

The Oregonian.

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YESTERDAY'S WEATHER—Maximum temperature, 40; minimum temperature, 24; precipitation, .60 inch.

TODAY'S WEATHER—Partly cloudy and cool; winds mostly northerly.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15

THE PIONEER.

David P. Thompson was a faithful type of the men whose rugged virtues and indomitable force of character are indispensable in the molding of wilderness into states. They take no account of hardships, stop at no obstacles, so that the goal which measures useful ambition has set before them may be achieved.

THE DUTY OF INTERVENTION.

The Hungarians of New York City on Sunday celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of Kossuth in this country. There are 40,000 Hungarians in New York City alone, and not less than 150,000 in the whole country. They are naturally grateful to the people of the United States that fifty years ago the glad hand of sympathy for his crushed Hungary and admiration for his oratorical genius was extended to Kossuth.

placed the obstruction on the railway track near Celio that threw the O. R. & N. passenger train into the ditch on the 4th of December, and caused the death of Engineer Cavanaugh. The trial of such a miscreant cannot be too quickly set, nor his execution, following conviction, take place too soon.

SHYLOCK NO HERO.

Most pupil utterances are above the level of their hearers, not necessarily in subtlety, but as ideals. The congregation may follow the pastor, as sheep the shepherd, but it will be a long way off. Such, doubtless, will be the fate of the suggestion offered by Dr. Wise to the Jews regarding their persecutors.

"Shakespeare," says the rabbi, referring to Shylock, "was at fault." And so he was. The error of Shakespeare, in geography, law, medicine, history and what not, are sprinkling in one sense, because they tarnish an otherwise perfect picture; but in another sense they are manna in the desert, because they shatter the abominable superstition that Shakespeare was a sort of miraculous creature, not like other men, and amenable to no ordinary laws.

There is no one who has the philanthropic theory of Shylock appeared more monstrous than to the great Edwin Booth, who, being an actor as Shakespeare was, is pretty certain to get at the poet's meaning. Some of his sayings on the character are well worth reproduction:

An inhuman wretch, incapable of pity, void and empty of every humane mercy. It has been said that he was an affectionate father and a faithful friend. When, where and how does he manifest the least claim to such commendation? Tell me, and I will believe you.

Shakespeare shared the Jew-hating sentiment of his time, which strangely still survives in quarters where, for kindred wrongs, and for professions of enlightenment, we should least expect it. Race hatred is one of the slowest passions of brute man to yield to the treatment of cultivation. Another divergence of Shakespeare from the truth in his withholding from Shylock the very Hebrew virtues of parental love.

LITERATURE AND LONGEVITY.

The Hartford (Conn.) Post says that "the average length of the lives of great American writers is greater than that of their English counterparts," and gives as the probable explanation that "Englishmen drink much more beer and wine than Americans do." It is not true that the leading men of letters of the Victorian age averaged shorter lives than their American counterparts.

THE MOTIVE TESTS THE MARRIAGE.

A deal of indecent stuff is written about marriage. Some of it is in malice; some of it is in ignorance; some of it is sheer flippancy and folly. The chief question to be asked by people contemplating matrimony is not so much a matter of pure dollars and cents for the future as it is concerning the motive behind the marriage. If the motive is high, the marriage cannot be otherwise than a good marriage, for it is toward a high end that a fine woman, like a fine man, neither makes herself or breaks herself by refusing or missing marriage.

International law is only that to which the nations have consented. Under international law we had no business to interfere to rescue Hungary's mangled form from the hug of the Russian bear; under international law we could not possibly intervene in behalf of the Boers, even if Kitchener played the part of a Haynau by ordering contumacious Boer women whipped and captured Boer soldiers shot to death in squads.

became the rule of good manners among people of cultivation and refinement. The climate in America is, on the whole, more favorable to long life than that of the great cities of England. In London the mortality from pneumonia and bronchitis is larger than in New York City, owing to the great fogs which prevail. Englishmen of sedentary lives, however, do not work so hard as they do in America, and they take a deal more outdoor exercise.

WHY HE DIDN'T JUMP.

Here is one that a young man who knows a good story when he hears it heard one railroad man tell another in a depot up the line the other day. "We picked up a new Irishman somewhere up-country and set him to work brakin' on a construction train at 3 cents a mile for wages. One day when him an' me was on the train she got away on one of them mountain grades, and the first thing I knowed she was flyin' down the track at about 50 miles an hour, nothin' in sight but the ditch and the happy huntin' grounds when we come to the end. I twisted 'em down as hard as I could all along the tops, and then of a sudden I see Mike crawlin' along toward the end of one of the cars on all fours with his face the color of milk. I thought he was gettin' ready to jump, an' I see his flash if he did.

WHEN SHAKESPEARE CAME TO TOWN.

When Shakespeare came to town, he was a poor, shabby, and somewhat of a rascal. He was a man of letters, but he was a man of letters who had no other qualifications. He was a man of letters who had no other qualifications. He was a man of letters who had no other qualifications.

HOW THE CHORUS OPENS.

The chorus opens with such a delightful bit as this: "Wake! for the sun has risen in equal light. The stars before him from the face of Night. And hold their courses as they went of old. Swinging at ease his gold-shod shaft of light."

TOUCHES OF KINDNESS.

Here are touches of more than ordinary kindness: "The Female and the Duffer strain On sacred greens where Morris used to put; Himself a natural Hazard now, alas! That nice Hand quest now, that great Eye shut."

THE LOST GOS.

My little brother Tommy, he don't know no better than to believe that he's the best of all the boys that's no two gets in Christmas eve. I used to be that way myself. But now I'm smarter'n him, because I know there ain't no such a man as that there one called Santa Claus.

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Chicago Evening Post. Students of popular fancies are finding abundant opportunities for research in the enormous volume which the writings of Omar Khayyam have attained within the last 10 years. The philosophy of the "Rubaiyat" accounts for some things, and the gracefulness of Edward Fitzgerald in the commonly accepted version for others; but there will be a chance for wisecracks to please themselves, and on the surface there is little more in the philosophy than the "eat, drink, for tomorrow we die" of the vulgar epicurean—and this is not a sound doctrine, as those who have given it the most thorough tests will be first to acknowledge. Still, in an age which is given over to the things of this world, especially on the sordid and commercial side of it, it must be a relief to turn to wine, women and song—and if not in actuality, then on paper. If there is to be no hereafter, then hurrah for the next that dies! If it is doubtful whether the life that is to come hereafter, then the more there is to be had in this pale world, the better for all concerned.

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