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TODAY'S WEATHER-Generally fair; vari-

# 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 narrowminded and mercenary as it has proved itself to be by its practical defeat of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty through its fatal amendment is not likely to pass the Army bill without further debate. Secretary Root's argument in favor of the retention of the Army canteen is unanswerable, but the action of the Senate on this measure will be, like that of the House, dictated by demagogic considerations rather than sound public policy. Of course, the Government would not be in an embarrassing millitary situation today if the United States Senate had not been controlled by Democrats and Populists in 1898, who refused to extend the term of service of the short-term regulars and the United States Volunteers beyond July 1, 1901. The probability of the present situation was then pointed out by the Republican leaders, but to no purpose, and so today we are in danger of disgraceful failure and violated public faith in the Philippines,

The tactics pursued by General Dewet in South Africa are so effective that it is fortunate for the British Government that they were not adopted by Generals Joubert and Cronje against Lord Roberts and General Buller. The present Boer campaign in both the Transvaal and the Orange Free State is simple enough. The British Army is two-thirds of it composed of infantry, which the Boers were powerless to resist in its advance over the veldt, with its plains traversed by streams. It was leading Boer cities and towns, but this occupation compelled the Boers to leave the streams and plains and take to the mountains, from which they descend on the British forces at every opportunity that represents an advantage. The British mounted troops are not Boers; they are not equal to the Boers, man for man, as marksmen; they can only march about half as fast, because least double the load for his horse represented by the Boer horseman. The Boers never stand and fight except when they have a sure victory in their

The English Generals have not yet been able to force an action, capture the enemy or destroy his organization, and the situation affords another Illus. tration of the original blunder committed by the home War Office when it falled to see that an army of mounted irregulars who were marksmen could not be caught and rounded up by infantry. So long as Dewet can secure horses for his men, forage, food and ammunition, he will be successful until he is run down by a greatly superior British mounted force. The purpose of Dewet is to rouse the Cape Colony Dutch to insurrection. Their time to rise was a year ago, when Buller was beaten at Colenso and Methuen had been repulsed by Cronje. They did not rise then; they certainly will not rise when insurrection is hopeless. When the British mount their infantry in sufficient numbers to stop all the "earths" of the fox, Dewet, the war in South Africa will be over. Meantime Boers is sure to degenerate into mer cities conflict on both sides. In Dewot's battle of the 25th ult. three Boers were tried for firing on the British after having surrendered, and shot for their treachery. A wounded Boer de-Ilberately shot a young British officer as he stood by his side, and was bayonoted on the spot.

Although many of the methods suggested for reforming vice are impracticable, they serve an indefinite end which all of as aim at but which we differ as to the means of attaining. It welfare as an object of individual and public solicitude. Whereas, up to the ford opened his new gambling-house, very modern present the social process was entirely unconscious, now it is the opposite. Whereas laws were ordained, systems of government formulated and regulation of vice and crime dictated greatly improved, and gambling as a by personal selfishness, now public interest is the comprehensive motive and Our social organization has ceased so far to be blind and organic that it has become purposive and de-

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. Thus our destiny is in our own hands if we shall but work it. A number of worthy people are offering their conceptions of reform, which are mutually inconsistent, but which have the same approximate purpose. Out of the flux of their opinions will be evolved the best instrument for working that purpose, although the individual suggestions which will be fused into it are themselves inadequate.

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 sesport town? Can she not maintain her commercial supremacy without placing her heal upon the neek of every community that at-tempts to do business outside of her limits? This policy never mised a man above his fellows, and will prove a lasting blight upon

We had a sort of hifalutin idea that interests of Astoria, Warrenton and Flavel were not factors in the common point logomachy. We were seduced to believe that the Lower Columbia had arguments to offer instead of towns to build. We were inveigled into the misconception that the worthy people near the ocean had money to make for producers and commerce, instead of for themselves. We were invested with the false notion that they were pleading for the Interior Empire, and that they had such lofty and profound faith in their contention that they were willing to let their interests work out their own salvation. We labored under the assumption that commercial ambition was nothing beside commercial advantage. We were almost persuaded that Portland's side of the argument was selfish, in comparison with the superlative and inscrutable altruism down river. But the above remark unveils the other face of the Janus and reveals the secret of an incomprehensible mystery. It shows why so many common point effusions pour out from down river.

