

The Oregonian

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Portland, Wednesday, Aug. 20, 1913.

CAN CANNON COME BACK?

"Uncle Joe" Cannon refuses to believe that he is politically dead. He and his associates were knocked flat on their backs by the election of 1912...

Mr. Cannon is unable to realize that new political ideas have taken hold of the American people; that these ideas are being put in practice by new methods...

But the people have for several years past shown a growing disposition to ask inconvenient questions about the prosperity on which Mr. Cannon dilates. They have been analyzing his imposing statistics of wealth and have been asking: "What do I get out of it?"...

The rank and file of the Republican party, wherever it could, has smashed the old machine which gave party control to the standpaters and has itself taken control and built new machinery. Where this was impracticable it has deserted in such numbers as to leave the party in a minority. Republicans will no longer follow men who use their power to distribute prosperity among a favored few.

MR. BRYAN'S MEXICAN POLICY.

Although the dispatches from Mexico City stating that President Huerta has sent an ultimatum to the United States and has handed his passports to the American Charge d'Affaires are officially contradicted, the mere fact it caused the Greeks to be mentioned in official circles in Mexico City shows how delicate the situation has become.

TEACHING LITERATURE.

The Teacher of English whose letter is published in another column, does not really disagree with The Oregonian. He only seems to do so. Our whole case is conceded in the following words: "Yet it is an undeniable truth that the students leave school ignorant of literature and indifferent to good books..."

TEN-DOLLAR SHAVES.

For a man of Secretary Lane's astuteness he has a lamentable dependence on the tonsorial profession. The story of his ten-dollar shave while en route to Portland from The Dalles indicates that he has become a slave of the razor-wielding style of story-teller. Or can it be that he was seeking expert information on a little of every day?

AN ECHO FROM THE PAST.

In the age when the powerful mammoth had his brief hour of triumph and then passed on, leaving his history written in the rocks, it would have seemed that the usefulness of this massive beast there ended. His carcasses passed into the dust that is the kin of all flesh, but the ivory tusks which were his weapons of offense and defense resisted the encroachments of the centuries.

RACE PREJUDICE IN PANAMA.

Americans are accused by a writer in the Paris Temps of incurring the ill-will of the people of Panama by their aloofness and their assumption of superiority. Rated as a Nation of good mixers, we are accused of falling short in that quarter of the globe.

QUANTRELL'S RAID ANNIVERSARY.

Kansas was but ill prepared to encounter the difficulties of the Civil War. Although no state of the Union performed the duties of that trying period more faithfully or contributed so many troops in proportion to its population, perhaps no other endured hardships so severe.

THE DIETITIAN.

She had read of a "well-balanced diet." This housewife, so earnest and good, And therefore she thought she would try it. As soon as she possibly could; So her next meal in neat perfection Was balanced with starches and fat, But—her foolish Jack made strong objection.

CHICAGO LULLABY.

Street-car clanging 'er attend thee, Automobile toots befriend thee, Noisy steamship lumber lend thee! Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

VOCATIONS.

I used to say when I grew up I'd be an ashcart man, And stop at our back door each week To dump my mother's can. Then, for a while, it seemed to me The very best of things to do, To join the town police and have A great, thick club to swing.

THE HOOKWORM.

You've heard about the hookworm That bothers people some; That makes you wish The very best of things to do, An' loaf 'il' kingdom come. An' me, I guess I've got it, Although there's lots to do—I've got the hook.

FAREWELL.

He used to go to church each week, Nor missed the Sunday school; To all the services he went, And never broke that rule.

CIBICULTURAL SPEAKING.

He clasped her slender cubiform In his reclining embrace; He gazed on her rhomboidal charm With passionate, prismatic face.

THE TIME FOR GRAPEJUICE DIPLOMACY HAS PASSED.

So Cannon must be freed all over again. Take the madman back to Matteson!

street to reconnoiter found everybody fast asleep. Quantrell's 175 heroes then rode through the town at full speed, yelling as only Southern slave-drivers knew how to yell and firing their weapons as they went.

TOBACCO SMOKER DEFENDS HABIT.

It is Great Boon to Mankind After All, He Says. PORTLAND, Aug. 18.—(To the Editor of The Oregonian.)—I have been asked to write a few lines on the subject of tobacco smoking.

THE WINDS.

The West Wind, The West Wind, The wind greets the pine trees, but they whisper a lullaby, little one, little one.

THE ABSENT STENOGRAPHER.

The business man who has left his stenographer go off on her vacation and who tries his hand at manipulating the typewriter himself for the first time will appreciate the following skit on the subject.

WHAT THEY CALL IT.

Grandma says we're right in style, A-sittin' in our "automobile." A-ridin' in our "auto-bill."

INTEREST WAXES IN GOOD BOOKS.

How to Get Pupils to Read Them Puzzles Teacher. PORTLAND, Aug. 19.—(To the Editor.)—To one who has only a slight knowledge of the schools of the city the editorial of last Saturday would indeed be misleading, because it gave the impression that such books as Bacon's Essays, Pope's Essay on Man and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress were not used, and were positively avoided.

HUMAN NATURE AWRY IN MEXICO.

Straightening Out of Tangle is Held as Immense Problem. EUGENE, Or., Aug. 18.—(To the Editor.)—The trouble to the south as stated by one of the intelligent correspondents is based on definite principles of politics or government, but as far as reports would indicate are clashes of personal ambition of leaders or of party prejudice.

HALLIES TO DEFENSE OF BACON.

Country Style is the Superior Persists, Mr. Clinch. PORTLAND, Aug. 19.—(To the Editor.)—There is no accounting for taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow; and this may be the reason why some folks prefer embalmed bacon from the city to the time dry salt oak smoked article, having that rich, delicate taste that makes a fellow thankful for the room he has inside of him.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

"When people used to talk about the power of the press they referred to the tremendous power possessed by newspapers in their influence upon the public opinion. That power still exists and exists in influence good or bad, as the case may be, depending upon the principles and policies of each particular publication."

Topical Verse

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