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PORTLAND, FRIDAY, DEC. 25, 1908.

A BLACK CHAPTER.

The case of Judge Milo A. Root, of the State of Washington, is pitiful. For he is both a criminal and a victim. His passing marks the erection of one more sepulchre on the broad road that leads to moral death. On it should be written, for study of the wayfarer, that line of "The Paradise "Remember, and fear to trans-

Yet it can hardly be said that Judge Root is as much sinned against as sinning. It was his business, as a judge, as a servant of the public, resist the appearance and the first approach of evil. He permitted himself to deal with a man whom he knew to be the agent of the great railroad power of his state. The extent of the favors he received from that agent are yet unknown. They never may be wholly divulged.

That agent, a man named Gordon, had been one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State. A large sum of money had been placed in his hands, obviously for corrupt us It was to be his business to look after the "interests" of the company that employed him, for influence of courts and of legislation. Gordon "went short" on his money. The railroad company demanded from him an accounting, and return of money still in his hands. But Gordon believed himself to be in position to resist the claim and demand. The money had been advanced to him for purposes that would not bear investigation, and he desired it understood and necepted by the company that he had used it for corrupt purposes. Therefore he refused to be held to account. Pressure on him for the money increased; and for defense he alleged he had been dealing with Judge Root In support of this allegation he submitted certain letters that had been written by Judge Root. These letters are obscure, but clearly are of compromising character. Gordon had not been prompt in meeting his promises to Root, and the latter plained. He had been "exceedingly embarrassed by assurances made or promises received." The obvious meaning is that Gordon had been tardy—had not "come through." He had not kept his agreement. "Promses" were unfulfilled. But the relations between Gordon and Root had been so familiar and confidential that Root had permitted Gordon to write the opinion in a case in which Gordon's principals were a party-an offense graver than all the rest.

But Gordon, held for the money he had received from the company, rated for it, and pressed for return of such balance of it as might still blazes." They had given him money for corrupt or improper purposes, and had no right to demand how he had spent it. One account says most o money had been squandered in gambling; another, that part of il had been blown into a gold mine But it suited Gordon to stand on his privilege. He had been given the money for purposes of corruption, and answered that he had so spent To sustain this assertion he duced his transactions with Judge

Yet Root seems to have got noth-But he had allowed ing, or little. dishonor to traffic with him as a judge, and had written compromis letters. These he calls epistolary indiscretions. He had, moreover, alowed Gordon to write an opinion for him-thereby betraying the most sacred of trusts. But Gordon was a gambler; and a gambler's word or honor is never to be trusted. Gordon did, indeed, get the service for his company, but played false with Root; and the company has been guilty of the "indiscretion" of wanting the money back and of trying to make Gordon return it.

All parties in this transaction are criminals, but the original criminal was the railroad company, who put a large sum of money into Gordon's hands, for Improper purposes. Root is both a criminal and a victim, and probably will be compelled to suffer alone; but retributive justice with him and with Gordon the originator of the whole black scheme, who put up the money for corruption of the legislation and of the courts of the

PUGET SOUND DRAWS NEARER.

The Northern Pacific transfer boat Tacoma, which for a quarter of a century has ferried trains across the Columbia River at Kalama, is today making her final trips in that service, and in the future Portland will enjoy a direct through train service to The passing of this old craft, which for so many years has played such an important part in the transportation development of the Northwest, marks another epoch in the commercial life of this city and tributary territory. The appearance of the transfer boat Kalama foriginal name of the Tacoma), folowing completion of the forty-mile stretch of railroad between Portland and Hunter's Point, shortened the time between Portland and Tacoma nearly three hours, and eliminated the exceedingly disagreeable transfer of baggage and passengers from

steamboat to train at Kalama. Neither the railroad men nor their patrons at that time ever expected to see the traffic of the road grow into such magnificent proportions that it would tax the capacity of the enormous ferryboat to keep it moving, nor could they foresee the approaching period when the passenger traffic between the two states would demand savings. something better than the interruption and delay in the journey which There never yet has been an object and we throng within where the grove.

ferry was in service. But the de-mands of traffic in this territory have far outgrown the speed and capacity of the old ferry, and its abandonment Entered at Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as second-Class Matter.

will vastly improve transportation facilities between Portland, Puget Sound and the interest of the condition o

