

A PERSONAL LETTER TO THE KAISER.

Reprinted from "Every Week" and Published by Request.

(By Bruce Barton.)

My Dear Wilhelm:—This is the second anniversary of the beginning of the war, and we are both of us hoping that the end will come before another anniversary. So I think I ought to write and tell you something of what has been going on in America.

Of course I know that you have been hearing regularly from Ambassador von Bernstorff; but Mr. von Bernstorff is in a difficult place to secure any real information. He is in Washington, completely surrounded by politicians; he never meets common Americans. It is easy in Washington to get the idea that the American people are very much interested in politics and politicians, whereas the truth is that we care almost nothing about politics and absolutely nothing about politicians. We love our wives and are interested in our business, and want to raise our sons to be a little better men than we are; and while we aren't too proud to fight, as your English cousin George can tell you if you ask him to look up his records, we do think that a lot of fighting can be avoided if one doesn't take politicians like yours and our own too seriously.

You and I were pretty good friends, Wilhelm, before the war. Of course I used to laugh a bit at you on the quiet. But it was the friendly sort of laughing I have for Teddy. You and he—painting pictures, writing books, pretending to know more about everything than anybody else knows about anything—you're a good deal alike, you know; I laughed at you, but I liked you just the same. In spite of all your peacock struttness, you have created and inspired the most marvelous efficient nation that the world has ever seen. You have abolished poverty; you have so arranged your social system as to take care of a very large population in a very small country; you have made it possible for every man to be sure of a job, and of a comfortable instead of a dreadful old age. You have eliminated loafers and made life a happy experience for your people. No other ruler has ever done so much, and my hat was off to you for it.

I was forever writing editorials to point out how much better you run your schools and your cities and your business life than we do. Now, as we get toward the end of the war, the question is, How can you and I become friends again? For the war has strained our friendship a good deal, Wilhelm; I wouldn't be frank with you if I tried to pretend otherwise.

I'm going to discuss the beginning of the war, and my advice to you is not to discuss it either. Most of the fellows over on this side blame you for it and nothing that you can ever say will change their opinions. They say that the ultimatum which Austria sent to Serbia was a brutal document; that it was meant to be so worded that Serbia couldn't possibly accept it, it was meant to start trouble. They still believe and always will believe that you could have held Austria off if you had wanted to; they think that if you had known that England was going to enter the war you would have held her off. And so they blame you, Wilhelm; you got off on the wrong foot with them at the start.

I partly agree with them, but I go back a little farther than they do. I realize the position you were in. There you were with a population that was outgrowing your country. Bismarck never believed in colonies, and shut you off from getting any good ones when the good ones were being given out. And when you did get around to it, all that was left was a few swamps in Africa—everywhere else you looked in the East you found England quietly entrenched; and over here, behind the Monroe Doctrine, were we. You've had diplomatic setbacks right along ever since the Congress of Berlin. Two or three times you've "rattled your shining sword," but each time the powers have stepped in and made you back down. It just looked to you as if the only way you could get a "place in the sun" was to fight for it. And you thought that 1914 was the time. You were ready, and every year France and Russia were getting readier; every day that passed made you comparatively weaker; 1914 was your year.

But this is past and gone. I'm not going to spend the rest of my life hating you because you started the war. And the best thing you and I can do is not to discuss it.

I'm going to pass over all this stuff about Kultur, too. Some of our fellows over here have taken that very seriously, but I haven't. When your professors and preachers and you yourself talk about Germany's Kultur, about her divine mission to spread her superior brand of civilization over the world, I just laugh. Because I have heard a hundred freshly picked college graduates talk just exactly like that. Every boy who comes out of college, if he amounts to anything, has a deep-seated conviction that the world is pretty much wrong and that he is peculiarly set apart to put it right. It's because Germany is just a college graduate among the nations that she talks like that—just a vigorous, lusty youngster who has studied a little to hard and not playing football quite enough. When Germany is older, she will understand that every nation feels itself divinely ordained to perform a mission in the world; she will know that the highest Kultur belongs to that nation which boasts the broadest tolerance. There never was a nation so insignificant or so debased that its people, deep down in their hearts, didn't believe that they were a bit better than any other people in the world. The most civilized nation is that one which, without forfeiting its own self esteem, is quite happy to allow every other nation the same comforting illusion.

