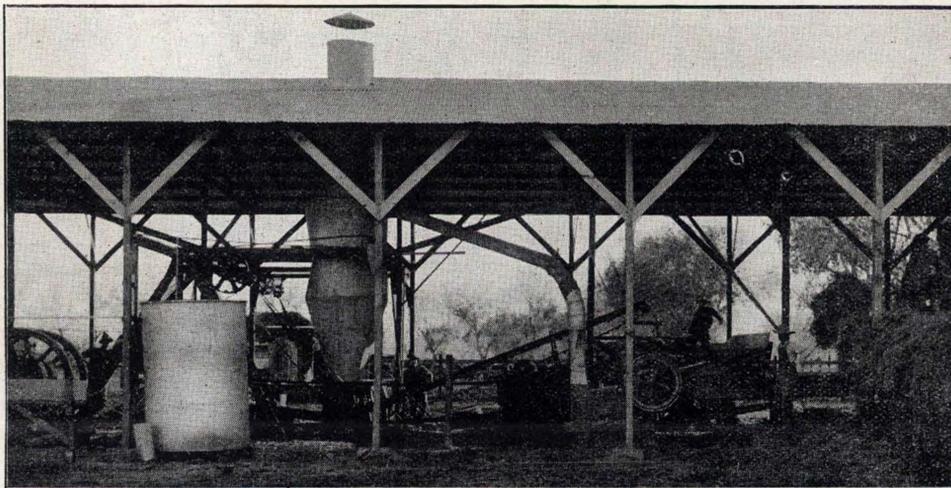
Those who have the capital to construct their own feed mills can procure cheap molasses at the Glendale factory, most desirable in preparing many forage rations, enabling the utilization of every pound of the crop that grows when chopped and mixed with it. Also cotton seed meal and cake used in many balanced rations can be procured at the plant in Phoenix and those who cannot erect mills for the preparation of their own feed can secure the varied products of the alfalfa mill in Phoenix. Cheap power is also available and in conclusion there is always a yearning market for the fattened stock. All that Arizona lacks is more farmers with capital enough to take advantage of these opportunities.

The picture below shows a Smalley alfalfa cutter making alfalfa meal on the ranch of Harry W. Chase, one mile east of Glendale. In this process he utilizes cheap molasses secured at the sugar factory. His ranch embraces 160 acres and he feeds his

on which the same thing might be done.

Each year the science of raising real productive farm crops increases, and along these lines each year calls for far better and improved farm machinery than has been used in the past. Among the latest pieces of ma-

as corn, cotton and other staple products, but there has always been the need of a proper tool to cultivate with, one that would not injure the crown or tear up the roots. The inventor, after years of experimenting, has at last perfected a spring tooth, which instead of being flat is oveled and has



mill product to stock on his own acreage. Recently he turned in 2,000 head of lambs weighing 61 pounds. In fifty days they weighed 79 pounds each and were sold, making him an average of \$20 per ton for his hay after subtracting the cost of the molasses and the manufacture of the meal. He is now feeding 400 head of cattle on this ranch. There are scores of 160 acre farms in this valley

chinery to be improved and patented is a spring tooth alfalfa cultivator by J. T. Collings of the Collings Vehicle & Harness Co. of Phoenix. Much credit is due the inventor for his genius for perfecting this tooth, as it has practically revolutionized the growing of alfalfa. For years it has been realized by all the Agricultural experimental farms that the cultivation of alfalfa is just as essential for a good crop,

a sharp point. The position of the tooth in action allows it to retain its point until the tooth is entirely worn out. It has been demonstrated time after time that the use of this cultivator has increased the yield per acre at least 33 1-3 per cent. On the front cover of this issue can be seen one of these cultivators in action on the Harry W. Chase ranch, near Glendale.

and lower before the hot desert wind. Hardy magueys turned over, one by one, each lengthy desert corpse was bronzed by the burning sun, the brilliant cholla blossoms developed into yellow protuberances, and the blazing heat of summer lay in a heavy haze upon the wild, unsettled country. Still the chieftain eluded the general; the springs dried up, the warriors moved further and further into the mountains. Brown as the soil, swift, graceful and silent as the brilliantly striped and mottled lizards, they glided in and out of the rocks, fitting inhabitants of an arid region.

\* \* \* \*

Slowly the party of eight was progressing; the general, a young captain, Thomas Jeffords, the interpreter, two packers, and the youthful chiefs, Ponce and Chie. The former had joined them on foot; when questioned in regard to his horse, he stated that he had given it to his wife, for safekeeping, and would walk. The young captain, and the general permitted him to ride by turns with them, for which thoughtfulness he expressed much gratitude. So unshaken was the truthful general's faith in the latter couple that the captain feared often for his safety; then too, there was Thomas Jeffords, versed in many an Indian trickery; was it quite discreet to trust, so implicitly, one whose actions had been of so questionable a nature?

All these things the younger man considered, nor was he alone in his suspicions, for the interpreter observed the actions of the young chiefs and watched vigilantly, though he communicated with no one.

On through the parched dryness of the waning summer they continued their way—drawing slowly nearer to the Stronghold. One unpleasant incident marred the pleasure of their companionship and the tranquility of the General's thoughts.

They remained over night in a settlement; the whites poured forth invective upon the silent Chie, and the grim and vengeful Ponce. One, emboldened by their attitude attempted an effective shot. The placid general suddenly became a war-dog, and the cringing settler haltingly explained that his brother had been killed by Indians. He was informed that these were not the guilty parties, and sent back feeling very small. Chie's smoldering fury bespoke his approval of the brother's untimely demise, and his eyes, regret, that the present offender had not been similarly treated.

At length a foot-print caught the sharp eye of Ponce. "Paches!" he announced with boyish glee, and from that point on the trail became more marked. The leadership now fell to Chie. His first act was to set fire to eight tall, dry stalks, in a circle. Their brilliant blaze was cheerful against the dark mystery of gathering night; the wild things stirred and fluttered, relieving the oppressiveness of the grandeur and loneliness of the uninhabited tracts.

\* \* \* \*

Far away the keen eyes of the chieftain beheld the sparkle of the fire. Day after day he had meditated upon the gravity of his problem. Yet he could not humble himself and meet a troop of insolent palefaces, who would herd him, and his, away like cattle to other ranges. From time to time his scouts had brought him news of a small party, whose movements were baffling since they did not seem to seek any of the forts, or stations. Perhaps there was opportunity to secure fire arms and horses; it was worth while to wait, but the circle of sparkling lights indicated a group of eight on a peaceful mission. Cochise was in a quandary and half inclined to investigate; an Indian's hand he was certain had lit those fires.

A coyote barked next evening close to the general's camp. Chie answered it—there was an immediate reply, and without farewell he ran swiftly away to the hills, bounded up the rocks and disappeared. The young captain looked his general askance, but that unsuspecting mortal was being entertained by Ponce, who was explaining with eloquent eyes alight, and slender, agile body gracefully alert, how HE could tell the hoof print of an Apache pony from all others, for the reason that the marks were small, the little animals seldom shod, and pieces of deer skin were tied above the fetlocks.

Unexpectedly Chie returned at this moment with a stranger, no other than a scout from Cochise. The captain and the interpreter wriggled anxiously but managed to hold their peace.