Business men who have much trav eling to do and freight shippers will feel no sentimental regret over the retirement of the old ferry, but all over the world are tourists and pleasure-seekers by thousands and tens of thousands who have taken their first view of the mighty Columbia from the deck of the big boat as it was moving passenger trains across the river. The ride across the river was to many a welcome break in the monotonous railroad journey, and the news that this interesting link in the route will be closed forever will be received by this class of tourists with

LIGHT FOR THE CITY,

It is just as well to disregard the personal controversies between the Mayor and members of the Common Council over the public lighting of Those altercations are the product, chiefly, of the Mayor's dognatic spirit, whose ebullitions are met y contemptuous and unseemly personalities levelled at him, by way of But it is not observed retaliation. But it is not observed that they throw any light on the probem of lighting the city.

The magget of public ownership has found lodgment in the Mayor's mind, which is not strange, since his mind has a tendency to exalt the dogma of public ownership, as one of the tenets of socialistic effort. But the problem of supplying light for the city stands on very different footing from that of water supply, beause of the vastly greater number of actors that enter into the operation Water delivers itself, through graviation; light is delivered through o omplicated mechanism, requiring atention to an infinity of detail, espetally costly and troublesome under public management.

The Oregonian cannot believe or suppose that the City of Portland wishes to undertake at this time the installation of a public lighting sys-Expenditures unavoidable are bready very great, and more are in That light so supplied would sight. cost the city far more than the Mayor's estimate, or any estimate that may be furnished by projectors absolutely certain. Moreover, administration of the system would overrun immensely all estimates, here es elsewhere. The public can do nothing as cheaply as private enter-

There is only one bidder at present, and all the changes are rung on the word monopoly. But in the whole matter lies one single and simple question of fact, which ought to ascertainable, namely, whether the offer submitted by this company is reasonable, as compared with the rates paid by other cities. We believe they are; but if they are not, it should be easy for those who opuse the present offer to show it. In the places where public lighting is attempted the figures are usually juggled, for the purpose of making a good showing. Claims are made that analysis of the figures disproves; oo much credit is given for extensions and improvements, and not enough allowance is made for exhaustion of materials or for necessary supersedure of old by new. all cases the actual cost, through a erm of years, will be found greater than the estimates; and labor em-ployed by the public is always more ostly and commonly less efficient than that employed under private or ontract direction.

Among the many and great accomplishments of Mayor Lane, it may well be doubted whether electrical engineering is one, or whether the the business, would look to him for guidance His plans and figures would scarcely be deemed conclu-The only present question, it would seem, is whether the bid submitted by the Portland General as compared with the cost in the many other cities of the country that are lighted by contract, is reasonable or not, too high, or not

GOOD FOOD AND GOOD SOCIETY.

A number of preachers of Portland, eeking the society of good things, have been enjoying luncheon lately as guests of one Ferdinand E. Reed, who has been beholden to the liquor nterests, and doubtless is still so be-At one luncheon, the biggest beer brewer was a guest, along with the biggest Methodist preacher of East Portland. Now at last is the millennium at hand, that the lion and the lamb should lie down together, and that the inscrutable Mr. Reed should act the role of the prince of peace?

-It would really be an outrage on lecency if the innocent preachers, untrained to the snares of the satraps of ttan, should expose themselves to his tricks, or, if flattered by his wiles, should uncover the reform plans of the righteous. It ought to be worth the price of many luncheons to find out whether the cohorts of decency plan state prohibition or serious amendment of the local option law in the Legislature, or whether the min-ions of hell's dark beverage dare try new Jayne bill. For any person wonders how the impecunious Mr. Reed can pay the luncheon bills

all these matters have illumination, The best is none too good for the breachers, and it is a matter of genral gratification that they have been feeding on the best. Mr. Reed, lover of mankind that he is, is accomplishing his highest ideals, and we trust the good society of the preachers will do as much for him as his good food

does for them.

SHALLOW OBJECTIONS. The news from Washington that the bill for postal savings banks seems to interpose delays when a depositor may wish to withdraw his money need not worry anybody great deal. There are delays now in nany cases, as some unhappy depositors know too well. The main point s that, in spite of procrastination and red tape, whoever might put money into the postal banks would be sure to get it out in the end, while under present conditions he is by no means

ilways sure to do so. The other objection, that "the bill would make postal banks purely savings institutions," sounds very singu-That is what they are intended Nobody has ever thought of making them anything else but savings banks. If the regulations make day we do become as little children it difficult to draw out money, so and feel for a little while the infinite much the better. It ought not to be too easy for a person to withdraw his Delay encourages reflection their golden and reflection may inspire thrift.

could not be eliminated so long as the tion made to postal savings banks angels are and the tree of life sheds which could face candid investigation an instant.

