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TODAY'S WEATHER-Cloudy, with show-YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum ten perature, 44; minimum temperature, 37; pro-cipatation, 0.23 inch.

PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 25.

INDEED A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Nothing could signalize the change in this Oregon region in a century more than this bounteous Christmas. Just ninety-six years ago this day Lewis and Clark were celebrating Christmas at Fort Clatson, Such an observance as this, so far from the world, is past our fancy to conceive. We only know that the intrepid band of explorers were 4900 miles outside the fringe of civilization, and that the sentiment which the day brought with it was locked in an unresponsive wilderness. The only element of cheer was in their fearless hearts, for Nature were a dismal garb. Picture to yourself the contrast with the present. Every mountain, every forest and even the ever-constant rain join in the spirit of cheerfulness and plenty.

But the occasion, poor and gloomy then, has gained in splendor since, and in the firmament of the receding past will be a star of gaining magnitude. The simpleness of the day is thus described in Lewis and Clark's Journal: We were awaked at daylight by a discharge

or hearms, which was followed by a song from the men, as a compliment to us on the return of Christman, which we have always been ac-customed to observe as a day of rejoicing. After brenkfast, we divided our remaining storm of tobacco, which amounted to 12 currers, into two jurts, one of which we distributed among such of the men as make use of it, The remainder of the day was pas good spirits, though there was nothing in our elituation to excite much gainty. The rain cor ned us to the house, and our only luxuries n honor of the season were some poor elk, a few roots and some spoiled pounded fish. n just four years more the stream

of time will have flowed a century. Today, with all its contentment, its bounty and its fuliness, signalizes the richness of Oregon's resources and the energy of tis pioneers. We have double cause to rejoice in this Christmas, from its thrill of achievement and its power to carry forward our imagination another century to the days when our children's children will remember the beginning. Ninety-six years ago the power of an empire reposed in the inertness of a wilderness. The record of these years will inspire the devotions of today with gladness and with hope, Indeed, a merry Christmas, and also a merry Christmas to those who will come hereafter. The world is big with promise today, and wider, perhaps, than you can see, through the commonplace window of life. But expand your view to the angle of the past and you will gather in a measure of the future as long as is the earth and as broad as is

HOW TO IMPROVE RIVERS

The Scattle Post-Intelligencer said the other day that "vast sums of money have been sunk in the hopeless attempt to improve the Lower Columbia in the interest of Portland, while the upper river was starved." In confutation of this false assertion The Oregonian adduced the Government records to show that while \$3,405,329 has been spent on the lower river, \$4,228,392 has been spent on the upper river. The Post-Intelligencer's reply to this is to treat the improvement at the Cascades locks, where the Columbia breaks through the Cascade Range, as belonging to the lower river, and made for the benefit of Portland. We merely give this information for the benefit of our readers, who are sufficiently informed as to its truth or falsity. We have no words fit to characterize the Post-Intelligencer's attitude toward the Columbia River; we know of no considerations that would move it to either accuracy of knowledge or fairness of

What the Post-Intelligencer wants, as the true and modest friend of the producers in the Columbia Basin, is river improvement beginning at the headwaters of the stream and gradually extending down to the mouth. Nothing should be done at the bar or the mouth of the Williamette or the cascades or the dalles until China steamers are plying freely between Revelstoke and tion that carries its own explanation and comment.

Unintentionally, we are sure, the Post-Intelligencer farther convicts itself of idlocy or insincerity. It is red hot for upper-river improvement, but as to the lower river, it speaks of "the HOPE-LESS ATTEMPT to improve the Lower Columbia," When the Scattle paper has opened unvigation from Portland to answer to posterity for the millions thus wasted on a stream that is unnavigable for 100 miles from the sea?

What the Scattle Post-Intelligencer really desires is to prevent the Colum- little that is new to sight when the federation of women's clubs. She was get to fighting.

bla River-and by this term we mean the Lower Columbia River and the lighted tree. St. Nicholas is no longer mouth of the Columbia River-from

NAVY CHICKENS HOME TO ROOST.

Maclay is pretty small potatoes-entirely too small to be made a martyr of in a great cause. Yet there is undeniable picturesqueness in his defiance of the whole Government, from President Roosevelt down, and in his appeal from Rocsevelt the indignant superfor to Roosevelt the civil service reformer. Who could ever have imagined that the civil service system, which Roosevelt helped to entrench, would now be invoked against him in his altogether commendable purpose to rid the Government of one of the most contemptible scrubs that ever burdened its payrolls and disgraced the honest name of "laborer"?

