

WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN.

ROUSE & ROE, Publishers.

ENTERPRISE.....OREGON.

It is possible now to wire back home from the Klondike for funds.

A Congressman is not necessarily rich when he has his pocket full of bills.

If King Edward will only give them a trial he can get barrels of patent medicines free of charge for a testimonial.

The latest fad in methods of walking is called the gracile glide. You fade up the street in a way that makes the fool-killer fairly perspire.

If we were to tax the capital stock of corporations resolutely for a few years probably that would tend to squeeze out most of the water.

By long practice the Sultan of Turkey has learned the extreme limit of safety in standing off the man with the gun before promising to come down.

The people who contributed a million dollars to that Boston get-rich-quick firm will find no sympathy among people who do not seek to get much for little.

An English scientist declares that frequent bathing of the person thins the hair. Probably he took the anarchist as a starting point and reasoned backward.

To say what sort of clothing a policeman shall wear when off duty is carrying the idea of government so far that it would undoubtedly shock Mr. Jefferson if he were alive.

A Chicago girl declares she got married without knowing it. There are lots of ladies who would be glad to find out that something of the kind had happened to them when they weren't looking.

Nearly 17,000,000 American children are attending school. This is almost one-fourth the population of the republic. There is a connection between this fact and the other so generally acknowledged, that this is an enlightened and progressive nation.

When we recall the obstinate resistance made to the exposure of the abuses of hazing at West Point and the persistent efforts to discredit the alleged causes of the death of Cadet Boos, and finally the strong opposition to drastic measures for the suppression of the evil, it must be recognized that to the press of the country, which gave publicity to this evil, is due the great credit for the improvement which Col. Mills reports.

The Boer war has demonstrated that the notion of military affairs in England is wrong and that of warfare obsolete. If we may trust report the famed armies of Germany and France are not ordered on a much better understanding. The old European idea of massive formation, of automatic precision in drill, of parade excellence, still answers the ideal. Armies, however large, made up in this way can make little impression on the loose formation, accurate individual marksmanship and individual initiative that characterizes the Boer army, if one may call their commandoes by the name of army.

The experience of Buffalo is discouraging to those who are planning similar undertakings elsewhere. But great exhibitions should never be projected with any idea of immediate profit. The Centennial did not pay for itself, yet it was one of the very best investments that Philadelphians ever made and of incalculable benefit to the whole nation. No one can pretend to estimate the universal gain from the great Columbian fair. If only in the aesthetic interest it awakened, and Chicago has profited from it largely, although it must have involved at the time a heavy financial loss in that community. The value of an exhibition is not to be measured by its receipts and expenses, but by its character and influence.

An evidence of higher civilization in our universities is seen in the fact that Cornell has adopted resolutions against all petty and indiscriminate rushes. The single rush which is to take the place of its senseless predecessors is an organized rush in which two teams of fifteen men each endeavor to get possession of a flag. The struggle is to last only for a few minutes, when the team having the larger number of hands on the flag is declared the winner. This solution of the rush problem is settled in a rational and democratic way. The students themselves saw the senselessness and brutality of the old sport and made their own rules as becomes citizens of a free government. On the very day when Cornell reached this decision the authorities of McGill University, Montreal, met and decided that undergraduate rushes must be given up. It is a significant fact that the spirit of self-government in the United States accomplished in a far more creditable way the end sought to be gained in Canada by law and external authority.

"The Dutch have taken Holland" is not so much of a truism as it seems. They have taken a part of it and intend to take a great deal more. There is a project on foot for draining the Zuyder Zee. The undertaking has been a subject of discussion in Holland for more than half a century, but now it has taken on a more practical shape and is to be a political issue. About fifty

years ago Haarlem lake was drained and more than 16,000 people are living on what was once the bed of the lake. Zuyder Zee, which contains more than 1,300 square miles, was of trifling extent until All Saints' day in 1247, when the North Sea swallowed up a large tract of country. So the Netherlands in shutting out the sea are only reclaiming what rightfully belongs to them. It is not yet decided whether the work will be done by inclosing with a dike a large tract now under water and then pumping this into the sea or by constructing one great barrier dike and reclaiming the inclosed area by installments. The latter plan is the more ambitious and more expensive, but doubtless more economical in the end. It would require eighteen years and the cost would be \$40,000,000. It is proposed to raise the sum by loan and to pay it off, principal and interest, in sixty years. The patience, energy and thrift of the Netherlands make the big enterprise thoroughly feasible. In song and story their merits have been recognized, and it was not without reason that Goethe in his greatest poem made the Dutch the type of an industrious, happy people, the possessors of a free soil gained not by conquest over a weaker people, but by an honest wrest from the shallows of the sea that which was lawfully its own.

