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PORTLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1913.

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES.

Speaking of the earthquake which destroyed 250,000 human beings at Antioch, in the reign of Justinian, the historian, Gibbon, remarks that "man has industriously labored for his own destruction" when the forces of nature are let loose upon him. The philosophical historian had in mind the walls of the high buildings in cities which topple over during an earthquake and overwhelm the fugitives below. He was thinking, too, of the unrestrained passions of the vicious and criminal classes which seize the opportunity of a great catastrophe to rage unchecked. No doubt the fires which added to the horror of that night of death in Dayton were for the most part set by looters. The greed and cruelty of bestial humanity are as merciless now as they were when Antioch was destroyed, and if the historian were to behold the works that have been erected since his day he would repeat with new fervor his comment that "man has labored for his own destruction." The conveniences of civilized life become menacing dangers when nature falls into one of those angry moods which now and then demonstrate her power and sweep her puny creatures by thousands to their death.

At Dayton the electric connections were severed almost at the beginning of the flood and the city was left in total darkness. The rain was falling from the pitiless sky and the waters of the Miami River were rising momently. Houses had begun to crumble under the impact of the stream that surged through the streets, and the shrieks of drowning women and children rent the thick blackness of the night and storm, but not a ray of light shone from any window. The horror of death was multiplied by the secrecy of its work. Had the inhabitants depended on the primitive lamps of their forefathers, this recourse, pitifully inadequate as it is for routine use, would not have failed them in the moment of their extreme need. Progress carries with it penalties so severe that they sometimes seem almost to counterbalance its benefits. With the lights of the city the waterworks also failed, and the people, deprived of food and shelter, were compelled to endanger their lives still more by drinking the contaminated waters of the river which had swept into its current the refuse of hundreds of square miles of land.

Men are never prepared for the great catastrophes of nature. "Their times and effects appear," says the meditative historian, "to lie beyond the reach of human curiosity." Partly because the effort to predict their recurrence is vain and partly because security always breeds carelessness of the future, these dire events take their victims unawares and their destructiveness is multiplied because they are unforeseen. "In the day when ye think not" the windows of heaven are opened and the rains descend. We who dwell at a distance wonder at the improvidence of the people of Dayton who were caught by the flood without boats to rescue the drowning. Men were forced to stand idly by and listen to the screams of perishing families. It was impossible to save them, because there were no boats. But in this particular the people of Dayton resemble all the rest of us. When the earthquake and fire fell upon San Francisco the inhabitants were as unprepared as were the people of Antioch, in that old misery which Gibbon describes with such tragic calm. The molten lava of Vesuvius has swept down its verdant slopes a hundred times, carrying death with it and leaving desolation behind, but as often as the burning current cools, the peasants return with their vinehooks and plows and build new homes under the shadow of death. Over the ashes where Herculaneum lies buried, with all its stricken souls, men till the soil and rear their families, careless of the frowning volcano which only waits for the signal from destiny to repeat the deed it did on that fatal morning long ago.

Hope springs eternal. If it did not, how could we endure to live in this world, where nature plays with us like a half-tamed tigress ready at the taste of blood to spring and slay? Perhaps in our secret hearts we feel instinctively that death is so near, whatever we may do to ward it off, that precautions are idle. The valley of the Miami, where the city of Dayton lies, is one of those narrow chasms which the slow action of the tireless elements have carved from the level surface of the great Ohio plain. Stretching from Lake Erie to the bed of the Ohio River, in primeval times this plain was like a smooth sheet of parchment whereon God was to write the history of the world. The streams scarcely knew which way to flow, so level was the surface. Some that now reach the Ohio flowed in those days toward Lake Erie. In the course of ages their channels were blocked by glacial drift and thus their way was determined for them. But their valleys, cut sheer down through the plain, slope so steeply that the rain falling upon them gathers instantly into raging torrents. At the headwaters of the streams there are no lakes to receive and retain the surplus rainfall, so that in seasons of unusual downpour the accumulated floods are compressed between the sheer cliffs that confine the river and nothing can resist their frightful onset. At its widest the valley of the Miami only opens over forty miles of land. At its mouth it hardly affords space for the escape of the river in the August drouths. Imagine, then, the fury of the imprisoned floods which have gathered there after days and days of ceaseless downpour such as the memory of man can scarcely parallel.

