

The Oregonian

Entered at Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as Second-class matter, March 10, 1881. Subscriptions rates—Invariably in Advance: (By Mail) Daily, Sunday included, six months \$8.00...

evil passions of men seize upon the way of escape, and the death and destruction with it. Science is good when love informs it. All knowledge is good when it is irradiated with the serene light of the highest truth.

WAR THE ONLY ANTIDOTE.

The war alone has saved the United States from the disastrous effects of the Underwood tariff on our foreign trade balance. In 1913 our exports exceeded imports by \$691,000,000, but in October of that year, when the new tariff took effect, the balance in our favor began to diminish and continued to do so until April, when the balance turned against us, and it remained against us through the first month of the war, as the following table, compiled by the New York Mail, shows:

Table with columns for Month, Exports, Imports, and Balance. Shows a shift from surplus to deficit starting in October 1913.

In October and November, this year, Europe began to recover from the first effects of the war and steadily increased its sales of manufactures to us.

When the wheat-shipping season opened we were looking to it as a means of stopping exports and starting imports of gold. But for the war we might have continued to export wheat and thereby to export gold.

It is a poor recommendation for a tariff law that nothing short of a general war, which is impoverishing Europe, could prevent the tariff from steadily impoverishing this country.

THE AUTHOR OF WOLFVILLE. While Alfred Henry Lewis was known to those keenly interested in Governmental affairs as an able political writer, the larger area of his fame was acquired through the medium of his fiction.

It is asserted in his biography that the foundation of his popularity as an author was his Wolfville stories. It is likely that time will prove them to be the superstructure as well. They are tales of the romantic west now all but gone of the great Southwest.

HELD ON EGYPT GROWS FIRMER. In replacing the Khedive of Egypt, who was held prisoner by the Turks, with a new Khedive, Great Britain is following the policy which she has pursued with much success in India.

ECONOMY IN ARMY RESERVE. A large part of the opposition to the proposed increase of our available military force is due to a misapprehension of the Government's proposals.

THE KAISER HARDLY COULD HAVE EXPECTED Great Britain to agree on exchange of prisoners at the rate of five to one. That is his joke.

Let the East have its white Christmas. We are quite content with our green and gold one.

Give the postoffice people credit for doing good work the past week.

There will be one joyous week in Arizona.

Sort out the duplicates and be thrifty.

Only a few more days to write it 1914.

public opinion and could not do it if they did try. Daily experience seems to confirm this theoretical view.

PAUL JONES' RAID ON ENGLAND. The most noteworthy raid on the British coast since the Norman conquest and prior to the German bombardment of Yorkshire towers was the attack of John Paul Jones on Whitby, on the coast of Cumberland, on April 22, 1778.

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But look out for tomorrow's reaction.

Christmas is the postman's labor day.

More like a day in May.

Merry Christmas.

2500 to 3000 men. Mr. Weeks showed that, unless we provide trained men to fill up gaps in the ranks, the strength of a regiment would shrink in six months' fighting to 1500 men.

WE WASTE, in another way, by relying on green volunteers, under inexperienced officers, as a reserve for the active army.

At least one of the British soldiers is laboring under a delusion, according to a letter just received from Kathleen Clifford, who is in London.

It seems that one of the schemes of relief indulged in by the Queen and the ladies of her court is the donation of tobacco to the troops.

Instead of giving a Christmas matinee today at the Standard Theater, where she is playing in New York, May Irwin will donate the occasion to the Red Cross.

"Seven Thousand Servants Lured to Destruction by Ducks," reads a headline. Thousands of American men are daily lured to destruction by chickens.

Charles Klein returns to London this week. He is keeping his house in that city open chiefly in order to give his servants a home in these trying times.

A poetic love letter to a woman from an actor has no effect upon the victory of her separation suit.

Now it develops that Evelyn Nesbit Thaw has a singing voice. Whether she can sing is of course another matter.

Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson gives a Christmas matinee today at the Cort Theater in San Francisco for the benefit of the Dollar Christmas Fund for Homeless Belgians.

Folk who used to know Oza Waldron as the "Clink" in a Baker Play here can see a good picture of that attractive and elusive young actress in the current issue of the Dramatic Mirror.

Jules Eckert Goodman's play, "The Silent Voice," founded on a novelette by Governor Morris, goes onto the boards at the Liberty Theater in New York on December 29, with Otis Skinner as the star.

