

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING (EXCEPT SUNDAY) AND EVERY SUNDAY MORNING AT THE JOURNAL BUILDING, FIFTH AND VANHILTT STREETS, PORTLAND, ORE.

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Ore., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter. TELEPHONES—MAIN 7172. HOME, A 6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator the department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Veeland-Benjamin Special Advertising Agency, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone Building, Chicago.

Subscription Terms by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico. DAILY. One month, \$1.00. Three months, \$2.50. Six months, \$4.50. One year, \$8.00. SUNDAY. One month, \$1.00. Three months, \$2.50. Six months, \$4.50. One year, \$8.00.

One does not study the world long without noting that God has immense respect for individuality. He never makes two leaves just alike, two apples just alike, two trees just alike or two sky-scapes just alike. Evidently the good God has an unfailing respect for individuality.—Hughes.

THE MERRY DAY.

THOUGH THE religious feature of Christmas is large, strong and lustrous, yet the day is peculiarly an occasion of joyousness, merriment, pleasure. Christmas is especially the children's holiday. Without them in it, nay, to the very forefront of it, the greater and most significant part of it would disappear. Christmas, then, symbolizes and expresses innocent, care-free pleasure, generous joyousness, the mirth and freedom from care and thought of happy childhood, and not alone strictly religious sentiments or emotions. Indeed, something like it was celebrated long before the Christian era. The day, like Easter, has been happily adapted by Christianity and made to serve a double or broader and a more spiritual or refined purpose.

But if it is peculiarly a children's holiday, why do older people make so much of it and enjoy it so much, too? Because they all have something, many of them much, of childhood left in them, and because most adults are closely connected with or intimately interested in children—their own children, or grandchildren, or relatives' or friends' children. And many an elderly, gray-haired man and woman who have no such particular children friends feel so soberly happy to witness and hear the joy of even stranger children.

This holiday and other holidays, however originating, tend to become days of pleasure, sport, amusement—too much so, in some cases—but this shows humanity's need of this diversion from serious and wearing affairs of the regular workaday week, and month, and year. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and it is the exceptional if not want and need to play a little sometimes—in this only possible way a child again.

So while respecting those who worship, and not ignoring, much less scorning, the religious teaching of the day, we will do well to recognize Christmas as largely a play day, a children's day, the one day of the year when middle-aged and old should approach as nearly as possible to that morning land of toys and joys, and looking back, imagine for a little space that they are among its romping, chattering travelers.

WHAT RESULTS SHALL WE SEE?

SENATOR FULTON has a bill in the senate for government ownership of the Oregon City locks. He had such a bill in the last congress, but it slept on the calendar the sweet long sleep of the just. Is his present bill, in this session, that is likely to be more a congress of politics than of performance, also to slumber? It is a query of importance in Oregon.

Congressman Hawley can keep it awake. It is a measure that he wanted transferred from the Oregon legislature to congress, and got it there. It is a measure and a plan to his liking, and as far as in him lies, he will unquestionably try to push it through his own house. The danger is that his powers as a national legislator may not measure up to the task.

Senator Bourne is still chafing a will of the wisp in his propesterous plan to spend \$1,000 and nominate Roosevelt. He may be aiding the Oregon City locks project, but it is as a president-maker that he is mostly in the spot-light. His strenuousness as a national figure is admired here in Oregon, but it is hoped the smaller things like the Willamette locks will not be overlooked in his \$1,000-cash-prize-Roosevelt drawing.

and useless because clogged by a private graft. Though capable of moving quickly and promptly to the Pacific seaboard, every product grown in the great Willamette region and at but a mere fraction of the present cost, it is effective as a transportation asset because unimproved. To ship a ton of wheat from Albany to Portland, 90 miles, costs three times as much as from Buffalo through the Erie canal to the Atlantic seaboard, about 400 miles. The Oregon rate is 12 times as much per ton mile as the New York rate, though the New York canal is handwrought, and has a lift of 200 feet, through five locks within the space of a few miles. The Oregon river is nature's, but a corporation has a graft on it with the result that it costs almost as much to pass a ton of wheat through the locks as to ship it entirely across the state of New York. It is an amazing condition, and that is why Mr. Fulton's bill is watched in Oregon; why Mr. Hawley's measure is watched; why Mr. Bourne's presidential toy cannon is watched, and why Mr. Ellis is wondered about.

BETTER NOT STIR IT UP.