Man might as well imitate the habit of the foolish canine and bay at the moon as to attempt to prevent hailstorms by the use of explosives or by any agencies that are now under his control. This is the substance of the advice embodied in a recent statement issued by Prof. Willis L. Moore, acting Secretary of Agriculture. The statement was called out by manifestations of renewed interest in the subject in various parts of the world, particularly in France and Italy. Attempts have lately been made to prevent hailstorms by the use of explosives from especially designed cannon, but all have ended in failure. Prof. Moore calls attention to the fact that scientists in both Europe and America have shown the impossibility of interfering with the great processes of nature that are going on in the atmosphere. Basing their belief on such knowledge of the forces of nature as science has revealed, they affirm that no explosive that can ever be invented by man will be powerful enough to prevent hailstorms. The attempt to prevent hailstorms in this way is as futile as the efforts of the "rain-makers" of a few years ago, who were seized with the notion that the use of high explosives would attract clouds and produce rainfall. Thousands of dollars were expended in these absurd experiments only to demonstrate that Jupiter Pluvius pays no heed to man's puny but noisy efforts to interfere with his plans. The hail shooters, it is observed, are using practically the same methods to dissipate the clouds that the rainmakers used to attract them or produce them. Hail prevention and rain making are beyond the reach of human skill and daring. They represent processes of such vast and potential sweep as to mock the efforts of man to control them.

he has deserted the ladies as entirely as he has shed his pink coat; mighty few petticoats are seen in these outfits. There are a few women who hunt with their husbands, but they are few and far between. Woman doesn't take naturally to the joy of the hunting field, and, besides, when the chicken fever gets into a man's bones, he hasn't much use for the sex.

AGAINST FREE TEXT-BOOKS.

Judge Neely of Chicago Makes a Decision of Importance to Schools.

Judge Charles G. Neely, who has decided that the Chicago Board of Education has no right to give free text books

to the children in any of the grades of the public schools, is one of the most distinguished jurists in the West. Judge Neely was born at Benton, Ill., in 1855 and was educated in the State University at Champaign. After his graduation in 1880 he at once began the study of law, and was soon admitted to the bar. His maiden case was tried in Cook County. Judge Neely has always been an advocate of a judiciary free from political considerations of every kind.

A Man of Metal. The "Iron Chancellor" has disappeared, says the Westminster Gazette, but there is still a Teuton very much alive who is "a man of iron" in an almost literal sense of the term. This came out a few days ago when a young German porter bragged at a public house that he was a man of iron, since a sportsman had discharged at least ninety grains of shot into his back. He would have nothing to do with surgeons, wherefore his brother had removed about half of the "load" by the simple expedient of cutting the shots out with a knife. The story was presently brought before the authorities, and the porter was medically examined, with the result that his story proved absolutely true. His back and arms were "larded" with lead balls, which he carried about without any discomfort whatever. The reason for his reluctance to approach a surgeon seems to have been that the sportsman who had thus marked him was a gamekeeper, and it was while he was on a poaching expedition that ill luck thus befell him.

Diamonds in Rails. Microscopic diamonds have been found in worn steel rails of the North-eastern Railway Company in England that were being experimented upon to find out how much strength the steel had lost.

The world gets easier every day for the women; they no longer have to get out of bed at night because they forget to set yeast for pancakes. It has to do

with the game and sportsman of our own country, where mountain, meadow, stream and lake are accessible to all who keep within the laws that are framed to perpetuate their pleasure.

