

The Oregonian

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WHY CONCEAL THE FACTS?

Why Professor E. E. De Cou, of the University of Oregon, should wish to deceive the readers of The World Today is past comprehension.

Professor De Cou knows, as everybody else knows, if he knows anything at all, that primary elections are held for the purpose of enabling the members of a party to nominate their candidates.

But Professor De Cou loses his eyes to facts. He tells his readers that the Oregon direct primary law, so far as it relates to election of Senators by direct vote of the people, has worked thus far successfully.

When a Democrat casts a ballot in a Republican primary he stuffs the ballot box. That is the plain truth of the matter and the sooner we understand it the better.

All over the State of Oregon men who had been life-long Democrats, who had voted at Democratic primaries, sat in Democratic conventions and voted for Democratic candidates in state and National elections.

The whole purpose of a primary election is to secure the nomination of the strongest candidates in each of the parties.

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But within the past two or three years interest in the problem has been aroused to such an extent that experts are springing up all over the world.

RECORD-BREAKING BUSINESS. July commercial and financial statistics, printed in yesterday's Oregonian, pay a magnificent tribute to the stability of this city and to its marvelous recuperative powers.

NEW GUN INVENTION. When young David went out upon the plain to meet Goliath he carried with him his slingshot and five smooth-bored stones from the brook.

THE CRIMINAL LAW. A writer in The Independent of recent date has collected a number of cases which beautifully illustrate the way in which our higher courts come to the rescue of convicted criminals.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. The wall between this earthly life and the life of the "spirit world" has been tunneled through.

AN UNMORAL PLAY. As the closing event in a fairly attractive season of twentieth century plays at its leading theater, Portland last week listened to "The Thief."

THE ALIENISTS ARE COMING. The "flying machine" is coming fast. It no longer requires a heavy strain on the imagination to believe that ultimately flotation in air will get far enough past the experimental stage to be of practical benefit to mankind.

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SILHOUETTES

BY ARTHUR A. GREENE. "Capital punishment," muttered the incorrigible boy pupil when teacher made him sit with the girls.

It's a pity a man cannot leave his wisdom and experience to his heirs.

Old Member to the New One: "You haven't opened your mouth during the whole session."

Reads, the author of "Pop Woffington," once declared Mrs. Gladfield, the great English actress, as "a creature with the tongue of an angel, the principles of a weasel and the passions of a dog."

A pawnbroker is like a drunkard. He takes the pledge, but is not expected to keep it.

Ceremonies, like flags, are best waived.

The Songs and the Books of Yesterday. Where are the songs of yesterday. The tunes, the hand-organs used to play.

Where are the books of yesterday. The "six-best sellers" they cover say. "Richard Carvel," "To Have and to Hold."

On the bargain-counter they lie today. Unsung and unread, now your friends all say.

Prejudice and frogs croak loudest in the dark.

The busy tongue, rather than not talk scandalous.

Experience and time are the twin wolves which prey upon youth's illusions.

Within the deepest recesses of his soul, every man cherishes an ambition to sing bass.

The Inevitable League has nominated a man named Graves for Vice-President. Considering the office, could anything be more appropriate?

Sweet Charity. A rascally mendicant was soliciting alms with a placard, "Deaf and Dumb" on his breast.

"How long have you been in this condition?" asked the kindly but absent-minded old lady.

Taken off his guard, he answered: "Since birth, mum."

"You poor man. Here's a dollar."

I conclude from the advertisements that now is the time to prepare for a hard winter by laying in your supply of Panama hats and lingerie dresses.

A Hopeless Case. "Tell me, traveled winds, that 'round my pathway roar."

Do you not know some place where troubles are not so near?

Some lone and pleasant dell, some hollow in the ground where demagogues don't yell.

And fake reformers are not found? The loud winds blew the dust into my face.

And giggled "misty place."

Tell me, thou misty deep, whose billows 'round me play, know't thou some favored spot, some island far away?

Where weary man may find a place to smoke in peace, where politicians are not in, and candidates are out of place?

The loud winds, sounding a perpetual shout. Paused for awhile and spluttered, "Oh, get out!"

My Motor. Who was Satan's self designed. Who has more whims than winking.

Who doesn't meet me at the train—Eliciting remarks profane, As home I foot in my motor.

Who's always getting out of whack. And makes me work with wrench and jack, Until my hands are black, My motor.

Who pitched me from my seat pell-mell, And mounted on me when I fell, So I was weak and fell, My motor.

Who costs me more for wear and tear Than my collapsing wheel will bear, Who taught me how to drink and swear, My motor.

Who is it drags me into debt, And makes me fear the Sheriff's threat, Who other than my pride, my pet— My motor.

Hot Enough for You? Nashville Tennessee. I can stand the sultry season. Though the perspiration flows In a stream of clammy moisture From my hot head to my nose;

But I shudder in my soul, When the fellow heaves in view With the old, eternal question— "Is it hot enough for you?"

Even the Democratic papers in the "solid South" are criticizing compromise for trying to deliver the labor vote to Bryan. They see that the effort will have an effect opposite to that intended.

Now the Democratic party stands for a strong Navy. Isn't that stealing Republican thunder?

"Brother Charles" will be a welcome guest at the White House, anyway.

Like Roosevelt, Tolstoid does not believe in "hitting soft."