

# THE ATHENA PRESS.

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Advertising is to business what steam power is to machinery—the grand motive power. —MACAULAY.

There is but one of obtaining business publicity; but one way of obtaining publicity—advertising. —BRADDOCK.

## The Mail.

Mail closes for Pendleton, Portland, and all points east, except the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wisconsin, at 5:30 p. m. For Walla Walla, Spokane and North Pacific points at 7:15. Mail arrives from Pendleton, Portland and the east at 7:15. From Walla Walla, Spokane and North Pacific points at 6:15 p. m. Office hours—General delivery open from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays, 8 to 11 a. m. money order window open from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. GEO. HANSELL, Postmaster.

## LODGE DIRECTORY

**A. F. & M. NO. 80 MEETS THE** First and Third Saturday Evenings of each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited to visit the lodge.

**L. O. O. F. NO. 73, MEETS EVERY** Friday night. Visiting Odd Fellows in good standing always welcome.

**A. O. U. W. NO. 104, MEETS THE** Second and Fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Githens, Recorder.

**PYTHIAN NO. 29, MEETS EVERY** Thursday Night.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**F. S. SHARP,** Physician and Surgeon. Calls promptly answered. Office on Third Street, Athena, Oregon.

**DR. CARLISLE,** PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Calls promptly attended to day or night. Office: Main Street, Athena, Or.

**DR. L. N. RICHARDSON,** OPERATIVE PROSTHETIC DENTIST. ATHENA, OREGON.

**W. & C. R. Ry. Co.** in connection with NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. —Forms the—

**QUICKEST AND BEST ROUTE** Between Eastern Oregon and Washington and Puget Sound Ports, as well as the Popular and direct Line to all

**Points East & Southeast** Pullman Sleeping Cars. Superb Dining Cars. Free 2d-Class Sleepers.

**THROUGH TO CHICAGO VIA THIS LINE** Passenger trains of this Company are running regularly between

Dayton, Waitsburg, Walla Walla, Wash., and Pendleton, Oregon.

Making close connections at Hunt's Junction with Northern Pacific trains for Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, B. C., Ellensburg, North Yakima, Pasco, Sprague, Cheney, Havensport, Spokane, Butte, Helena, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

**AND ALL POINTS EAST.** TOURISTS-SLEEPING-CARS.

For Accommodation of Second-Class Passenger Attached to Express Trains.

W. F. WAMBLEY, Gen'l Fr't and Pass. Agt., Walla Walla Wash. W. D. TYLER, Pres. and Gen'l Manager.

J. A. MURHEAD, Agent Athena, Oregon.

## SOMETHING NEW!

Prof. Lane, the artist, has leased rooms over the First National Bank which he has converted into a

**STUDIO** and is now prepared to instruct a large number of students in oil painting and free hand pencil drawing. Nice quiet rooms. Prices reasonable.

**PROF. J. S. HENRY,** INSTRUCTOR —ON—

**PIANO AND ORGAN.** Will be in Athena on Thursday's and Wednesday's of each week hereafter. Leave office with F. Rosenzweig, at C. Hollis' Athena.

**J. F. FORD, Evangelist.** of Des Moines, Iowa, writes under date of March 23, 1893:

**S. B. MED. MFG. CO.,** Dufur, Oregon.

Gentlemen: On arriving home last week, I found all well and anxiously awaiting. Our little girl, eight and one-half years old, who had wasted away to 30 pounds, is now well, strong and vigorous, and well fleshed up. S. B. Cough Cure has done its work well. Both of the children like it. Your S. B. Cough Cure has cured and kept away all hoarseness from me. So give it to every one, with greetings for all. Wishing you prosperity, we are

Yours, Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Ford.

If you wish to feel fresh and cheerful, and easy for the morning work, cleanse your system with the Headache and Liver Cure, by taking two or three doses each week. 50 cents per bottle by all druggists.

Sold under a positive guarantee by the Pioneer Drug Store.

