

The Oregonian

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ARE OUR HANDS TIED?

The conciliatory attitude of the British government and the conciliatory tone of comment in British newspapers give every ground for belief that the controversy with this country regarding the hand of war will be amicably adjusted. Yet it becomes us to consider what steps this country might take to bring pressure to bear on Great Britain in case that country should prove obdurate.

One obvious expedient would be the declaration of an embargo on exports to Great Britain and her allies until they complied with the reasonable demands of this country. Great Britain is largely dependent on this country for supplies of food and raw materials, and both that country and its allies are to a considerable degree dependent on us for raw materials.

The possibility of an embargo is not suggested with any expectation, much less desire, that it will become necessary, but for our purposes of showing what is at stake in the Bryan peace treaties here is the matter of the embargo. Those treaties, one of which has been made with Great Britain, provide that, when the two nations fall by diplomacy to adjust a dispute, action by each to enforce its demands by war shall be deferred for one year.

The Postmaster-General is accused by the Railway Age-Gazette of extravagantly overpaying star route contractors on the one hand and of sharply cheating railroads on the other. The former claim, it cites the case of a star route contractor in Arizona who shipped 10,000 pounds of barley over his own route by parcel post and received for carrying it \$22 more than it was worth at its destination.

While this generous with star route carriers, the Government has added only 5 per cent to railroad mail pay on account of the parcel post, and it gouges the railroads in several ways. An electric line with hourly trains was built between two towns, which were served by a steam road with two trains daily.

They reduced the seating capacity of Government ships empty mail sacks by freight train during the weighing period in order to reduce the railroads' compensation during the next four years. It is by such tricks that the Postmaster-General is enabled to show a spurious surplus. The American people do not wish their postal service to make a profit by cheating anybody, even a railroad.

It is by such tricks that the Postmaster-General is enabled to show a spurious surplus. The American people do not wish their postal service to make a profit by cheating anybody, even a railroad. The excuse for these practices is that the railroads formerly lobbied through Congress bills awarding them excessive pay, but it is not permissible to offset one fraud with another.

Before President Wilson had time to be comfortably installed in the White House, he notified the job-hunters that the door of his office was not open to them, but that they would have to see the members of his Cabinet. The distribution of patronage is a vast nuisance. It is more, it is the rock upon which many a presidential ship has split, and one every President has sought more or less successfully to evade.

But it was like many another panacea proposed through a system of statesmanship, not worth one. For President Wilson, like all his predecessors, was either unable or unwilling to surrender the immense patronage of his office to others, and he has been rewarding his friends, and slighting his enemies, in the good old Democratic fashion.

The school children of Springfield, Ill., doubtless do not differ in their methods of recreation from children of other cities. A study of an investigation of school ground play conducted in that city by the Russell Sage Foundation are indication of conditions that exist elsewhere.

A brief report of the investigation, issued by the Government Bureau of Education, reveals that a study of the Bureau of Education officials, it ought not to be difficult to go a step farther, and turn it over to the Senate, where it in part belongs.

Among boys, old-time strenuous games such as prisoner's base, leapfrog, bull in the ring, hare and hounds, and duck on the rock have practically disappeared. About the only outdoor game now known to more than a few of the boys of today is baseball.

But baseball does not occupy the entire attention of boys after school hours. The agency that has crowded games of other days off the school grounds is the moving-picture show. The movies are equally popular among girls, and hide and seek are still indulged in, but standard games like I spy, London Bridge, fox and geese, button button and blindman's buff are played by comparatively few.

It appears from the brief summary of the report given by the Bureau of Education that the investigators do not consider the condition exactly wholesome. It is hardly likely that the newer recreations can, truthfully be charged as injurious to morals. If the influence of the moving-picture is had in any way it is in continued attendance by children to the exclusion of outdoor activities.

The report gives a detailed recreational programme which includes purchase of public school athletic fields, the keeping open of school grounds to 6 P. M., and on Saturdays and during the vacation periods, with paid instructors in charge. To many of the present generation it will seem a thing of the past when their own childhood days, that healthy boys and girls need special inducement to engage in outdoor play.

Enlargement of school activities to include systematic instruction in play throughout the year will invariably arouse objection, as to cost. It may be said, however, that if the playground feature is successful as a competitor of less healthful amusements the parents will save in the long run. But greater economy would be promoted by curtailing the absence of ability to do something that better suits their fancy, children will not neglect the old-fashioned games that brought health and strength to their parents—games which may be played on any vacant lot or on school grounds equipped with elaborate and expensive devices.

look. Even the Baker dream will appeal to sentimentalists. They will never note the trifling fact that no country will ever invade the United States unless we show a spirit of aggression. War is only a means. If the end can be achieved without it, so much the better. Germany nor any other country would send armed expeditions to our soil. She would merely notify us that she wanted something we had—a foothold in Southern America, unrestricted control of the Panama Canal, or something we could not afford to part with without lowering the standard of our civilization and reducing the state of our prosperity.