The tall scout informed them that if their mission was peaceful, the chief would doubtless receive them; by the circle of fires their number was known to him, and it was impressed upon the general that more than five were unnecessary for a PEACE conference—if he would decrease the group by three—then he would return and inform Cochise of their coming, so an ovation could be arranged.

Chie and Ponce awaited the general's reply in silence, but great indeed was their pride when he included them in the discussion.

"Do it," advocated Ponce, "and you will be the gainer". So it was decided that three would continue to Fort Bowie to meet an ambulance.

This was too much for the captain: if his General would not consider his own welfare, he must guard it for him. When the shades of night had deepened, and the rich velvet sky was studded with glittering stars which shone like diamonds, he clothed in words, his growing suspicions, and pointed out startling dangers.

"Very true lad," retorted the older one—but whosoever loseth his life shall find it—I have no fears—our very recklessness in going into the Stronghold without military protection, the Chieftain will regard an honor, and we will be treated accordingly."

The young captain cast about in vain for a suitable reply, and finding none, stated that it was not cowardice on HIS part, and expressed a willingness to sacrifice anything for the general, whose pleased laugh of appreciation caused unexpected tears to start, for one so reckless and so full of faith in these tricky wretches.

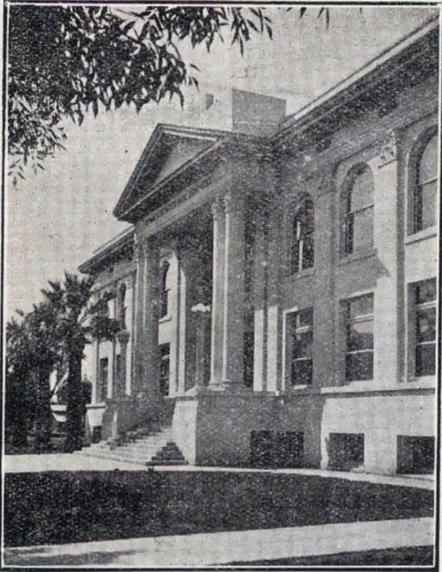
Five proceeded onward—into dryer and more barren localities, where the mesas shimmered in the noonday heat, and the exquisite tints of lavender, rose and green, merged into beautiful lakes, rich draperies of verdure and soft, restful banks of moss—only to recede before them, and dissolve again into the barren buff-colored, waste. How they did silently long for cool water, but each spring seemed sandier than the one before, but at last Chie sprang from the captain's horse, and bounded up the slope, leaping from boulder to boulder like a goat until his little figure was almost lost to view, amongst the crags.

"Water!" he called, "a spring," and the message came, borne on the gentle breeze. Camp was pitched, but Chie did not return—instead, to the surprise of all but Ponce, two little Indian boys joined them. They were very friendly, examined the captain's saddle and pistols with delight, and ate with the others. Finally they went to the interpreter, and through him it was learned that Chie was at the nearest outpost to the camp of Cochise, and desired them all to join him.

Without question the general obeyed his youthful guides, one of whom rode with the captain, and the older with

(Continued on page 11.)

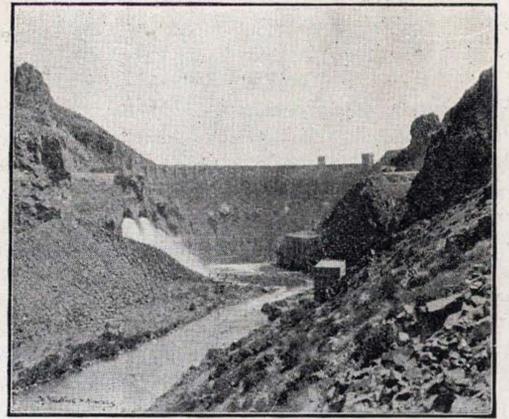
# Picture Story of Phoenix and Vicinity



Administration Building, High School.



Residence of Mr. Ed Eisle.



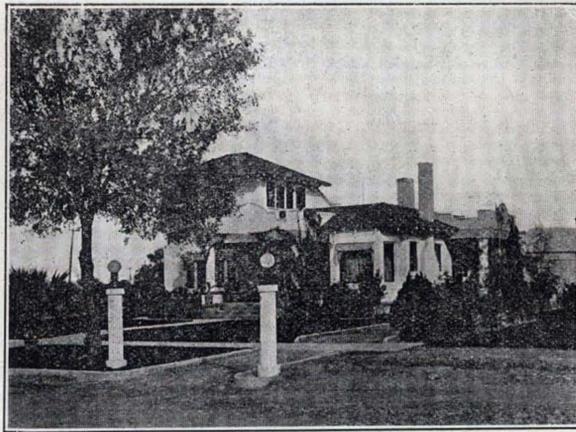
Roosevelt Dam

The picture at the upper left hand corner shows the entrance to the Administration Building of the high school, which is but one of the structures of a group of buildings covering nearly an entire block of ground, quite as imposing as some university plants. Here nearly a thousand young people are fitting themselves for activities in the higher walks of life.

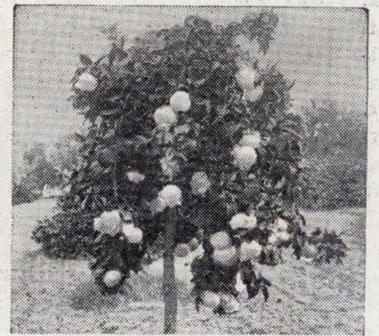
The two residences shown are typical of hundreds of home properties in Phoenix.



We Raise Dates.



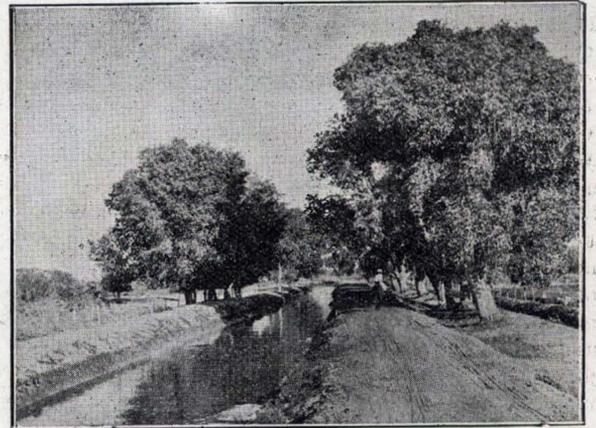
Residence of I. Wolpe.



Along Grand Canal. Also, We Raise Oranges.

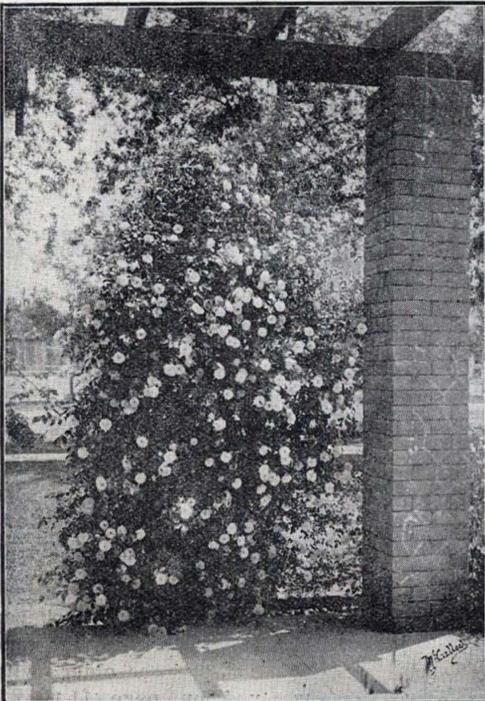


Womans' Club Building.



