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TODAY'S WEATHER-Probably fair, with the early morning; northwe YESTERDAY'S WEATHER-Maximum tem-

rature, 55; minimum temperature, 42; pre-PORTLAND, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

THEIR AWFUL PUNISHMENT.

The terms of thirty United States Senators expire on the third of March, 1993, as follows:

Allison, William B., Republican, Iowa, Cisy, Alexander, S., Democrat, Georgia, Deboe, William J., Republican, Fentucky, Dillingham, William F., Republican, V

Fairbenks, Charles W., Republican, Indiana, Foraker, Joseph B., Republican, Ohio, Gallinger, Jacob H., Republican, New Hamp-Hansbrough, Henry C., Republican, North

Harris, William A., Populist, Kanasa, Heitfeld, Henry, Populist, Idaho, Janes, James K., Democrat, Arkansas. Jones, James K., Democrat, Arkanas, Jones, John P., Silver, Nevada, Kyle, James H., Independent, South Dakota, McEnery, Samuel D., Democrat, Louisiana, McLaurin, John L., Democrat, South Caro

ina.

Mallorr, Stephen R., Democrat, Florida.

Mason, William E., Republican, Hilhots.

Penrose, Bolsa Republican, Pennsylvanta,

Perkins, George C., Republican, California.

Pettins, Edmund W., Democrat, Alabama.

Pintt. Orville H., Republican, Connecticut.

Platt. Thomas C., Republican, New York.

Pflichard, Jeter C., Republican, North Carolina.

Rawlins, Joseph L., Democrat, Utah. Simon, Joseph, Republican, Oregon.

Speeder, John C., Republican, Wisconsin.

Teller, Honry M., Stiver-Republican, Colo-

Turner, George, Puston, Washington, t, George G., Democrat, Missouri. Illington, George L., Republican, Mary-

The effect of Tuesday's elections, as is usual in off years, especially oddnumbered years, is not great. Most of the Legislatures to choose successors to this list will be elected in 1902. The actual result, so far as parties are concerned, is a "stand-off." That is, Senater Deboe, of Kentucky, will be superseded by a Democrat, and Maryland is reasonably certain to send Gorman, Democrat, back in place of Wellington, alleged Republican. Foraker is practisturned from Ohio, and Allison from Iowa.

Incidental bearing on the complexion of the next Senate is afforded by results in other states. Thus, if states now apparently Republican continue so in 1902, there will be an end of Rawlins in Utah and Teller in Colorado, while Republicans will elect successors to retiring Republicans in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and South Dakota. Heltfeld may very readily be superseded by a Republican in Idaho and Turner by a Republican in Washington, just as Nebraska and South Dakota have done with their Senators retiring last March.

It is a most depressing thing, whatever one's politics, to see how silver has driven the Democrats out of the Senate; and left their party representation in that body confined almost exclusively to Southern States. No longer ago than 1896 the Democratic Senators included such men as White of California, Gray of Delaware, Palmer of Illinois, Turple and Voorhees of Indiana, Lindsay of Kentucky, Gorman and Gibson of Maryland, Hill and Murphy of New York, Brice of Ohio, Mills of Texas, Fauliener of West Virginia, Vilas and Mitchell of Wisconsin.

Every one of these men has been sacrificed on the eliver Baal, either because he would not swear to a lie or else because silver drove his party from power.

It is a melancholy commentary on Bryanism that while the country has largely come around to tariff reform, the party that won on it as an issue in 1884 and 1892 has lost the country's confidence so that hardly a Democrat sits in the Senate from a Northern

WHERE SHALL OREGON TRADE!

Oregon railroad development is in the hands of Mr. E. H. Harriman and his associates. They control the Union Pacific system, which now comprises the Southern Pacific, and they hold such loterest in the Northern Pacific as will rotect them from encroachments from that quarter. They can open and develep Oregon or they can leave it as it stands today, so far as ratiroad transportation is concerned.

Since the influence of Mr. Harriman became dominant in certain transcontinental ratiroads the inclination here has been to regard him as friendly to Oregon interests. It is feared that the news printed in our railroad column will tend to shake the confidence Oregonians repose in him. If the railroad policy is to be to draw Oregon business to San Francisco, it may be set down as distinctly untriendly to Oregon as a state, and to Portland, the chief seat of its commerce and capital. Oregon needs independent development, development that shall give it autonomy and knit together its

social, business and political interests. The matter of opening Eastern Oregon by railroads is clearly in the hands of the Harriman people. If they are exercising this power against Portland. the fact should be made known. If Allowing for the fact that the Turkish

they are pushing the Nevada-California-Oregon road up from Reno and checking the progress of the Columbia Southern southward across the state, it is a matter of serious concern for Oregon. If means that San Francisco is to be favored at the expense of Portland in field that legitimately belongs to Portland.