We can learn from this episode that civil service rules are an awkward substitute for something they most emphatically are not. The object of civil service reform is to get good men in office; but in practive it is inadequate Tribune building. New York City; 489 "The to that end. It protects faithful serv-Roskery," Chiengo; the S. C. Deckwith special ants from being thrown out by spoilsmen, it is true; but it also protects unprofitable servants from the reach of outraged superiors. It is almost as necessary for the civil service to get worthless persons out as to get useful ones in. Whenever we get efficient and honest heads of departments, the civil service law will be a stronghold of abuses and mischief. The moment we have a fearless and conscientious Secretary, that moment it becomes imperative that he have free rein, not only to get good men in, but to get bad men out. He would protect the efficient and cast out the worthless. "Civil gervice" protects both,

Another trouble with the civil service ules disclosed by the case of Maclay is that men often earn discharge in ways that do not at all concern their official duties. The Collector of the Port of New York has just been removed for reasons which the President refused to make public. He was fiercely assailed at first by civil service reformers, but when Mr. Carl Schurz told them there were cases where removal was necessary, But reasons could not be given, and that he knew the Collectorship case to be one of them, the reformers apologized and approved the President's course. Maclay ought to be "fired" on general principles, and if the civil service law stands in the way, it is to that extent mischlevous. The law is a brake on spoilsmen's plans, but it is also an obstacle to salutary discipline. Peremptory dismissal has been found available in Maclay's case; but it is an exception that cannot become

But in mone of these things lies the rue lesson of the Maclay episode. The truth is he should have been "fired" long ago. The Navy Department cuts a very unenviable figure in keeping him office all these months while his offense was known, and sacrificing him now for no other purpose than to allay possible the storm of popular disntent for which it is itself largely responsible. The department was not anxious to protect the reputation of Schley, but it is auxious to protect its own dignity and peace of mind. All the inconvenience and humiliation it is now called upon to undergo and all the vioent struggles it is making to extricate itself are but the legitimate fruits of its own error in listening to the Sampsonian cabal and suffering Maclay's outrageous aspersions upon Schley to

ST. NICHOLAS IN VERSE.

Santa Claus myth was more cunningly presented than now, Professor Moore, of Troy, N. Y., though not a poet by profession, wrote, some verses that caused the eyes of thousands of chilfaster with expectation. The first few

'Twas the night before Christmas, And'ell through the house Not a creature was stirring, Not even a mouse

-made young and old agog with curi-The author is said to have osity. thought little of the production himmif, not intending it for publication. He gave, however, a copy of the verses o a school teacher, who sent them to the Troy Sentinel, in which paper they appeared anonymously, though with a laudatory introduction by the editor, December 23, 1823. Thus "The Night Before Christmas" was launched upon the wide sea of juvenile fancy and wonder. It scored a prompt success, and was extensively copied. It has since been printed in almost every civilized land and in many languages, and is still quoted wherever Christmas is observed as a children's festival in tender memory of the Christ child. Professor Moore is said to have been greatly vexed at the publication and to have put a slight estimate upon the quality of the verses, which, if true, lilustrates again the fact that the popular judgment is not always in accord with that of an author in regard to his own work. Professor Moore may have written many other works of merit, but he never wrote anything else that took such a hold on the hearts of the people. Thousands of men and women grown gray, and other thousands who have since passed beyond the sound of Christmas bells, have listened in their childhood with bated breath and awesome delight for the

Prancing and pawing of each little hoof At the hour in which good St. Nicholas was supposed to be abroad, with his

Miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer. And now, nearly four-score years after the Christmas time in which the enchanting verses first saw the light, hundreds of thousands of children listen spellbound to the jingling recital which represents St. Nicholas on his rounds on Christmas eve, with "a sleigh full of toys" to be snugly bestowed in the

Christmas stockings. Much of the bloom has been brushed from Christmas joys of the old-fashfoned sort by the eager commercial en-Priest Rapids. This also is a conten- terprise that has entered into the Christmas problem. Gift-giving has come to be something of a mania in these later years. In the great competition for business rival houses have offered with purchases gifts of dolls and whistles, balls, pictures, mittens and what not, forestalling the purpose of parents and friends in many little surprises planned and helping to produce a surfeit which detracts from the value of all gifts. the British Columbia line, how will it Christmas-tree decorations fill shop windows with gorgeous color and quaint device for days before the little tree is to be lighted in the parior, or big tree efforts in recent years have been largely in the church or town hall. There is directed toward the organization and

an awe-inspiring myth, in whom chilago, in captivating rhyme, agog with hearts at Christmastide in every Chris-

THE VITALITY OF ITS SPIRIT.