E. H. Southern and his wife, Julia Marlowe, have purchased an old mansion in Georgetown, the elite residence part of the National capital, and are entertaining Washington society and being entertained. According to reports, neither intends to act again professionally.

While Victor Herbert, the composer, is grinding out melodies, his son is producing a motor car factory in the Ford motor car factory in other words, Mr. Herbert's son is not following in the footsteps of his distinguished father, but has gone in for the uplift of the motor industry.

Mr. Herbert sent his offspring to Cornell University, where he was allowed every reasonable comfort and luxury, and whence he graduated in mechanical engineering with honors.

Charles Frohman has placed Madge Titheridge in the role of "Peter Pan," which he will produce at his Duke of York's Theater, London, next week.

Stars and Starmakers

Now that Russia, Turkey and France have officially put their feet down on a Christmas tree, it behooves Germany and England to show the benefits of the fraternal spirit by entering into some little Christmas alliance of their own.

"Where, oh, where, is the cave man?" wails a poetess. Extinguished is the cave man, through chronic onslaughts of the shavemans.

This same poetess has written a "Lay of the Cave Man." Why not a lay of the cave woman? Might call it "Sweet Me Again, Sweetheart," or "Biffie Some More, Dearie."

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Christmas in the Trenches

Softly the seraphs sang their song of long ago, their voices clear and true. And as the red and angry East was heralding the morn,

Wearily the Prince went forth, and low his head was bent; And frozen tears like diamonds hung and glittered on his beard;

Faint and far the seraphs' song fell from the starry skies; Long on earth, good will to men" And in the trenches deep,

And their breath rose on the frosty air as dead men's souls arise.

And frozen tears like diamonds hung and glittered on his beard, And the Prince of Peace smiled tenderly on them as they lay.

THE CRY OF THE CRUSHED. In the twinkling of an eye A bayonet ends a man's joy; From the miry depths of want Thou canst lift us; thou canst plant Weary feet on solid ground.

All the wealth of worlds is thine (Empty coffers, hands, are mine) Cattle on a thousand hills; Air and earth and water give Food that man and beast may live.

Oh let not Winter's life-congealing chill Invade scant' Penury's defenses Nor, while the mansion Yuletide pleasures fill,

If heaven to such and thee has been so kind, and thou art rich, and thou art rich, and thou art rich, and thou art rich,

This Christmas-time may we privilege but deem To succor need, to garment the ill-clad, To the empty larder fill; And this esteem Our holiest joy—to make the wretched glad.

Your embers dulled make glow to cheerful fire; The laden tree build high in gilded boughs; To feast and gifts blest matron, children, sire, And huculose pendant mistletoe o'er all.

Impart sweet flavor of a deep delight, To knead the hungry fed, the naked dressed, And giving these the tribute of your mite.

NIGHT OF THE STAR. Night of the star! Night of the star! Sang where the shepherds watched their flock, By smould'ring midnight fire.

First Christmas night of long ago, Night to our memories dear, Children and old alike, we keep These dearest of the year.

Have you done your duty this Christmas tide, As the call for help comes from far and wide? To us who are peaceful, with plenty in store, The call of distress comes as never before.

Go out on the byways, you'll find some in need, And your heart will be lighter for some kindly deed.

Half a Century Ago

From The Oregonian, December 24, 1864. Sunday school and gift books from the American Tract Society and the Massachusetts Sunday School Society are offered for sale at Hargreaves & Shindler's, First street, near Alder, Rev. G. H. Atkinson, secretary and treasurer of the Oregon Tract Society, has called the attention of our readers to the books at the depository.

Dr. J. G. Glenn can now be found at his office in Portland with a full assortment of dental material and equipped to perform all operations in his line.

A. B. Woodward & Co. photograph gallery proprietors, Front and Morrison streets, have announced they are now equipped to take stereoscopic views and plain photographs from locket to life size.

The Oregon Intelligencer, the Democratic sheet, has expired and the proprietor of W. G. T. Vault, the late editor, appears in the Sentinel, P. J. Malone, has purchased the Intelligencer and its equipment and start a new copperhead paper, to be known as the Oregon Reporter.

James St. Clair and Miss Betsy Norton, both of Portland, were married by Rev. D. Rutledge, December 22.

