

THE DAILY JOURNAL

Member Northwest Newspaper League.
BY HOFER BROTHERS.
THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1901.
Daily One Year, \$3.00 In Advance
Daily Four Months \$1.00 In Advance
Daily by Carrier 50c Per Month
Weekly One Year \$1.00 In Advance

EDITORIAL

A so-called geological survey of the Alaska gold fields has been made by the government and a sample of the report has been made public. If a gill-netter on a local paper would turn in such stuff he would be fired. For instance, the Bluestone region is summed up as having very few claims worked, but some turning out as high as 50 cents a pan. Isn't that high-class geological information for the government to publish? Another gem of scientific information: "The discovery of coarse gold on Buhner creek led to the belief that the York region would become an important gold producer. This conclusion, however, was not warranted." That is about as scientific as we would expect to find in the local items of Frank Churchill's Gold Hill News. The report states that the source of gold at Nome and throughout the Seward Peninsula is in veins of quartz in the rocks "adjacent to the placer deposits." Another jewel of scientific information is that the Anvil creek gold is both coarse and fine. In that it is different from the report given the press by telegraph from Washington—which is entirely too coarse for a contribution to science. The survey was probably made from a comfortable office in some barracks building at Juneau or St. Michaels, and compiled from newspaper clippings furnished by some scribbler factory.

President Hyde of Bowdoin says too many modern colleges are a respectable looking place for young fellows to pass their time.

A Portland paper changes the old song that we do not want immigrants unless they have some means, into the same song in a different key—we don't want immigrants unless they are purposeful people. Both of these propositions are meaningless, and in fact are not true. The people of Oregon who see the need of more population don't care a continental whether they are capitalists or book-keepers, or whether they have any purpose hid under their coat tails at all or not, so they come here. If they have capital it will not take them long to be relieved of it, and if they have none they can make some here as well as any place on earth. The same paper says we do not want "folks merely for filling." Well what on earth do you want them for but to fill the census rolls, fill the workshops, fill the harvest fields, fill the forests and fill the state with the products of labor? The poor are the only people who will work. The stoker who shovels coal below the water-line of a steamer in a temperature nearer hell than any place on earth would not do it if he were not compelled to by poverty. Oregon needs half a million "poor ignorant foreigners" as they are called, people who will raise families and make homes out of nothing, people who will produce population, produce wealth, produce citizens—people who are the mudsills of our institutions, the foundations of our prosperity and national greatness, people who can live on little because they never had much, and who will save three-quarters of all they make, Germans, Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Hollanders, French, Belgians, Irish, Hungarians, Italians, Scotch, Canadians, English—any kind of immigrants who carry the seeds of Christian civilization, be they poor as Job's hen turkey—they are the people who will make a state rich and prosperous.

The idea that people have got to have capital and purpose is all balderdash. The poorer classes of the people we have indicated have what is better—a determination to improve their condition in a new country, to work out their own salvation among the stumps and on the hillsides. Such people prosper in any climate and do not need to be coaxed with the idea that this is paradise. Oregon has talked to much about encouraging capital and manufactures and has not done enough to encourage the sturdy mudsill population that alone makes a state great and powerful. Capital has to be coddled and supported while the poorest classes of immigrants soon become self-supporting and ask no favors. If we would quit displaying our articles of luxury to attract the well-to-do at world's fairs and expositions in big cities, and offer a free farm once a year in each county by lottery, we would begin to draw the kind of people that will settle up our poorer and rougher lands and make them blossom like gardens in twenty years. When did the well-to-do ever settle up anything but the suburbs of a city? Oregon needs to coax no more of that kind of fillers. A person who comes to Oregon merely to enjoy the matches

climate is not worth a pinch of salt to develop the resources of the country, whether it be in raising crops or raising a family. People who have no means work because they have nothing. In getting something they make the state rich. People who have means live off the industry of others nine times out of ten, and Oregon has more of those than any state in the west in proportion to population. The state could swap some of its hundred thousand dollar citizens, one for a thousand with \$100 to great advantage.

Two things assert themselves among all races and under all conditions of civilization and have to be reckoned with—wealth and intelligence.

