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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, DEC. 24, 1911.

### WHILE THE ARMY MARCHES ON.

The loud call for Colonel Roosevelt to contest with Mr. Taft the Republiran nomination comes mainly from the open enemies of President Taft and his Administration. chiefly from a polynant realization of the entire insufficiency of Mr. La Fol-lette as a Presidential candidate and is in itself a significant and formidable revolt from the ranks of the insurgents who are moved by a desire find somebody or anybody to beat Taft.

Colonel Roosevelt has made no effort to get his friends to line La up for La Follette; and he has made only the most perfunctory protests against their noisy display of the Rooseveit standard. Cole nel Roosevelt has painstakingly taken a position in the middle not only as to Taft and as to La Follette, but as to himself. Yet it is not to be assumed that he is a candidate or even that he will be a candidate in 1912. Clearly the Colonel is writing his weekly pieces for the Outlook and otherwise sawing wood with the commendable purpose of letting the future take care of lizelf. Why should he insist that bands shall not play or flags not fly, or the tumult cease, for Roosevelt? He has said that he is not a candidate, will do nothing to be a candidate, is not seeking the nomination, does not desire the nomination and no man is his friend who tries to get it for him.

Colonel Roosevolt is in a position of no little perplexity, no doubt. Whatever he does will raise a row and alienate friends, and he knows it. Therefore he does nothing and he a thoroughly good job of it. But thousands -01 are throughout the United States who are just as strangely placed as Mr. Roose velt. They supported Mr. Taft for the nomination because President Roosevelt called upon them to do if. They are now for Mr. Taft because they think he has made a good President and is entitled to renomination and re-election on his merits. Furthermore, they think that Mr. Taft is entitled to fair play from his friends, and the just judgment of his enemies, and that he has had neither. They have not forgotten that as late as Feb ruary 25, 1969, just before his retirement from the Presidency, Mr. Rooseyelt paid this remarkable tribute to his residuary logates;

No man of better training no man of more diaurthese courses, of sounder arms, and of higher and finer character has ever tome to the Presidency than William How-ard Taft.

The country accepted Mr. Taft at the Roosevelt valuation, and the main body of Republicans feel that it was an encomium altogether deserved and are prepared to demonstrate again their confidence in President Taft and their appreciation of the great things he has done and is doing as President. Yet they are profound-come and trip it as you go On the light, fantastic to: ly concerned to understand the real

it does not follow that they ought to be discontinued. Almost any day some scientist, or some amateur, may hit upon precisely the right way to go about it and then we shall be able to enter a new world of knowledge. Sitting in the seat of the scoffer is the cheapest of amusements, but it is also

one of the most risky.

### PLATFORM ECHOES OF 1908.

The Democratic National Convention of 1908 at Denver adopted a stentorian platform of protest, economy and reform, of which the following is a hining gem:

shining gent: The Republican Congress in ession just ended has made appropriations amounting to 51.005,000,000 exceeding the total expen-titure of the last fixed year by \$200,000,000 and issuing a deficit of more than \$200,000 000 for the fascal year. We denounce the has resulted in this appaling increase, as a shameful violation of all prudent condi-tions of government, as no less than a crime working someth from violae excludes and working the millions of working mest and working someth from violae excludes and the exclusion of these columns the exclusion of the Republican platform con-sing no reference to recommit distribution tains no reference to economic distribution or promise thereof in the future. We demand that a stop be put to this frightful estrav-agance and insist upon the strictest econ-omy in every department compatible with frugal and efficient administration.

Buncombe, humbug and stuff. Your Democrat is noisy for economy, frugal-It arises ity and efficiency when the other party calization of is spending the money and giving out the jobs. The most signal act of the new Democratic House was the pass-age, by an overwhelming vote, of the colossal Sherwood pension grab, vot-ing away from \$40,000,000 to \$75.per annum of the people's It is to be followed by an

omnibus public building bill. Econ-omy and frugality are thrown to the winds The pork harrel never smells bad, or looks had, or tastes had, to the

average Democratic Congress after election.

### CHRISTMAS IN LITERATURE.

000,000

money.