The Woman's Club of Phoenix, owns its club building, which not only serves all ordinary club purposes, but has an auditorium suitable for lectures, dramatics and other public gatherings of a social or educational character.

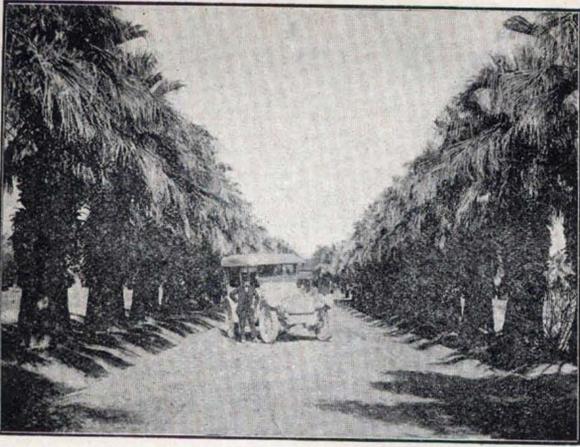
The lower picture presents a night view of the principal business street of Phoenix. It is quite effective though lacking in the activity shown by a daylight picture.



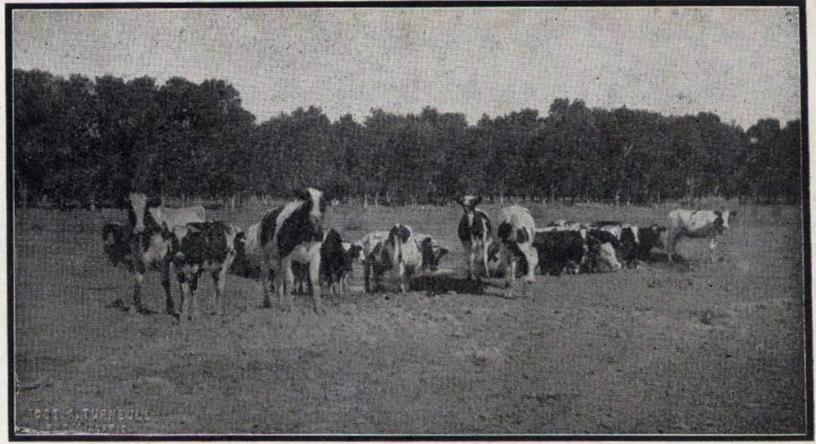
Roses in Winter.

Washington Street, Phoenix, at Night





A Country Driveway.

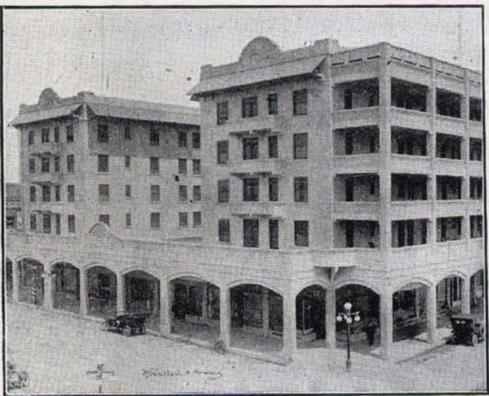


White Faced Herefords—Bartlett-Heard Ranch.

Phoenix has many beautiful little driveways, private and public, but the picture at the upper left, is a scene miles in the country. The entire Salt river valley will be a "garden driveway" some day, if the people live up to their opportunities. Across the river, south of Phoenix, is a large tract known originally as the Bartlett-Heard ranch, Much of it is now cut

up in small holdings and owned by others. On this big farm stock growing is made a science in contrast with the looser methods of the range industry.

The Hotel Adams and the Federal building are two of Phoenix' largest modern structures, while the picture between shows one of a hundred striking views along the famous Roosevelt road.



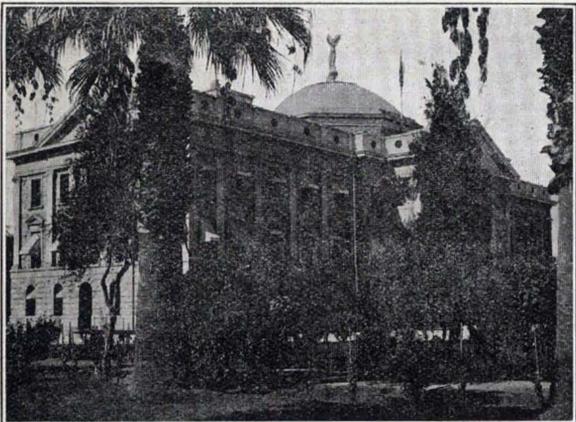
Hotel Adams.



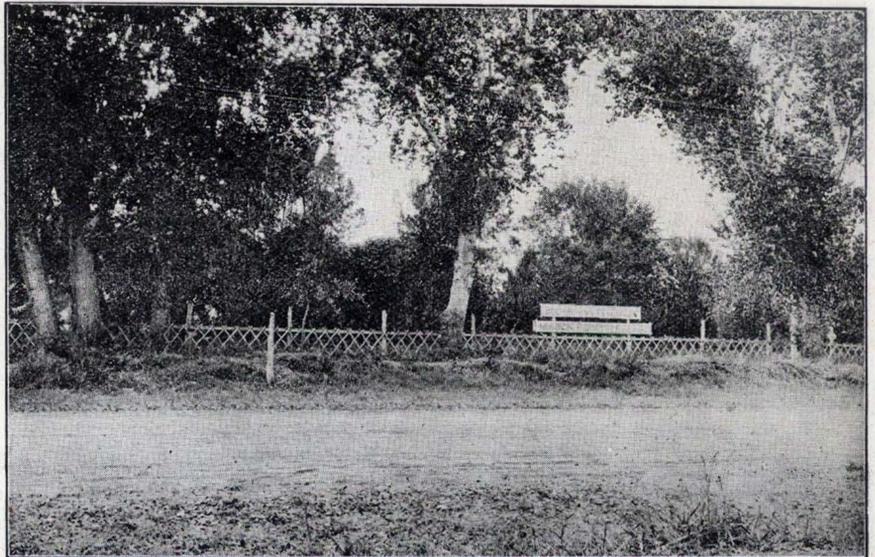
Scene on the Roosevelt Road.



Federal Building.



State Capitol.