> TRUE AND PALSE PREEDOM. When Mr. Gompers protests to the world that the sacred right of free speech and free press is violated, in that he and his coadjutors are restrained from uttering matter to injure and destroy a business with

> which they are at variance because it does not yield to their demands, he and they are pushing the claim for free speech and free press to a limit which it is impossible to allow. And when injunction is issued to prevent them from doing this, and junction and persist in speech and publication, with intent to destroy a business that refuses to submit their terms, they are to be taught and they must learn that the principle of free speech and

under the same limitations as any other right; so used, that is to say, is not to injure others. The right to do a lawful business is a natural right and a personal right and a property right; and it is a proper business of society or govern-ment to see that the right shall be

protected and not destroyed. The right of free speech and of free ress are indeed sacred rights; and so is the right to carry a shot-gun. But you are not to injure or destroy your neighbor with the one or with

AS LITTLE CHILDREN.

Of course the reader has noticed what a very different thing the Christmas smile is from the smile of other Men are capable of smilling when they are angry. There is even such a thing as a cruel smile evoked the sight of suffering or the thought of revenge, but it is not to be seen on Christmas. On that day of days, when we forget our envy and regret and see nothing in the future hut its brightness, who could be angry, who could cherish cruelty in his heart? On Christmas day we all become children again with nothing to remember but the clear joy of childhood and nothing to expect from a benignant world but innocent happiness. So we smile as children do without malice, regret fear, radiating pure kindliness and evoking it from our fellow men. For it is the wonderful nature of that ame in the heart which we call love that wherever its rays fall they kindle new flames. Thus it spreads from morning till night on Christmas, and before the sun goes down on the savior's birthday the whole world is ablaze and aglow with it. Love in the millionaire's mansion, love in the workman's cottage; on the street, on the farm and afar on the wind-swept coun the fires are kindled and all the blessed glory of it shines in the Christmas smile.

It is worth while to practice the Christmas smile, for it does not come by nature to everybody. There was eld Scrooge in the Christmas Carol, for example, who managed to put it on only after the most distressing sons; but he finally achieved it and so can everybody who is willing to try hard enough. If there is any-body who will not try, why the rest of us must smile all the more to make up for his obstinacy. On Christmas the world simply must be filled to overflowing with happiness, and, if here and there some tankerous curmudgeon will not do his part, somebody else must work over-But working overtime to generate happiness is not a job to be It is the only job under shunned. the sun that pays for itself as it goes along. The workman not only supplies everybody around him with a share of his product but, miraculous to tell, he keeps the whole of it for imself at the same time. The more If we only valued it as we ought, how rich we might all become. If wealth were only measured in terms of happiness, need there be any poor on earth?

Nobody who cannot put on a genuine Christmas smile and set his heart in tune with it ought ever to thrust his head into a Christmas home. The place is too blithe for such a wretch. Say what you will about how sacred the every-day home is and how the children liven it and the dear mother desses it and the father protects it, still on Christmas day it is a little more sacred than on any other day and a great deal more jolly. The father adds to his protection an unaccustomed tenderness, the children are merrier and the mother's eyes are alight with some sweet, mysterious peace. It is as if she had bent over the manger as the dawn broke and kissed the new-born babe. Beautiful mother, the Savior is ever at her side, an invisible presence, but on Christmas we can almost see him. We can touch his hand, half incarnate again as he yearns with infinite tenderness toward his earth. We can read the

everlasting surety of his loving kindness in the light of the mother's eyes. Home is a good place to go back to on any day of the year, but best of all on Christmas day. Then we can find again what all of us are seeking, the lost Illusions of childhood, the glory and the dream which made the world a miracle of joy. For most of us the dream has vanished in what we call reality and the glory faded to a dismal gray, but on Christmas morning it all comes back when we awaken in the old home, in the kindly old home where memory takes the place of ambition and the heart softens in the mild air of far-off Summers. Nothing is so good for a man as to open his eyes under the rafters where he heard the rain patter when he was a boy and wish he were that same boy again. Perhaps he will be sometime. That may be what heaven is, to get back all the lost illusions and dream for ever the

