

The Oregonian.

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TODAY'S WEATHER—Cloudy and threatening, with occasional light rains; southeasterly wind.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 45; minimum temperature, 41; precipitation, 0.15 inch.

PORTLAND, FRIDAY, DEC. 6, 1901.

TWO SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The livestock men said one thing in their resolutions that is worth the whole rest of the meeting. No free hides, they say, so long as we have protected leather and skins. It is an indignity, they say, to have our hides and skins sold as we have protected wools. No free raw sugar and protected refined sugar. No free ore and protected refined ore.

devotion to his wife," and his attentions to Mrs. Jackson won the complete confidence of the President-elect.

Jackson arrived in Washington February 12, 1882, when Hamilton called on him, the same evening, the President spoke of the death of his wife with deep feeling.

This was the grave, self-restrained speech of a rough, grim, undeducated old soldier of 62 about the death of an "exceedingly homely" old woman of 62. It is not this devotion of General Jackson to his sick, old wife quite as pathetic as anything told of the conjugal life of President McKinley.

A SETTLER FOR ATHEISM.

If the United States Treasury is called upon to lose \$1,000,000 in duties to be refunded owing to miscalculations of the Indian rupee, the punishment is one which will powerfully tend to restore and strengthen belief in the existence of a just God.

When the enlightened government of India, disregarding certain silver manacles and defective youth of two hemispheres, closed its mints to the free coinage of silver, it entered upon the enterprise of maintaining the silver rupee at 52 cents.

The tenacity of life shown by Pope Leo XIII is revealed in the fact that the "coming concave" to elect a successor to his holiness, and to elect a successor, was not held until six years ago.

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN PROHIBITION.

Prohibition is a cause; prohibition is only a means to the end of temperance, and its wisdom is only fairly tested by its practical results. Measured by its results, more than fifty years of prohibition have given no better results in proportion to the population than has license with local option in Massachusetts.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Secretary Wilson appears to signal advantage at the Chicago livestock gathering. This is the good, old man but myopic economist who uses selling as a synonym of greatness and buying as an evidence of humiliation.

how we are to get Europe to buy incassingly of us if we cease to buy of Europe. We dislike to harp on this painful topic so persistently without hearing any response from the Wilson school.

FURY OF THE GALE.

The British ship Nelson, which the ambitious newgatherers of Astoria sent to the bottom of the ocean in the harbor of Seattle in the month of October, is now in the hands of the tongs.

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From Coal Shovel to Highest Office in Bridgeport, Conn.

One of the most remarkable overruns in the recent elections was in the usually Republican City of Bridgeport, Conn., which this year (a Republican year) went Democratic by a majority of more than 2000.

James G. Green, the murderer of E. V. Benjamie, will pay the penalty of his crime in Skamania County, Washington, today.

Leaders in Congress propose to abolish war revenue taxes, excepting those on liquors, tobacco, mixed flour and TEA. Here also comes Secretary Gage recommending abatement of oppressive and unnecessary war taxes.

It ought to be inconceivable to some of our Astoria friends how New York can be the greatest port in America.

Through the very center of lower New York Bay, to take the place of the old circuitous route, a new channel is being dredged to a depth of 40 feet. The big ship, the Kaiser Wilhelm and the new Kronprinz, which are forced now to wait at the wharves, will have regular sailing schedules and the need of a pilot with the skill of a Herse Kiel will have passed.

Down With the Church Bazaar.

The main argument adduced in behalf of these special entertainments for monies to be used for the support of the church, together and enable them to have a good time, and that only in this way will many persons give anything to the church.

The sympathy of the community with the friends and advocates of Rev. Mr. Hoyt confronts a technicality in the Legislature.

In Massachusetts the Democracy have occasionally elected a Governor, and it is up into bread and biscuits instead, and make the base-born foreigner take them. Some way must be found, either to make every farmer his own baker or cracker factory, or else to punish the foreigner who wickedly wants wheat to grind up for himself, and make him call for prepared foods instead of raw material.

The poor, old lady died in 1828, and thus failed to become the mistress of the White House.

The poor, old lady died in 1828, and thus failed to become the mistress of the White House. Her husband, then a man of 62, grieved over her death as much as if she had been the most brilliant woman in the land. Colonel James A. Hamilton, son of the famous Alexander Hamilton, accompanied General Jackson on the basis of New Orleans.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN JOKES.