With his eye, which nothing escapes, fixed upon the melancholy panorama of history, Gibbon perceived times when the human race has been comparatively free from the scourges of nature, but he saw other times when all the woes of fire, flood, earthquake and plague seemed to accumulate as if to sweep man from the face of the earth. The reign of Justinian afforded such a spectacle. "It was disgraced," says Gibbon, "by a visible decrease of the human species." Faith in Providence forbids us to believe that such misery can ever recur, but if it could our own times are ominous. What with wars and rumors of wars, with floods desolating the world from China through Europe to America, with earthquakes and strange climatic disturbances taking place everywhere and storms sweeping across entire states like demons of destruction, does it not seem as if the evil powers of nature had been let loose upon us to blight the works of man?

PENSIONS FOR FIREMEN.

While it means much to them, the tax levy asked by the firemen for the aid of their proposed pension fund is small in fact and infinitesmal in consideration of the long service to public duty, or the injury or the life that must be given in return for it.

Before a fireman may become a beneficiary of the pensioning system he must have served twenty years or been disabled. If he meets death in performance of his duty his widow and children will receive relief. The proposed tax is but one-tenth mill, or one one-hundredth of each cent of assessed valuation in the city. As a further aid to the fund, the firemen are to tax themselves by turning a percentage of each month's salary into the fund and are to divert all gifts and bequests to the same purpose.

The fireman's work is trying, exacting, dangerous. Moreover, it is in behalf of the public safety and welfare. He is a soldier enlisted in a public cause and differs from most other city employes who come and go and in whose work there is no element of risk.

The pensioning plan is not greatly different in principle from the compensation system recently enacted by the State Legislature to which all property in the state will contribute a percentage of the cost. If it is a public duty to aid in the relief of workmen engaged in private employment who are injured as the result of the inherent risk of their employment, it is a public duty to aid in the pensioning of firemen, for, aside from the inherent risk of their employment, the public is the employer as well. In the compensation system the employer is taxed, while the employe contributes against the day that he may be maimed or killed. Practically the only difference between the two plans is that the fireman is to be pensioned after a lengthy term of service.

We can think of no sound argument for defeat of the pension bill and of many for its approval. Not the least of these is the encouragement it will give to capable men to enter the service and remain there permanently.

ONLY SAFE WAY IS TO WAIT.

The Oregonian prints elsewhere today a letter written by an Indiana physician who has made a personal investigation in Europe as to the widely exploited Friedmann consumption cure, and who had opportunity also to see and know more or less about Dr. Friedmann. It is sufficient to say here that Dr. Walker was not at all convinced of the curative value of the new serum, nor of the genuineness of the specimen cases, nor of the entire sincerity of the discovery. It may be true that this Indiana doctor is too much imbued with the indurated skepticism of his profession, and that he saw only what was dubious or incidental or unimportant and refused to see what was worth while. We do not know. We will not know for some weeks or some months whether the Friedmann serum is a miracle of scientific truth, or a great fraud, or a mere tonic, or lymph, which relieves, but does not restore.

The spectacle of the hundreds and thousands of emaciated and frantic tuberculosis victims crowding about Dr. Friedmann in a despairing appeal for help has touched a whole Nation. From every part of the United States word has come that some poor sufferer had had his hopes revived by stories of the wonderful medicine administered by the German doctor, and the trains are filled with invalids on their way to the magic healer. They spread contagion everywhere; they endanger the lives of everyone with whom they come in contact. All this would be borne without protest, of course, if it seemed that their hopes were to be realized, in whole or in part, at the end of their wretched journey. But they pursue an ignis fatuus. Dr. Friedmann tells them not to come now. Common prudence requires that they wait. If there is a remedy it will be brought to them.

The Oregonian reprints the letter of Dr. Walker for what it is worth. It hopes that Dr. Friedmann is all he claims to be and that his cure will really cure. But it is to be remembered that half of all the cases of bone and fistulous tuberculosis cure themselves, and it is this class of patients to whom Dr. Friedmann appears to give the most attention. It is well to be cautious and wait. The Government experts are at work and will report after full investigation. Then we shall know the truth.

UNITED AGAINST TAMMANY.

Champions of good government in New York City have once more united for a municipal campaign. Republicans, Democrats and Progressives have joined in the appointment of a committee, which will take steps toward an effective programme and the nomination and election of candidates who will carry it out. This is to be no mere temporary fusion of National parties for the occasion. It is to be the organization of a new municipal party, which will combat with Tammany for control of the city.

Emphasis is laid by the promoters of this movement on the necessity of a positive programme, not merely a negative one of opposition to Tammany. The leaders would have the new party offer the people something definite, something better than a mere promise to take the offices away from Tammany.