dreams of childhood. What have we gained that can pay for them? Let us not be too sure that we are right now wrong when we were children. The illusions may be the realities after Perhaps the barefoot boy awake and the hard-hearted old man is dreaming, and when the Son of God holds out his hand to him on the other side of the dark river the new life may be only a return to the one he began on earth and falled to finish. Christmas makes us all children again. Though it be but for a day, still that day is precious above all the rest of the harassed, toilsome "Except ye become as little year. children," said Jesus, "ye cannot enter the Kingdom." On Christmas wonder of his promise. The gates of the beautiful city open, swinging on hinges withsweeter than the poets ever Imagined,

its healing for the nations. If at nightfall the gates swing to and we are shut out again into the hard world of strife, still the songs we neard are not forgotten, some lingering touch of balm from the tree by the crystal river makes our wounds less cruel, and the glimpse we had of the Savior's face softens and humanizes us for another year.

New Yorkers will not be "broke" very long, no matter how strong they plunge on Christmas presents, for the January dividend disbursements of trust companies, railroads and other corporations in the metropolis will \$210,000,000, an increase of nevertheless they disregard the in- \$17,000,000 over the disbursements of January, 1908. In this financial item an accurate comparison with that of a year ago is of value, for, unlike bank clearings, customs receipts and other trade features affected by the panic, these dividend disbursements were practically all fixed long before press, sacred as it is, must be used the panic appeared, and were in no involved in the trouble which played havor in other lines. release of an enormous sum last January that materially aided in restoring the equilibrium of the financial situation. Much good can be accomplished with \$210,000,000 if placed in the proper channels, and in-dications are favorable for increased activity after the turn of the year.

> are unfamiliar with the wonderful productive qualities of Oregon, orchards, some of the prices paid in this state are puzzling. A thirty-five-acre orchard near Grants Pass, with an additional fifty acres of land not in fruit, sold this week for \$34,000, the orchard part of the land being worth about \$800 per acre. This seems a large sum until it is explained that the crop from this orchard sold in 1996 for \$17,000, and that it had already made a fortune for the owner before he disposed of it to retire and enjoy the fruits of his labors in a land where fortunes are so easily made. The sale of this Southern Oregon ranch was not an exceptional one, as much higher prices have been paid, but never yet has the price mounted high enough to preclude a handsome annual return on the money invested.

To the Eastern fruitgrowers who

The City Council is entitled to the thanks of a grateful public for its refusal to take action against the rule of the streetcar company which for-bids smoking on its cars. Talk of the "hardship" inflicted upon smokers by this rule is the sheerest nonsense. Any man who cannot, without grievous hardship, refrain from smoking on his way to and from his place of business or employment on streetcars is a slave whom it is the part of humanity to emancipate. this rule irks him, he has a simple and effective remedy; he can walk at least part of the way, or until he finishes his pipe or cigar. With so easy and healthful a remedy at hand, it is foolish to talk of "hardship" in connection with a rule of the streetcar company, made in the interest of a majority of its patrons.

Castro, firm in the belief that a live private citizen has quite an advan-tage over a dead president, sensibly "I shall place no difficulties in the way of the present administration of Venezuela in settling pending controversies with foreign governments, even if this involves my own with-drawal from activity in the affairs of the nation." No individual could part with something he did not posindividual could sess with a better grace than is here exhibited. Castro will place no difficulties in the way of the present administration, because it is beyond his power to do so. A revolution always lands some faction on top, and that faction seldom fails to strengthen its position by making the land unattracinhealthy for the opposi

The appraiser of customs at Chieago is complaining because foreigners have sent in by mail more than 200 pounds of English plum pudding, ecessitating an examination to de ermine whether it contains diamonds or any other dutiable articles. The ustoms officer has experienced difficulty in determining whether the in-gredients used in the manufacture of his Christmas delicacy are subject to duty. As the English plum pudding in the materials used in its construction has many features of similarity to the mince ple, it is not to be won dered that the customs officer had difficulty in determining what it contained, or, having found out, was still at sea as to the liability for duty.

The return of the \$2,50 gold piece to circulation will not be hailed by the public. The coin, though a little beauty, is hard to distinguish from the 10-cent piece by the sense of touch, and in the hurry of passing out fare on crowded streetcars is likely to create both confusion and loss. Since it is to come into circulation again, however, it behooves those who handle it in exchange to be careful-a necessity abhorred by Americans.

