

The Oregonian

Entered at Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as second-class matter, June 15, 1902. Subscription rates—Invariably in Advance: (BY MAIL) Daily, Sunday included, one year, \$5.00

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, SEPT. 2, 1913.

CANT SAVE McREYNOLDS' FACE.

General President Wilson and Attorney-General McReynolds imagine that they can save the face of the Attorney-General before the people by scribbling criticisms of him to the machinations of the trusts?

But when Mr. McNab's letter of resignation was published, Mr. McReynolds appeared before the public in a very different light. From a foe he became transformed into a friend of special privilege.

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AN END TO SEASICKNESS.

At last the sea bids fair to lose its greatest terror. Not that the ancient and ever-present danger from wreck and storm has been overcome.

In his pocket the most susceptible landlubber can lash himself to the mast and ride gleefully through the most terrific storm, whereas he has been wont to grovel in his sick room and pray for death.

This new discovery sounds almost too good to be true even in this age of wonderful discovery. Yet let us pray that the promoters of "Doc" Friedmann aren't behind the scheme and that milligrams of atropin may come to be distributed at the gang planks of all sea-going craft in the near future.

Two years before the 1913 Republican National convention the question is raised as to whether Theodore Roosevelt will be the candidate of the Republican party.

The discussion is interesting but futile. The reason is that Colonel Roosevelt doesn't know what he will do in 1916, and no one else knows.

For several years the Portland merchants have been going to the cities and towns throughout the Columbia Basin to form personal acquaintance with their customers and their customers' needs and fields of trade.

The buyers come not only as customers but as guests and friends, bringing their wives and children with them.

Everybody who has ever driven an automobile knows how terrible a nuisance it is for the engine to get overheated.

The Scientific American tells of a new invention which overcomes the difficulty in a most ingenious way. The cooling is effected by a jet of water which is sprayed directly into the ignition chamber.

It has been applied to an Oechelhauser engine of 36 inches bore, rated at 700 horsepower, with a cooling success.

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often tacitly and only semi-consciously, to make the most of this world. Omar's advice to take the cash and let the credit go was followed even in some of the churches.

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Topical Verse

Flannigan to Flannigan. Superintendant wuz Flannigan. Boss av the siction wuz Flannigan.

When Flannigan first wuz to Flannigan. He wuz in the jags—did Flannigan. An' he told 'im how the smash o' life.

Now, Flannigan knowed more than Flannigan. He'd more education—had Flannigan. An' it wuz in 'clane and completely out.

When Flannigan got this from Flannigan. He blushed rosy red—did Flannigan. An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pay."

That it will be minny and minny a day. Before wuz superintendant, that's Flannigan. Giv' 'em whack at this very same sin again.

Wan day on the siction av Flannigan. On the road superintendant by Flannigan. A rail give way on a bit av a curve.

When Flannigan got this from Flannigan. He wuz thinkin' this wuz Flannigan. He wuz thinkin' this wuz Flannigan.

The Snaek in School. A district school not far away. 'Mid Berkshire Hills, one Winter's day.

"That, this," a little imp replies, "I wuz thinkin' this wuz Flannigan. He wuz thinkin' this wuz Flannigan."

Old Jabes Jones he led a life. All free from any kind of strife. Until his uncle wuz dead in a fight.

When Jabes put 'em on one day. He looked like Henry Clay. And then he struck a solemn pose.

Those twelve Oregon riflemen who won a victory that brought them international attention on the National range at Camp Perry should be properly received when they return to Portland.

Another man has been killed in attempting to board a fast-going train. Yet others will not be deterred from chancing like fate.

Lord Chancellor Haldane's train was delayed while a search for diamond thieves was being conducted. Something doing all the time this side of the pond.

A girl with an X-ray skirt was refused a job teaching school in Oakland. School Board probably figured that such apparel and brains didn't go together.

France has found that her aerial fleet is inadequate and must be reorganized. The service would seem to be all up in the air, so to speak.

The touch of frost in the air yesterday served to remind the native and adopted Oregonian of his woodpile or his lack thereof.

Lawyers at Montreal are all stirred up over the Yellow Peril. We laid that bugbear to rest some time ago.

In the Hopyard

Ho, for the season of the year. When city folks from homes and shops. Haste to the country places near.

We wend the vines with zealous hand. And sing and carol at the task. And when the baskets loaded stand.

Brood-shouldered men toll hard and fast. And claw the vines with zeal immense. And when the scorching day is past.

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Half a Century Ago

From The Oregonian of Sept. 2, 1868. Extract from a letter written by a gentleman on his way to the Boise mines: "We camped last night on the Weller, 20 miles this side of Snake River."

Kansas City, Aug. 37.—Quantrell's men have been scattered throughout the border counties, but are still belatedly hunted. Their led horses and cattle goods were recently abandoned in the chase.

New York, Aug. 27.—The Arago has arrived from Charleston, dated August 24. Admiral Arbuthnot's sailing until 6 o'clock. Sumner is now departing. The last gun was dismounted yesterday.

There will be a very large attendance at the State Fair, which will commence on the 18th. Beautiful camping grounds adjoin the fair grounds and those who attend the fair here better make their arrangements to take their board and lodging with them, as it will be impossible for all to obtain accommodations in Salem.

Twenty-five Years Ago

From The Oregonian of Sept. 2, 1888. Salem, Sept. 1.—Miss Mattie L. Hanne, the new principal of the Woman's College, arrived this morning.

Two performances were given yesterday by Professor Norris with his trained dogs at the New Park Theater.

The Portland Towing Association double pull contest came off last night. McAlpin and Quackenbush easily beat Bevan and Muir. The losing crew paid for the supper.

Miss Ella C. Sams, the new city superintendent of schools, returned from San Francisco.

A. B. Steinbach has returned from his semiannual business trip to New York.

It is reported that President Merrick of the East Portland Council, will veto the ordinance changing the route of the Portland and Vancouver line from Fourth to Third street.

Judge Loyal B. Stearns returned yesterday from a four weeks' sojourn in the Umpqua Valley.

CATCH FISH BY TICKLING THEM

It is the practice among English Poachers, says Mr. Dew. PORTLAND, Aug. 29.—(To the Editor)—Let me hasten to tell you how they catch fish by tickling them. The tickle is not a special kind of bait.

Towards evening he will stand along the bank of the said brook and cast a fully and slowly place his arm under the water and his hand under the stone. Should there not be a fish there—the poacher then moves cautiously on to another stone.

OUR STAND ON MEXICO IS WEAK. Mexican Interpret Our Attitude as One of Fearful Tremor. PORTLAND, Sept. 1.—(To the Editor)—If Mr. Wilson, President, had first invited a commission representing both parties from Mexico to the idea or purpose of finding some conclusion or basis for settlement of the difficulty, I think there could have been more ground for sending an ambassador to the river.

Advance Style Information. Now that Summer slouchiness has well-nigh spent itself we are looking forward to the brisk and spirited days of Fall.

Americanisms Are Old English. Christian Science Monitor. Douglas Campbell, in "The Puritan in Holland and America," declares that when the Yankee says "I guess," he is using the English of Chaucer, and Shakespeare.

The Two Bards. "Why do you write?" I asked the bard. Whose rhyme was bad, whose lines were hard.

Of course, we have to lose a game once in a long while. Of course, we have to lose a game once in a long while.