In spite of the efforts of humani-

tarians in her behalf, covering a period of many years, Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman who languishes in Aylesbury prison under conviction of having murdered ker English husband, will spend another Christmas day in durance. The case of Mrs. Maybrick has been one of international battledore and shuttlecock for years. She has had many champions in America who have been firm in the belief of her entire innocence of the charge of poisoning her husband. Among these was the late Miss Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamllton), who made an eloquent plea, strong in sympathy and honest conviction, if not in logic, for the release of her countrywoman. Each succeeding Home Secretary has, however, been as deaf as his predecessor to every plea for mercy in her behalf, refusing to recognize in it a plea for justice. It is now stated that there is no possibility of Mrs. Maybrick's release as long as Lord Salisbury is Chancellor of the realm. His lordship having a stubbern British resentment against a former Chief Justice to gratify, takes this means, it is said, of revenge. However this may be, and it is probably an exaggerated statement, it is evident that Mrs. Maybrick's prospect of release from prison has not improved with the years. After all, her life is probably not more miserable than if she had fulfilled to the end the part she assumed in becoming, for mercenary consideration, the wife of a besotted man, of disgusting appearance and habits. many years her senior.

#### PUBLIC OPINION RESPONSIBLE FOR GAMBLING.

There are people who have periodical not difficult for the British Army to standing for a moral condition which sweep over the veldt and occupy the has been growing worse until it has now reached a very low depth of depravity. The Oregonian does not agree with these prophets of present evil and coming woe. Portland is a city of 100, 600 people that is remarkable for its orderliness, peaccfulness and abstemiousness of its inhabitants. Its improvegreatly in numerical excess of the ment in these respects in the last ten years has been very great. Drunkenness is so rare that a man may walk our streets for days without encounterthe British trooper equipped means at ling an example of it. The sanitary condition of the city has greatly improved. Specific complaint is made concerning the prevalence of the gambling vice. So far as the vice itself is concerned, it is impossible of extirpation, and difficult of regulational control, because there is really very small aggressive public opinion behind the hostility to the gambling evil. It is an interesting historical fact that this has always been the case. Thoughtful men in every age have discussed and denounced the evil of gambling, but the hostility of public opinion to gambling has never been vigorous, as has been the public opinion which early made alcoholic intemperance oflous.

The drunkard as a subject for jest and satire is as old as literature, and gambling, too, is a very ancient vice. Its implements are found in the oldest Egyptian tombs. Loaded dice have en found in Pompell. Chinese gambling can be traced back as far as 2300 B. C. The highest civilization of antiquity recognized gambling as a great evil. It was forbidden under the Roman law, and the term aleator, of gambler, was one of reproach. In spite of the edicts leveled at gambling and the severe legislation against it, the Romans were exceedingly addicted to it in the latter days of the Republic and of the empire. Cicero was as fond of gambling as the great English orator and statesman, Fox, and the Emperor Augustus Caesar was a passion ate dice player. The ancient Germans were inordinately fond of gambling; like the American Indians, they would hazard all their wealth upon a throw of the dice, and this kind of gambling went on unimpaired in England in popuiarity until Elizabeth's time. Gambling was the popular vice of the highest classes in the eighteenth century. The sister of General Braddock, killed in the French War, lost all of her foris well that so many regard the public tune at cards in a month, and hanged herself at the age of 23. When Crocktermed a club, in 1827, the Duke of Wellington was one of the subscribers. Since the advent of Queen Victoria, the

public vice passionately indulged has

public morals of the upper clauses have

ing drawn in October, 1836. Lotteries were not do-med immoral in Washington's day, for he bought tickets openly and they were a source of revenue to colleges, to towns, as well as individunis. Now, it is clear that gambling, whether in its illegal or legalized forms, has never had to encounter as vigor ously hostile a public opinion as intemperance. It soon became bad form for gentleman to get drunk, but it can hardly be said today that it has even yet become bad form for a gentleman to play cards for money. There has always been a deeper public indifference to the gambling evil than there has been to the drink habit, chiefly because the drink habit is a noisy vice that advertises itself by offensive words and actions in public, in crimes of

That there is as much 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. We do not believe that in any respect Portland is other than a fur better city than it was ten years ago, and we do not believe that the gambling evil is as prevalent as it ten years ago. Nevertheless, we do not blame the agitators who denounce the gambling evil for not being content with the statement that "there must be a public graft of a private graft." There cannot be a private graft unless the Police Board chooses to permit it, for they could break any policeman high or low, who attempted it.