In the Municipal Councils of Pitts burg there were six men whom the purchasing agent could not deal with. He reported them to his principals as - fools"; and to emphasize their folly and infamy he gave out their And the men have no remedy.

sist that they have been in the city's pay for the past two years or more are prepared to turn over to the city all they have otherwise earned mean-A moving picture of those Pitts-

burg Councilmen on the way to the

and appropriate supplement to that

Of course those detectives who in-

justly celebrated bribery flashlight. What did Mr. Gompers expect the court to do when he insolently, openand continuously defied its injunc-

Penitentiary would be a hands

It didn't seem as great an event in Bethlehem 1908 years ago as it does in Portland today.

must ride with them? If you begin saving your Christmas ney early, you won't feel the cost o hard next year.

Why not put on Jim Crow street-

ears for the smokers, if their stench

Finch is sane enough when he pleads for his neck.

Same to you, Governor-elect Cos-

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN DAYS Observed With Feasting and Revelry;

Now With Excessive Giving. In the child-like faith of the middle ages all things were in sympathy with he Nativity. Birds sang with clearer notes, bees in thir hives made a more melodious humming and cattle in their stalls went down upon their knees, while as a sign that gracious influen ces were abroad in all animated nature the "bird of dawning" crowed all night long on the eve of Christmas. In the Western part of Devonshire the story that at 12 o'clock on Christmas eve, the oxen in their stalls were always found on their knees as in an attitude of devotion, and making "a cruel moan like Christian creatures.

was unquestionably believed. Going back of this era Christmas was a time of crude revelry and excesses that would shame and astonish the civilization of the present day, but at this period it was a "gracious time." When we read of the simpler revels and fond, foolish beliefs of Christmas in the 15th and 16th centuries, we might regret that we have lost in this more enlightened age this child-like faith in holy miracles, but for the fact that the spirit of Christmas is manifest in ways more in accord with generosity and gracious sympathy than ever before in the world's history.

As noted by Charles Dudley Warner, in an article a quarter of a century old; "we have dropped a good many rude, and some pretty customs, but we have gained a broadening spirit of almost universal charity, a feeling of new brotherhood, that is perhaps none the less real because it is held a good deal in check during the rest of the year.

In the old time Christmas began on December 16, described in the prayer book calendar as O Sapientia, ended January 6 with Twelfth Night. It is related of the learned Dr. Parr, that when he was asked on what day in December it was proper to begin eating mince pie, he replied: "Begin on O Saplentia, but please to say Christmas pie-not mince pie-mince ple is Puritanical." If there is any merit in eating mince pie, as this as-sociation of it with the holy season seems to imply, we have a conclusive test of the plety of Pilgrims, for they did not hesitate to est mince pie any day in the year, when they could get it, a habit that abides with their descendants to the present day. even combined gastronomy and plety to such an extent that they could take hot mince ple for breakfast on a Summer morning with impunity. In the 15th and 16th centuries the

whole season included between the dates given was given up to rude revels in which eating and drinking were the chief elements. A great deal has come down to us in regard to the excesses of this time. Gormandizing, drunkenness and the more bolsterous revelry incident to the latter state beonged to the season. During the festival days the tables were constantly spread; the sirioin of beef, the mine ple, the plum porridge, turkeys, geese, and plum puddings were all brought upon the board at once and every one ate his fill, and all were welcome. The men went early to church and returned to breakfast on brawn and rustard. Brawn was a dish of great antiquity. It was made from the flesh of large boars which lived in a half wild state and when put to fatten, were strapped and belted tight around the body in order to make the flesh become dense and brawny. It came to market in rolls two feet long, by ten inches in diameter and was fit meat for the half savage revelers who washed it down with a oar's head fantastically dressed was first served and the feast ended, if it could be said to end during the season, with peacock or pheasant pie. Briefly the requisites for a good Christmas celebration in the old days were plenty of drink, a blazing fire in the hall, brawn, pudding souse, beef, mutton and pork, shred or mince pies of the best plg, veal goose and capon; cheese, nuts, and accompanying all quaint and lively carols.

