

The Oregonian

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Portland, Saturday, Jan. 30, 1915.

THE WAYS OF THE SPENDTHRIFT.

After the manner of the spendthrift, the Democratic party continues to spend money without regard to the supply of money it has made available. It enacted the income tax to make good the reduction in customs revenue caused by the Underwood tariff, but the revenue fell short of its estimate, and with its customary improvidence, it spent money to make up the deficit.

Although estimates of customs revenue for the coming fiscal year already are in hand, the estimate of \$100,000,000 in excess of the facts, taking the past seven months as a basis, Congress continues to appropriate not only all the revenue that Secretary McAdoo estimated, but millions more.

The amount of customs revenue is most important, for it is contingent on the course, duration and possible extension of hostilities in Europe, Asia and Africa. Should Italy join in the war, its exports would shrink, as Britain's and France's have already shrunk. Should they control the sea, should some disaster deprive the allies of naval supremacy, the exports of each country would shrink still further. The inevitable result would be shrinkage in our imports from those countries and consequently in our customs revenue.

Although the best military opinion is that the war will not last far into 1916 and possibly into 1917, and, although the war's adverse effects on our revenue will surely continue for several years after its close, provision for emergency taxes has been made only until the end of 1915 and no attempt has been made to reduce expenses. It is the duty of a prudent man to endeavor to keep his expenses well within his most conservative estimates of income, but prudence seems to be an unknown quality in the Democratic majority of Congress.

Ordinary disbursements of the Government for the fiscal year 1914, exclusive of Panama Canal, public debt and postoffice, were \$1,452,784 more than in the previous fiscal year, and the total disbursements, including the items mentioned, were \$35,000,000 more. The war began a month after the opening of the fiscal year, and ordinary disbursements would have been dictated more rigid economy in order to provide against its consequences, but the departments continued to spend at an accelerated pace. Mr. McAdoo's estimates indicate ordinary disbursements in the current fiscal year of \$19,000,000, or nearly \$10,000,000 more than in the preceding year. This amount is only \$18,000,000 less than the estimate of receipts, and that estimate threatens to prove \$10,000,000 in excess of the facts. The estimate for the Panama Canal being \$28,000,000, an actual deficit of \$20,000,000 can be avoided only by issuing bonds for the Canal expenditures.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, Mr. McAdoo estimates ordinary income at \$75,000,000 and ordinary disbursements at \$12,765,104. Adding \$18,921,865 for the Panama Canal to the latter total leaves a margin of only \$42,313,031. That this narrow margin is likely to prove illusory and to be replaced by a deficit is plainly intimated by Mr. McAdoo in the following note which he appends to his figures:

It is not safe to rely too much on these estimates for the European war, the uncertainty occasioned by the European war. To these ordinary disbursements and the Canal estimate must be added \$29,355,164 for the postoffice and \$80,723,000 for the sinking fund, bringing the total to \$1,099,775,134. The postoffice estimate is based on the entirely unwarranted assumption of Postmaster-General Burleson that Congress would adopt his scheme for converting rural routes into star routes under contract. As Congress has rejected that scheme, the postal estimate must be reduced to \$229,385,000, which is only \$85,000 less than the estimated postal revenue. Thus the Postoffice Department promises barely to pay its way instead of adding more than \$22,000,000 to Mr. McAdoo's estimated surplus. This estimate makes no provision for the sinking fund, which has small prospect of getting any money.

But with a deficit staring it in the face, Congress and the departments have added still further to the huge total of expenditures in prospect, for additional estimates of about \$25,000,000 have been made. The original estimates include items which could well be reduced in times of financial stress. It is proposed to spend \$57,251,823 on rivers and harbors, including permanent annual appropriations, as compared with \$29,662,500 in the present fiscal year, and to spend \$10,000,000 more on buying ships. The estimates for Legislative, Commerce, Labor and Justice Departments all show increases aggregating millions. The necessary additions to the Army and Navy could be made without adding to the total outlay, if Congress would stop the waste on useless Army posts and Navy yards. Congress persists in paying more than half the municipal expenses of Washington, which are estimated at \$13,563,724, an increase of more than \$600,000 over the current year, though common justice dictates that the Government should pay an amount equivalent only to taxes on its property.