On moral grounds, the "public graft' is indefensible; for that means practically licensing a business which is already an outlaw. The real reason the gambling evil is practically "licensed" because the bulk of the business men are opposed to the extinction of gambling-houses. They believe that "gambling-houses make things lively." The gambler's dollar is "a nimble sixpence." In Scattle nearly ten years ago the reform ministers found out that the business community of which their own churches were comosed were really backing the gambling business, because they believed it brought trade to town that otherwise would go to Portland or Spokane. The men who gamble could not protect the gambling-houses a moment; it is the business community that does not gamble that protects the gambiers, whom the Chief of Police, the Mayor or the

#### MIGHTY MONTANA.

tomorrow.

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. Rich in minerals of various types and grades, as are all the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States, as well as the great, practically unexplored territory of Alaska, Montana, as shown by this report, produces 23 1-3 per cent of the copper output of the world, and 61 per ent of the output of this country. This is the more wonderful in view of the fact that the development of the copper industry in that state is scarcely more than a quarter of a century old. While twenty-five years ago gold, silver, lead and copper and been discovered in various sections of the state, or the then territory, of Montana, work in minerals was confined chiefly to placer gold mining. "Much was hoped for in those days," says the Inspector of Mines, "but the most sanguine never dreamed of such accomplishments as the period since that time has wit-

Marvelous as has been the development of the mineral resources of Montana in this interval, that which has been accomplished serves to show that this mineral industry is yet in its infancy. Included in the possibilities in this development, which every year reduces to certainty, are the constantly his of morality, which they reveal by improved methods in mining. Ores that a few years ago were deemed worth less are now worked with profit, and the vast bulk that is constantly being discovered and unearthed justifies the confident statement of mining experts that the mineral wealth of the state is

practically inexhaustible. Referring to the official figures, w find that the total mineral product of Montana for 1839 reached the enormous value of \$68,567,807 54. In this aggregate of mineral wealth copper led with a record of 246,602 pounds, the value of which was \$40,941,905 74; silver, which is to a considerable extent by-product of the copper production, came next with a coinage value of \$21,786,834. The gold product of the year amounted to 233,126 ounces, with a value of \$4,819,156 %. In addition to these, the lead product was 20,344,750 pounds, the value of which was \$909,410 32, bringing the value of the four metals mined dur ing the year up to the total quoted, and showing an increase over the preceding

year of \$17,128,240 39. A notable feature in the prospertty that attends the development of mining properties is the influx of a large labor population. This, together with the fact that good wages are the rule in Montana mining camps, should lead to contentment and constant acceleration of numbers in the ranks of labor. Experience, however, demonstrates that contentment is not always an accompaniment of good wages, and this has proved true in the mining districts of the Middle Northwest. Still, mineown ers of Montana have been more fortunate than those of Idaho in confining discontent among their employes to demonstrations of the more harmiess sort, and as a result there have been no great strikes or property wrecks in the copper camps of Montana like those that have disgraced the Coeur d'Alene regions of Idaho and retarded progress

in its sliver industry. While, as above shown, Montana's mineral resources are varied, copper is king, not only in the industrial, but-as shown in the political annals of the state during the past few years-in the political life of the state. A more even -that is to say, a more general-development of the vast and practically untouched areas of this great state-but now a wonderland among the waste places of the continent-will regulate matters of this kind in due time by destroying the abnormal balance in the scale of wealth and political influence that has resulted from what may be termed a one-sided development of resources. In the meantime, while creating individual wealth in enormous sums through mining industries, the state has earned sufficient repute in agriculture, in stockraising, in horticulture, in dairying, in whatever, indeed has been undertaken by her citizens, to

Frank H. Morris, Auditor for the War Department, who was killed Saturday, fell a victim, it seems, to the fact that he was so hard a taskmaster as to require from each clerk working under him a good day's work for good day's pay. A disgruntled clerk, had become partially incapacitated for work through overindulgence in liquor, and whose pay had in consequence been reduced, shot and killed the man whom he accused of disrating him, refusing, as is usual in such cases, to see that he himself was to blame for this result. There is a temperance lecture more powerful, because more practical, than any ever delivered by John Gough, in this statement. drunkard is being eliminated from the industrial life of the Nation, more slowly, perhaps, in clerical and subordinate positions under the Government, than in other vocations, but still he is passing even from these. It is unfortunate that valuable lives are now and then sacrificed to the insane resentment of the drunkard in this process of elimination, but this seems to be a feature of the process which cannot be entirely controlled. So far from retarding this movement, an event like that chronicled in the murder of Frank H. Morris in Washington must accelerate it.

