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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 77; minimum, 55; fair.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy, with probably showers; cooler; southwest to northwest winds.

PORTLAND, MONDAY, AUGUST 26.

FARMS AND ROADS.

In an article describing the great industrial changes since 1893, Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, calls attention to the fact that in the basic industry of the country, agriculture, there is increase in the number of farms in the country from 4,564,461 in 1890 to over 5,700,000 at present. This is in disproof of the theory formerly prevalent that the evolution of our agricultural activities would tend to the concentration of ownership, in the same way that other industries have actually been combined to so great an extent. Mr. Wright ascribes the opposite movement which has taken place—first, to the opening of Government lands, and, second, to the division of large farms, which has come about owing to the fact that in many cases it has been found that the best results can be obtained by working a moderate area.

This is a lesson to be learned in Oregon, and especially in Western Oregon. It now is coming to be recognized generally that the region in Oregon and Washington west of the Cascade Mountains cannot permanently be a wheat-growing country. Wheat can be grown, indeed, but not with the success achieved east of this mountain range; and other uses of the lands will pay better. The large wheat farms belong to other conditions. The region west of the Cascade Mountains must find its main resources in lumber, coal, livestock and dairy products.

Another matter of interest may be suggested here. It relates to country roads, and it comes through the report of the Industrial Commission. Contrasting the expense of hauling over these roads and the cost of operating the railroads of the United States, the statement appears that, after careful inquiry, it has been found that the average haul of the American farmer in getting his produce to market, or to the nearest shipping station, is twelve miles, and that the average cost of hauling over the common country roads is 25 cents per ton per mile, or $3 per ton for a twelve-mile haul. This is followed by an estimate which places the total tons hauled at 300,000,000 per year. On the estimate of $3 per ton for twelve miles, this would make the total cost of getting the surplus products of the farm to the local market or to the railroad no less than $900,000,000—a figure greater than the operating expenses of all the railroads of the United States. If anything could make an argument for good wagon roads, this statement surely will.

A SELF-RIGHTEOUS PLUTOCRAT.

John D. Rockefeller, in a recent talk to a New York Fifth-avenue Sunday school, said:

> I would like to say a word. I am engaged in a business that for 30 years has paid out each working day an average of $60,000 or $70,000 in money, or about $22,000,000 or $23,000,000 each year to laboring men. For 30 years of the 40 that I was in that particular business, the aggregate so paid was between $600,000,000 and $700,000,000. And that I regard as the best kind of giving.

As a statement of fact, Mr. Rockefeller is correct, but the presumption is that he classes the wages paid to his labor with the money given to the Chicago University, and that of the two gifts that to labor is the superior. The Springfield Republican sharply calls Mr. Rockefeller down when it reminds him that this does not touch the question whether Mr. Rockefeller's personal wages and profits from the business are justly commensurate and no more than commensurate with the services he has rendered the public.

President Hadley, of Yale, and Abram S. Hewitt, of New York City, treat the public gifts of rich men as in the nature of an obligation due from them to the public. Mr. Rockefeller goes clear beyond the claim that he is justly entitled to all he has won from the oil business, but claims credit for supplying work that has yielded $700,000,000 in wages in the space of thirty years. The Republican reminds Mr. Rockefeller that he is dealing in a bounty which Nature, and not Mr. Rockefeller, created, whose value grows out of a usefulness to the public, which is no creation of one man or set of men; that his great fortune is rather a gift from those who get the wages, instead of the wages being a gift from him; for he invested his money, primarily, not to give work and a close living wage to others, but to win a profit for himself.

Mr. Rockefeller owns a majority of the stock of the Standard Oil Company, which has a market value of $800,000,000, of which nearly $300,000,000 has been added on since the November election. He is clearly worth some $400,000,000, and his share of the Standard Oil employment or wages paid in thirty years we may thus place at, say, $350,000,000, and his share of the average number of workmen employed must have been about 20,000. Hence it is made to appear that, while paying out $350,000,000 to 20,000 men, he has paid to one man—himself—some $400,000,000, and under these circumstances he claims credit still due him for giving honest work to other men. This is the subject of the searching criticism of Mr. Rockefeller by the Republican, which concludes as follows:

> The great captains of industry fill a needful place and perform valuable services, for which in many cases they are vastly overpaid; but when they presume, as apparently in this case, to be the primary creators of wealth and work, and that there would be no work without them, they arrogate just a trifle too much to themselves.

