

WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN.

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ENTERPRISE OREGON.

It was a case of "ready money" with his knife.

The doctor with an automobile is bound to get something somewhere, somehow.

Actions speak louder than words. Some men never say die; yet they all have to do it.

When a man says he had forgotten all about that little loan you just returned he is a liar.

J. Pierpont Morgan's favorite eight-inch cigar would seem to be a merger of several smaller cigars.

If a woman is unable to tell when a man is going to propose she has no business with a husband.

On an average a woman can jump 62 per cent as far as a man, but with a mouse to help her she can raise the percentage to 80.

Almost every day some far-seeing person succeeds in getting his name in the papers by predicting a war between Russia and Japan.

Mr. Carnegie has at last discovered the right way to escape the "disgrace of dying rich." He thinks of going into the newspaper business.

In at least one respect General Fred D. Grant seems to take after his father. He is doing his work without making much noise about it.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., announces that "riches is no bar to heaven." Perhaps the young man has seen a camel go through the eye of a needle.

A spinster was scared into hysterics by an Angora goat that strayed into her parlor. That is at least a change from the old one about the man under the bed.

The heroine of a new prize play recently staged in London is a stenographer afflicted with "heart hunger." We have known stenographers afflicted with "candy hunger."

Many people who have loved Sol Smith Russell across the footlights hope and believe that he has only "just dropped in on mother" and will enjoy a long rest with the old folks now "at home."

The story that Kermit Roosevelt stalked on stilts into the room where a session of the cabinet was being held was not given out by the President to the correspondents with the other cabinet news.

King Edward's cook is said to draw a salary about equal to that of a lieutenant general in the British army, or an admiral of the fleet. Too many such cooks would spoil the financial broth, even were there the treasury of a mighty kingdom to draw upon.

The railroads also are planting trees, although it cannot be said that they do so with any special reference to Arbor Day. A New England company is setting out ten thousand catalpas and some chestnut and black walnut saplings upon its vacant lands. A Western company is about to plant more than a hundred thousand catalpas. Years hence these trees will supply timber for ties, posts and other purposes, and the railroads are taking the long look ahead. The country would be richer in the future if the rest of us would exercise some such forethought, even if we were to plant only one tree for every hundred trees that we cut down.

The recent utterances of Lord Kelvin regarding the difficulties in the way of navigating the air and his prediction that flying machines that will "fly" are a long way off have evoked wide discussion as to the accuracy of his statements. It will be admitted that Lord Kelvin's high standing as a scientist gives the weight of authority to any opinion that he may express regarding actual scientific attainments. But it is argued that when the distinguished scientist gets into the domain of prophecy he lacks enthusiasm in the matter of navigating the air. Lord Kelvin is reported as saying in a recent interview that no system of ballooning with dirigible air ships can ever be of practical use. Many other scientific men who have given study to the problem of aerial navigation share this opinion. But whether the flying machine that will fly without a balloon is "a long way off" or not depends largely upon the interest and activity that may be aroused among inventors and scientific men. This country, which is usually in the lead in mechanical development of this character, seems to be behind England, France and Germany in experimentation upon flying machines. The efforts of Santos-Dumont to navigate the air, while accomplishing nothing practical in this line, have already given a stimulus to inventive genius in the direction of evolving a practical motor device light enough and strong enough for this purpose. A correspondent of a New York paper suggests that as a means of arousing interest among inventors in this question, "aerial clubs" should be formed that will offer prizes large enough to enable them to go ahead with the necessary experiments.

