

WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN.

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ENTERPRISE..... OREGON.

Give a man your skim milk and he will kick for a share of your cream.

Matrimony is a balance wheel that most men need. But few take it for that.

Queen Wilhelmina seems to have taken her husband for worse instead of better.

It seems a difficult task to do away with football when a single game draws \$50,000.

It will be no fun to dig the isthmian canal. There will be a lot of hard dredging about it.

Financially speaking, a season of football seems to be more successful than world's exhibitions.

The red line of subside is drawn across many short accounts and yet does not balance them.

In the progress of civilization, isn't the time nearly at hand, anyhow, for double track railways or none?

Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Henry are not the only ones who are out. There are Prince Henry's creditors.

A society woman has erected a marble tablet over her dog's grave. Let us hope she left a space on it for her own epitaph.

Again the worm has turned. A New York bride, after five days of wedded life, left her husband because he had cold feet.

Cheating at cards is legally held to be larceny in the State of Washington. In some of the other far Western States it is merely suicide.

Sir Thomas Lipton declares that he will try again to win the cup. It is hard to make Sir Thomas tired of being a jolly good fellow.

It is said that there is an increasing sentiment against dueling in Germany. This is another evidence of the "Americanization" of Europe.

Andrew Carnegie proposes to give \$10,000,000 to help educate American people up to something a little better than the so-called historical novel.

The Earl of Rosslyn claims he has a system that will break the bank at Monte Carlo. A prudent man can foresee the sale of the earl's great estates.

Another New York get-poor-quick scheme has left town over night, leaving the tramson open for parties who still desire to stuff money into a rat-hole.

Judging from Queen Wilhelmina's husband's performances with the sticker a good stockyard's hand was spoiled in making a very inferior sort of prince.

George Brandes, the Danish author, is to receive an annuity from the government in recognition of his services to literature. Mr. Brandes does not write historical romances.

Some idea of the fuss and feather of King Edward's coronation may be gathered from the fact that trappers are scouring Siberia for enough skinned to trim the capes and collars of the peers.

The Vanderbilt baby has a diamond-studded rattle. Because of maternal fears lest the diamonds come off and may be swallowed by the baby, this kind of rattle is not likely to become popular with the masses.

The death at the age of 104 of a Kansas woman who never took any precautions to guard against disease germs and never even heard of the germ theory makes us half-way suspect that possibly we may have unnecessary worries.

London is agitated because an American syndicate wants to build a \$100,000,000 office building on the Strand with 6,000 offices and thirty elevators in it. If it is done the city's building laws will have to be radically changed, as no Englishman under the present laws can fall more than six or eight stories.

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine mentions as an incident of life in Labrador the burial of a live pet in a barrel under the November snow. The owner of the animal, a black bear, by the way, dug up the barrel twice during the winter, but did not awaken the occupant, who was permitted to sleep on till May. Hibernating pets give no trouble to their owners or to others, and are happy in their repose. A barrel may thus be the abode of greater felicity than is to be found in a palace.

Church unity finds unique exemplification in the history of a forty-thousand-dollar edifice now building in Boston to take the place of an "institutional church" which had been outgrown. The minister is a Methodist, regularly appointed by his conference, but the building is owned and the whole enterprise is generously "backed" by the Unitarian denomination. A radical Methodist founded the church, and by his will established the dual control, and neither the harmonious workers nor the countless poor folk whom the church has helped and comforted have ever found reason to dispute his be-

lief, that men of different creeds can heartily cooperate if only they love food and man more than they do a sectarian label.

Indian Commissioner Jones says it does not pay to feed nor to educate the Indian. By virtue of his position he is to be accepted as an authority. He has had opportunities for studying the matter in all its phases that are denied his critics. As for the Indian nation, it probably does encourage laziness. There is a lot of fine sentiment devoted to the joy of work, but after all it is the stomach need that drives most people to the labor that really produces things. There are many people in this world that would invite an Indian to most energetic envy by their scientific illness if food and shelter were furnished them without cost.