There has been endless talk of a budget system, but nothing is done, because Congress is jealous of the executive and a committee of Congress is covetous to retain its grip on the public purse. Every man who has

given the subject two minutes' thought knows that in no other way can expenses be kept within income, but every move in that direction is met with objection that the Constitution, or some law or precedent or somebody's prerogative is in the way, and that it is not a matter to be tampered with. Never until the present session has President Wilson said a word in favor of economy, and that late word was accompanied by a warning not to be too economical, as though there were any danger of that. One compensation for the impossibility of exact taxes is that it may arouse the people to the point where they will demand economy in tones so loud that even Congress will hear.

WHY OBJECT?

The Oregonian is not convinced that John Arthur Pender is innocent of the murder of Mrs. Daisy Wehrmann and her child. But The Oregonian is convinced that a reasonable doubt has been raised in the mind of a large part of the public as to his guilt. If this doubt can now be effectually eliminated credit will attach to the prosecuting officers for having built a conviction out of scattered and not too substantial straws of evidence and secured the early incarceration of the guilty person. On the other hand, if it were finally proved that Pender did not commit the murder the liberation of a man long harassed and burdened by unjust imprisonment would be made possible.

In the light of these circumstances it ill becomes anyone who is connected with the prosecution to take personal affront at the imputations under way or to impugn motives on bare suspicion. The attitude of Mr. E. B. Tongue, the prosecuting attorney, would be much more creditable if it were one of cheerful welcome to the most rigid review of and investigation into the case. He is thoroughly convinced that the justice is not so sure of it. What harm could a triumphant vindication of his opinion do to Mr. Tongue?

Yet Mr. Tongue assails Mr. George A. Thacher, to whose disinterested efforts the nominal reopening of the case is due, with sarcasm and bitterness. In justice to Mr. Thacher, a statement should be made as to what the Oregonian knows about his first article. This contribution was offered and was published before the confession, afterwards repudiated, was obtained from John G. Slerks. Mr. Thacher's article was a mere accusation that Mr. Wehrmann was the author of the crime. The Oregonian does not discover the slightest attempt to implicate Mr. Wehrmann in Mr. Thacher's first article.

Moreover, at the time he submitted it, Mr. Thacher expressed to The Oregonian his belief that the crime had been committed by a feeble-minded youth of homicidal tendencies then confined in the Insane Asylum and that arrangements had already been made to question him in the hope of obtaining a confession. Mr. Thacher's article, however, impliedly expressed the conviction that the murder was the work of a mentally defective person, which Mr. Wehrmann is not.

In his first discussion of the Pender case, Mr. Thacher asserted that Pender had been convicted on a technicality. It is a coincidence, somewhat curious in a way, that the Pender prosecutor is now seeking to convict Mr. Thacher of misconduct on the same sort of evidence.

FATHER BROWN.

Father Brown's fame is not quite so brilliant as that of Sherlock Holmes, but it shines with a purer luster. The astute hero of Sir A. Conan Doyle's incredible tales is addicted to a habit of reasoning which is not exactly logical. His deductions are based on the hypercritical syllogism of not altogether beautiful and there are certain cracks and angularities in his disposition which it is an effort to love. G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown works miracles quite as wonderful as those of Sherlock Holmes, but he does it with a good deal less pomp and parade of intellectual mystery. The kindly priest unravels the plot of one crime after another with a certain sweetness of disposition which makes him the most agreeable detective in the world.

G. K. Chesterton, the inventor of Father Brown, has allowed him to disappear in the public flowery fields of a new book, published by the John Lane Company. No doubt it will have a host of readers. To many persons the detective story is the most fascinating form of fiction. It fascinates without wearying the mind. It enthralls the attention without exacting too much of the reason. Moreover, every detective story is a pleasant ending. The writers in that delectable mode are not bound by any theories to give us an accurate picture of life. They dwell lightly in a world of illusions where everything comes out happily at the end. For that reason they are widely loved.