Portland cannot rest passive in this condition of affairs. The management of the Columbia Southern must move forward. That road should lose no time in getting entirely across the state to the California line, If necessary, Portland capital must support the road, that it may go forward independent of the New York investors. It is a profitable enterprise thus far as an independent business venture. Portland cannot afford to let the territory through which it is projected be drained to San Francisco. It lies much nearer Portland, it is in the same state, and there is every reason why its business affiliations should be with Portland rather than with San Francisco. Here is a matter to which the business interests of Portland should give serious

RAYNOR AND HIS THEME.

Mr. Raynor pleasantly reminds that oratory is not lost. We live so fast these days that if we do not hear of an eloquent appeal in each day's news, we think the generation is one denied the gift of speech. Great orations, as has been well said, arise not only from the speaker, but from the occasion, the audience and the theme. These are combinations that cannot be evoked at will, to satisfy the critic or delight the ambitious advocate. Danlei Webster lived for 70 years, yet the speeches with which he thrilled the Nation can be counted on the fingers of your hands. No one has spoken more eloquently than Lincoln, yet he did so but once, at Gettysburg, or perhaps thrice, counting a brief passage in each inaugural. Our popular orator, Colonel. Ingersoll, left his worshipers only three or four masterpleces—at Indianapolis brief flights of religious fervor. Only a few hours or moments in a lifetime can the greatest of orators hope to rise to the supreme heights of eloquence. Therefore they are disappointed who look for oratory as regularly as their morning paper or their box at the

Mr. Raynor found his opportunity in the occasion, the theme and in himself. The verdict of history was at stake, the sorrows of a poor, persecuted old Admiral might have moved a less ready tongue to eloquence, and he was full of his subject. He came from Maryland, whose united people are on fire with love for Schley and scorn of his accusers. His achievement was not, perhaps, great, but it was noteworthy both in content and in effect. One need not expect a bluff old sea dog like Dewey to be hard to move to tears by impassioned rhetoric and deft appeals to professional sympathy. The crowd in the courtroom was certain to applaud Schley's advocate, whatever he The significant tribute to Raynor's skill seems to rest in the fact of the profound impression made upon the court, who suffered the applause to continue for some moments, and then hastened to congratulate him, one and all, including Lemly himself, who must have welcomed so humane a respite from the thankless task to which duty has assigned him.

Doubtless Schley made mistakes in May and June of 1898. We all make mistakes, which we rue in bitterness and tears. The careers are few that can stand unblemished in the fierce light of searching and hostile inquiry. But such mistakes as he made seem to have been those divagations of discernment which experienced judges as well as the universal sentiment of humanity forgive and forget if proved to have been incidental only to the impulsive promptings of a sound heart, steadfast and true. Such, for loyalty and fidelity, bravery and tenderness, was the hero of Santiago's nature, such were his mistakes. They are crowns of glory, services and sacrifices, achievements and errors all, compared with the envy and jealousy that have hounded him to this closing act in his long life of herolem and honor. In Mr. Raynor's panegyric the country will join; and not only this country, but the hearts of brave men and devoted women, wherever his story is told. The mistake he did not make was that of being cowardly and ungenerous, and for that, more grievous in judicious eyes than anything charged against him, his critics must answer in the court of man-

PRENCH CLAIMS AGAINST TURKEY,

kind.

The French fleet is prepared to collect the claims of its government against Turkey at the cannon's mouth. The history of these claims has a present interest worth reciting. About ten years ago a French corporation representing French capital secured from the Sultan a concession for building a system of quays on either side of the Golden Horn, at Constantinople. These quays were built and opened to commerce in 1895, and proved of great advantage to Constantinople, and a profitable investment. The Turkish Government grew covetous of the revenues of the French company and began to persecute it, trying to "freeze" it out and claiming the right to buy out the company. The building of the quays had re-

sulted in the reclamation of large tracts of valuable land on both shores of the Golden Horn, and these tracts belonged to the company under the terms of the original concession, but when the company decided to place this land upon the market the Turkish Government refused to give up the title deeds, and thus caused the French corporation heavy loss. Then the French corporation was ready to sell out to the Turkish Government, but asked from \$10,-000,000 to \$15,000,000 for work that cost it about 57,000,000. The Sultan, however, was willing to buy out the quays, but was unable to raise the purchase money except by issue of a new loan on conditions which his ministers refused to approve, This situation was maintained for several years, until finally the French Ambassador, M. Constans, prevailed upon the Sultan to raise-a loan of \$20,000,000, out of which he could pay the company \$9,000,000 for the quays, and at the same time settle some long-standing claims of French creditors for money used in the construction of railroads, one of which amounts, with interest, to \$9,000,000

These claims, it is said, were indorsed long ago by the Turkish courts. After agreeing to this scheme of settlement of the quays question, the Sultan about wo months ago broke his pledge and M. Constans at once left Constantinople.