No doubt the most impressive passage upon Christmas in any literature in the first scene of the first occurs act of Hamlet. Bernardo, Horatic and Marcellus are standing on the platform of the castle at Eisinore in eager conversation about the ghost which has just vanished. It brings the thought of Christmas to Marcellus because:

Ever 'gainst that season comes Wherein our Bavior's birth is celebrated . . . No spirit can walk abroad: The nights are wholesome, the no planets

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to

charm, a hallowed and so gracious is the time. The tone of this passage, reverent

at still jubliantly conscious of the Savior's power over evil, runs through all English literature. In Milton's great hymn on the nativity the jubliation is less pronounced than melancholy recollection of the Lord's sorrows, but it is there as we see plainly mough from the lines:

enough from the intes. This is the menth and this the happy morn Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King. Of weided man and virgin mother bern, Our great redemption from above did bring. In Dickens' Christmas tales and the rollicking chapters of Pickwick which describe the holidays at Old Wardeil's we dare say jubliation over-powers reverence. Dickens was so much a lover of good cheer that few of the more solemn Christmastide asclations seem to have come into his mind. Fickwick is the very embo ment of the joy of life and so is Old Wardell and both of these fine characters radiate a warmth of soul which makes them lovable even in their extravagance. Perhaps the Fat Boy who figures so conspicuously at those fawassails typified to Dickens' mind the true Christmas spirit which, as he thought, had always on its lips:

Hence loathed melancholy Of Corberus and blackest midnight bornwith that marvelous invitation to joy-At Old Wardell's the Pickwickians

mous

ses of difference between Taft and did "trip it" in all merry delightful danced under the mistletoe and everyhody was abundantly kissed. And they ate. It is astonishing what tireless aponly at Christmas, but always. Food and drink cure all earthly ills for them and never introduce any new ones, as they are apt to do for less d mortals.

enduring charm than Tennyson's lines In "In Memoriam," beginning: The time draws near the birth of Christ; The moon is bid, the night is still.

In the verses we have just been quoting, beautiful as they are, the note of melancholy is unmistakable and we hold with Dickens that "Quips and cranks and wanton wiles" better indl. cate the true Christmas spirit. Solemn as Milton often was he certainly caught the holiday temper in his "L'Al-

legro." And who could be more hearty than Wordsworth's minstrels, who, Wordsworth's minstrels, who, "smitten by a lofty moon," Prenounced each name with lusty call, And "Merry Christmas" wished to all.

## A DELEGATED DUTY.

A scathing arraignment of parents -not of mothers alone, but of fathers as well-was that of the committee of the Social Hygiene Society, which urged the appointment of three special policemen whose duty it will be, among other things, to keep young girls off the streets at night and enforce the curfew ordinance. Though parental duty and obligation was not mentioned in connection with this petition, it is clear that if parents were responsible, or could be made and held responsible, for the care of their minor children and the welfare of their young

daughters, there would be no call for special policemen to clear the streets of children in the evenings and of young girls at night. Nature having young girls at night. Nature having slighted or abandoned her task in this realm, policemen must be called upon to protect young children from and young girls from the ruin that lurks in evil associations. Conditions that call forth such a pe-

tition as this are not only deplorable: they are alarming. The more so since without at least parental co-operation in such matters the police are handicapped in the endeavor to which they are commissioned. It is an application of morals upon the outside, so to peak. ignoring the impulses from within of modesty and honor and decency by which alone an upright standard of life is assured. The nother who ties the gate to keep her three-year-old child in the yard will be powerless before the fact, as disclosed two years later, that he can ompass his desire to run away by

climbing the fence Her resources of control having been exhausted by making it temporarily mpossible for him to disobey her command to "stay in the yard," she will be powerless before this new develop-ment of his ability to get away.