When the ancient teacher charged the people to "despise not the day of small

things," he meant much that is not ordinarily grasped by readers of his maxims. Many persons think that it is the things themselves that are not to be scorned, which is, in a sense, very true, for natural science as well as abstract philosophy teaches that there can be nothing, however infinitesimal, that has not its function and its proper place. The small things, however, which the sage probably had most in view are not concrete at all, or, if concrete, are not those which in their best uses are complete in themselves. A different definition would circumscribe too greatly the profound lesson that he taught. Many small things go to make up a mighty whole. Many efforts go to make up a wonderful achievement. You may read of geniuses accomplishing this, that or the other thing, at one superb stroke. Never believe it. If it may seem to have been done at one stroke, be sure that many were required. For every great act, whether apparently spontaneous or not, there is preparation; there are various stages of the process of getting ready. Shakespeare did not burst forth in a day from the obscurity of Stratford-on-Avon as a full-fledged dramatist and poet, the greatest that the world has seen. Every literary work of value, no matter how quickly it may have been dashed off in the heat of final production, is a result of many things, many thoughts and impulses, and is not an independent act. One evil fruit of romanticism, which ran riot in literature in the early half of the last century, was the notion that genius is a heaven-born gift which by itself can achieve all that is achievable. It has been discovered over again, if the phraseology may be allowed, that genius is the power of utilizing to the best advantage the many small things that go to make up a great whole. Genius itself is a product of cumulative products. The teacher meant that the day in which time could be found for only small efforts towards a cherished object was not to be despised. Every really great man knows how much he owes to the perseverance with which he sought to make gradual advances towards his chief aim, when long, compelling strides were impossible. The weak soul, in such a case, would have faltered, delayed, probably given up, or dilly-dallied until it would have been too late to go on. Wherein genius sometimes consists is the sense of power to command the best that little things and earnest though often interrupted efforts can afford. A few minutes a day devoted to a special study may make one the best qualified in it of any. No person with any claim to culture should let a day slip by without at least an hour of study or serious reading. The day of little things becomes the day of great things in the long perspective of time and action. Despise it not.

EUROPE'S SMALL FIRE LOSS.

One-Tenth of What It Is Here—Buildings Are Almost Fireproof.

Losses by fire in European cities are less than one-tenth of those in the cities here, though in Europe the fire departments, except in one or two instances, are almost insignificant and on a casual survey wholly inadequate.

With a population of 2,500,000, Paris for years has had a fire loss less than Boston's. Budapest, with a larger population than Boston, lost less than one-tenth the amount last year that the Massachusetts capital did.

Milan, with half a million inhabitants, loses on the average only \$150,000 a year, and the total damage by fire in Venice, where 200,000 people live, was only about \$20,000. London's loss is only about one-fifth that of New York.

It is not that the fire departments are so very efficient in any of these European cities, but because the buildings are planned on lines which render them practically fire-proof. Wood plays some part in the construction of houses, but brick and stone surround it invariably, and experience has shown that elaborate fire-fighting forces are unnecessary. —New York Sun.

Indian Wore Glasses.

"I noticed something the other day that was to me in the nature of a novelty," remarked a prominent local court stenographer who has spent considerable time in a business way among the descendants of the American aborigines. "What struck me as strange was my meeting here in Washington with an Indian who wore eye-glasses. In the course of all my experiences with the red men I never before observed Poor Lo making use of lenses to aid his sight. Perhaps the name of this particular Indian has something to do with his adopting what is unquestionably a very necessary custom of civilization. He bears the cognomen 'Foggy Cloud,' and is a member of the Chippewa tribe. All the other Indians of my acquaintance are blessed with keen sight of the most pronounced type, and I do not remember hearing that any of them ever had eye trouble of any character." —Washington Star.

Novel Use for Bullets.

Bullets seem rather a grim kind of ornament, but of late years the fad of setting bullets in jewelry has been much followed. The King of Greece wears a bullet set as a charm on his watch chain. This bullet was lodged in the panel of his carriage when he was fired at. Mr. Maurice Gifford, who will be remembered as leading the Rhodesian Horse in the Diamond Jubilee procession, gave his wife as a wedding present a bracelet containing the bullet which cost him his arm. There certainly seems to be something a bit barbaric in such charms—suggestive of scalp and other trophies.

When a dog grows over his food he likes it; but with a man it is different.

BLUE LAW VERSUS CUPID.

Little God Had a Rough Road Sometimes Among the Puritans.

In view of the fact that the ancient case of the people against Murline has been drawn out of some ancient pigeonhole and dusted off and paraded before a smiling public, it may be pardonable to cite another action of a similar character wherein the judge permitted mercy to temper the rigors of justice. It will be remembered that in the case against Murline the defendant had been caught kissing Sarah Tuttle, contrary to the statutes of the New Haven colony, and that after a fair trial on May day, 1690, the governor had sentenced both of them to pay a fine of 20 shillings.