The object of this brief presentment of Christmas past is simply to contrast it with Christmas present. The generosity, the good fellowship, the good theer of the former have been retained while with advancing civilization the crude and rude customs have dropped away, bringing us to the Christmas of the present, in chastened-if somewhat extravagant-mood. 'It is not so picturesque" is the verdict of the author above quoted, as rendered a quarter of a century ago, "but it is fuller of brotherly love and nearer to the divine intent." Pursuing his subject with prophetic insight, Mr. Warner added: "It is the tendency of all colidays, the Christian no less than the others, to go to excess, and the Chrismas may soon become as burdensome as it formerly was by reason of exessive gifts and artificial social observances. Progress is sometimes likened to the swinging of a penduum and Christmas will probably osillate to and fro in the fervor of lus elebration throughout the ages." The ourden is being felt; the giving of gifts is being pushed beyond reasonable bounds; the reaction will come within a shorter or longer period, dependent largely upon the continuance of National prosperity or the recurence of a period of Industrial and inancial depression. But as before, all that is best in the Christmas festival will remain and the spirit of good will will survive. To doubt this would be disloyalty to the best that is in human nature—brotherly love, good will, good fellowship. C. A. C.

Difficult to Live on \$2,000,000. oston Dispatch to the New York World.

Letters in which Mrs. Caroline E, Johnson complained of being obliged to live on such a meager sum as the interest from \$2,000,000 were a feature of the contest of her will in the Suffolk County Court. Although Mrs. Johnson lives in New York, a large part of her estate is in Massachussetts. The will is being fought by the daugh-ter, Mrs. Josephine W. Taylor, Mrs. Johnson maintained a fashion-able residence at Newport, R. L. and her letters contain satirfoal remarks

her letters contain satirical remarks on the society there. In one she wrote: "Belmont did the square thing by marrying Mrs. Sloan A letter from Mrs. Taylor, the daughter, answering a suggestion that she marry a rich man also is on file, in

"I could do so tomorrow if I wished, but a large fortune with a 'vulgarian' does not attract me. I prefer a small income and independence." which she says:

VERSE FROM **FATHERCHRISTMAS**

Marie Hemstreet in the Outlook.
The Christmas Angel sang to me
(And it was Christmas morn).
"If Christ dwells not within thy soul.
For thee he is not born!
If thou hast not his life in thine.
Then must thou go forlorn."

A fear for my imperfectness tear for my imperactions
Upon my spirit lay.
But Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men.
O Angel, I can say!"
That is the Song of Songs," he cried.
And smiling went his way.

Mashington (D. C.) Star.

If there isn't any Santa Claus, who is it turns your feet

Toward the shop where gifts are smiling as you walk along the street?

Who is it sets you thinking, though you're busy as can be.

About the songs and laughter 'round the children's Christmas treet?

Though you wow "this Christmas business is though you wow "this Christmas business is a nuisance, anyhow."

There's an influence at work that clears the frowning from your brew;

There's an influence at work that clears the frowning from your brew;

According to the countriller's report and time and the countriller's report that the countriller's report that the clear that the countriller's report that is being circulated by the city shows a paper profit for the ten months of \$13,000. It says tolking of the many times greater subs that have been spent from the general fund to keep the department going. The small tin trempet sounds a blast that

To homage for the doll who is a lady and a
queen.

And the ence presale world where it has
been your lot to dwell

Is a realm of fascination neath some mystic
fairy spell

If there isn't any Santa Claus, who is it,
day by day.

According to the controller's report of last year, the department sold \$122.

4000 worth of current of which \$67.000 worth was sold to the city for street lighting. The operating expenses were

\$108.682. Interest pad by general taxation amounted to \$35.875. Other expenses paid out of the general fund

That turns our thoughts to Christmas, strive to shun it as we may? Who comes at this bleak season armed with telepathic arts And by generous suggestion dominates our minds and hearts?

The Month of Good Feeling.

Chicago Evening Post.

The mail is heavy nowadays; Pve heard from Uncle Frank, Who says he'd write more often, but he's busy at his bank; And here is one from Henry Jones, who used to be my chum— He mentions how, long years ago, I broke his Christmas drum; And here's a cordial missive from my thoughtful cousin Joe, It's strange I haven't heard from them since just a year ago.

The elevator boy is mild in manner and in The elevator boy is mild in manner and in speech.

He knows without the asking just what floor I want to reach,
The office boy is blithe and clean, comes early to his work,
And never seems to want to find a time that he can shirk—

He even offers to come down an extra hour Of evenings. I remember now he did a year

The man who tends my furnace sifts the ashes every day; He says he'll see we burn all the coal for which we pay.

The postman six blocks from my house will dig into his pack.
And get a letter for me, just to save my walking back; The world is growing batter, just as it began to grow.