## A RAINY DAY.

It rains. What lady loves a rainy day? Not she who puts prunella on her foot, Zephyrs around her neck and silk on socks. Upon a grassy knoll—nor she who sports her tasseled parasol along. Or trips in moccasins on a winter's night. On a cold sleighride to a distant land. She loves a rainy day who sweeps the hearth and threads the busy needle, or applies the scissors to the torn or threadbare sleeve. Who blesses God that she has friends and some. Who in the pelting of the storm will think of some poor neighbor that she can befriend; Who crins the lamp at night and reads aloud to a young brother taking notes to hear, or ventures cheerfully abroad to watch the bedside of some sick and suffering friend, humming that best of medicines—Kindness, tender care and cheering hope; Such are not sad, even on a rainy day. —J. G. Brinard.

## A PLUCKY WIFE.

Sage Bar was excited. Six horses were missing from Bill Hines' drove. Fifteen minutes after Bill had reported his loss at the bar a party had found the trail and ridden off toward the southwest. Presently, as they were crossing a wet bit of land in a hollow, Bill, who led the party, looked sharply at the red hints sunk deep in the soil and reined up quickly. "Look at that shoe mark!" he exclaimed, pointing down at the trail. "By gosh! it's the easterner's horse shoe!" ejaculated Sam Pike after an instant's scrutiny of the hoofprints among which were several larger than the rest and showing the clear impress of a shoe. The others were those of unshod horses. Then the party scanned the marks closely. They found the men looked at each other with ugly frowns. "Well!" said Bill tentatively at last. "No one answered for a moment. Then Sam remarked: 'It looks bad for their easterner, sure!' The hair of any one got hoarse about like them in the district 'till him. I'm sorry 't' he fell 'n' put his head in a rope's end, boys. But we'll have to follow him up. Who'll be back?"

A couple of the party volunteered. The men separated. Part of them moved forward on the trail. The others turned their horses at right angles to the former line of march and loped on toward the easterner's cabin. The easterner, otherwise Jack Craig, of whom they had been speaking, had been in Sage Bar only a short time. He was a tenderfoot, out and out. When he came to the bar he brought his wife with him. She was a bright, pretty little woman, but they hardly knew her in the settlement. Craig always had been reserved, and the two had kept by themselves in the little cabin which stood a mile or more away from town. So Sage Bar had come to consider the pair a "queer lot," and to designate them as "th' easterner an' his wife," which was intended to be anything but complimentary.

When the trailing party reined up in front of Craig's cabin, they found the object of their search sitting on a log before the door smoking. From his dress, bespattered with mud, it was evident that he had just returned from riding. The party exchanged glances of understanding. Sam Pike came to the point at once. "Craig," he said, "yer wanted down ter 'th' bar?" "What's that?" demanded the easterner angrily. "Yer wanted down ter 'th' bar?" Sam repeated. "For hoss stealing?" he added. Craig's face was ashen in the instant. He sprang from his seat, throwing back his hand to his hip. But the others had him covered, and his hand dropped loosely by his side again. "It's a lie," he said, "and you know it!"

Just then a woman's figure appeared in the cabin doorway. It was Craig's wife. "What's the matter?" she questioned anxiously, seeing her husband's attitude. Craig spoke up quickly: "Go back, Dolly! They've got up a dirty story about me and want me to go to the bar. But I'll come back in a little while."

Sam had a great fear of women's tongues and tears, and immediately ordered Craig to mount a horse which another man at a word secured from the stable near by. The woman had looked on dumbly, seeming hardly to comprehend what was taking place, but as she saw her husband walk over toward the horse, she ran to him and threw both arms about him, holding him tight to her. He unclasped her arms gently after an instant and mounted the horse, and turning in the saddle waved his hand to her. Then they rode away, and after they had gone a piece Sam looked back and saw the woman still standing there, her hands loosely locked before her, watching them with wide open eyes. "She's got ter 'th' backbone," muttered that worthy and lashed his horse into a gallop.

All Sage Bar crowded around the party when they drew rein in town, and there were some who would have swung Craig up upon the spot when Sam had told the story. Sage Bar was in that stage of progress where horse stealing was a capital offense and a short shift was granted to offenders. But Sam's protest that nothing should be done until the Hines party returned was heeded, and the prisoner was put in an empty cabin, tied hand and foot, several of the men agreeing to stand guard.

The afternoon waned away, and evening came, and the Hines party did not make its appearance. So Craig was given something to eat and then was fastened tightly once more, and the men rolled themselves up in their blankets in front of the cabin about 11 o'clock, leaving only Jo Stetson on guard.