M. R. T. GEER, in his Pendleton Tribune, grows warmly wrathful over a paragraph in The Journal about the case brought against him and ex-Land Agent Odell, by people who spent their money during Mr. Geer's incumbency as governor for valueless misinformation about state lands. The ex-governor, as we stated, was held not legally responsible, though Odell was. Mr. Geer protests that he had no more to do with the matter than the governor of California. He says he "knew nothing whatever of General Odell's contracts," that Odell was not in the employ of the state, and furthermore, that all the accusations and allegations against Odell are "a series of lies originating in the black hearts of a few cowardly scoundrels," and again that the complaint is composed of "infamous and intentional lies," manufactured by a "dependable skunk of an attorney."

The Journal has not the slightest desire to misrepresent or annoy the ex-governor, but in spite of all this rather odorous language the fact remains that people made bad investments through General Odell; that Odell all the time had an office in the land office of the state house and did business there; and furthermore, that a very bad state of affairs, that had been festering for years, in the state land business, was discovered as soon as Governor Chamberlain and Oswald West had time to look into it.

If there was anything wrong, which the ex-governor seems to deny, he says he had nothing to do with it and knew nothing about it. But shouldn't he have known about it—opinion, notwithstanding the ex-governor's defense of it, of Odell's business. It was a mistake to let Odell carry on his business right under the executive nose. And The Journal has a right to allude to the matter, though it doesn't desire to keep stirring it up. The odor is not pleasant. Let it rest.

THE FILIPINOS.

SECRETARY TAFT thinks it will take the passing of a generation before the Filipinos can safely be entrusted with self-government. He is probably right. It is easy for an American "anti" who knows little and cares less about actual conditions in the Philippines, and the character of the people, to clamor for immediate independence for them, but everybody of close observation and good judgment who goes over there and studies the situation knows that execution of this theory would be disastrous all around. Americans, it is true, are none too fit for self-government themselves, but they have advanced a very long distance ahead of these ignorant and irresponsible though superficially bright people—"half savage and half child."

Even if the natives of Manila city and province were capable of self-government, it is to be remembered that they comprise but a few of many mutually antagonistic and hostile tribes or clans, the great majority of whom, once American authority were withdrawn, would fall upon the governing tribes, and a continuous bushwacking civil war of extermination would result. Do the "antis" approve of allowing this to happen, as it surely would under "independence"?

It may be that a great mistake was made in holding the Philippines and in trying to teach them Western civilization. Possibly, with the Spanish fleets destroyed, and Spain confessedly whipped, we would better have withdrawn and left the savage children tribes to kill one another off, or left the islands to be a pick-up for Japan or European powers; however that may be, if the United States is to retain the islands, even to the extent of maintaining a suzerainty over them, it must now go ahead with its slow and expensive work of training the unstable Filipino mind to capability in the matter of self-government. And this must be done not only with a few tribes but with the majority, so that they will realize that the interest of all is the interest of each, and that

they can only live and prosper by working together peacefully, instead of jumping at one another with bolos on every possible opportunity.

We believe that on the whole the work is going forward quite satisfactorily. There have been frauds, and excesses, and injuries, and wrongs, and mistakes, of course—abuse of authority by officers, cruelty, and graft—but less than might have been expected, and probably less than would have occurred at any former time or by any other conquering people. The Filipinos that have so far been brought into close touch with the American governmental machinery are quick-witted and responsive, but they are naturally insincere and unscrupulous; they will do very well and advance rapidly while watched with authority, but cannot be trusted far. Perhaps the rising generation, the children now being taught in the schools, can be trusted when they become mature men, and by that time the advantages of a stable, peaceable government will be sufficiently appreciated by the different tribes to justify trying the experiment. The present legislative assembly is more a school than anything else; it has scarcely any real power, and it would not be wise to give it much power. Against all this is urged the theory that we have no right to conquer and govern a distant, unwilling, unoffensive people. We can't demolish the theory, but here is the confronting condition. It seems a case where, the theory having been initially disregarded, it must stand aside for the practical working out of the exception to the rule.

But this view of the case only accentuates the gross and cruel injustice done those conquered, submissive, teachable and responsive people by our tariff law, which makes them commercially aliens and enemies. How can we expect their friendship when we rob them at the same time that we teach them? We tax them, and they cannot resist, and we tax them in such a way as to retard and prevent the development of their natural industries and to deprive them of the benefits of commerce. And we do this at the command of trusts that dictate tariff schedules to our government at the same time that we are insisting to the Filipinos that our government is the most perfect and just one on earth. They see this clearly, and are not only angry at us for our injustice but despise us for our manifest hypocrisy. The American government by establishing absolute free trade with the Philippines would do more than it can in years of effort otherwise to make friends of those people.

GOVERNOR AND TREASURER.