There is a road field for reform in court procedure in Oregon and it is the intention of The Oregonian to make only a few general suggestions. The details require careful consideration by men in position closely observe the workings of the courts day by day.

Death laid heavy toll on Oregon pioneers during 1914 and thinned the ranks of the men who helped build the commonwealth during the latter half of the nineteenth century. The passing of Seneca Smith a week ago removed one who was an Oregonian by everything but birth and whose whole life was devoted to the best interests of the state.

Those gentle dreamers, the peace propagandists, are beginning to give up the crusading blow given by the outbreak of a world war. Having exorcised themselves with great difficulty from Europe, whither many of the leaders had gone to join the peace crusade, they will in the human family they have rested from their harrowing experiences, lighted the peace pipe anew and set out to dream the obstreperous human creature into more tractable and docile ways.

The first cry following the war was that the present conflict would be the final one. It would sicken the world with war and the last shot would be followed by inevitable disarmament. Members of human nature have found a great solace in this idea. It has provided them with a refuge in the hour of their distress. It is a refuge in the hour of their distress. It is a refuge in the hour of their distress.

Whether they like it or not librarians are obliged by the nature of their business to assume the part of censor. They cannot buy all the books that pour in upon them. They must select. They must select. They must select.

A good history is, first of all one that makes a reasonably substantial effort to tell the truth. It is not to be written in a style that is too literary and too literary, so much the better. A good scientific work is one that gives the results of the latest experiments in readable form if it is designed for the general public.

Why need we fight? Particularly when we can't pay for it much of a right, anyway. A woman over in Chicago starts a new movement, Feminism comes to the rescue. Having had a big part, along with provincialism, in getting us into such a hole, it is only meet that feminism should come to the rescue.

At this stage of her reasoning, a fancy, children will not neglect the old-fashioned games that brought health and strength to their parents—games which may be played on any vacant lot or on school grounds equipped with elaborate and expensive devices. Germany, suspicious of our meek spirit, sends an armada. Troops are landed at New York. Do we fire upon them? We do not. Rather we send them hot mince pies and shrimp salad and they have a jolly time in their Manhattan trenches.

The situation is quickly met by Baker's master mind. He introduces into this delicate situation an editor named Gibbe, who writes a humorous editorial suggesting that the money be paid, saying that the city has been paying tribute to the Irish for the past fifty years and that it is high time to give something to the Germans. This editorial carries the "sense of humor" of the American country by the snicker, then to laugh. They laugh all day. The remainder of the world catches the infection. By night war has been laughed out of existence.

people. That is why children cry for "Cinderella" and grown people cry for "Hamlet," or pretend to. That some of the hungry walls for that imperishable play are crocodile need not impair the genuineness of yours and ours, dear reader. But granted that a novel is interesting, what other qualities should it have in order to deserve the title of "good"? Should it be "moral" for instance? We wish somebody would say precisely what is meant by "moral." We have known people of irreproachable habits who called the Venus of Milo immoral and saw nothing wrong in foreclosing a mortgage on a widow's house. To a great many people of decently clad and decently clothed and nothing else. Let me call it a beauty spot with all the pleasure in the world. But on the other hand if you strip the raiment from beauty they will as resolutely call it an ulcer. Applied to literature this signifies that books are those which tell unpleasant truths, while good ones are such as conceal the ugly side of things and reward the pleasures of life with more or less delicacy. The same rule applies to plays. Ibsen's and Brueux are bad for immoral because they face the facts of experience, while those like "The Quotidian" are altogether lovely because they skin over the truth of the world with patent falsehood.

We think a really good novel must, besides being interesting, be true to life. It need not deal with the unpleasant facts of the world. There are many pleasant ones and they are like a painter, has the right to select his material according to his own liking, but if his selection is such as to give an illusory picture of the world his books are bad. Much as we should rejoice were innocent always safe and virtuous always rewarded, we do not regard it as perfectly well that it is not so, and we know, too, that a person who should act as if it were so would promptly come to grief. Our reading ought not to be of such a nature that it unfits us for living and working in the real world. It seems to us that the worst of our novels are those that appeal to the animal nature, though they are often deplorable, but such as weaken the will and discourage effort by depicting a false world. This was the fault of those old Sunday school tales in which some rich child was always always interposed at the critical moment to succor oppressed virtue. They actually harmed many a youth by exciting expectations which were never likely to come true.

To our mind the ideal book for popular reading is one where a worthy end is attained by fair fighting, where a hero gains his ambitions by the use of his own wits and where chance and coincidence play as small a part as they do in real life. If it shows some little literary style, too, that is a valuable extra, but it can hardly be expected as an ordinary article of diet.