Stetson sat himself down on a stump and lit a pipe, and with his rifle across his knees fell to thinking about some "mavericks" he'd had branded that day. He never imagined he heard a soft step from the prairie. He raised his head and listened. Just then the moon showed a rim beyond a sailing cloud, and its light fell on a figure—a woman's figure—making its way toward the cabin. Stetson rose to his feet, letting his rifle butt drop on the ground, and curiously

surveyed the woman, who was close to him now. It was the easterner's wife. "Is he in there?" she said, her voice trembling a bit.

"Yes," answered Stetson. "Can I see him?" she asked. "Only for a moment," she added. "Can't do it, marm," said Stetson. "For a moment she was quiet, looking longly toward the cabin and clasping and unclasping her hands softly. The man hoped she would go. He had hated to say no, and he didn't know how long his determination to refuse would last. "But they say they're going to try him tomorrow, and I mayn't get another chance." She looked at him so sadly and yet so bravely with that Stetson wavered and was lost.

"For five minutes, then, no more!" he said, half repenting of his words the instant they were uttered.

But he unlocked the cabin door for her and locked it behind her again. Then he stood outside the door cursing himself. Presently there was a rap from the inside of the cabin, and much relieved, he undid the door, but he kept his finger on the hammer of his rifle as he stood aside to allow her to pass.

She came out quickly. Stetson turned and bent to fasten the door. As he did so he felt a tiny ring of cold metal against his head and heard, in her voice, now without a tremble: "Put up your hands and do it quickly!" The order was so distinctly put and so emphatically backed up by the cold metal which Stetson knew only too well was the dangerous end of a revolver that he did not hesitate. As he threw up his hands the door was pulled open from the inside, and a man dashed out and maled in the darkness of the prairie. A moment more, and the hoofbeats of a horse came back, sounding clear and sharp on the still air.

The men who had been asleep till now, awakened by the noise, sleepily raised themselves on their elbows. The woman had not moved the pistol from Stetson's head, but now she dropped the weapon quickly and started to run. In an instant Stetson was after her, and wild at being outwitted had run her down and caught her before she had gone 50 yards. As he grasped her by the shoulders the hoofbeats were dying on the air, and the woman looked into her captor's face with an exultant smile.

Stetson brought her back to the cabin and in a half shamed way told his story. The woman was quiet and did not seem to hear what they said. Despite their chagrin at having been worsted by a woman, the men did not move the pistol from her pluck and skill. Then they argued as to what they should do with her, and finally decided to take her into town as soon as it was light. They locked her in the cabin and then sat up and talked the rest of the night. They felt that it would be useless to attempt to trail Craig in the dark, and, to tell the truth, they were just a bit fearful that the woman would escape them, unless they kept a sharp lookout.

When morning came, a big party set off in pursuit of Craig. But they had scant hope of overtaking him with a horse under him and his many hours' start. The easterner's wife still remained locked in the cabin. Sage Bar once found itself unopposed. Law and order had been reversed by a woman, and the town had the offender in custody. But smoke and powder as it might, Sage Bar was at a loss to know how to proceed. All the laws of the settlement, unwritten though they were, had sprung from an acute sense of frontier needs and referred to men. There was an indefinite feeling among the Sage Bar solons that these laws could not be applied with propriety to women, and so they talked much, smoked and drank much more and did nothing.

When the Hines party came in, tired, hungry and empty handed, no solution of the difficulty presented itself, and so with admirable judgment the town decided to free itself of further responsibility by setting the woman at liberty. The easterner's wife was pale and evidently worn out when they brought her out of the cabin; but she said not a word when they told her she might go and walked off in the direction of her home with a smile, half of defiance, half of satisfaction. That night the party which had gone in pursuit of Craig returned, having made a fruitless search.

Two days later, just as Sage Bar was preparing its evening meal, two men were seen riding over a swell from the northeast. Five horses were driven loosely before them. When the men got nearer the town one of them was recognized as the easterner. He was riding bareheaded, and beside him rode another, dark and swarthy, his arms bound to his sides, his horse led by Craig. All Sage Bar assembled about the party, while Craig told the story of how he had ridden away that night, had struck the trail of the horses, and following it had brought the Mexican thief to terms with a shot from his rifle, and then came back. And when he had done there were cheers for the easterner such as the town hadn't had a chance to relieve itself of for a long while, and to this there is not a man in Sage Bar but touches his slouch hat to the easterner's wife, whom Jo Stetson declares is "th' sandest little woman in the west!"—Kansas City Times.