THE "GET-THERE" IDEA. The problem of "getting there" is the problem of civilization, or of that phase of it that is known as "develop-Years ago this problem was iont." slowly and painfully worked out with exen as the propeller power; later all of it in another part of paper. What we have given the surplus of farms to a stinted market; later still the stage coach and the mule-drawn freight wagons; then where waterways served, came the steamboats of a primitive navigation era, and finally the iron horse, the

teel ties and the railroad train. Long before this, however, the Mayflower, after a tempestuous voyage of sixty-three days, landed her company of adventurers on the Massachusetts coast and the conquest of the great unknown Western world was begun. These people had "got there," with others who had landed at different ports, began the investment and development of the continent. course all of this and much more is as any schoolboy knows, of history. It is only with the details of this investment of the wilderness by the advance guards of civilization, and with the own state, that we at present have to The ox-team era, the stage-coach era, the canoe and flatboat era, folowed by the steamboat era, the steam railway era, that is still passing from conquering to conquer, and now the electric motor era-all of these have

the foolish lightning rod, while pru-dence lifted its voice in warning against the danger of seeking shelter under a tree. In a barn or under the

lee of a haystack from the pouring rain that the flash and detonation of lightning presaged. Our servant now and recognized friend is this still mysterious element. this all-pervading force of the uni-

verse. Whether lighting our dwellings and streets, cooking our food, moving our streetcars on enabling us when we set our faces toward the country, to our homes or to market to "get there, electricity, chained and applied, is the right hand of civilization, the all-pervading element and force of a development that hinges upon the "getthere idea"-the progressive impulse that is urging mankind onward in a of unresting and unspent world energy.

## WHY IS POETRY UNPOPULAR?

A few days ago The Oregonian, in its zeal to promote whatever is good and beautiful, ihrew out the question why it is that people care so little for poetry in this day and age of the world? Of course, we meant good poetry. The taste for bad poetry is as virulent now as it ever was and needs no encouragement. A correspondent reminds us that the question was answered by Macaulay in his Essay on Milton. To make our obligation deeper he sends a quotation from that celebrated production which goes into the subject with philosophical thoroughness. Macaulay was a famous hand at answering questions.

In the course of his brilliant career he turned his attention, first or last, to most of those which have perplexed mankind and none of them did he fail to dispose of with complete satisfaction to himself. His solutions have not always been quite so pleasing to the rest of mankind, but trifling facts of that nature never disturbed Macaulay's placidity in this world and we suppose they trouble him just as lite in the other. To the mind of that great writer

whatever he himself said was infallible though he did in later, and possibly wiser, years speak somewhat re-gretfully of the raw self-confidence of the Essay on Milton. The sentences which our correspondent quotes must have stung him with particularly poignant remorse. "Perhaps no peron," says the author of the Ballads of Ancient Rome, "can be a poet or can even enjoy poetry without a certain unsoundness of mind. By poetry we mean the art of employing words to

produce an illusion in the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colors." We shall not repeat the rest of the extract. The reader will find today's What we have given here is enough for our purpose. It shows, for one thing, that Macaulay had the same false idea of art as Max Nordau, who has taught us in his book on Degeneration that all great poets and painters are mad. Of course, illusions, or rather delusions, are at the bottom of madness. That is, some of them are. There is nothing akin to insanity in the illusion of space which a painter produces by his artful perspec. tive. His lines and colors make ex-actly the same impression on the retina as the natural object would and the brain with perfect sanity gives the same interpretation to them. On the Of other hand, if a man beholding an ax could not, with Hamlet, tell it from a handsaw, his illusion would partake of the extravagance of disease

But Macaulay is entirely wrong in saving that it is the business of poeproblem of the development of our try to produce an illusion of any sort. When he declares that it aims at the same thing as painting does he simply proves that he does not know what poetry is. Most readers have drawn the same inference from Macaulay's own efforts in verse. They rhyme but that electric motor era-all of these have passed in the moving train of develop-ment before the eyes of many of us operations to permit of much compre-hension of the beautiful. He knew the whole of Paradise Lost by heart but it is believed by good judges that he memorized it more to while away idle hours than because he felt its beauties. Some critics say that Macaulay's extraordinary habit of committing verses to memory indicated an inteiliion, of the University of Pennsylvania gence deficient in original power. If makes short work of it in an article he had had many ideas of his own he which he has contributed to the New would not have been so dependent on York Times. He points out that the

thus far made are failures, or frauds, in our Christmas literature has more startled invention in the devisement of that by thus closing one of the widest on the hypothesis that Scandinavians. of all doors to delight we make our-selves more same. PORTLAND AS A LIVESTOCK MARKET.