In the other case the particulars are gleaned from a time-worn diary that dates back nearly 250 years. The extracts bearing upon the special episode referred to, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, are as follows:

"April ye three—Thys daye did Dorothy and mee walke across ye publicke common and Dorothy never looked sweter. She had on the kerchief that her Aunt Hester gave her and her hayre was lyke a tangled web of sonneshine. And it was at the closing of ye daye. And strange to saye tho I had much to tell her I coule not frame the words, but was content to walke in quiet by her syde, with the folds of her frock sometymes touching me and soe sending lyttle thrills thro my blud. And when we reacht her father's dommyville we lingersd o'er the paylings. Then Dorothy leaned a lyttle toward me and sayd in her gentill voice 'Good nyght to you, Phillip.' And of a suddyn my hart swelled and I was near to chokyn, and ere I knew what I had done I leaned across ye paylings and kyssed her!"

"Apryl ye four—I have been summoned before ye governor's counsel to answer to ye charge of unlawfully kyssing Miss Dorothy Graham. It appears that Abijah Clampill saw me from behynd ye hedge. I am grieved for Dorothy's sake, but care naught for my own. They cannot take ye kyss from mee."

"Apryl ye nineteen—Thys day was ye trial. Abijah gave hys testimony and I told ye governor it was truly related. 'It was alle my faulte,' I added, 'and I humbly confess my gillt.' And then of a suddyn Dorothy arose in ye court, and of a sooth she never lookt sweter and sayd: 'I share ye blame. If Phillip stole ye goods I stood idly by and saw ye larceny accomplish. Punish mee, too.' And then of a suddyn a quick smile crosst the governor's face, but his voice was harsh when he sayd: 'Ye have bene found gilty of a heinous offence agaynst the goodde character of ye colony, Phillip Ames. It is deservyn of severest punishment, but becaws of youre youthe and more especially becaws of ye very grate temptayshun, here he caste a swifte glance at blushing Dorothy. 'I hereby decree that the sentence concerning ye that you shall pay a fyne of 1 shylling into ye colony treasure—and I put ye, Phillip Ames, on probation until sayd shylling be paid.' Then I lookt the governor full in ye eye and sayd: 'If it please youre excellency, I will pay the shylling now?' And so I did. And then Dorothy and mee, in full sight of ye counsyl, walked forth syde by syde. 'It was a grievous pryde,' said Dorothy, with a lyttle sigh. 'It would have bene cheap at a thousand times ye sum,' I cried. Then Dorothy lookt uppe at me with a roughish air. 'Mayhap the average costs can bee cut down,' she sayd, 'when ye goods are taken in wholesale quantities.' And so next Sabbath day our banns will be first called by Parson Tomlinson in ye new meeting house."

HOMESPUN PHILOSOPHY.

Observations on Commonplace Matters by the Atchison Globe Man.

Your friend is so quiet. But what a blab your enemy is!

It often happens that the straight of a crooked story is not very interesting. Some people will lose five dollars for the privilege of attending to your business.

There is many a merry ha! ha! at your expense that you don't know about.

When older women gossip before a girl, it is one sign that they consider her grown up.

No man has yet been found who can use good judgment when his hair stands on end.

The only applause a married woman gets is that from her kin when she successfully fools her husband.

Some girls have an idea that they are truly literary if they lie on a rug before a fireplace while reading a book.

Oh, well, time drags now, but think of the time when your only way of measuring it will be by the medicine you take.

You often hear people say: "Blast my luck!" Ever hear them praise their luck? Is there such a thing as good luck?

We imagine that the two most gruesome tasks in the world would be to shave a dead man, and curl the hair of a dead woman.

A cemetery widower is always gayer than a court house widower. Somehow, the court house widower is still a little afraid of her.

When a good woman stays away from church, and hears afterward that there was almost no one there, the burden on her conscience increases.

Count your blessings. If you sleep in a cold house, where all the fires go out at night, remember that in the warm, steam-heated houses, bedbugs winter as well as summer.