Do you remember "The Fugitive Blacksmith," gentle reader? It was not a detective story exactly, but it was next thing to one and we dare say it gave more innocent pleasure to a harassed generation than any book of scientific homilies or dull essays that was ever published.

ART IN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

Gutzon Borglum, the distinguished sculptor, has been making some comparisons, more or less taken to New York and Chicago as centers of art. In his opinion New York is far behind her western rival in this matter. The exhibitions at the New York Academy, for instance, "cannot be compared with those at the Chicago Art Institute." Indeed, Mr. Borglum thinks there are several titles by the United States which furnish forth better art shows than the metropolitan does.

There are 2000 students at the Chicago Institute studying art, 1500 of them in night classes. The lectures on Franz Hals and Mozart draw as well as the "Emulsion" by Mr. Borglum. The reason for this extraordinary state of affairs is not far to seek nor difficult to find. In Chicago art is a vital thing intimately associated with the life of the people. The Art Institute is closely linked to common interests. The pictures and statues are placed where the people easily reach them. The Metropolitan Museum is a society affair, thin, blue, remote. People who go there feel that they are barely tolerated intruders upon a domain sacred to the higher circles. The pictures and statues are set afar off under the people's feet, and the people are not allowed to touch them.

are ever on the watch, alert to detect a pebbles showing his vulgar interest in anything precious and ready to hurry him out into the street.

The Chicago Art Institute shelters all varieties of beauty under the same roof. Music, painting, sculpture, architecture are equally at home there. In New York each branch has its own frigidly exclusive home with a complete paraphernalia of footmen, butlers and liveries. Chicago hands out art to the people as freely as water. New York offers it in delicate particles, at length, on silver platters coated with ice.

Rural social life is blighted by too much fuss and feathers. Hostesses waste precious energy "putting on style." Neighbors should meet in each other's houses without formality or display, there is nothing to eat, use the every-day dishes. But it is better to have no refreshments. People should learn to meet and talk without eating or drinking, discuss their business sensibly and avoid all foolish imitation of city humbug.

The Nobel prize money of \$40,000 awarded Theodore Roosevelt and given by him to found an industrial peace fund, may as well be returned as requested. A fund of that nature would be frittered in salaries and expenses without result. There cannot be industrial peace while employer and employee disagree. Contentment is an essential of human nature. Aside from that, perhaps the Colonel needs the money.

The community sing is as practical in rural neighborhoods as in the city and would be even more beneficial. Nothing is needed but "somebody to go ahead." A woman of sense and energy to lead a phonograph with good popular records and a place to meet—these are the prerequisites, and every country neighborhood has them. What school district will report the first community sing?

According to German military critics the latest North Sea engagement proves that superior guns, coupled with speed, are a big asset in naval warfare. By the same wonderful process of observation and deduction the conclusion might be reached that brains, energy, capital and opportunity are calculated to contribute a great deal toward success in a business venture.

While President Wilson holds that we are observing strict neutrality in throwing our markets open to the world, the whole world might not accept that idea. For while sound in theory it is not quite so sound in effect, inasmuch as Germany and Austria are shut off from trading with us. It is just such differences in opinion that make horseracing and war possible.

E. H. Flagg, a versatile newspaperman of Oregon, cannot be kept away from the business. He is about to give a palladium of liberty to the city of Warrenton, which is where the state ends and the Pacific Ocean begins.

Because there is no state money at hand, the husband of a murdered woman guarantees the expense of returning the criminal from California. His motive, to be sure, is revenge, but good citizens will wish him luck.

Much of the individual "joy" will depend on the wording of the dry law, whether it means two quarts of whisky and fifteen quarts of beer or two quarts of the corn juice or fifteen bottles of the brew of the hop.