It is but historical truth to say that what we call Christianity, whether in the Protestant or Catholic church, has periodically cast its superficial skin. No intelligent man of clear understanding will maintain that the practical Christianity of our time is identical with that of Luther or Calvin, or so stern and upright a pope as Julius II. The spirit is more humane in both churches. Faith in eternal punishment and in the verbal inspiration of the Bible is no longer entertained by many communicants of orless, what we might fairly call belief in the spirit of Christianity as distinguished from the letter of its record

was never more manifest than it is today. The ablest and most eloquent but of superior literary talents. preacher of the Unitarian church, the profess to believe in the supernatural divinity of Jesus, while he does not believe in the verbal inspiration of the emerges clear and bright from out the clouds and vapors that invest every particular of his career."

The spirit of Jesus was a spirit of good-will to men, of compassion for all suffering and sinful folk, and "of deep inwardness, demanding that the motive should be as unselfish as the act, the thought of the heart as pure as the external life." This is the essence of pure Christianity as exemplified by Jesus, and the man that walks steadily by this light is to this devout Unitarian a Christian, no matter what religious or sectarian name he bears-Presbyterian, Baptist Roman Catholic, Jew. Mohammedan, Buddhist, or what you will. President Eliot, of Harvard University, onfesses that the belief in the literal infallibility of the Bible has been shaken, if not demolished, by the so-called "higher biblical criticism." The place of the old faith is largely filled by the new sociology based on the gospel doc-This sociology seeks the improvement of environment, the rectification of vicefined by the phrase, "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." effect will the change in public opinion about Revelation have on the estimate which the next two or three genera-

Ellot says: Let no man fear that reverence and love be vastly heightened when he is relieved of all supernatural attributes and powers. The more completely progessive liberalism detects and rejects the misunderstandings and superand rejects the missiparestandings and super-stitions with which the oral tradition and written record concerning the life of Jesus were inevitably corrupted, the more will love and reverence grow for the splenders of truth and moral beauty which, as a matter of in-dubitable fact, have shone from the character and teachings of this Jewish youth.

Dr. Chadwick and Dr. Eliot, as Unitarians, do not go farther than that very able thinker and profound agnostic, Huxley, does when he describes what he calls "the bright side of Christianity"; its justice and its pity for human frailty: its helpfulness to the extremity of self-sacrifice; its ethical purity and nobility; concedes the importance of the Christian faith as a factor in human history, and concludes by Away back in the first quarter of the saying that "if that faith should prove necessary want of knowledge, some other hypothesis of men's hopes genuine enough and worthy enough to replace it will arise." These able men all agree that while so-called Christiandren to twinkle and their hearts to beat ity may again and again cast its guperficial skin, its essential spirit will survive. To that always has been due its extraordinary vitality, for that is

its most genuine title to immortality. What is wanted in this world is not more churches, but more absolute imitation of Christ in the daily walk and talk of this world. We do not want that form of socialism that is the insidious foe of marriage and the family unit, but we do want individualism that is instinct with the spirit which made Jesus curse the infernal inhumanity of man that makes thousands of women mourn; the infernal greed and pelfishness that make it difficult for forlorn women to do right. Society will never be redeemed from its worst abuses by that form of socialism that stands for ultimate communism; it will be saved by an increase of that spirit which made Christ considerate to the Magdaien, but blasting in his denunciation of those who devour widows' houses, whose selfishness and greed multiplies Magdalens by making the problem of subsistence difficult to solve

decently in a great city. No artificial machinery, no new system, will reform the selfish, greedy heart of man. Nothing but the increas ing universality of the imitation of Christ in human action will help humanity out of its hole. The spirit of Catherine of Sienna, of St. Francis d'Assisi, of John Howard, of Elizabeth Fry, of Dorothea Dix, is the spirit that has softened the hearts of statesmen and lawgivers and enlarged the circle of humane civilization. The prisoner, the pauper, the lunatic, the slave, owe the amelioration of their situation, their sufferings and their condition to the enactment of the gospel of Christ.

The death of Mrs. D. G. Croly, widely known in current literature as "Jennie June," closes the record of a singularly busy life. Mrs. Croly lived emphatically for her day and generation, and upon these, day after day, for nearly half a century, she left the marks of cheerfulness and helpful endeavor. Her connection with the New York press probably dates farther back than of any other woman whose life extended into the twentieth century. It is not too much to say that thousands of letters have fallen from her pen, and each has ossessed a peculiar interest in the wide and diversified realm of woman's life. She was originator of a system of correspondence that made her nom de plume a household word throughout the land. She entered upon her work at a period in which even the most kindly and appreciative of men were disposed to regard woman's entrance into any branch of journalism an almost ludicrous experiment. Identified closely and from the first with the woman's club idea and organization, Mrs. Croly's

doors are thrown open, revealing the the organizer of Sorosis over thirty years ago, of which Alice Cary was the first president, and at the time of her being a seaport in rivalry with Puget dren implicitly believe. But still the death was president of the New York Sound.