On another page of this issue will stopped with wigwams. Even their be found an article by Mr. Bennett, predecessors on this continent built dealing with the growth of the stock-Mississippi than mounds of earth. yards in this city. This will be folshow the It will be difficult for any evolution of our market facilities, as well as our packing-house business It will be noticed that a statement is it is legitimate to wonder why made that our "feeding ground," 1. e., our tributary country for the livestock dness, embraces an area of over 400,000 square miles, so vast a section scarcely to be understood by the

ordinary reader. But when we consider that regular shipments are being west. One may conjecture reasonably received from as far east as Wyoming south from Winnemucca. Nev., north to the Canadian line, and that

south almost to San Francisco; we draw the stock from all of Idaho Oregon and three-quarters of Washington-then the reader wIII realize what an immense territory is tributary to this market.

One of the difficulties to be overcome by all newly established livestock centers is the wariness of shippers to consign their stock for sale on an open market. All newly estab-lished yards have had the same trouble, but they put hundreds of buyers out of business, eventually giving their salaries and expenses to the pro-ducers. Our yards have made great headway, and it will only be a short time until all stock will be shipped here for sale to the highest and hest bidder. When that time does arrive the growers and shippers will realize every dollar their stock is worth, with no deductions for high-salaried buyers.

lowed by others going to

Utah.

The Oregonian's idea in giving a clear exposition of this business is to further the interests of stockgrowers and to enlarge the area of Portland's

territory. We are better situated to build up a colossal business in the killng, packing and curing of meat prodicts than any other city in the country, and when the Panama Canal is finished and the by-products from our packing-houses can be laid down across the Atlantic cheaper from Portland than they can from the great packing-houses of Chicago, St. Louis, St. Joe, Fort Worth and Omaha-then indeed the business will grow so rapdiv that we shall all be surprised. We have no competitors in the business in our territory-can have none-and The Oregonian desires to do its full share in its development, its full share towards furthering the interests of the producers, the transportation companies, the stockyards and the packing plants.

## WHO DISCOVERED AMERICA?

Ever since the sixteenth century it been believed by most scholars that the true discoverers of America were the Vikings of the North. These bold men sailed in their small vessels over every known sea. Their homes were in Norway and Iceland, but they visited all the European countries, plundering the coasts and murdering the inhabitants. How they managed to make the voyages they did in their small, open boats is a mystery, but there is not the least doubt concerning the facts. From Iceland to the coast of North America the voyage was a good deal shorter than some they made in other directions, though it may have been more dangerous from storms and icebergs, while of course the seas in those regions were unfa-miliar to them. Still the fact that they had never been over a course before did not often deter the Northmen from contemplated adventures. To sail unknown seas was one of their delights. Up to recent times nobody had thought of disputing the reality of the Viking expeditions to America, but now Dr. Nansen, the explorer, comes out with a theory that the accounts of them in the Sagas are all

myths. He says the stories are borro from classical accounts of "the fortu-nate islands," which he thinks, never existed. The Sagas speak of wine and wheat in "Markland," as they called America, and Dr. Nansen believes that

America presents no difficulty.

used for food in those regions.

fair check on their veracity.

fessor Johnson believes that the

'wheat" spoken of in the Sagas was

species of wild grain found on the

beaches of the North and actually

The Sagas which describe the voy-

ages to America give the name

minute enough to serve as a pretty

and had stiff, black hair on their

s the frequent descriptions of woods

cased was not fictitious. The bones of the mysterious warrior had lain in

We are

Imagi-

or at any rate some variety of Europeans, had visited the place long before the time of Columbus. The Indians never crected any such struc-tures. Their best architectural efforts

nothing more pretentious east of the clast, even one as eminent as Dr. Nan-sen, to persuade the world that the Vikings did not discover America, but abandoned their discovery. That they ceased to make voyages to New England is certain, and in the course of time their descendants forgot #11 about the strange land in the south-

enough that they gave up the voyages because they found no booty in Amer-Ica. The Vikings, like the Spaniards 400 or 500 years later, sailed the ocean deep in quest of gold and slaves. There

was no gold in New England and the Eskimo were too fierce to be enslaved. Hence the voyages were abandoned. The economic motive decided them to turn in other directions, just as it led the Spaniards on to Mexico and Peru. Happy would it have been for Spain and the world had Cortez met

fierce, unconquerable tribes in Mexico instead of the unwarlike subjects of the Montezumas. The lust and greed of the conquerors desolated the lands which they traversed and set the stamp of degradation on entire peoples for centuries to come.

the other hand, was first bloated to unwholesome dimensions by the gold drawn from America and then half ruined by its poisonous influence. So far as that unfortunate nation is concerned it would have been better had Columbus never found again for Euthe ancient discovery of the

Vikings.

