

EDITORIAL COMMENT AND TIMELY TOPICS

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The task of the world has been to educate its educators, to reform its preachers, to instruct the rich, to cultivate the hearts of the cultured. At a speech delivered in Buffalo recently, President Eliot of Harvard said, "One half of the education of a child should be manual education—young people learn by doing—and the time will soon come when no school or college will approximate right methods that does not have its manual training department. The soul-centers of many a young man can only be reached by having him work with his hands; I constantly see the fallacy of abstract theory in education."

HEPPNER'S NEED.

Heppner's cry for help has met with a response which bespeaks the depth of the sympathy aroused by the terrible disaster. As one man the people of Oregon have replied to that appeal and all that human hearts and hands can do to relieve the need, the distress and the overwhelming sorrow of the survivors is being done. The first and most urgent necessity is the interment of the dead and this is proceeding as rapidly as possible. To those who have lost homes and friends, and relatives the days of deeper sorrow are yet to come, when the magnitude of their affliction forces itself into full realization and when the merciful necessity for instant endeavor which has followed the calamity is passed.

When the numb, dull pain that first follows the blow is succeeded by the agony of full consciousness, when grief asserts its sway, then will truest sympathy find field for its endeavor. When the heart-broken survivors are forced once more to take up life's broken threads, to begin anew the struggle of existence, the need of help will be keenest. It is impossible that the financial losses caused by the flood should be wholly made good by the contributions now being received. That is neither asked nor expected. But some provision must be made for the care and shelter and sustenance of those who have lost their all and who are as yet so unmoved by the terrible scenes through which they have passed, as to be incapable of self help. The people of Oregon have already given generously and eagerly, but their hands should not be stayed until assurances are received that all danger of suffering and want among the unhappy survivors is at an end.

The aid thus far extended has accomplished much, but more is needed. Those who give can do so with the assurance that their contributions will be used wisely, and that every dollar will be applied to the purpose for which it is given. All contributions of money should be sent either directly to the relief committee at Heppner, or to the newspapers of Portland.

THE CURSE OF "BRIDGE"

It is a matter for congratulation that the bridge whist mania, which has driven English society mad and which is already popular in New York's fast set, has not yet appeared in an aggravated form on the Pacific Coast. Of all the fashionable fads which have become prevalent of late years, none has been so utterly demoralizing as bridge. The London papers have inaugurated a crusade against it, but thus far without appreciable results. Society women and even young girls are among the most ardent devotees of the game. Its charm lies partly in the fact that it is a game of great skill, affording unusual opportunities for the cunning player, and still more largely in the fact that of all the forms of gaming which society has recognized, bridge whist gives the quickest and the largest returns to the winner. The losses are, of course, in equal proportion and many scandals have naturally resulted. Women of rank and position borrow, pawn and owe, and London bankers tell some strange tales of the petitions presented to them, asking them to pay debts contracted at bridge. So general has this form of gambling become that it is threatening to practically supersede all other forms of social entertainment in English fashionable society.

WHY ARE PEOPLE DUPED?

No more remarkable commentary upon human credulity can be found than the story of an Eastern get-rich-quick scheme, as recently told upon the witness stand by its founder and promoter. This man, William F. Miller, organized the Franklin syndicate, and held out to the public glittering promises of enormous profits. He was finally arrested, convicted and sent to Sing Sing. Last week he was taken back to New York to testify against his former attorney.

who is charged with having shared in the legitimate profits of the swindle.

Miller testified on the stand that when he began his operations he was penniless, but he conceived the idea of persuading other people to "invest" their money through him, by promising them 10 per cent a week. At first he merely worked his friends, but he found them so gullible that he soon concluded to enlarge his field. At first he handled all the money himself, but he soon had to employ four clerks and finally increased the number to 50.

Money began to pour into his office. Of course not a dollar of it was ever actually invested. Part of the newer receipts were used to pay dividends to earlier "investors" and the balance went into Miller's private bank account.

In one day, only eight months after the "syndicate" was started, the receipts amounted to \$122,786, while the disbursements were but \$30,586, the difference representing the profits of the swindle, less office expenses.