Approach to Bide a Wee Place, a Five-Acre Ranch Adjoining the City

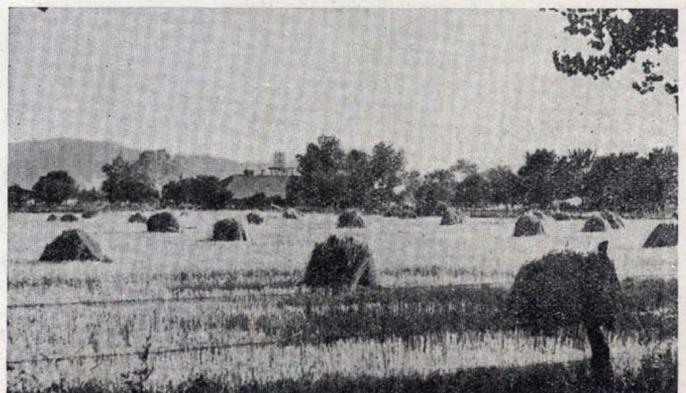
The capitol building is seen in part through a wealth of shrubbery, a single picture being able to show but little of either. Below is another scene along the Ocean to Ocean highway of which the road to Roosevelt dam forms the most interesting section.

This picture shows the entrance to Bide-A-Wee place, a five acre ranch adjoining the city of Phoenix, where intensive farming and fruit growing have been made a success. This little farm has its cows, chickens, horses and berry patches, as well as orchard and gardens.

The picture below is that of a hay field on the Bartlett-Heard ranch, typical of hundreds of Arizona farms, in the agricultural valleys of the state.



The Roosevelt Road Is a Portion of the Ocean to Ocean Highway.



Hay Field on Bartlett-Heard Ranch.



# BUREAU OF MINES U. of A.

MINING - Like Topsy, "Just Grewed",

By Prof. CHAS. F. WILLIS

The State of Arizona has but two large industries, mining and agriculture, the latter a carefully nourished, well-cared for industry, while the former is unfostered, unstimulated, and, in fact, a hampered industry.

Agriculture has grown wonderfully in Arizona by the collective efforts of the agriculturists, the legislature, the Agricultural Experiment Station and the Federal government, but mining has grown in far greater proportion, even without that stimulation which has been given to agriculture, and it is difficult to conceive the extent to which the mining of this state might have been developed had it received even a portion of the financial encouragement given to the development of agriculture.

When one talks about helping the mining, the first thought is that these big corporations can take care of themselves, but the mining industry is not all composed of Copper Queens, United Verdes, Arizona Coppers, and so on. There are in this state over 1800 mines that need development, that need assistance in improving metallurgical processes, that need economical wisdom, and many other things. Where would agriculture have been today had the farmer been left to his own resources in determining what crops to raise and how to raise them to get the greatest value per acre?

Mining is not a business of yearly crops. When the ore is removed from the ground it is gone forever, and when it is removed in an uneconomical way, it becomes a waste which can never be recovered. A farmer may make a mistake one year, but the result of his experience is that he will learn better and the next years crops will prove more advantageous. It may be through the result of his own efforts or it may be through the assistance which can be rendered by the Agricultural Experiment Station. But the miner has no experiment sta-

tion to fall back on. He has no method of obtaining expert advice. The State of Arizona has more money tied up in idle mills which are useless and many of which are mistakes, than agriculture produces in four years.

Arizona is the fifth largest state in the union, yet it has less improved land than any other state except Rhode Island. But the acreage of Arizona-improved lands has more than doubled in the past ten years, and the average value of this land per acre has jumped from \$10 to \$35 in that time. Without stimulation the mining industry has doubled its production in 3 years, and Arizona is now the largest metal producing state in the United States. It is difficult to imagine what Arizona might have been had it received even a portion of the assistance rendered to its infant industry, agriculture.

In Arizona we have approximately 350,000 acres of improved farm lands, but we have in the town of Bisbee enough tunnels to run section lines through every farm in the state. The total value of all farm lands in Arizona is only half of one years production of the mines, and the total value of all farm property, including livestock, buildings, implements, etc., is only equal to the annual production of the mines. But in ten years the total value of farm lands has increased 400 per cent and the total value of all farm property, 200 per cent. Imagine again where mining would have been had it received a portion of the stimulation.

Only 1.7 per cent of the total land area of Arizona is farm land, not as large as the single copper belt containing the Bisbee mines. These figures, however, show a wonderful improvement in the farming industry in the last ten years.

There are approximately 225,000 people in Arizona, of which but ten thousand are farm operators, while there are over 25,000 underground miners alone, and over 50,000 adult males in the mining business. Yet in ten years the number of farm operators has doubled, again due to improved conditions brought about by federal and state aid.

Arizona produces less value in crops than any other state except Rhode Island, but the value has increased 200 per cent in the last ten years. The total amount paid for labor on farms in the whole state of Arizona is less than the payroll of the Bisbee district.

Agriculture is climbing; at its present rate of increase, as shown by the figures of the past 10 years, it will become a great industry, but it has only been through the concerted efforts of the people affiliated with that industry. Without assistance, mining has forged past all other states and has become a leader, but would have surpassed any group of states had it received the consideration which it deserves.

In the past no money has been spent by the State for the encouragement and assistance of the mining industry in Arizona. Yet mining produces \$400 per capita for every man, woman and child in Arizona, while crops add but \$20 per capita to our wealth. But agriculture has deservedly received from our last legislature about \$1 per capita for every man, woman and child in the state, and mining, nothing.

There is no intention in this article to deprecate the agricultural industry, nor to say that it has not needed nor has not put to the best advantage all state aid which it has received. Had it not received state aid, there would have been almost no agricultural industry, and the miners would have been just as much the losers as the farmers. The one is necessary to the success of the other. The agriculturist could not live without the miner nor the miner without the agriculturist, and the stimulation of the agricultural industry has been of just as direct benefit to the miner as the stimulation of the mining industry would be to the farmer. Agriculture has made wonderful progress with assistance, but mining has made just as wonderful progress without.

Arizona is distinctly a mining state. Mining pays directly or indirectly two thirds of its taxes, while agriculture pays but one tenth. But without the support of the federal and state governments, agriculture would have contributed much less than 10 per cent. Agriculture has paid in return many times the value of the money expended for its development, and will continue to do so, but no such opportunity has been given to the mining industry. In many ways it is the fault of the mining men themselves, as there has been no organization to show the needs of the industry.

The University of Arizona must also take the lead in the study of the needs of the miner. The University of Arizona College of Mines and the newly organized Bureau of Mines have gone far in this direction, although the work has been going on but a short time. But support of the miners, agriculturists, and of every one in the state is needed, and every one in the state will derive a direct benefit from the same.

The past few months have been an illustration of the business depression in agriculture, in manufacturing, and, in fact, in every thing, caused by the mines closing down, but had our resources been developed, we would

have been producing more today than ever, as there is a greater demand for many metals and non-metallic minerals since our imports are cut off. The farmer has felt the depression as much as the miner, and should see that it is to his advantage that the mining industry is encouraged.

Arizona has but two industries, mining and agriculture, and the people of Arizona should support and care for these two infant industries and assist them to grow together, but in the past agriculture has been the favored child, while mining, like Topsy, has "just grewed."

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The Arizona Magazine will conduct a series of questions and answers, to which the public is invited to submit all questions regarding mining, metallurgy, geology, petrography, mining law, mining practice, etc. Qualitative determinations of ores and rocks will be made gratis, and all questions will be answered through this column. Should a personal reply be desired, a stamped and addressed envelope should be sent. Address all communications to Professor Charles F. Willis, Bureau of Mines, University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona. Questions will not be published in full in this column, but only the sense of them, in order to make the reply intelligible to other readers.