The Western Union Telegraph Com-

pany in this city will not hereafter employ, nor retain in its employ as messengers, boys who are addicted to cigarette smoking. The interdiction is a wise one, both from business standpoint and a moral and physical There is no question whatever one. of the fact that early and constant cigarette smoking reduces the liability and efficiency of boys to the minimum and even causes them to drop below the normal in these respects in very many cases. Statutory interdiction has not prevailed against this pernicious habit nor have parental vigilance and command been able to stop it. The seductiveness of the substance employed and the social comradeship that it promotes have rendered the cigarette invulnerable to reason, a foil upon conscience and an

enemy of truthfulness. These are the subtle, all pervading influences and obstacles that must be overcome, if the Western Union Telegraph Company is successful in purging its messenger force of the cigarette habit Business instinct-and financial interest may prevail against the vice to the extent of diminishing, at least to some extent, the consumption of cigarettes by messenger boys or desk workers in offices. The hope that this may be accomplished is not, however, blg with expectation, since perverted appetite, adolescent wilfulness and parental example combine to

ishment of cigarette smoking among boys and young men. Unless steamboatmen cease to in-

sist that all traffic across the bridges be suspended at their will, such a de mand will go to Washington that no exceptions be made to draw rules as will command attention. The steamboatmen refuse to recognize that times have changed in Portland and that traffic across the river has rights as well as traffic on the river. They will lose more in the end by obstinacy than they would lose by rea-

of indepen

sonable action at the present time, For a two-for-a-quarter smoker get Shuster's stay in Persia has not been ong, but he let the Russians know he was there every minute of the time. Claus sit down and give a learned and That Persia would be compelled to sacrifice him as the price of the last clever dissertation on why and how

nee

"there ain't no such person."

## THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, DECEMBER 24, 1911.

# Scraps and Jingles Leone Cass Baer.

Scraps and jingles is certainly an appropriate heading for a Christmas column, isn't it? 

Motto for this week-"Do as Yule be done by." . . .

"Right about face," as Lillian Russell's publisher said to her when he asked her to concoct some literary articles on Beauty Culture.

Almost any of the Christmas supplements are seasonable paper weights.

The great international dish this seaon is Turkey stuffed with promises. . . .

Say, would the price of admission to vitness a running race be called gait money? . . .

I know a precocious Portland child with a good juvenile idea of the im-portance and authority of the President, who recently refused to be comforted for several hours when he read big headlines: "Taft will keep Christmas." . . .

Apropos of nothing at all a sure cure for heartache is matrimony.

The general expression of life seems o be "What a fool I've been."

The maxim of the food adulterator would seem to be "Your money and your life." . . .

If the girl under the mistletoe is a beauty she's conferring a favor on you-if she's homely you're doing an act of charity. Either way you win.

Gratitude is the arrears of life.

Appropriate wish to a smoker on toorrow: "Many happy returns to your pipe." . . .

In reviewing my Christmas gifts I feel that with an effort I can stand the fat pincushion in the shape of a balletgirl's foot, and the flower pot made of nusty little shells, and the pink satin 'hair-receiver," even the imitation bronze bust of some old geek whose name isn't printed on the pedestal, but I really think I might have been spared the portrait of myself, painted on a souvenir plate by an "admiring friend," who did it "with her own hands from a newspaper print."

Airy, fairy, fluffy gli of figure trim, With tripping toes, as light as Fay Olivette-so graceful, lithe of limb-Daintiest of giris-this Christmas dayI (Twas ten years ago I wrote that guff, Olivette is now of sterner stuff.)

II. But shall my love be wanting found, But shall my love be wanting foun Or shall my fovered fancles fall, Because dear Olivette's as round As any manmenth butterball? What matters if Olivette is fat? Shall I love her less for that?

