

The Oregonian

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Portland, Thursday, Nov. 25, 1915.

OUR THANKSGIVING.

Our cause for thankfulness on this Thanksgiving day of 1915 need depend but little upon any smug sentiment of economic welfare.

War, famine, disaster, those gaunt scourges of humankind, which stalk up and down the highways and byways of earth seeking whom they may destroy, have forced their way into the very heart of civilization, writing into the history of man its blackest and reddest pages.

War, famine, disaster, by some mysterious rule of chance or thing of destiny, have passed upon us unheeded. Peace, good will and plenty repose under the wings of the angels of our happiness.

Yet we must not blind ourselves to the fact that the blessings of today may not be the blessings of tomorrow. We must not forget that there may be a relationship between the virtues of a people and the blessings visited upon them.

So, in the fullness of our measure today we should not lose sight of the obligation that rests upon us to preserve these blessings by our own efforts. As some one has remarked, we do not trust the Lord, but tempt him, when our expectations stretch our exertions. It is not enough that we thank Fate that the misfortunes of the rest of the world have not been visited upon us.

After the post impressionists and cubists, who could hope to startle us with any outre outrage in the name of art? The cubists have been exhausted, and we have tired of their shames. It seemed as if we might be left in peace with the established schools and the pictures that could be understood and enjoyed, but such a state of mind must be neither popular nor profitable with all those who seek sustenance in art.

Naturally Mr. Parsons sees an intimate connection between the two. We can draw pictures without a knowledge of color schemes and combinations and where there is a woman who does not crave deeper knowledge of this golden secret? Surely here is a fruitful field of endeavor for any true artist. A thousand women will seek enlightenment, here is a great advantage where one will sit for her portrait.

But with what disappointment his hopeful hearers must learn the Parsons formulas for artistic and coloral decoration of the human form. He sets about his work with the same air as about instructing beginners in the life class. He reveals the sad fact that he has a point of view rather than a serviceable set of fixed rules for adjusting color to dress and dress to type. Here are some of his rules as he advanced them before a teachers' association:

of art in dress will die of inanition. The very beautiful can follow his technique because they need not resort to art or subterfuge. The same rule may apply to certain angular types of schoolmarm's who have not the thoughts of matrimony but of their lives forever. But the average woman who is neither comely nor homely must depend on dress to turn the balance one way or the other. If she is pallid then she must have a carefully selected color scheme to soften the blow. If she is fat she must dress in such colors as will produce an optical illusion of compactness; if short and fat she must dress away the appearance of excessive embonpoint. Truly there is a field here for the talents of some artists, but we fear Mr. Parsons has missed it. Women do not want advice on what not to wear. What they want to know is how to harmonize all the frumpiness and gaiety of color under the sun. The artist who can really tell them all will rival the fame of Michaelangelo.

NOT SURPRISED.

The chorus of acclaim from the newspapers of the country—especially the Democratic papers—following the peremptory refusal of Justice Hughes to permit his name to remain on a Presidential candidate on the primary ballot in Nebraska, is not surprising. We hope it is gratifying to Judge Hughes. He has made it perfectly clear that he is not a candidate and that he will countenance no effort to make him a candidate. He could not in any way be expected to acquiesce in the scheme of his misguided and enthusiastic Nebraska partisans—or were they partisans—but he could scarcely in the end have escaped the reproach that he was aware of what was being done and did not stop it. He did stop it and he made no plea that he did not understand all about it.

It is interesting to note that the New York Times, an Independent Democratic newspaper, is not wholly in accord with the unqualified comment of other papers of like political leanings, for, while it approves the judge's action, it also remarks:

Nevertheless, his nomination may create a political situation which will result in the prize going to other candidates in the primary election. It is almost certain that the case, there is a long and tedious, the convention will probably be held in the first few months. There are two men who are available. Hughes could not refuse the nomination, for it would go to him because of his record in the previous years that will follow the war, and it would be fair to give him the prize. But in this position could well refuse.

No one has yet heard Judge Hughes say he would decline such a nomination. He cannot fairly be asked or expected to act in advance against a contingency of that kind. Withal, we observe without consternation or astonishment or regret that Theodore Roosevelt has as yet taken no steps to remove his name from the Nebraska primary ballot.