Government robbed the French corpo ration of a large sum by refusing to surrender the title deeds to its land concession, it cannot be said that the French company asked an excessive price for the gunys, but probably the Sultan was too poor to pay the sum demanded. In the end Turkey must yield, for the French fleet can destroy Smyrna and sequester the revenues of the Smyrna Custom-House. None of key, and since the Russo-Turkish War of 1878 Turkey has not dared to under take a war of any consequence without powerful Continental support.

No better assurance of the determination of the powers of Europe to keep the peace is found than this spectacle of France buildering Turkey without any interference on part of Great Brit- these railway interests behind it. ain, Germany and Russia. Nevertheless, the day may come when Europe will hesitate before crowding the Su tan to the wall. If there ever should be a Mohammedan uprising in both Asla and Africa, in defense of the Sultan of Turkey as "Commander of the Faith ful," as custodian of the tomb of the prophet, Europe would have a very ugly war on its hands. The ravings of a single "Mad Mullah" cost England a very severe war with the Hill tribes of her Afghan frontier only a few years ago, a war that it took an army of 70,000 men to suppress,

If Turkey should once set up her back against Europe and preach "the Jehad" all along the line of Mohammedanisr from Khartoum in Africa to India and China, there would be danger of a series of very formidable and expensive insurrections against the authority of Christian powers, like Russia and England.

WATCH THE PROFESSOR.

The pronunciamento issued by San Francisco's Mayor-elect brings reassurance from a quarter whence it is earnestly to be desired. We all think well of the first fiddle in the orchestra. His signal to begin always carns a generous hand from the impatient galleries, in 1876, at Cincinnati the same year, and and life would be considerably less worth living without his eight bars of hurry to bring the hero on or the heartsearching tremolo to which the ingenue softens the grim visage of the heavy, Yet few of us, until San Francisco set the pace, have thought or even wildly dreamed of picking an orchestra leader, however luxuriant of hair and vigorous of baton, for Mayor of a city of, say, 200,000 inhabitants.

Great men have come up from humble beginnings and everybody will hope for such outcome for Mr. Schmitz. He has good sense of his own, or at least listens to sound advice, when he promises to consider well the needs of invested capital, to refrain from radical or revolutionary policies, and to see that business interests suffer nothing by reason of his election. These are wise words, and as they come from the candidate of men but lately in arms against San Francisco's business interests, they are brave words. They encourage us to think that the new Mayor will be as effective as if he had been drawn from the ranks of law or professional politics. A man can be a labor leader and be just. He can be a labor leader and be wise. We have had many such men in this country, even before the days of Mitchell and Shaffer. and they are on the increase. The hardheaded and clear-eyed men of toll will not, if they know it, intrust their destinies to a traitor or a fool, for the certaln penalty of such errors falls upon their own heads.

When Professor Schmitz talks about introducing "harmony" into San Francisco's affairs, we trust he is not assimliating a painful joke from the realm of Apollo. Whatever of peace and solace inheres in the musician's art is proverbially lost upon himself. Latin-America is brotherly love itself pared with the traditional peace of church choirs, bands and opera troupes, Hell hath no fury like a music teacher scorned, and she who melts all hearts with divine arias will pull right merrily the hair of one who tramples maliclously on her professional pride. Which reminds us that the man who can manage an orchestra successfully for ten years has demonstrated executive qualities of no mean order.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The Panama Canal has been offered for sale to the United States Government by the president of the company, The canal was begun in February, 1881 by De Lesseps, who believed or pretended to believe that he could build a tide water canal for \$120,000,000 in less than eight years from that date. By the Autumn of 1888 the company was bankrupt, and was forced into liquidation on January 1, 1889. The bond and share indebtedness accumulated at that time was estimated at \$350,000,000, although not a fifth part of the work had been accomplished. In 1890 a visiting commission of French engineers sent to the Isthmus by the official liquidator reported that the tide-level cut at Colon was rapidly filling up, the harbor was shallowing, and that the plant valued at \$39,000,000 was rusting away. obstacles to a tide-level canal are re-

ported to be very great. In 1879 the overflow of the Chagres River covered with twelve feet of water the Panama Railway, which three years later was sold to the canal company. The wet season in this region is eight months long; the earthquake of Sep ember, 1882, did much damage to the Panama Railway, and the climate of the Isthmus is pestilential. The friends of the Panama Canal contend that if the plan of the enterprise ba changed from a tide-level waterway to a lock canal it can be completed and operated; that the only question is the price demanded for the property of the French company; that if this property could be bought cheaply enough, a canal at Panama could be finished earlier than

one at Nicaragua, and for less outlay. The only real asset of the Panama ompany is the railroad which it owns and such part of the work done upon the canal that would be of service in its completion. The Isthmian Canal Commission reported last December to Congress that less than half of the excavation was of any value, and the actual value of what had been accomplished it estimated at \$33,934,463. This estimate of the total canal assets of the Panama Canal includes \$7,000,000 for the stock of the Panama Rallroad. The total cost of the Panama Canal is slaced by the commission at \$142,342 579 o that the work already done on the Panama Canal is today worth to a new canal not over one-fourth of its total