Next week you'll be buying Christ-mas presents for folk you didn't think would remember you-doing the exchange and barter act, as it were. In view of which a few hints may not create a potent force against the abolbe amiss.

Get anybody a book, a hankedchief or a picture. No matter what their condition in life is, they can possibly

use it-or give it away. For a girl with large and beautiful freckles select a pale blue indies' house companion made-at-home band for her hair.

For a man who loathes perfume, send a 30-cent bottle of musk done up in a grand vari-colored box. (Box doesn't cost extra.)

For the hired girl, a pair of pink satin evening pumps or a vanity box. or any little labor-saving device for the kitchen.

a box of four-for-five centers. For a child who believes in Santa

changed his mind-if he has-while they have not. It is a curious situa-tion wherein Colonel Rooseveit apparently thinks he was mistaken and de- petites Dickens' characters had, not ceived, while the Republican party for the most part thinks he was neither nor deceived. Was Mr. Roosevelt ever before in error at any any subject?

Yet the greater part of the Taft supporters have no reproaches for Colonel Roosevelt. They do not feel unkindly toward him. On the con-trary, they would like to be in harto the same goal, fighting in the ranks and winning victories under his gal-lant generalship. Why should Taft gentlemen, tolling at the doors and Roosevelt be separated? Does Colonel Roosevelt belong on the fence

### WILLIAM JAMES' SPIRIT.

Although no medium has succeeded in revealing the contents of the sealed message which William James left when he died, we understand that many different ones are receiving communications from his spirit. This may strike the reader as a little remarkable, but the communications themselves are remarkable. Everyhing that purports to come from the land of ghosts is remarkable. We have no doubt that the bourne from which Hamiet mistakenly supposed no returns is itself extremely remarkable.

The communications from Professor James' spirit convey in a roundabout fushion the information that he is feeling his way along in difficult circomstances. What he has to say is obscure partly because he has not yet sarned to think in the dialect of his new home, partly because of the de ficiencies of the mediums who report his words. The bad grammar in the communications may be explained from this cause, whether or not one be explained elleves that the spirit of Professor James has tried to break the seal of the temb and reveal the dreadful secrets of the sternal world

one of our contemporaries treat this matter in a frolicsome vein, which, we must confess, does not particularly appeal to our taste. We can not help recalling that pretty nearly every notable advance in science has been doubted and ridiculed before it was accepted. Certainly these supposed spirit communications give more of a hold to ridicule than many other aubiects, but after all there may be a germ of truth in them, and if there we, for our part, should like to see star of the east, the horizon adarning. Units where our infant Redeemer is laid it sifted from the chaff.

Half of the charm of the lovely Christmas carol lies in its rollicking appreciation of good things to eat. "The poulterers' shops were still half open and the fruiterers' were radiant shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, while the shouting army murches by? brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onlong, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish friars," and so on

No other writer has treated this aspect of Christmas half so well as Dickens. He preaches the gospel of the hearty, old-time British holiday and he does it to perfection. Who does not wish he could have as merry a time as they did at Old Wardell's with its boyishness, its frank indulgence of

appetite, its wholesome gaiety? The frank merriment which Dickens loved so well has somewhat faded from Christmas in our day. Many try to make up for its loss by spending money lavishly but the device fails. Mrs. George Gould gets a half-million-dollar set of pearls for a present this year and, of course, they are exquisite, but if she were wise she would give them all for one of those gay dances the Pickwick party had under the misletoe. It would be "bad form" now to romp as sweet Arabella Wardell did. Perhaps with our habit of depending on money for what the soul alone can give, we have commercialized the old holiday a little. But Dickens certainly lacked that fine feeling of rever-ence which so permeates Bryant's carol as he emphasizes the angel's message of peace and good will:

No trumper blast profated The hour in which the Prince of Peace was

No bloody streamlet stained Earth's sliver rivers on that sacred more Longfellow sounds the same note with something more of the prophet's fervor in "Christmas Bells":

Then peaked the bells more loud and deep. God is not dead nor doth he sleep. The strong shall fall, the right provall, With peace on earth, good will to men." No more tender Christmas hymn was ever written than Bishop Huber's, which is sung in all the churches:

the last half century The electrical era is but just dawn-

ing in our state. Its opening chapters tell of trolley lines that have served cities and made suburban development The second chapter deals with electric rallways that push on and out into the country and awaken rural solitudes and sleepy villages to new The next chapter, when it is written, indeed, it is now being writen, will tell of the prosperity of small farmers, the building of new homes

the refurbishing of old, the growth in village enterprise, the renewal of individual plans for the present and hones for the future.