By the arrival of the steamer John H. Crist, from the city of St. Petersburg, James Birney, of Cathlamet, Mr. Birney had been identified with the interests of the Columbia River for more than 43 years.

The office of Vice-Admiral has been created in the United States Navy and the appointment of Rear-Admiral Farragut has been made to the Senate by the President and immediately confirmed.

General Lee is reported to have been wounded before Petersburg. It is not believed the wound is serious.

The London Times remarks that Sherman's march equals that of Marlborough in Germany leading to the battle of Blenheim, and adds it is the most brilliant effort of the American General. He has not heard the outcome, but adds that success will raise him to the pinnacle of highest rank, or ruin will be the recompense for defeat.

From The Oregonian, December 25, 1859. New York—Nellie Bly, the newspaper woman making a trip against time around the world, arrived at Hongkong December 23.

Patti, the sweet songstress, has told a San Francisco newspaper reporter what she beached her hair to red. She also explained that black hair could not be dyed red—it has to be bleached. The reason, she explained, was that the Parisian had said demand was for a blonde Juliet, and that, while Juliet was not a blonde, she compromised on a red-head Juliet to please the Parisians. Patti did not explain why she left her eyebrows black.

Attorney C. M. Ideman has just visited his partner, W. Carey Johnson, at his home in New York. Johnson is said to be a very sick man. Mr. Johnson has suffered a nervous breakdown, and his recovery even now is doubtful.

John Holman and E. Bingham returned yesterday from a hunting trip, part of which was in the mountains of Idaho where they killed 73 ducks and a goose.

Dr. Harry Garfield, of La Grande, son of Selucus Garfield, formerly a delegate to Washington, has fallen heir to \$39,000 at Port Townsend.

Judge Green and A. Harbaugh left Saturday for Green's Lake and returned yesterday with 25 ducks, among which were 73 canvasbacks.

The Spokane Falls Chronicle says that George W. Curtis, the well-known political mugwump, has for nearly 30 years been getting \$25,000 per annum from Harper as counsel as their literary and political adviser.

Another bridge will be erected at the foot of Madison street to connect with the Hawthorne motor line on the East Side. Superintendent George Brown has let contracts for the necessary piling in the Willamette River at the place mentioned. The bridge from wharf line to wharf line will be 165 feet, this being the widest place of the river along the city front.

Where Did Name Oregon Originate? SALLIE, OR, Dec. 25.—(To The Editor of The Oregonian) I have seen in The Oregonian concerning the derivation of the name "Oregon" can scarcely bear investigation. Jonathan Carver, in his explorations within 300 miles of the Rocky Mountains, much less down the Snake and Columbia rivers. So, the premise being gone, the name must go with it.

Some day we may find out a true explanation of whence this beautiful name was derived, but thus far it has been brought forward which takes the question beyond the realms of speculation pure and simple.

J. C. MORLAND.

MOVED AWAY. My neighbors moved away today, From the little house under the hill; And my world is strangely dull and dreary.

With the place so barren and still, They've been my neighbors so very long, That I never dreamed they would go, But now I miss the snatches of song, And the hurrying to and fro.

And I wish I had drawn nearer To the hearts of them while they were here, Ere the fragile world was broken, Filled with afterwhites I planned.

But my neighbors moved away today, From the little house under the hill; And my world is strangely dull and dreary.

With the place so barren and still, They've been my neighbors so very long, That I never dreamed they would go, But now I miss the snatches of song, And the hurrying to and fro.

And I wish I had drawn nearer To the heart of her while she was here, Ere the fragile world was broken, Filled with afterwhites I planned.

But my neighbors moved away today, From valley, meadow and hill; And winter soon will have its way, And cold winds have their will.

Fair Summer has been with us so long, That I sorely dreamed she would not pass; But now I miss the snatches of song, And the bees and the tall, green grass.

And I wish I had drawn nearer To the heart of her while she was here, Ere the fragile world was broken, Filled with afterwhites I planned.

But my neighbors moved away today, From valley, meadow and hill; And winter soon will have its way, And cold winds have their will.

Yes, Summer moved away today, From valley, meadow and hill; And winter soon will have its way, And cold winds have their will.

Nor filled again can ever be.

Yes, Summer moved away today, From valley, meadow and hill; And winter soon will have its way, And cold winds have their will.

—MARY H. FORDE, Hillsdale, Or.