Our engineers would probably not adise our Government to pay much more one-third the sum at which the Panama about one-sixth the cash capital sunk | FALL CONCERT IN BILDUZER PAKE in the canal. The practical result of this renewed discussion of the Panama Canal purchase will be still further to postpone the building of any transisthmian canal whatever. Probably the whole Panama purchase scheme gets its life from the great railway interests that have thus far successfully

blocked the Nicaragua Canal. So far as Great Britain is concerned, the powers of Europe will support Tur- it is likely that the United States will be able to build an isthmian canal on her own terms. The real opposition to the canal that is difficult to overcome is the opposition of the great railway interests that have thus far successfully prevented any decisive action. fresh presentation of the project of the Panama Canal purchase probably has

> Dan M. Hogan was killed at his country home in Illinois a few days ago by his son, Dan M. Hogan, Jr., in defense of the latter's mother, whom the senior Hogan was brutally beating. The Coroner's jury promptly returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide" in the case, Any community is well rid of a man of instincts so brutal as those manifested by the elder Hogan in this instance, and Coroners' juries have a very dignified but positive way of saying so. A similar case occurred many years ago in Clackamas County, of this state. A lad of some 16 years rallied to the defense of his mother, who was being pursued by his father with intent to kill, felling the latter with an ox-bow as he passed his son on his deadly errand. The lad was promptly acquitted by the Coroner's jury at Oregon City, and if he was not congratulated openly for his sturdy stroke in defense of his mother it was because the men who heard his story were restrained in speech by prudential motives. The physical argument appeals to the wifebeater more strongly than any other, and when its conclusions are final, as in the cases above noted, few regrets are indulged.

The death of Li Hung Chang records the passing from the stage of Oriental politics of the most conspicuous figure of the century. His history is the history of Chinese diplomacy for more than two generations. While the civilized world may regard the astute old statesman as unlearned in the lore of modern progress, it must still concede to him an intelligence broadened by contact with the world beyond the Chiness Empire and an influence that has been felt in accordance with this touch and outlook. Though he was an old man, he had not attained a great age, the most authentic designation of the year of his birth making him seven years younger than was the late Queen Victoria at her death, and much younger than were William I, Bismarck or Gladstone at their passing. He retained, in spite of great physical infirmity, his mental faculties to the last, and in his death China mourns the loss of her most sagacious man of affairs.

The probability that Miss Ellen M. Stone will be rescued alive from her Moslem captors grows more dim and uncertain as the days pass without tidings of her or knowledge of her where-The rigors of Winter in the Balkan Mountains are extreme, and they begin early. Persons familiar with the conditions there existing are justified in the belief that the hapless missionary has not been able to survive a practically shelterless life in the nountains, to the bitter discomforts of fatigue and anxiety. Death would, of course, be the least of many evils that could happen to a woman situated as is Miss Stone, and the assurance that she is beyond the reach of further harm is awaited by her friends and the friends of missions with the gravest apprehension.

Books that sell by the hundred thousand are not common. Hence the fact is remarkable that the book written by John Bunyan in Bedford jail about 240 years ago is a vital part of the book trade of the present day. Millions of copies of "The Pitgrim's Progress" have been sold, and it is probable that more copies have been sold in any month of the first year of the twentteth century than could have been disposed of in a year-in the author's lifetime. Amid all the so-called popular novels of the day and there are some that are entitled to distinction-it would be hard to select one that seems likely to weather the popular tide of two centuries and a half as bravely and successfully as has this allegory of Bunyan written with holy purpose and inspired by religious zeal.

It is reported that the Secretary of War in his forthcoming report may recmmend the creation of a paper force of reserves which shall consist of men who have been honorably discharged from the regular Army, and of officers the have proved their fitness for comnissions, by passing suitable examination boards, which would include those who have resigned from the service for honorable reasons; those who were of good record in the volunteers during the war with Spain or in the Philippines, and men in civil life or the militia who have proved their fitness for line or staff duty before a board of regular officers. In event of war, such flat could be commissioned at once.