The following letters have only been partially answered. Can you answer the rest?

C. F., Los Angeles, Cal.—I have noticed a clipping in the Phoenix Republican giving advice to prospectors and others regarding manganese ores. I am looking for manganese, wulfenite and molybdenum ores, more especially for the two former ones. Manganese ores to run 85 to 90 per cent manganese dioxide, less 3 per cent silica, and low in phosphorous. Will buy a large tonnage, and would like to get in touch with some one who has a deposit not too far from a railroad. I also want several carloads of wulfenite ore that will cone at least 25 per cent. I am also in the market for the following ores: Bismuth, ambligonite, cobalt, carnotite, corundum, barytes 95 per cent and up, zocerite and garnet.

C. F., Los Angeles, Cal.—I understand that you have a deposit of infusorial earth about 9 miles from Tucson. I have a New York firm who in the market for the above product. They are looking for a light spongy structure, laminated, somewhat similar to a schist. Would like very much to obtain a sample of this. It would have to be mined and hauled very cheaply to be of commercial value.

T. H. C., Oakland, Cal.—We are very anxious to obtain information regarding monazite sands, and would be very glad if you could put us in touch with the owners of any such property.

R. R. M., Wilmington, Del.—We wish to get in touch with producers of celestite and strontianite and, noting

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in the U. S. government publications that there are deposits of these in your state, we request that you advise us the names and addresses of such owners or operators of these properties as are known to you. We are particularly interested in properties that are being operated or can readily be operated by the owners, as we wish to purchase the celestite and strontianite.

D. C. C., Denver, Col.—We are desirous of obtaining quantities of mercury, witherite and bismuth, and would like to know if these minerals are to be found in your state.

W. S. B. C., St. Louis, Mo.—We are in the market for talc or soapstone, and we are told that it is found in your state. Any information you can give us on the subject will be appreciated.

Answer.—Your favor of the 28 received. If you will communicate with Mr. G. M. Goodwin, Tempe, Arizona, I believe that he can put you in touch with both talc and soapstone, as he has recently sent me some excellent samples of the same.

A. D., San Diego, Cal.—I am very anxious to get some information in reference to molybdenum or molybdenite, as to its uses, where it can be found, and prices of its concentrates. Does it not come in granite or quartz formation, sometimes in the form of amber crystals, and is there any method of separating the crystals from the other matter, and what percentage of molybdenum in the crystals?

Answer.—I have your letter of the 14th relative to molybdenite. The price on this commodity is extremely variable, as is the market, and quotations are made, not on any standard price, but on the ability of the seller to bargain. The molybdenite found in Arizona is generally in granite associated with copper, which is a detriment to its value, and no method has yet been found for profitably extracting and separating the two. Molybdenite, however, may be separated from the gangue, when not in the presence of copper, by flotation. Relative to the price of the concentrates, I would suggest that you write to the Primos Chemical Co., of Philadelphia. It is used extensively in steel manufacturing.

B. O., Phoenix, Arizona.—Will you kindly give me a list of books which deal with the metallurgy of tungsten.

Answer.—Referring to your letter of recent date, I beg to advise that I can find no direct references to the metallurgy of tungsten. I believe that some publications on the subject have been

made in German, but I do not know of their translation into English. Some mention of the metallurgy of tungsten is made in the Proceedings of American Institute Electrical Engineers, June 1912, written by W. D. Coolidge. The following abstract is taken from the Metallurgical and Chemical Engineer, June 1913, written by Charles Baskerville.

"The Uses of Tungsten Compounds." Sodium tungstate is used in large quantities for fireproofing, cloth and draperies, and as a mordant in dyeing. It has been used to seal platinum apparatus, on account of its similar coefficient of expansion at low temperature. Other tungsten salts are used for weighing sills and as a mordant. Tungsten compounds have also been used in glass and porcelain coloring, and in making bronze colors. Tungsten bronze is made by dissolving tungsten trioxide in melted sodium tungstate. Cadmium boro-tungstate has been used for the mechanical separation of minerals."

I. M. G., Kingman, Arizona.—Will you kindly give me a description of monazite sands, as I believe we have some near Kingman.

Answer. Form.—Monazite is usually found in the form of sand and occasionally in small bedded crystals. The crystals are mono-clinin, but are difficult to decipher on account of their small size. The cleavage is usually perfect in one direction. It is a yellowish to yellowish brown color, with a faint lustre.

Optical Properties.—Double refraction, strong. Fragments are plates, pale yellow in color, and with rather high interference colors.

Blowpipe Tests.—Infusible, but turns gray on heating. The flame coloration with H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub> is pale bluish-green. Decomposed by acids. To get the phosphate test, make a soda fusion.

Uses.—Welsbach mantles are prepared from the thoria obtained from monazite sands.

T. N., Douglas, Arizona.—Will you please give me what information you have regarding the distribution of bismuth ores, its commercial value, etc. Is there any export duty from Mexico and import duty to the United States on this ore. What per cent of bismuth is necessary to make the ore of commercial value and stand shipment from railroad.

Answer.—I do not know whether or not there is any export duty from Mexico, but I feel sure that there is not any import duty into this country, as practically none is mined in the United States. Metallic bismuth is worth \$1.70 to \$2.00 per pound; it is mined in various places as low as 2 per cent up to 20 or 30 per cent. The chief purchasers of bismuth ores are the U. S. Refining Co. at Graselli, Ind., and the American Smelting and Refining Co. at Perth Amboy, N. J. The principle difficulty about selling bismuth ores is that unless you are able to guarantee a steady supply, it is hard to find a purchaser, as practically all of it is imported, and purchasers would not care to break off their foreign connection unless sure of a steady supply. The price is largely a matter of bargaining. The Davis Chemical Co., Denver, Col., have recently inquired about bismuth ores.

A reported strike of rich ore is reported to have been made upon the west side group of claims at Courtland. There has not been sufficient work done on these claims to determine the extent of the new find, but it is close to other properties which have proven to be valuable.

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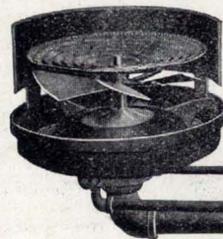
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# TOURIST TAVERNS

ALL who travel for either business or pleasure expect sometime in the course of their careers to visit Arizona. The Grand Canyon, Tucson the oldest city in the United States, Prescott the mile-high city among the pines, Castle Hot Springs the most attractive rest resort in the country, Bisbee and Douglas in the wonderful copper mining and smelting district, Globe the eastern gateway to the famous Roosevelt Dam and scenic road, and Phoenix, Tempe and Chandler in the heart of the Salt River Valley, where Edenic verdure and perpetual summer prevail, are on every traveler's map. This page will tell him of the pilgrim's mecca wherever he may journey in Arizona.