FACTS WRONG, THEORY UNTENABLE

Mr. P. C. Kauffman resides in Tacoma, Wash., where he is a cashier of the Fidelity Trust Company. At the annual meeting of the Washington State Bankers' Association at Spokane in June he delivered an address on the large and suggestive topic, "Relation of Banking to Oriental Commerce," which appears in the current number of the Bankers' Magazine, and in it occurs this language:

> The position, therefore, of the cities of Puget Sound on the world's great highway of commerce is focal. The greatest traffic upon the Atlantic Ocean is between Liverpool and New York. The shortest and quickest transcontinental rail route is from New York to Puget Sound. The shortest and most important trans-Pacific route is from Puget Sound to Yokohama, demonstrating beyond peradventure the fact that Puget Sound occupies a focal position upon the shortest, most economical and natural commercial highway between the leading commercial marts of the world.

The late Proctor Knott's characterization of Duluth as "the center of a series of concentric circles, each of which embraced in its tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South and the eternal solitudes of the ice-bound North," was finer rhetoric than Mr. Kauffman employed, but Mr. Kauffman's statement of Puget Sound's matchless advantages was not a whit less true than was Proctor Knott's picture of divine Duluth. To be sure, Puget Sound is not the center of a series of concentric circles, but it "occupies a focal position," and that ought to be "equally as good." Moreover, it is "a focal position upon the shortest, most economical and natural commercial highway between the leading commercial marts of the world." That of itself is pretty concentric. For the sake of sound (not Puget), Mr. Kauffman might have made it "the commercial world."

While Mr. Kauffman's aim is distinctly commercial, it is evident that he falls into rhetoric deep enough to miss the accurate facts of the case. He says "the shortest and quickest transcontinental rail route is from New York to Puget Sound." It will be observed that he makes no claims for the route from Puget Sound to New York. But what is the hard, unrhetorical fact? The shortest and quickest transcontinental rail route lies through Chicago. The shortest rail line between Chicago and Puget Sound is 2310 miles long, and the time required to make the journey by the fastest regular trains is 72½ hours. The shortest rail line between Chicago and Portland is 2283 miles, and regular trains cover it in 70½ hours. The fact is that Portland is not only seventeen miles nearer New York than Tacoma is by the shortest rail route, but has a train service that is full two hours quicker. Portland is actually the nearest Pacific tidewater to New York, San Francisco being fifty miles farther away.

But why should Mr. Kauffman go to such pains to make this error? In his preceding sentence he shows that distance does not govern the course of commerce; else why should the greatest traffic on the Atlantic Ocean be between New York and Liverpool? The distance between those ports is 3540 miles. From Liverpool to Boston the distance is only 3300 miles, to Quebec 2700, to Halifax 2400, and to St. Johns barely 2000 miles. If the shortest route were to control the course of commerce, St. Johns, on the Island of Newfoundland, would be the American port, corresponding to Liverpool on the Island of Great Britain. But it isn't. Thus not only are Mr. Kauffman's facts wrong, but his theory is untenable.

Other things being equal, cheapness of transport will determine the routes of trade. Commerce will not toil over tall mountain ranges for the blessed privilege of getting to a "focal position," when a position that is just as "focal" may be reached by avoiding the mountains and taking a water grade. This ought to be plain even to a Puget Sound man who would "demonstrate beyond peradventure" this novel relation of banking to Oriental commerce.

THE ADVANCE OF THE TRUST.

There are those among whom are careful, conservative men, who think that the trust principle will, with weapons forged in its own fires, work its own defeat; that, given full sway—and full sway it certainly has, whether given or taken—the trust element in finance will plunge headlong to its own ruin—fall in time by its own weight. It may be interesting to learn of the tremendous strides that have been taken toward this result within the current year, and as the beginning of the end is not yet in sight, to speculate upon the enormous inflation that the financial and industrial balloon will yet bear before collapse follows the predicted explosion.

Not to mention the great steel combination that leads all in stated volume and values, there have been reported within this period such large consolidations as the following: Accident insurance companies, $50,000,000 capital; glassware factories, $20,000,000; cattle-growers, made up of men from fifteen Western States; pineapple growers in Florida; the molasses combine, including 132 cane planters; a packing combination, $7,500,000; a carpet combination, $5,000,000; the tin can trust, $88,000,000; two cereal combinations, one of $4,000,000 and the other of $3,000,000; stationary engine and machinery manufacturers, $50,000,000; the shipbuilding combination, $65,000,000; an egg trust, covering a number of Southwestern States; cotton duck manufacturers, $50,000,000; the American Locomotive Company, $50,000,000; a salmon trust, $25,000,000, to control four-fifths of the salmon fisheries of the world; the Alaskan shipping and trading companies.