Guaint story of his coming, told so long Woman's Press Club. She was not a robust woman physically, but the the music of bells, makes "merry Christ- amount of nervous energy that she mas" in hundreds of thousands of possessed kept her going past threescore and ten years, and active to the last. She has done little in a literary way that will live, but her impress upon her generation, for which she worked with untiring zeal, well content that she could amuse, instruct, sympathize with and please, was that of a genial, womanly woman, whose message to the world was one of help and inspiration in the details which go to make up the sum of happiness in homes and among women. The clubwomen of the Nation may well mourn her death as that of a personal friend.

> William Ellery Channing, who died in his 84th year Monday last, was the nephew of William Ellery Channing, thodox Protestant churches. Neverthe- the famous Unitarian preacher, the most eloquent man that ever adorned the New England pulpit. William Ellery Channing, whose death is an-nounced, was a man of eccentric life, was born in 1818, entered Harvard Col-Rev. Dr. Chadwick, while he does not lege, but did not graduate. He went to Illinois, where he lived alone in a log cabin for some eighteen months; was employed for a time on the Cin-Bible, confesses that "the spirit of Jesus | cinnati Gazette, returned to Massachusetts in 1842, married the sister of the famous Margaret Fuller, and lived for several years in Concord. He contributed considerable prose and poetry to human brotherhood, of peace and of the Dial, and his poetic genius was admired by Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. He served on the New York Tribune in 1844-45, and on the New Bedford Mercury in 1855-56. He published several volumes of poems, and some of his verses were of very high quality of poetic excellence.

Hawthorne took great delight in his so-

clety, for outside his poetle gentus he

was a man of fine wit and delightful

humor. He had a strenk of natural-

born literary eremite in him-a trait he

shared in common with both Haw-

thorne and Thoreau. General Shafter, United States Army, who was retired as Brigadier-General, International Navigation Company...... was advanced to Major-General after his retirement by act of Congress. In trine of love to God and love to man. justice to General H. C. Merriam, who was retired without the promotion that was due his long, able and gallant servbreeding conditions. It is doctrine de- lice, Congress ought to advance him to Replying to the natural inquiry what upon the fulfillment of a promise made by General Wheaton at the time of his promotion over General Merriam that he would voluntarily retire, if need be, tions will place on the character and to secure his (Merriam's) promotion. It promise and give General Merriam the Jesus will diminish as time goes on. The vacancy. Two days before his assussination President McKinley told General MacArthur at Canton that he intended to bring about General Merriam's promotion on his return to Washington. President Roosevelt declined, however, to take action in the matter, so when General Merriam men would be who should attempt to take reached the age limit there was no vacancy and he was retired without the promotion that was his due and would have been his had President McKinley lived to exact of General Wheaton performance of his promise.

And who ever supposed that Edgar Stanton Maclay would resign the sinecure that he holds in the Brooklyn navy-yard? Not the President, of course, who is something of a judge of men. Not any one connected with the Navy Department, in which he ering ember ing, disastrous flame. Not any intelligent American citizen who has followed his course as a vilifler of a gallant naval officer while holding a position as laborer" in the Navy D partment. Not anybody, indeed, with sense enough to measure the capacity of a malevolent nature. Fortunately, the Government is well booted, and can kick him out. since he has not the sensibility to take its hint and go.

The illness of Queen Alexandra is most inopportune, as it disarranges the preparations for the \$1,000,000 Christmas festivities in progress at the royal residence of Sandringham. The Queen is a gentle, lovable woman, past middle life, and the burden of a great responsibility rests heavily upon her. Her distress over the condition of the Boer women and children is that of a conscientious, large-hearted woman, who feels that she ought to be, but is not, able to ameliorate their wretched state. It is not improbable that her Iliness is at least partially adduced by the distressed state of her mind. If this is true, her malady is beyond the reach of the physician's skill, and, like all worries, in high life or in low, it will wear itself out unless it first wears out its subject.

Purchase of the Albina water works by the city is to be considered and decided simply on business principles. In the long run will it or will it not be a good thing for the city to close this last remaining relic of the old village group, now absorbed in the City of Portland? The Oregonian has no doubt that it will. The purchase will pay for itself, without increase of the water rates, within a very few years. There will be better water for that part of the city, without more cost to consumers, and there will be a yearly surplus which will soon extinguish the purchase price.

