

The Oregonian

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter, June 15, 1881.

TELEPHONES.

Editorial Rooms...106 | Business Office...107

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By Mail (postage prepaid), in Advance, 1 Year, \$3.00; 6 Months, \$1.75; 3 Months, \$1.00.

POSTAGE RATES: United States, Canada and Mexico, 10 to 15-page paper, 10 cents; 15 to 32-page paper, 15 cents.

FOR SALE: In Los Angeles by R. F. Gardner, 509 So. Spring street; in San Francisco by J. K. Cooper, 210 Market street.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Generally fair; variable winds, mostly northerly.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, DEC. 25.

The argument of Secretary of War Root before the Senate committee on military affairs, urging the immediate passage of the Army bill, ought to be effective; would be effective before any other body than the United States Senate, but a legislative body so narrow-minded and mercenary as it has proved itself to be...

The tactics pursued by General Dewey in South Africa are so effective that it is fortunate for the British Government that they were not adopted by General Buller against Lord Roberts and General Buller. The present Boer campaign in both the Transvaal and the Orange Free State is simple enough.

The English Generals have not yet been able to force an action, capture the enemy or destroy his organization, and the situation in the Cape Colony Dutch to insurrection. Their first three years was a year ago, when Buller was beaten at Colenso and Methuen had been repulsed by Cronje.

Although many of the methods suggested for reforming vice are impracticable, they serve an indefinite end which all of us aim at but which we differ as to the means of attaining.

that in our extremely artificial environment progress must be a conscious object of achievement, and that public measures must be in the interests of social development, and not solely of individual advantage.

A writer down river remarks in the following querulous vein: Why should the citizens of Portland object to the extension of common-point rates to any resort town? Can she not maintain her position and her place as a resort town?

In spite of the efforts of humanitarians in her behalf, covering a period of many years, Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman who languishes in Aylesbury prison under conviction of having murdered her English husband, will spend another Christmas day in gaol.

There are people who have percolated bits of morality, which they reveal by denouncing their own community, as standing in the way of progress.

There are people who have percolated bits of morality, which they reveal by denouncing their own community, as standing in the way of progress.

There are people who have percolated bits of morality, which they reveal by denouncing their own community, as standing in the way of progress.

ing drawn in October, 1888. Lotteries were not deemed immoral in Washington's day, for he bought tickets openly and they were a source of revenue to colleges, to towns, as well as individuals.

There is no more gambling in Portland as there was ten years ago we do not believe; it was a "wide open" town then, for the police was then in notorious partnership with vice and crime.

The report of the State Mine Inspector of Montana has an interest as a statistical document that is by no means confined to that state.

How many people who condemn Condemned and Minister Vull's utterances against the "godless" and "atheistic" tendencies of the modern world, who cry for punishment of the Chinese and next day at Sunday school teach passive resistance, submissiveness and non-resistance?

It is better that such a desperate criminal should be shot and killed by a policeman, an agent of the law in the line of duty, than that he should live to prey upon the community.

There are people who have percolated bits of morality, which they reveal by denouncing their own community, as standing in the way of progress.

It leads nowhere; it tells nothing; it only serves to suggest topics that are better left alone; it tends to confuse, in many minds, the perceptions of right and wrong; it is radically diseased; and the better it is acted the more pernicious it becomes.

With the beginning of the new year four expeditions are going to the region of eternal frost. The north pole—that object of the popular imagination and grave of many gallant dead—is to be sought anew.

Secretary Root is a plain, logical business man and with a good understanding of human nature. His estimate of the Army canteen is in evidence in these lines. He takes men as he finds them, not as the reformer would have them, and estimating them as individuals.

While engaged in an act of highway robbery Tuesday night John ("Red") Corbett was recognized by a policeman named Edward J. Grady.

William Whitney in New York Tribune. The comedian, William Warren, sometimes told a story of an old farmer in New England whose wife had been for thirty years an invalid, and who would inquire why she made her bed on the floor.

There are people who have percolated bits of morality, which they reveal by denouncing their own community, as standing in the way of progress.

POEMS FOR CHRISTMAS READING

Bethlehem. Ruth McCreary Stuart in Harper's Magazine. O Bethlehem, starred Bethlehem, O Bethlehem, star of the Christmas Eve.

