

The Weekly Chronicle.

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Weekly Clubbing Rates.

Chronicle and Oregonian..... \$2 25 Chronicle and Examiner..... 2 25 Chronicle and Tribune..... 1 75 Chronicle and N. Y. World..... 2 00

THE WHEAT OUTLOOK.

The Scientific American comments on an address delivered recently by Dr. William P. Wilson, director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, before the Pennsylvania State Millers' Association, as follows:

"It is encouraging to learn that during the last five years the United States has provided the same proportion of the world's total exports as it has during the past twenty-five years, and this in spite of the fact that new wheat producing countries, such as Argentina, Australia and Roumania, now contribute their share to the total export trade. This is shown by the fact that while the average annual exportation of wheat and flour from all countries for the past twenty-five years has been 253,000,000 bushels, and from the United States 111,000,000 bushels, the annual exportation for the past five years from all countries has been 345,000 bushels and from the United States 164,000,000 bushels.

"Dr. Wilson is of the opinion that the future market for the surplus flour of this country will lie in the countries to the south of us, South Africa and the Asiatic countries, while European countries will probably import our wheat and make their own flour. We are evidently taking a strong hold on the South African market, which, against an importation of only \$111,750 worth of flour in 1895, showed an importation of nearly \$1,000,000 worth in 1896, the figures for March, 1897, showing, in turn, an increase of 300 per cent over those for the same month in 1896.

"Without entering more fully into the figures of this very timely address, we may mention that Dr. Wilson gives some account of the capabilities of Argentina, our greatest competitor in wheat raising. It seems that there are 240,000,000 acres suitable for the cultivation of wheat, and that while the northern districts are tropical, the whole of the middle part is temperate, and the southern districts are not as cold as the wheat districts in the United States, frost and a little snow being only occasional. Of the 240,000,000 acres suitable for wheat growing, only a little over 7,000,000 acres are devoted to wheat. Twenty years ago Argentina imported wheat and flour, yet in 1894 she exported 59,000,000 bushels of wheat and 459,527 barrels of flour. The cost of production is estimated at 33 cents a bushel, and the average freight to Europe is only 15 cents a bushel. The average distance to the seaboard by rail is one hundred miles, as against one thousand miles in this country. The producer is also favored by the low cost of living, the small farmers (chiefly Italians) living on a scale of frugality impossible to Americans, and the whole family, even to the small children, assisting on the farms. They have no barns, and the stations rarely have warehouses; hence the crop deteriorates before reaching the seaboard. When they have better facilities for handling, they will produce the wheat at even less cost.

If we are to build up a trade with countries other than European, as we probably shall be driven to do in the near future, we must go to work systematically and study the conditions, the supply and demand, the freight and duties, and the standing of the various import houses. There is a danger lurking in this sudden

rush of good fortune—a danger which threatens not merely our agricultural, but the whole of our industrial interests. We are liable just now to lose sight of the permanent necessity for extending our market, not merely for wheat, but for all of our manufactured products as well. The past few years of depression have not been an unmitigated evil if they have taught us the necessity for establishing new markets in which to dispose of our ever growing surplus. It would be a most unfortunate outcome of this year of plenty if it should relax our efforts by suggesting that the need for aggressive action had passed by.

A VITAL QUESTION.

Sunday's Oregonian contains an editorial entitled "Desheveled Women" that should be read and taken to heart by the whole people of the United States. It contains as much food for thought as could possibly be crowded into the same space, and that is nearly a column. Starting with the bad results, from a moral standpoint, of the association of men and women in common work, such as hop picking and the working in department stores in large cities, the article in question deals with the subject in all its phases, and finally concludes that the place for women is in the home.

The subject is of vast importance, and resolves itself into the question "What shall we do with our women?" Advocates of women's rights, so called, argue as they may, have the immutable decree of nature in opposition to them. Woman was by nature given the charge of home. For her the indoor life was set apart when motherhood was made her's. The care of children, the helplessness and dependency of infancy, the gathering of little ones around her knees settled that proposition. When she, through choice or necessity, puts the home life beyond her reach, she sins against herself.

