

The Daily Bulletin

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1916.

Almost a thousand boys and girls in Bend schools! Just a few years ago, when the stage jolted in from its one hundred mile journey from Shaniko, there weren't that many men, women and children within twenty-five miles of our high schools.

Football's finished, and it was a bully good season, too. It would be fine to have some basketball this winter, and easy to get teams to play with, and folks to watch. Then for the big baseball drive in the spring, and the best team that ever represented Bend. Here's hoping!

We're familiar with life and drum corps. And since the county division election tangle has been straightened out, that incident in the southeast corner of Deschutes county can be called a Fife corps.

President pro tem. That's Mr. Hughes on that fatal Tuesday night. And they say that the Chicago Tribune's name for California will stick: "The prize boob state."

Hops in the Willamette Valley are coming to be about as popular as jackrabbits in Central Oregon. Only the rabbits are worth more, thanks to the bounteous offer.

A telephone and a bath in every room. A modern hostelry through and through. Bend will have a splendid asset in her new hotel.

The dry cleaning process continues in Oregon. Enter the bone dry amendment as put in running order by the coming legislature.

Won't Henry Ford please go to Calexico and get those Oregon Soldiers out of their trenches by Christmas?

The hand that rocks the cradle rules Umatilla, all right.

How about that gymnasium?

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JOURNALISM IS OPPORTUNITY

DEAN ALLEN TELLS OF IDEALS.

In Address at Missoula, Montana, Eugene Man Says Profession Is Like Gaul, Divided Into Three Parts.

MISSOULA, Mont., Dec. 15.—

Journalism is not altogether a profession, and the universities have a no right to give a young man purely literary and professional training and turn him out to grapple with the problems of the newspaper world, according to Eric W. Allen, dean of the school of Journalism of the University of Oregon, who gave the presidential address at the opening session of the Western Association of Teachers of Journalism, which began its annual two-day convention here today. Besides being a profession, Mr. Allen maintained that journalism is, on the one hand, a business, and on the other, an opportunity for public service. The road to the highest places in the newspaper world is barred, he maintained, to the man whose training and experience is limited to only one or two of the three phases of the work, and he reported that the last ten years have demonstrated that the schools of journalism can fill a definite need by providing a three-sided preparation which it has been difficult for a young man to get in the old way in the newspaper office itself.

"Journalism, like Gaul, is divided into three parts," he said. "The universities like Caesar, must try to put it together again."

"Train a young man exclusively as a writer, and what happens? He gets a good salary and leads a most interesting life, but when he gets to be 35 or 40 years old, he finds that promotions are few and money reward stationary. He sees small hope

of a leisured and comfortable old age.

"A man with a purely business training will do not better. He is not equipped to direct this particular institution, the newspaper. He will cast his fortune into a bottomless pit to join the wasted money of many able financiers from Jay Gould down. And a newspaper run solely and purely as a business is a petty discreditable sort of business, at that. "Nor is the social idealist much use in journalism, unless he can back up his ideals with professional ability and fortify his independence by meeting his payroll, paying his bills, and having a little margin left over for self-confidence.

"It is the duty of the school of journalism to weld these three abilities, and at the present stage of our development the most urgent of these is business. There is no occupation today that furnishes the opportunities that the newspaper is offering the man who understands news, business management and honest community leadership, all three. It is just because this three-sided development is so rare that one can now buy a small newspaper cheap, and if he knows how, can in a few years turn it into a valuable property and a power for good.

"Journalism has the highest ethics and the hardest to live up to of any of the professions. The newspaper man trying to do right gets little sympathy and no understanding outside of his own profession. The other powers that make for righteousness are often found with perfectly clear consciences, but imperfect knowledge, urging him to do what he alone knows would be wrong. "Pitiless publicity" is more popular in theory than in practice. I dare say that there is scarcely a prominent clergyman, educator, or political reformer in the land who has not at some time tried to divert some newspaper from that even-handed justice which is our ideal. And the paper is then excoriated for 'attacking' the church, the college, or the reform movement.

"The newspaper of the future, the newspaper we are working toward, will be financially strong, paying good wages and high salaries, and maintaining its independence; strong in its news, telling the truth without fear or favor; strong in its leadership, working for the economic and spiritual welfare of the common man and boldly standing up against the forces that would demoralize his mind or exploit the products of his labor."

ANCIENT ANIMAL GIANTS.

Monster Sloths That Were as Large as a Rhinoceros.

In an account of the fossils of giant animals of Argentina to be seen in the Museum of La Plata the Rev. J. A. Zahm, author of "Through South America's Southland," calls special attention to the mylodon, a ground sloth as large as a rhinoceros and related to the megatherium that flourished thousands of years ago.

The mylodon may have lived within comparatively recent times. Only a few years ago Nordenskjöld discovered in a cave in southwestern Patagonia a large piece of well preserved skin covered with greenish brown hair and small bony knobs that was recognized as the skin of the mylodon.

There is good reason to believe that the mylodon was still browsing in the forests of Patagonia as late as fifty years ago. Indeed, there are naturalists who contend that it is still living in some of the caves of southern Chile.

So strong was the conviction that as late as 1902 an expedition started from England the chief object of which was to search for a living mylodon, and, although it failed to find one, there are men of science who continue to believe that a living mylodon will yet be found somewhere in the forest depths of southern Chile or Argentina.

Nickajack Cave.

Nickajack was once the name of an important Cherokee town on the bank of the Tennessee river. The Cherokees, who had aided the British in the Revolutionary war and had been well paid for their assistance, clustered their wigwams at this point about 1780-82, and the village was known as one of the "Chickamauga towns." The meaning of the name is now lost, though it was probably of Cherokee origin, as it occurs in the annals of the tribe as a man's name. This name is also given to a creek and to a very remarkable cave, the latter being situated very near that point of the southern boundary of Tennessee where it is intersected by the line separating the states of Alabama and Georgia. Nickajack cave, though but little known, is one of the wonderful caves of the world, being of even more imposing proportions than the Mammoth cave of Kentucky.—Argonaut.

The First Music.

The father of song, music and dancing, all three, was the savage who first clapped hands and shouted in time at some rude festival of his tribe. From that clapping and shouting has been evolved the whole art of instrumental music, including even the entrancing complexities of the modern symphony. From that shout or rudimentary emotional utterance has proceeded by a kindred evolution the whole art of vocal music down to the modern opera or oratorio. From the savage leap has come every variety of dancing.

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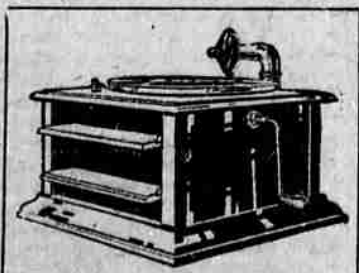
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