

The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter. POSTAGE PAID. TELEPHONE. Editorial Rooms... 101 Business Office... 107

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES. By Mail (postage prepaid). In Advance: Daily, by week, per month, per quarter, per year.

United States, Canada and Mexico: 10 to 15-page paper. Foreign rates double. News or discussion intended for publication in The Oregonian should be addressed invariably to "Editor The Oregonian," not to the name of any individual.

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TODAY'S WEATHER. Occasional rain, with brisk southerly winds.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

It is 270 miles by the Northern Pacific from Wallula to Tacoma. It is only 214 miles by the O. R. & N. from Wallula to Portland. Under present conditions the Northern Pacific is compelled to haul grain this 270 miles to Tacoma over disadvantageous grades.

On his other point Mr. Hughes is not so conclusive. He undertakes to show that extension of the common rate to Astoria will not benefit the country, because, inasmuch as rail carriage is costlier than water carriage, an added expense will somehow be laid upon the producer or consumer.

But Mr. Hughes says that if we make Astoria a common point, whatever more it costs to haul the grain there by rail than by water will be a direct or indirect charge on the consumer or producer. This also, he fails to prove, and, as it seems to The Oregonian, he cannot prove. As to the consumer, we can dismiss him at once.

The fond dream of the Astoria publicists is that if Astoria were made a common point the ships would load there instead of at Portland. A while ago they thought all that was needed was the railroad. They got the railroad, which helped Portland more than it helped Astoria, and now they move on a p. Now it is only the lack of the "common point" that keeps them back.

are in the controversy still remain to be disclosed. Among them are the lumber districts of Western Oregon, which now have to pay a local rate to Portland, plus the through rate from Portland East.

Rev. Dr. Kellogg takes high and impressive ground when he argues that recognition of evolution is important for the church as the basis of a broader, surfer faith. Most ministers think it doesn't make much difference whether evolution is true or not.

THE LATEST ESTIMATE OF NAPOLEON. Lord Rosebery is the author of the latest study of Napoleon, and he examines him closely by the light of the best material that was furnished in the six years that Napoleon spent at St. Helena.

It is complimentary to the manliness and truthfulness upon which English character is based that the most generous, just and generous of men, a statesman or a man, has been formed by distinguished Englishmen, despite the fact that he was the ablest and most terribly costly enemy England had ever encountered.

English embassies sent to Russia in the latter part of the sixteenth century or early in the seventeenth, left narratives describing the savage ignorance and the squalid poverty of the barbarous country which they had sojourning.

The personal memoirs of Napoleon, dictated at St. Helena, are not always truthful, unbiased records of fact, but in those days truth was neither required nor expected in Continental statesmanship, and Napoleon's memoirs are certainly entitled to as much credit as those of his detractors.

Lord Liverpool wrote "Lord Castlereagh that he wished the King of France would hang or shoot Bonaparte as the best termination of this business." But the King of France was afraid to shoot Napoleon as it had Marshal Ney, so England reluctantly consented to his jailer, Lord Holland.

What of the future of Russia? We have on the one hand an autocracy, a narrow ecclesiasticism which rules it, and an ignorant peasantry which gives it blind obedience and extends its power. On the other hand, we have a new literature whose distinguishing note is realism, whose representatives, men and women, are for the most part still striving in the interest, "not merely of artistic ends, but of some transcendent purpose of social utility" which they wish to see realized.

Applegrowers of the state ought to take courage. Devices whereby the ravages of the codling moth and other apple tree pests may be overcome, and practically have been overcome, give with proper care a clean product, while

the demand for Oregon apples increases every year, both in the home and the Eastern market. "No crop," says the Lebanon Critic, "is surer if properly handled, and no crop pays better than good Winter apples. Besides, the growing of apples does not interfere to any great extent with the ordinary farm work. It seems superfluous to add that "more apple orchards should be planted, and that at once."

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of Francis Storma, the great leader of the free companions, who was saved Italy from Milan to Naples in the fourteenth century, at once a warrior, a statesman and a freebooter, who "made his employers and his rivals alike his tools; who overpowered his open enemies by faithless allies and then armed himself against his allies with the spoils taken from his enemies; who raised himself from a dependent military adventurer to the first throne of Italy. If his character was degraded by some crimes it was on the other hand ennobled by public spirit and by honorable ambition." Macaulay points out that habits of dissimulation and falsehood in an Englishman mark a man utterly worthless and abandoned, but in an Italian of the Middle Ages we frequently find those faults in company with great and good qualities.