Many such swindles have been perpetrated. There is really nothing new in the story. Scores if not hundreds of similar schemes are being successfully worked today. The never-ceasing wonder is that despite the frequent exposures in the courts and by the press, presumably intelligent people are still eager dupes of such shallow trickery. The bunko men are right when they say that "a sucker is born every minute."

SUCCESS OF DR. LORENZ

Despite the medical criticisms upon his methods, the operations of Dr. Adolf Lorenz, the famous Viennese orthopaedist, seem to have been attended with a remarkable degree of success. "Bloodless surgery" has accomplished some extraordinary cures. A sufficient time has now elapsed to afford a fair test of many of the cases treated by Dr. Lorenz during his first visit to this country, and the reports given out by Eastern hospitals are of great interest. Four out of five children upon whom he operated in a Philadelphia hospital were released last week from the plaster casts in which their limbs had been enclosed, and all of them were found to be completely cured. The physicians in attendance telegraphed the news to Dr. Lorenz, with their congratulations. The world owes a debt of profoundest gratitude to the great surgeon.

Nothing can prove a stronger stimulus to the civic pride of Portland's people than an intelligent, systematic effort on the part of the authorities to improve the city's appearance. Emerson observes that "the consciousness of being well-dressed gives a peace of mind that even the consolations of religion cannot afford." It is as true of communities as of individuals. Improve the streets, wipe out the eyesores that offend the eye, and in the new consciousness that the city is becomingly attired her people will wake to greater enterprises and to a zeal for progress such as they have never known before.

"Only Americans meet my wants" is a remark recently made by Emperor William, according to the Berlin Tageblatt. The Emperor has always entertained a strong admiration for American energy and the utterance quoted was made while dining with the officers of one of his favorite Silesian regiments. Evidently the Kaiser does not share the opinions of some of the fiery German editors who were recently pouring the vitals of their wrath upon our devoted heads.

That St. Louis judge who decided that a wife has the right to go through her husband's pockets might as well have saved himself any cogitation on such a subject. A custom so well-established cannot be overthrown by the courts.

PENNYPACKERSYLVANIA.

Child labor conditions in Pennsylvania are the worst in the world. But what could be expected in a state that submits to Quayism and Pennypackerism?—Chicago Record-Herald.

A DRUMMER BEAR-HUNTER

(By Paul De Laney.)

"Porter, of The Dalles," is the way the other drummers speak of him. All drummers have a hobby outside of their regular line of work and pride themselves in their specialty as well as in their regular line. Porter's side-hobby is bear hunting. When he gets a vacation, and sometimes when he is on the road in a bear country, he cannot resist a bear hunt. He generally keeps two or three cubs about his yard at The Dalles and only makes way with them when they get too large to manage.

"I have the most valuable young bear on hand now I ever owned," said Porter the other day. "He is large enough to be mischievous, and does give us considerable trouble about the place, but the good he does in keeping away tramps and book-agents from the house causes us to overlook his bad qualities. He seems to know this class especially, and for some reason watches for them. He would not hurt any human being on earth, but he makes these fellows think he would, and that is sufficient."

"I could tell you of a dozen instances, for they occur every few days, but the case of a book-agent was the most humorous one to me. I happened to be at home and saw it all from an unobserved nook in the yard and it raised that bear's value \$100 more in my mind in a very few minutes."

"I was lying in the hammock, obscured by a heavy growth of shrubbery in one corner of the yard and heard the gate open. I turned my face in that direction and saw a typical book-agent enter. He wore the usual self-important expression of confidence and gall on his face and reached down to see that his 'prospectus' was in proper place to haul it from his pocket when he had once obtained entrance to the house."

"The bear was basking in the sunshine under the rosebushes near the walk and was obscured from the agent. Although the agent saw nothing but the door and the vision of an expected sale, the bear was quietly eyeing him from his resting place. When the agent had passed the point at which the bear was lying the latter rose quietly, shook himself, opened his mouth, showing an ugly set of teeth and gave a sort of growl, just enough to put the agent on notice."