The people up Walla Walla and Pendleton have had great success in improving the roads by strawing them. A straw road is free from dust in summer and dry in winter. It has many of the qualities of sawdust, which makes about the cleanest, most noiseless and easiest riding highway we have seen in this country. Sawdust is more durable than straw and does not blow away so easily. On straw day in the country above referred to the farmers all turn out and straw the roads for miles. The merchants in town offer a number of prizes for the biggest load of straw, for the man who can put the most road down in a day, etc., and the commission-ers up that way believe they have taken a great step towards solving the road problem. Straw or sawdust lets the rain through and keeps a perfectly dry surface. Either of these materials is cheaper than a dirt or gravel road, and can be put on any ordinary roadway without any special preparation. A straw or sawdust roadway requires no brains or ability to build a road, except to put it on. It is equally good for city streets, and city street commissioners are generally fully as deficient in gray matter as their country cousins. Straw and sawdust are far more plentiful in the average community than brains or money. It would not take more than five loads of sawdust to lay all the dust along one side of a block and it is cheaper than sprinkling. If your neighbors on the other three sides of the block prefer to have the aerated street-manure blowing over their ponybuds and up their noses, you don't have to if you want to try the sawdust or straw remedy. Great stacks of straw and sawdust are burned or rotted each year, enough to cover all the roads in Marion county, but it is not expected that we shall be as enterprising as the people of Walla Walla and Pendleton. Still some may read this with life enough in their cranium to place sawdust or straw in front of their own premises. The amount of time people and curing the roadmasters would straw or sawdust a quarter section of road on which a buggy or wood wagon would run as smoothly as on a carpet. The saving in horse-flesh, noise, vehicles clothing, health, time and morals would more than pay for a sawdust or straw road, and if they were not good the busy, bright, bustling people of Walla Walla would not adopt straw roads as a county system. We have wallow-wallowed around in dirt roads so long we don't know anything else. As a matter of fact anything makes better roads than spend phillandering around in the mud dirt. We don't know but soft soap would. Like cannibal savages that prefer to eat human flesh, they are krogopaths because they don't know that other flesh is better, or are too lazy to get it. So we have wallow-wallowed in dirt for forty years until we don't know anything else. It is time we got some straw or sawdust on the brain and did a little Walla Walla-ing of our roads. The Journal fancies it hears some rancher or city man who has been sinking in the mire for the last forty winters say: "Sink me if I don't try sawdust or straw for a change."

ANOTHER VERSION

The Corvallis Times tells of a recent episode in the following: A couple sat on a rock near Jump Off Joe, at the Newport beach, the other day, and conversed in those low, gurgling whispers incident to sea-wave love, and single blessedness. While the charmed conversation proceeded the wavelets on the beach came farther and further inland. The tide was rising higher and higher, but the couple noticed not, neither did they seek. Presently the rock in which they sat was entirely surrounded, while billows to the right of them, and left of them, billows in front of them, and behind them, vollied and thundered. At last he and she awoke from the sea-beach dream long enough to discover their peril. The escape was difficult. She was not injured but was frightened out of a couple of years growth. He was thrown by the flood repeatedly against the rocks and bluffs, and was severely cut about the neck. And so at the beach, and so in life the danger tide rises steadily and undiminished until too often the time for safe escape is passed.

THE BLEEDING CURE. A RELIC OF THE MEDICAL METHODS OF A CENTURY AGO.

The Barbarous Practice of "Cupping" Suffering Humanity Still Has Its Adherents—The Operation a Somewhat Delicate One.

One hundred years ago the sovereign balm for every ill, from fainting to fever, was bleeding. The wonder is that a human race was left to admit the folly of the practice. It was the correct method of the day, recommended and employed by the best physicians of the time. The surgeon who attended George Washington in his last illness first got about bleeding his august patient. The story is that he took several cups of blood from the vigorous arm of Washington and then diagnosed the case. Washington died. Some say that if he had not been bled he probably would have lived.

The cry comes, But that was a century ago! In sharp contrast stands the wonderful advances made by modern surgery. Thankfully it may be said that such is the truth. But sometimes customs die hard, and today the doctrine of "cupping" has devotees as faithful as those who gave up their life sustaining fluid in Washington's time. This is a startling statement. The writer would have been skeptical if he had not learned its truth himself. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries this gruesome form of treatment was the work of the barber. That guild has maintained its prerogative into the twentieth century. In a certain little side street in New York, crushed between two towering brick buildings, stands a timid story and a half frame house. The suggestive striped pole which emblazons the art of the dweller within juts over the walk. In the window hangs a sign bearing the word "Cupping." If today were set back to 1700, the pole alone would tell the story. Times, they say, have changed, and so the sign.

The barber is a German. He was much surprised at the question asked. Everybody knew that cupping was a necessity, especially in the spring, he said. Sometimes, he added, he was so busy that little time remained for his shaving and hair cutting of customers. "Ach, yes," said the barber. "It keeps me a busy man. How strange you say that you thought it no longer was practiced. People come here morning, noon and night every day, and mostly do they come here in the spring and fall. It is then that the blood needs drawing off. If you have a pain in your head, you come to me. I take my little cup, burn the air in it out, push down my little knives just behind your ear on the neck, and when the cup is full I take it away. If your headache is not better yet, I take another cup, so be it that the bleeding stop, upon the other side. Maybe your back pains; I cut you a little on the side. Your arm aches; I draw the blood from your wrist."

The barber bared his arm. The skin was crossed with tiny, pale nicks, like those one sees on the wrist of a morphine victim. "Twelve is the number of cups I draw at one sitting," the barber said. "It is a bad pain that will not be gone then. If you come again the next day with the pain, I draw off more until the ache has disappeared completely." The cups look like sherry glasses with the stems removed. The knife, a lancet, is arranged like a name stamp. Pressure on a spring plunger drives the little blades, which are arranged in pairs or triplets, into the skin. It is here that the skill of the operator comes into play. When the incisions are made in the neck too violently, a tap on the plunger might mean the severing or wounding of an artery. Pressure too light would not let the blood flow fast enough. The barber must have a trained touch.