This is only a partial list as presented by the New York Sun for the first five months of the calendar year. Activities in the consolidation field have been unabated throughout the 2½ months since the above enumeration was made. In fact, but scarcely more than a hint is given in this summary of the enormous activity with which the application of consolidation to the industrial problems of cheaper production and the control of markets have been pushed in the time covered. The values given are many of them grossly exaggerated, but this is merely an inseparable feature of the trust problem, the weak stone perhaps in the hurriedly builded structure.

MILITARY EXPEDIENTS VS. CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

A Vancouver subscriber inquires: "If the canteen system is better for the soldiers, why would it not be good for our citizens in general?" Our questioner does not seem to understand the difference between what is practicable in civil society and what is practicable under military government. The Government cannot enlist a desirable quality of soldiers or secure their re-enlistment if it refuses ever to allow them any hours of freedom from the restraints of military life. It cannot always refuse a soldier a few hours' leave for recreation. Under this condition of affairs the Army authorities found out by experiment that under the canteen system the soldier was disposed to spend his hours of recreation in camp, where he was subject to some conditions of military restraint. The military authorities could limit the alcoholic beverages sold to beer and light wines, limit the quantity sold to each individual, and promptly restrain those who were intemperate, and close the canteen and open it at their discretion. It was preferable by far, measured by its practical results, to the present situation under which the canteen system has been driven out of the military establishment, and the enlisted men who use alcohol in any form have been forced to obtain their diversion in the outside saloons, where there is nothing to encourage temperance, and there is no atmosphere or opportunity for military supervision or restraint.

The canteen system has been proved to be the best method of handling the drink habit under military government. But the expedients and methods of military government, which are in essence necessarily despotic, cannot be made the methods of civil government. Prohibition is a complete failure wherever it has been tried, for there is no public opinion behind it. Regulation does not produce ideal results, but it is far better than prohibition. Under regulation we prohibit sale of liquor to minors and to drunkards, and in some states the liquor-seller is liable under law for damages if he furnishes liquor to a man who becomes intoxicated and suffers or inflicts injury while intoxicated. The experiment of the state selling liquor without profit in quantity of not less than a pint, which cannot be drunk on the premises, has been tried for several years in South Carolina. This plan extinguishes the liquor saloon, and it is said has reduced intemperance greatly in South Carolina. Efforts are now making by philanthropists in England to organize a public-house trust, under which there is no effort to do more than furnish liquor to those who wish it. No profits are sought; nobody is employed in the establishment who makes a penny, whether one glass of liquor or a thousand glasses are sold in a day. There is absolutely no motive on part of any employe to encourage the sale of liquor.

In Russia the state at one time assumed the proprietorship of the whole liquor traffic, but Russia is too corrupt a government to administer such an experiment fairly. The Gutenberg system of Sweden is said to have abated the evil of public intemperance. Every attempt at wise regulation which is followed by good results is worthy of consideration; but prohibition is an absurdity. It only substitutes for open saloons, which can be reached and regulated, secret dives, which invite indecency and intemperance by their removal from the public eye. The drink habit is with us to stay for many years to come. It cannot be extirpated by statute; it can only be regulated, and public opinion varies in different states and countries as to what is the best means of restraint. Under a military despotism the commandant could arbitrarily close every saloon, and keep it closed; but we are not under a military despotism, and it would not be desirable to have a military despot for Governor, even to insure the closing up of all liquor saloons.

There is great diversity of opinion in regard to the volume of the present hop crop, but none, so far as yet heard, in regard to the quality of the product. Upon one important point all reports agree, namely, the absence of the hop louse from the problem of yield and quality this year. This fact is extremely gratifying, since a more voracious, prolific, unclean and disgusting insect pest than is this creature when it takes possession of a hopyard does not exist in all insect pestdom. With clean vines, a yield that makes up in quality what in some places it may lack in quantity, and favorable weather for picking, the hopgrowers of the state may account the present year one of substantial prosperity. Another factor that may well be regarded as a significant figure in the sum total of this industry is the hoppicker. An army of multitude, the elements of which are men who earn their taxes, women who earn their own and their children's Winter clothing, and girls and boys who earn their schoolbooks and a little spending money that contributes to the spirit of independence that is supposed to be born in every American citizen, this class of labor is looking forward to its annual harvest, now just at hand, and hoping not less earnestly than the growers themselves for an abundant yield of hops and good weather in which to gather them.