Villa having been driven out of the capital by Carranza will now prepare to move on the capital. Moving on the capital appears to be the popular slogan of the Mexican revolution industry.

Atrocity war experts appear to have blown up. We have reason to believe that the atrocities were largely the workings of nervous civilian pen-slingers.

Crown Prince Frits' message to Americans would read better if he had omitted saying Russia and France were doing dirty work for England.

William Allen White says he is out of politics, which is "what" the matter with Kansas." As plain Bill White he might be able again to break in.

It is fortunate a political agitator didn't succeed in killing the King of Greece. It might have stirred up trouble in peaceful Europe.

A Californian who showed a strength of 1500 pounds by butting a testing machine mortally broke his neck in the operation.

Great Britain is holding Wessels, the Boer insurgent, on a charge of treason; but to be effective she must not hold him too long.

While the Central States are in the grasp of real Arctic weather the best we can boast is a sort of sub-tropical winter.

And the man who goes to the auto show is certain to be seized with an overwhelming craving for a 1915 model.

SHOOTING BY POLICE PROTESTED. Check on Patrolmen Firing in Pursuit of Duty is Wanted.

PORTLAND, Jan. 29.—(To the Editor.)—Undoubtedly the time is ripe for the citizens of Portland to voice their sentiment regarding the apparent useless sacrifice of human life by the local police in discharge of their duty. Captain Inskeep asserts that if he tells a man to stop, he would stop him. All well and good if this command is heard by the one pursued; but if one will consider a moment, he will realize how improbable it is that Sergeant Stahl heard the command at all, for although bystanders heard the shout of Officer Kingensmith, only driving a machine which he was driving, he heard a voice from the sidewalk. I have discussed this with several automobile owners, and all uphold me in this contention.

Granting that this sergeant may have been testing the vigilance of his officers, it is likely he would extend this claim to such a degree as to endanger his own life when he has three little daughters depending on him for love and support?

When our police rules, an officer is not justified in firing his gun, unless absolutely sure the man at whom he shoots is guilty of a felony. This officer should be driven from his machine as guilty of a felony, but developments prove he was not absolutely sure.

The Portlander Came Back. St. Peter in his robes of state sat dozing at the golden gate, when snip snip of the shoemaker broke his dream with a hearty stroke. Thus spake the bold intruder: "Hey! Wake up, good guardian saint, I pray, and give a welcome to a hand of welcome to Beulah Land. I came from Portland, Oregon, that never-equal city on the famed Willamette; there's a dream that surely is an aqueous gleam. Or let the peopled earth below from Hoboken to Jericho there's not a city can compare in beauty picturesquely rare—in any hold of peerless worth—with that fair gem set in the earth. Get action on your golden key and throw the gate ajar for me. Credentials? Say, you're joking, isn't it? Why, bless your honored whiskers, ain't it quite enough for me to say I came from Portland, U. S. A.? Is not that fact sufficient to admit me? Rise and pass me through."

"You're qualified to pass inside, but you'd not be satisfied with your own good looks, you'd like to see other Portlanders now here. You'd think the place not equal to your city Beautiful and you'd roam round like a captive ape in fruitless efforts to escape and drop back to the city from which you ascended. Now, air, come, be sensible, hike back below while you have got the chance to go. There's a golden door you'd not have to stay there evermore and with homesickiness wail and weep. Now please go 'way and let me sleep."

"Within your realm do roses grow?" the stranger asked. Said Peter: "No. Our realm is paved (and said his toes) with virgin gold and precious stones; no soil is here to give glad birth to flowers such as those on earth."

"Then this would not be heaven to me," the shade replied regretfully, "and I'll go back, and Peter, say, if you should happen down our way, just come to Portland, Oregon, when our angelic spirits are sent to you, you'd never fly away and come back here. Goodbye."

JAMES BARTON ADAMS.

The Family Tree.

Oh, the family tree is a wonderful thing! From the deep rich mould of the past outspring, The might of roots, and high overhead, The many forked branches are widely spread.

