

THE DAILY JOURNAL

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The Weather.

Tonight and tomorrow, continued cloudy, with probable showers.

TERRORS OF POPULAR SCIENCE.

Microbes in the snow drift
Melting in the street;
Microbes in the clothing
Of the strangers that you meet,
Microbes in the street car,
Hiding in each nook—
Microbes in your money,
And microbes in your book.
Microbes in the hydrant,
Microbes in the well;
Perhaps you can avoid them.
But it's mighty hard to tell;
Let us be joyful,
There's no excuse to fret;
We must confess we're lucky
That they haven't caught us yet.
—Washington Evening Star.

THE OREGON PRUNE.

Dr. Cook, the Salem botanical doctor, deserves credit for his efforts to make more palatable the Italian prune grown in Oregon to perfection.

He has done away with lye as a means of making the skin tender, by dipping the prunes in hot water, and thus saving the stomach.

Dr. Cook's prunes cook quicker than those dipped in lye, have a higher flavor, and are far more palatable.

When cooked but a short time they are most perfect for eating, having an amber syrup, with little or no sugar required.

Contrast with the old black mess, as we are accustomed to seeing prunes at our boarding houses, in a rosy, blackish liquid, those fine prunes that arouse the palate to its finest experiences.

The Oregon prune has not yet had justice done to it. Oh, for the pen of a Mike Angelo, or some other genius, to picture its charms. The Oregon prune knocks the California fig silly.

FROM A BOOK OF LAMENTATIONS.

A teacher from the rural districts of Marion county, who took in some institutes this summer hands The Journal the following lines as expressive of her sentiments:
O the dullness
And the sameness
Of the teachers' institute!
Where they lecture,
Lecture, lecture all the day;
Where the room is overheated
And the chairs are much too high;
Where the language of the speaker
Drains the dictionary dry;
And you wish that you
Were "readin'" on the sly.
(Signed) A CRANK.

OUR VERSATILE WOMEN.

Justice has not been done the versatility of the women of Salem, who are beyond question the brightest of their sex in several states.

The past week they have entertained a W. C. T. U. convention, conducted programs in all of the public schools, in connection with an art exhibit, and helped make the editorial convention a great success.

But take them as individuals in their homes, and they outshine all so-called brilliant women of the capitals of Europe. The same woman that does a big washing in the morning will be entertaining a select tea-party in the afternoon.

The Salem woman, in the absence of a hired girl or a Chinaman, will do up her house work, get dinner for her husband and children and read a paper on the art of the Italian renaissance in the afternoon at the woman's club.

The bright Salem woman will be found in her kitchen at night, that region of domestic science converted into a printing room for photographs, and the bath room used to wash out prints.

She will grace the washtub in the morning, and the ball room in the evening. She will stir fruit over the stove for canning for winter with one hand, and hold a work on English literature with the other, to get her

lesson for the reading circle.

With one foot she will rock the cradle, and with the other work the sewing machine to make her debutante daughter a coming-out gown, while negatives for the latest photographic camera contest are printing in the window.

The very versatility of Salem women has only begun to be recognized. When fully known to the world the heroines of the past will pale into insignificant jades, in the do-little class of fading greatness.

THE OREGON MAIL SERVICE.

The Journal had one of its choicest roasts on the Oregon mail service the other day, and is glad to know it has awakened some one.

The Eugene Guard claims great credit for the ability of Chief Clerk Whitney, of Portland, and Superintendent Thrall, of San Francisco. It says the service is well-nigh perfect.

We are ready to admit the ability of those two officials, and many of the employees, but the system is degenerating. The Guard says:

"Mail is handled expeditiously and correctly in the railway postoffice, the errors are reduced to nearly next to nothing. The postal clerks, however, are human, and occasionally err."

"If any complaint is justifiable we will guarantee it to be either in the Journal's mailing department, or the Salem postoffice."

The fault is not with The Journal mailing department, or with the Salem postoffice.

Are they to blame because about half the time the Eugene dailies get to Portland and Salem a day or two late?

About half the time the Eugene Guard arrives two in a bunch. The average mail clerk is overworked, or he don't care for any mail but the Portland papers, and not all of them.

Country mail can all be dumped into Portland, and then find its way back the best way it can. Any person on a paper who criticizes this system will do it at his peril.

The Guard does not explain why it takes three days to get a letter delivered at Portland, and why it generally takes a week to get a reply from that city 50 or 100 miles away.

There is room for great improvement in the mail service, and the Guard knows it, if it would admit the truth to itself and the public.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CITY.

The Journal has openly and vigorously championed recognition of Greater Salem and the progress of the city on all lines.

The Journal believes that the suburbs are entitled to the speediest possible recognition as part of the city and should be given all advantages.