Revelations as to the wide corruption in the police department should certainly awaken the people of our largest city to the necessity for a change, if anything can. The known lack of sympathy with Tammany in the Wilson Administration and the open breach between Governor Sulzer and that organization should help. But a newly-formed party has no easy task before it in the overthrow of a compact, thoroughly-drilled body like Tammany, which has been built up through many years and enjoys the prestige of success, which will deter many from opposing it.

New York City owes it not only to itself but to the country to redeem the city from the shame of Tammany rule. As our chief city, it should be an example of clean, efficient, honest government, of what a democratic people can do in the way of municipal administration. As it now is, that city is a by-word for corruption, inefficiency and waste.

LETTING PUBLIC ENFORCE LAW.

Massachusetts will undertake to enforce the findings of its minimum wage commission by force of public opinion. The various steps taken to ascertain the proper compensation of women workers in each employment are much the same there as in Oregon, but instead of the commission's order being obligatory on the employers, as in Oregon, its report is to be published in the newspapers. It is hoped that public sentiment will cause the employers to fix wages in accordance with the report.

The law will provide, no doubt, an interesting illustration of how much the delinquent employer fears the public and how far the public will go in discommoding itself in order to establish what it believes to be right. We fancy that the people will accept as conclusive the findings of the commission. But will they walk to the mercantile establishment that pays the minimum wage when one that does not can be reached three blocks closer? Or will they accept from the former some article with which they are not exactly suited in preference to one that does fill the need that may be obtained at the latter? How long, too, will the public remember which are the good and which are the bad establishments in the wage controversy? And will they take the pains to segregate them from the long list?

These are questions that occur at the moment but even if they may be answered favorably to the cause of the minimum wage there remain the great textile mills of Massachusetts which employ large numbers of women and minors and whose trade extends to the confines of the country. There, at least, the hopes of the working woman are resting on forlornly remote chance. Massachusetts has gained some credit for being first of the states to enact a minimum wage law, but the honor, we fear, is an empty one.

POINTS ON SERVANT PROBLEM.

In the March number of the National Review an English woman of the working class discusses the problem of domestic service. She calls her article "A Servant's View of the Servant Problem." In England, as in the United States, the comfortable classes are finding more and more difficulty every day in supplying their households with efficient help. Much has been published as to the causes of the trouble, but most of it has been from the standpoint of the mistress.

It is therefore novel as well as interesting to learn what the servants themselves think about the situation. Their appearance in literature with an account of their woes and aspirations is a strictly modern phenomenon. Nothing of the kind was ever seen in former centuries. Our ancestors were disposed to look upon domestic servants as a superior kind of cattle whose opinions were of very little importance. Only when the humbler orders of society broke out into such disorders as the peasant war in Germany or the revolt of the English boors under Jack Cade did their betters condescend to take any notice of their preferences. No doubt the new faculty of expression which the toiling masses are developing will in the end promote the harmony of the world, though it may make some disturbance to begin with. Nothing is ever lost by increased knowledge and understanding.

The servant girl who writes in the National Review takes the ground that the relation between mistress and maid ought to be one of pure business. The girl has her labor to sell. The mistress buys it. There their relations end. The girl's morals are no concern of her mistress. How she may spend the time which she does not sell is her own affair. The mistress of the household has always been inclined to hold her servants in tutelage. Worse yet, she has been disposed to insist upon their social inferiority. Men do business with their inferiors and never think of their fitness or unfitness for a dinner party, but this women have not as yet been able to do. Perhaps some of their troubles over the servant question will be mitigated when they acquire the gift of buying work and letting the worker look after her own manners and morals.

WORK FOR CONGRESS TO DO.

Should President Wilson recommend action on, and Congress take up, all the subjects suggested for legislation at the extra session, the National legislators might easily remain in session until the date for the regular session next December. Already Mr. Wilson is said to consider asking for currency legislation as soon as the tariff is disposed of. Congress has also been urged to legislate for Alaska. Now come the advocates of the bill providing for an international conference on the high cost of living and those who desire an amendment of the Erdman act, under which railroad labor disputes are settled.

So good a case is made for prompt action on each one of these subjects that one is inclined to suggest yet another—an inquiry into the best means of promoting economy and efficiency in the work of Congress itself. When we consider how much there is to do and yet how time is frittered away on trifles, on mere emission of a great volume of words, on personal wrangles, on displays of "smartness" by individual members, there appears to be great need of such an inquiry.