DIAGNOSIS AND CURE.

The people of Portland are greatly obliged to the latest expert on municipal ailments who consented to tell us in a public address what is the matter with us. One of the things that is the matter with us is our persistent habit of inviting anybody from anywhere else to come here at any old time and say something about our case, which we already understand perfectly. Yet it is a pleasant thing to hear even a few words from a distinguished stranger with the same old recital of symptoms, with the same old prescription for the same old disease.

We have local diagnosticians and surgeons who are doing a pretty good job in their own way. If they are to be believed, Portland has got pretty much everything that ails her with it, and has persistently refused to be cured either with copious advice, daily tonics—bathings or capital operations. If talk would cure, the patient would live a million years, and would then be only in the infancy of its prosperous youth.

The real disease of Portland is of course an easily curable case of indigestion, indigestion, tinged slightly with jaundice, inducing spells of lightheadedness in some citizens, blue funk in a few more, and wearisome loquacity in others. The remedy is work and faith.

THE SACREDNESS OF LIFE.

We had thought that all that was profitable in the somewhat unpleasant discussion about the Chicago baby which was permitted to die was exhausted. It was deformed, but he was exhausted. Eugene which has interested us and which may interest others. Therefore it is printed in another column. Something personal in tone, it asks us questions to which we cannot give answer, because the infliction which causes their hypothesis has never been defined upon us. We think we know, however, the depth of love for offspring. We know at least one mother who fondled an imbecile child as if it were the fairest human flower that ever bloomed and who mourned its passing as the loss of sunshine out of life.

between the neglect which permits the defective baby to die and that which permits the idiot in rumpet to perish? Point it out if you can. Yet there are those who support the mother and doctor in Chicago who have the hardihood to say that only a pious "God's will be done" shall be offered the matured half-wit in his hour of vital illness? At Salem in a great building are two wards of an upper floor crowded with beings that once were men. A handsome disease has burned or is burning out the last gray cells of their intellects. They are listless, muttering, staring creatures for whom the depths of knowledge and the profoundest science hold out no hope. They are the burden to the state, a poignant grief to relatives. Life means nothing to them. The death of a single one is as great a mercy to himself and as much a relief to those who claim him as could possibly have been the case as the Chicago babe. But do we hear anybody protesting that the burden shall be withdrawn from the windows that perchance these creatures may plunge to a swift and merciful death on the pavement below? Does anybody suggest that if untoward illness of another character afflicts one of these unfortunate the disease shall be allowed to take its course? There is considerably more in the subject than the fate of one defective infant. Condone that on principle and there is little left to condemn from the abortion where conscience is eased by whimpering pity for anyone brought into existence by the hand of a progressive step to chloroform for senile dementia.

Our correspondent thinks our argument for the sacrifice of care and assiduous devotion in behalf of mental unfortunates is better fitted to a Utopian world than this. We cannot help but think that the Indiana act, which provides for the greater regeneration than is now in prospect for the human race. Rather than a growing consciousness of ability accurately to weigh justice and public welfare against the sacredness of life, the people seem to be becoming more thoroughly aware of their limitations. Not long since voters of Oregon rejected the measure which would have permitted the habitual criminals and mental defectives shall not be deprived of the power to reproduce their kind.

When an American woman of good character and in good circumstances is willing to adopt a Belgian orphan baby and the immigration law forbids, there is something the matter with the law. The baby may have in her the excellent traits of industry, good citizenship and sociability which mark the Belgians and may grow up to be a valuable citizen. Too many cannot be admitted under like circumstances. The scattering of the Belgians may have as beneficial effects on the countries to which they migrate as had the scattering of the French Huguenots. If the decision is according to law, the law should be changed.

If all Irishmen thought with John Redmond and if all the allied soldiers had been Irish, the allies would have been in Potsdam dictating terms to the Kaiser before now—always provided that nobody started a riot by whistling "The Battle of the Boyne" or "The Wearin' of the Green."

The adverse report on the performance of small submarines in the recent naval maneuvers disposes of Henry Ford's scheme to discard battleships and trust our safety to tiny submarines, which he would build by the gross. They would be of about as much use as a fleet of rowboats.