Among the wild ducks, as a table delicacy, epicures that are connoisseurs give the canvas-back a place of unquestionable supremacy. Conjointly with the toothsome terrapin it holds the honor of conferring upon Baltimore the title of gastronomic capital of the nation. Though this idol of the educated palate ranges the Atlantic coast even to the ice-bound regions of the north, the odds are overwhelming that if it be shot outside of Chesapeake Bay or the waters of the Susquehanna as they open into it, the game will be so tough and fishy as to be ordered away when served. This is through no peculiar virtue of the water in the bay or tributary river, nor is it the result of climatic influence. In the shallows there are found vast beds of wild celery. Feeding upon it gives to the canvas-back, and also to the closely related red-head, the exclusive flavor which tickles the cultivated taste. As a rule genuine sportsmen there shoot from "blinds," which are any sort of artificial concealment in a boat or on shore, and use decoys, while the market gunners carry on their slaughter with the aid of "sink boats" and night reflectors. In the wholesale methods of destruction employed by those who kill to sell there is little to attract the sportsman; a statement that is true wherever water fowls are shot.

Belonging to the same royal family with the canvas-back are the mallards and teal, found abundantly in many States. No other ducks are so widely and familiarly known as the mallard. Before the opening of the spring they begin their migration from the South, flying swiftly while they travel, yet tarrying wherever inviting conditions present themselves until instinct assures them that their destination in the far north is comfortably habitable. Mallards are frequently found before departing for the south reveling in corn fields, grain stubble or wooded places. The mallard never affords a daintier dish than when fattened from such bases of supply. They are shot from boats, over decoys and from blinds on shore. The sportsman who can call them in is luck, and he who knows best the ways of the wary duck will bring back the most game, for he can find it in a snow storm, at the ice holes, in the open water or at some of its haunts on land.

TAE HUNTING SEASON



THE itch for the feel of a shotgun attacks the shooter just as surely and regularly as hay fever grabs its victim. Some men get it in August and start out after plover. Others escape till September brings the chicken season. Still others do not come down until the approach of winter brings the ducks and puts Bob White on the eligible list. A good many chronics have it the year round and give a rest to nothing that wears feathers.

A crowd of up-to-date sportsmen look more like desperadoes starting out to hold up a train than respectable members of society. These tough-looking citizens are clad in canvas, moleskin, and corduroy that looks like the breaking up of a hard winter. There is nothing disreputable in either of these materials, but no shooter really gets attached to a suit till it is ready to fall to pieces. In fact, you can usually tell just about how good a shot a man is by the dilapidation of his clothes. This outfit is finished off with any old kind of hat and shoes, a weather-beaten and scarred gun case, and a disreputable old leather or canvas bag with as much shape to it as a potato sack and of great capacity. Like as not the sportsman leads a shambling old dog by a chain, and together they make a pair you would not care to meet on a dark night.

Yet this same disreputable-looking chap is likely enough a good citizen, a loving husband, and a fond father. It is possible he may have worn a pink coat on the golf links, and been the admired of all the fair sex. But now



BAGGING QUAIL.

he has deserted the ladies as entirely as he has shed his pink coat; mighty few petticoats are seen in these outfits. There are a few women who hunt with their husbands, but they are few and far between. Woman doesn't take naturally to the joy of the hunting field, and, besides, when the chicken fever gets into a man's bones, he hasn't much use for the sex.

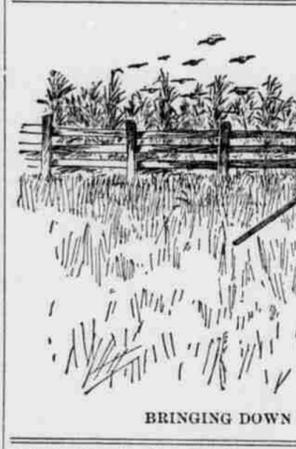
Hunting is a relic of savagery, and the truly masculine man wants to get off by himself when his fingers itch for the feel of the shotgun. And yet, queerly enough, though woman does not care for hunting, she admires the hunter immensely. To her he represents the strong man, next to the soldier, and strength seems always good in a woman's eyes. The man accepts her admiration, but while he really enjoys her company at times on the tennis court and golf links, and tolerates it on a fishing trip, he looks on petticoats as decidedly out of place when he starts out for the prairie or the marsh. Perhaps this is the reason why he gets himself up in a costume in which no woman would look at him twice.

Long before minstrels sang the glories of the chase, or courtly edict made him master of the feast who first struck the royal game, hunting was a favorite diversion of our ancestry. Researches that unveil pre-historic man, show him pursuing the sport of kings with rude weapons of stone and flint. From that time to this the deep-mouthed bay of the hound and the winding of the horn have been accounted a sweet music of the forest. Poets of all times have caught its inspiration, even the staid Jonson lauding it as the noblest exercise, making one healthy, active, courageous, self-reliant and free from the evils that thrive where the mind and imagination have to supply the pleasures of life.

