

THE OKLAHOMA CITY TIMES

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Published every evening except Sunday. Friday is continuation of daily and weekly. Business Associated Press Report.

THE TIMES COMPANY

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Entered as second-class matter Aug. 27, 1910, at the post office at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Eastern Representative: Robert Mac-Quinn Co., Inc. Room 1016, No. 12-18 East 26th Street, New York N. Y. Western Representative: Horace M. Ford, Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF OKLAHOMA CITY AND COUNTY. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily per week by carrier \$1.00, Daily per month by carrier \$3.00, Daily per year by carrier \$30.00, Saturday special \$1.00, Weekly per year \$1.50.

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USURPING SAM BLYTHE'S PRIVILEGES.

Failing to find anything humorous in the European war, it appears now that Irvin S. Cobb, the fat humorist of the Saturday Evening Post, stands accused of having faked an interview with Lord Kitchener. Probably he did not know that Lord Kitchener is a mighty hard man to interview, and the worst of it is that he has usurped the privilege of Samuel G. Blythe, another humorist employed on the same magazine.

It has been declared repeatedly by Mr. Blythe that he quit drinking, and presumably he has since that time been no temptation for him to exaggerate to a noticeable degree. It is not recorded that Humorist Cobb ever drinks or that he ever quit, but he is a Kentuckian by birth. It is barely possible that this fact may account for the lapse, if it is a lapse.

A few days ago Cobb was in Germany, eating and drinking with the German officers. They wanted to fill him full, apparently not only of war news, but everything else in sight. Instead of being thrown into prison like other correspondents, Cobb was invited to eat with the German officers. While it is true he did not get a photograph of himself in the act of eating with them, he drew a beautiful pen picture of the event.

Then he apparently jumped over to the British side, where Sam Blythe was working, and just a week after Blythe had told how secretive Kitchener was Cobb sent in an interview with him in which he was made to appear as giving up his innermost thoughts and other things relative to the war.

It is apparent that Colonel Cobb has made a serious mistake, but whether it was in faking the Kitchener interview, if he did fake it, or scooping Colonel Blythe on his own run we are unable at this time to determine. That is a matter which naturally comes before Col. George Harce Lorimer for determination. At any rate, the gentle reader is beginning to learn that he must also take the war news in the magazines as well as the newspapers with a grain of salt.

GIVING A PEDESTRIAN SOME RIGHTS.

This is the day the pedestrian on the downtown streets comes into his rights—if he stays in the safety lanes. It may be that with practice in the past many pedestrians in this city have become artful dodgers and that they have learned such footwork as would be useful to them in a prize fight or a football game, but they will not have to practice it hereafter.

Within the danger zone, defined as Second street on the north, California avenue on the south, the Santa Fe tracks on the east and Hudson avenue on the west, the pedestrian may cross any of the streets in perfect safety by staying within the safety lanes. That is, if the law is enforced, and it is the intention of Mayor Grant to have the policemen with flat feet enforce it.

Heretofore the humble person afoot had to skip when he saw the proud and arrogant automobilist approaching. The pedestrian took his life in his hands and carried it across as best he might, depending on providence and his own agility.

Now the law of the city steps in and says he shall not be subjected to such dangers. The arrogant automobilist must give way to the humble person who walks, if he is inside the safety lanes. Hereafter the automobilist, the reckless driver of the delivery wagon and even the daring and sometimes criminal motorcycle rider must look out for the pedestrians in the safety lanes.

And there are some rules, too, for those who walk. They must not spit on the sidewalks. They are not expected to stand in the middle of the street and gossip with their friends. They will not be allowed to block the street traffic for that purpose. They must not cross the streets in the danger zone except in the safety lanes.

STARTLING REPORT MUST BE FALSE.

A day or two ago a dispatch from Amsterdam via London announced that the German governor of Brabant had demanded \$7,000,000 a month from the Belgians in his province for the maintenance of German troops and that a war levy of \$75,000,000 had been placed upon Belgium generally as a "penalty for violations of neutrality" by that state and for losses ensuing therefrom to Germany. It is hard to believe that such a report can be accurate, even though it may seem to come from a reliable source.

of individuals for which they cannot be regarded as jointly and severally responsible.

Of course these provisions might be dodged, but any impositions like those reported would be essential infractions of The Hague obligations. Moreover, and this is the more practical point, such a course of oppression if generally known would effectually and justly alienate from Germany any sentiment in her favor that may exist in neutral countries.