The high cost of living is likely to be so greatly affected by legislation on the tariff and the currency, which is promised at the extra session, and by other laws which may be passed before an inquiry could be completed, that no great harm could be done by deferring action until the regular session. But the subject need give rise to no serious controversy, and if Congressmen would but bottle up their oratory, legislation could be secured at the extra session while Senate or House is awaiting the disposition of the main subjects of legislation by the other body.

Just so with the Erdman act. This has proved of inestimable benefit in adjustment of railroad disputes, but its workings have betrayed serious defects. Managers and employes join in asking for a few amendments which would render it far more effective in preventing strikes and more satisfactory to both parties immediately concerned and would extend its application to other railroad employes than those engaged in train service. A comparatively brief amendatory act would accomplish all that is desired and could be passed through each house in a few days. Should Congress delay, a disastrous strike may enforce the urgency of action.

If Congress will buckle down to work it can pass such minor laws as these without interfering with those of major importance. All that is required is expeditious but careful work and a minimum of oratory. Let that be saved till the session preceding the next Presidential election. The people expect a flood of it then and are resigned to the infliction.

When the story of the siege of Adrianople comes to be told, as it doubtless will be when the Balkan war is over and the Bulgarians lift the veil of secrecy which has covered their operations, it will prove to have been one of the greatest sieges of history. It has continued for five months and has been marked by slaughter rivaling that at Saragossa, Vicksburg or Paris. This victory of Bulgaria and Servia is probably the closing chapter of the war. The Young Turks dared not cede the city until it had been actually lost, lest they forfeit their heads. They can now yield it with good grace and safety since it is already lost and can rely on the great powers to prevent the Balkan allies from securing territory on the Sea of Marmora.

An Eastern contemporary complains in a mood of discouragement that "the average American parent is not classical, medieval or romantic. Neither reason nor imagination in their higher ranges appeals to him." Hence he urges his sons and daughters to pursue the practical in their college courses. Why should he not? In the days of Rome and in the Middle Ages what we now call "classical" was strictly practical and what we call "the higher reason" was utilitarian. Those men lived for the things of their own day, why should we not live for the things of ours?

Persons who bewail the disappearance of romance from modern life simply betray their own mental blindness. There is as much romance in a train of cars with its bold and agile brakemen as there was in a feudal tournament, but some of us lack the eyes to see it. And what could be more romantic than an aviator coursing through the clouds in his flying machine? Our forefathers would have taken him for a sorcerer. The realities of our world are more romantic than the dreams of our ancestors.

There are 150 girls studying agriculture at Cornell University. When they graduate they will follow farming for a livelihood. Some of the most successful practical farmers are women. They have tried all its branches from poultry to cattle ranches and usually their determination and ready wit enable them to forge ahead. With systematic training women ought to farm better than men, who are often too set in their old, superstitious ways ever to master scientific agriculture.

Secretary Bryan's Commoner exults over the reorganization of the Senate as a victory over the seniority rule. It was a partial victory, but the committee list shows that the veterans still hold their places on the principal committees. The Democratic caucus adopted Mr. Bryan's theory, but was cautious about putting it in practice. The progressives may succeed in sweeping away seniority, but the battle they have won was only the first of the campaign.

Referring to Colonel Roosevelt's statement that the only place for good, honest men and women who are progressives is in the Progressive party, the Commoner asks:

How can he keep his face straight when he claims a monopoly of the reform sentiments of the country for his party?

Does not Mr. Bryan know that Mr. Roosevelt is an unconscious humorist?

A ray of refulgent light in the Eastern gloom is election of James Hamilton Lewis. As the horny-handed agriculturist would say, transplanting promotes growth. A philosopher would say all great men now come from the Far West.

Patterson, the convicted president of the National Cash Register Company, has gone far to redeem himself in the eyes of the people by his labors to rescue the drowned-out Daytonians.

We are thrilled by tales of daring at Omaha on the one hand and appalled by accounts of rent-raising bees on the other. Human nature is a widely diverse institution.

Amundsen is making a series of aeroplane flights to determine whether air craft will be of use in arctic exploration. Death seems to be that man's pet plaything.

If Mr. Finley will add to his collection of wild animal pictures a series showing the Democratic mule in vigorous action, it will be complete.

What would the Rose Festival be without the parade of our human rosebuds? The very suggestion that we dispense with it is absurd.

Sordid thrift never loses an opportunity and Omaha landlords are no different than others when suffering humanity needs shelter.