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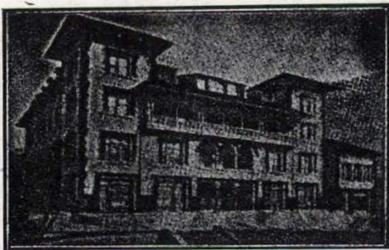
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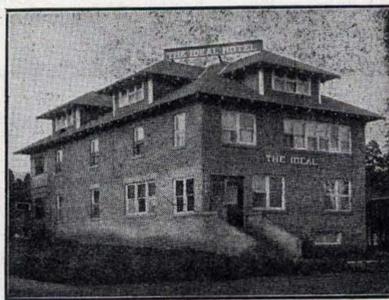


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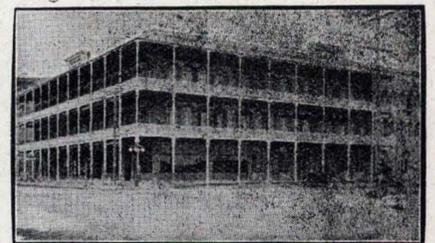
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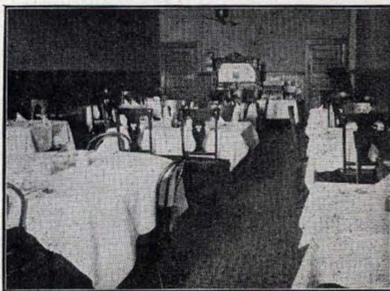
WINSLOW : : ARIZONA



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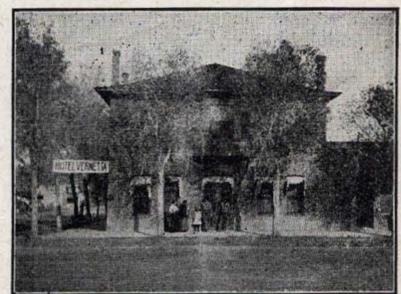
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# Reminiscent

By "MATT" LARKIN

To the long time residents of Arizona the following letter will recall a procession of reminiscences while later comers will enjoy it as a touch of color from the early days of Phoenix. The letter is written to the Arizona Magazine by Madison F. Larkin, who lived in Phoenix in the days he writes of and who was familiarly known as "Mat" Larkin. For many years his home has been in Pennsylvania where he is a leader in the prohibition party. He was at one time its candidate for governor and during the last campaign made the race for United States senator. Though he went down in defeat in both instances he has reason to be proud of the splendid showings he made at the polls. Mr. Larkin is now controller of the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton, Pa.:

Scranton, Pa., Dec. 27th, 1914.

To the Arizona Magazine:—

In looking over your December number, I find an article by George W. Pittock, showing a cut of the old adobe buildings that housed the legislature of Arizona in 1877. How well I remember that session of the legislature. In those days the capitol of Arizona was kept on wheels and only allowed to remain in any one place one session. At each session a determined effort was made to locate the capitol at Phoenix, but it was alternately taken from Tucson to Prescott and Prescott to Tucson.

King Woolsey was the great politi-

cian of the territory, and was the president of the upper house in the session of 1877. I remember distinctly that this was the session in which the Southern Pacific railroad received its franchise to build a railroad through the territory.

Eph Banning, generally known as "Smooth Efe" on account of his persuasive qualities, was in charge of the bill in the interest of the railroad to see that it was passed without many alterations. He was so successful that the rate of 10 cents per mile for passengers was not disturbed. Through the influence of King Woolsey I was appointed clerk of the committee on territory affairs, to which committee the bill was referred and it was allowed to lie in committee for about a week. During that week the best friend I had was Mr. Banning, who, when he met me, put his arms around me and fairly hugged me. The committee on Territory Affairs finally met in Charley Brown's saloon, at that time called Congress Hall, and we recommended the passage of the bill, and from that time on Mr. Banning did not know me on the street.

Farley and Pomeroy were the great lawyers in that day, and I do not know whether either one of them is alive at this time. I helped them out in their work doing copying and other things while waiting for the committee to meet. My pay of \$5.00 per day came regularly from the territorial treasurer as it was necessary to have a committee and a clerk.

I remember distinctly when Ed Sheffelein sold his Tombstone mine and got so much money he did not know what to do with it. He wanted to do something grand in the way of a present for his sister, and straying into Lord and Williams' store asked to see the finest cloak they had in the place. He said "I do not care what I pay for it, I want it even if it costs me \$50.00." Ed would receive a paralytic stroke if he happened to stray into a large cloak-house in New York City or even in Phoenix today and be told the price of their best garment.

I presume that there are still men in Phoenix who remember the old days when King Woolsey and John Y. T. Smith ran the flour mill. Jim Cotten and Johnny George were the chief booze mixers. They would both turn over in their coffins if they could read the enclosed pamphlet announcing my candidacy for United States Senator on the Prohibition ticket, and I am satisfied they would make a turn back and insist on not being disturbed to know that Arizona had voted "Dry." How I would like to be back in dear old Arizona now to live. "Doc" Alsop was the crack lawyer, Morgan and Dietrick the chief Indian traders, and old Darrell Duppa (who named Phoenix), the Shakespearean. Old man Parker used to tank up and parade Washington street crying "Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy." George Mowry was Postmaster and Sheriff, with old dog Towser as assistant. Old man Parker talked to nine of his rabid democratic friends and they agreed it was time they took some good democratic paper from the states so they would not run the chance of being converted to republican principles by the horde of carpet baggers coming to town, so they consulted Mowry and after looking the list over carefully selected the St.

(Continued on page twelve.)

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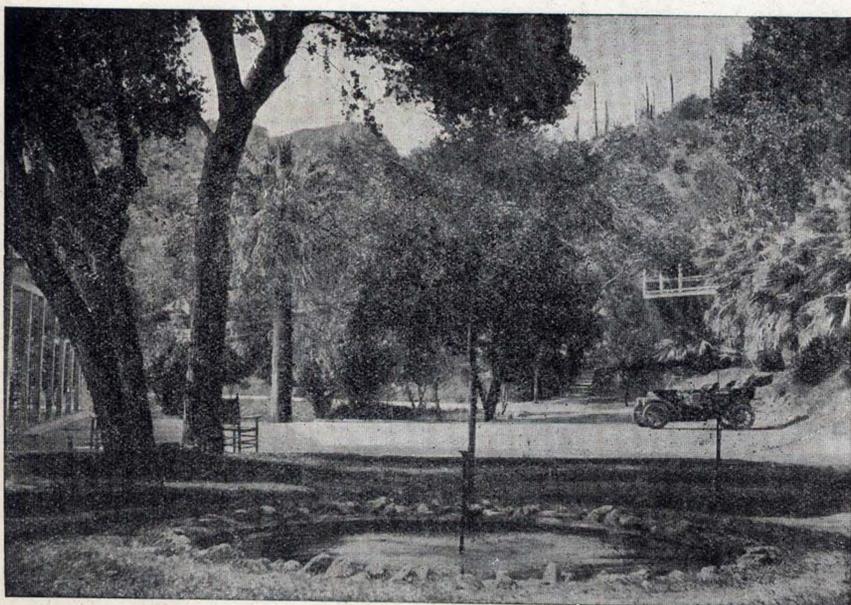
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At all druggists—25c and 50c, or mailed, postpaid, by The McLaren Drug Co., Los Angeles, Cal. For a generous sample by mail, postpaid, send 10 cents and this advertisement.