It would be a justification of all that nation's worst enemies are saying concerning her supposed ruthlessness, heartlessness, barbarism and faithfulness to obligation. The money received would be money obtained at cost of great permanent injury to Germany. No explanations would be accepted.

CANADA'S POSITION IN THE WAR.

Former President Taft's interpretation of the Monroe doctrine naturally attracted much attention, especially in Canada, to which he particularly applied his observations. It could not be unimportant to our neighbors that such a high authority on American foreign relations should construe the basic tenet of this country in international law so as to conclude that the famous doctrine would not be violated by a German invasion of the dominion.

The Toronto Globe, which represents one of the two Canadian political parties, accepts without qualification Taft's enunciation of the American position. It says that he is beyond all question correct in his declaration that as Canada has become a belligerent country the Germans have a perfect right to land troops on Canadian territory and occupy it during the war. But it adds: "Such territory would have to be vacated after the war is over, not because holding it perpetually would violate any rule or principle of international law, but because the United States could drive them out of America and would undoubtedly do so."

It is a little strange that Canadianists, who thus frankly recognize the contingent interest the United States has in their actions, should have been so oblivious to it when they were staking that interest with their own by going into the war. It was emphasized back in August this dual relation of the dominion and the great desirability that an agreement should be reached in advance of the hostilities by which Canada's neutrality and integrity would be guaranteed, but the time has passed now for such negotiations. All that remains is to await the outcome and to hope that the awkward problem will never be presented for solution.

EFFECT OF WAR ON LITERATURE.

William Dean Howells, dean of American authors, has come out with the emphatic assertion that war stops literature. "I have never believed," he said, in a recent interview, "that great events produced great literature. They seldom call forth the great creative powers of man. In poetry it is not the poems of occasion that endure, but the poems that have come into being independently, not as the result of momentous happenings. This war does not furnish the poet, the novelist and the dramatist with the material of literature.

For instance the Germans, as every one will admit, have shown extraordinary valor, but we do not think of celebrating that valor in poetry. It does not thrill the modern writers of bygone centuries. "When we think of the valor of the Germans, our emotion is not admiration, but pity. And the reason for this is that fighting is no longer our ideal. Fighting was not a great ideal, and therefore it is no longer our ideal."

Were not the name of Schiller attached to "The Robbers," few students of literature would care to peruse that work today. There is plenty of fighting, plenty of bloodshed, plenty of wickedness and plenty of goodness in the play. The same might be said of Goethe's "Gotz von Berlichingen."

We shudder at the cost of war. Thirty or forty years ago we liked to read about sieges, battles and the heroism of the warriors who upheld the banners of their countries. The change from a leaning toward the peace which may be secured through arbitration is noticeable. Because there is detestation of war, poets, novelists and dramatists are likely to find their chief inspiration in the realism of everyday life in time of peace.

RESUMING BUSINESS WITHOUT NOISE.

The New York stock exchange resumed its business on a moderate scale without the least disturbance and without any excitement.

The situation reminds one of the great debate that took place in 1879 when it was resolved to resume specie payment on January first of that year. The resolution had been taken as early as in 1875 and the secretary of the treasury directed to accumulate coin to pay off greenbacks as fast as they were presented for redemption.

When the resolution was taken the greenback was at a heavy discount compared with gold and the opposition party ridiculed the notion that redemption could be accomplished on a particular day years ahead. Some said it was like resolving to alight from a balloon to a certain place, no matter how high in the air the balloonist might be.

Nevertheless the money was accumulated in the treasury for the purpose of redemption and when January first came around no greenbacks were presented and the nation resumed the specie payments without the slightest jar of any description in the wheels of business.

The stock exchange has not resumed business fully, but there was so much fear of disturbance that it began only with dealing in bonds and for cash, and already nearly all who are interested in finance perceive that it is perfectly safe to resume business to the full.

Subscriptions to Austria's war loan amount to \$600,000,000. It is not known whether any of this sum will be used to buy absorbent cotton for the treatment of wounds or whether all will be used to arrange for new wounds with which to appeal to the sympathy of America.

The first eastern official against whom the recall is being worked is John F. Hurley, mayor of Salem, Mass., and as he persists in defying public sentiment with a luxurious set of sidewhiskers, little sympathy will be felt for him.

An Ohio expert predicts rubber roads in the no distant future. What some of the speed maniacs need more is rubber telephone poles.

