

The Oregonian

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Portland, Sunday, Dec. 15, 1907. Our cities, here and there. That Oregon, has only one large town is due wholly to slowness of railroad development in the state.

great states of the South there yet will be great cities—in Texas one, in Alabama one, in Georgia one or more, concentration is beginning at such points as Atlanta, Birmingham and Galveston.

One of the great problems of American life is to disjoin the fool from the revolver. There will be revolvers, of course, so long as there are fools and irresponsible persons to buy them and to carry them and to use them.

Our shop windows throughout America are stocked with revolvers. You will not see the like in any other country that pretends to a civilization.

At this moment ten thousand revolvers are in the pockets of irresponsible and worthless persons in this town; and tens of thousands more are offered for sale, many of them at open windows.

The fool has a trifling grievance, or thinks he has. He shoots at a woman, and she shoots. He feels himself "insulted" in one way or another, and he shoots.

GERMAN TARIFF AGREEMENT. The mild concession shown the German tariff by the tariff act which became effective July 1 brought forth a lugubrious wail from the American Protective Tariff League.

THE DAIKENS. The Oregon State Dairy Association has just closed a most satisfactory two days' session in Portland.

Should consolidation of the cities about San Francisco Bay be effected, the result will be a municipality exceeded in population only by New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and perhaps St. Louis.

South of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers there is but one city of 100,000 inhabitants—New Orleans. Yet in those

showing now being made that offers the slightest excuse for anything but congratulations to the statesmen who succeeded in perfecting the moderate-reciprocal arrangement.

The Oregonian has received from a man named Hamilton one of those letters which excite mingled sympathy and contempt.

The Oregonian advises him to choose neither. Unless Mr. Hamilton is sick and unable to work because of the necessity he falls him to steal.

WHITTIER. Next Tuesday will be the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Whittier.

The attempt to revive the calamity-howl that erstwhile resounded over the plains of Kansas will be futile. Kansas has a huge crop of corn, but the crop of the hog is one of the expenses which our remote position from the markets makes necessary.

Provision has been made for the improvement, as far as \$11,000 will provide thereof, of Crater Lake Park, by the General Government.

THE HEAVY RAIN. The heavy rain of the past week has extended throughout the Willamette Valley. The soil having absorbed all that it could hold, the surplus waters are being drained off by the Willamette River and its tributaries.

THE REVOLVER. The revolver has been taken away from thugs by Portland police after being melted into a stove at the Salem Stove Foundry.

Judge Never Misses a Day's Sitting. Boston Dispatch. Judge Field, aged 91, of Abner, Mass., 20 years on the bench, has never missed a day's sitting.

Protect Bull Run Reserve. Application by the Mount Hood Railway & Power Company at the office of the United States Forest Service at Washington, D. C.

enjoyed the exhibit of dairy products and viewed with interest the various kinds of machinery used in the manufacture of butter and cheese.

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chistic in its depths. He was progressive and constructive. His statesman in "Snowbound" is to "plant a school-house on every hill" and "stretch the quick wires of intelligence throughout the land."

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Poems by Whittier

Born December 17, 1807; Died September 7, 1892.

Maud Muller. Maud Muller on a Summer Day. Baked the meadow sweet with hay.

The sweet song died, and a vague woe And a nameless longing filled her breast.

A wish that she hardly dared to own, For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane, Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled And filled for him her small tin cup.

And blushed as she gave it, looking down On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks," said the Judge, "a sweeter draught From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees, Of the singing birds and the humming bees.

Then talked of the haying and wondered whether The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown, And her graceful ankles bare and brown.

And listened, while a pleased surprise Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me! That I the Judge's bride might be!"

"He would dress me up in silks so fine And praise and toast me at his wine."

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat; My brother should sail a painted boat."

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay, And the baby should have a new toy each day."

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the cold, And all should bless me who left our fold."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill, And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet, Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."

And her modest answer and graceful air Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I today, Like her, a harvester of hay!"

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs, Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues."

"But low of cattle and song of birds, And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold, And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on, And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon When he hummed in court an old love-tune:

And the young girl mused beside the well Till the rain on the unranked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dowry, Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his manly beauty's bright glow, He watched a picture come and go:

SILHOUETTES

By Arthur A. Greene.