It is hard to say that a woman should not be allowed to support herself by work properly belonging to men, yet there can be no doubt but that this should be so. Max Nordau indorses this idea, if indeed he does not formulate it, and realizing that women who now have to rely upon their own efforts for their support, cannot have the means of support taken away without some other being given them, suggests that a system be perfected by which all dependent women, that is those who have neither means of their own nor relatives to provide for them, be cared for by the state.

Without going deeply into that subject, we cannot refrain from pointing out the fact that marriages are steadily becoming less in proportion to population in the larger cities. We believe the reason for it is the employment of women at men's work. The woman works for about half the wages a man would get for the same work. For every woman employed thus some man is kept out of a job, and consequently being unemployed, or if employed, being compelled to work for reduced wages on account of the competition of women, he is unable to support a family, and consequently does not marry. Without this competition, he would get double the wages the woman does, and could support both. The woman by performing his work decreases her chances of marriage, as well as those of her sister woman, and so drives still more of them into seeking employment at men's work.

The matter grows by what it feeds upon, and unless a halt is called, marriages will, in the cities, become obsolete. When marriage falls, morality falls. What will be the final result?

POOH BAHS DIFFER.

The Leutger trial at Chicago promises to last for a month longer. Friday there were two experts on the stand testifying as to the character of the bones found in the vat where the body of his wife was supposed to have been destroyed by caustic potash. One expert said they were "the bones of a delicate woman," while the other insisted they were "the bones of a hog."

It is evident that in the nice shades of distinction even experts are not

infallible. Dr. Dorsey, the bone expert of the Columbian Museum, declared the femur, the bone over which the contention arose, was that of a woman of delicate structure, and proved it to his own satisfaction. Then Dr. W. H. Allport, professor of descriptive and comparative anatomy in the Northwestern university, declared in the most positive manner, that the bone aforesaid was that of a hog. "It came," said he, "from a hog of delicate organization; but it was nothing but a hog for all that." Now the experts in bones pretend to be able to tell easily the sex of the former owner of a human skeleton by the femur, yet cannot tell the difference between that of a woman and a hog. Scientists have become so metaphysically scientific that what they know they cannot demonstrate, and what they don't know everybody knows. Some of those fellows couldn't tell the difference between the bones of a defunct Klondiker and an extinct mastodon; not if they were told how things in the Klondike were exaggerated.

CHANGING CONDITIONS.

The great Northwest is entering upon another epoch in its creative history. The pioneer has done his work; the trackless forest, which sixty years ago heard the sound of the axe for the first time, has been transformed into smiling farms and happy homes; cities and towns have sprung where in the memory of but two generations the improvident savage roamed at will and hunted his prey, little dreaming of the changes soon to follow; railroads have penetrated into the heart of the country, causing civilization and progress to follow its narrow trail; where once lay broad prairies, undisturbed save by the morning wind as it swayed the luxuriant grass, now are myriad grain fields, while the broad rivers, on whose waters but a little while ago the Indian's canoe glided peacefully, now support on their white bosoms the carriages of a mighty commerce. All former conditions have changed, and all according to natural laws. A new race of men, surrounded by different conditions, now occupy the place of the brave Oregon pioneers; the destiny of the one has been accomplished, the fate of the other remains to be determined.

In former years the people of Oregon depended solely upon natural conditions, which, with ordinary efforts, yielded rich returns. Wheat and wool, stock and lumber, and all kinds of natural products grew in great abundance, and finding ready sale in the markets of the world, brought rich returns to the people of the Northwest. The land waxed fat, and a golden stream of wealth poured continually into its lap.

But the opening of new countries and the general progress and advancing civilization have brought about new conditions. No longer can we depend altogether upon advantage of situation, richness of soil and mildness of climate. Competition in every line of business is at fearful strain; the margins of profits in all lines of trade are smaller than in former years, and it is push and well-directed management which gives to one superiority over another. Oregon and Washington are settling down to a permanent basis. The lines are being drawn which succeeding years will make all the more marked. The Northwest as a whole will grow in strength and richness as the years go on because it has the resources and the men to develop them; but it remains to be seen what portions pass one another in the fight. It does not follow that because one town was larger and more prosperous than its neighbor in former years that it will always remain so. History often teaches the reverse, and examples of this sort are seen in the experience of every one. No city can depend altogether upon past prosperity without making an effort for its continuation.