There is no questioning the versatility of a man who could give the world vigorous, swinging church tunes, full of dignity and rhythm, tender love songs for the drawing-room, cantatas, oratorios and orchestral works of classical purity of style, operettas so sparkling in their melody that they have captivated a jaded, pleasure-weary world, so original and so fertile in their creative genius that they have laid the foundation for a new school of English opera.

The Italian instinct for melody that Sullivan inherited through his mother, combined with the Celtic fire and buoyancy of humor that was bestowed upon him by his father—an Irish band-master—will doubtless in a measure explain the hold his genius has on all kinds of humanity. The plaintive, haunting beauty of his songs appeals with peculiar force to the multitude. These are all honest and sincere expressions of deep feeling. The most popular of these, "The Lost Chord" (Miss Proctor), took shape while he was watching during three long weeks beside his dying brother's bedside; the death of this brother Frederick—the same who, two years before had created the role of the pompous Judge in "Trial by Jury"—was a great blow. Other songs written more or less in the ballad style, which have been received with remarkable favor, are "Will He Come?" (Miss Proctor), "O Ma Charmante" (Violet Hugo), "The Distant Shore," and "Sweethearts" (Gilbert). More beautiful still from the standpoint of the musician, but less popular are "Fairy Dove," "O Fond Dove" (Jean Ingelow), "Sweet Day So Cool, So Calm, So Bright," and "The Arabian Love Song," by Shelley; the Shakespeare songs, and the series entitled "The Window," written for him by Tenyson.

The fact that what are to be the biggest steamships in the world are being built for the trans-Pacific trade is full of significance to American commerce, since it points to a revolution in commercial business. "Heretofore," says the Philadelphia Ledger, "the Atlantic Coast has had all except an inconsiderable portion of the trade, not only with Europe, but with Asia. It has sent its vessels through the Suez Canal and around the Cape to all parts of the world, and never so much as through the Pacific Coast as a possible competitor for the trade of the Pacific Islands." Old times, even in commerce, are passing. Here we have the promise of vessels of enormous carrying capacity, which are to ply between Pacific America and Pacific Asia. There can be but one result from this—the building up of the trade of our Western coast to a rivalry with that of the East.

It seems that the chief cause for apprehension in the case of the Czar is from constitutional weakness. Typhoid fever of the type from which he is suffering is not regarded as dangerous, especially when it is possible to give the patient good nursing and proper nourishment. The constitutional condition of the Czar, however, is a matter of "good ground" for the germination of the seeds of tuberculosis, and it is feared that the attack of fever which has weakened his powers of resistance may encourage the development of this far more dreaded disease in his lungs or brain. His physicians, however, continue through official bulletins to declare his condition favorable, and the progress of his disease satisfactory. A few days will probably decide the matter of life or death to him, and incidentally perhaps, of war or peace for Europe.

Queen Wilhelmina, gracious without being imprudent, congratulated President Kruger upon having accomplished his long voyage in safety, and is happy to learn that he is well. Less than this the young Dutch Queen could not be and dutiful to a grandfaterly old man who is seeking her remain in search of sympathy; more than this the crafty old burghers—her ministers—will not at this stage of proceedings permit. The young Queen can be polite; that is her province. It is theirs to be politic.

Any old excuse will do if there are no good ones. The Panama route is now invoked to defeat the Nicaragua Canal, because other subtler things have failed. No doubt all the transcontinental railroads are strong for the Panama route.

A PRINCE OF MERRY-MAKERS.

It is granted to few men to be inspired by two nations, as Sir Arthur Sullivan is being mourned today. A man whose death chastens the thoughts of the sober university man in cap and gown, the merry-hearted subrota, the beery bandmaster, the turnip-faced call-boy from the Savoy wings ad the Archbishop of Canterbury is no ordinary man. Today there is not a chorus girl but will drop her airy coquettish long enough to wipe away a tear as she hums the "Three Little Maids From School." There is not a white-robed bishop following his flock of singing choir boys and clergy today to the chancel but will sadden as the strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," a hymn of many English energies, fall upon his ears.

There is no questioning the versatility of a man who could give the world vigorous, swinging church tunes, full of dignity and rhythm, tender love songs for the drawing-room, cantatas, oratorios and orchestral works of classical purity of style, operettas so sparkling in their melody that they have captivated a jaded, pleasure-weary world, so original and so fertile in their creative genius that they have laid the foundation for a new school of English opera.