The DuPonts have just declared a quarterly dividend of 20 per cent on the new stock issued during activities of the war. The DuPonts, by the way, make powder and it must be good powder, judging by the way in which the humanity side, however, is deplorable.

The prototype may be able to set up a Japanese newspaper, but will it be able to drop in a line now and then telling the gentle reader in ETAQNSHRDLUCMFWYP, to his utter confusion? The allies are racking their brains for means to bring Greece to their terms. Too severe measures may anger Greece and drive her into the arms of Germany.

If you should today meet a poor chap, cold and shivering with the faint of mind, feel that you slip him the price and feel contented with your better lot. The allies are said to be preparing a surprise for Serbia. The most effectual would be a million square meals today and more tomorrow.

Henry Ford does not want to overlook Judge McGinn and William H. Galvani, long-time peace advocates, when he loads that steamship.

Sheriff Hurlburt follows the custom of Bob Stevens when he is Sheriff of giving his 180 guests the best in the market for today.

Portland has a surplus of rain and there is ahead of Uncle Sam. Anybody who has a surplus of anything is ahead of him. "Gobble, gobble," remarked the old turkey this morning. "I'm still in the rig, but the young fat birds, oh, where are they?"

Just for variety from their repeated assertions that they will fight till they win, the allies should do some actual winning.

Southern Pacific net earnings indicate a rising barometer. For October they are more than a million over a year ago.

The most discouraging fact about the peace movement is that it is confined to those who are already at peace.

The men who knew Lind and Bartholomew will soon be known as those who found lost Charlie Ross.

When Miss Grimes, expert on domestic relations, married Mr. Guthrie, hope triumphed over observation.

Watch the man who was raised in old Yamhill board the train this morning for home and turkey.

The Serbian government jettisoned Albania yesterday. The way of the transgressor is hard.

The pruning-knife is easier worked than the ax, according to Commissioner Dick.

Stars and Starmakers

JUST read where an actress, inter-jectively tells her sisters to study flirting. Which leads me mildly to observe that flirting is not an acquired habit. It's a gift—believe me—it's a gift.

I predict that after dinner today there'll be a lot of us aping the British Prince Alberts malady, described in the cable dispatches as "acute and painful gastric disorder," but we'll call it plain tummy ache.

Lucien Muratore, the tenor, and Lana Cavalieri, his wife, both of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, are in Chicago, and it came out yesterday that Muratore is somewhat of a strategist in trying to outwit the god of war.

The tenor and his wife arrived in New York Friday morning on La Pacific Saturday night, their costumes arrived in the Esplanade, and some time next week their personal baggage and Cavalieri's jewelry, heavily insured, are expected on another liner. Muratore, in summing up his action, said the idea of utilizing various ships was to provide as much as possible against personal danger and loss of their effects.

Another Portland youth has become an actor. This time it is Ray Johnson, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson (the latter is manager at Pantages Theater). Ray has always taken a keen interest in the theater, but most of his observations have been made from the front of the house. Now he's with the Baker Players, having made his debut last Sunday in "Drewetor's Millions."

The Night Owl in Town Topics says that "Nat Goodwin's breakdown in Paul Armstrong's 'The Blaze of Glory' was pitiful to those who remembered his work when he gave the play-let as a curtain raiser to 'The Genius.' Youth cannot last forever, but men like women, beyond the years of, at least, acting the part. There was also a reason, other than the play being 'too sombre,' why the old-time monologue was substituted. It seems that cautious managers request payment of two weeks' royalties in advance and on Monday Goodwin had forgotten to make good. So the lawyers for the Armstrong estate secured an injunction against the production of the play."

Mrs. Howard Gould, the former Katherine Clemmens, was an actress and because of that news of her is legitimate under Stars, etc. Which is to preface the information that in San Francisco it is generally understood that Mrs. Gould is a financial hawker of going to China to instruct the Chinese children in the Montessori system of education. Mrs. Gould was a recent visitor in San Francisco, where, after a separation of nearly a decade, she met Mrs. Wong, who with her Chinese husband, conducts a curio shop in Chinatown. Mrs. Gould has already studied a specialty of the art, and preliminary plans for the enterprise, which will be carried on later by her sister and her Oriental husband. There is much speculation regarding the disposition of the curio that were collected by the Wongs shortly after the earthquake and fire in San Francisco. The art treasures are now on exhibition and it is believed that Mrs. Kaizerine Clemmens Gould has an option on them.