Prince Tschun, who goes from Pekin to Berlin to say that his government is sorry for the murder of Baron von Ketteler, is a youth of 19, and is said to be immensely imbued with the dignity and importance of his mission. Emperor William has had a palace made ready for the Prince's residence while doing the apology act to the satisfaction of the German Government, and it is said that he is exceedingly curious to know just what will be required of him in his role of apologist. He is sanguine, however, of escaping unharmed from the ordeal, whatever it is, after which, it is expected that he will hie him to the United States, where Minister Wu will proceed to enlighten him upon the intricacies of our civilization. Frank Carpenter's warning, published a few months ago from actual observation of the miseries that are the lot of an American wife of the most civilized Chinese, will bear repetition about this time. Inconsiderate young women have been dazzled by the silks and jewels and stately bearing of Chinese officials in Washington, married them, and gone full of happy anticipations to China, only to find themselves degraded to the level of slaves in their husbands' homes. A word to the wise is sufficient, but repetition hammered on the ear is sometimes necessary to deter the foolish from committing acts of folly even so wretched as this.

The annual average of our total imports the last four years shows that a little over 50 per cent of them have been agricultural. Last year $420,189,288 of imports were agricultural out of a total import bill of $849,941,184. Brazil sent us $39,287,000 worth of agricultural products last year, and more than $33,000,000 worth of this sum was paid for coffee. Farm products from Great Britain, largely re-exports, amounted to $32,606,000. The Dutch East Indies sold us a bill of $27,500,000, mostly for sugar. The total imports of Cuba to the United States were $27,226,000. Germany falls behind Cuba $1,000,000. France sold us last year $21,052,000 worth of agricultural products, and from Mexico we bought $20,000,000. From Hawaii we received $20,000,000 worth of agricultural products, and from the Philippine Islands we received $5,000,000 worth of agricultural products. We bought tea from China and Japan, tobacco from Cuba and the Netherlands, wines from France, Germany and Spain, and wools in the British markets and from China and Russia.

Residents of suburban sections contiguous to or forming the northeast portion of the City of Portland, including Highland, Woodlawn, North Albina, Peninsular, Cloverdale, Piedmont, University Park and Portsmouth, want and feel that they are entitled to free mail delivery, and have petitioned the Postal Department to that effect. There is certainly no argument in favor of the rural free delivery that has been applied to eastern sections of Multnomah County that would not apply with equal force to the district included in this petition. A large number of citizens will be accommodated by the measure, and there is no reason to doubt that the request will in due time be granted.

The exodus from Nome has set in earlier than last year, owing, it seems, to the lack of employment at that place for the men who went thither in considerable numbers last Spring, hoping to secure a good, if a short, season's work. All accounts agree that work has not been plentiful, and that many men are there practically stranded from lack of means to bring them out. The Government will no doubt come later to the rescue of men who but for its assistance must perish in the inhospitable North—an assurance that will comfort in a degree the families and friends of the luckless fortune-hunters now stranded at Nome.

The extent to which children born of foreigners in the United States become American in thought and habit supplies a striking testimony to the discoveries of scientific men within the past few years, going to emphasize the importance of environment in evolution as compared with heredity. Here also is a possible answer to Representative Littlefield's sneer at the Filipino. If as many Filipino infants were reared to manhood in the United States as we now have mature negroes, it is highly probable that more than two of them would reach the intellectual level of Fred Douglass and Booker Washington.

An enormous swordfish, weighing 680 pounds when dressed, has been brought into the Boston market. It will be a day of triumph in the Capua of New England, for Bostonians highly esteem the flesh of the swordfish, which is not unlike that of halibut in texture and flavor. New Yorkers never eat swordfish; it is not exposed for sale in the market, it is never served at the hotels or restaurants, and it is one of the current jests in New York City that Boston eats fish that are not marketable in New York. Swordfish, which are eaten by nobody in New York City, are eaten in Boston by its "best society."

Sunnyside's desire for additional fire protection is a reasonable one. An engine stationed in that flourishing suburb would give relatively adequate protection to a wide area that is dotted with handsome and more or less expensive residences. As estimated, the cost of placing a fire engine with suitable equipment there would not exceed $5000. It may be hoped that the Board of Fire Commissioners will see their way clear to grant this request of Sunnyside property-owners, who feel that they should be given reasonable protection against the loss of their homes by fire.

The body of the great Italian statesman, Crispi, rests in a Roman Catholic church at his native city of Palermo, despite the fact that he had long been regarded as a foe of the church, and on his deathbed refused to see a priest, adding that it was a matter between Christ and himself. Crispi was unfriendly to the pope and the Roman church because he viewed them as obstacles to Italian unity.