If I recall correctly, semething like a year

The cook doesn't talk of leaving, there's a twinkle in her eye;
She missed her half-day off this week to make my favored pie!
And I—why, I feel kinder toward all the folks and friends,
I've been to see the Sunday school my little boy attends.
I've rot a pleasuat creeting for each fellow. I've got a pleasant greeting for each fellow that I know-Just as I had for all of them about a year

Christmas City.

Baitimore Sun. Ho! for the city of Christmastime; Ho! for the beautifu! dreamland place. Purple palace and castles tail;
A wide domain where the pine tree rears
Its spangled boughs in the frelit hall;
Flashing spicudor of lane and street,
Whirling spirits and dancing feet;
Hot for the Christmas city, love,
With three gold stars in the dome above;

Spangled pageants in windows fair,
Toyful glories in shops of shine;
Resy lassle, with golden hair,
Ender the lights where the trinkets twine;
Dancing dreamers on feet of dew,
Lightheart singers and dreams of song,
Up and down where the blobsoms strew
The purple paths of the pulsing throng;
Gossamer gilter and dust of light;
Fairy town in a kingdom bright;
Ho! for the Christmas dity, we,
With its tinsel twined in the greenwood

Windows glowing and markets piled
With dainties tempting from far away.
Fruits still sweet with the sun that smiled
In Orient islands of yesterday;
Rippling laughter of young, sweet life,
Marvels many from stranger sides,
Love's lips laid on the wounds of strife,
And good-will beaming from gentle eyes;
Airy amulets, beautiful blooms,
Pungent spices and quaint perfumes;
Ho! for the Christmas city, all,
With its purple spires and its castles tall?

Under the spell of the evenglow,
Starry beauty of shop and street,
Gleaming windows in airy row,
Magic moving in mazes sweet;
Round and round with the rippling tide,
To and fro with the merry throng.
Laughter holding its aching side,
Music tripping in mirthful song:
Trumpets blowing and little drums
Beating the march of the kingdom come
Hol for the Christmas city, sweet,
With its old enchantment of fittle feet.

Gingerbread men in an ieing suit,
Candy canes, and the old-time toys—
Eisphants, engines and birds and fruit—
We sucked together when we were boys;
Spiritful, wonderful city of gleam,
Magic and marvel of glow and light;
Down, down, down through the gates of
dream,
Let us go dancing, beloved, tonight!
Oranges, raisins, figs and dates,
Oh, for the city that ever waits;
Ho! for the Christmas city, dear,
Where the gray heart dreams of an April
year!

A Christmas Lullaby.

Bianche E, Wade in Lippincott's, Bethlehem fown is fast asiesp, (One, two sheep, and a sur and a hill There where the shapherds watch the sheep, Out in the night, the shadows creep Over the hill so high and steep. (Three, four sheep, and a hill and a star.)

Over the plain comes three wise kings, (One, two camels, a star, and a hill.) Out of the east, lo each one brings Beautiful gifts and precious things, Loudly the chorus of angels sings, (Three, four camels, a hill, and a star.)

Down in the town is a lowly shed.

(One, two cows, and a star and a hill.)

There, to the Christ-child's manger bed
Shepherds and three wise Kinas are led.

Brightly the star shines overhead.

(Three, four cows, and a hill and a star.)

Over the hill go one, two sheep.
(One, two sheep, and a camel, and row.)
Over the hill more camels dreep;
There goes a lamb with a joyons leap;
Here—but the baby is fast asleep!
(Three, four sheep, and a hill, and a star.)

Called by Spirit Summons to Twin New York Herald, In obedience to a psychic communi-ation, the first she had ever received,

Miss Catherine Bruce, a student in th University of Michigan, came to New York from Ann Arbor, Mich., to fine her twin sister, Mrs. Charles J. Rich, of 400 West One hundred and eighteenth street, ill of pneumonia. Miss Bruce said that while in a sorority house in Ann Arbor, late at night, a voice which she thought was that of her twin sister had said to her: her twin sister had said to her 'Come to me; I need you."

Mrs Rich had been ill for several

but the physician in attendance had said that the illness was not grave. After March 4 T. R. President Dowager

Pittsburg Dispatch.
The New York Evening Post unbends
from its usual penderous dignity to
indulge in this bit of levity: "After
March 4, he will be T. R., President

LDownger,"

SEATTLE MINICIPAL LIGHT PLANT It Has Nevel Paid Expenses and Now Asks for \$500,000 More.