When I was a boy ten years old, Wilhelm, each of the families that lived beside us had one of your fellow countrymen as a coachman. They were Prussians; they had decided they would rather be coachmen in a country where they could walk on the grass if they felt like it than to dwell in a land where too many things were verboten. And, generally speaking, they were pretty useful citizens. I remember once, though, that we got into a snowball fight—the two men against the ten-year-old boy. And I remember how they chased me across the open lot, throwing hard, icy snow balls; and how they stood one on either side of me and continued to throw, after I was flat in the snow, and how they laughed when they saw me cry.

It's funny, Wilhelm, but I had forgotten all about that boyhood incident until the day when the Lusitania sank; and then suddenly, all in an instant, it flashed over me again. We've read very attentively everything that has been sent out from your side about the Lusitania, and I think we're broad enough to give you credit if any was coming to you. You claimed the Lusitania was armed, which you know was not true. She did carry munitions, but she also carried women and children, and you knew that also. The submarine commander was under orders; he had no discretion; it was not his to ask, but to act.

And yet, Wilhelm, this is the ample truth: If that commander had been an American instead of a Prussian, he might have fired his torpedo, but he would have managed somehow to miss; and he would come back to port and taken his punishment like a gentleman. You may not believe it; you may not understand it; but it's true. No American would have sunk a boat full of women and children; no American theatre audience would have cheered at jokes about it; no American school children would have been given a holiday to celebrate such a sinking. We aren't just built that way, Wilhelm, and if you and I are going to be friends again, you've got to make an effort to understand that.

There have been atrocities enough on both sides in this war, God knows, and we, over here, are no Recording Angels, to sit in judgment upon either you or England. We have read everything that you have published about England's atrocities; and we would like to believe that everything England has published about you is untrue. But, unfortunately, Wilhelm, we have the bitter testimony of too many Americans who have been serving the wounded in France. Only a few days ago an American author whose accuracy I have had occasion to test many times, sat and talked with me in my office. He has been working as a stretcher-bearer in France, and he said:

"We don't wear the Geneva cross any more. It makes too good a mark for the German sharpshooters." Then he told me how he saw a German aeroplane circle over a French hospital tent, glaringly marked on top with red crosses, and how the aeroplane descended within a few hundred feet and dropped a bomb in the center of it, scattering its helpless occupants to the four winds.

When a man whom I knew as well as I knew Dr. Grenfell of Labrador comes back from his hospital in France and makes statements like these in the Outlook, we simply have to listen.

One of our doctors who was taken prisoner in the retreat from Mons was allowed to come back after ten months' imprisonment. Among other tales of horror he told us, I remember his saying that for inadvertently neglecting to salute a non-commissioned officer, the officer was ordered to come up and strike the doctor. The officer hit him under the jaw, knocking him right down. The doctor told us that a private had been bayoneted for resisting such brutality, and that he himself offered no resistance.

An old fisherman friend, lying wounded at Yarmouth, told me that after a submarine had sunk his sailing boat and turned the four men adrift at sea, the Germans fired a few shots at them as they rowed away. He was hit through the thigh—an unarmed fisherman.

A little boy of twelve, in a school kept by an American lady near Brussels, cried out "Vive la France" to some passing soldier he took to be French. They halted and shot him at once.

"Are the Germans cruel?" Dr. Grenfell was asked, and he answered: "Systematically so. It is a part of 'frightfulness'."

Perhaps our reports of your frightfulness policy have been colored by the awful tension of men's minds; we hope so, Wilhelm. But we can't forget that after the Boxer outrages you ordered your soldiers to conduct themselves that no Chinese would ever dare to look a German in the face again. Our own soldiers remember how yours acted in that day; and I remember my Prussian coachman.

Putting it as kindly as I can, it still seems to me that in your passion for efficiency you have developed in the Prussian character a certain ruthlessness that gives scant regard to the rights of the weak in the world. And, Wilhelm, it's going to be hard for you and me to really become good friends again until you change that in the character of your people—until I can feel that in my business with them I am going to have a square deal, regardless of my physical power to enforce it.

It was Russia that had started the war—and our people believed it. Then, when you were checked at the Marne, it was perfidious England who had leagued the nations against you. To crush England—that was the real reason for the war. And your people believed it.

Now it's for the freedom of the seas that you must take Verdun—and your people apparently still believe.

But in dealing with me, Wilhelm, after the war, if you'll lay the cards face up on the table right from the start, we'll get on a good deal faster. Business, Wilhelm, is nothing but credit. That's old stuff, of course, but true. Money is only scraps of paper; all I've got to show for my life savings are a few scraps of paper printed in green ink and red. When you were fighting France in 1870, and had her army penned up against the Belgian frontier, she surrendered rather than regard her treaties as mere matters of convenience. That little remark about "scraps of paper" and the careless way in which your press bureau handles facts (that funny note, for instance, about the ship you sunk being some other ship than the Sussex—you remember, the note with the foolish little drawing), things like that made me wonder whether you are fundamentally a truthful citizen, or whether you are only truthful in so far as it suits your convenience. I just can't help it, Wilhelm.