A much-married scion of a family concred in the early history of the state is in trouble in this city on account of his uxorious propensities. The courts will probably be called upon later on to decide which one of two women who call him husband is entitled to the doubtful honor and questionable privileges conveyed by her claim. The wonder in a case of this kind is that any woman of ordinary self-respect will try to establish a preferred claim to the affections of such a roving blade,

Apparently the greatest difficulty encountered by Mr. Raynor in his sumning up for the defense of Admiral Schley was in fitly characterizing the evidence of many naval officers for the prosecution without denouncing the officers themselves as they deserved. If courtesy had permitted, he could have simplified his statements in regard to them by the use of language that no one could have misunderstood

A robber who robbed a robbing machine at Oregon City has been convicted of his crime and will expiate it by 'doing time" at Salem. In other words, one Perry E. Polk, who robbed a nickel-in-the-slot machine in a saloon \$30,000,000 for the entire assets of of that city last August, has been conthe French corporation, which is about victed of the crime and received sentence as provided by law for all evilcompany held it in November, 1898, and doeps, and passed upon some.

New York Sun.

It is our duty to try to check once more the torrent of vistors that is rushing into Hagaratown. Their enthusiass is praiseworthy, but it is inconvenien festerday was Springfield Day, and 1144 pilgrims, headed by General Sambo perhaps the most illustrious disciple of Dithyramb Dick, presented an address to that prince of poets. When nearly 1200 persons go to the Maryland shrine from a comparatively small city, the multitudes now treading on one another's kibes and the grass in Pilduser Park are easily imagined. It is our ad-vice to all Dickites, whether they are members of Dick clubs and speleties or not, to keep away from Hagerstown for the present. It seems impossible that the crowds should not thin our by late Spring. Meanwhile do not disturb the master as so many thoughtiess and intrusive admirers are doing. Do not vex him in his bower in Pilduzes Park where he meditates the perfect song. "Sun-steeped at noon and in the moon nightly dew-fed," it mellows, trembles, falls. The squirrel forgets his cache. The sparrow and the cat listen delightedly. The lackass in the cat delighted ways and state of the sparrow and the cat listen delightedly. The lackass in the paddock emits his longest, sweetest note. The man with the scarlet poll and un-compromising chin beard who is sweeping path weeps visibly and swallows a section of navy plug in his vain efforts to hide his agitation. The master has

to hide his agitation. The master has rubbed the lamp, the slaves obey: The Autumnal sir, vibrant and potent, comes marching over the yellowed and wan grasses with the rustle of aerial charlots—at first slow, with the rustle of aertal charlots—at first slow, then quickened as with sportive engagement it meshes the late and shivering flowers with intricate enlacery of frest; soon it lifts itself on wider wins and wrings from the orchard trees a storm of red and golden apples, and then with vehement planton, lean and alacritous, it rushes into the dulling forest and aliar the heavy oaks to resonantal hymns.

The driver of the mail cart smiles from out the intricate enlacery of his fronty.

out the intricate enlacery of his frosty "Galloway sluggers." The park laborer wrings the red storm of his chin, wet with honest brine. Vibrant and potent, the chariots of the Funkstown and Shoatsburg trolley line come marching, With vehement pinion, lean and alacri-tous, the black and midnight crow rushes the dulling forests of Pilduzer Park and stirs the heavy croaks to resonantal ymns. Here begins another fit:

It showers through all animate creation its keen arrows to slay the last clinging memo-ries of the burning Summer, and leaves them dead one by one on their high places, twisted and love like warm desires suddenly trans-fixed by the chill of death. Clutching the searlet leaves, it hurls them slantingly to their long home, and with delicately tripping fingers uptilts those fallen and sear and sends them kurryingly in disordered flight, little breso lute Fears ficeing a relentless Pursuit Clutching his scarlet poll, the park la

borer twists and tears hair after hair and hurls them slantingly. Remember that there are no birds in last year's nest Dick's good gray cat, Walt Whitman, slays a sheeny sparrow. With delicately dripping fingers the driver of the mail cart uptilts a can of beer. Two boys who have been stoning the squirrels are sent skurryingly in disordered flight, little Dears fleeing a relentless Pursuit in the ahape of a pock-marked policeman. Favete linguis! Shut up! Canto Three is trem bling on the lips of Dithyramb Dick: Gaunt and ribbed, it spirals aloft into the paths of the stars and scours the sky and then headlong descends in broad curving sweeps to raive the green and suffron-tinted vales and slopes, passing and repassing, the imperative breath of coming Winter; it huddles the leaden clouds into rough, heaped banks, east and west, and between rushing in wide rebound from side to side billows, all the cooling void. with long skirling moans and thin, highwailings; then, as the dying day shudders to ts close, it leans toward the West, and the sallid hills, pressing, deep panting and insa-

tiate, out to where the sun, like a blood-red rose, hangs on the furtherest rim of earth wistfully low and passionately still. The crow spirals aloft and scours the sky. Over the green and saffron-finted vales and slopes of Pilduzer Park Walt Whitman rushes with long, skirling misule and high-circling wailings. squirrels huddle in rough-heaped ranks. The jackass shudders in the close. Deep-panting, the mailcart horse kicks in the which are added the hardships due to pallid fills. The driver, insatiate, wistfully fatigue and anxiety. Death would, of long and with a passionate "still," hange on the furtherest rim of the can. The leaden clouds are lighted with the bloodleaden clouds are lighted with the blood-red nose of the man with the blood-red poll. Ab. Dithyramb Dick! cases of the blood of the box office at Cordray's to assure poli. Ab. Dithyramb Dick! "Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where

are they? The Highest Climb.