Nature has been pursuing a relentess war of extermination against coyotes, and now human effort is engaged in supplementing the process. But it is not demonstrated by experience that the latter agency will diminish the number of the varmints, however much the attempt may be successful. Eastern Oregon will accept this statement as a dispassionate, disinterested fact, and not as an argument against the sheep industry. Nature has been engaged in the process for a very long time, but in destroying some coyotes by famine she has made it easier for the survivors to subsist on a reduced food supply. It may be that our scalpbounty law is doing no more than sparing nature her Winter cruelty.

Secretary Root is a ptain, logical business man, and withal a good judge of human nature. His estimate of the Army canteen is in evidence in these lines. He takes men as he finds them, District Attorney could pinch to death not as the reformer would have them, and, estimating them as individuals with wills of their own, he considers that the abolition of the canteen would drive soldiers out of the post exchange where they are subject to salutary restraints to the demoralizing and vici surroundings outside of Army posts. All sensible persons know this, but some good people fail to recognize it, so blinded are they by their detestation of

The Multnomah delegation is said to favor the consolidation of several county offices as a legitimate means of reducing the official expenses of the ounty. This is well. Let us have an Auditor that audits, and a Recorder who writes up the records. And let the Municipal Court do its full share of petty legal business, to the end that ie Justice Court may be dispensed with. We have too many purely ornamental offices. So says the Taxpayers' League, and "so say we all of us."

fort out of the example of Jefferson, When the sire of Democracy was temporarily eclipsed by Hamilton, he bided his time and went into retirement. Bryan is like his prototype to the extent that he has followed the precedent, but his finale may be different, Jefferson built up a party of his own Can Bryan go and do likewise?

How many people who condemn Confucianism and Minister Wu's utterances know what they condemn? Are the good Christians who cry for punishment of the Chinese and next day at Sunday school teach passiveness, submissiveness and non-resistance?

Adequate provision must be made for our Army if we are going to play the role of a great Nation successfully. No argument can make this fact piainer. Its simple statement is enough.

Cudahy is probably the only rich man on earth who has a son worth \$25,000.

#### LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS. The Better She Is Acted the More Dangerous She Is.

William Winter in New York Tribuse. The comedian, William Warren, som times told a story of an old farmer New England whose wife had been for New England whose wife had been for many years an invalid, and of whom an inquiry was made as to her condition. "Sine is sick," he said. "and she's been sick a long time. I wish she'd get well or-or-or-something." A kindred aspiration is prompted by the recurrence of the consumptive French courtexan. Camille. This bectic and calorific female, who has been livered in the consumptive french courtexan. Camille. been lingering at the point of death for about half a century, solicited the public attention last night, at the Garden Theater, and again intimated that the Erring Sister, however much she may deviate into loathsome vice, can still remain capa-ble of "love," and can still exemplify the sublimity of renunciation. She was impersonated by Sarah Bernhardt, whose embodiment of her is measurably familiar to this community, and who, at least makes her artistically, clean. There is no smell of the medical dispensary about this performance; the emotion of it, espe cially in the collegny with that conven-tional wooden-headed frump, Mr. George Duval, is sympathetic and persuasive; the demeaner of it, the explosive scene with the belligerent Armand, is duly agonized and hysterical; and its simulation of and hysterical; and as deathbed sufferings is refined and pa-thelic. The most poetical, womanlike and hetic. The most poetical, womanlike and outhing impersonation of this part that has been given in America is that given by Modieska; but Barah Bernhardt is, for all practical purposes, in this embodi-ment, a sufficient type of the Gauthier kind of woman.