## Getting Something Like It.

The following little experience, recently enjoyed by a well known tenor, seems worthy of narration. Having mislaid his copy of Handel's "Where'er You Walk," the artist in question sent a faithful but unmusical servant to procure a copy of the song. In due course the messenger reappeared, bearing in place of the required piece a certain music hall ditty entitled, "I Like a Little Toddlie Down Regent Street"—not by Handel.

He had failed to secure the object of his quest and so, imagining that words of an ambulant tendency were the chief desideratum, had picked out what he thought to be "the nearest thing." The story certainly seems to require a grain of salt for its due assimilation, but it must be borne in mind that truth is stranger than fiction.—Sheffield Telegraph.

## Advantages of College Training.

Most of our magazine writers state the truth and nothing but the truth, but they do not state the whole truth. The Forum for June supplies an example of this in an article by Professor Charles F. Thwing on the proportion of college bred men among those of sufficient distinction to appear in a well known cyclopaedia of biography. He finds that of the 15,142 men named in the book, 5,370 are college men, or slightly more than one-third. This he considers exceedingly significant, but it is more apparent than real. As well claim that colleges make religious men because such a large proportion are clergymen.

That our colleges are the mothers of great men goes without saying. Fools cannot go to college if they would, and stupid dots without talent or ambition would not if they could. Many college bred men would have achieved success without this training. Perhaps more than a few would have arisen to greater distinction if they had never seen the inside of a college building.

To deny that a college training is a benefit to a young man is pernicious nonsense. But the question to consider is whether it pays for the time and expense. College training does not create poets, but it sweetens the poet's song. It does not make great writers or artists or inventors, but it teaches them how to use the greatness that is and was within—it gives them a new birth and a new life.

Whether it pays a bright young man to spend four of the best years of his life in a college to possess that which today is often a drug in the market, or whether he had best devote four years to a course of self instruction outside a college, is a question he can best decide for himself. But he should not forget that it is a pretty good experiment to take a chance upon.

## The Passion for the Old.

It is a rather interesting fact that many devices and contrivances that have been ousted from the utilitarian field by the march of progress are now employed as means of amusement by persons who have time to devote seriously to pleasure seeking. Thus the spinning wheels of our grandmothers are to be found conspicuously placed in the homes of such of us as had grandmothers, and the hall clock of other days is seen in many a palatial home. Yet our women never spin on the wheels, and if we desire to know the correct time we consult our chronometers and not grandfather's clock.

When our ancestors desired to go on long land journeys, they took passage on a fast 4-horse mail coach, albeit they grumbled at the discomforts of the trip. When they had to go by sea, they took a ship. Today the rich at great expense maintain coaches as near duplicates of the old time "mails" as possible for long pleasure trips, and the sailing of swift yachts, long since left behind by steam in the domain of usefulness, is the most important and costly sport of the age.

Will it always be so? When the development of electrical science has been so perfected that we go from point to point in swift airships, will clubs of wealthy gentlemen be formed for the purpose of maintaining the ancient lines of rail that the club members and their friends may enjoy riding in the old way behind the snorting, puffing iron horse? And will the gentlemen of leisure of those future days act as engine drivers as the coaching men of today take the box and the place of the professional coachmen of our grandfathers' time?

## Crying For Funds.

The great seats of learning in the country are again crying for further endowments. Considering the amount of money that has been poured into the treasuries of the more popular institutions like Harvard and Yale during the past decade, this may seem a little singular, but it is not. First class colleges now require hundreds of professors, and they are paid better than formerly. Then the investment of college funds must be absolutely safe, and the income so secured is derived from a low rate of interest.

In fact, higher education has become almost universally eleemosynary. We question, however, whether it has any stronger claims upon people of wealth than the primary education of the young. So long as there is a child in the land that cannot attend school owing to poverty, the rich can be excused from endowing universities.

By all means let errand boys and district messenger boys have bicycles. The time they consume running errands and delivering messages increases according to the length of their service. A new and inexperienced lad is usually a treasure; the celerity with which he runs errands is surprising. But when the new is worn off, his feet seem to be made of lead. If the bicycle will prevent experience from becoming a positive detriment, by all means let him have it.