The seventeenth annual report of the Civil Service Commission shows that there are about 90,000 positions in the classified service. From 1883 to the present a total of 78,791 persons have been appointed under the civil service rules, the fiscal year for which its report is made showing 60,000 appointments. The commission congratulates the country on the extension of civil service methods to the Philippines.

About all the serious work ahead of the Democratic conventions yet to be held in the Northern States is the duty of extending William Jennings Bryan the scornful smile.

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the Chinese Inspector is often just as peculiar as the heathen Chinee.

Judging from the tenacity with which Hon. L. H. Chang grips existence, his name must be on the pension rolls.

HULL IN A BAD LIGHT.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A story comes from the Philippines concerning Congressman Hull, of Iowa, which, if true, ought to cause his removal from the chairmanship of the House military committee. According to the Army and Navy Journal the substance of the story is that Mr. Hull took offense because his family were not included in an invitation he received to take a place on the official section of the grandstand during the inaugural ceremonies of July 4, though no ladies, not even the Governor's wife, were admitted to this section, because of the limited space. Mr. Hull is reported as saying on this occasion, loud enough for all to hear: "I have made lots of officers and can unmake them. I find the Army very different here to what I thought it was. This is only in line with the way I've been treated ever since I came to the Philippines."

The Manila Times says: "Everybody deplores the matter, especially his statement that this was in line with the way he had been treated ever since he came here. Mr. Hull has been entertained by many prominent people. A banquet was given to him at the Army and Navy Club soon after he arrived, and he has been dined by members of the commission and others. Mr. Hull has received every recognition that could have been given him, although he came to the Philippines for private ends to look into some investments and not upon any official mission."

If Mr. Hull made such a threat as that just quoted he is too petty a man to be intrusted with the responsibility and the power which his position on the committee on military affairs gives him. If he is accustomed to pursue his personal whims and to avenge his personal slights at the expense of the service, it is time he were put in a place where he could do less harm. Such pettiness has proved disastrous many times before.

Granting that Mr. Hull is not the victim of slander, it would appear that he is a cad of the first order. For, according to the other side of the story, Mr. Hull seems to have received even more attention than was his due, since he came not in his capacity of chairman of the military committee, but to investigate the holdings of the exploiting company, in which he is a leading member—a connection, considering Mr. Hull's position and the status of industrial franchises in the Philippines, of very questionable propriety. The army was not called upon to do anything for Mr. Hull. No etiquette would have been violated if the officers had utterly neglected him, and if he had had any sense of his comparative unimportance he would have been modestly grateful for the private dinners and the public banquet given to him out of respect for his position. But modesty was not in his make-up. He was of more importance than the General commanding, or even the Governor who was being inaugurated, and his family was entitled to entrance where even the Governor's family was barred. For this insult to the dignity of Mr. Hull of Iowa the service must be made to suffer.

All of which would be very funny if it did not reveal a demoralizing tendency altogether too common in Congress—the tendency to use position for personal ends and to force from officials of all grades favors and attention at the expense of departmental efficiency. The system amounts to nothing more nor less than a kind of blackmail, and the uncomplaining way in which it is tolerated is the worst thing about it. Mr. Hull has been an intelligent and efficient head of the military committee, and we trust that the story that comes from Manila is utterly without foundation. It is, however, possible that he had fault to find with the way some things are managed, that disagreement has arisen between him and the military authorities, and that this friction has given rise to the story in hand. But it is to be hoped that there is no friction at all, either over professional matter or social incidents. If professional matters were the exciting cause it would be deplorable but not inexcusable; if an oversufficiency of self-esteem and a subsequent disillusionment be the irritant, it would be disgraceful and unpardonable to let Mr. Hull carry out his schemes of personal vengeance.

A Soldier Who Painted.

New York Times.

The other day Richard Harding Davis was asked by a vivacious hostess to tell some story about the Spanish-American War that was funny and not gloomy. "for," said she, "there must have been many amusing incidents also."

"Well," said the young author reflectively, "of course no great tragedy is complete without its element of comedy. I remember particularly one little incident in the crudely fixed up hospital tent in Siboney, which, despite its pathos, was so droll as to bring a smile to even the faces of the boys on the stretchers. There was one young fellow who had been laid up with a bad case of fever. He was a big, raw-boned, overgrown fellow, came from 'Cincy,' he said, and he tossed about from side to side and kept telling me that he was restless as a wildcat, tired of being chained to a blank cot, sick of being coddled like a baby, the smell of disinfectants made him iller; he was aching not from fever, but from a longing to get out into the air with the boys and be in the fight.