A publicity purveyor of independent thought and possessing creative ability that does not all run to writing books about the show he trumpets for, is Frank P. Morse, who is in our midst. "Daddy Long Legs" is the play he represents and he has been with Henry Miller, the play's producer, for yabs and yabs. When he hasn't been down a job on a magazine, he has been around in the literary field, too, and has a lot of magazine stories and what-nots of theatrical comment to his credit in print. He last visited us ahead of Henry Miller in "The Haven" and while he was here he bought a lot in one of Portland's residential districts. So he is in a way a native son. He is said to be putting something in his lot so he can sell it, but I referred him to the business office. So he put in an ad and he isn't going to be a native son any longer than it takes to make a dicker in real estate. In the meantime Mr. Morse will pass Thanksgiving with Portland friends.

Another Thanksgiving guest is Leo Parvin. He and Mrs. Parvin are ahead of "Twin Beds." Mrs. Parvin isn't exactly ahead of the attraction, but she accompanies her husband and it amounts to the same thing. She used to be an actress, but she gave up all the joy and glitter of the calcium with traps around her with the world with her husband, telling folks about Margaret Mayo's newest farce, "Twin Beds." It will be at the Heilig next week. Mr. Parvin was last here ahead of Zoe Barnett in "The Red Rose."

"Also we have with us on this auspicious occasion" another prize agent, Walter Messinger, who has arrived in the interests of "Potash and Perimeter," soon due. He was in Portland last season ahead of "The Yellow Ticket."

Laura Nelson Hall, renowned as the originator of the role of "Everywoman" in the Savage production and who is the Orpheus star this week in "Dem-Tasse," found an old-time playmate in Portland. He is J. A. Currey, whose name is associated with all of Portland's rose activities. Miss Hall, when a mite of a girl, was next-door neighbor to the Curreys in the Summer colony at Ocean City near Philadelphia.

"Are you the same Laura Nelson Hall with whom I used to ride horseback years ago with my back in Philadelphia?" asked a strange voice over the Hotel Portland telephone last Monday. "I may be. Who are you?" replied Miss Hall. "This is J. A. Currey," was the response. "Then I'm that little girl," said the actress, and the phone hummed with reminiscences.

Then I'll be the dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Currey at their home on Portland Heights Saturday.

Terrible! Terrible! PORTLAND, Nov. 24.—(To the Editor.)—It is terrible to think that even a big rain like this have just had to wait your while for your next month.

The Muts sleep well, conscious of duty well done.

The mercury is getting the Thanksgiving day idea.

SHARP TALK TO SEATTLE "HOOG"

What Has That City Done for Its Own State? Yakima Herald. Seattle is sending into the Yakima Valley each year upwards of 1500 carloads of various kinds of goods which are sold to the people here. This is a tidy little business. And yet Seattle has been indifferent to the Yakima Valley. She has not treated us with anything like the courtesy an ordinary business man treats his customers.

There are many over here who say that Seattle has gone even further than indifference, and has been unkind to us; that she has shown marked partiality to other districts far less important to her in a business way. It is common talk over here that Seattle has taken no interest in our welfare; that she has not insisted that we have what has appeared on our big undertakings, and that she has looked upon us as patrons compelled to patronize whether we would or not.

There are inclined to believe that Seattle has meant nothing by this apparent indifference. We realize that she has been very busy over there, and that she has studied indifference and neglect has been only carelessness. But Seattle must realize that times have changed, and that we are becoming somewhat independent. She must not forget that Portland is coming a little closer to us each year. The opening of the Columbia River by Kootenai off a good many miles from the freight distance between the Oregon metropolis and this valley, Seattle must also take cognizance of the fact that the highway will soon connect Portland and North Yakima, almost on an air line, and that this will again cut the distance, and that the Yakima Valley is loyal, even before they are good business men. They would rather trade with us than with Seattle, and this is not because this will be promoting the interests of the state.