And its fruit is the kind that all men know— Either good or bad, ripening fast or slow. Bitter and acid or luscious and sweet, Only for show or pleasant to eat.

And it may have been planted by God's own hand In a fair and fruitful land, Or a wandering bird may have dropped the seed That grew and spread like a noxious weed.

Curses and blessings have sought to rest In its shady boughs, in the same warm soil. Sinner and saint have opened their eyes To the wondrous light of the morning skies.

And the terrible story of Abel and Cain is whispered in anguish all over again. The gloomy prison, the holy church You may see in the leaves if you will, but search.

While deeper still in the shade way down Are the hangman's rope and the martyr's crown. Happy the man who can point to the tree That rocked his slumbers in infancy, And say with pride that no man nor maid Had brought disgrace on its aged head.

Happy the man who lives so well That all who see him and know him can tell That he walks with God, though his family tree of old was full of ill. Is bare and unfruitful of all save the MARE CRAIG LE GALL, Salem, Oregon.

Election Officer Wants Redress.

PORTLAND, Jan. 29.—(To the Editor.)—The voter cast for Sheriff at the last election in precinct 113, City of Portland, having been recounted in the court of the Hon. Judge Kavanagh, of Clatsop County, and having been found that there were no errors committed by the officials of the said precinct in the counting thereof, and also that the count was counted correctly. Now, therefore, I desire to state that there should be some redress against candidates or ex-officials who willfully and erroneously accused as a basis of improper conduct in their official duties when there was no foundation therefor.

Topical Verse

The Combination. They boast, do New York and Chicago, Boston and New Orleans; They rant of their power and prestige and their systems of ways and means.

One is proud of her monstrous high buildings, her bright lights and millionaires crowds; Another is proud of her culture and each act with great dignity abroad.

Another is proud of her commerce, her factories, her railroads and such, While the other boasts all hospitality put on with an artistic touch.

Now we grant to each city her merits and recall many more we've not named; For each one has much more to boast of than what has already been claimed.

When our own fair city of Portland has all these virtues combined? She has buildings as high as is prudent, for her motto is "Safety first."

And she is riding herself of the fountains where bibulous youths feed their thirst; The brightest of lights are her roses. The whole world knows of their fame.

Of millions she has a plenty—more than a score can she claim. Then speaking of commerce, kind sir, she's railroads and factories not a kind stranger to you.

Would you see a spot of beauty unexcelled in all the land, Where the vernal hills majestically rise, A picture of rare loveliness superlatively grand?

The most alluring spot in all the beautiful world-famed West, Where the air is redolent with rare perfume, And the heart of every tourist throbs with pleasure in its nest?

Would you gaze on masterpieces of rare architectural skill, The embodiments of majesty and grandeur in eye-entrancing beauty they are seen on every hill.

Where the hand of man has smoothed the face of Nature's face, Homes in which through open windows float the breathings of the soul, Of floral treasures that every room pole to pole;

Come to Portland when the roses are in bloom. To this favored modern Aldenn every gateway stands ajar, And the light of welcome glows in every eye.

Every hand is reached in greeting to the strangers from afar, Aye, from every land beneath the arching sky.

Come and breathe the peerless fragrance ever floating in the air, When 'tis laden with the earth's perfume. And you'll see no spot upon the old earth's surface can compare with our Portland when the roses are in bloom.

The Queen of Flowers. "The whole world knows the Portland Rose," The symbol of an ancient race Whose gardens bloom luxuriant When Summer winds caress the face. Their awkward reverence for flowers Is something of a quaint grace. For nestled in many moods, And Summer rites must have their place.

"The whole world knows the Portland Rose," Its famed abundance in our climate Is happy accent of our claims. To make the world a better place, The bounty of our smiling plains We symbolize it in a flower, And grasp the hands of many lands, The Portland rose, the queen of flowers.

PREACHER ASKED TO DEBATE. H. C. Uphoff Would Argue Question of Holding Bibles in Schools.