Many words on this old and indelicate subject would be tiresome. It ought, nowever, to be said that Marguerite Gauthier is not representative, but exceptional, and, therefore, not illustrative and not pertinent, in any consideration of the question that is suggested by the play in which she figures. The vice of unchastity vulgarizes and degrades its victims, even when they start from an average condition of virtue. Most of the females who lead victous lives appear to do so because they are, by nature, coarse and low, and because they prefer evil and like it. The exceptional woman, even at the worst of her frality, may retain the original fiber of a fine character and may prove capable of heroism. Nobody doubts that, and nobody denies that, as to all sinful persons the great and sacred virtue of charity imposes a solemn duty. But this is a theme that ought not to

minds, the perceptions of right and wrong; it is radically diseased; and the better it is acted the more pernicious it

### THE INTANGIBLE POLE. Frozen North the Unseen Goal of

Chicago Journal.

Chicago Journal.

With the beginning of the new year expeditions are going to the region of the region.

The north pole—that With the of eternal frost. The north pole—that objective point of many visionaries and grave of many gallant dead—is to be sought anew. Perchance some will find. Perchance there may be another record to write of heroism, suffering and death.

There is to be an expedition from the There is to be an expedition from the United States under the direction of Evelyn R. Baldwin of the Weather Bureau. Mr. Baldwin is at present in Europe consulting with other scientists and inspecting ships. The funds for this expedition are to be furnished by William Ziegier, a New York citizen with means and an aim in life. There is to be a Russian expedition commanded by Vice-Admirai Makaroff, of the Caar's navy, who will sall in the already famous ice-crusher. Ermark, a vessel that has already dem-Ermark, a vessel that has already demonstrated its ability to smash through a sheet of ice 14 feet thick. (Privately, we believe that the pole, if reached at all, will be reached by the triumph of brains over force, though the pulverization of 14-foot floes may perhaps illustrate the Russian idea of science.) There is to be a Canadian expedition in charge of Cap-tain Bernice—hats off, if you please, to so gentle a name!—who is now in London to fit out his craft, the Scottish King. A German expedition is assured, though the plans have not yet been published. addition Dr. Nansen and the Duke of Abruzzi are credited with having planned a search for the pole in company, though they have not promised to start this year, and must, therefore, be omitted from the

reckoning.

The pole is the intangible goal of glory-scekers. The aim to reach it may be charged directly with the loss of 400 exorers' lives and not less than 200 stout and splendid ships. It is a region made romantic by its peril and shrouded with the impenetrable veil of tragic mystery. Men have come from the search crazed and crippled, but eager to begin anew. Such is the fuscination of the adven-

Tille on ley floors the snowfield spreads And the key founts run free— and the bergs begin to bow their heads And to plunge and sail in the sea.

So runs the song in commemoration of ady Franklin's sorrow. It is a deadly indertaking, and the hearts that face it are atout. There is a long record of peril and disaster to recall. It will not deter adventurers. Perhaps the new centhat surround the pole. We desire a fair field and no favor, but we would wish, of course, that the rival expeditions should find the American flag flying from the pole when they reach it. It would be a feather in the cap of the Weather Bu-

### KILLING CRIMINALS ON SIGHT. Does Much Good and Is "Almost Righteens."

Chicago Chronicle. While engaged in an act of highway obbery Tuesday night John ("Red") Corett was shot and killed instantaneously by a faithful policeman named Edward J. Policeman Grady is a hero, There any such on the Chicago police are many such on the Chicago police force, and the fact would be demonstrated

with sufficient opportunities.

The opportunities to shoot a highway-man caught in the act are not frequent. Most of the crimes perpetrated by thugs and hold-ups occur when no policeman is in sight. The policeman may be on other sections of his beat, protecting life and property. He does not happen to be near the spot where a desperate crime is being mmitted. It would be a great plan of

could be omnipresent.

The criminal record of "Red" Corbett,
30 years old at the time of his death, extends backward to his carly boyhood. He
has committed crimes of all degrees up to murder, and has served various sen-

Corbett was a degenerate hero of criminal life. Engaged in countiess broils and conflicts with the police and with men he was holding up, he had been shot at more than 103 times, but never before was seriously wounded. His equally degenerate criminal admirers assonunced that he bore a "charmed life." The ghastly romance of crime has its atractions for the crimnul cinsers, who are not fascinated by may romance of virtue and love.