From Yamhill County, for example, the original home in Oregon of many honored ploneers, comes the statement that sloepy villages bearing longfamiliar names have awakened to the new possibilities in development that the building and promise of electric roads have given, while farms that have heretofore been rich chiefly in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields have, through the promise of getting to market with their surplus taken a new, and in many instances first lease on genuine development. Briefly stated, the "get-there" idea, spired by the building and promise of electric railways, has taken hold in practically every section of the Wil-lamette Valley. As remarked by a gentle-faced, white-haired woman who spent nearly forty years upon a farm in Yamhill County. "There is nothing like being able to get there with com

fort and expedition." Becoming reminiscent, she added: I remember when it took two days to get from the old farm (near Lafayette) to Portland with a load of wheat and back home. One time, though we started early, we did not quite get there that day, but stopped at night at a farmuse in the vicinity of the presen suburb of Fulton. Our load of fifty

bushels of wheat was heavy; the roads were rough, and as I held my 10onths-old son in my lap all the way, I was quite willing to stop and rest when night fell, although we were still ome six miles from our destination The baby, too, was glad to stop, and my husband also, though he irk ed at

the delay. The next morning we resumed our journey early and reached the city before it was scarcely awake. He disposed of his grain and I did my trading, as we then fitly called it, and in a few hours we were on our

home, which, having a light load, we reached before night fell." The electric car was not then a dream even of the scientist. Electric- that you are moved. ity had not yet and for many years

thereafter been harnessed. It was looked upon with awe and apprehen-It was

those of other men. Be that as it may, the business poetry is not to produce the illusion at which the painter aims, but to infuse the mind with exalted emotions.

Incidentally, an illusion may indeed No doubt the ancient Greek. arise. when he was listening to the Iliad. might imagine himself in an actual fight, just as a sleeping dog after a run may dream of the chase, day's but the feeling was perfectly normal, as much so in the warrior as in the dog. It was not even remotely allied "Skraellingar" to the inhabitants whom the Vikings found there and the descriptions of these savages are to insanity. The gist of insanity, according to modern research, lies in depression, not exaltation, of the emotions and the delusions which accomit are not connected with norpany. told, for instance, that the Skraellinmal life, but with something exceptional. Thus the gentle Mary Lamb gar "were small, swarthy and fierce killed her mother in a moment of heads. They had large eyes and very We cannot suppose that aberration. nurder was habitually in the thoughts broad cheeks." This description does of that lovely woman. Hence we renot apply at all to any of the Indian pent that the filusions which arise in

tribes, but it fits the Eskime patly. the mind as a mere by-product of poe-And according to our best authorities try are not in any respect allied to inthe Eskimo, in the eleventh century, "occupied the Atlantic coast as far south as New England." It is in New sanity. By no conceivable process could those particular illusions degenerate. England that the Vikings are sup-The more completely into insanity. normal the mind is the more of them posed to have landed. Another check it will have and enjoy. This train of thought leads us to

mountains, bays and rivers on the what some believe to be the correct answer to our question, "Why the modern civilized man does not en-Atlantic coast to be found in the Sagas. that all these "can be identified very joy poetry?" It is not because he is well." Does it not stand to reason more same than his primitive brother then, that the Northmen must actualwho did enjoy it in olden days, but because he is less same. Civilization, as we have developed it, is a sort of ly have visited those regions? but it cannot depict true outline of a disease. In some directions it makes seacoast which human eyes have as preternaturally acute, but in others never seen. blunts our faculties. We neither see,

In order to make out his case against the Northmen, Dr. Nansen hear nor feel so acutely as the savage. In particular we have not the same has to ignore many pertinent facts One of the which will recur to the reader keenness of emotion. The "skeleton in armor" which inmain effects of civilization is to supspired Longfellow to compose press the emotions. Oratory as well as poetry has lost much of its old-time well-known poem was a real skeleton The more civilized a man is and the armor in which it was en-

the less he feels and the less he likes to show the little that he does feel. It bad form to let anybody perceive Inasmuch as hundreds of years.