The barley crop is damaged. But if the rye, corn and hop crops get by in good shape we may be able to struggle through.

Fortunately nobody has of late been killed and more time is given for installation of fenders.

While attention of the world is elsewhere the Bulgarians have done remarkable fighting.

Omaha and Nebraska can care for their afflicted, but Dayton is a Nation-wide appeal.

National Committeeman King's possibilities are down to the District Attorneyship.

Chic hats may be made for 45 cents. Here's hoping they become the rage.

Just now we are glad enough not to be "On the banks of the Wabash."

Oregonians have much for which to be thankful.

The "swat-the-fly" season opens April 15.

Omaha was disaster, but Dayton is calamity.

How frail and uncertain, after all, is life.

Get a contributor's medal.

Stars and Starmakers

By Leone Cass Baer.

Florence Hart, a Portland girl and sister of Harry Hart, is playing second leads with the Egam Lyceum Stock Company in New Britain, Conn., where the knives and forks and spoons and things come from. Her husband, Alfred Cross, is leading man.

* * *

Maude Hanaford, a Los Angeles girl who played stock with the Baker for a fortnight last season, is with Mrs. Leslie Carter in Chicago at McVickers Theater, playing in "Camille." The Carter company, in repertoire under direction of John Cort is headed for this coast.

* * *

The many friends of Jacob Proebstel, of 429 Halsey street, will be surprised to learn that he is a member of "The Prince of Pilsen" company, which will play the Heilig Theater for three nights beginning Thursday, April 3. Young Proebstel left Portland last Summer and went to New York. There he was engaged for the singing role of Wilhelm in the famous Heidelberg Octette. It is his first professional engagement, and his Portland friends will be glad to learn he has made good. It is expected he will come in for a great many social affairs while playing in this city.

* * *

Jack Norworth and company (five people) opened Monday at the Orpheum, Oakland, at a salary of $1000, substituting for Marquard and Seeley, who closed there so the pitcher could rejoin the Giants.

* * *

Bookings around New York are being arranged by Morris & Fell for Blossom Seeley as a "single." Miss Seeley will play alone while her ball-pitching husband is trying to get the Giants at the top of the first column.

* * *

A sketch is being sought by Maude Fealy, the Denver actress, who wants to play vaudeville. Miss Fealy and James Durkin were out in "The Right Princess" which closed last week. Although bearing the John Cort brand as producer on the paper, the show was Miss Fealy's and Mr. Durkin's own property. Mr. Cort loaned his name for the value it might give the piece had it played the Cort circuit as expected.

"The Right Princess" cost its principals some money, and also a stock engagement at Wilmington for Mr. Durkin. He relinquished his hold upon the New Jersey proposition to join Miss Fealy in the starring tour.

* * *

In this week's Dramatic Mirror, George Alison, one time Baker leading man and now in his fourth year heading B. F. Keith's Crescent Theater in Brooklyn, N. Y., discusses the whys and wherefores of his ability to stand the strain of 12 performances and a change of play each week. Here is a bit of his system:

By reducing my working day to an absolute system and living with clockwork regularity, I have learned to utilize every minute of every day, and by doing so I find time, in addition to my theater work, to read a good deal, write occasional verse and music and even drive an automobile. The latter furnishes my wife and myself with plenty of the outdoor air we should otherwise be deprived of. To rehearse a play every morning, give two performances of another the same day, at the same time studying a new part, is certainly hard work, but with long working seasons practically assured, and the possibility of a long and thorough rest during the Summer, I find this side of professional work much more interesting and profitable than the "rehearse-six-weeks-and-play-two," of which we hear so much just now.

Gertrude Rivers is the professional name of Mrs. Allison.

* * *

Jeanie Fletcher, the Scotch nightingale at the Empress, is at home in Portland, and she regards this city as a milestone in her stage career. Portland was one of the first cities visited by her after her arrival in the United States from Glasgow, Scotland, seven years ago. Then she appeared at the old Grand in a repertoire of Scotch dialect songs. Later she sang at the Portland Hotel for one month, and she was one of the first artists to appear at the Multnomah Hotel soon after the opening of that hostelry. Throughout her engagement at the Empress Miss Fletcher is a guest of Mrs. E. K. Moylan, an old friend, at the Moylan home on Willamette Heights. Mrs. Moylan, her daughter, Eunice, and Mrs. J. W. Mathis, wife of the Dutch Consul here, were guests of the songstress at the Empress Monday night. Miss Fletcher has eight brothers and sisters, all of whom are singers. She joined the Sullivan & Considine circuit this season, after touring the United States under the management of a Lyceum bureau. The Scotch songstress may return to Portland to live after the expiration of her present vaudeville engagement.