It is better that such a desperate criminal should be shot and killed by a police-man, an agent of the law in the line of duty, than for lynch law so intervene for the punishment of crime. It is almost righteous that a peace officer, a guardian of the public safety, should shoot, and shoot to kill, when he finds a criminal in the act of crime. He yindicates criminal justice summarily and saves the courts great deal of time, labor and expense

#### WHITNEY'S LITTLE JOKE. It May Point a Moral for Certain Very Free Newspapers.

Chicago Tribune. The rumor, which is being revived, that William C. Whitney and Littan Russell ire to be married, having attracted the ittention of the former, he rises to ex-min that it is not to be taken seriously, as the lady has never seen nor spoken o him in her life, and would not know him if they should chance to meet. In a quietly satisfical vein Mr. Whitney adds that this is only "a pleasant illustration of the liberty of the press."

Mr. Whitney is to be commended for he good nature with which he takes this attempt to marry him off to a lady with whom he has not the pleasure of an acpaintance, but none the less he is right his quiet hit at the match-making pro-

It has become too common for these wanapers to announce the forthcoming marriages of millionaires or otherwise con-spicuous persons to actresses and comic opera singers, some of whom may already e married, some may have been married everal times, while others have no inthe preannounced marriages ever takes lace it would seem appropriate that these nowspapers should abandon their benevo-lent efforts in the line of marrying off stage celebrities to millionaires. The later are quite competent to choose for eselves when they contemplate matriwithout suggestions from any

Probably the custom is most frequently the result of the ingenious press agent's ingenuity in concecting advertisements for his principal, but it is none the less reprehensible on that account. Before making any more millionaire matches on propriety suggests inquiry of the

# London Express.

For the coming season, and as long hereafter as fashion may decree, Khartoum will be the Winter rendervous of the most aristocratic. This will have the effect of transforming the piace. As a matter of fact, there is not a single hotel there at the present moment. One large and pala-tial building is in course of construction, and it is hoped that it will be sufficiently finished by Christmas to open its doors to visitors. The number of Americans ho have already taken their tickets for comprehensive motive and social organization has far to be blind and organic become purposive and debecome purposive and debecome purposive and debecome aware state lottery authorized in England be
social organization has far to be blind and organic become purposive and debecome purposive and debecome purposive and debecome purposive and debecome aware state lottery authorized in England be
social organization has fine in the death of the fine in a gaze's or a Cook's tour is very large, the deater, where moral platitudes are altituded upon public attention in a gaze's roa Cook's tour is very large, the deater, where moral platitudes are altituded upon public attention in a gaze's roa Cook's tour is very large, the deater, where moral platitudes are altituded upon public attention in a gaze's roa Cook's tour is very large, the deater, where moral platitudes are altituded upon public attention in a gaze's roa Cook's tour is very large, the deater, where moral platitudes are altituded upon public attention in a gaze's roa Cook's tour is very large, the deater, where moral platitudes are altituded upon public attention in a gaze's roa Cook's tour is very large.

It is, perhaps, not far out to say that most as nastly, and guite as offensive, as the competition in Baypt has population that will look to the Pacific Coast the competition in Baypt has a Gaze's or a Cook's tour is very large.

Bethlehem. tuth McEnery Stuart in Harper's Magazine
O Bethlehem, starred Bethlehem,
Bright with the Coronation gem
Upon thy brow through lastory,
Whose eyes have seen the mystery, il brow and eyes and diaden Hall, Bethlehem!

O Bethlehem, Queen Bethlehem, Of hallowed lap and diadem, Thy Kohinoer, it is a star; Thy hands are white as lighes are; Thy song is sorrow's requiem, Queen Bethlehem!

Christmas Bells. Martha McCulloch-Williams in Frank Lestic Popular Monthly.

The passing bells of the passing year,
Hing out! ring out! O chimes!
A knell for the rose, and the Summer Goad,
For the lavish Autumn full richly sped,
And the blossomy April times.

Softly silvers, O Christmas bells! Your dinsome clamor or falls or swells In a chorus righty ringing. Hark! hark! It swells into upper air, To join the stave, so fine, so rare. The earth, the beavens, are singing.

Richly silvern and high and far, As the dazzling gleam of a falling star. Hark to the angels crying:
"Peace upon earth! Good-will to men!"
And bells from hamlet, plain, and glen, In high accord replying.

### Christmas Song.

E. H. Scars.

Calm on the listening war of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Juden stretches forth
Her silver mantled plains,

Celestial choirs from courts above Shed sacred glories there, And angels with their sparkling lyres Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine Send back the glad reply, And greet from all their holy heights The Day-spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galliee There comes a holler calm; And Sharon waves, in solemn praise, Her silent groves of palm. "Glory to God!" The sounding skies

Light on thy bills, Jerusalem! The Savior now is born, And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn.