Chicago Tribune. It was a clever remark of Anthony Hope's at the Thanksgiving dinner in London when he said that all that was needed to bridge the gulf between the two English-speaking nations was that someone should calculate a common denominator for British and American jokes.

At present it explains a large part of the embarrassment which arises in a company composed of both English and Americans. Few American jokes are as good as those which have been brought over from the States.

The English Joke is inclined to look askance at the American joke and say: "No, no, you're wrong, John."

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Denis Mulvihill, Mayor.

One of the most remarkable overruns in the recent elections was in the usually Republican City of Bridgeport, Conn., which this year (a Republican year) went Democratic by a majority of more than 2000.

Hartford News.

The general idea that literary production of a high order is hostile to long life is a wholesome and moral one, and it necessitates work itself out at the age of 61 by excessive work, and Dickens no doubt lived at too high pressure.

LITERATURE AND LONGEVITY.

The average length of the lives of great American writers is greater than that of their English counterparts by nearly four years.

Cost of Food, England and France.

To say nothing of tobacco and match monopolies, which, of course, mean dearth to the consumer, the French equivalents for English excise duties amount to \$3,328,000 a year, or about 150,000,000 more than those of England.

Leg of mutton per kilogram, Butter steak per kilogram, Rump steak per kilogram, Bumper per kilogram, Tea per kilogram.

AMUSEMENTS.

C. H. Yale's "Devil's Auction," with something like 22 people and enough scenery to fill several theaters, played to a good-sized house last night, and although the plot is not particularly original, the final curtain was rung down, the crowd stayed to the last, a convincing proof that the performance is pleasing.

"The Mikado."

Clever opera well sung by Wilbur-Kirwin Company at Baker's. Gilbert & Sullivan's best and brightest opera, "The Mikado," was very cleverly presented by the Wilbur-Kirwin Company at the Baker last evening.

COMING ATTRACTION.

William Collier in "On the Quiet" at the Marquon Tonight.

William Collier, who is today without doubt America's leading comedian, will appear at the Marquon Theater tonight in "On the Quiet," a comedy which was written for him by Augustus Thomas, and in which he has achieved a most brilliant success.

Living Pictures at the Baker.

"The Two Vagabonds" will be given at the Baker at the matinee Sunday and Sunday night, by the Wilbur-Kirwin Company.

Black Patti's Troubadours.

Black Patti's Troubadours, the leading colored troupe in America, will be seen at Cordway's next week with Black Patti herself at the head of the company.

Mr. Editor, Derr Sur, Times is awful tired.

Sum came to hunt the griffin bare and sum to perchus fruit. And sum to hock the mountain air and sum there old close out.

PEASANTRIES OF PARAPHRASES.

Just Sa—"Tha, what are prejudices?" "Other people's opinions, my son"—"Puck. Easily Explained—"I wonder why the baby cries so much."

The Butterflies.

"The Voyage of Itchabog," by Sir Edward Arnold.

The Blood-red Granada-hut or Palm Blossom.

"The Blood-red Granada-hut or Palm Blossom," by Sir Edward Arnold.

Align with Living Luster.

Align with Living Luster, One, all pale, The color of the sunrise when pearl clouds take their first flush; one, as if laurel wreath cut to flimsy blue and gold; and one, Black with gold breeze; and a purple one.

This delicate work, fitting across the shade.

This delicate work, fitting across the shade, with a burning jewel, at the next With closed wings seeming like the faded violet, It perched on, or the dry brown mossy bark.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

With the Walters' Alliance the tray is always high.

We are manning to struggle along fairly well without any beautiful snow.

Perhaps the moaning of the bar is only the echo of those in the city by the sea.

The solo survivor of Nebraska Populism is still baying the moon with great industry.

The most welcome Christmas green is the long and crisp variety suitable for rolls.

Shabwood may have been higher when it was in the tops of the tall timber, but not much.

Look out for that Santiam poem. Don't fire till you see the whites of its eyes. See below.

Judging from all accounts, Marquis Ito spells his name without the "o" when he is in Japan.

The Santiam poets have carried out their threat. This is intended as a warning. See below.

Has any one examined the grave of the late R. Wagner since Nordic began to sing ragtime?

Have you received your invitation to the coronation? We lent ours to our friend Mr. Maher.