Those who really need vacations will not get them, and those who do not will soon sojourn by the sea or mountain. The Bible idea still exists: "To him that hath shall be given, and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

When New York hears that Chicago is the greatest diamond market in the world, it will feel worse than ever.

If you don't see what you are looking for at the World's fair, ask for it. It is probably there somewhere.

## WHY FARM VALUES HAVE DECLINED.

Our Bad Roads Prohibit Competition With Foreign Producers. People must fully understand the necessity for good roads before they will become interested in engineering problems. The question of the commercial advantage of good roads, the relation of good roads to the price of wheat, must be fully understood before people can be interested in macadam. Railways have within the last seven years reduced all transportation charges by more than one-half. Country roads have done nothing along this line. Railroads have been in the march of civilization, country roads in the decline. The price of wheat in the west has been relatively increased by the improvements in transportation facilities by rail and water. Transportation facilities over country roads have not been improved. The farmer has been the sufferer.

The price of farming property in many sections has declined. Certainly farming property has not kept pace in its earning capacity with other productive properties. This is because transportation facilities from the farms to the markets, together with other marketing facilities and farm methods generally, have not progressed along with the rest of the world. Furthermore, many sections of the wheat producing regions of the world are surrounded with and helped by good roads.

In England we hear it said "that through improvements of our roads every branch of agricultural, commercial and manufacturing industries has been materially benefited. Every article brought to market has diminished in price, and the number of horses has been so reduced that by these and other retrenchments £5,000,000 or about \$25,000,000 is saved annually to the public. The expense of repairing roads and the wear and tear of carriages and horses are materially diminished. Thousands of acres the produce of which was formerly wasted in feeding unnecessary horses, are devoted to producing food for man. In short, the public and private advantages which result from effecting this great object of the improvement of our highways and turnpike roads are incalculable."

England and Wales are spending upward of \$30,000,000 annually in the maintenance of roads. France probably has the best system of roads in Europe today. There are more than 130,000 miles of smooth, dustless, hard, clean roads, kept up by a system which never allows the slightest defect to remain without attention. The sum of \$10,000,000 is thus annually spent by the French republic. The result is increased productivity of all farm lands—a wealthy land owning peasantry throughout the French republic. The farm land of this section has been on the increase along with the development of good roads. These illustrations could be paralleled wherever road improvement has been practically considered.

With us the greatest attention and skill have been addressed to railroads until it is found that a barrel of apples or a sack of wheat can be carried from the far west to the market in the east at a cost not exceeding the delivery of the same articles from many of our farms to the nearest market. The result of this has been that those who have depended largely on the railroads have been benefited and have become wealthy, and that the farmers, so much of whose energy has been wasted through the struggle over bad roads, certainly have not gained in wealth in proportion to other branches of industry.

The price of wheat is not made by the cost of marketing it in America. It is safe to say that the price of wheat is made in Liverpool. The price of our surplus is fixed in that market. The farmer has to compete with the world never allows the slightest defect to remain without attention. The result of this has been that those who have depended largely on the railroads have been benefited and have become wealthy, and that the farmers, so much of whose energy has been wasted through the struggle over bad roads, certainly have not gained in wealth in proportion to other branches of industry.

If the press of the country impresses the farmer as a class that they are to be individually benefited by good roads, there will in time come about an impression, if expenditures be properly and honestly made, that the payment of a road tax is in the nature of an investment which advances the value of all property along the line of improved roads. So much money has been expended in roads improperly cared for that many of us look upon such expenditures as a waste. Our public officers have not yet learned that the way to have good roads is to take care of bad roads. We must know that all good roads become bad roads if neglected and that all bad roads become good roads if well cared for. —LOUIS H. GIBSON.

## Claims Damages For Bad Roads.

Harvey M. Sigafos, a milkman residing near Carpenterville, N. Y., while driving on the public highways leading to Phillipsburg recently had his arm broken by the upsetting of his wagon, which he alleges was caused by the bad condition of the public road. Mr. Sigafos has employed ex-Judge Silas M. DeWitt of Phillipsburg to bring suit against the Greenwich township authorities for \$1,500 damages. The suit will be a test case.