The Dance of the Christman Trees Florence Evelyn Pratt in Punch. In the land where Santa Claus keeps house, Where Jack Frost creeps as still as a mot

To the horn of the wind, to the flute of the 'Tis the dance, the dance of the Christman

In the far-off Christmas Tree Country. In that far land, where the snow lies deep, Men go stamping, with teams that creep; With creaking sleds and with axes keen, They go to gather the Christmas green. Little green babies and sturdy trees, Down they rush like a wild young breeze, "Good-bye, my Christmas Tree Country!"

At night when the silence is profound, The others foot their roteum round With many a sparkling wreath of los And flaunting snow-plume point device, And the little stars in their nightgowns white Sit up late to stare at the sight In the far-off Christmas Tree Country.

The Northern Lights on the hills so bare The Northern Lights on the man of the Tiptoe eagerly here and there. Over tree-shoulders, trying to see The Christmas trees dance selemnly; The trees which did not go to town. Keeping the feast among woods so brown in the far-off Christmas Tree Country.

Nora Hopper in North American Review. Sing out, and with rejoicing bring Shepherds and neatherds to their King— Their King who lies in stable-stall. With straw for all His plenishing; Who in His hands must weak and small Doth hold the earth and heavens all; Sing loud, the Eve of Mary!

ing in the soft owes and their rams, And bring the little crying lambs; This stable's wide enough for all. Bring hither all the bleating dams, And bid them crouch around the stail, And watch the wonders that befall Earth, on the Eve of Mary

This mother-maid with drooping head Hath but a straw-heap to Yet, did she list, would angels come And make a raisce of her shed, With myrth and music bring Him home-'M'd these giad mouth: the one mouth dumb-Here, on the Eve of Mary.

But rather would she lie bilow thatched roof, and hear the north will And pattering footsteps of the rain. Aye, rather would she play her three And take her joy; to quit all pain His lips are on her breast again— Sing low, the Eve of Mary!

Sing low, indeed; and softly bleat, ou lambing ewes, about her feet, Lost ye should wake the Child from sleep. So other hour so still and sweet Shall fall for Mary's heart to keep, Sing soft, the Eve of Mary!

A Christmas Dance to Dixie. Frank L. Stanton in Coiller's Weekly, Br'er Abram, take dat fiddle and chune de Dey randin' er de cabin flo' fer dancin'

Cris'mus night-En put some rozzum on dat b.w. en let de For de gale is comin' down de road lak' glory En heah come Sister Mandy-stan' dar en take

Dey min't no ledy in de lan' got such a shiny Br'er Rufus is yo' pa'tner; his foots kin kiver Dey ain't no one kin beat him a-swingin' gals

Strike up de ol'-time chune now-pat foot, en awing yo' head!
De chune dat makes de quadrille; en den play
"Short'nit" Broad!"
En come in, Sister Sarah; han's 'roun', en

De preacher's in a fidget, en de descon's in de dancet Han's 'roun'! en swing yo' pa'tners! Up ter roodness en de gracious!-but don't dat fiddle talk!) De preacher will be wid us fo' de night's out -I be boun'!

De of flo's des a-creakin' en de room's a-gwine

Come in-des everbody-dar's room enough fer Dance 'tweil de winders trimble, en shake de roof en wall!
En put mo' rozzum on dut bow, en let de music roll; Fer dis beah time is Cris'mus, en its glory in

#### PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS It often happens that people sing jobilantly

who refuse to know each other here.-Tit-Bits, A Scientist at Work.—'How did you come to be a professional beggar?' "I ain't no professional beggar. I'm employed to git up statistics on how many heartless people they is in this town."—Chicago Record.

A Dangerous Elemen in the Parish.—"Do you think the new clergyman can pull your church together again?" 'Oh, yes; that is, if we get him started before the golf-playing section gets hold of him."—Puck. Missed the Spread,-Parson Primrose-How

was it you didn't have a turkey dinner this year? Weary Wragnies—'Cause dis wut de turst Chris'mus I didn't spend on de island.— Lesiis's Weekly. Lestly's Weekly.

Fame.—'Do you devote much thought to your poems?" asked the sminent explorer. "Bless your soul, no!" said the eminent versifier. "I have renched a height where I can afford to lot that part of the work fail on the render."—Indianapolis Press.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT.