"'Can't you get the doctor to let me out, Mr. Davis?' he begged pathetically.

"'I'll do what I can,' I said, and as the doctor happened to be passing I called him over and put the matter before him.

"'Nonsense!' he exclaimed. 'Just look at him. Is he fit—now, is he? Look at that face, will you—red and blotched with fever. He's in no condition to get out.'

"The boy had gradually raised himself eagerly on to his elbow, but as the doctor finished speaking his head fell back hopelessly.

"'Fever! Red!' he cried querulously: 'I paint, doctor. It's just paint, I tell you.'"

The Way to Expand.

Atlanta Constitution.

Hon. Henry Watterson, long an advocate of expansion, has gone about the business in an energetic manner.

He saw that slow progress was being made in Cuba. The work had to be accelerated by some deft hand. Forthwith he made an effective move by consenting to the absorption of a Cuban belle by his military son. So far the work of assimilation followed the flag.

The idea came to Colonel Watterson from his deceased friend, Senator Sherman. Pressed for his method by which the resumption of specie payments could be brought about, the Senator said:

"The way to resume is to resume!"

Hence, the Colonel wisely decided that the way to expand was to assimilate. He is now engaged in the study of a Spanish primer so that he may converse with his daughter-in-law.

Brother Williams on "Trouble."

Atlanta Constitution.

Ef dis worl' is a worl' er trouble, I notice dat mighty few people is willin' ter sell out.

De end er de righteous is peace, but he ain't in a hurry ter fin' peace ef he got ter leave dis worl' without fust sendin' fer de doctor.

De rich man got ter go ter heaven thoo' de eye er a needle, but do po' man hez ter git in wharever he kin fin' a crack in de fence.

"I hearn tell," said the colored deacon, "dat las' night Br'er Johnson lef' dis worl' fer de nex' one, but sence he didn't sen' fer me ter wait on him fo' he le' I can't say fer sartin des whar en how he landed."

Power of Woman's Tongue.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I love you more than tongue can tell," she said.
And in his heart a glad contentment sprung;
For he had lived quite long enough to learn
The telling powers of a woman's tongue.

AMUSEMENTS.

The season at Cordray's Theater was opened last night by Ferris Hartman and the Tivoli Opera Company in "The Toymaker" to a house that filled every seat and all the standing-room in the theater. The regular Sunday night enthusiasm, for which the audiences at Cordray's are noted, was present in large abundance, and neither principal nor chorus could complain of lack of appreciation. Mr. Hartman's eccentric comedy kept ripple after ripple of mirth running from parquet to gallery, and the two topical songs he sang made such a hit that he was forced to exhaust his full stock of "encore stanzas" before his hearers were satisfied.

While the opera is not one to bring out the full strength of the company, there can be no doubt that the organization is far and away the best comic opera company which has ever appeared at Cordray's. The male members, who preponderate in "The Toymaker," are all fine singers and good actors, and the chorus is strong and excellently trained. Josie Davis was the only woman in the cast who had anything to do, but her clever impersonation of the acrobatic doll and her clear, sweet voice had her at once enough of a favorite for a whole bevy of footlight beauties.

In "The Toymaker" there is a singular blending of grand opera music and comic opera libretto; but, while the effect is sometimes surprising, it is never unpleasant, and many of the numbers, particularly the male choruses, are well worth hearing many times. The story is not deeply complicated, being merely the adventures of the daughter of a toymaker who substitutes herself for an automaton and wins a husband thereby, but it serves to supply an opportunity for a good many amusing situations and a series of events which keep the interest from flagging.

Mr. Hartman has had better parts than that of Johannes Gugelheimer, the toymaker, but he manages to clothe the excitable old gentleman with a good deal of humor, and uses a German dialect which is unapproachable. Naturally, he was most of the comedy in himself, although Miss Davis does a few amusing bits of her own, and Edward Webb, as the lover of the doll, can be credited with a number of "assists." Allan Cunningham as Brother Matthew, and Joseph Fogarty as Count Ballenberg, both contribute a large share to the musical excellence of the opera, Mr. Cunningham's singing in the first and last scenes being especially fine, and fully deserving the warm reception it received.

The minor characters are all in good hands. The feminine contingent of the chorus, while not large, is possessed of an unusually liberal amount of good looks, and sings with snap and ginger.