## A Cry For Freedom.

In her sermon at the meeting of the world's congress of representative women at Chicago Rev. Annie Shaw said: "All the women who have spoken at these meetings have voiced the cry—to be free." Very good. But it must be admitted that they are getting their freedom about as fast as reasonable beings could expect. Surely the precept that St. Paul laid upon them is not now regarded as an immutable principle. At the meeting referred to 18 pulpit women sat on one platform. Among them were Revs. Mrs. Tupper Wilkes and Mrs. Mary Safford, Unitarians; Mrs. Florence Kollock, Universalist; Miss Annie H. Shaw of the Methodist church at large; Miss Caroline J. Bartlett, presiding minister of the meeting, also a Unitarian minister; Mrs. Mary Morland and Miss Jeannette Olmstead, Congregationalists; the colored evangelist, Mrs. Amanda Smith, who a short time ago returned from missionary work in Africa; the Rev. N. Armine Brigham of the Seventh Day Baptists; Mrs. Jane S. Richards, Sarah N. Kimball, Isabella Horn and Elmira S. Taylor of the Latter Day Saints.

No better evidence than this is needed to show that the sex has got a pretty good range of the religious world. That they have an equally clear range of the moral and social world goes without saying. As for the civil and political realm, the reason why they have not occupied it with the men is chiefly because a majority of them does not wish to do so.

Concerning the business world, there is nothing to restrain the free exercise of their powers in it. They already do anything in the industries which their health and strength will permit. True, they have never cut much of a figure in the fine arts and sciences, but this can be due to no restraining influences at present, even were it so in days gone by.

The women? God bless 'em! They may have the earth if they want it. But looking at the question squarely, Rev. Annie Shaw's cry for freedom is just a bit like taking coals to Newcastle.

## Easy Writing.

Another so called "true story" of the conception of Buchanan Read's famous poem, "Sheridan's Ride," is told since the death of James E. Murdoch. It is evidently founded upon more or less of fact. Murdoch had engaged to recite something at the great sanitary fair in Cincinnati, and the day before he met his friend Read at the Burnett House. Standing at the newsstand, they saw a picture of Sheridan's dashing ride to Winchester in one of the illustrated papers. Presently Read said, "Jim, do you think you will have time to learn something new to recite at the fair?"

Murdoch promised to try, and Read ordered a pot of tea sent to his room, and over it he wrote the stirring poem now so familiar to millions and found in so many school readers, beginning: "Up at the south at break of day, Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay."

He submitted it to Murdoch in a few hours, and the latter read it the next night as he only could read it. When he had recited the first stanza, the vast audience remained silent, but at the next there was a whirlwind of applause that settled the question of its popularity in a popular assemblage.

Read might have written the poem in a few hours, as stated, but it was doubtless done with the same limitations that nearly always accompany similarly recited feats of rapid composition. That is to say, it was well outlined in his mind before he saw Mr. Murdoch.

Some one called upon Eugene Field one day and said he heard that he was a poet. "Yes," said Mr. Field, "I sometimes write verses. And, by the way, I am just about to write one now. Would you like to see me?" The man thought he would, so Mr. Field immediately dashed off a poem that he had been months preparing and knew by heart. He then sent it to the composing room as if it were a common occurrence, and his visitor left profoundly impressed with the ease of writing poetry.

## Clean Up.

Summer is here. Now clean up. Do not delay another day. Begin with the cellar. See that there is no decaying vegetation in it and that it is well ventilated. Coat the walls with whitewash and cast out the cobwebs from the corners. Rugs are cheaper, cleaner, healthier and more easily aired than carpets. Air the closets and pack away the winter clothes; you will not need them again this season. Keep the garret windows open the season through.

Burn up the kitchen scraps if they are not fed to animals. Beware of those instruments of death, food sewers. The hot season is one of rapid growth, maturity and decay in the vegetable kingdom.

Attention to these facts may save you ill health or premature death. Verbum sap.

Marion Crawford, Henry James, Bret Harte, Mrs. Burnett, Mark Twain, Blanche Willis Howard, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Moncure D. Conway and Foulney Bigelow are among the American authors who are more or less permanently established abroad. There is no accounting for taste.

The people are always anxious to enjoy good government, but they are often unwilling to try to earn it.

You may pronounce the infant's name A-yu-lah-lee-ah for short.