One of the subtlest forms of vindictiveness is the spreading of disparaging opinions about those whose conduct is resented, or whose personality is regarded as an offense. There is very little difference between this practice and the actual attempt to work for some one else's injury and downfall, which is the open way of showing vindictiveness. The latter method is something barefacedly avowed by unscrupulous men. They will boast of having put "a thorn in side" of any one to whom they object. Indeed, there are people so peculiarly constituted that they cannot be opposed or thwarted in any way, however legitimate, without feeling at once the desire personally to injure their opponent. These are the people who are described, often without much implied reticence, as "good haters." If we get at the bottom of the hate which such people feel, it will as a rule be found to be vulgar and selfish vindictiveness.

A man went to a great physician and asked for a cure for mental depression, a disease which is very common and is better known as "the blues." Now this physician was "very wise." He knew that the blues means that persons center their minds on themselves. They think of their own troubles, their debts, their domestic and business cares, of a thousand irritating things that grow like poisonous weeds. The more they are nurtured in the mind, the more wise physician wrote a prescription and ushered the sober-faced one out. The depressed man hastened to a drug store, for he was exceedingly "blue," and there handed the prescription to a clerk, remarking gruffly, "All that in a hurry." The clerk read the prescription, and with a laugh, handed it back, and there in plain English was written, "Laugh at least twenty times daily, and always before retiring." This man of the instant, and then laughed, and as he laughed the dull care that had been resting like a cloud on his brain seemed to grow lighter, and he laughed some more. He muttered something about "clever trick," and left the store, and on his way back to his office he actually whistled, something he hadn't done for years. Back at his desk, he buckled down to work, still laughing. The world seemed changed. From an indefinite somewhere he had secured a new stock of energy. He cracked a joke with the head clerk and instead of discharging a bungling employee, gave him some words of encouragement and advice and another trial. He actually enjoyed his luncheon. The food tasted good, and he was hungry. He went home with a laugh and didn't groan about business worries at the dinner table. He told his wife of the interesting things that he had seen and heard downtown that day, and when she smiled at him from behind the tea urn he remembered that she was a very handsome woman, and that he was a lucky dog to get her. He glanced through the evening paper, read about a little, romped with the children awhile, went to bed with a laugh, and slept like a baby. Try it for the blues. It is a cure found on science. Your physician will tell you that laughter is exercise—that it stimulates digestion, moves the bowels by the dozen, quickens the circulation of the blood, helps the liver. He will tell you that persons who laugh much seldom look their years, for mirth is an invigorator, as well as a health preserver. It is a cure worth trying.

A certain noted pianist says that whenever he feels unduly elated by favorable notices of his playing, or by individual compliments, he calls to mind an occasion when his pride received a fearful fall. He had been a guest with others at a suburban house for two or three days. The last evening was a particularly merry one, and at its close some one begged him to play a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt. "I've played two or three times," demurred the pianist, "and it's pretty lare. Don't you think I might disturb the neighbors?" "I hope you will," announced the young daughter of the house, "for we are perfectly sure they tried to poison our cat last week. Nothing you could do would be worse than they deserve."

Then her ingenious countenance was suddenly overspread with blushes, and the company gave way to mirth.

The Worm Will Turn.

The housewife peeped into the soup-kettle, saw a German paper, then looked reproachfully at the "lady help." "You've forgotten the onions again!" she said. "It seems to me you can't remember anything!" "Excuse me, madam," returned the maid, respectfully but firmly, "I know nearly all of 'Faust' by heart."

A girl likes to listen to soft nothings if they mean something.

A BOY VISITS A KING.

FINDS EDWARD OF ENGLAND AN AFFABLE MAN.

Lad on Camera Tour Is Forbidden to Take Picture of Marlborough House, but is Given an Interview by the King and His Queen.

A Washington high school cadet, who, without introduction, recently had a talk and lunch with King Edward in his palace, thinks the British monarch is almost as democratic in his manners as the new occupant of the White House.

This lad is Wilbur Johnson, son of a Washington storekeeper. He set out alone on a camera tour of England, and incidentally came to Marlborough house, King Edward's residence.