Pearson's Magazine. If you thirst for something really new, if you want to do something which has never been done before, here is a chance for you. Climb Mount Everest. Its height is 29,002 feet, and you will not find anything in the nature of a paper bag on its snow-capped summit, for the excur-sionist has not reached there yet. The highest point to which man has so

far climbed is 28,399 feet. This is the height of Aconcagua, the loftlest summit of the main cordillers of the Andes. This point was reached by the guide Mattias Zurbriggen and Mr. Vines, two members of the expedition that went out in 1837 under Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald. Before this the record was held by Sir William Martin Conway's expedition, which in 1832 climbed a mountain in the Karakoram Himalayas, just 22,600 feet high.

Man having ascended to a height or 23,393 feet, the question to be now con-sidered is whether he will ever be able to reach 25,000 feet.

We live at the bottom of an ocean of air, and our bodies are specially adapted for life at low levels; consequently, when we are placed in unusual conditions such as exist at great heights, we are affected in various ways. Respiration becomes difficult, the circulation of the blood is altered, the heart is fatigued, "mountain slokness" is experienced, inastitude and exhauntion follow. . On this subject Bir Martin Conway observes: "On two ocasions when I have been at 23,000 feet I have felt that I could have climbed further, and that if I could have slept there, I might have climbed much fur-ther. The problem of climbing Mount Everest will be conflicted by two main difficulties—politics and finance. If the Government of India would persuade the Government of Nepal to let the Alpine Club try, and if about \$50,000 were coming, and a good party, with an ample supply of porters, could devote two or three consecutive years to the attempt, there would be some chance of conquering the peak

The Future of Morocco, National Review.

It is impossible to write on the subject of Morocco without some mention of its future. There is no need to enter into speculation—and it is all speculation—as to what that future may be. It need only be pointed out that, in the interests of all the powers of Europe, it is necessary to maintain the status quo. The international time is not satisfactory. The recent long satisfactory. The recent long satisfactory. tory. The recent long series of arrests, imprisonments and confiscations has disturbed the tranquility of the governing classes, who do not know whose turn may come next, while it must be confessed that the young Sultan's European tastes have not increased his popularity. That a general upbeaval may take place is ex-tremely unlikely, but there is certainly a strong existing feeling of unrest. tends to let loose the wilder spirit of the people, who see an opportunity of paying off old scores and making new ones, and who are not slow to turn their hands to robbery and pilinge. So long as they keep these national amusements to them there is little or no danger, but directly the interests of European traders are affected-and their cattle feeding in the in terior are often iocted—then the question becomes one in which the powers are in-terested. Claims are made against the Moorish Government in accordance with treaty rights. These claims are always disputed and often refused, and difficult ties invariably arise, sometimes ending in naval demonstrations and shaking toe very foundations of the rotten fabric of the decaying country.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Jess of the Bar Z Ranch," which was given at the Marquam last night by Miss alloc Archer and a very good company, is a melodrama on a theme which has never been overworked on the stage. Most people have taken a kindergarten course on the subject of the great American cowboy, using the vellow-cavered novel for a boy, using the yellow-covered novel for text-book and studying it very thorough ly; but the gentleman with the sombrero the blue flannel shirt and the ever-activ gun-hand, has seldom figured on the stage in any such numbers as he appears this drama. The story is told in far be ter style than that of the Kit Carson and Deadwood Dick authors. The cow boys are real cowboys, their speech re-calls the classic pages of "Wolfville," and when they come in from a ride they have real dust to shake out of their clothen They also shoot freely and cordially, fur-nishing thereby all the heart interest the is necessary, but they sixot like cow-boys, and only once does the author be-tray his unfamiliarity with the life by making his hero take off his gun and leave k lying around loose. It seemed to be necessary to take off the gun to give the viliate a sufficient start in the piot, but your real cowboy wouldn't take off a gun to make the plot of the finest drama ever produced.

The story is located in New Mexico and Jess of the Bar Z Banch is a young lady who comes home from nursing to Cuba to take charge of her father's ranch Rescally greasers steal cattle belonging to the hero, a rough rider, also recently returned from Cubs, and make trouble all round. The girl's brother holds up a stage and hides in the mountains to kee his head on his shoulders, making more trouble to keep the officers from getting him. The hero gets rounded up and stabbed or shot once or twice, but of course he considers all his wounds mere scratches, excapes in the end and marrie scratched, eccapes in the end and marries the girl, while the villain's long lone wall sounds from behind a precipice down which he is engaged in falling at the time. There are other characters, who, each in his time, plays his part, but they all center around the hero and the girl, although fray throw in a little consety. although they throw in a little

in places where it is much needed.