The opera was handsomely costumed and mounted throughout, and one scene—the close of the first act—was as charming an effect as has ever been seen in Portland. The old toymaker is exhibiting his dolls, and brings them one by one to the center of the stage, the first which he takes from a huge box being a tiny little Japanese lady, done by a maiden of exquisite grace and prettiness, who forthwith makes the house her own. Then follow various kinds of dolls, ending with a diminutive Chinaman, and all join with their master in one of his rollicking songs. When all are put back into their boxes, the toys that cover the shelves and hang on the walls begin to nod and bow; then curtain after curtain, disclosing row upon row of gesticulating toys, rises in the rear, and finally all the dolls in the shop are bowing from lofty pedestals or revolving on huge drums as they nod to the audience. The whole is so well planned and so ingenious that it fairly took the spectators' breath away, and it was not till the curtain had risen four times that they were content to stop gazing at it.

Taken as a whole, the attraction is one which is sure to prove popular in Portland, and its reception last night is a tribute to the judgment and enterprise of Manager Cordray in securing it to open his season. "The Toymaker" will be the bill till Thursday night, when it will be succeeded by "The Wedding Day."

"UNCLE TOM" TONIGHT.

Sutton's Company to Appear in Famous Play at the Marquam.

Tonight at the Marquam Grand Theater Sutton's New York "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company will be the attraction. The company is said to be among the best that have visited the Pacific Coast presenting this favorite old play. They carry their own scenery, properties and stage appurtenances that make the spectacular part of an "Uncle Tom" show a success. The sale of seats has been large, and it is expected the Marquam will be crowded this evening. Popular prices will prevail.

Sympathy for the Horse.

New York Sun.

The wife of a clergyman, who has assumed for several months as a matter of accommodation to the parishioners the care of the church at the fashionable country place in which he has his Summer home, occasionally tries to interest herself in the affairs of the few country people who, with the New York millionaires, make up the congregation; so she stops at the houses of those she knows when she is driving. The other day she halted at the house of an old woman who devoted herself to the customary account of her troubles. The minister's wife was duly sympathetic. As a matter of fact she had long been an active sympathizer in the S. P. C. A., and her charity went more in that direction than in any other.

"My poor son," the old woman went on, "has to work so hard. He is a driver for a grocery, and he has to drive from 7 in the morning until 7 at night."

The expression on the visitor's face showed plainly she thought such treatment outrageous.

"Tell me where your boy is employed," she said, "and I will do what I can to stop such a dreadful thing. It is intolerable cruelty to drive any horse that long at a stretch. I'll see the grocer tomorrow."

It seemed to the old woman that there was something wrong about the visitor's expression of regret over her son, but it sounded friendly, at all events, and she did not analyze it too deeply.

An Official Paper.

Shanghai Mercury.

The Pekin Gazette can hardly be described as a newspaper, and, besides, it circulates only among the official classes. One of the schemes of the ill-fated reformers was to have an official paper on Western lines under government auspices. The Universal Gazette now states that Prince Ching is eager to revive the idea and is consulting with the foreign Ministers regarding the newspaper laws and regulations in vogue in Western lands. His idea is that at the beginning the paper should be free to all, so as to enlighten the people. It would appear as if the Prince realized the power of the press in the Occident, and sees how it can be utilized by the government in China. We wish the project every success.

Where Can He Turn?

Washington Star.

Barred then from Ohio, Maryland and Virginia on factional grounds, and from New York on other grounds, where shall Mr. Bryan turn for an audience while the battle rages? Why waste his sweetness on the desert air of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, where everything is one way and against him?

Candid.

Philadelphia Press.

"The payple Ot lived wi before," said the new cook, "wor plain, ma'am."

"Well, are we not plain here?" asked the lady.

"Troth, ye are so, ma'am, but in a different way. The others wor plain in their way 'o livin', not in their looks, ma'am."

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The brewery strike is naturally resulting in considerable froth talk.

People who love their children do not give them guns to play with.

The Czar seems to be as popular as a letter-carrier at a Summer resort.

The Constitution is hardly enough of a winner to be convicted of following the flag.

Judge Lynch is still making rapid progress in the work of disposing of the colored vote.

When any of the powers find time hanging heavy on their hands they frighten Abdul Hamid into a few fits.

We do not note equal suffrage among the reforms proposed by Tsi An. Has the old lady gone back on her sex?

The singular thing about this South American racket is that Nicaragua is in a state of perfect peace.

The Michigan peach crop is unusually abundant, and it was not even totally destroyed by the early frosts!

Miss Mary Lily Kenan evidently considered that an oil well was a very efficacious fountain of perpetual youth.

Chicago has been imitating New York so long that New York now retaliates by having a high and destructive wind.