The Yakima delegation will tell the Seattle business men that they will be heard with interest. We have no doubt Seattle will be quick to recognize the importance of the matter. We are sure that she will be quick to show that she is sincere by sending over a splendid delegation to the stock show next week.

NATURE'S ERRORS AND PARENTS

Eugene Correspondent Discusses Life Found in Chicago Baby Case. EUGENE, Or., Nov. 19.—(To the Editor.)—In a well-known city of New England and in a family of refinement and financial comfort lives a babe who is one of "nature's errors." This child is a cripple and in his babyhood was even beautiful, but specialist after specialist has pronounced him hopeless imbecile. Men in the family and the time came when this child had to be isolated to protect the morals of these others. Painful to mention, nevertheless he agreed that a home for the feebleminded seemed the best solution. Applications were made, but no institution would receive this child. Finally one home agreed that if the child could be cured of certain physical ailments he would be considered for admission. The parents, who were of the opinion that this child was capable of learning something, but no specialist, and for months ago labored with the boy, but in vain. This mother realizes now that it was a waste of time and money to try to cure this child, and she is in the first hours of its earthly existence.

It seems to me your argument is better fitted to a Utopian world than to our world as it is. There are many like St. Francis or even if there were enough of such to insure the tender, life-long care of such children, it would be a good thing. There might be some basis for argument, but even then it would be doubtful rather than conclusive to me. Put to you, personally, I would give you my own opinion, but I am not in a position to do so. I am sure that if you would give your own opinion, you would find that it is the duty of another to turn in disgust. You may say this is the business of the parents, but you must know that nature cannot be trusted to see that nature and other relatives outlive a life like that. I have written this merely for the purpose of trying to convince you, individually. Good editors have much to do in moulding public opinion throughout the state, and such an article as that, unchallenged, might do some parents in a quandary to decide such a question contrary to their own better judgment.

On a more careful reading of the editorial in question, I can find that you say positively that this mother and her doctor did wrong; but the inference which many of your readers will draw from it is that it is like that stand. JOS. HARDING.

Auto Speed too High. PORTLAND, Nov. 21.—(To the Editor.)—Three items in The Oregonian November 18 remind me of a remark made by one of the original captains of industry.

When asked what people would think of certain acts on his part, he remarked: "The people be killed or maimed for life." The other item relates to one of our much-needed and much-crated industries, which, it is threatened, would be badly crippled in order to give the visitors to this realm the sight of a more copious flow of water over the scenic falls at Sheppard's Dell. The last item to be loaded on the camel, and then the referendum.

Voting Age and Whale Length. RAINIER, Or., Nov. 24.—(To the Editor.)—(1) If a man has his 21st birthday in December, would he be entitled to vote in the November election? (2) Also, what is the approximate length of a whale? R. H. REYNOLDS.

(1) No. (2) There are many species of whales and they differ in size ranging from a few feet up to 90 feet. The commonly known types, however, range from 45 to 75 feet, some of the males of the sulphur-bottom type peculiar to the Pacific Ocean being 90 feet. The Greenland or Arctic whale averages 60 to 70 feet. The New Zealand whales are about 20 feet long.

Words Expressing Sentiment. DEER, Or., Nov. 20.—(To the Editor.)—Which correct, "I feel miserable," or "I feel misereable." JOSE S. M.

The adjective form is used in words expressing sensation: "I feel miserable."

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Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian, November 25, 1890. The Oregon Improvement Company it is announced is about to go into the hands of a receiver owing to the stringency of the Eastern money market. Joseph A. Simon, of the law firm of Dolph, Bellinger, Mallory & Simon, of Portland, is said to be considered for the appointment. The first rumor of the action came yesterday from Wall Street.

Pierre, S. D.—The Indians have failed to visit his agency on the monthly ration day and this is looked on as a most suspicious circumstance.

Seattle—The track of the Lake Shore road has been completed as far as Anacortes and the first train was sent over it Sunday.

London—Parnell informed several members of the National Liberals yesterday of his intention to resign.