The Intangible Pole. Frosen North the Unseen Goal of Every Expedition. Chicago Journal. With the beginning of the new year four expeditions are going to the region of eternal frost.

Christmas Bells. Martha McCulloch-Williams in Frank Leslie's. Christmas bells, Christmas bells, ring out your merry peals.

Christmas Song. E. H. Sears. Calm on the listening ear of night, Come heaven's melodious strains.

The Dance of the Christmas Trees. Florence Evelyn Pratt in Punch. The Christmas trees are dancing in the parlour, Where Jack Frost greets us as still as a mouse.

Killing Criminals on Sight. Does Much Good and is "Almost Righteous". Chicago Chronicle. While engaged in an act of highway robbery Tuesday night John ("Red") Corbett.

A Christmas Dance in Dixie. Frank L. Stanton in Collier's Weekly. Er'er Abram, now de cabin de chuse de de chuse de light.

Whitney's Little Joke. It May Point a Moral for Certain Very Nice Newspapers. The rumor, which is being revived, that William C. Whitney and Lillian Russell are to be married.

The Better She is, the More Dangerous She Is. William Winter in New York Tribune. The comedian, William Warren, sometimes told a story of an old farmer.

Pleasantries of Paragaphers. It often happens that people sing jubilantly at church, "We shall know each other there," who refuse to know each other here.

Khartoum as a Health Resort. For the coming season, and as long hereafter as fashion may decree, Khartoum will be the winter rendezvous of the most aristocratic.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Good morning, have you been held up? It's a good story that lasts till the day after Christmas.

The telephone service—well, wouldn't that keep you waiting? Richard Croker has had an operation performed on his neck.

The Boer losses are always so heavy that the British never count their own. Christmas football games will make lively casualty columns in the newspapers tomorrow.

It is now up to General Dewey to announce that he will sail his Christmas dinner in London. This is the one day of the year when it does not require the entire family to get the small boy out of bed.

If any man wants to be the greatest thing that ever happened in the 19th century, he will have to get a move on. Now doth the end-eyed father Pull safty strike his chin; 'Tis his Christmas presents Will soon be come in.

Having studied under W. R. Hearst, Bryan ought to be able to conduct a newspaper as advertised for some of hers. Only two were forthcoming, and both were notes to the Ellysee halls.

Perhaps Uncle Sam will find in his stocking this morning that \$300,000,000 indemnity he has asked China for, in which case he can give the Sultan that \$300,000,000.

An Indiana woman wanted a divorce because her husband offered to sell her for \$2. If he had made the price \$2 she would, of course, have felt entitled to two divorces.

Mrs. Thiers, wife of a former President of the French Republic, has been described as a woman whose mental food was her cook book. Later revelations seemed to corroborate this statement.

Thomas M. Costello, a member of the New York general assembly, has prepared and will introduce a bill which he hopes will do away with labor strikes should it pass.

In one of the scenes of "David Harum" a horse stands outside in the rain. It is a very real appearing horse—so real, indeed, that many of the audience believe it to be a bona fide animal.

Ex-Alderman William A. Baumert of New York, sailed from there on May 15 last on a pleasure trip. On the fifth day he put in an empty champagne bottle in his card, on which he had written: "Twenty-five dollars reward for the person returning this card—W. A. B."

THE OREGONIAN, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1900.

The Oregonian is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the publisher, 106 Commercial street, Portland, Oregon.

The Oregonian is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the publisher, 106 Commercial street, Portland, Oregon.

The Oregonian is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the publisher, 106 Commercial street, Portland, Oregon.

The Oregonian is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the publisher, 106 Commercial street, Portland, Oregon.

The Oregonian is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the publisher, 106 Commercial street, Portland, Oregon.

The Oregonian is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the publisher, 106 Commercial street, Portland, Oregon.

The Oregonian is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the publisher, 106 Commercial street, Portland, Oregon.

The Oregonian is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the publisher, 106 Commercial street, Portland, Oregon.

The Oregonian is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the publisher, 106 Commercial street, Portland, Oregon.

The Oregonian is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the publisher, 106 Commercial street, Portland, Oregon.

The Oregonian is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the publisher, 106 Commercial street, Portland, Oregon.

The Oregonian is published every day, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the publisher, 106 Commercial street, Portland, Oregon.