Great Britain offers to buy woolen goods from the United States, but denies us much of the raw wool necessary to supply our own needs. That country forbids export of wool from Australia and South Africa to any other country than the British Isles on the plea of military necessity, although the wool of those colonies is required to military uses and is needed for our domestic consumption. The circumstances have aroused suspicion in this country that the British government is using the war as a pretext for aiding British woolen manufacturers by providing them with abundant raw material while denying the same territory under separate command and suggestion to the United States troops. I wired him that I would withdraw the Texas troops when he sent an equal number of United States troops to take their place. I wired him that I would withdraw the Texas troops when he sent an equal number of United States troops to take their place.

Arizona saloonmen have gone to Mexico in large numbers declaring themselves sickened by the country, they feel different about the time Villa discovers them and begins levying tribute. American field guns are being shipped to Russia. In view of our own pitiful shortage of such weapons it is little short of a crime to let any get out of the country. Now the Russians say they have won another victory over the Austrians. Three months ago they claimed to have the Austrians completely wiped out. We are inclined to discredit the suggestion that the Kaiser will have to retreat, but French and Russian surgeons in consultation when he goes to the surgery. The day we turn the Philippines over to the Filipinos we ought to cut the cable, so our feelings may not be harrowed by what follows.

Colonel Roosevelt is quoted as saying we will have to fight the Germans. The Colonel absolutely refuses to be kept off the front page. The battle zones are tranquil except for occasional outpost raids and a trench sally now and then to keep the soldiers warm. Don't forget to send out a batch of Oregonian Annuals. Let your friends learn more of the wonderland of the Coast.

One of these days one of the combatants will make the mistake of seizing a Standard Oil Company vessel. German culture and British higher morality continue to occupy the trenches in Belgium. The war is now confined very largely to the issuance of bulletins claiming victory.

With Winter closing down in Poland watch the fur fly in France and Flanders. The cave dwellers of modern times live in the subterranean trenches of Europe. No, Edith, the European warfield bears no relation to our own David. Mightily few good resolutions left by this time, we wager. We are still pleading for mercy at Naco. Our climate seems to improve with age. Taxpayers time looms ahead. The ball fan grows restless.

Cabinet and Supreme Court. PORTLAND, Jan. 2.—(To the Editor).—Kindly publish names of members of Cabinet and also Supreme Court for benefit of school children. H. J. WILKES. President's Cabinet: Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan; Secretary of Treasury, William Gibbs McAdoo; Secretary of War, Lindley M. Garrison; Attorney-General, Thomas Watt Gregory; Postmaster-General, Albert Sidney Burleson; Secretary of Navy, Josephus Daniels; Secretary of Interior, Franklin Knight Lane; Secretary of Agriculture, David Franklin Houston; Secretary of Commerce, William C. Redfield; Secretary of Labor, William Baughman; Secretary of War, Josephus Daniels; Secretary of Interior, Franklin Knight Lane; Secretary of Agriculture, David Franklin Houston; Secretary of Commerce, William C. Redfield; Secretary of Labor, William Baughman.

Long Evenings at the Farm. Aitchison Globe. Come now the long evenings when a farmer has ample time to peruse his mail-order catalogue.

DEMOCRATIC VIEW OF PRESIDENT Wilson Administration Denounced as Greatest Failure in History. An interview with Governor Colquhoun (Dem.) of Texas. "The Wilson Administration has been the greatest failure in the history of the Presidency. The South is a land literally flowing with milk and honey. It has made one of the biggest and best crops in its history, and yet, because of the utter incompetency of the men in charge of the Government, its husbandry has been so impaired and thousands of its people are starving."

The Administration's tariff law was pledged to lower the cost of living, and it has had the contrary effect. By putting raw materials on the free list and keeping the protective tariff on manufactured goods, it has condemned the unfortunate farmer to the loss of thousands of pennies, and has enabled the manufacturers, getting their raw materials cheaper, to charge higher prices for the finished product, and both have hid behind the tariff. The tariff has not lowered the cost of living, but it has increased it. The Administration's foreign policy has been a series of blunders. It has allowed England to dictate conditions as to cotton shipments that enabled the English spinners to rob American cotton growers of half their crop. It has allowed England to stop American shipments until the English spinners bought their supply at 6 1/2 cents a pound and stored it in Texas and other Southern warehouses.