## A New York Herald Editorial.

The story that the New York Herald property is to be turned into a stock company and capitalized at \$3,000,000 was a ridiculous one. The Herald is worth five times that, and an editorial in The Herald the other day, evidently inspired by Mr. Bennett himself, states that unless a categorical denial of the report be made legal proceedings for libel will be instituted.

The editorial referred to is a breezy one—that is to say, for The Herald, which turns out a rather dull editorial page as a rule. Mr. Bennett says: "The Herald today is at the height of its prosperity, and any syndicate having for its sole object making money could easily earn 5 per cent on \$30,000,000 by taking off extra expenses for special cable, reducing the extraordinary salaries of \$20,000, which some members of the Herald staff receive, cutting down also some of the \$15,000 and \$10,000 salaries and curtailing many of the \$5,000 salaries, besides numerous other economies that would at once be effected, supposing The Herald to be simply a corporation like an ordinary railroad or factory."

The present proprietor, it is true, has in view the formation of a co-operative society, but one for the sole benefit of the members of The Herald staff, including the general manager, city editor, news editor, night editor, all editors, correspondents, reporters, artists, cashier, clerks, foremen press and composing rooms, proofreaders, compositors, printers, exchange readers, shipping clerks, telegraph clerks, advertising clerks, messengers, porters, firemen, machinists for they are all members of The Herald staff, are they not—and not for any stock jobbing or speculative purposes, as has been done so often in England and America. This co-operative society may be formed at any moment by the proprietor whenever he thinks proper.

As to the withdrawal of Mr. Bennett's name from the title page, it is intimated that the name of the paper and its owner are anonymous. As to the names of Messrs. Howland, Reick and Henderson, the general manager, city editor and night editor respectively, Mr. Bennett says they were "placed there by the proprietor because he reserves the privilege of selecting his own executives and desires credit to be given where credit is due."

All of which does credit to Mr. Bennett. Time was when he did not feel that way—when he would allow no one's name but that of his own on the title page. The man who does not change his mind never corrects his mistakes.

## Ex-Cathedra Opinion.

If corporal punishment should be abolished in schools, why do experienced teachers unite in saying that this form of discipline is a necessity? If we want information or opinion of value on things eternal, we naturally go to a clergyman. If we want to learn something about a machine, we go to a mechanic, and if we want to know something about printing we go to a printer. We don't take much stock in what is said by those who know little about these matters. But when it comes to the subject of corporal punishment in schools we listen to almost anybody who can get the public prints as a vehicle for their theories.

While the old system of flogging for every trivial offense was wrong, the practical abolition of corporal punishment in schools is just as great a mistake. There are certain bad boys who fear nothing but physical pain. Pleasings or sarcasm are wasted upon them. They laugh at any attempt to enforce moral lessons. Then they demoralize other boys and make discipline an impossibility. Again, the only way possible to reform the vicious criminal is a sound thrashing.

On the question of corporal punishment public opinion should back up those best fitted to be judges—the public school teachers.

## And the Winds Blow.

Though winds blow great, still he'd whistle and sing. Says the poet. But it is often difficult to keep up the courage and good spirits that way when signboards are flying, roofs are becoming animated, trees are giving up their precious branches and electric wires become a delusion and a snare to pedestrians.

The violent and destructive windstorms of recent days in various sections of the country are unwelcome disturbances. The ultimate cause of the wind is to be found in differences of atmospheric diversity produced by the sun in its unequal heating of different localities. But atmospheric circulation is as necessary to health as sunshine or rain. As we cannot prevent it if we would, and we would not if we could, let us be as philosophical as may be while keeping buildings and signboards as secure as possible. Probably the worst of the wind season is past unless abnormal weather should continue, which is unlikely.

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove" and the Salvation Army. That Spokane warrior who killed a lassie because she rejected his suit, and then committed suicide, could not have chosen a more rugged road to death, albeit it was a short cut.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., is reported to be engaged to her physician, but a brother of the prospective groom denies the allegation. Perhaps the young woman is merely getting ready to take the stage again.

Stop the press! An individual has been found who says his wife can cook better than his mother ever could.

Pride makes a fool ridiculous, but it sometimes prevents others from becoming so.

If you favor Chinese exclamation, you are a Sinophobe.

Where are the hoop skirts that they go to bed?