There are a half dozen little things, Wilhelm, that have sort of estranged me from you; but I'm going to pass them over, because I want to get the big things set right first of all. And the other big thing that sticks in my crop is this: I can't understand at all why a nation which professes to want peace as much as you do should have to fill the houses of its friends so full of spies. When your troops marched into Belgium, the well-to-do Belgian woman looked out of their windows and saw in the front ranks, leading the way, the very men whom they had entertained as guests. They had used the sacred cloak of a guest's privilege to ferret out and report to you all the household secrets of poor little Belgium.

How far does this system extend in the world, Wilhelm? I don't know; and the very fact that I don't know makes me afraid. Our factories have been blown up and our ships sunk, our bridges and railroads menaced. Of course, you have explained through von Bernstorff that this was done by fanatics and not at all by your orders. Yet why did the explosions cease all at once after we had finally given von Bernstorff notice that our patience was exhausted and that we were on the point of sending him home? If nobody ordered them to start, who ordered them all of a sudden to cease?

If you really wanted our friendship, Wilhelm, was it tactful to blow us up? And if you really want us to take you at face value hereafter, won't you have to begin right away to throw this spy system out? It puts the poison of suspicion in my heart, Wilhelm. How can I know who is a spy and who isn't? It makes me wonder every time a man named Schwartz or Hinderberg calls on me whether he is going to lift some private papers off my desk when he goes out. And when my friend Hensel comes over to have dinner at the house—though I've known him for years—I just can't help wondering when he admires my new rug, whether he's thinking how nice it will look in his house when his friends in uniform arrive.

It may be a foolish way to feel, Wilhelm, but I can't help it. I've got some dandy German friends over here I love them; I want to keep on loving them. Don't you see what a terrible injustice you are doing them, when you make me wonder all the time whether they are, in fact, all that they seem to be, whether they are really and truly my friends, or only pretending to be my friends because it will boost your game? For the sake of our future business relations you simply must let me know where you stand on this spy question. Life is too short to do business if one must keep one hand on a revolver and be looking into a mirror all the time.

It isn't I alone who feel, this way. All over the world people are feeling nervous because of the wonderful efficiency of your system of spies. Only last night I was reading about the fight in Holland's Parliament over the admission of twenty-six Germans to citizenship. Holland has always been proud of her hospitality; she has opened the doors of her citizenship freely. But these twenty-six applicants were your countrymen.

"We have a right to know the real motives of these men for requesting a change of nationality," said Mr. Van Dorh, the leader of the opposition.

Was it because they really wanted to become citizens of Holland, or was it a part of a well worked out plan of "peaceful penetration?" Holland wouldn't have asked that question before the war; she took your countrymen at their face value. It is the revelations of your spy system that have changed her attitude from frankness to suspicion. Don't you see what an injustice such a system does to Germans in every corner of the world? Can't you understand how it is going to make it hard for them to do business anywhere? Don't you owe it to them, Wilhelm, to put all your efficiency at work now in cleansing that suspicion from the thought and memory of the world?

want to know whether God didn't call them also for something better than merely dumbly doing what they are told.

It's coming, Wilhelm; I'm trying to get you prepared for it by easy stages. I call you Wilhelm. But some private soldier is like as not to walk up to you and slap you on the back and call you Bill.

I've tried to keep hate out of my heart in this war. I don't hate you; but we aren't the friends we were once. I—speaking of myself and my crowd of about a hundred million—used to buy a lot of goods made in Germany, and I can buy a lot more. I want to be friends. I don't want to hand down to my son a distrust or bitterness against any nation in the world. But, Wilhelm, right now, before the war is over, I think you ought to begin making up with me. If we're going to do business together as we used to, I've got to know that you're telling me the truth; I've got to know that you are going to be just to me in accordance with desert, not merely in proportion to my weakness; I must know that while you are calling on me in my parlor your friends aren't around at the back door corrupting my cook.

I don't suppose Mr. von Bernstorff has ever told you about me at all. But there are a great many million of me, and the subjects that you and von Bernstorff correspond about—politics internal or foreign—really don't amount to a hill of beans with me. What I'm interested in is, How are you and I, Wilhelm going to be friends again?