We lay an interest in the general growth of the Northwest, but a particular one in the progress of The Dalles. This is our first concern, and it is for this that THE CHRONICLE will always labor in the future as it has done in the past. The truth is self evident that this is the year in

which The Dalles must determine its future status. Other towns are awake to that fact as regards themselves, and many of them are laying a firm basis for prosperity. The Dalles has better advantages than any of them, but we are not showing the same spirit of enterprise.

Can any intelligent person give an adequate explanation of why there should be woolen and scouring mills running night and day at Pendleton and none at The Dalles? or why Salem, Oregon City, Albany and Dallas should all have woolen mills running on full capacity and The Dalles none? or why La Grande should be selected as the place to experiment in making beet sugar, and The Dalles passed by? There is no explanation save that we have been dilatory in developing the natural resources that God gave us. Instead of a population numbering 5000, The Dalles should contain 15,000, and would do so yet if industries with pay rolls were started. Now is the time to look the matter square in the face. The capital can be found; water power exists in unlimited quantities; the natural products are here in greater profusion than anywhere else in the state, and the brains to direct and carry on these undertakings are here, if only backed with the necessary nerve and energy. To establish manufacturing industries in The Dalles should be the hope and ambition of every citizen.

William T. Stead expresses the fear that "American women are in great danger of being spoiled." Mr. Stead is the gentleman who wrote a large book inquiring "What would Christ do if he came to Chicago?" And yet the veriest tyro in religious subjects, who had any acquaintance with Chicago, could have told him that in such an event "he would go around it."

CITY COUNCIL MEETS.

Committee on Lights Report—Case of Miller Referred to Committee—Other Business Transacted.

At the city council meeting last night, Mayor Nolan presided, with Councilmen Thompson, Kuck, Stephens, Johnston, Champlin, Clough and Johns present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The petition of the Seufert & Condon Telephone Company to put in a store room on the city property on Third street was read and referred to the committee on streets and public property.

J. P. McNerny's petition to force Mrs. Boney to put in a sewer on her property adjoining his on Third street was referred to the city marshal.

In the transfer of property by C. L. Phillips and others, the recorder was instructed to furnish a certificate of sale to each party.

Mrs. Chas. Denton's bill for fuel, furnished to the fire engine house, was referred to the committee on fire and water.

The special committee on lights made a verbal report, in which they stated that thus far they were unable to get a statement from the county officials as to the amount of taxes and other matters, and were granted an extension of time to investigate.

Reports of city officers were read and placed on file.

Amounts against the city were ordered paid and orders drawn for the same. Claims were then read by the recorder and pronounced correct by the council.

BILLS ALLOWED.

C F Laner, marshal.....\$75 00 Geo C Brown, engineer..... 75 00 J J Wiley, night watch..... 60 00 R B Sinnott, recorder..... 50 00 C J Crandall, treasurer..... 20 00 D. P. & A. N. Co.,..... 100 00 Dalles Lumbering Co, lumber..... 112 00 W A Johnston, mdse..... 17 85 C J Crandall, labor..... 1 00 D W Mann, hauling..... 25 00 J W Blakeney, hauling..... 1 00 P F Burham, do..... 1 00 W Henzie, do..... 25 00 J C Crandall, stationary bills..... 2 50 Repair of water works..... 32 00 Maier & Benton, mdse..... 50 00

The recorder was instructed to get a lock and key for the vault.

A motion was made and carried that the recorder be instructed to draw up an ordinance requiring all bicycle riders to carry a light after dark.

The case of Hugh Miller, who was shot by Nightwatchman Wiley, was referred to the judiciary committee with the power to act. This case will probably cost the city something like \$175.

Motion to adjourn was then made and carried.