Upon the condition of the cup much depends. The air is exhausted by means of a tiny alcohol bulb. This makes a vacuum. The cup is pressed lightly, but firmly. If the blood rushes under the skin beneath its rim, then like a flash, the little knives are pushed down, and the bleeding begins. The operator never takes more than 12 cups at one sitting. That would mean perhaps a half pint of blood. This system of bleeding for human ailments harks back to the earliest times. All through the middle ages it was the healing balm for the sufferings of mankind. The ancients frily believed that the loss of blood in this manner drew from their systems the "noxious humors" which afflicted them. The advent of the modern school of medicine and surgery did away with the process as a universal therapeutic measure. It was not until the nineteenth century that it was nearly half completed, however, that physicians abandoned it as a practice.—New York Tribune.

A Traveller of the Sea. A travelling man who had been absent on a long trip returned, and his 4-year-old daughter would not at first come near him. Every time he approached her she ran away. The father finally sat down on the floor and, picking up some toy dishes, asked his daughter to come and play party with him.

This had the desired effect, and the child came and played with her parent, who asked her why she didn't come to him before.

"Oh, papa," replied the youngster, "I'm so shy."—Pittsburg Press.

A young man who had just entered the office of Jeremiah Mason, the great New Hampshire legal luminary, to study law asked him where he should begin. Mason, pointing to the books on the library shelves, answered "Ecologically, 'Anywhere'."

What Do the Children Drink? Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O. It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more GRAIN-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. GRAIN-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grade of coffee but costs about 1/2 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

EASTWOOD CONCERT

Master Robertson Won the Prize in the Baby Show.

At the open-air concert at Eastwood Park last night the baby contest was decided and Master Charles Glasgow Robertson was adjudged the prize winner. The judges N. J. Judah, E. M. LaRue and C. A. Murphy apparently satisfied a majority of the audience by the decision.

The other babies shown were those of Mesdames C. H. Robertson, C. L. Dick, D. C. Kaye, A. G. Ives, Chas. Spitzbart, C. H. Fromm, J. Wenger, Will George, M. C. Carter, Max Buren, Goodie, Welch, Fred Whittier, Heller and two others whose names could not be learned.

Transposed pictures showing the faces of two prominent Salem men created a diversion and much comment. The Cupid was a change from the regular order of Cupids, and consequently appreciated.

The musical program was up to the usual high standard of excellence, and it is impossible to designate the general favorite.

The reinstallation of the Salem Military Band was pleasing, and their renditions were all that could be desired. Mr. and Mrs. Wenger, Mr. Snyder and Mrs. Hinges contributed several vocal selections and received much deserved applause.

Is a Good Breakfast Necessary? Yes.

A good breakfast is the physical basis of a day's work. The American breakfast, regarded with so much horror on the European continent, has contributed largely to make the nation what it is today. It enabled our forefathers to do an amount of work which it appears foreigners to contemplate. As a rule there is something wrong with the man or with his habits if he cannot eat a good breakfast. A man who works at high tension all through the morning hours without this substantial foundation is working entirely upon his nerves. That means disorder, nutrition and sooner or later bankruptcy and collapse. If a man gets up in the morning with a bad taste and no inclination for food, it is because his system is full of waste and his circulation of obstructions. Let him make a radical change in his habits and train his digestive organs to accommodate a nourishing morning meal.—Medical Brief.

A Curious Error.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale told how a curious error crept into the translation of the Lord's Prayer into the Delaware Indian tongue. The English translator had as an assistant an Indian who knew English. "What is 'halloo' in Delaware?" asked the translator. The Indian thought he said "halloo" and gave him the equivalent. Therefore the Delaware version of the Lord's Prayer reads to this day, "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallooed be thy name."

A Good Knight.

"Don't you think that if I had lived in the days of old I would have made a good knight?" asked the young man who had been talking ancient history from 8 to 11 p. m. "I don't care so much what you would have made then," wearily observed the young lady, "but you might see what kind of a good knight you can make right now."—Baltimore American.

Embalming.

"Practically," says an undertaker quoted by the Philadelphia Record, "every corpse nowdays is embalmed. Perhaps not one body in a hundred is buried without having the fluid injected, and that settles it. You won't read your obituary notices then. People are coming to realize this more and more, and the old dread of being buried alive is fast dying out. But these nervous individuals who get to have some sort of post mortem bugaboo to worry them. If it isn't one thing, it's another, and as soon as you convince them that they are not going to be buried alive they get grave robbers on the brain. That's why we are now making a specialty of burglar proof caskets. Fact, I assure you."

Tea became known in England about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was first sold in public houses as beer is now tapped.

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