Briere, the French farmer who murdered five of his children last April near Chartiers, is to be officially decapitated. Since that is the way they do these things in France, a quick and clean job will be commended. The wretch who in a drunken fit exterminates his family should himself be shuffled off the stage by legal process, whatever form that may take, without useless delay.

Yuan Shi Kai will succeed Li Hung Chang as Viceroy of Pe Chi Li. From his name we conceive he is just the man for the place. Put him down in your dlary, for you may never hear of him agalo.

Mrs. Cleveland splits the infinitive in true Clevelandian style. This is carrying wifely devotion to the unjustifiable Roosevelt has given Historian Maclay

enough of a felt to "kneck him off the It is as hard to make peace between Argentina and Chile as it is for them to

THE SUBSIDY INIQUITY.

Chicago Tribune. The memorial from the tariff reform committee of the Reform Club of New York presented to President Roosevelt on sday last shows how fortunate it was that the ship subsidy bill was de-feated in the last Congress. No reasonable, discriminating man can feel otherwise than thankful as he now contemplates the narrow, happy escape. The subsidy bill was iniquitous from beginning to end. It was conceived and drawn up by a few shipowners upon whom it would have conferred enormous and undeserved benefits. It was not in the interests of our commerce, our National defense, our producers, or our seamen,

The President and Congress should not be guided by these few shipowners when the matter comes up for action again this Winter. It should not be necessary in the consideration of this matter to send for Mr. Griscom nor for the directors of the International Navigation Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Standard Oil Company, or any other of the would-be beneficiaries. None of them should be called in consultation, for this is a public matter, and in settling it the interests of the people alone should be considered and not private interests. The subsidy bill introduced last year

contemplated a colossal steal from begin-ning to end. It was "born in sin and conceived in iniquity." It was promoted by the men who were to be the chief ben-eficiaries. To what extent they would have profited had the bill passed at that time is shown by the following tables of percentages of the total subsidies paid which they would have received: 1. Full subsidy on United States vessels

now running: pany Pacific Mail Steamship Company. . 7.5 American Mail Steamship Company, now running: Name. ternational Navigation Company...... Atlantic Transport Company 35.9
Chesapeake & Ohio Raliroad Company 11.1
F. E. Bliss (Standard Oil) 7.6

All others (Hogan & Sons, Grace, United Fruit Company 7.7 3. Full subsidy on ships building here: Name. Per cent International Navigation Company......34,3

Pacific Mail Steamship Company 31.6
Oceanic Steamship Company 15.5
New York & Cuba Steamship Company 13.5
W. P. Clyde & Co. 4.4
Bolton, Bliss & Dallett. 7 4. Half subsidy on ships building abroad: Name. Per cent

When men have the audacity to introduce a bill conferring such extraordinary benefits on themselves and urge its passage by every means their ingenuity and the rank of Major-General. General craft can devise, when they drag in mem-Merriam's fate was made to depend bers of the National Republican committee, distribute circulars and plate matter broadcast, and even attempt to subsidize the press, they should not be tolerated in any committee-room. They should prompt ly and emphatically be shown the door. Neither their advice nor their opinion is life of Jesus of Nazareth, President was President McKinley's purpose to needed. The former is as dangerous as call on General Wheaton to fulfill his the latter is selfish. They are not disin-promise and give General Merriam the promotion of National or popular interest They are working to increase their pre-vate gains and enrich themselves at the expense of the Government. They are lobbylets of the most unblushing and un-scrupulous sort, and they should be treated as such, no matter how rich they may be or how powerful they may think they are. They should be treated as any other

Revealed Our National Resources

money from the public treasury which did not belong to them and transfer it to

their own pockets.

Chicago Record-Herald. The statement of the Internal Revenue Bureau showing the total receipts from the war revenue act has a much wider and deeper interest than attaches to ordinary fiscal statistics. It is pregnant with meaning to the citizen of the Republic who contemplates the vast sum, not as a war fund, but as a striking revelation of our National resources in time of emergency.

to raise money to prosecute the war against Spain, was approved on June 13, 1838. The gross receipts under the clauses of that law, which imposed special taxes on account of the war up to the time of its modification last March. amounted to \$318,799,501. The receipts from the collections under the clauses f the special war measure that were re tained by the modification of last March amounted to \$25,048,132 up to the first of the present month, making a grand total of \$243,838,633, contributed by the

The enormous sum realized under the um yielded by the impost duties and the ordinary internal revenue taxes, is im-pressive in its suggestion of National strength as measured by the financial resources of the people. Even more im-pressive was the case and celerity with which this vast sum was raised. withstanding the controversies as to who should pay the tax under certain ambiguous clauses, the money was collected without any disturbance to industrial conditions and was a burden to no one. There was, in fact, no serious protest

against it in any quarter.

