

The Oregonian

PORTLAND, OREGON.

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Portland, Sunday, April 7, 1912.

WHAT ARE THE ROOSEVELT POLICIES?

We know what they were a few years ago, but what are they now? They continue to change, we shall need a yearly or monthly, perhaps weekly, bulletin to keep us posted on the latest revision.

ONE YEAR AGO—OR APRIL 8, 1911—

Theodore Roosevelt at Spokane, in his great swing around the circle, made a speech in which he made remarks that are fit to be quoted in connection with his present position.

HIS PUBLIC RECORD.

"Why," asks a persistent critic of The Oregonian, "why does not The Oregonian try to beat Mr. Bourne on his public record?"

WHO BLOCKS TARIFF REVISION?

The present Democratic position on the tariff is indefensible as the present duties of schedule K.

FAILURE OF PROPORTIONAL PLAN.

The partial disfranchisement of voters in the election of delegates to the National convention as indicated by the Oregon Presidential primary.

RIDDING THE LAND OF DISEASE.

Rupert Blue will always be known on the Pacific Coast as the man who forestalled bubonic plague in San Francisco by killing the rats.

ward to an enormous degree the indefensible schedule K. Their ill-founded basis of fact is maintained by the method approved by the Democrats prior to the extra session of 1911.

NOTHING NEW.

The sun rises in the east and sets in the west every day. The day follows the night and the night the day. History repeats itself.

THE DOWNFALL OF SOCIETY.

No doubt there are circumstances which justify the rather depressing prospects which the Rev. E. H. Bennett sees for the future of the country.

THE RISEN SAVIOR.

In the end of the Sabbath as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, Mary Magdalene came to the sepulcher with Mary, the mother of Jesus, and Salome.

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obtain mercy, not betrayal. The pure in heart shall see God. The peace-makers shall be called the children, the highest of all titles of honor, and they which have been persecuted for righteousness' sake shall come into their own and reign with the meek and the lowly in spirit. Then Jesus went on to tell the multitude what they must do to bring the kingdom to pass.

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fault, but, as he wrote to Jefferson Davis, in warfare the only test of merit is success and he had not been successful. Thomas had won at Mill Creek against superior numbers and, owing to the wrecked incapacity of Floyd and Pillow, Grant had gained a comparatively easy victory at Fort Donelson.

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Scrap and Jingles

Loone Cass Bay.

Motto for yesterday, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ye may die."

Every little Easter has egg-citement all its own.

"Actress says she wants to ride in an airship," yells a headline—rising to the occasion as it were.

Read of a wine called the "Early Pearl." Suppose it's of the vintage Cleopatra.

My Dream. Into the heights to climb, A step—another, Day by day, And when I've gained the top And worn in my brow Bright leaves of bay, And yet hold fast the bitter-sweet I've gathered on my way.

Rose Bloch Bauer believes in heredity to such an extent that one of her pupils whose pa is a grocer is watched very closely when she gets to the scales.

My One Wish. I do not envy others' fame, For clothes I do not pine, I do not want to change my name, And if I wear in a nice comb To any fair I'll quick resign, And easy make the best of that, All I ask, oh, brightest shine, Is an electric-lighted hat.

Some souls crave paintings, others aim To collect jewels aperfine, Dreamt of by some is to be divine, Music to others is divine, But I don't care, I still stand pat, The only thing on earth I want, Is an electric-lighted hat.

Tramp showed up at an advertised musical because the advertisements said that the music was intoxicating.

Local judge says that marriage stands for much. How much? And of what?

I've got a scheme! When lovers write And tell me that "love grows apace," I save the shushy, mushy lines, And though my mood is love-impair'd, I cultivate their ardent slop, And beg for more with smiling grace.

On beaux I lay no silent spell, But let them pen me all their fears, I catalogue the tender lines, Their rhapsodies of love and tears, I like new stuff, and up-to-date— The erotic style of modern years.

And lest one note should go astray, I make two copies of each one, And neatly file them all away, (I'm making bay while shines the sun), No matter who writes rot to me, I cull and prune and cast out none.

Envy. Hear then ye mites do write me notes About the "little love god blind," Write often and in mushiest vein, For I've a publisher in mind.

"I wouldn't wed the best man living," cried a girl and her sister said, "He didn't call that any obstacle to her marriage with him."

It's a wise man who sends a woman 22 roses on her 21st birthday.

Miss Calamity Step-and-fetch-it, the cultured, etc., lady poet from Kansas, writes of her aspirations in a hitly way. She calls this ballad

Terrific Ambitions. I have a vision of my head, Of stories thrilling to the core; Some are of the tear-soaked kind, Some your peace will quick restore. One will bring you smiles and gladness, So through my smoggy dull or bright, Each day I sit and think up A lot of things on which to write.

Off my female spirit unnumbered Bows right at Ma Nature's door, The muses tie my up with rope, And poetry's vials into me pour: The grand realm up which I soar, I can almost sing my head off, Thinking various things to write.

I make countless poems in my head And love tales by the score, And plays, oh, my! I've wrote a bunch, And muses' words are all a-whore! It's queer my brain ain't quite out west, But my future's awful bright, Because I've got stored up in me Loads of things on which to write.

Note—Not one joke about sackcloth and ashes, the devil or the Easter hat mars this column today.

Four of a Kind

By Dean Collins.

It was before election day, We stood beside the polished bar, And he desired a silver fizz, And I desired a black fizz.

Each looked at each with loving eye, And each one murmured: "Who will buy?"

We pondered o'er the problem deep, And thought upon the rolling dice; We thought of matching coins to see Which one was stuck to pay the price.

And finally he looked at me, And said "I have a bright idea." He in his pocket plucked his hand, Where he had hidden cards or so, Given by gentle candidates, With friendly tip: "Vote thus, you know."

He held up five in manner bland, And said: "Go on and bet your hand." I in my pocket plucked my hand, Where I had cards the same as he, And in the draw perceived I held Two corners and sheriffs three; I gave a low, triumphant cough, And said: "Bet on the coast is off."

Vain were the hopes I entertained, That he was stuck for the cigar; He smiled a broad, triumphant smile, And laid four judges on the bar. 'Twas thus a godly we found, For cards the candidate passed round, — Portland, April 6.

Flowers to Send, if Any. Cleveland Plain Dealer. "So poor dear old Uncle William is dead," cried the niece-in-law, weeping gracefully. "Yes, the fine old acout has passed in at last."

"When do they read the will?" "Why, not until after the funeral, of course. Why do you ask?" "Because I think that's a silly question. The will should be read before the funeral."

"But why?" "So the relatives can tell what sort of flowers to send, if any."

Call for Mr. Van Winkle! New York Satire. Rip Van Winkle sat up and yawned. "What the deuce did you fellows wake me for, anyhow?" he demanded. "We want you for the jury."

Registered.