PORTLAND, Jan. 29.—(To the Editor.)—I challenge Rev. J. E. Voss, of the Spokane Avenue Presbyterian Church, or any other representative clergyman in Portland or the state at large, to a public debate on the following proposition:

"Resolved, That Bible reading in the public schools is (1) advantageous, (2) contrary to the principles of religious liberty, and (3) unbecomingly public policy."

This challenge is directed only to clergyman in good standing in the leading denominations. Statutory mountebanks who are regulated by most of church members themselves, will be ignored.

The debate would be held under the auspices of the Portland Nationalist Society, in Library Hall, where this organization meets regularly Sunday evenings. The proposed challenge would be well received, as having greater seating capacity.

I fully believe in the foregoing proposition at any time, sitting the convenience of the clergyman who accepts the challenge. Should the challenge be accepted, Portland or the state at large details can be arranged afterwards.

H. C. UPHOFF, 501 Schuyler Street.

Had Influence of Holiday Pay?

PORTLAND, Jan. 29.—(To the Editor.)—You state in an editorial January 27: "No able-bodied man should be given food, clothes or lodging unless he renders an equivalent." I fully believe in that, but you see better that will not be received so kindly, because it affects more largely our highly paid public servants or job-chasers, who do not render an equivalent as things go when they are at work.

My point is that any subterfuge for a holiday scheme is (1) advantageous, (2) always demand full pay. I claim that when they accept pay therefore they put themselves on the plane of those paupers whose chief purpose in life is not to sell their labor, but to live without labor. Such employees are helping themselves downward on the road from the plane of a self-supporting, self-respecting citizen.

A. MAHMDUKE.

Jitney Competition Unfair.

PORTLAND, Jan. 29.—(To the Editor.)—I am financially uninterested in jitney competition, but I am interested in the competition of the former in my estimation deteriorating to the general advantage of the people of Portland.

The jitney thrives on short hauls only, while the railway gives good service to all alike. The jitney thus becomes a parasite on first-class railway service.

The economical result of such competition is that on all runs other than short, the railway company would be forced to diminish the number of cars—hence crowded cars and long waiting. Am I right?

This is only one viewpoint of the question, to say nothing of the greater security afforded a passenger while riding on a streetcar.

EDWARD JASPER.

Exploits of Elaine in The Sunday Oregonian.

Seldom has a more thrilling story been written than this detective novel by Arthur B. Reeve, in which he recounts the adventures of Craig Kennedy, whose scientific methods of detecting crime are familiar to American fiction readers. Read the first installment of this novel tomorrow and you will miss none of the succeeding chapters.

OTHER FEATURES OF THE BIG SUNDAY PAPER.

Women of Russia. Much has been said and written concerning the part the women of England, France and Germany are playing in the present war. This article tells how their sisters in the land of the Czar, from royalty to peasantry, are living up to the traditions of past centuries.

Historic Surrenders. This article deals with famous occasions on which military leaders have laid down their swords in the dying hour of a lost cause. It is illustrated with reproductions of famous paintings, including the surrender of the Austrian General Mack to Napoleon, the surrender of Peking to the allies in 1860, and the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

Health for the Baby. Pointers on keeping the newest generation in fine fettle. Science of caring for baby is outlined by official experts.

Why Men and Corn Grow Tall. An absorbing discussion of the influence of heredity and environment on members of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Evils of Child Labor. Exhibits at the Panama-Pacific Exposition will present the subject of child labor as never before. How the future of thousands of little ones is being blighted by untimely toil is vividly described.

In the Carpathian Mountains. How the Slavoc peasants live in one of the most rugged and picturesque spots on the globe. The story is accompanied by striking illustrations.

Oregon in Retrospect. In tomorrow's issue will be published the first of a series of historic Oregon pictures. This series will include views of people and places in Portland and other parts of Oregon in the early days.

Other Features. There will be scores of other features, including Polly, Old Dee Yak and the other popular comics, a page of the latest war photos, a full page color drawing by Matouin, Doby Dip at the masquerade, world events in pictures and a full page of stories for the kiddies.

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