The three new wards will be found to rank well up with the old wards in population and in assessed valuation, as well as in progressive spirit.

Property in all the suburbs and in the city has been coming into market since the Greater Salem charter went into effect.

The establishment of electric lights on some elevated point in South Salem and in North Salem and East Salem would have a transforming effect.

The Journal believes in good lighting and good water supply at as nearly first cost as possible for all the people.

Some will say this is municipal socialism, but what does the working man want of all things?

First, a chance to own a home of his own, that his family will feel the pride and stimulus of a place they can call their own.

Second, water at first cost to make flowers grow and to enable them to enjoy health, comfort and to keep clean and enjoy good sanitary conditions.

Third, light at such reasonable prices that the ordinary laboring man can have his home pleasant at night for himself and family.

It will be said, he ought to have these things if he can pay for them. That is the old cry of the favored few, and then they put the prices of water and light where only the rich can pay for them, and only the rich can have them, or do have them.

The progress of the city of Salem demands the recognition of the new wards as soon as possible, and that owners of property be not compelled to wait for years until they can, in fact, be part of the city.

JOURNAL X-RAYS.

The solution of the problem as to the age of Ann will always remain in doubt, for the reason that Mary's age is not given correctly. The last time the writer saw Mary, was in White Pine in 1869, and she then confessed to being 36.

The Cheapest City in America.

"It is the general opinion in various sections of the country," says a writer in the current Harper's Weekly, "that the cost of living in New York city is much higher than anywhere else in America. This is erroneous. There is probably no place in the

country where a family of moderate means can live well and have such a variety to enjoy at so small a cost as in New York. Codfish are cheaper along the Maine coast, and chickens cost less in the South; but as a rule in localities where the home product is cheap there is little variety in the market and foreign products cost much more than they do in New York. Last fall while in a Massachusetts city of nearly 100,000 people, I compared the prices of meat and poultry which a thrifty housewife paid with those which I paid in New York, and found a difference of 50 per cent., and even more. I never paid more than 12½ cents for fowl, while she paid 18 cents. I have bought roasting chickens, so-called, for the same price while the Massachusetts housewife paid 22 cents. She paid 18 cents for a leg of mutton, and I never paid over 12½ cents, usually 10 cents, often 9 cents, and on one occasion 7 cents. Rump steak cost her 28 cents; there is no such cut here, but sirloin and porterhouse are 18 and 20 cents, respectively. She also paid more for eggs, butter and milk and much more for oranges, lemons, bananas and similar fruit. And this was a city within an hour's ride of Boston."

Sir Gilbert Parker Would Buy Time.

(October Success.)

Ever since Sir Gilbert Parker became a member of the British parliament, he has been forced to work at a double pace in order to keep up with the demand for his literary products. In person, Sir Gilbert is of lower middle height, with keen light eyes and is an alert in manner, notwithstanding a certain substratum of British reserve, which only serves to cover a Western spirit of enterprise and universality. After a recent session of parliament, he was hurrying to his home in Carlton House Terrace, London, to complete some literary work. He was thinking that what he most needed was time, more time—longer days and longer hours. As he hastened through a park he noticed the groups of idle men that filled the benches. Approaching several men, he said:

"You men seem to have a lot of time that you do not know what to do with. Now, I am a busy man and I need more hours in every day and more days in every week to complete the work I have mapped out. If any of you can possibly devise a scheme whereby I can buy for cash some of your idle hours, just call on me. I often wonder that so many men are weighed down with time that they have no use for."

With that Sir Gilbert pulled one of his cards from his pocket, left it with the group, and walked away.

Killed at Springfield.

Joseph W. Stewart, pioneer resident and merchant of Springfield, was suddenly killed at that place about 8 o'clock Sunday morning.

Mr. Stewart was voluntarily assisting in adjusting the gate of the mill race near Washburn's flour mill. A log had become fastened in some manner in the bottom of the gate, and the men were endeavoring to release it. Mr. Stewart had hold of the windlass, when the log suddenly became disengaged from the gate, and the windlass flew around, one of the arms striking Mr. Stewart on the head, knocking him off the platform to the ground below, a distance of about 10 feet. The other men immediately clambered to the ground to give him any assistance that might be needed, but, to their horror, they found that he was beyond human aid, and, fast dying as the result of a gaping wound in the left temple.

Dr. Jayne was called at once to administer relief, if possible, but the injured man had died before the doctor reached him. He never was conscious after being struck, and died perhaps 10 minutes after the accident.

Gale Sweeps English Coast.

London, Oct. 26.—A heavy gale is sweeping over the coast of Great Britain, and vessels are running for port for shelter. Cornelius Vanderbilt's yacht North Star, Captain Stimson, from New York, October 16th for Greenock, Scotland, has put into Queenstown, short of coal.