With one magnificent patriotic impulse the American people poured over \$343, 930,000 in the National Treasury, in addition to other taxes, for the prosecution of "a war for humanity" without com-plaint and without feeling any additional tax burden. The United States, in fact, once the proud mistress of the seas-from the Western Hemisphere without a ripple in her financial market and without imposing any perceptible burden upon the people,

Scranton Truth. The substantial reforms introduced in the Postoffice Department by Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith should General Charles Emory Smith should have their logical result in making his name as famous in connection with the mail service of this country as is that of Rowland Hill with the British system. In eradicating from the department in eranicating from the department the cumbersome and distincest species of "second-class matter," which exploits it-self at the expense of the legitimate work of the Postoffice, and at an enor-mous cost, Postmaster-General Smith has undoubtedly cleared the way for a penny postage. So long as the Postoffice De-partment was used as a freight-carrying concern, and this freight was handled at harely nominal cost, it was impossible to make any progress along legitimate lines. The great problem to be solved, under such conditions, was merely one of ways and means and how to realize sufficient amount to pay the expenses of the department

It is needless to say that this would be a continuing problem and one constantly increasing in complexity were it not that Mr. Smith had called a hait on the gross abuses perpetrated against the system by persons who took advantage of the lax regulations which have prevailed for years in its direction and management.

The change from the present rate of 2

cents to 1 cent for letter postage is not by any means as radical as that effected in 1829, when, in accordance with Rowland Hill's recommendations. Parliament Hill's passed an act for the penny rate in Eng-land, which went into effect on January

With the restoration of the postoffice to its legitimate functions, genuine reform and substantial progress, for the public good, are possible, and in what he has already accomplished Postmaster-General Smith has cleared the way for other things, among which it is not too much to hope penny postage for letters may be in-cluded.

AMUSEMENTS.

Although crowds and crowds of people were busy buying Christmas presents last night, another crowd took the evening off and spent it in enjoying Primrose and Dockstader's Minstrels, which opened a brief engagement at the Marquam, and made the hit of the season, so far as minstrelsy goes. The show this year in addition to being of average strength in first part and olio has three star features, Lew Dockstader, who is a whole entertainment in himself, George Pringrose's beautiful scenic picture which he calls "The Sunny South," and Ollie Young and brother, whose "turn" is without question the best thing of its kind ever seen on a Portland stage.

The first part has been newly mounted, the setting being particularly elaborate, and something of a departure from the old style line-up. The coal black faces of everyone on the stage, the somber full dress and the gaudy backing made a very dress and the gatedy caccaing made a very happressive picture, the most imposing, in fact, which has been seen here with a minstrel show. Dockstader, of course, was the star among the entertainers, making a hit with whatever he said and did, and he said and did a good many fundy things, beside singing a song of two that made a hit. He appeared later on in the olio, and related several stories which were good in exact proportion to their difference from the ordinary monologue. Dockstader has always something new to tell, and the way he tells it brings ething his hearers out of their seats every time Neil O'Brien was another comedian who qualified approval that greeted his el-

forts was fully deserved.

The hoop-rolling, tossing and juggling of the Young brothers called the attention of the audience to the fact that they were wonders, and before they concluded it was agreed that they were not only wonders, but wonders of the seven-day variety. Primrose's dancing and that of the clever Foley twice, who are his diand was a fitting conclusion to the beau-tiful succession of pictures that formed "The Sunny South." The remaining ollo features were all strong, and each was accorded a rousing reception. The programme will be repeated this afternoon and evening.

MATTNEES TODAY. Christmas Attractions at All the Theaters.

Primrose and Dockstader's Minstrels will play at the Marquam both this afternoon and evening, and the advance sale indicates packed houses at both per-formances. The football teams will be guests of Manager Heilig in boxes in the evening.

"At the Old Cross Ronds," a pretty Southern drama, will be the bill at Cor-dray's, and will be found well worth see ing. The company is good, and the play is elaborately mounted. At the Baker Ben Hendricks will play

his famous "Ole Olson," which has de-lighted crowds at the Baker all the

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

"Fogg's Ferry."

The sale of seats for "Fogg's Ferry" will open this morning at 10 o'clock. Next Friday and Saturday nights this beautiful play will be presented at the Mar quam Grand Theater, with a popular matinee Saturday at 2:15 o'clock.

The new "Fogg's Ferry" is a revision of a famous old comedy-drama in which Iola Pomeroy, the well-known soubrette star, will appear in the role made famous by Minnie Maddern and Lizzie Evans.