PEANUTS IN THE ROASTER

Those who took a close interest in the recent campaign doubtless noticed with regret the equality that was engendered between men who previously had been friends. They were neighbors, perhaps, and soon companions before a discussion of the issues caused them to hate each other.

In my neighborhood two old friends ran for the same office. The place they sought was insignificant and the emoluments would not pay the cigar bills of either of the aspirants, yet they fought each other to the last ditch to use a campaign expression which has not yet faded from my memory.

Before the nominations were made we called one of our neighbors Bill Mullins, but now he is known as the Hon. William Mullins, having been elected to the insignificant office. His opponent was Pete Cahill, but Pete is deemed to go on through the years without any prefix to his name, having been defeated.



During the campaign the other neighbors used to hang around in the vicinity of their homes a great deal of the time and several nights we had a poll-woman stationed on the corner within easy calling distance. Our idea was to be present at any chance meeting of the opposing candidates and prevent them from ministering to each other.

We had every reason to believe they would shoot each other at sight. That impression was created by the political speeches they made in the campaign. Bill started it by branding Pete as a grafter and horse thief. He said he had positive proof that his opponent was one of the worst characters in the city.

To say we were surprised expresses it too mildly. We had been associating with Pete for years and had not suspected that there was anything wrong with him. Bill himself had been one of Pete's closest friends since they were boys. They lived in the same block and their families were together every day. The next night we went to hear Pete.

And about that time the women began to take an interest in the campaign, which made everything worse than ever. When the women take an interest in a campaign and tell each other all they know about the candidates it means nothing more nor less than a scandal.



As we feared would be the case, somebody had told Pete of the slanderous assertions made by the opposing candidate. Pete is a spellbinder, having lived in Kansas, and he proceeded to discuss the character of Mullins. When he had finished the audience stood convinced that Mullins was a dangerous man to be at large. He was charged with having committed scores of crimes, any one of which should have landed him in McAlester for a life term.

Affairs continued in this condition until the day after the election, when Bill and Pete met for the first time in several weeks. All the rest of us were present at the meeting, having stationed ourselves where we could rush in between them and seize their weapons.

The first thing they did was to shake hands. Then Pete slapped Bill on the back and let us all in the direction of a cigar stand.



"Bill," he said, "you beat me to it this time, but if the campaign had lasted another week I'd have had you skinned."

"Maybe you would," said the Hon. William Mullins. "You had me going some."

In our neighborhood we have come to the conclusion that we worried needlessly. We know now that Bill Mullins and Pete Cahill didn't mean anything by their public utterances each other. In the campaign each grafter, but they were simply following a time-honored custom.

When I saw the two last night Bill and Pete had no cigars, but they sat close together and were Fletcherizing the same plug of tobacco to beat the band. RICHARD S. GRAYES.

WANT TO VOTE ON CITY GOVERNMENT?

A request has been made by the Taxpayers' Efficiency League that the voters of the city express their choice on the form of city government that has been proposed and will be submitted in the form of a charter amendment at the next election. The voters are requested to sign one of the coupons and mail it to the headquarters of the league.

THREE COMMISSIONER FORM. The undersigned citizen and voter of Oklahoma City favors reduction of the number of city commissioners to three at salary of \$250 per month each, or \$9,000 per year, instead of \$18,400 per year for five as at present, the three commissioners being required to take active charge of the executive work of their various departments, in addition to their legislative work, and failure to do so being sufficient cause for recall and removal from office.

COMMISSION-MANAGER FORM. The undersigned citizen and voter of Oklahoma City favors a commission-manager form of government for the city under which several commissioners, serving without salary, will do the legislative work of the municipality and employ a competent manager at a salary not to exceed \$5,000 per year to look after the executive work in all departments.

THE TAXPAYERS' EFFICIENCY LEAGUE. Room 1206 Colcord Building, City.

Form with fields for Name and Address, and a note: "The names signed to coupons will not be published. The voter is requested to fill out coupon and mail it to THE TAXPAYERS' EFFICIENCY LEAGUE, Room 1206 Colcord Building, City."

DELLA GOES TO WORK

When she was two years old Della began to dream of going to work. She knew that she would have to go—probably when she was fourteen. That was when all the members of the Novak family went to work. There were three girls and three boys older than Della and six or seven younger. Mrs. Novak was a tired, prematurely aged woman. Della's father was a tired, prematurely aged man, who only smiled dejectedly and stooped his shoulders a little more at each fresh arrival. So in such condition you simply had to go to work as soon as the state law would let you. The younger girls are expert in pushing older ones out of the nest. And somehow, though the three girls and three boys were at work, the family larger grew no fatter. The more they worked the more they seemed to eat and they had to have clothes to work in.