THERE IS considerable trepidation among leading Republicans lest Mr. Steel should not be able to give the required bond, because, as is said with shuddering and terror, as if it would be a crushing calamity, then the governor would appoint a man who would agree with him, and "the state would be in the governor's hands." Well, would that be any disaster? Might not the state be at least quite as well off? The majority of the people elected Chamberlain, and are presumably quite willing to trust him to appoint a state treasurer, if one should have to be appointed. The Journal has no desire that Mr. Steel fail in his quest for bondsmen; it would not put a straw in his way; but that the state would be a sufferer if he should fail somewhat further "into the governor's hands" it is unable to see. It seems so far to have been a very good thing for the state that he was elected, and a treasurer of his choosing would not hurt.

If Admiral Evans' rank—that of rear admiral—is not equal to that of naval officers of other countries that he will meet on his trip, and if this will be any serious disadvantage or annoyance to him, then congress should have raised his rank to match with that of any other seafaring commander with whom he must come in official or social contact. He deserves advancement, in popular estimation, as well as any naval officer, and the United States should not send him out to be snubbed—though it would be funny to see an admiral of South America of higher rank snubbing him, and through him the United States.

Now there is Mr. Schuebel, who wants to be United States district attorney, when it has just been announced that only "true-blue" Republicans of long standing were to be given any federal offices. Only a few years ago Mr. Schuebel was an active and earnest Populist, and said all sorts of things, many of them true, to the discredit of the Republican party. How can he expect to capture the biggest plum when several "true-blue" mouths are water-lapping for it?

An Astoria newspaper protests against the appointment of Frank Davey to be register of the Burns land office, because he supported the Port of Columbia bill. But Astoria is a long way from Burns, and the kick won't reach.

Mr. Harriman is still doing what he can by means of the courts to make the entrance of the new Hill

railroad into Portland as expensive as possible, and to embarrass and handicap it to the extent of his power. But the road will soon be here nevertheless, and will get what terminal grounds it needs, no doubt, despite Mr. Harriman. If it makes the people pay for the extra cost and trouble, they will have Harriman to thank for it, and they owe him a large debt of similar thanks already.

The East Oregonian also objects to Frank Davey as receiver at Burns because he has never till recently lived in eastern Oregon. But Lawrence from Bend and Eddy from Tillamook were sent to Roseburg, and there are other precedents. What's the difference, anyway? Perhaps Davey needed the office worse than any old resident of eastern Oregon. If he performs its duties well, nobody has good ground of complaint.

The New York American, which, however, does not object to the fleet coming to the Pacific, but clamors for a great navy, says: "We cannot consider with complacency the leaving of these mighty eastern ports and coast lines unprotected by a majestic fleet." Are you really afraid back there, and what of? Does anybody suppose that without any navy the Atlantic cities would be attacked?

Unless congress is owned by the railroads, as Senator Pettigrew says it is, it will pass without much delay or opposition the amendment to the rate law providing that railroads cannot raise rates without a hearing before the Interstate commerce commission. This is manifestly a just and necessary provision, unless the law is to be considered mostly a farce.

The astonishing news comes that Greene and Gaynor, who in conjunction with Captain Carter and some "business interests," robbed the government of \$1,700,000 and did a treasonable job besides, have at last been sent to prison. But they will no doubt be supplied with every possible luxury.

Everybody cannot be altogether happy on Christmas, but the sum of happiness may be vastly increased. If every one, or a large proportion of people, will search out some distressed, despondent or discontented one, or more, and give or say or do something to make them happy.

No possible amount of protestation can alter the fact that for years prior to Governor Chamberlain's induction into office the state's land affairs were in a rotten condition. The less his predecessors say about that matter the better for them.

Burglars over in Clarke county, Washington, carried off a safe weighing a ton from a store by means of a handcar, and no trace of thieves, safe or car can be found. No, the Portland police are not working on the job.

The aid extended to the widow and children of the late policeman, Gittings, is creditable to those who extended it, and more is needed. It is a sad case, that should enlist much active practical sympathy.

"But how about the trusts?" asks the Socio News. Sh—! Can't you understand that nothing must be done to bust the trusts until after the election—nor then?

The only thing done in congress so far was to squander \$50,000 in the petty form of bribery known as free seed distribution.

No state or city has more reason to be happy this Christmas than Oregon and Portland.

Bonaparte talks quite well, sometimes, but his actions don't correspond.

John Morley's Birthday.