* * *

Edna Archer Crawford, once a leading woman in stock with the Baker players, is playing leads in Yonkers, N. Y., stock.

* * *

Priscilla Knowles goes back to the scene of her former triumphs, the Academy of Music in New York, the first of next month. Theodore Friebus is her leading man.

* * *

Hugh Dillman will play stock this Summer with Jessie Bonstelle in Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

Among the performers at the Orpheum this week are two—Dave Lerner, of Bixley and Lerner, and Fred M. Griffith, the monologist—who will soon be home for the first time since they left the Pacific Coast. Mr. Griffith is a Sacramento boy. Since leaving, 15 years ago, he has been in Europe twice, through Canada, and even as close as Mexico, but never home until this year. Mr. Lerner is from San Francisco. He is a brother-in-law of Abe Attell, the ex-champion featherweight. Mr. Bixley has been renewing school friendships of 25 years ago with Perry, James and Fay Jackson in Portland this week. Mr. Bixley was the original tramp in "Buster Brown," which he played here some seasons ago.

* * *

William Dowlan is with the Essanay Company in Los Angeles. Sidney Ayres is with the Edison players at the Long Beach studio, where two pictures are prepared each week.

* * *

The long-expressed determination of David Warfield to play Shylock is finally to materialize next season at the Belasco Theater. Some time ago the actor went to Europe for all sorts of books and drawings on the subject of the various stage presentments of "The Merchant of Venice," from which he intends to create his own peculiar and unique conception of the character.

A DOCTOR'S VIEW OF FRIEDMANN.

Results of Close Investigation Are Not Encouraging as to the Cure.

Journal of the American Medical Association.

(To the Editor.)—Everything of importance connected with Dr. Friedmann's alleged "cure" for tuberculosis has been fully set forth in the Journal. But for the fact that the many newspaper reports are confusing to some doctors as well as to the public, I would not write this letter.

I have just returned from Europe, where I spent two months. I was alert to learn all I could about Dr. Friedmann and his remedy. I questioned both German and American medical men as to what they had seen or heard from others. I visited the doctor's office; I crossed on the same vessel with him and talked with him, his assistant, Dr. Benjamin and his press agent, Mr. Hundt; I saw some of his patients at his office, and met others and their friends at their hotels.

What evidence is there to support Dr. Friedmann's claims? Dr. Friedmann has publicly declared that no one but himself knows what his remedy is; he has given it to no one, and hence all evidence must come from him. His only published report must be regarded as entirely inadequate. In fact, all his reports are indefinite. He gives varying accounts of the number of cases treated. The statement as to the character of cases and the percentage of cures are equally indefinite. He showed me ten patients at his office, the first a boy he claimed to be cured of tuberculosis of the bones of the hand, and the second claimed to be cured of a similar affection of the knee. Instead of showing me a record he had the mother detail to me the histories, how they had applied to others without relief and finally were cured by Dr. Friedmann. These patients had been well a year and a half, and as the same patients were exhibited to other physicians at different times during the preceding month, I am sure they were "show cases," for there was no necessity for frequent visits to the clinic for cured cases. The other patients gave no evidence of special improvement. Most of them said they were no better nor were any whom I visited in their hotels. Dr. Friedmann says that whenever the exudate which forms at the site of the injection begins to be absorbed, the patient always improves. I saw five patients in whom this was not the case.

I was struck with the superficial examinations and meager histories kept. I would not have mentioned this had it not been corroborated by a number of physicians, patients and friends who had made many visits to his office. In short, I did not see, nor could I hear of anything to indicate that Dr. Friedmann's patients were doing even so well as those with similar cases under ordinary treatment. He had not instructed any of those with whom I talked how to live, and I found all in unsuitable surroundings, and doing the best they could with the knowledge they had received before.

It is hard for me to express in calm language the impressions Dr. Friedmann, his clinic, and his method made on me. Dr. Friedmann has made great claims, but he has failed to submit them to any efficient test. The evidence of his own results, taken even as he gives it, falls far short. His conduct of secrecy as far as the profession is concerned, his appeal to the public press, his spectacular gift of his discovery to men of prominence, his trip to America with a press agent, in short, his whole attitude, have been such as to excite distrust.

EDWIN WALKER, M. D.,
Evansville, Ind.