BUCKLEN'S ARCADE SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Blakeley and Houghton, druggists.

ARE YOU A COWARD?



At first sight this may seem to be an impudent question. We are told however, by the famous author, Disraeli, that any man is a coward, even in spite of himself, if his garments are ill-fitting or in a shabby condition. If you wish to enjoy the bravery of elegant attire you should order your Suits and Overcoats of

M. BORN & CO., THE GREAT CHICAGO MERCHANT TAILORS. Who for 20 years have led all rivalry in Custom Tailoring and never failed to please in Material, Style or Workmanship. A "BORN" suit will cost you less than the kind of tailoring that makes men cowardly. Every Feature Guaranteed. 300 Patterns to Choose from.

A. C. GIGER & CO.,

NEW YORK CASH STORE

NAMING THE BABY.

Law suit to Decide Whether the Right Belongs to the Father or Mother.

The question as to whether the naming of the baby belongs, as a matter of right, to the baby's father or to the baby's mother is raised in a queer law suit originating in Eastkill, in the heart of the Catskill mountains, reports the Albany Law Journal. The plaintiff is Ole Halverson, a Swede, who cultivates a small farm on the mountain side. He has sued for damages Rev. J. G. Remerton, a German Lutheran minister of the same place, and the pleadings set forth the following state of facts: Mr. and Mrs. Halverson have a son of tender years. The former desired that the boy should be called Oscar, after the present monarch of Or. Halverson's fatherland. Mrs. Halverson dislikes the name Oscar and was determined that the baby should not be burdened therewith. Mr. and Mrs. Halverson took the baby to the clergyman to be christened.

Mr. Halverson requested the minister to name the child Oscar, but Mrs. Halverson had already talked the reverend gentleman over, and to Mr. Halverson's surprise and indignation the boy was not christened Oscar, but something else, whereby Mr. Halverson suffered serious disappointment, loss of authority in his household, laceration of feelings, etc., for which he prays damages. The clergyman's defense is that he christened the child in accordance with the wishes of the mother, whose rights in the premises he considered paramount. The case brings up a novel question in jurisprudence, the decision of which will be regarded with interest in thousands of families throughout the land.

IN LAMPPOST LETTER BOXES.

Not Many Things of Value Found There—Dead Mice Dropped In. "Ever find things in the boxes?" was asked of a post office collector who was taking the letters from a lamppost letter box.

"Some, but not such an everlasting lot, either," was the reply, says the New York Sun. "A thief fleeing from his pursuers once dropped a watch in a lamppost letter box, so that it would not be found upon his person nor along the line of his flight; but watches are not commonly found in lamppost letter boxes.

"Once when I came up to a letter box I found standing by it a policeman and a woman. The policeman said that the woman had dropped a dollar bill into the box between some letters and she wanted to get it back. The rules of the post office require that anything that may be found in the boxes shall be turned in at the post office; the loser must apply for it there. If I had found any money in this box I should have been compelled to turn it in. But there wasn't any money there; the lady must have lost it or have left it somewhere else.

"As a matter of fact not many things of value are dropped into lamppost letter boxes. Uptown you find a dead mouse in a box occasionally, but that's about all. Children put the mice in the box—they find a dead mouse in the street and think it's funny to put it in a lamppost letter box."

CAN SEW UP HEART WOUNDS.

They Are Not the Kind Made by a Maiden's Glances, Either.

Can prompt surgical aid save the life of a man stabbed through the heart? It has always been held that any attempt to operate directly upon the heart was worse than foolish, and that to sew up a lesion in the heart proper without killing the patient would be an absolute impossibility, says an exchange.

Yet Dr. Rehe, of Frankfort, Germany, at a meeting of the surgical congress in Berlin recently, reported a successful operation of the kind—the first in the history of surgery—and produced his patient living and well before the assembled scientists to attest its truth.

Describing the case, Dr. Rehe said the man had been stabbed in the right side of the heart. He was conveyed with great haste to a hospital and taken directly to the operating room. The surgeon laid bare the heart in a few seconds and found a wound in the right side of the organ. He sewed up the orifice and applied general treatment for arresting hemorrhage. The heart worked violently during the operation, but the commotion of the organ gradually subsided, and in due time the wound healed and the patient recovered.