"The book-peddler looked around, and that was enough! He doubtless thought he had entered a zoo instead of a private yard. He made for the front door of the house, but the bear was too quick for him. Bruin headed the agent off from that point. Then the book-seller attempted to escape by the same way he had entered. But the bear was not ready to close the game and he headed him off again. As he drove the agent from the walk into the main yard, the bear uttered a fierce growl and made straight for his victim. Then came the most exciting race I ever saw. The book-agent was running for his life and the bear was running for fun. Around the house they went like a whirlwind for three times, the agent watching for a chance to break through a door, escape through a gate or leap the fence. But the young bear crowded him just close enough to prevent him from doing either."

"It was now getting desperate for the book-man. You ought to have seen the expression on his face. I was sorry for him, but I would not let my sympathy spoil the sequel to such an interesting contest. But the end was close at hand. The agent nerved himself for the final struggle. He got between the bear and the gate, and with his eyes distended and his heart beating like a trip-hammer he rushed for the gate. That bear is a sprinter. He can run just as fast as he wishes—and he is a wrestler, too. He darted in front of the man, threw him headlong to the ground and leaped upon him. He would not hurt a kitten, but he liked an innocent roll and a little hugging match. Uttering the fiercest-sounding growls, he began to hug and tug at the prostrate agent and chew and shake his loose-fitting garments."

"The agent gave up the struggle. I saw that the fun was over and went and pulled the bear off of him. He opened his eyes from their dazed state, and seeing that the bear was in custody, he rose and made for the gate. He found the latch and he lost no time in opening it. He did not look back. The last I saw of him he was making for town across lots."

"I still have his hat and prospectus."

"It may have been cruel on my part not to have called the bear off sooner," said Porter, reflectively, "but a fellow likes innocent fun, you know, and then one who has had to run himself likes to see others go through a like experience. That young bear's mother had given me a chase and a more dangerous chase than her son gave that book-agent."

"It was when I captured the cub. I was up in the John Day country, and a rancher spoke of a bear den. He said there were two young cubs there, and if he had help he would go and capture them. This kind of work just suited me and after spending the night with him, we started out early to capture the young cubs. We found them lying contentedly and alone in their bed, and decided to take them at once."

"The old mother was nowhere in sight, but I knew she was not far away. In fact, I knew that the minute we touched those cubs they would set up a cry and that the mother would show up. My ambition to make a record as a bear-killer also caused me to hope that she would show up."

"I told the rancher that if he would mount the horse, (we only brought one horse along as the trail was a difficult one) and carry the cubs, I would take the rifle and kill the old bear so soon as she showed up. The horse was an old ranch animal, and could not have headed a goat in a lane, and the rancher knew it. He insisted that I mount the horse and take the cubs and he would kill the old bear."

"I agreed to this and mounted the animal. He sat the rifle down by a tree close at hand, seized the cubs and handed them to me. They set up a terrible din and I started down the trail. The mother was closer at hand than I expected, and she came through the thicket with a rush. She was mad, too. When the rancher heard her enraged growls, he forgot all about the gun. He took the nearest cut in an opposite direction. But the bear did not follow him. She was after the man that had her cubs. She came at me like a cyclone. With a cub under either arm I had no means of urging the old horse on except with my heels. These I played with all of my energy, but the animal could only reach a certain speed and this was slow enough. Before we had gone a hundred yards she was reaching for my feet. I felt her claws graze my legs about the ankles several times. I could feel the power of the old horse going. He began to wobble and his wind was going like that of a punctured bicycle tube. A glance at the bear made the situation look less encouraging. Her glaring eyes and ugly teeth warned me of my fate, should I fall into her power."

"But a fortunate accident occurred. The young cubs had instinctively discovered her presence and they set up a series of wriggling and scratching that made them difficult to hold. Finally one of the little round fellows escaped from my grasp and fell to the ground. It was this that saved me. While the mother would not give me her whole family, she seemed willing to divide it with me. She did not pursue me further."