William Holt who was riding his horse to Pleasant Home yesterday sustained severe injuries when his horse fell after going down hill at a rapid rate. Dr. Clark P. Chippendale, Peter Stephens and F. G. Rickert came along and gave him assistance.

L. P. W. Quimby has returned from a bear hunt in Washington County. He brought back the paw of a cub which he says he shot.

William Jackson Armstrong, of Washington, D. C., General Grant's Inspector-General for United States Consulates in Europe, is in Portland and will give his lecture "The Russian Nihilist" at the Tabernacle Tuesday.

In the Eastern States there is a lively argument as to whether Cleveland or Hill shall be the Democratic National leader. Tammany never did like Cleveland.

Washington—Senator Dolph has received word that Sol Hirsch, of Oregon, has shown much tact and ability as American Minister to Turkey.

James A. Herne opened his season at the Marquand Grand last night in "Hearts of Oak." In the cast were Charles H. Clark, P. Chippendale, Marion Abbott, Nellie Reagan, Mabel Winters and Alex Kearney.

Half Century Ago.

From The Oregonian, November 25, 1865. Some of the Eastern papers are agitating the subject of the proposed repeal of the Maine liquor law in the hope of stirring up public sentiment and forcing the popular opinion can be estimated.

The New York Express pays a tribute to Blind Tom, the sightless negro piano player whose music is more arabic and clownish than real art, but which is nevertheless sufficiently diverting to amuse many.

A woolen factory is to be erected on Puget Sound. It is announced a sum of \$90,000 has been subscribed for the enterprise.

John Gawne, who has been shipping cotton direct from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, California, during the last summer has sold since he began business at Owyhee, about 125,000 pounds of flour.

A survey and map have been made and lots are offered for sale at White Bluffs on the Columbia, 100 to 50 miles from Astoria. The projectors hope to draw the travel by their proposed town, that will go to Montana by the Pend Oreille route.

Farmer & Bolter, broom manufacturers of this city, have brought to this office samples of the brooms they are making. They appear to be of excellent quality, much better than those shipped in.

The absence of an adequate ferry across the river to East Portland has been noted the last week and that community has been practically shut off from the West Side.

W. H. Smith and Miss Mary Shane were married by S. C. Adams, November 19, at McMinnville. At Lafayette, Adams tied the knot uniting John P. Lancaster and Miss Lydia Herring November 20.

THANKSGIVING.

Patent Father, God of nations, "Thou hast been good to me, more than others, thou has blessed it. From the bounties of thy hand. Come, all people, strike the rhyme. Round the world let the echo ring, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

In riches and liberties secure, In light from freedom's tower, Streaming o'er our prosperous land, Behold our latent power. Not alone in the East or West, We are our own defensive might. Nor in vastness of our treasures, But in consciousness of right.

Patent Father, God of nations, List to our silent prayer, For though we utter not a word above the great and noble sphere, We are thankful for thy goodness, For thy dealings ever just, For the seed time and the harvest, And for hearts of honest trust. D. A. WATTERS.

Poem in "Les Miserables." TIMBER, Or., Nov. 21.—(To the Editor.)—Will you please print a translation of the poem which appears near the end of Hugo's "Les Miserables." MRS. W. P. MCCLURE.

The following is a liberal translation of the poem: But hasties still remain, And I am going to put an stop to the quarrel in the present public order. Where the beautiful girls go by, tr. ia. i.

Does someone want to play at stilted? The whole ancient world collapsed. Dignity lies in the future, tr. ia. i. Where the beautiful girls go by, tr. ia. i.

Good old people let us with bl. of. of. the crutches break down. This love where the monarchy. Dignity lies in the future, tr. ia. i. Where the beautiful girls go by, tr. ia. i.

We have forced its gates, King Charles the Tenth held out badly. And lost his position. Where the beautiful girls go by, tr. ia. i.

Your Money Back

When you buy a standard advertised article from a reputable storekeeper there is a double guarantee behind it. Both manufacturer and storekeeper stand ready to make good. The customer cannot lose—and ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the advertised article will give satisfaction. Why take chances with non-descripts and "just-as-goods"? Buy from advertising merchants and keep in mind the many trustworthy articles advertised from time to time in this newspaper.