A Real Operatic Comedy.

"A Royal Rogue," which will be pre-sented at the Marquam Grand Theater next Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday mat-ince and night by Jefferson De Angelia and company, is a real operatic comedy It is entirely unlike the ordinary musical comedy, which is generally a farce in terspersed with popular songs and melo dies of the day and music gathered from every source. "A Royal Rogue" is a different proposition It is a good, clean comedy, with original music throughout. The music was written to fit every scenand situation the same as an Charles Klein, the author of "El Capitan" and several other popular comic operas, wrote the piece, and W. T. Francis composed the music, and both have been enthusiastically complimented upon giving to the public something new to this generation in the way of entertainment.

"The Wrong Mr. Wright."

Harry Beresford will appear at Cordray's next week with his funny comedy, "The Wrong Mr. Wright," which the fame of Roland Reed. Mr. Bewhich made is a comedian of reputation and his company is said to be excellent.

"The Irish Pawnbrokers." "The Irish Pawnbrokers," a roaring farce comedy, featuring Mozie

show has been one of the hits of the season, and it is predicted that it will prove the banner attraction of the season, Testing the Goebel Reward Act. FRANKFORT, Kr., Dec. 24.—Suit was filed in the Franklin Circuit Court this test the constitutionality the Goebel Reward Commission act of 1900 appropriating \$100,600 for the apprehension of the murderers of the late William Goe-

David M. Culberson, of Leslie County, who acts as a citizen and taxpayer. The Christmas Rose.

bel. The suit is brought in the name

Hugh Macmillan, in Macmillan's Magazine. Into the cradie of the Wondrous Child caven brought its star, and man his gold and

Of earth, that ones came from the East, and sheds Its silver radiance round our con

It comes, like him whose high it celebrates, To cheer the Winter of the world, and make The very snow to blossen into life. When earth has reached its darkest hour, this gleam Of coming dawn uppears. We seem to see The snowdrop's mystic presence on the lawn; The crocus kindle where its light went out; The copes grow dense with purple haze of buds; And willows deck their wands with sliken

plumes. Long mute, the birds, whene'er they see this right.

Take heart to twitter; and the sunbeams pale Grow warmer as they shine upon its flowers; And where it breathes its subtle fragrance.

round The very air seems conscious of the Spring. Last child of the old year, first of the newdhost of the past, soul of the future rose— It links the seasons with its silver clasp. And blends our memories and bopes in one. In this pale herald of the flowery year, Are sketched the types of lily and of rose. Which afterward, from its fair side in death, Are separated to make the seasons gay. From roots of abon darkness, through the mold,

Spring up the pure white blossoms, one by one; Like human heart, whose roots are dark with And yet produce the brightest flowers of Its seeming petals—green leaves glorified—Are moonliks made, through the Decem

gloom.

To light dim insects to their boneyed task,
And so fuffil the higher ends of life. At first, they come up pale and bianched with

cold,
But as the days grow long, a warmer hue,
Like that which deepens in the Summer rose
Or tips the daisy's frill, creeps over them;
As if they blushed, in a white, flowerless world,
To find themselves the only blooming things.
Unchanged they last until the seed is ripe,
In which the simile life dies for the race,
And they their representations of the charge. And then, their purpose served, they

down Into the dusky green of common leaves Transfiguration strange! A lowly sign of him, whose robe and face shone whiter far Than Hermon's crest, while of his death he talked!

That which exalts the flower above its wont. Ennobles everything. The priestly dress of beauty and of glory clothes each life, That yields itself a sacrifice to love.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Ring out, you chiming, pealing bells, proclaim-ing far and wide The love, and loy, and happiness, of gladsome Christmas tide

Today we bury hate and wee, forget all care and wrous.

And gladly raise both heart and voice to swell the one great song: Today the nappy children troop on light and

tripping feet. And make a picture of delight on every city

Today the swelling Christmas hymns are pour-ing forth on high.

And tell the tale of thankfulness, up youder in the sky. Oh, you who bore a load of care through all

the weary year.

And you who found the winding way was bleak, and rad, and drear.

And you who spoke a long farewell to those our loved the best. And you who longed and longed in vain, for one brief day of rest. Can you not that some happiness, some bright and stilling vay
Of light to cheer your and hearts up on this
most joyful day?

Ohl read the story written in the faces in the Of children passing by your door, and lay your

And you who live in happy homes where sorrow is unknown, Remember those whose fortune is less happy than your own,
A scale, a word, a simple gift, among your fellow men.
May help some lenely, storm-lessed soul to find

sweet peace semin, Know you no sad-faced little child whose heart you examed cheer
By some slight token of the joy of this glad
time of year?
Go forth, seek out the corrowing, and be a better man Hy strewing 'round you on your way what amppiness you can.