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But though Sullivan was great for the aid he received as an aspiring choir-boy, he left a rich legacy to the Anglican church in the form of anthems and hymns of stately rhythm and splendid energy. It is not through these that he won his way into the warmest corner of the English heart. A happy turn of fortune threw him into the company of W. S. Gilbert, whose peculiar gifts of humor, in the last 25 years, effected a complete revolution in fun-making before the footlights. The old form of burlesque, as Percy Fitzgerald tells us, was to take some natural and accepted story and torture it into widely grotesque shapes. Gilbert, adopting the opposite principle, which, about the same time, was presented with so much success by Lewis Carroll in "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," was to fashion an eccentric, super-earthly story into shape, and deal with it coherently and logically, so as to win our sympathies. In this way was born all those airy creations of the brain that immediately carried the world by storm: "Trial by Jury," "Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," "The Mikado," "Ruddiger," and the rest. Up to that time the chorus had been a helter-skelter crowd of stern-visaged, stiff-jointed professional singers, who were plainly intended to be listened to without being looked at. It was Gilbert's fertility of invention that gave us the picturesque groupings, shifting colors, and thousand and one coquetries in pantomime and side play which make up the charm of the modern chorus. Sullivan entered into the spirit of all these changes with an exuberance of humor, grace of fancy and aplomb that indicated his mission in life was not to write symphonies, but comic opera. Never, by any chance, was there any touch of vulgarity in his strains, as to those of his French prototype, Offenbach. His melodies enchanted, and never offended.

The Savoy Theater, London, has been the home of the Gilbert-Sullivan opera for a quarter of a century. The brilliant partnership that has given us such triumphs of satiric wit has now come to an end; but the pompous Ruler of the Queen's Navy; the absurd Bunthorne, with his sunflower and his troupe of adoring admirers; the red and white Josephine, the Captain's daughter; grotesque Pook Bah—who can take these from us? GERTRUDE METCALFE.

English Inns Lack Good Cheer.

To us the very word "inn" seems to promise good cheer and comfort, Comfort in England, however, usually means cleanliness and a good bed; of cheer there is none. The evenings pass wearily, the bar is a cold-blooded political arena, the provincial barmaid has checks that will not red and hair that is really too blonde. The coffee-room is the only other refuge, and it is occupied by a stately matron with her novel or two young ladies who are underdone in the coffee-room. One is really afraid to smile. The center-table is adorned with a Bible, the Sportsman's Magazine and Burke's Peersage.

French Society Cultivates Music.

Music in Paris society has undergone a great change. While formerly on the program of soirees, musicales and charitable concerts professional names only appeared, fashionable women now figure, and, so to speak, crowd out the artists. There are red and hair that is really too blonde. The coffee-room is the only other refuge, and it is occupied by a stately matron with her novel or two young ladies who are underdone in the coffee-room. One is really afraid to smile. The center-table is adorned with a Bible, the Sportsman's Magazine and Burke's Peersage.

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SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Tragedy of Ye Turkey Cock. In a poultry yard down In a small country town, And a cheery old turkey cock dwelt, With his clothes and his tin, Of the swaggering style— A regular laced-chest swell. He would side-step and stail, With a bam arrot walk. When he thought of his noble birth, And the poultry could see, When he passed them that he Was the handsomest fowl on the earth.

To a plover bird He'd never a word, An aristocrat proved was he; Though he got the best food, It was never too good For a fowl of his high degree. Oh! he was the ace, In that little old place, A fact which the others confessed, And often would say, In a four-flushing way, With a deeply inflated chest: "I'm the grandest old bird That ever occurred, The whole world was built for me, Examine the cut Of my clothes, and my strut, They bespeak my gentility; Take a lamp at the end Of my cardinal head, And mark how my feathers fit! From my tail to my breast, I am gloriously dressed, I am, most emphatically, fit!"

When the fowls therabout Saw that he'd strutted out, Their heads as with green envy were seen, For they knew that their clothes Were not in it with these, Which this fashion plate on himself wore, And their hearts were aflutter In bright green discontent. That fortune had favored him thus; But he was 'crowned, As he saw them envious, (He was a malevolent cuss.)

"Now what is the use," Said the rubber-necked goose, "Of living in a cold world? We all are outlived, When that gobble stalks past With his tail and his wattles unfurled." "Pretty goodly luck, indeed, Observed the squat duck, "To see how he throws out his chest; Alas for the masses, The opiate classes say, 'Have got us ground down and oppressed!'"