A story is going around that a Christian Scientist who has lately been sneaking into a doctor's office, to prevent his wife abusing him, met his wife there yesterday, whereupon they both laughed, and backed.

R. B. Spiffler, stenographer of the District Court, tells a good honest farmer story. The farmer was summoned as a jurymen in the trial of a man stealing money. "Are you gully or not gully?" asked the Judge, when all the preliminaries of the trial were complete. "Not gully, your honor," replied the prisoner. With these words the honest farmer arose from the jury box, and started to leave. "Where are you going?" inquired the Judge. "Home," said the farmer. "But you must try the prisoner first," explained the Judge. "Why," said the farmer, with a puzzled look, "he says he isn't gully."

FINDS IN ELECTRIC GLOBES.

Rare Insects Are Occasionally Killed by the Arc Lights.

"We get all kinds of bugs, birds and insects out of the globes," said one of the men who attend to the electric lights. "In cleaning out our globes we find a little collection every time. They are attracted to the light in some way, and are never satisfied until they land in the globe, where, of course, they soon die from heat. When I get hold of a real rare specimen I always find a ready sale for it with some of the bug collectors here in Washington. It is not often, however, that we find anything real rare. Occasionally after a storm or a long dry spell something new will turn up in the globes.

"The changes in the weather are sure to bring about a change in the crop of things which get into the globes. The most valuable bug I ever found I sold to a fellow over there in the Agricultural Department. He gave me a \$2 bill for it, and said that it was a bug he had been hunting for for more than a year. He called it by a name which no one but a Dutchman could pronounce. This bug had a head exactly like an elephant, and its legs turned in and out like a frog's. It was nearly as large as a tree frog. I have never been able to find another one like it. These pesky English sparrows keep us busy tearing their nests out of the globes during their breeding season. They can build a nest in a day or two, but they don't take any pains to make them nice. They are built of straw, paper, strings, sticks, or just any old thing the bird can find without hunting around."

Cigars in Vaults Like Wine.

Captain Charles A. Hess, who is interested in tobacco raising in Cuba and is an expert on cigars, was talking with a crowd of friends in a Broadway restaurant the other evening, when he took the cigar from his lips and said:

"Now, that was once a good cigar, but it has been ruined by the way it has been kept. You see how dry the wrapper is? Its aroma has been ruined. The only place I know of in New York where cigars are kept right is at the Waldorf-Astoria. Away down in the second cellar of the hotel, underneath everything, are vaulted rooms, the floors of which are brick, and underneath the brick is a layer of five inches of sand. These vaults are kept exactly the same. Imported and domestic cigars are not kept in the same vault, for wherever they are kept together the aroma of one permeates that of the other. Of course, no one is ever allowed to carry a lighted cigar into these storerooms, and every other precaution is taken to prevent anything from injuring that delicate peculiar 'second' aroma which good cigars should have, and which they lose so easily.

"When a cigar is properly kept," he added, "it grows better with age. It ripens, becomes more fragrant, but bad keeping makes the value of a cigar lessen with its age.

"I would like to be turned loose in those Waldorf cigar cellars," concluded the captain. "The value of the goods stored there ordinarily is over \$300,000." —New York Commercial Advertiser.

Taking Advantage of the Situation.

A member of the military band at a certain barracks came to the surgeon recently with a long face and a plaintive story about a sore throat.

"Sore throat, eh?" said the surgeon, pleasantly. "Let me see. Oh, that's not bad—a slight irritation, nothing more! You'll be all right in a day or two. I think you had better take no risk by using your throat though, so I will recommend you for a fortnight's sick leave."

Armed with the surgeon's certificate, the bandsman obtained two weeks' sick leave. The two weeks had just come to an end when he met the surgeon on the parade ground. The bandsman saluted, and the surgeon, recognizing the face, stopped.

"How's the throat?" he asked pleasantly.

"It's quite well, sir," was the reply. "That's good," said the surgeon. "You can get back to your duty without fear. By the way, what instrument do you play in the band?"

"The small drum, sir," said the musician.

Unqualified Indorsement.

"I want to show you my new bonnet," said Mrs. Hammersmith to her husband.

Mr. Hammersmith tried to smile and look pleasant.