The Administration's repeal of the Panama Canal tolls exemption law, in violation of the party's National Platform, was another blunder. It has allowed England, if free tolls had not been repealed, hundreds of American-owned ships, flying a foreign flag, would have benefited from the exemption, and we would today have an American merchant marine competent to supply the world with such merchant marine and to supply the Wilson Administration is proposing to spend the taxpayers' money in buying a subsidized National shipping service. The Wilson-Bryan management of the Mexican affair has been an egregious failure. The Mexican army in Vera Cruz to force Huerta to salute the flag, and have brought it back without getting the salute. It has cost the taxpayers \$500,000 to pay the expense of that ridiculous expedition. For what? What did it accomplish? It set all Mexico on fire, and the only benefit that it has done is to give the United States a large number of Mexicans for one American soldier.

The Federal Government had only 60 troops at Brownsville to cover more than two-thirds of the long border with Mexico. The Texas State troops down there, stationing a company at each of the principal border towns, I instructed the troops to violate the neutrality law, but at all costs to protect the lives and property of Texas people. Secretary of War Garrison telegraphed me that he thought it unwise to have two military forces occupying the same territory under separate commands and suggesting that I withdraw the state troops. I wired him that I would withdraw the Texas troops when he sent an equal number of United States troops to take their place. I wired him that I would withdraw the Texas troops when he sent an equal number of United States troops to take their place.

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A New Year Memory. By James Barton Adams.

The frost, as a blanket of sparkling snow, gleamed bright on the waste of snow. That covered the farms in the old home state in a winter of long ago. And the merry jiggle of bells was heard clear-toned on a wintry night. As the old farm sleigh bore their merry loads of youth in their rapid flight. Away, away to the quaint old church that in modesty long had stood As the Sabbath shrine of the Christian folk at the edge of the grand old wood. And a sacred look was on every face as the folks of the farms sat in That chapel to watch the old year out and welcome the New Year in.

I sat by the side of a rustic lass as the minister, old and gray. In earnest manner a lesson drew from The year just passing away. The sands of our lives were running out, and those whom we held most dear Would have us ever watch as we were watching the dying year. But a new glad life would upon us dawn, as the year now nearing its birth. Would I wed with a glorious light 'twould thrill the souls of the Christian earth. And he counseled all to greet the New Year with gladness, as we would greet The newborn life that awaited us at the foot of the mercy seat.

As we cuddled close in the old farm sled, homebound 'neath the moonlight gleam. The lesson we'd heard from the preacher, we'd never forgot in our hearts. And I asked why we shouldn't greet the year with the gladness of youthful love. With a mutual pledge 'neath the midnight stars 'twould be sanctioned by heaven above. Our hands there met in instinctive clasp 'neath the robe of the baptismal gown. That shrouded us from the winter's killing snow. And I remembered, as we were sealed with a soulless kiss, for others were cuddled near. And far too sacred that precious seal to fall on a Hating ear.

Ah! sweet the memories clustered 'round that ride on a wintry night. When the drummers cracked on the frost-templed snow 'neath the sled in its rapid flight. And glad were the years that have come and gone since the pledge was made, for since the pledge was made, two young hearts 'neath a shaggy robe to tremble with thrill. Our hearts are streaked with the frost of time, but our hearts are as young and warm. As the night when we flew along the road to the old home farm. And I gaze with pride on the wife the words of the minister helped me. That night when we watched the old year out and welcomed the New Year in. —James Barton Adams.

THE LUCKY FATHERLAND. I went into a drug store To buy a box of pills. And found the price had risen. 'Twas only a few cents more. And when I asked the reason, 'Twas told, with candor free, 'The stuff these pills are made of All comes from Germany.' I dropped in to another place To get a can of paint. But the price the clerklet asked me Quite threw me in a faint. I asked him why the higher price, And, looking straight at me, He said, 'It's chief ingredient Must come from Germany.' Paraffin oil, our doctor says, Is good for you to take. For any ills we really have, Or those we choose to fake. I bought a pint of that oil, and he said, 'The reason given, 'This oil is made Only in Germany.'

So now I fully understand Why prices here are high. And why they will remain so Until the clouds roll by. The pinch will surely continue. Shopping will be just a pain. Because the things we've got to have All come from Germany. No matter what you are buying, Nor what you think is for, The price here will be tilled skyward. 'Because, sir, of the war.' And if, in fact, it's made in Maine, Or down in Texas, or anywhere, 'This came from Germany.'

RECORDS IN JUDGMENT. Edwin Markham, in Washington. The crowning mark of the Elect— Know who believe beyond rebuke The Gospel and the Pentateuch, Know that the Northmen were the effect Of 'taste with Christ the mystic wine.' Then search the face of him you doubt. And that will let the secret out. Explore the face, and do not spare. The Book of Life is written there. And would you know the other host, Those that profane the Holy Ghost, Those who in the Ancient Word 'The seers upon the mountain heard.' Then search the countenance, and trace Their heresies upon that face. That hidden line that loveless line. Are records in the Judgment Book. The truth is written and writ plain. Whether we be for Christ or Cain. —T. T. Geer.