So the malcontents growled, And they stormed and they howled, That the government runs must be wrong, And they'd have no objection If such a condition Was allowed to continue for long. But one Autumn day, There came strutting that way, A small farmer boy with an ax, And that flash-eyed swain, A certain day, Upon the receipt of three whacks.

Now the moral of this, You are likely to miss, Unless you notice with care That you can't always be fair, Of the lock of a swain, By the clothes that he happens to wear, And you need not feel bad If your neighbor is dead. In remembrance that's strictly say, For a plainly dressed duck, Is far bigger luck Than a turkey on Thanksgiving day.

Why They Are Thankful.

To show that this is not such a cold world as the joyless narrators of hard-luck stories would have us believe, the following communications from persons who might be expected to regard Thanksgiving as a holiday in which they are not entitled to participate, are printed herewith:

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 23.—I am thankful that I carried Texas and escaped with a whole skin. W. J. BRYAN.

Washington, Nov. 23.—I am thankful I went over the side before the ship of state went into harbor. GEORGE DEWEY.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 23.—I am thankful I did not get a bad example by betting on Bryan. JAMES K. JONES.

Caverton, Nov. 23.—I am thankful I am dead. E. AGUIBALDO.

Wantage, England, Nov. 23.—I am thankful for Bishop Potter's lively interest in municipal reform—not. RICHARD CROKER.

Paris, Nov. 23.—I am thankful for what I did to them before I found it necessary to take a trip north for my health. P. KRUGER.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 23.—I am thankful that I left my happy home in the nick of time. W. S. TAYLOR.

London, Nov. 23.—I am thankful that that touching little poem entitled "Mother Won't Be With Us Always." ALBERT EDWARD WETTIN.

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 23.—I am thankful that I did not write "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight." MARK TWAIN.

Blessings of Father Adam.

Oh, most happy Father Adam, what a vast and goodly store, Of this life's sublimest blessings you had to be thankful for! Not a weakling squeak in pay fit, when the Autumn winds blew chill, Not a cool collector sought you, nor a plumber with his bill, Never had to spend a morning shot up in a cell alone, Striving hard to call a friend up on the dread long-distance phone, Never, never yourself wedged breathless in a crowded trolley car, Never breathed the awful odor of a candidate's cigar.

All you had to do was wander 'round your carter's shop, that has given us such triumphs of satiric wit has now come to an end; but the pompous Ruler of the Queen's Navy; the absurd Bunthorne, with his sunflower and his troupe of adoring admirers; the red and white Josephine, the Captain's daughter; grotesque Pook Bah—who can take these from us? GERTRUDE METCALFE.

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MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE.

When He Who Adores Thee. When he who adores thee has left but the name, Of his fault and his sorrow behind, Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame Of his name that for thee was resign'd? Yes, weep, and however my tears may condense, Thy tears shall efface their decree; For Heaven can witness, though guilty to thee, I have been but too faithful to thee.

The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls. The harp that once through Tara's halls The soul of music shed, Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if its last strings were decay'd. So sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's thrill is o'er, And a heart that once beat high for praise, Now feels that pulse no more.

Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore. Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her hand she bore; But oh! her beauty was far beyond Her sparkling gems or such-or-such-a wand.

The Meeting of the Waters. There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet, As that vale in whose boom the bright waters meet; Oh! the last rays of evening and life meet there, And the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

She Is Far From the Land. She is far from the land where her young heart beat, And lovers are round her sighing; But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer. 'Tis the last rose of Summer Left blooming alone, All her lovely companions Are faded and gone; No flower of her kindred, No other of her hue, To reflect back on her, Her sweet and true.

Come, Ye Disconsolate. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish, Come, at the shrine of God reverently kneel; Here, where your wounded hearts, here, tell your anguish— Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Off in the Still Night. Off in the still night, Where slumber's chain has bound me, Fond Memory brings the light Of other days of joy; The smiles, the tears, Of boyhood's years, The words of love then spoken, The sweet that dawned.

Go, ask the fiddler what boon he brings us, What charm for aching hearts he can reveal, Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope brings us— "Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

When I remember all The friends so linked together, I've seen around me fall, I'll know the cause of my weeping; I feel like one, Who trembles alone, Whose banquet-hall deserted, Whose doors are all unbarred, Whose garlands faded, And all but he departed, Thus in the still night, The slumber's chain has bound me, Fond Memory brings the light Of other days around me.

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