Seattle Will on December 29 vote an extra bont feue of \$800,000, \$500,000 of which is to be used to finish work now underway on the light plant, and \$300,000 of which is to refund money that the apartment has borrowed from the goeral fund.

In spite if the fact that Scattle's light rates re higher than the rates charged in acoma, and Scattle owns its own powr plant, the department has never pay expenses. If the bonds carry it is conceded it will be because the city is s far into the business

expenses paid out of the general fund amounted to \$15,000.

Scattle's plant, which priginally was to have cost about \$1.00,000, has already cost \$1.758,846, and if the bond issue soon to be voted on carries, \$800,000 must be added to the amount. The average residence cotsumer pays 2 cents a kilowatt hour mon than the verage Tacoma consumer Seattle's rates are graded town from 8% cents to 4% cents. Tacona rates are graded down from 6 cents to 3

A consumer in Tacoma who sees 20 kilowatt hours of current in a month pays \$1,20. In Scattle he would pay \$1,70.

A Tacoma consumer using 40 kilowatts would pay \$2,40, and in Stattle he would pay \$3.30.

A Tacoma consumer using 60 Min-watts would pay \$3.50, and in Scattle he would pay \$4.50.

In addition, patrons are obliged to put up with a wretched service. Fre-quently there are no lights at all for two or three hours at a stretch, and at other times the current is so weak that it is almost impossible to read

with the lamps.
The much-bessted low rates of Se attle are not the rates going to common people. They are rates made only to big consumers, and rumor says

that the small consumers are paying for the loss of current furnished to the big consumers. One of the men in the department admitted that some sales of current to big consumers were as low as four-te the of 1 cent a kilo-watt hour-an admitted loss to the city and a drain on the small consum-In view of these facts and figures It

is no wonder that Anditor Young, of the municipal plant, said the other

The most dangerous thing a city The most dangerous thing a triy can take hold of is an electric power plant. It is all a matter of management. Unless all politics are cut out, unless your department is admirably systematized and organized and unless to head it. you have the proper men to head it,

Clever Parrot Scares Footpad. Mont Clair (N. J.) Correspondent Phila-

delphia Record,
"Polly," a parrot, who has been
the family of Felix Yerdman for the family of Felix Yerdman for 20 years, is fond of riding with Yerdman to market at Paterson. Yerdman was driving home after dark and "Polly" was a-horseback. Yerdman says that when the wagon reached a long hill about a mile from the farm a negre ran from the side of the road, jumped year the wagon's tailbeard and said: the wagon's tallboard and said:

Give me your money." The farmer struck the robber in the face, but the negro dragged bim from the wagon, threw him, beat him badly and started searching his pockets. "Polly," seeing her master's plight, shouted: "Hold him, Pop, I'm coming!" At the words the highwayman ran if spooks were on his trail.

Wrathy After Engine Strikes Him.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Dispatch, Brooklyn (N. Y.) Dispatch,
When an express train on the Long
Island railroad struck a man, the engineer stopped, expecting to find only
pleces of a man's body. When he
reached the man, who gave his name
as William O'Hara, he was asked if
he was much hurt. "Yis," replied O'Hara, "me feelin's are holted. To think
a man can't walk along in a decent,
ouiet, respectable way without bein quiet, respectable way without bein

Elk's Red Necktie Angers Steer.

Pittsburg Leader.

A steer made angry by a red necktie worn by Charles Keller in the Elks' parade in the streets of Altona, chased the elk a block until Keller ound a low place in a fence over which e jumped and escaped.

IN THE MAGAZINE SECTION OF THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

LINCOLN'S THREE

LOVE AFFAIRS Second of Ida M. Tarbell's noted articles dealing with the human side of the great President, illustrated with rare photographs. Few sketches are more nathetic than the death of beautiful Ann Rutledge, Lincoln's first love.

MONUMENT TO THE FATHER OF "MOTHER GOOSE"

Paris has so honored the mightiest writer for children. How many parents know who he is, when he lived and how he came to write these immortal stories?

LIVING FOUNDERS OF FAMED COLLEGES

Romantic figure of Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, who founded the Catholic University of America; Stephen A. Douglas' unfinished work.

'IN SOME WAYS 1908 WAS A PERFECTLY GOOD YEAR'

Says the Hotel Clerk, and then reviews in his own way what he considers the notable events in the twelvemonth.

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