For Sale.

Lots A, B, K and L, block 30; A B, block 72; A, B, C, D, E and F, block 82, and A, B, C, D and E, block 25. Apply to Wm. SHACKLEFORD.

Subscribe for THE CHRONICLE.

OUR SMALLER COLLEGES.

In Many Respects They Are Doing Better Work Than the Larger.

There are a few striking facts about the small American college, writes Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal. One striking fact is that 60 per cent. of the brainiest Americans who have risen to prominence and success are graduates of colleges whose names are scarcely known outside of their own states. It is a fact, also, that during the past ten years the majority of the new and best methods of learning have emanated from the smaller colleges, and have been adopted later by the larger ones. Because a college happens to be unknown 200 miles from the place of its location does not always mean that the college is not worthy of wider repute. The fact cannot be disputed that the most direct teaching, and necessarily the teaching most productive of good results, is being done in the smaller American colleges. The names of these colleges may not be familiar to the majority of people, but that makes them none the less worthy places of learning. The larger colleges are unquestionably good. But there are smaller colleges just as good, and, in some respects, better. Some of the finest educators we have are attached to the faculties of the smaller institutions of learning. Young girls or young men who are being educated at one of the smaller colleges need never feel that the fact of the college being a small one places them at a disadvantage in comparison with a friend or companion who has been sent to a larger and better-known college. It is not the college; it is the student.

CHINESE WOMAN DOCTOR.

Ho King Eng Is the First of Her Sex to Study Medicine.

As far as her name conveys to the average American, Hu King Eng might just as well be a man, but she isn't. Hu King is a remarkably pretty little maid from the Celestial empire, and more than that, she is the first woman of that heathen land to whom the degree of doctor of medicine has been granted.

Dr. Hu was born in Foo Chow, and in her babyhood she had every oriental luxury which a Celestial baby could possibly cry for. Her grandfather was a mandarin of power and wealth, who late in his life became converted to Christianity and brought his grandchild up in that faith.

When she was old enough little Hu King was sent away to a boarding school, but she never seemed to take any interest in smuggling caramels, going to matinees and other courses which schoolgirls take. Instead, she prowled around in the dispensary connected with the institution, learning all she could about medicines and drugs. So marked was her thirst for medical lore that her father decided to make a physician of her.

After bitter opposition on the part of all her relatives, who said they would rather see her dead than a doctor, or whatever the title is in Chinese, Hu King came across the seas to this country. She matriculated at the Ohio Wesleyan university, and after four years of hard, persevering work, was graduated with the degree of master of arts.

From Ohio she went to Philadelphia, where she took a three years' course in the Woman's Medical college and a post-graduate course in the Philadelphia polyclinic, from both of which institutions she received degrees. Then followed several months of practical work in the Woman's hospital in Boston, and Dr. Hu, fully equipped for her life work, returned to Foo Chow and assumed charge of the Siang-Hu hospital.

Her success has been remarkable. One instance is related of a coolie wheeling his blind old mother 1,000 miles in a wheelbarrow to consult the woman doctor. A double cataract operation and the blind was made to see. The only son of a wealthy mandarin was dumb from his birth, and so of no account—disqualified to worship before the names of his ancestors. The tied tongue once relieved, and the dumb was made to talk.

Dr. Hu King Eng is one of the delegates to the woman's congress to be held in London next year.—N. Y. Press.

Voice of Bullets.

The voice of a bullet varies. There is the thin, high whistle, to which no one pays any attention for the first half hour. There is the prolonged moan, "the cry of a lost spirit," as a novelist might say. There is the wolfish howl, which for some reason always seems to be taking one on the flank instead of fairly in front; and last of all there is the low, ill-tempered buzz, as though the nasty thing had got out of bed the wrong side, as children say. It is far the most terrifying, especially if it suddenly stops as the bullet strikes something close at hand. It was those bullets only that we politely wished "good morning."—London Chronicle.