And the blood of the sportsman runs as warm now as when some rude chieftain or half-barbarous Diana led the course. But it is not to the sentiment or history of hunting that this article addresses itself. Neither is it proposed to visit the haunts of the wild boar reserved for imperial sacrifice, to follow the hounds over the range within which he is predestined to give brave men and fair women a holiday, nor to visit the exclusive preserves that go with a patent of nobility, where favored sons of fortune find ready at hand the prey that is nurtured that they may revel in its destruction. It has to do

is an old saying that there is no use of sending slow shot after them and only the keen sportsman brings them in. There is the gaily-feathered Wood duck, Gadwall, Blue Bill, Black Pated and numerous others that can only be named in passing. Be sure of your gun, your shells, your boat, your decoys, your dog and whatever aids to game-getting you may have in your equipment.

Bagging the prairie chicken in these days is a very difficult proposition from the old-time easy shooting over a dog on the stubble-fields, and the man who brings home birds has earned them. The reason of this is that the prairie chicken has adapted his habits to his surroundings. No longer does he stay out some partridge and are thus given sport by two of the most "difficult" birds that attract the hunter.



BRINGING DOWN PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

to do business in—then find the covey again if you can. The only time to catch the chickens out on the stubble is just before dusk, and on the first alarm they take to the corn.

No game bird is dearer to the heart of the true sportsman than what is popularly known as the quail. Let the savants of natural history dispute whether he be quail or partridge. His "Bob White" can be heard from one end of the land to the other. One hard winter with deep-crueted snow works greater devastation among the quail coveys than can all the men with dogs and guns that take to the field. The farmer boy who pots the quail when they go to the stacks and barnyards to feed is another enemy of the quail, but he is among the evils against which the law has intervened and the sturdy little bird must be killed in legitimate sport or not at all. You can scarcely go amiss in pursuit of quail in case you know their ways. If the weather be fair the birds will be on their feeding ground at sunrise, among the stubble or in the rag-weed patches. About 10 they have satisfied their appetites and seek the sunny side of some covert by the nearest stream where they can

find drink and enjoy the pleasure or reptation. Here they are hard for the dog to find, and the shrewd sportsman will be content to wait until 2 or 3 o'clock. After a rain, do your hunting on the uplands. If the weather has been dry, seek your game in the vicinity of water that drains the lowlands. The proper management of dogs and guns means the bagging of plenty of quail, and you can look for them on almost any countryside, for the "Bob White" thrives with civilization, and promises to always be the game bird of the country. To shoot him requires quick action, a steady nerve and, especially on a cross shot, an appreciation of the fact that he flies with wonderful rapidity.

The finest dark-headed bird that flies is the woodcock, the little russet-coated fowl that has no song and seeks no companionship, and yet is as eagerly sought for by the keen sportsman as is the trout, the grayling, and the small-mouthed bass by the angler. Woodcock is at a great premium for the table with the epicure and the bon vivant, but it has an instinctive way of folling the ambitious hunter. It is not at home to the casual wanderer through fields and woods, and must be sought for in the deepest and most tangled swamps, where it hides at the approach of danger and can only be induced to take wing by the nearest approach. Then it whirrs away in the lines of a cork-screw and no bungler is going to bring it down. The surest place to get Mr. Woodcock, who runs all family affairs, when you can find him there, is in the alder paths and other less-improved low grounds where he industriously bores for the worms that are his almost exclusive diet. In tramping for woodcock in a country like this, where game is plenty, you are almost sure to rout out some partridge and are thus given sport by two of the most "difficult" birds that attract the hunter.

Though the snipe is very nearly related to the woodcock and, like it, is regarded as one of the daintiest morsels that can be set before a lover of good living, there is a wide difference in their appearance as well as their haunts. The snipe is essentially a bird of the open and is very rarely found in

Perfectly Formed Face. A perfectly formed face is one-third forehead, one-third nose, and one-third upper and lower chin.

A man doesn't mind being a fool as long as he doesn't know it.



SHOOTING MALLARDS OVER DECOYS FROM A BLIND.