The Rt. Hon. John Morley, the eminent English statesman who is strongly opposed to the house of lords, was born at Blackbur, Lancashire, December 24, 1838. He was educated at Cheltenham college and afterward at Lincoln college, Oxford. He entered the law and was made a barrister in 1872. Striving for a political career he ran for parliament at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1883, was elected and served this borough until 1895. The following year he was elected to parliament for the Monroese boroughs and represents them still. He has twice been chief secretary for Ireland and in the present Liberal cabinet is secretary of state for India. He is an author and is considered one of the ablest statesmen in the Liberal party. Among his literary works in London, opened to traffic, were: "The House of Commons," "Richard Cobden," "Roussseau," "Oliver Cromwell" and "Gladstone."

This Date in History.

1745—Benjamin Rush, physician-general to the American army, born. Died April 19, 1812. 1800—Attempt to assassinate Napoleon Bonaparte. 1803—Marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson. 1822—Matthew Arnold, English poet, died. 1827—Empress Elizabeth of Austria born. Assassinated September 10, 1898. 1838—London and Greenwich railway, first in London, opened to traffic. 1841—Library of congress and part of national capitol at Washington burned. 1842—William Makepeace Thackeray, English novelist, died. 1870—John Hopkins, founder of Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, died. Born May 19, 1795. 1899—British steamer Ariosto stranded off Cape Hatteras with loss of 21 lives. Joys of the Twelfth Month. Oh, I love the bleak December. In spite of his rime and snow, For when, as I well remember, Comes the cheer of the single snow. The gleam of the holly ember, And the rite of the mistletoe! —New York Sun.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

By PHILLIPS BROOKS

Oh, little town of Bethlehem! How still we see thee lie! Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by: Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee tonight. For Christ is born of Mary, And gathered all above, While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wondering love. O morning stars, together Proclaim the holy birth! And praising God the King And peace to men on earth. How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is given! So God imparts to human hearts The blessings of His heaven. No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in. O holy child of Bethlehem! Descend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and enter in, Be born in us today. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell; Oh, come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL—AND A POSTSCRIPT

By Wex Jones. Old Scrooge was a hard man and too fond of a dollar to throw it away or give it away to some one who might not treat it so kindly. His wife knew him too well to ask him for money, and she lived a dull life in a shabby little house in town figuring in the Erie job book. Mrs. Scrooge was really of a frivolous disposition and had a secret longing for Manhattan, jewels and fine raiment, but Scrooge was such that she had never dared ever to hint for a dollar more than a couple of days before Christmas. It was a couple of days before Christmas that Scrooge underwent his sudden and marvelous change. I don't know what alters Scrooge's character, but I think this Scrooge had had a couple of unaccustomed cocktails, and a small boy, begging under the thin disguise of selling postals, reminded him that it was near Christmas. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed Scrooge in a glow of benevolence slightly tinged with alcohol. "Bless my soul! So it is." And he gave the boy a dollar bill. When Scrooge entered the office he noticed for the first time that Miss Peachblow, the stenographer, was so ably pretty, he said to himself, "and the best stenographer I ever had." "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, and the stenographer wondered what had come wrong. "You've had a hard year's work," he said, "and you're the best stenographer I ever knew. I wish you'd take this \$10 and two weeks' vacation." You should have seen how pretty Miss Peachblow blushed. But she took the bill and beat it rapidly, almost as if she feared her luck might change. Scrooge grew glower than ever. "Speckle!" he cried, thrusting another bill into the hand of the dumfounded clerk, "take this. And if you show up in this office before New Year's I'll punch your head." Speckle was even more confused than Miss Peachblow. But he took the bill and beat it rapidly. "Tommy, here's \$10. Have a good time, and I wish you a merry Christmas. You should have seen Tommy disappear." Scrooge fairly radiated happiness. He looked into the office and bought a diamond that was about as big as a hen's egg and sparkled like 8,000,000 candles. "For you, my dear," said Scrooge when he got home. "Ooh!" said Mrs. Scrooge. And she gave Scrooge a kiss. And Scrooge felt so happy. "And I think we've got a house in New York after Christmas," he said. And you should have seen the look in Mrs. Scrooge's eyes. "I never knew what the Christmas spirit meant before," said Scrooge. And he just glowed. "The Scroogues moved. And of course Mrs. Scrooge couldn't wear anything but the swaggiest clothes with such a diamond, and having found her courage she just did work old Scrooge for everything from poodle pups to touring cars. As for the office, it's the worst connected town. Tommy's Peachblow comes down late and goes home early and spurs poor Speckle. "For you, my dear," said Scrooge when he got home. "Ooh!" said Mrs. Scrooge. And she gave Scrooge a kiss. And Scrooge felt so happy. 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