"When I reached the rancher's home he was already there. He had been there some time. I had my rig hitched up and drove away. I learned afterwards that it was several days before the rancher returned to the scene of the encounter with the bear for his gun."

SUPERSTITIONS.

The eclipse of the moon is full of portent to the Macedonian Mohammedans. It indicates bloodshed. It is met with reports of firearms and the imams call from the minarets the faithful to public prayers in the mosques. This recalls in a striking manner the practices of many savage and barbaric nations. The great nations of Asia, such as the Hindus and the Chinese, still cling to the belief in the eclipse monster. The latter meet it with prayers, like the Turks. But even in civilized Europe, both ancient and modern, one finds numerous proofs of this superstition. The Romans came to the succor of the afflicted moon by flinging firebrands into the air, by the blast of trumpets and the clang of brazen pots. The superstition survived through the middle ages into a very late period. France, Wales and Ireland offer many instances as late as the seventeenth century.

He or she who enters a house for the first time is supposed in the Balkan countries to bring it good or bad luck for the whole twelvemonth. This belief gives rise to a curious observance. The visitor before crossing the threshold picks up a stone (token of strength) or a green twig (emblem of health and fruitfulness) and lays it on the hearth. He also brings with him some grains of salt which he casts into the flames and then, squatting by the fireside, wishes his hosts "a prosperous year, a plentiful crop and many blessings." Then, as the grains of salt burst and crackle in the fire, he utters the following quaint formula: "As I am sitting even so may sit the hen and warm the eggs. As this salt splits even so may split the eggs of the clucking hen and the chickens come forth."

A sneeze may mean various things in some parts of Turkey. It is regarded as a confirmation of what the person speaking has just said. In that case he interrupts himself in order to address the sneezer as follows: "Health be to thee, for thou has proved that I am speaking the truth." It is sometimes taken as a sign that absent enemies are speaking ill of the sneezer and the bystanders express the pious wish that those individuals, whoever they may be, "may split." Sneezing is also considered as an indication of health, especially if the sneezer is just recovering from an illness.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

"Yes," said Mr. Cumrox, "my daughter's commencement essay was very fine."
"Did you enjoy it?"
"I should say so. I wish I could write something like it."
"You regret not having applied yourself to literary pursuits?"
"No. If I had, I probably couldn't have afforded to give Ethelinda the education which enabled her to produce this masterpiece."

REGARDING SOCIETY REPORTERS

By Nora McGauran.

There has never been any very good or logical reason given for abolishing the society column. The hypocritical attitude of some people toward it is based on the publicity given some affairs in social life that at times grow vulgar to the unostentatious class of women who are really fond of social life in its best and most hospitable interpretation.

There may frequently be unpleasant notoriety given to people through this column of the daily paper, but there is too much to learn from the society news of a paper to have it entirely eliminated. Those who criticize it may be taking it too seriously. In truth, it is those members of society who regard their social functions with this worshipping attitude who furnish the tried feeling to the society reporter.

This individual in the first place gets a great deal of patronage which amuses her very much. She does not feel, if she is self-respecting, which she usually is, that she is a poor unfortunate depending upon the charity of the people from whom she gathers her material. If any woman does not desire any of her big or little hospitalities in her column she does not insist upon it. She does want these affairs because her column is devoted to social happenings. She will naturally try persuasion if people hesitate, but 'tis importance to her is not all that many women seem to imagine.

A society reporter grows to know her clientele very thoroughly. She soon finds out which women are nature's gentlewomen and those who cry from the house tops that they are the real and only exclusive article in the market.

It is not necessary to have a servant at the door treat a reporter as if she were of the pariah class to emphasize her mistress' exclusiveness. The reporter as a rule knows about the lady of the house, or at least she has the report current among the lady's friends. These are the things that do not go into her column, but there are times when it is easier to bear her little insults and attempted snubs in considering the source.

A society reporter soon grows into a philosopher. She is simply dealing with all kinds and classes of human nature. If much of it is very weak and pitiful in attempts to prove its right to some particular position it concerns her little. It is only when it is impudently thrust upon her by a rudeness that she gives an extra swallow to keep her resentment. It is all in the day's work and there are always people who will make the day's work unpleasant.