Altogether the play will be found enJoyable, free from too much blood and
thunder, and interesting, beyond a shadow Miss Archer makes a capital Jess. Sh

is full of energy and enthusiasm, and always knows how to make the most of the climaxes, of which there are few. Fin Reynolds, as Maximo Quing, a halfbreed forcman and incidentally no slouch of a villain, does some excellent work, and is good throughout. William F. Granger is a rollicking cowboy Sheriff, James Manely makes a funny "poet lar lat," Edward Craven gets plenty dy out of the character of an Irish cowpuncher, and Randoiph Robert, of gigan tic frame, is all sufficient as the hero. The play is admirably mounted and costumed. It will be the attraction to and tomorrow night.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Sale of Seats for Haverly's Minstrels The sale of seats will open this morning at 10 o'clock for Haverly's minstrels which come to the Marquam Grand Theater next Monday and Tuesday The composer and singer, Will E. Nanke ville, is now the owner of Haverly's minstreis, and the vocal department of the new company is said to be something out of the ordinary, and contains voices of richness, Such vocalists as George Mor raciness, Such vocalists as George Mor-gan, England's famous lyric tener; Ben-son Bathric, Sam Nankeville, Signor Michieni, Charles Bury, Edwin Platt and three other prominent singers form a strong octet of singers.

The Frawley Engagement.

Daniel Frawley arrived in Portland yes-terday and spent the day in arranging the setalla of the coming engagement of his company at Cordray's Theater, which opens Sunday night with "Lord and Lady Mr. Frawley says he feels sure hat he has the best repertoire this year he has ever had, and he is confident that the people of Portland will be pleased with the plays he has selected. Since the ong engagement of the original Fraw. of this organization has been large housen all the week.

"King of the Oplum Ring."

Manager Baker, of the Metropolitan has received assurances that the com-pany playing "King of the Oplum Ring" this year is the best that has yet ap-peared in that surprisingly successful melodrama. A large number of specialties are carried by the company, and it is promised that all are above the average. The play itself is one which seems to appeal to many classes of theater-goers, and wherever it is produced it plays to big business. For nine nights last year it filled the Metropolitan to capacity. The engagement will open at the matinee Sunday afternoon, Mr. daker having determined to make the Sunday matines a regmiar feature.

Royal Italian Band.

The advance sale of seats for the Royal Italian Band will open tomorrow (Saturday) morning at the Marquam Grand Theater box-office. The band will give four concerts, Tuesday and Thursday nights at the Exposition building, Wednesday matines and night at the Marquam Grand Theater. The success of the Royal Italian Band on its tour through the West, and particularly in California, has been remarkable, when it is taken into consideration that it came here as an almost unknown organization. True, there have been many notices come in from the East concerning it, but the people here who have heard it have sounded its praises until there are already a large number of music-lovers in the city who are awalting with anxiety the band's com-

Requiem. Flora Macleod in Fortnightly Review. In the sunier City of Murias A golden Image dwells; The sea-none of the trampling waves Is as muffled bells Where He dwells,

In the City of Murias. In the sunken City of Murias

A golden Image gleams; The loud noise of the moving seas Is as woven beams Where He dreams, In the City of Murias In the sunken City of Murias.

The heart I-gave to then And thou t In the City of Murias. In the sunken City of Murias, Long, oh, so long ago, Our souls were wed when the world was young: Are we old now, that we know

Deep, deep beneath the sen, The Image sits and bears Time break

In the City of Murias? A graven Image dwells; The gound of our little sobbing prayer Is as muffled bells

n the City of Muring. Rondel. stance Farmar in The Smart Set. Before Love's wings were clipped How merrily he flew! 'Neath Summer skies o 'Neath Summer skies of blue, O'er flowers divinely lipped.

Gold pinions, asure tipped, Brought meanages from you Before Love's wings were clipped How merrily be flew?

Too deep in joy we dipped, Sweet, hidden things we knew;

So strong the fair plumes grew To heaven we might have all Before Love's wings were city

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Li Hung Chang sat up late once too often with his old friend Death.

With all the new safety devices, football is beginning to be nearly as safe as war.

Bryan's telegram of condolence to Croker is due, but no one seems to have rend it.

The first of the month has no terrors for Abdul Hamid, Bills are always due with him.