Santa Claus gets a whole lot of credit that really belongs to the mail carrier.

One pinch of panic makes the whole world akin.

Only children and shopkeepers really enjoy Christmas.

If women devoted as much time and effort trying to be good as they do trying to be beautiful, the world would be much happier.

A man died in a Connecticut village the other day at the age of 110. He attributed his remarkable longevity to life-long moderation.

A member of Congress has introduced a bill to prevent the adulteration of paint. This leads one to wonder whether this pure-food agitation will end.

In Virtue's presence Vice may doff its hat, but it always keeps its cloak on.

Senator Fulton is loyal to his constituents. In Washington he lives at a hotel called the Portland.

Since her acquittal Mrs. Bradley has declined to engage in newspaper work in Goldenrod. However, such women exceed the stage ever to be elevated when they shirk their responsibilities in this manner.

A Georgia bridegroom recently fainted at the altar just as the minister pronounced the fatal words. He must have seen his bride's face in repose for the first time and remembered that she couldn't sing. (Acknowledgment to a famous old joke.)

Since the Sunday laws are being so strictly enforced in New York, it might be appropriate to refer to Broadway as "The Great Blue Way."

Exodus. (The press dispatches announce that the tide of immigration has turned and that thousands of foreign-born residents of this country are returning to their former homes.)

What 'r we going to do for policemen, Who's going to make our beer, What 'll be our chance for music, When the foreign folks disappear?

How 'r we going to get spaghetti, Who's going to do the wash, Who'll sell the millionaire Turkish rug? That'll be tough 'n' gosh.

Where'll we get opera singers, What'll the Socialists do, Who's going to work on the railroad? Well, I'll put it up to you.

Life won't be worth the living, Things will be dull all day, When warships take a steamboat, And the foreigners sail away.

A Bargain-Day Incident. Adam was taking a morning stroll through the Garden of Eden. "Unexpectedly he came upon Eve throwing clubs into a fire tree."

"What are you doing that for?" asked the Father of Men. "I'm doing my Christmas shopping," replied the Mother of Men, as she shielded another stick to the topmost branch and gathered up the leaves that fell.

The Minstrel Band. Down the street comes the minstrel band, Marching in step to the music grand, And the folks all look and spellbound stand.

At the boom-to-para of the minstrel band, While the kids all run to follow the way, That the minstrele take in their uniforms.

And I cease to wonder that in Hamelin town The piper and his pipe did the thing up brown.

A Lay Sermon. Brethren, on this beautiful Sunday morning I desire to invite your attention to a text which I found in the paper which announces this wine:

"Du Fuik, though not a heavy drinker, seems to have been a wild youth and whenever out with bad companions drank freely. His body is now at Finley's morgue."

"Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging."

Those of us who occasionally take a drink for our stomach's sake, for old sake's sake, or for the sake of the pretty woman across the table, are playing tag with the devil. Not the traditional devil in red tights with a pitchfork in his hand and a lake of brimstone down him, but the devil who acts as sexton in the cemetery of dead hopes; the devil of debt, of lost respect, of competency become incompetency, of broken homes, of blasted lives. The hang-dog, shabbily clad devil of dishonorable poverty; the devil of the divorce court and criminal jurisprudence; the devil of bar-room brawls; the devil that leads his victims to the river and the poison vial. Don't let it, brethren. Bopze wherever it may come from is a hollow mockery, a delusion and a snare. "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging. Its laughter is the gibbering of specters and in the end it writes this epitaph for its devotee:—"

"Du Fuik, though not a heavy drinker, seems to have been a wild youth and whenever out with bad companions drank freely. His body is now at Finley's morgue."

Protect Bull Run Reserve. Application by the Mount Hood Railway & Power Company at the office of the United States Forest Service at Washington, D. C., for permission to construct flumes and rights of way across the city's reserve of Bull Run River has caused the Portland Water Board to send a protest, through Superintendent Dodge. It is feared that to permit the railroad corporation to encroach might infringe upon the city's water supply. Every effort is to be made to stop this move.

Judge Never Misses a Day's Sitting. Boston Dispatch. Judge Field, aged 91, of Abner, Mass., 20 years on the bench, has never missed a day's sitting. Being indisposed recently, he heard a murder case lying in bed on his back.