For he whose life began this day took thought And walked about to lighten it his blessed life.

time through. No mark he made of rich or poor, he sought distress and woe. And spread content and happiness among both And should content and happiness among both bligh and low.

And should your light may burn but low and feebly beam and dim.

Can you not on this one glad day attempt to be like him?

be like him?
Then fare you forth, and as the bells ring out
their happy chime.
Strew eladness round your path tolay—this
joyful Christmas time.

Merry Christman!

the 26th.

And one every year for a long, long time. This is children's day. Doctor's day is

The wise and profent Santa Claus
Who lights the Christmas tree,
Will have one hand securely on
A fire alarm box key,

And not a single voungster saw Santa Claus come down the chimney,

Oh, thoughtfulest mixelegist, To ald us to be merry, By that most transcendental drink That's known as Tom and Jerry!

just what you need to give your friends next year. Though Christmas brings much happiness,

Save about half of them; they will be

"The also fraught with serrow.
The drum that beats so loud today |
And turns the mighbor's hair quite gray,
Will be punctured by tomorow. It will be at least 4 o'clock before the bables will get all the paint gnawed off

the new jumping-jacks. He wants to see the editor, He wants to be the value.

And see him right away:
He will not have a chair, because
He really cannot stay.

He's got a little poem which
Us says that he intends To see in print on Christmas morn To please his many friends, It tells about the holly, And the berries red that glow, And also of the pretty girls Hencath the mistletoe. He sees ten other fellows there,

And looks surprised when you

Inform him that each one of them

Have Christmas poems, too.

A current magazine has a full page of pictures of the football squads of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and West Point. In all, about 150 figures are shown. The feature of the photographs that will strike the average person-if the average person happens to be interested in the absorbing subject of manly beauty-is that not one of the young co legians has a mustache or other facial ornament. What is the reason? Has the mustache gone entirely out of fashion? That is to say, has it disappeared in educational circles-from among those bright will appear at the Baker next week. The young minds to whom all judicious persons look for enlightenment, instruction and even amusement? Or are we to suppose that the absence of hirsute embellishment is merely the hallmark of brawn in the colleges, and has no real bearing on the comparatively unimportant question as to whether one has or has not brains? Possibly we may be simply told by those observant critics of contemporaneous customs-if there are any-that no true football player wears a mustache on the field of action. It might be worth while to inquire why not, if there was a chance of getting a satisfactory reply; but there is not. Every honest and right-thinking football warrior wears all the hair he can get to grow on the top of his head, and none on the front of his face, Some may think that any person addleted to the football habit cannot be old enough to support a mustache; but they may be easfly confounded by the announcement of a recent reliable authority that three of the Harvard players in the late Harvard-Yale match were 28 years old. From all of which it may appear that some people are never too old to unlearn how to play football, if they started out in life that

for devotees of football if we keep on shaving in part only. PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

way. Mennwhile, the rest of us will have

to struggle along through the vale of

tears with the proud knowledge that we

never by any mischance will be mistaken

Not Easy,-"My! I think your mother would be worried if she raw year." "Well, it's pretty hard for a boy to get along without worrying his mother!"—Puck.

his mother? "Puck.
"Some chillun," said Uncle Eben, "is pow'ful
good jes' hefo' Christmas, jes' de same as
some grown folks is pow'ful good when dey's
lookin' foh office." Wasnington Star.
Not Dangerous Tess-It seems she was
taken with Mr. Cadleigh's intelligence. Jess-

Well, if that's all she's taken with it im't a very severe attack.—Philadelphia Press. Learning Their Ways.—"Do you think she will ever be a great prima denna?" "Looks like it. Why, she has disappointed the public by failing to appear several times already."— Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Wife-I am going down town this morning to try and match a piece of silk. Husband-Very well, my dear: I'll edi the cook to save some dinner for you, and I'll put the children to bed myself.—Tit-Bits.

He—Of course, dear. I'll be back from the club in time for the opera, but in case it should turn out to be impossible, I'll send you a note by a messenger. She—That's not necessary; it just dropped out of your overcont pocket --

Brooklyn Life. Servant (bursting into the room)—Oh, mum, I offered 'im some water, an' 'e went into a fit an' frothed at the mouth! Mistress imuch alarmed, thinking she refers to the dog)-Gra-

ctous, Jane! What can it be-hydrophobia? Servant-No, pum, a tramp,-Glasgow Even-ing Times,