come from somewhere, and it is necpoetry makes its appeal to the emotions and to nothing else, as we besary to account for his armor. The come more and more highly civilized Indians had no skill whatever in

way to do the sifting but by repeated experiments. Granting that all the experiments in spirit communication ment is true and deep. But nothing

from the day when Britain the Vikings had no wine and wheat did not grow in Scandinavia. The mention of these things must there-Russia in her demands. But every American will be proud of the manner in which this young American has fore have been borrowed from more stood his ground. southern sources. This sounds very pretty, but Professor Amandus John-Christmas bells, Christmas tress,

Christmas music on the breeze: Merry, Merry Christmas everywhere Cheerily is ringeth through the air! The Oregonian joins in the glad ac-Vikings, while they grew no vines at and, in tender retrospection, joyful realization and happy antici-pation, extends the right-hand of felhome, procured all the wine they wanted in the cities they plundered. lowship and voice of greeting to its As for grapes, they grow wild all along patrons, friends and readers, far and the Atlantic seaboard. So the mennear. Merry Christmas to all! tion of wine in the Sagas' account of

> In all their flurry and worry and anxiety contingent upon the discovery of the murderer or murderers who have committed such abhorrent crimes in this vicinity within the year, we can only hope that the real criminal may be found, tried, condemned and executed by due process of law and that unjust suspicion will not fail upon any man.

A railway company shines in protecting care of children traveling alone. Two motherless boys, aged 3 and 6, are en route from Orofino to an uncle in Chicago, the father being unable to go. Every railroader along the line will "mother" them and feel proud of the privilege.

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Hash, served in public places in Kansas, hereafter will be standardized by law, which means taking a lot of unnecessary trouble for people so reckless as to eat hash in a public place.

It seems a pity that the custom of giving trinkets to inmates of the State Asylum must be eliminated this Professor Johnson declares year, for many of them are but children in their desire for such things.

stion can do many surprising feats. About the time reindeer meat is worked up to supply the deficiency in beef, a game warden may bob up to spoil the project.

> The official accused of grafting will answer that he "never took a dollar," which may be true. Most grafters are not so cheap. his

> > Surgeons say Banker Morse will die

the spot where they were found for hundreds of years. He must have hastens recovery.

crutches.

was clear Get for your wife-or husband whatever you are offered. The market is dull, however, you may not be able to get much.

Wanted-To hear from the person who got as much as he gave.

**Triolets on Late Shopping** 

By Dean Collins.

He vowed at the start, "This year, I'll not shop. I'll not be a part Of the crowd in the mart; I've sworn in my heart. Not a shekel I'll drop For gifts." At the start He vowed he'd not shop.

"Oh, why should one rush And labor so hard? Mix up in the crush, And be ground to mush By shopping crowds? Tush! Till just drop a card Of greeting, nor rush And scramble so hard."

He stood out for days. No presents he bought. "This roseate haze That o'er Christmas plays, Is surely a maze In which I'm not caught." Quoth he. Many days Not a present he bought.

Alas, pride may go Full oft 'fore a fall. He never did know Just how it came so, But his plans were laid low In spite of it all. Alas, pride may go Full oft 'fore a fall,

The very last eve, The mad Christmas spirit Gripped heid of his sleeve And—will you believe— His plan went a-weave, For no one can dare it— The late Christmas eve, And the late shopping spirit.

He'd vowed from the start, This year I'll not shop." Vain dream! Through his heart The Christmas thrills dart, The Christians three dark, And be's off for the mart, With a skip and a hop. "It's darned late to start, But F've just got to shop." Portland, Dec. 21.

Plumbing Regulations.

PORTLAND, Dec. 21.--(To the Edi-r.)--Will you inform me if cities of 000 or more inhabitants are requested o have a plumbing ordinance and I mactor, A. SUBSCRIBER. spector.

A state law requires incorporated cities of more than 6000 inhabitants to enact plumbing regulations and provide months and can now discard the for inspection

Nobody should complain that prisoners on the rockpils are well fed. Think of the privileges denied them.

if not freed. Very often a pardon Dr. Lyman has been given eighteen