Thinking of the clothes, Della sometimes thought that work would be endurable. There was a certain red dress for instance that she had long wished for. But no work would never be endurable. Della was a born bungler. At home, in an atmosphere not critical to say the least, she was constantly in trouble. At the grocery store, she tripped over crates. Once at the butcher shop she had tipped over a tray of fish. Once at the deli-counter, she had spilled accidentally a big bowl of brown beans and scooted in terror before the big German woman's fury.

Together and separately her older sisters and brothers had warned Della that when she went to work she'd have to change her propensity. Della listened quickly. How could you change a propensity that you had been born with and never been able to lose? That was the gist of her thoughts, although her mental process of reason was beyond their vocabulary. To her relief the age limit was raised for her. When she reached the maturity of fourteen, her tired, prematurely aged mother acquired typhoid fever, and later supplemented it with pneumonia. Two older sisters and a brother had married and acquired Larres and Penates of their own. Housekeeping and nursing fell upon Della. Housework included mending, feeding, bathing and disciplining the ravenous Novaks. But she didn't mind. She gladly postponed her cash girl career.

She was sixteen when it was finally decreed that she should go downtown to work in the same department store in which her sisters had been employed. They were named by her ungrateful attitude "and believe me," said the oldest, "you got it easier than I did. Not a soul did I know—not even the right street car to come home on, without asking a policeman every

brothers-in-law and the one to be added by Anna in a month were poor fluds! Della had no great opinion of matrimony as an institution, anyway. She couldn't see that it meant anything but children, work, and penury.

"I never let the other girls keep a whole dollar when they started," her mother bribed softly. In the months of sickness Della had grown a bit dumber to her than the careless others. "I don't want it," mournfully, "I'll get fired first day."

"No, you won't. Anyway," the mother impatiently replied, "you'd have to get another job at another store."

Della shivered. She knew that if she were fired—horrible fate—she would never have the courage to try another job in another store.

Her sister Anna, who was staying home for the last month before her wedding in order to sew, took her down town and up to the application room. Della shivered at the long rows of applicants, the cross-looking men in the shiny oak-trimmed offices, the businesslike heaps of ledgers, the swift darting elevators and haughty elevator boys. She pulled back when they stepped out of the third elevator after the third trip to a trim office. Anna impatiently urged her on. "Rush!" she abruptly said. "You make me tired! After me getting you \$4 a week instead of \$3, just because the manager never had no complaints about my work. Here!" Then Anna handed her over to a grim young man who was in charge of a dozen other girls. Della did not look at anything but the hems of their skirts. She felt that Anna, now going down in the elevator, had basely thrown her into a den of lions. She felt her knees give way. She wondered if drowning were a hard death. Some said it was not. Because, if she were fired, as of course, she would be, rather than go through this ordeal again she was resolved to straightway jump into the lake. And then her brothers and sisters—

"This way, all you new bunch," called the grim young man. "Here! He pulled the green slip from Della's hand. She vaguely remembered that a cross man in an office had given it to Anna, who had put it in her hand. "You're for the basement notion. And you," nodding at a girl with yellow hair, Della followed them abjectly.

She tried to explain. night for a month. And here I've introduced you to two floorwalkers and a lot of the girls. And they'll be good to you, because, if I do say it myself, not many girls could handle a bargain crowd like I could. And I'm sure I'd rather be back in the store this minute than staying home week after week slaving in a flat. Baby! She paused in horror to pull a nail from her seven months old's mouth as it sprang on the floor.

Della thought to herself that she would, too, if she were married to the big, sulky, glutton whom her oldest sister had promised to love, honor and obey. And she listened meekly when her brothers sarcastically wanted to know what she'd prefer for life—a Morris chair or a reclining carriage. She tried to explain that it wasn't work she was afraid of, but they couldn't understand. So finally she gave up explaining. "You can keep a dollar a week," her mother told her anxiously. "I hate to make you, but I can't make what your father gets and the two boys reach. And, dearie, your sisters got their chances to get married down at the store."

Della restrained a sniff. It was Della's private opinion that her two

wishing suddenly that her own hair was not brown and that her black eyes were blue. They went to the basement. Della's knees no longer trembled. Her breath came fast. In the basement the grim young man led them to a tall, spectacled woman, who was dusting the notorious counter. "Two new ones, Miss Gray."