CHAMPION PREDICTOR SPEAKS OUT

He tells What Will Become of Equator When Earth Flops Over.

PORTLAND, March 26.—(To the Editor.)—I publicly deny that "Divine Claravoyant" predicted the Spanish-American War, the Missouri flood and the San Francisco disaster, as alleged in The Oregonian March 25, over Devine's signature.

I predicted all these things years before Devine was heard of, and more too; I predicted at the same time the Titanic disaster, the election of Governor West, the retreat from Armageddon, a new president for Mexico and another one coming, all in the presence of associate members of the Cruiskeen Club down at "The Dutchman's."

"Devine Claravoyant" now predicts the flopping of the earth and the shifting of the North Pole to where the equator now is. This is unscientific for the reason Devine doesn't account for what will become of the equator.

Long ago I predicted the same thing but said that the equator would appear in Portland about the time the present Federal jobs would be filled, then move in the direction of Bill Hanley's ranch, thence eastward toward the District of Columbia, where it would preside during the tariff debate. Judging from the disturbances in my hydrocephalus predictum, I could predict more, but I will wait until I hear from "Devine Claravoyant."

O'HENNESSY,
Original Predictor.

Develop the Moral Fibre.

GRESHAM, Or., March 24.—(To the Editor.)—I want to congratulate you upon your editorial on "What Makes Girls Go Wrong." Although brief, it is in my opinion the ablest article I have read during all this much-needed agitation in regard to the subject.

We Americans, in our haste and zeal, are apt to grapple with a threatened danger by seizing the horn nearest us, and the result is a great commotion and a great going round and round attended with very little damage to the thing we would check.

Poverty undoubtedly increases the pressure in times of temptation, but the girl with the right kind of moral fibre developed under the right sort of home training, will starve rather than go wrong.

Shame on the parents of our land! They used to neglect the training of their boys; now even the moral welfare of their girls will not draw their attention from lodge and club and social function. The word home is fast becoming a meaningless term.

(Rev.) FORD M. BURTCH.

Exploration of Amazon.

PORTLAND, March 26.—(To the Editor.)—I was interested in the letter of Mr. Cathcart, of Roseburg, in The Oregonian today. Like Mr. Cathcart, I read the "Exploration of the Amazon Valley" by the Government, which was issued along in the '50s. The party divided, and one division was under the command of Lieutenant Herndon (father-in-law of President Arthur) and the other under Lieutenant Gardner Gibbon. There were two volumes, each one containing the record of one of the parties. One explored the Amazon proper and the other the Maderia.

I have these volumes in my library. They were procured for me by the late Hon. Thomas H. Tongue while he was a member of Congress, after considerable difficulty. Mr. Cathcart, I think, might procure them through some of the second-hand book stores in Washington, D. C. They are extremely interesting.

S. B. HUSTON.

Both Are Responsible.

SPOKANE, Wash., March 22.—(To the Editor.)—Referring to your editorial "Sentimental Diplomacy," March 20, why Mr. Bryan? Is not Mr. Wilson President and, as such, subject to any censure for crab statesmanship in connection with the handling of this Chinese loan? Yours very truly,

T. A. WAKH.

Certainly Mr. Wilson is responsible. We referred to Mr. Bryan particularly, because he is directly in charge of the Nation's foreign relations.

Twenty-five Years Ago

From The Oregonian of March 27, 1888.

Salem, Or., March 26.—Frank Kellogg, a prominent attorney of Heppner, Morrow County, and Miss J. E. Dawne, of Salem, were married here today.

San Francisco, March 26.—Captain Hall, of the Arago, which arrived from Coos Bay Saturday, reports that the towns on the bay are in a flourishing condition. Two new sawmills are being rapidly put up, one at Isthmus Slough and the other at Porter, between North Bend and Marshfield. A new logging railroad has been constructed by the Oregon Improvement Company from a point below Sumner to Coos River, a distance of four miles. The keel of a steamer for the Oregon Coal & Navigation Company was laid a couple of weeks ago.

Albany, Or., March 27.—The remains of W. B. Rice, who died Sunday morning, were taken to Ashland last night for interment, the Oregon & California Railroad furnishing a special car for the purpose. Funeral services at his late residence were conducted by Rev. E. R. Prichard and Rev. S. G. Irvin.

In Douglas County a few days ago Volney Oden killed a large eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip.

R. A. Gesner departed this life at his home in Salem Saturday at the advanced age of 72. He leaves a wife and eight children, among them Alonzo Gesner, of Macleay; G. B. Gesner, of Turner; Dr. Van Gesner, of Prineville.