Will the distinguished Senator who wants Aguinaldo brought to this country please rise and state what the country has ever done to him?

Soon will the string sweeten: 'Tis to our mortals bring The thoughts of things that I like to have. Among them good Spring.

That Milwaukee man who gave his intended a dog instead of an engagement ring wanted to be certain that the wedding was bound to occur.

London, Dec. 5.—Dear Santa Claus: I don't want a thing this Christmas, but please give me a little peace. Your little friend, JOHNNY.

Now a corner in pumpkins is being engineered, and the youth of the land will soon be deprived of the luxury of scaring little girls to death with Jack-o'-lanterns.

He never drank tobacco sauce, Or saw a W. D. Gray dog. He never wore a shako high. He never made a truchinca in. The Army-Navy game, And yet his name was Fumble, and He got there, just the same!

Clara Morris says that Tomasso Salvini used too many I's in his autobiography. Miss Morris makes it an invariable rule never to refer to herself in any of her writings.

Now war is waged in; and the times are out and joint. And Spanish oaters are rounded with an; Tamale-eating greasers, with countenance dark.

Do deeds of nerve and valor (here place a 7). The sound of guns is heard abroad, machetes to the clash. Somber-looking officers around on bronches.

The pampas plumes are trampled down where slowly we go. And history will call these times a glory.

Mr. Editor, Derr Sur, Times is awful tired. You hear us now I have rote poetry for yure valuable paper. I bin needin the rjlfal poetry u publish an I think if yure readers can stand that they of 2 be able 2 stand what I have rote. T J Y.

OUR SUMMER BOARDERS. Our Summer boarders all hav' du tu distant lands: They came here in the Summer time, but didn't cum to stay.

Sum came to hunt the griffin bare and sum to perchus fruit. And sum to hock the mountain air and sum there old close out.

And sum came here to rack their bones and rest their weary brains. And sum to climb the mountains there good health to regain.

And sum there ware, I blush to say, who loved the brimmin' cup. Who all the way from Salem came here to color up.

But now there gon' it's lonesumlike along the Seaside. A Santiam poet has bin here, and the borders round the table no longer crowd and jam.

For sum har' gon' 2 Texas and sum to Florida. And sum are etin oranges in California.

Grin dech has called sum hence away, I hope to bevin 2 dwell. But from what I no see, others, it's more likely bad. —TILLIE JOHNSON.

PEASANTRIES OF PARAPHRASES.

Just Sa—"Tha, what are prejudices?" "Other people's opinions, my son"—"Puck. Easily Explained—"I wonder why the baby cries so much."

"Why is it?" demanded the mother. "Because it is a baby," replied the Uncle-Chicago Post.

A Surprise for Charley Cassel.—The Bride—John, do you know anything about high balls? "Why, ev, y-y-a-m." "Then I wish you would rock several of my husband's drawers. I bet he'll tell a friend that he dearly loved them."—LIFE.

His Pauli, Mrs. Gaddie—My husband's so eliphant. His buttons are foreost comin. Mrs. Goods (reddie)—Perhaps they are not sewed on properly. Mrs. Gaddie—That's just it. He's awful careless about his sewing.—FRIDAY.

The Model Farm—"Does your son know much about farming?" "I should say he does," answered Farmer Cottontail. "He says down, 'The model farm 'torn an' make about a million dollars, an' then come back an' run this farm proper.'"—Washington Star.

"Good-morning," Mr. " said the salesman to a "No, I ain't, Smarty" promptly replied the storekeeper. "Think yer funny, ain't ye?" "Eh?" "Oh! I know what a popple is, an' it don't wear no shoes."—Philadelphia Record.

Desirable Furniture—"But these chairs," she said, "however fashionable they may be, are very uncomfortable." "Ah!" replied the salesman, "that's the beauty of these chairs, madam. When a customer sits in one of these chairs, madam, he doesn't stay long."—Philadelphia Record.

The Butterflies.

"The Voyage of Itchabog," by Sir Edward Arnold.

"We saw the butterflies by Isis, Lord! Thou hadst not missed the flag-flower, or the lotus.

The blood-red Granada-hut or Palm Blossom, by Sir Edward Arnold.

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Wings broad as in my palm with silvery moon. And script of what the gods meant when they made.

This delicate work, fitting across the shade, with a burning jewel, at the next With closed wings seeming like the faded violet, It perched on, or the dry brown mossy bark.