

The Oregonian

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Portland, Sunday, May 19, 1912.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S BIG STICK

The Roosevelt threat of a bolt is the club that will be held over the National Republican convention...

The typical Southern delegate to a Republican National convention is a political sheep...

The teachers' retirement fund, which has been in existence for some time...

WEIRD, WONDERFUL, WIRELESS. In selecting or designating the seven winners of the modern world...

WASTEFUL DIVISION OF RELIGIOUS ACTIVITY. The "Country Gentleman," whose opinion upon an ordinary matter has a distinctly practical value...

Half a Century Ago. From The Oregonian of May 19, 1862. Cairo, May 19.—The desperation of the rebel cause culminated yesterday in an attack on our flotilla by the rebel fleet from Fort Wright...

Washington, May 8.—The bill establishing the Bureau of Agriculture passed the Senate today.

BRYAN'S BALANCING ACT.

Bryan is doing the great political balancing act, sitting on the fence, walking the tight rope, or whatever one may be pleased to call it...

Mr. Bryan imagined that the whole advanced wing of Democracy was waiting for a word or a hint from him...

Our shipping laws are out of date, both as regards the ships and the seamen. We exclude our own citizens from competition with other nations.

WOMEN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD LIFE. The progress of industry has confronted the intelligent modern woman with a perplexing situation...

THE PEOPLE'S BANK. The people are in the saddle, and are supposed to be, these days, and their bank is the postal savings bank.

THE SPIRIT OF HEDONISM. Hedonism denies immortality, makes no account of God and admits no duty to mankind.

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MAKE THE SAILOR FREE ALSO.

A new aspect of the Titanic disaster is brought out by Andrew Furuseth in a plea for not only free ships, but free seamen.

I have carefully avoided taking any position on the subject of the Titanic disaster...

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Scraps and Jingles

By Leone Cass Haer.

It's the last Panama straw that breaks the husband's back.

The root of all evil is routine.

On music, ancient and modern.

Folks most divided are.

While some folks like Bach's music.

My taste don't run Bach that far.

Woman's bread of repentance is always made from the wild oats sown by some man.

A chemist, his wife tried to sound.

"What's ails you can't tell, I'll be bound."

Said the other time "I'll gladly go."

Yes, just bet I can.

It's not quite one cent a pound."

The only value arithmetic is to a woman is to help her add up her husbands and clothes.

What can't be cured must be endured.

As the man said when the waiter brought him a piece of poor ham.

All good egotists hate one another.

The literary pursuits of most women are confined solely to fashion books.

Truly the child is father to the man.

I've just read that David Bellace as a young lad was very fond of play.

WHY I WONT.

Nay, dearest, shun the hammock's lure.

Nor tempt me to the Morris chair.

Said the other time "I'll gladly go."

But ah, tonight, I do not dare.

Sadly I watch your pretty face.

Temp't me with smiling, roguish eyes.

Ah, dearest, bid I might embrace.

"The opportunity—did she!"

I know this bar betwixt us two.

May at one blow our dear love sever.

And for my seeming coldness I.

May parried he from you forever.

But I am not so easily won.

Though I'm beset by love, I wren.

I cannot speak with you tonight.

For I ate a morsel of onions green!

Man's affections may hang on a mere thread, but too often it's the thread that failed to keep the buttons sewed on.

Ethel Barrymore's first success was in "Captain Jack of the Horse Marines."

Her latest success is a Little Colt.

Favorite author for wife-beaters—Nox.

RAILROAD LINES ON A DEAD COY. Here rests her head, upon a hard fence rail.

A cow, to cattle houses and prize lists known.

Only the shocman and the butcher knew her worth.

And the Northern Pacific claimed her for its own.

It's all right to hold your tongue, but if you do it all the time, some day you'll own nothing else to hold.

From what I can glean aristocratic officers are all quite devoted to the service—dinner service.

In Shakespeare's day.

They were called "the Merry Pranks."

But it's changed somehow.

And the version now.

Is, "Merry—come down—and stay."

With health it is as it is with love, we rarely bother to look after and guard it until there's very little of it left to look after.

Uneasy lies the head that sleeps in kid-curlers.

Also uneasy is the head that wears curls in a gale of wind.

THEY SING.

The wind whistles.

The waves splash up in folds.

The little birds.

And beating heads.

Have all got nasty colds.

And all my bones.

When I get into groans.

And my nose.

Is almost frozen.

While my teeth keep chattering away.

But I'm not.

O-O-O-U-U-U miserable Bay.

Most men regard their own marriages as an elaborate machine, hundreds of hands unhappy to make one woman ungrateful.

R-e-m-o-r-s-e is the tight shoe that presses too hard on the soul.

Half a Century Ago

From The Oregonian of May 19, 1862.

Cairo, May 19.—The desperation of the rebel cause culminated yesterday in an attack on our flotilla by the rebel fleet from Fort Wright.

The rebel ran Louisiana attempted to run down the gunboat Cincinnati, which threw a volume of steam and scalding water into the midst of the rebel crew, placing all who appeared on deck hors de combat and causing the crew to withdraw in haste.

The rebel ironclad steamer Malory approached with the same design, but the Federal gunboat St. Louis bore down upon her with a full head of steam and struck her amidships, cutting her nearly in two, causing her to sink in a few minutes.

The other boats of our fleet engaged the remainder of the enemy's fleet and a most terrific battle ensued.

Two of the enemy's gunboats were blown up by the shells from our gunboats having a number of hands engaged.

The remainder of the rebel fleet retired.

Mr. Strong, the builder of the Oregon and California telegraph, had a number of hands engaged in erecting poles on Saturday.

Some 24 were erected on Front street.

Washington, May 8.—The bill establishing the Bureau of Agriculture passed the Senate today.

Among the passengers by the steamer Oregon were two celebrated individuals, both well known to the citizens of Oregon—Skookum John and his son, Adam, chiefs of the Rogue River tribe.

John was a bitter foe of the whites during the Rogue River war. On the passage down John and his son made a desperate attempt to take the vessel and nearly succeeded. They assaulted the officers with knives, but were finally overpowered and heavily ironed.

During the fight Adam had one of his legs cut off by a cleaver in the hands of one of the crew.

Chicago, May 12.—Norfolk, Portsmouth and the Navy-Yards are out. The Merrimack was blown up by the rebels.