The Idaho Democrat announces James H. Hawley as its candidate for delegate to Congress.

Piles are being driven at the north end of the city levee to make a foundation for new terminal building for the Portland & Willamette Valley Railway.

During his recent visit to this city Hon. Elwood Evans, of Tacoma, held a conference with the committee of the Indian War veterans in regard to their forthcoming history. Hon. L. F. Mosher, of Roseburg, to whom that portion of the work relative to the country south of the Calapooia Mountains has been entrusted, also conferred with the committee.

People who get up "when the birds are singing their sweetest notes, at 5 o'clock in the morning" will do well to look out for the brand new comet, which is now coming north at the rate of a degree a day.

The latest freak in millinery is a torpedo-shaped hat. It is very jaunty and becoming. Can be seen both trimmed and untrimmed, at the Bouquet, 67 Morrison street.

Manager Will Holcomb, of the O. R. & N. Co., being asked regarding proposed branches, said: "We are asking for bids for a road to be built up Willow Creek to Heppner via Lexington."

The East Side—The streetcar line has been built across the bridge, track having been laid across the draw. Yesterday one of the cars was taken out and run up and down N street with the new horses the company have bought. There were quite a number of people on hand to witness the first streetcar moving in East Portland.

Half a Century Ago

From The Oregonian of March 27, 1863.

The Democrats at The Dalles have nominated candidates for municipal offices, placing at the head of the ticket for Mayor Colonel James K. Kelly, who has recently become a resident there.

Oregon Sentinel—O. Jacobs, who has been running the above machine at Jacksonville, in the last number takes leave of his patrons and announces that he "exchanges editorial habiliments for those of a lawyer." H. Denlinger will assume charge of the institution.

Washington, March 17.—A regular commission issued by General Stuart, of rebel fame, has been found on the person of Miss Ford, who is charged with having betrayed General Stoughton into the hands of the enemy.

Willamette Theater, Friday evening, March 27. "Ingomar, the Barbarian." Ingomar—G. B. Waldron, Parthenia—Mrs. G. B. Waldron.

Shed on School Grounds.

SHERWOOD, Or., March 25.—(To the Editor.)—Can a person take a horse shed away from school grounds, if he put it there two seasons ago and wants to sell it now? Can the directors keep him from taking it away? The shed is built on the ground.

A SUBSCRIBER.

In the absence of agreement to the contrary, the shed becomes a part of the real estate and belongs to the school district.

MAN'S PART IN THE SOCIAL EVIL

False Promises, Liquor and Joy Rides Main Causes of Girls' Downfall.

PORTLAND, March 25.—(To the Editor.)—The Oregonian's article headed "What Makes Girls Go Wrong" is timely. Men are responsible in 90 per cent of the cases. No need of arguing the point.

The writer was active in work some years ago that had to do with those confined in jails, prisons and convict camps. Nearly all girls and women with whom we had to do said that "promises" of men were the principal cause of a girl's misstep. Most of them said it came about through the dance hall or places where liquors were served.

The only thing to be wondered at is that so many young men remain honest, in view of the fact that it is easier for them to succeed in some lines if they would do as they see others do, and who are considered "good fellows."

The case of a young man comes to my mind who is a resident of Portland, and is clever, possessed of ability, and respected, who has by reason of sickness and deaths in his family never been able to lay by enough to become his own boss—to go into business for himself. He can "make good," "has the goods," and could soon be comfortably well fixed, but there are few if any, who would loan him enough to get started for himself, and yet they wonder why men don't marry young. Others see how he has suffered and striven, patient, plodding, and because of no fault of his own has not acquired a competence. Can you blame young men for hesitating about matrimony?

Let fathers take up sex matters with their sons, and mothers with their daughters. Cultivate your child's confidence; do not condone their faults.

Keep them away from social affairs where liquor is served. Keep them away from grills, joy rides and kindred places and doings, and you can reduce white slavery 75 per cent.

Low wages are perhaps the cause of the other 25 per cent.

A MARRIED MAN.

Why Girls Go Wrong.

ECHO, Or., March 24.—(To the Editor.)—I have read the editorial in The Oregonian on "Why Girls Go Wrong." I wish to state that it was the most broadminded and the nearest to the actual reasons or causes to that effect that has been written up to date.

We all know that father and the son must be the recipients of more pay and that the use of the same in the proper way will eventually eliminate the question so prominent in the minds of the well-meaning citizens today.

A. W. STRICKIE.