Our January 1914, issue was devoted largely to the ostrich industry in Arizona. In the latter part of the year the necessary settling of an estate which involved the largest ostrich farm in America, located near Phoenix, threw a large number of birds on the market at ridiculously low prices, giving other growers a sort of panicky feeling for a little while. This condition has been dissipated, the birds have passed into other ownerships and the ostrich business is fast resuming a condition of normality. Arizona people know the situation thoroughly but for the benefit of readers in other states this explanation is made. The Arizona Magazine herewith reiterates all that it said one year ago relative to the ostrich industry and its possibilities in this country.

G. W. Pittock, representative of the Arizona Magazine in Tucson, is still promoting. As shown in the December Arizona Magazine, he is the actual promoter of the Carnegie free library in Tucson and as records in city affairs show, he has been trying for several years to get the Portland, Oregon, baseball team, champions for several seasons of the Pacific League, to come to Tucson for a training season in March. He is co-operating with Secretary Myers of the Chamber of Commerce.—Tucson Star.

If Mr. Pittock is successful this will prove a good ad not only for Tucson but for the whole state.

# FLOAT

The Arizona chapter of the American Mining Congress was organized December 11th, at the meeting of the American Mining Congress at Phoenix. There are 200 members. The annual meetings are on the first Monday in December. Headquarters are at Phoenix. Officers are Governor, W. B. Twitchell, Phoenix; Lieut. Governors, Will L. Clark, Jerome; C. A. Grimes, Kingman, and William Corey; Treasurer, H. J. McClung, Phoenix; Directors, Norman Carmichael, Greenlee county; T. A. Riodan, Coconino; J. L. Hubbell, Apache; Al Bernard, Pima; Con O'Keefe, Santa Cruz; J. C. Goodwin, Maricopa; A. S. Kimball, Graham; A. Durkee, Yuma; J. P. Hodgson, Cochise; A. J. Pickrell, Yavapai; Harry Clark, Navajo.

After several months work the Jim Crow mine, near Steeplerock, has been unwatered and cleaned. On the 200-foot level where there has been about 600 feet of work done by the former owners of the property, conditions are very encouraging, and some rich gold-silver ore has been encountered. Shipments are likely to be made from the property in the near future.

It is reported that operations will soon be resumed on the famous Octave mine, near Stanton. The property has been examined and a favorable report made to the directors in Boston. This property was purchased a little less than a year ago by H. C. Gibbs, a Boston financier, who has since been elected president of the reorganized company.

The mill, compressor, hoist, and other operating equipment of the Belcher group of mines on Big Bug Creek will be operated by electrical power. Connection has been made with the main line of the Arizona Power Co., and less than one mile of building will be necessary to install this service.

The property of the Nevada-Arizona Mines Co. is now in fine shape for putting out a large tonnage of ore. The company is bringing water from Clap Springs, and will soon be able to make a mill run on the ore from the various mines, with a view of discovering the best method of handling the mixed ores from the different mines. The ores carry good values in gold and silver.

A 300-foot shaft is being sunk at the Isabella Mine; the property is equipped with a hoist and other necessary items, and derives its water supply from a 640-foot well. The work is being superintended by Henry Johnson. The Isabella is a gold proposition and appears to be very promising.

It is expected that the Inspiration Consolidated Copper Co. will start producing by next March, provided that the condition of the copper situation warrants. The Inspiration will have a capacity of 10,000 tons of ore per day.

There is much interest still prevailing over the strike made in the Little Daisy Mine, and as the sinking progresses, developments are waited with a keen belief that the large ore body determined will prove to be continuous. Conditions in general are very favorable at this property, and it is expected that it will rank as one of the big mines of the future.

The old Blue Dick mine in the Hasayampa mining district has been revived and development work has started. It is said that the sale of the property is pending.

## The Arizona Exile

(By Mrs. Jane P. Rowe.)

Oh sweeter by far than the song of the sea  
Is the surge of the forests when wild winds are free;  
When their far reaching anthems in organ tones rise  
Attuned to the voices that come from the skies.  
Oh for the broad mesas in summer so green,  
In winter, in pure spotless vesture serene;  
Oh for the warm sunshine that glints through the trees  
When the music of pine leaves floats on the soft breeze.  
God grant that when endeth my long life's wide roam,  
In some wild mountain woodland I may find a home.

"That's the best hotel in California," remarked H. W. Daykin, president of the Miller Sterling Company of this city as he turned the pages of the Arizona Magazine for an inspection of his advertisement and stumbled upon that of the Hotel Stowell of Los Angeles. "I have been there and I know what I am talking about."

This reads like an advertisement but we don't get a cent for it. We merely want to give an advertiser a good word when it comes to us unsolicited. And this is the kind of people whose advertising we carry.

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# LISTEN TO VIC

READER, do you know Vic Hanny—the fellow that wants you to meet him "face to face?" We do and we know he's all right. He grew up right here in Arizona and has been a booster ever since he used to run around Phoenix in knee breeches.

Vic has a great big store in Phoenix now and it's stocked to the ceiling with everything a man can wear from stocks to lids, all lines, all styles, all prices, but when he forgets himself and gets to talking right from the heart it is generally about those

## HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX

suits, the clothes that have a reputation from beach to ballroom, not only for style and fit, but for wear, and right prices to go with them. This is the new stock for fall and winter, complete in every way, something for everybody.

Hanny is doing a splendid mail order business but there are still some

### UP COUNTRY PEOPLE

who haven't been heard from and he has got his ear to the ground. He has no notion of running anybody else out of business or driving a nail in the coffin of the home merchant up your way, but he knows and you know there are a lot of things the village store does not and cannot carry and that you'd like to have. He's got them and would like to sell them to you.

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Fifth Waltz.....	Godard.....	.80	Valse, Op. 64, No. 2.....	Chopin.....	.40
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## The Chieftan and the General

(Continued from page 3.)

Ponce, who had been riding Chie's mount for several days.

From this point the way was made much smoother, there were very few warriors with this group, which consisted largely of women and children; its real purpose was hunting game, but they were also to watch for enemies. Chie and a sub-chief sent with the hunting party went ahead and informed Cochise that guests had arrived. Word was soon received that the way was clear.

In his natural fortification, and with dignity befitting his rank, the fierce old warrior received them. With him were Juan, another of importance, with painted face, striped black and crimson; a young buck, who proved to be Natchez, the chieftain's son, with him were two squaws; his wife and a sister of Cochise, but all eyes were turned to the terror of the palefaces, himself. Full six feet he stood, of splendid physique, keen of eye, and stern of countenance.

He spoke bitterly, and with deep feeling concerning many wrongs; referred to the killing of his innocent Medicine Man, and expressed regret that all of General Howard's people were not as he was. The general came to him, as man to man.

"And as a brother," explained the wise one, who listened carefully to the chieftain's words, in order to avoid any fatal mistakes.

"Fewer and fewer we are becoming," continued the old warrior. "The white men are driving us to other unfamiliar scenes; for the reason that their fighting men, whom they call soldiers, help them. We have no help, and only arrows with which to shoot, unless by force, or in battle, we secure other weapons. For each of my warriors now, there are ten settlers. For my guests I will arrange entertainment; to reach my people, and hold council will occupy many days."