Freight Rates Low; Wages High.

While receiving lower freight rates per ton per mile than the railways of any other country in the world, except India, the railroads of the United States pay higher wages than the railways of any other country in the world, except Western Australia. Says the Railway Age Gazette in an analysis published in its current issue of a bulletin just issued by the bureau of railway economics giving comparative statistics of the railways of the United States and of 33 foreign countries, representing seven-eighths of the world's railway mileage.

The article also points out that the capitalization of the railways of the United States, \$65,861 per mile, is less than that of any of the principal countries of the world, and is only from one-third of one half as great as the capitalization of the railways of the principal countries of Europe. In the only country having lower freight rates than the United States, viz, India the cost of labor is so little as to be almost negligible, and the only country in which railway wages are higher than in the United States is western Australia, where the average freight rate per ton is almost twice as great as in the United States.

Danger Signal.

If the fire bell should ring would you run and stop it or go and help put out the fire? It is much the same way with a cough. A cough is a danger signal as much as a fire bell. You should no more try to suppress it than to stop a fire bell when it is ringing, but should cure the disease that causes the coughing. This can be done by taking Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Many have used it with the most beneficial results. It is especially valuable for the persistent cough that so often follows a bad cold or an attack of the grip. Mrs. Thomas Beeching, Andrews, Ind., writes: "During the winter my husband takes cold easily and coughs and coughs. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best medicine for breaking up these attacks and you cannot get him to take any other." For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

MARIE L. HOLDEN Teacher of Piano. Assistant to Mrs. E. E. Koch. Lessons given at the home if preferred. Terms reasonable.

H. T. Botts, Pres., Attorney at-Law. John Leland Henderson, Secretary Treas., Attorney at-Law and Notary Public.

Tillamook Title and Abstract Co. Law, Abstracts Real Estate, Insurance. Both Phones. TILLAMOOK—OREGON.

Beat it with a FISH BRAND REFLEX SLICKER Keeps out all the wet DEALERS EVERYWHERE Waterproofs, Absolute. are Marked thus— A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON

Basket Tossers in Action.

The first basket ball game of the season is scheduled for next Monday night, Dec. 11, when the teams of Salem High School and the local high school meet at the old opera house.

The Tillamook boys have been working hard for the coming game, and those who attended the football game between these two schools know what to expect from the local boys.

Other games have been scheduled for this season, some of which will be played in the Willamette valley. A series of games with Garibaldi and Bay City have been arranged and a very exciting and interesting basket ball season is expected.

The hall has been rented by the high school this year and it is being repaired so that it will be comfortable for spectators.

Community Christmas to be Observed

Here is the first announcement of the big Christmas event for Tillamook. It will be in the form of a municipal Christmas tree at a prominent corner in the city, which will be elaborately decorated and will be accompanied by an appropriate program. The committees who are responsible for carrying the proposition through to a great success and extensive enjoyment are as follows: Program—Prof. R. W. Kirk, Miss. Hazel McKown, Mrs. W. J. Hill, W. E. Noyes, Frank Dye, Mrs. Carl Haberlach, and one person from the Christian church not yet reported.

Tree and decorations—W. J. Hill, C. J. Edwards, E. J. Claussen, Rollie W. Watson, Henry Crenshaw and Mrs. C. C. Curtis.

Publicity—Fred C. Baker, C. E. Trombley, L. V. Eberherdt and Mrs. Fred Burton.

Finance—F. R. Beals and Erwin Harrison.

These committees are called to meet at the city hall Tuesday evening, Dec. 12, at 8 o'clock.

Local Charity Work to be Placed on Permanent Basis.

The following resolution was presented at the union Thanksgiving service last week, which explains itself.

"The Churches and other organizations interested in the general welfare of the community, believe that the charitable work undertaken should be carried out in an organized way so the waste and misapplication may be kept at a minimum throughout the field of their activity, being assembled representatively in the annual Union Thanksgiving Service, November 30th, 1916.

"First, that a permanent organization having for its purpose the bearing forth of the idea expressed by the title The United Charities of Tillamook be effected before the Christmas holidays of 1916."

"Second, that the plan of organization shall consist of a representative Board of Directors, composed of not to exceed three persons, men or women, from each church or other affiliating body.

"Third, that the pastor of each church and the president of each other affiliating body shall invariably be one of the three permissible representatives in each case.

"Fourth, that each church or other organization, proposing to unite in the movement, shall within a week from this date choose its representatives who are to be permanent members of such proposed Board of Directors, on the basis of term service to be determined upon adoption of governing rules, for which such chosen representatives shall have full authority, and also for the adoption of the policy which shall lead to the effective accomplishment of the purpose of the organization."