It is hard to see why the shingle mills should shut down to raise the price of their product. Shingles are always going up.

If Sampson and Schley are as weary as the rest of the country, they will resign and go to Europe long before the inquiry is held.

If people keep on dying from mosquito bites in Cuba it will be necessary to leave dynamite around where the mosquitoes can experiment with it.

Kansas is allowing a good deal of grass to grow under her feet these days without attracting yellow correspondents into her borders. What's the matter with Kansas?

Thomas H. Norton, United States Consul at Harpoot, Turkey, writes that a pronounced demand for American bicycles has arisen in and about that city. The pioneer bicycle, which Mr. Norton brought with him at the time of establishing the consulate, six months ago, has attracted general attention and interest. Many have been prompt to recognize the exceptional adaptation of the extensive Harpoot Plain, with its comparatively level and well-kept roads, to the use of the bicycle. The Consul has found the wheeling excellent, even among the hills, over the narrow bridle paths.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont abandoned her contemplated "patent medicine quadrille" at Newport because of the avalanche of letters and telegrams which the announcement of the entertainment brought down upon herself and upon her invited guests from the proprietors of patent medicines and from their advertising agents. Eager to avail themselves of such a favorable opportunity to advertise their "cures" among the "four hundred," they offered not only to design the costumes worn to represent each particular remedy, but also to defray all the expense in connection therewith, some even being impolite enough to offer monetary consideration if their proposals were accepted.

Mr. Oregonian editur Deer Sur I am Tillie's bruther and I rite potery miself it runs in the famly I hav rote a song wich is verry poplar round hear a Friend of mine in Detroit sett it too music the musick he sett it 2 is the warin of the grene. You can Prent it if you want to and I wil give you purmishin to sing it if you hav a goode voiece. I dont want it sang by anny I who hazent a good voiese becox it woodent be apreshiated. if it is well sang it will stop a baby from cryin in the middel of the nite. It was sang to I baby hear and the baby stoped cryin and held its breth for the longgest time and dyed. If you dont get gay like the city fellers that cum up hear I will send you sum more sumtime Youres respectively OLE JOHNSON.

ALONG THE SANTIAM.

Our homes are in the Mountins Whare grate
big fur Trees gro;
In Summer time the wether's hot, in Winter
we hav sno.
Sumtimes its 3 or 4 feete deep and sumtimes
deeper yet.
And wen it melts awaiy in Spring the Ground
gets aufull wet.
But then we all ware Ruber Boots and do not
care a ———.
We're happy in our Mountin homes along the
Santiam.

Along the Santiam, my boys—along the Santiam—
Weere happy in our Mountin homes—along
the Santiam.

In Spring the Bright flowrs blossom beside the
Mountin trales,
And Furns gro rank as Kip Lings verse in all
the shadey dalls.
In Spring we all prucede to get our Fishing
takkel out
And gether up the Bate to temt the dollie
Varden trout.
We hunt and fish, and for the Laws we do
not care a ———;
Weere happy in our Mountin homes along the
Santiam.

Along the Santiam, my boys—along the Santiam—
Weere happy in our Mountin homes—along
the Santiam

But Summer is our harvess time, for then the
gize from town
Cum out to spend thare time and cash, and
we just do them broun.
We send them oft to fish in stremes whare
thay can cast thare flys
From daylite til the sun gose down and never
get a rise.
When thay return tired, wet and mad we do
not care a ———;
Weere happy in our Mountin homes along the
Santiam.

Along the Santiam, my boys—along the Santiam—
Weere happy in our Mountin homes, along the
Santiam.

The Heart of the Woods.

John Burroughs in The Atlantic.

I hear it best in morning still
When April skies have lost their gloom,
And through the woods there runs a thrill
That wakes arbutus into bloom.

I hear it throb in sprouting May—
A muffled murmur on the breeze,
Like mellow thunder leagues away,
Or booming voice of distant seas.

In daisied June I catch its roll,
Pulsing through the leafy shade;
And fain I am to reach its goal,
And see the drummer unafraid.

Or when the Autumn leaves are shed,
And frosts attend the fading year,
Like secret mine sprung by my tread
A covey bursts from hiding near.

I feel its pulse 'mid Winter snows,
And feel my own with added force,
When rud-ruff drops his cautious pose,
And forward takes his humming course.

The startled birches shake their curls,
A withered leaf leaps in the breeze;
Some hidden mortar speaks, and hurls
Its feathered missile through the trees.

Compact of life of fervent wing,
A dynamo of feathered power,
Thy drum is music every Spring
Thy flight is music every hour.