Thus the general met the chieftain. From countless crevices, niches, and concealments the Apaches came, and it was difficult to believe in scarcity of numbers; nevertheless Cochise insisted that they were but a handful, living in daily dread and expectation of attack from the swarms of settlers, and troops.

An Indian dance was planned and executed; the music was made by stretching buckskin over ollas, and beating the tight surface after the manner of a drum. The firelight, the graceful, undulating, muscular figures, the towering peaks, the weird plaint of the strange music, the rush of wind in the dense foliage, indicated nothing but the friendliest relations. The general permitted himself to be duly impressed by the chieftain, who, it should be added later presented a serry and most undignified spectacle, when he indulged too freely in tizwin, a native drink, made from the yucca, as mescal is from the maguey.

Cochise had been most considerate of his visitors, and his sister had personally supplied their needs, and cared for their horses. Now the terrified screams brought the general and Thomas Jeffords to the rescue; these two pacified the now angered warrior, while the captain and interpreter assured the cowering squaws of protection.

This act called forth dire results for the captain; upon recovery, Cochise offered him two of the younger and more charming as a gift! Since the charming ones were willing the cap-

tain found himself in a predicament, from which the general in all seriousness, rescued him; explaining that this was not the custom of his people. The honor and meaning of the gift was fully as much to the captain, as real possession. Cochise was satisfied; whether the Indian girls were grieved or not, could scarcely be determined, for they returned quietly to their camp-fire duties.

\* \* \* \*

Once gathered together, a council was held, from which the guests were perforce, excluded. Thomas Jeffords, however, was permitted to sit in the circle. After the painted faced, terrifying head-dresses, and endless powwows had been conscientiously arranged and carried out, the final terms were made known by the chieftain to the general, by means of the interpreter.

It had been gently suggested that Canada Alamosa, on the Rio Grande, would be an ideal spot for Cochise and his braves. With this statement the latter vehemently disagreed, and his bronzed face had clouded darkly.

Ten days had elapsed since their arrival at the fortress of the chief. He came forward pleasantly, and made known his willingness to cease all depredations upon the whites; provided—he was permitted to remain upon his own territory, and in his own Stronghold—still further—that Thomas Jeffords should be the Indian agent when a post was established. He was calm, but firm; argument, reasoning, advice, all failed to make the slightest impression—he had spoken. The general was free to accept, or refuse; in either case, safe conduct, from the Stronghold would be given him. Discretion prompted acceptance—and thus Cochise practically established the boundary lines of his own reservation. This included part of the Chiricahua mountains, the valley adjoining the Stronghold, Big Sulphur Springs, and the Rogers ranch. Thomas Jeffords was made agent to gratify the chief; though much doubt was entertained as to his qualifications.

The various stations were at once advised of the treaty; on the traveled roads the Apaches were not to be molested, in the event they were scattered in the hills, the flying of a white flag would signify their presence, commanding respect and protection.

The chieftain accompanied his guests a short distance upon their journey out of the natural fortress, and took dignified leave of them. He expressed doubt that the settlers would keep the treaty, and General Howard was forced to assure him many times. It was, however, observed by both sides until a new agent was appointed.

In the mind of the writer there rises a question: Did Thomas Jeffords offer his services to General Howard to further his own ambitions? And being a friend of the Indians, and their chief, did he influence him, during the council, in order to secure an agency?

Be that as it may, he proved worthy when all but a few doubted; honored the general, proved capable, and efficient for the reason that trust had been placed in him. There is no record of uprisings during his service as Indian agent, which statement cannot be made in regard to the periods covered by others, judged more competent.

As most of those who lived the earlier portion of their lives, during times of stress, he has gone to his

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reward. Had his term been extended indefinitely, his comprehension of Indian character, and methods, might have inspired Cochise with trust in the hated pale-face, but a change of agents wrought a change of conditions—and peace reigned but for the time.

(The next story will contain a plot thought out from accounts furnished by Mr. Parrish in regard to the later movements of Cochise, and the supposed place of burial will be described as well as the reasons for this request by the chief.)

FLOAT

During the past week the Old Dominion Copper Mining & Smelting Co. has been placing a boiler and other machinery in position near what is known as the Old Road between Globe and Miami, for the purpose of doing some churn drilling just south of the Al West ranch, located near the Pinal cemetery. The Old Road is the road which starts in at the cemetery and traverses the hill in the direction of Globe, and it has not been used for the past four or five years. The first hole to be drilled is located about two miles from the center of Globe in the direction of Miami. It is on the property belonging to the Old Dominion Company.

## Reminiscent

(Continued from page 9.)

Louis Democrat. Only a party to the affair could appreciate the indignation expressed when they all received the first copy to find that the St. Louis Democrat was a rabid republican paper. If the European war had been in progress at the time residents of Phoenix would have thought the siege of Liege was going on from the blue flames and noise coming from the postoffice.

Old timers will remember Darrell Duppa the Shakespearean, very distinctly when I remind them of one of his famous epitaphs on Henry Morgan, who kept a store on the reservation and served as court interpreter for the Pimas. You will remember that Henry, when he succeeded in getting a few canned peaches aboard, took in the town and reminded each fellow he met that he had sixteen rifle balls in him. Of course, the answer would come, "Well, Henry don't you think maybe you are filled with codfish balls instead?" Then blue flames and cannon shots with a regular Indian yell, "I fool 'em all, I fool 'em all." Darrell Duppa put up this epitaph on Henry while he was still alive:

Weep Phoenix weep and well ye may,  
Great Morgan's soul has passed away,  
Howl Pimas, howl, shed tears of blood,  
And Squaws bedeck your heads with mud,  
Around his grave career and canter,  
And grieve the loss of beads and manta,

His head so large, endowed by fate,  
No hat could fit but Number Eight.  
He died as leaves of Autumn fall,  
And dying said, "I fool 'em all."

I understand Morgan died only a short time ago. I wish I could remember some of the other epitaphs Duppa wrote on the living at that time. He had a good one on John T. Dennis but I cannot remember it.

Stonewall Jackson was a great character around the town, he and adobe Tom were great pals, and they used to drink the alcohol out of the cigar lighter in Loring's store.

I hope to take time to write something about the olden days, but this comes to me now as I looked over page four of the "Arizona" for December.

Wishing the old timers a Happy New Year, I remain,

Yours very truly,  
MADISON T. LARKIN.

The erection of new buildings at the Keystone camp has been completed, and work will continue upon the property. These mines are on the same vein as the Mark Twain and the Blue Dick, about fourteen miles south of Prescott. Work is being done upon the Mark Twain by Jack McDonald and a force of men.

**WHITE WYANDOTTES**—Winners. Bred-to-day stock and eggs for sale. Shorewood Farms Co., Saugatuck, Mich. n-4

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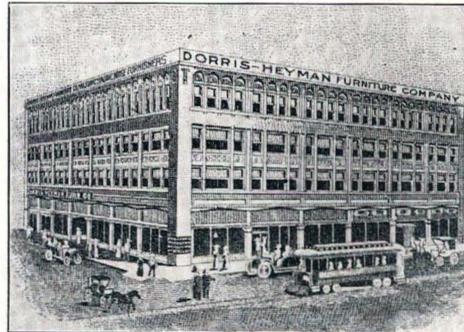
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