Della bit her lips to hide their trembling and looked around to see the nearest exit. With the girl of yellow hair she somehow slid in behind the counter, took the cashbook handed her, culped her name and heard her number. Then suddenly Miss Gray was called away.

Della raised her eyes and met the blue ones. "Are you experienced?" gulped the girl, owner. Through the gulp quivered a scared sob.

Della opened her eyes in glad amazement. "No, no. Are you?" "No."

Then Miss Gray came back and finished the instructions and initiation. Della swung airily home that night with all the aplomb of a business woman. "Well, did they swallow you?" asked a brother, sarcastically. "You don't look like a suicide."

Della blushed. How had he guessed her secret intention. "Oh, it is nothing to go to work," she said radiantly. "There's a girl there I met. We're going to be chums. She's got yellow hair. And her brother runs an elevator there. And he lets us in," giggling. "Even when it's too crowded for the other girls. And, say, Anna, with my dollar this week I'm going to buy four yards of pink satin. If you would cut a waist out I can make it. And with my dollar next week there's a gray satin shape. It is marked down 'cause the season is over." breathlessly. "And Belle—that's her name—says I look swell in it. And her brother says—"

"So soon?" said Anna, mockingly. But the mockery was not unkind, and only Della's mother heard her say it. And Della's mother looked tenderly at Della.

"I like to work," said Della meekly. "I wish I'd started a long time ago."

ABOUT OUR CELEBRITIES. Edward A. Schmidt of Philadelphia was re-elected president of the United States brewers at the recent convention in New Orleans.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels, in an official "communication," announces that the official spelling is "dreadnaught," not "dreadnought."

Andrew Carnegie, in a recent address, said he hoped to go to heaven through his attempts to be of service to his fellowmen, but that he had doubts about it.

Governor Major of Missouri has just had four of the degrees of Scottish Masonry conferred upon him. He has been a member of the Masonic fraternity since he was twenty-one years old.

William J. Bryan came nearest to being president of the United States on July 4, 1912. On that date Mr. Bryan was acting president during the absence of President Wilson and Vice-President Marshall.

President Woodrow Wilson has given it out that the usual state reception and dinners at the White House this winter, including the New Year's reception to the public, will be abandoned because of the death of Mrs. Wilson.

Egbert G. Jacobson of New York is the winner of the \$200 prize offered by Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association for the best poster appropriate to woman suffrage. Mr. Jacobson's design was one of eighty submitted by artists all over the United States and was the unanimous choice of the judges. It represents the noble head of a woman with lictors' rods behind to represent civil authority and the motto, "Equality is the sacred law of humanity."

Ask This Man to Read Your Life. His Wonderful Power to Read Human Lives at any distance amazes all who write to him.

Thousands of people in all walks of life are benefited by his advice. He tells you what you are capable of, how you can be successful, who are your friends and enemies and what your good and bad points are in your life. His description as to FORTUNE, FLEETING AND FUTURE EVENTS will astonish and help you. ALL HE WANTS is your name (written by yourself), age and sex to guide him in his work. MONEY NOT NECESSARY. Mention the name of this paper and get a Trial Reading FREE.

Her Paul Stahnman, an experienced Astrologer of Ober Newseader, Germany says: "The Horoscope which Professor Bizroy worked out for me is quite according to the truth. It is a very clear and comprehensive piece of work. As an Astrologer myself I carefully examined his planetary calculations and in every detail is perfect, and that he is up-to-date in his science. Baroness Hingstedt, one of the most talented ladies of Paris, says: 'I thank you for my Complete Life Reading, which is really of extraordinary accuracy. I had already consulted several Astrologues, but never before have I been answered with so much truth, or received such complete satisfaction. With sincere pleasure I will recommend you and make your marvelous talents known to my friends and acquaintances. If you want to take advantage of this special offer and obtain a review of your life, simply send your full name, address, the date, month, year and place of your birth (all clearly written), state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss, and also copy the following verse in your own handwriting: 'Your advice is useful.' So thousands say. I wish success and happiness; please show me the way.' If you wish you may enclose 10 cents (stamp of your own country) to pay postage and clerical work. Send your letter to BOXING Dept. 2702-A, No. 24 Grove Street, The Hague, Holland. Do not enclose coins in your letter. Postage on letters to Holland, five cents. (We are informed that Prof. Roxroy's Office is open as usual and all letters are safely delivered and collected in Holland.)