The Red Star Line steamer Finland, Captain Albrecht, which sailed from Antwerp Saturday for New York, has arrived at Southampton in distress. She will proceed after making repairs to her steering gear.

Lyra Brings Great Hemp Load.

Totomaco, Oct. 26.—The steamship Lyra, which arrived from Manila today, brought the largest cargo of hemp ever crossed the Pacific ocean in any vessel, aggregating 2,142,000 pounds, and being valued at \$734,000, making it the most valuable cargo ever brought to this port by an Asiatic liner in many years.

Besides hemp, she had over 9000 rolls of matting to discharge here, 1500 bags of rice from Borneo, a consignment of tea from Ceylon and a consignment of pepper from Borneo.

WHY THINGS ARE DONE.

Things That Originally Had a Practical Use, are Still Followed From Force of Habit.

It is surprising what a lot of little things we do without knowing the reason.

Why, for instance, do widows wear caps? Perhaps you would say because they make them look pretty and interesting, but the real reason is that when the Romans were in England they shaved their heads as a sign of mourning. Of course a woman couldn't let herself be seen with a bald head, so she made herself a pretty cap. And now, though the necessity of wearing it has passed away the cap remains.

Why do we have bows on the left side of our hats? In olden times when men were much in the open air and hats couldn't be bought for half a dollar it was the habit to tie a cord around the crown and let the ends fall on the left side to be grasped on the arising of a squall. They fell on the left side so they might be grasped by the left hand, the right usually being more usefully engaged. Later on the ends got to be tied in a bow, and later on they became useless, yet the bow has remained and will probably remain till the next deluge or something of that sort.

What is the meaning of the crosses or X's on a barrel of beer? They signify degrees of quality nowadays, but originally they were put on by those ancient monks as a sort of trademark. They were crosses in those days and meant a sort of oath on the cross, sworn by the manufacturer that his barrel contained good liquor.

Why are the bells tolled for the dead? This has become so familiar a practice that a funeral "without it" would appear un-Christian like. Yet the reason is quite barbarous. Bells were tolled long ago when people were buried in order to frighten the evil spirits who lived in the air.

Why do fair ladies break a bottle of wine on the ship they are christening? Merely another survival of barbaric custom. In the days of the sacrifice to the gods it was customary to get some poor victim when a boat was being launched and to cut his throat over the prow, so that his blood would baptize it.

Why are dignitaries deafened by a salute when they visit a foreign port? It seems a curious sort of welcome this firing off of guns, but it seems the custom arose in a very reasonable way. Originally a town or warship fired off its guns on the approach of important and friendly strangers to show they had such faith in the visitors' peaceful intentions they didn't think it necessary to keep their guns loaded.

Why do we sometimes throw a shoe after a bride? The reason is not very complimentary. From of old it has been the habit of mothers to chastise their children with a shoe. Hence the custom arose of a father of a bride making a present to the bridegroom of a shoe as a sign that it was to be his right to keep her in order.

Did Not Like His Treatment.

Hon. John M. Sommers, an employee of Povey's glass works, Portland, a former Albany lawyer, and leader in the celebrated hold-up legislature, proposes to sue the city of Portland for heavy damages. The case is reported like this: Sommers was standing on Second street, near Main, when a young lady stopped and asked him where Columbia street was. While he was telling her a man rushed up and knocked him down, and, upon his getting up, did so a second time. Sommers had the man arrested, and was then held in jail as a witness, being there over night, though he tried to telephone to his friends and Mr. Povey, but could not get them on the phone. He was thrown into a cell with 14 as dirty and disreputable prisoners as were ever seen, including a negro and a Chinaman. The man was fined, though he claimed Sommers was intoxicated. Sommers is hot on the trail of the city for damages.—Albany Democrat.

Armenian Leader Killed.

London, Oct. 27.—M. Sagouni, an Armenian refugee leader, was murdered in the streets of Nun Head today. His assailant in his flight dropped his hat and revolver, which, investigation showed, were purchased in New York.

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Persons owning horses or cows are warned that hereafter all stock running at large anywhere in the city limits, including the new wards, will be taken up subject to the city ordinances.
D. W. GIBSON,
City Marshal.
10-13-1f

Dog Catchers Wanted.
The undersigned would like to employ several competent men to assist in enforcing the dog law. Call at city hall.
D. W. GIBSON,
City Marshal.
10-13-1f

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Between Portland and Willamette Valley Points.
Low round trip rates have been placed in effect between Portland and Willamette Valley points, in all directions. Tickets will be sold for days and Sundays, and limited to turn on or before the following day. Call on Southern Pacific agents for particulars; 2.30 m. trip Salem to Portland and return 10-11f W. E. COMAN, G.P.A.

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