"I want your judgment on it, dear," she went on. "How do you like it as compared with my last bonnet?"

"Why—er," began Hammersmith, pretending to make a critical examination. "This is very pretty, but what is the difference in their cost?"

"This cost \$7 less than my last one." Hammersmith's mind was instantly made up.

"I like this much better," he said. —Pittsburg Gazette.

"It's as bad," said a man, speaking of a brass band, "as the third band in a circus parade."

THE YOUNG MAN'S AGE

DEMAND FOR YOUTH IN EDUCATION AND BUSINESS.

An Unbiased View of the Really Remarkable Movement that is Now Taking Place—Problems Which Its Existence Bring Into Being.

Two very remarkable movements are discernible in the business and the education of the times; and yet, when we come to examine them, we find that the tendencies have been clearly in view for more than a decade. Six years ago the present writer went to the president of one of the large corporations of this country and asked him to give employment to a man who had turned his forty-eighth year. There were personal reasons why he should grant such a request, and the person for whom the place was sought was entirely acceptable in character, ability and health. The president replied: "I want to do this, but it is impossible. The age of the young man is crowding upon modern business so fast that he will soon monopolize it. We take no one who has passed 45—we cannot afford to do it. But I will tell you what I will do. If this man has a son anywhere from 15 to 25 years old I'll find a position for him at once." So far has this tendency already gone that the problem of getting rid of employes above a certain age is now under discussion, and so great has been the uneasiness that several of the large concerns have issued statements that the old men will not be discharged.

At the same time practically all of them are taking on only young men, and the demand has made a profound impression upon the highest colleges and universities of the country. It has been shown that if a student goes through all the courses to the post-graduate specializations he is about 30 before he gets into active life—and modern business needs him at least five years before that time. It is not a mere sentiment but a real conviction which contends that the years lost from work between 20 and 30 are in a measure stolen from the lives of the students. This may be an extreme view, but many, if not most, of our leaders in industry and in the professions believe it is true. That there will come a change—a compromise, perhaps—seems to be one of the certainties of the near future.

Along with the increasing hold of the young men comes the problem of caring for those who have passed into what is sweepingly called old age. It is not fair to set limits on any individual. So long as he is able to do his work and do it acceptably he is entitled to every opportunity and advantage. We do not refer, of course, to the old men of signal ability and success, for the grave is the only stop to their energies and usefulness, and it would be easy to fill many columns with names of those who are past 70 who are holding their own with the best that the younger generations can show. But there is an army of millions of wrinkled and white-haired veterans who have toiled faithfully and well all their lives, and upon whom others are dependent. Their welfare brings into prominence the system of old-age pensions which has been pursued in Germany more successfully than anywhere else, and which has been introduced by several of the important corporations in the United States. This may be the solution of the other end of the problem, while the young men keep on crowding into the offices and workshops and accomplishing the great things of an advancing civilization by their skill, quickness and enthusiasm.—Saturday Evening Post.

UTAH HAS A MODEL TOWN.

Mormons Claim Only Successful Experiment in Local Government.

There is one town in the United States whose inhabitants do not hunger for the flesh pots of other communities laying claim to a higher degree of culture. The place is named Vernal, and it is situated not far from the reservation of Uintah Indians in Utah. One of its attractions is that there has never been any local tax levied on the townspeople, for the reason that the sensible system of city government provides a perfectly adequate income without the necessity of taxation. Nothing is given away by the city government of Vernal. If any franchises or privileges are desired they must be paid for and paid for at their full value. Saloons are looked upon as a luxury that can be dispensed with, but as the town is not a total abstinence community the saloons are allowed to exist by the payment of a large fee to the treasury.

Crime is taxed to the utmost. Fines rather than imprisonment are the punishment for evildoers. Instead of a prisoner being supported for a term at the expense of the city he is mulcted in a sum deemed commensurate with the enormity of the offense and the money goes to the town's exchequer. In this way the burden of the city's expenses is placed on the shoulders of those who deserve to be made to bear it, and the well-behaved citizen instead of suffering by the action of the wrongdoer is being compelled to support him in jail actually benefits by his wrongdoing in the absence of taxation.