Good morning, have you been held upt

It's a good toy that lasts till the day after Christmas.

The telephone service-well, wouldn't

that keep you walting? Richard Croker has had an operation

performed on his neck. Et tu surgeon?

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

It is now up to General Dewet to announce that he will eat his Christman

dinner in London, This is the one day of the year when it does not require the entire family to

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 sad-eyed father Full sadly stroke his chin; Fog bills for Christman presents Will soon be coming in.

get the small boy out of bed.

Having studied under W. R. Hearst, Bryan ought to be able to conduct a newspaper that will cast a yellow giare over the whole State of Nebraska

Perhaps Uncle Sam will find in his stocking this morning that \$200,000,000 indemnity he has asked China for, in which case he can give the Sultan that \$50.000.

An Indiana woman wants a divorce because her husband offered to sell her for 22. It he had made the price \$1 she would, of course, have felt entitled to two di-

Mme. 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, for after Mme. Thiers' death, when a collector of autographs advertised for some of hers, only two were forthcoming, and ooth were notes to the Elysee baker. In the first she asked him to brown the rolls a little more, and in the second to furnish dinner rolls smaller in size, "since," as she explained, "my guests never eat the whole of them and the rest is wasted."

Thomas M. Costelle, 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. The bill is modeled on the New Zenland law. Briefly, it provides for a permanent court of arbitration, consisting of three members, and awards are to be compulsory. One member is to be chosen by the labor organizations and one by the employers, the two to select a third, who must be a Justice of the Supreme Court. This method has worked with marked success in New Zealand, no strike having taken place there in five Years.

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. Recently William H. Crane, who is playing David Harum, received a letter in which the writer, after apologies for intrusion, said that she had been of a party that had witnessed "David Harum" the previous evening, and that later a discussion had arisen over this horse, Finally it had been decided to refer the matter to Mr. Crane. One side held that it was a real desh-and-blood horse, the other that it. was an effigy made of wood. "Would Mr. Crane," asked the writer, "be good enough to tell which it was?" Turning the letter over, the actor wrote: "Neither, W. H. Crane," Which was literally true, for the counterfeit horse is made of papier

Ex-Alderman William A. Baumest, of New York, sailed from there on May 15 last on a pleasure trip. On the fifth day out he put in an empty champagne bottle his card, on which he had written: "Twenty-five dollars reward for the person returning this card .- W. A. B." Then he corked the bottle and threw it overboard, with Secretary Christian Werner, of the German Consulate, for a witness. A few days ago Mr. Baumest got a letter from France inclosing the card. The letter reads:

"Etretat, Nov. 27, 1900 .- Sir: While walking along the sands we perceived a bottle dancing on the waves, and we waited until the waves had cust it ashore, which very soon came to pass. Then we picked it up, and great was our surprise to see that the bottle contained a card. Not being familiar with the English language, we had it translated by an amiable fellow-citizen, who rendered it to us in French. Not having the pleasure to know you, sir, we hasten, nevertheless, to send it to your address. Accept our most sin-

cere compliments "Two sailors of Etretat, a village on the Lower Seine, France. "GASTON DALLIN,

"PIERRE PAUMELLE. "Of Tower street, in Etretat, France." Mr. Baumest last Saturday mailed a draft for \$25 to the sailors, wishing them good luck and a merry Christmas.

#### The Lake Side. John Greenleaf Whittier.

The shadows round the inland sea Are deepening into night; Are despening into night;
Slow up the alopes of Ossipee
They chase the lessening light.
Tired of the long day's blinding heat,
I rest my languid eye,
Lake of the Hills! where, cool and sweet, Thy nunset waters lie Along the sky in wavy lines

While midway on the tranquil The evening light descends So seemed it when you hill's red crown,

Of old, the Indian troe, And, through the sunset air, looked down Upon the Smile of God. To him of light and shade the laws No forest scentic taught; Their fiving and eternal cause His truer instinct sought. He saw these mountains in the light

Which now across them shines; This lake, in Summer sunset bright, Walled, round with sombering pines. God near him seemed; from earth and skies His loving voice he heard, As, face to face in Paradise, Man stood before the Lord. Thanks, O dur Father! that like him,

Thy tender love I see, In radiant hill and woodland dim, And linted sunset sea. For not in mockery dost thou fill Our earth with light and gra