Miss Stone and her captors are giving a rat-class now-you-see-us-and-now-youdon't exhibition. Some day the Sultan will wake up to

find his subjects have got scared and paid his debts for him. The possibilities of General Aiger's book an a war drama are so great that they

will probably be developed. It was fitting that the court of inquiry should be flooded with tears. It added

the flavor of the salt, salt sea. Even Croker can scare up a few things to be thankful for if he takes a good,

hard look at his bank account, Mark Twain is now trying to figure out just what percentage of Low's majority

was due to his (Mark's) speeches. The returns from Nebraska indicate that the editor of the Commoner will not be likely to leave his deak for some years,

A contemporary has an editorial entitled "Buying and Selling Votes." It is probably a stray item from the market page,

An Atlanta messenger boy has been senenced to the penitentiary for two years. His fall is probably attributable to his

An Italian monk was arrested in Paris the other day. There is nothing to show whether or not they also arrested the organ-grinder.

If it were not for the Sultan, the dinomais of the various nations would become lamentably deficient in opportunity for target practice. Kruger says the Boers would fight if

they were forced to do so. They seem to have been putting up a very fair imitation of tighting ail along. The brigands think they have not been offered a large enough ransom. They

must think their time is worth as much as J. Pierpont Mergan's. Having the first call on all President Roosevelt's writings, the Congressional Record is in a fair way to multiply its

circulation by seven or eight. Alfred Austin met the Duke of Yorkon his return with an ode. But such is the Duke's love of his native land that he didn't even think of going back to Cannda.

Minister Rockhill favors the establishment of an American bank in China. Minister Rockhill certainly ought to know by this time that fan-tan is the only game

that can be made to pay over there. It will probably be unnecessary to ask President Roosevelt to write a short message. A man who can sell everything he writes to the magazines is not likely to fill space very full when there is nothing in it for him.

For the last two years members of the Baptist Church of Saco, Me., have been annoyed by a sound in the church building. While it was not especially troublesome, it was annoying from the fact that it was constant and could not be located, he sexton hunted everywhere without success, until the latter part of last week. In making a more thorough search than usual, he found tucked away in a gable end a swarm of bees and about 50 pounds of honey.

A "funeral stenographer" is one of New York's functionaries. She is a young woman skilled in the art of shorthand writing, who attends the obsequies of people of prominence and wealth and fota down in her notebook all the complimentary things the preacher says about the deceased. If mourning relatives desire, she transcribes these notes, and either arranges them in book form or engrosses them upon parchment, for which she receives adequate, and sometimes exceedingly liberal, compensation. Of course, the prayers are all about alike, and do not require preservation, but in his sermon the preacher is apt to say some pretty fine things, and it is the desire of many up-to-date families to keep a record of them. In no way other than by the employment of a stenographer can this record be secured, for as a rule funeral sermons are extemporaneous speeches.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Lady Snecrwell-Have your daughters acco plished much in music? Unfortunate Father— Yes—the tensets below have moved.—Punch, Ambiguous.-Hella-But why did you refuss him if you loved him? Dorn-Well, you see, he said he couldn't live without me, and it aroused my curiosity.-Puck.

"De reason some of us doesn't get along," said Uncle Eben, "is dat we sits down dreamin" of automobiles when we orter be pushin' a wheelfearrer."—Washington Star.

Naturally Disappointed.—Blancks—Why did she break off the engagement? Edith—Why, they had been engaged a month, and he never once told her she was too good for him.—

"My dear, are you feeling any better?" asked her fond mother. "I dunne," replied boily. "Is the felly all gone?" "Yes, dear." Well, I think I am well enough to get up tow."--Tit-Bits What He Missed,- 'Tes; they call it a 'tural play'; but it seems to me there's some-filing lacking." "Why, so there is; there's no mortgage on the farm."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

That's II.—They were talking of the New York municipal campaign. Baid one: "What do you think of Shepard's candidacy?" "Oh, Shepard thinks of marrying Tammany to rm it," was the reply.-Pittsburg Ch

icts-Telegraph. In a Dublin paper some time since was a biographical notice of Rebespierre, which con-ciuded as fullows: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him, except his brother, who was killed at the same time."— Glasgow Evening Times

Glasgow Evening Times
Out of the Question.—'See here!' cried the
trate machine politician. "in your paper this
morning you liken me to Bill Tweed." "Well?"
said the editor. "Well, you've got to apologize. See?" 'Impossible, my dear sir. Tweed
is dead."—Philadelphia Press.

A Bump for the Pharince.—"I thank God."
said the Pharises. "that I am not as other
men." "Oh, I don't know," replied the lady.
"You seem to be like a good many of them.
I saw you occupying a seat in a car last night
when there were jots of women standing."—
Chicago Record-Heraid.

Why Tommy Remained After School.—

Why Toromy Remained After School— Teacher—Tommy, in the sentence, "A microbe is a minute living organism," parse "microbe," Tommy Tucker—"Microbe; is a common noun, possessive case. Teacher—Possessive case? Tommy—Yes'm First person, inicrobe; second person, your crobe, third person, his—Feacher—Thomas, go and take your est.—Chicago Tribuna.