So proud are the citizens of Vernal of their model town that the city officials almost invariably turn back into the treasury the amounts received for salary. The only man who is really paid by the town for his work is the city marshal, who devotes his whole time to the duties of his office.

As might be expected, the town is splendidly laid out, possessing miles of

asphalted streets, one of the finest school buildings in the West and ample means for the building of more as they are needed. No breath of suspicion has ever been directed at the officials of the town. Their action in refusing to receive salaries might in itself divert suspicion of "hoodling." The town numbers about 4,000 persons, and an admirable system of government is attracting numbers to take up their abode there. It is probable that it will emerge from comparative obscurity during the next few years and become one of the most important cities of the West.

WIVES AND BEATINGS.

Women Discuss the Amount of Abuse Their Sex Should Endure.

"How much beating should a wife bear before she made up her mind to leave her husband?" was one of the main subjects discussed to-day at the women's conference of the In-Ed Name Society in All Souls' Church, Madison avenue and 60th street. In the opinion of Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, editor of a religious newspaper, the wife should submit rather than leave her husband to be at the mercy of bad influences.

Mrs. Houghton said that, although there were times in the present state of society when a divorce seemed necessary, a higher and more ideal standard would make such a thing impossible. She called attention to the stormy domestic life of the prophet Hosea, in order to show to what extent one partner should bear with the indiscretions and the sins of the other.

The sentiments produced a sensation and there was a murmur of dissent.

One of those present asked if a woman injured by an intoxicated husband should remain with him. Mrs. Houghton said that she had known many noble wives and mothers whose husbands had beaten them every Sunday night. The speaker said that it would be better for the family if the injured wife had the grace and the strength of mind, and, above all, the love for her husband, to hold to the family relations.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis suggested that such treatment of a wife on part of a husband was degrading to marriage relation. Mrs. Houghton answered that one soul could not depend on another without that soul's consent. She said that she had known in lower walks of life of husbands who had beaten and ill-treated their wives and that, after all, they had come around all right; whereas, if the wife had left their lords and masters, men might have gone irrevocably to the bad.

"What I wish to ask," said Mrs. Arthur Smith, "is, how long should a wife submit to beating before she leaves her husband?"

"Mrs. Houghton, if I understood you correctly," replied Mrs. Grannis, "there was no limit. Now, there was John Wesley, whose wife dragged him around the house by the hair of his head. It seems to me that it would have been more dignified had he resented it." —New York Correspondence Bulletin Sun.

An Obliging Caller.

When Monsieur Clemeceau was the French Chamber of Deputies, he became, for some reason, the life of the working man; but his popularity according to the course of nature brought its penalties. He was beset by all sorts of people, who came merely to ask questions, and sometimes they were questions of the most trivial sort.

He was originally a doctor, and used to give advice for nothing at certain hours of the day. One morning a working man entered his room, and Clemeceau said, without looking at him from his writing:

"Take off your coat and shirt, and attend to you directly."

Three minutes later he found the man had stripped to the waist. "There is nothing the matter with you," said the doctor, when he made an examination. "I know there isn't!" returned the man.

"Then what did you come for?" "To consult you on a political question."

"But what did you strip for?" "I thought you wanted an illustration of the emaciated body of the man who lives by the sweat of his brow." The political question remained unanswered. Monsieur Clemeceau was too exasperated to do more than tell the man to dress and go home.

From Tomahawk to Shoe-Bottom. Sitting Bull's eldest son is a black. His name is Montezuma and he is a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School.

After his schooling he went to Philadelphia full of ambition, and made over the profession he would follow. At _____ seemed to him that he should be a banker, and then, when he seemed inclined to help him along the path, a master merchant. But he began to learn that there is no royal road to riches, and he thereupon decided that he would black shoes.

For a few cents he bought the relation kit, and it was not long before he could send for Winona, from Rosebud Agency, the girl who was promised to marry him. Instead of soap-box which Montezuma was carried for an outfit, he now has a fine stand, and this descendant of a line of chiefs is building up a flourishing business every day. In all, he lays his success to _____ for, as he says, he learned there how to do things well, the small as well as the great.

Lots of women say they will wear mourning, but when the comes they give in.