Some of the representations are not yet reported. Those already named are as follows:

M. E. Church—Rev. A. G. Lacy, Mrs. F. R. Beals, D. L. Shrode.

U. B. Church—Rev. R. G. Supierlin, Peter Heisel.

Christian Church—Rev. C. C. Curtis.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. E. Youel, Mrs. W. B. Alderman, E. M. Bales.

Catholic Church—Rev. Van Clarenbeck, Mrs. S. S. Johnson.

Commercial Club—Fred C. Baker, C. J. Edwards, and Thad Robison.

Civic Improvement Club—Mrs. C. J. Edwards, Mrs. W. W. Harrison, Mrs. Fred Burton.

Any other church or organization desiring to cooperate are requested to select their representatives in accordance with the above resolution, and be present at the first meeting of the Board to be announced at an early date.

I am in the market at all times for your baby calves—Smith "The Calf Man,"—Both Phones.

NOTICE.

Don't forget to call at my store, when you do your Xmas shopping. A few suggestions for Xmas gifts.

Dressers, Dining chairs, Rocking chairs, Dining tables, Roll top desks.

Over 60 satisfied customers have my ranges.

Various other articles suitable for Xmas gifts.

ALLEN PAGE'S STORE

Football on Thanksgiving.

There's only one way to report a football game and that's with a moving picture machine. The thrills aren't contagious on paper and you've got to pay your little stipend and stand on the line if you want to get the full effect. There was a hundred million convolutions, twists, wiggles, smashes dives, trips, numerals etc., and the best we can do is simply to give our impressions of the game played between the local high school and the Firemen on Thanksgiving day. Most of the players took home several impressions varying in color from an indigo blue to an African black, not to mention irregularities in anatomy, but what we have in mind are the impressions of the spectator which are happily not quite so elemental. In the first quarter they just naturally jabbed one another back and forth over that field without getting anywhere. It was the beef that held the High School in that quarter, for the Firemen were completely flammergasted for wind and the Captain couldn't speak the sign above a whisper. The second quarter was about the same as the first except that both sides were getting its second wind and using their surplus energy to grab one another by the heels, hair or other appurtenances. As usual some of the papa rooters shed all kinds of crocodiles right here, but they failed to observe any of the rough stuff that the High School boys tried on the Firemen. Both sides put stuff across that wasn't creditable but in the heat of the game a man is apt to bear more or less ill feeling toward his opponent who has succeeded in breaking his head even tho it is done according to the rules. In the third quarter, Captain Driscoll of the Firemen got his Dutch up near the enemy's firing line and the High School got the 2 and only points that won the game. The fourth quarter was another surging affair, with charges and counter charges. The score should have been an 0-0 affair. Taken as a whole the playing of the Firemen averaged up better than that of the High School. They should have won the game for they had more of the factors of victory on their side than the High School.

The high school has a few players who are really in a class by themselves, but the average isn't where it ought to be. It is rumored that two teams will play another game on Xmas day. If they do, and the firemen will get out and do some grilling in the meantime, they ought to prove a safe bet.

Those Firemen can play football as well as fight fire, ask the T. H. S.

ASTOUNDING REPORT FOR TILLAMOOK.

The wife of a merchant had stomach trouble so bad she could eat nothing but toast, fruit and hot water. Everything else would sour or ferment. One spoonful buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ika benefited her instantly. Because Adler-ika flushes the entire elementary tract it relieves any case constipation, sour stomach or gas and prevents appendicitis. It has quickest action of anything we ever sold. J. S. Lamar, druggist.

Notice of Completed Contract.

Notice is hereby given, That the City Engineer has filed with the undersigned his certificate of the completion and his approval of the work, under certain conditions, of the improvement of Fifth Street from the East side of St. Iwell Ave. to the West side of Second Avenue East, under provisions of resolutions for establishment of Local Improvement District No. 7 and that on Monday the 18th day of December, 1916, at 8 o'clock p. m. at the City Hall in Tillamook City, Oregon, the Common Council of Tillamook will consider the acceptance of said work.

Dated this December 5th, 1916

Ira C. Smith, City Recorder of Tillamook City, Oregon.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The owners of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one drugged disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is cancer. Cancer being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Cataract Medicine is taken internally and acts upon the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative power of Hall's Cataract Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address P. O. Box 117, Canton, Ohio. Sold by all druggists 70c.