Because a woman desires to keep her social functions out of the society column is no sign of her good-breeding or her position. Many of "the climbers" are loath to appear in print. They belong to the conscious class of entertainers. They have several generations to acquire before they can take life for granted on its social side.

The reporter's source of information for society news is invariably from the women who take a genuine pleasure in their social life and have back of them the prestige of many hospitable ancestors. They do not consider their ranking. They can treat a society reporter as a human being. If she has any sense she knows she may be asking for social news herself some day. The whirligig of time plays many mad pranks with the affairs of men and women. The average newspaper woman has come from just as good a home as any she ever enters.

It is the assumptions of men and women that make them ridiculous. If they would realize this often they would grasp the normal, natural poise that does not require a platform and an audience. Money makes possible many things that the well-born woman finds her less well-born neighbor enjoying, perhaps. But the well-born woman shows she is but an accident of birth when she endeavors to force upon others her superiority. She loses her strongest power. If women were thrust into the classes into

A PLEA FOR DESCRIPTIVE TITLES.

Setting aside the flood not to be counted as literature, the naming of a book that is worthy of the name is a matter of real moment. Two methods seem to have been followed: That of using the name of the leading character, as Jane Eyre and Rob Roy; the other that of giving some hint of the nature of the book—as in "Vanity Fair" and "The Cloister and the Hearth." The first method has no justification. What we plead for is that a title shall contain the soul or the keynote of the book. Then the author and reader start on fair terms. Jane Austen, a consummate artist, understood this well, as in "Pride and Prejudice," but forsook her advantage in "Emma"—a better book and susceptible to as telling a tale. Miss Johnston covers both methods in her three books. The first two could hardly be better named—especially the second, "To Have and to Hold"—but Audrey signifies nothing. It is difficult to estimate what would have been the loss to literature if "The Scarlet Letter" had been labeled "Hester Prynne," and "The House of Seven Gables"—a title that has worked its way into architecture—had been called "The Pyncheons."

SYMPATHY.

Cecil (sentimentally)—Don't you feel gloomy when the sky is overcast with gray, when the rhythmic rain sounds a dirge upon the roof, and the landscape's beauties are hid by weeping mist?
Hazel (sweetly)—Yes, it's dreadfully annoying. It does make one's hair come out of curl so!—New York Times.

WOULD NOT PART.

"Take my advice," said the Throop street man, "and stick to Chicago."
"It seems," replied the St. Louis man, glancing at his mud-covered boots, "that Chicago is sticking to me."—Chicago News, Post-Express.

TRY A DARK SMOKE.

A Scotch gardener born blind, who at the age of 30 years has gained sight by a successful operation for cataract, finds his enjoyment of smoking doubled by the change. This agrees with the observation of most smokers that there is but little pleasure derived from it in the dark. It suggests what no one as yet appears to have advised, that the man who smokes to excess can use no better means to counteract the habit than to retreat to a dark room for its indulgence. He will hardly saturate his system with nicotine under such conditions.—Rochester Post-Express.

LIEUT. HOBSON'S BRAVERY.

When he was a boy, Lieut. Hobson was called "the Parson" at Annapolis, because of his Christianity.
One day young Hobson, with the rest of his class, was at the swimming lesson. He was far out along the rope, in the breakers. It would be almost sure drowning to lost hold of the rope. But it happened by some mischance that as Hobson pressed still farther put he met a classmate coming in, clinging for life to the rope. The two were alone out there in the breakers.
The two lads looked into each other's eyes. It was a hard moment for the youngsters. Safe passage along the rope for both was nearly an impossibility.
Hobson gave way to his classmate, keeping the merest touch on the rope. By somehow at the moment of the boy's passing him even this slight hold gave way, and he sank in the breakers.
The boy left on the rope got in and sent aid and Hobson was brought to shore. All supposed he was dead, but he revived finally.
"Nobody could have come out of it alive but Hobson," was the general cry. "He is a tough fellow to stand that!" And from that day he was known among his classmates as "Parson Tough."