"I handed the guard a piece of silver," remarked the cadet, in telling his adventures, "and went inside the gates. Securing a good view, I planted my tripod and got the focus, when I was started to see an elderly gentleman standing directly in front of me.

"Hello, sonny. What are you going to do?" he asked.

"He told me I could not take a picture of Marlborough house, that the camera must be stopped somewhere, and that they drew the line at the King's palace.

"I fancied he was a clerk, and, handing him my card, I asked for his. Then I nearly dropped, for he said:

"I haven't a card; I'm the Duke of Argyll."

"Well, when I had recovered, he asked me if I wanted to see the king. That I assured him, was just what I most desired. He smiled and said he might be able to arrange it. I was to present myself at Marlborough house at 3:30 o'clock. At that hour I handed my card to one of the two guards. He disappeared, and a moment later was back again, bowing and calling my name, 'Mr. Johnson.'

"That room was the most beautiful I ever saw. All mosaic and gilded chairs, and beautiful furnishings. At the farther end—a man in a long way off to me—stood a woman in black Prince Albert coat alone. I looked at him, and my first thought was 'a big burly man.' Then, when I got to thinking that this man was at the head of all the British empire, I became nervous.

"As I walked toward him I was at a loss to know what to do. I had to decide in a hurry, so I just raised my hand and saluted him as I would salute any officer of our cadets.

"The King's face was very pleasant, and he smiled a little. He returned my salute and extended his hand to me. We shook hands.

"I see you are an officer," began the King, "in some military company."

"No, sir, I am only a private," I answered.

"Ah, I thought you were an officer." Then I explained to him that our officers wore shoulder straps. He asked me all about the high school cadets, saying that he'd heard of our companies, and I told him.

"The King smiled now and then. He seemed interested, and asked many questions about the cadets.

"I was terribly upset, for I had no idea what to do when with a king. My face was burning red, and I was always afraid he was going to ask me something I could not answer. He asked me how I liked London, and I assured him that I liked London, and I assured him that I liked London, and I assured him that I liked London.

"There was an interval of silence. I was very much troubled, and would have given a good deal to be well away from that talking. I wanted to leave most of the time to the King, and things were getting awkward.

"At last the King leaned forward and tapped a little silver bell. A servant in gorgeous livery appeared and bowed low before his Majesty. Then he bowed to me. The King ordered tea, and the man brought it to us. It was served in the smallest kind of cups, and without milk or sugar. I was about to ask for these, when I thought that some people don't use them and that it might not be just the right thing. That tea was fine.

"Just after we had tea—the King and I—a tall and very beautiful woman entered. It was Queen Alexandra, but she did not look at all like any of her pictures. She is far better looking. Now, I hadn't expected to see the King, and to meet King and Queen both was a trying ordeal. My face became more red than ever, I suppose, for I did not know just the right thing to do.

"The Queen held out her hand. I walked to her, kneeling, bent over it. Now, I knew better than to kiss her hand, for I had read something about that in books. I took her hand in mine and kissed the back of my own hand. Then the Queen 'raised me,' as you might say."

Young Johnson admits that he was in great confusion, and heartily wished himself safe back in his hotel. The Queen, however, asked him a few questions, and he told her of his little sister and brother, who admired her greatly, he asserted. The Queen said:

"Dear little girl," of the sister, and sent both her love. After a few moments she left the young American again alone with the King.

"Again I did not know what to say," he remarked. "I had read something of the royal jewels having been moved a short time before from the Tower of London to Marlborough house. I had the audacity to ask King Edward to let me see them. He hesitated a second, then assented.

"We went into a smaller room on the side, and then I saw the jewels. Queen Victoria's crown, which weighed thirty-nine ounces, was there, with its sapphire that is supposed to have come

down from Edward the Confessor, and also the sword of Edward the Black Prince; the crown of Mary II; the sword of Excalibur of King Arthur of the Round Table, and many other wonderful relics. It took us some time to view them, and during this time the King said not a word.

"When we got back I wanted to get away. I was afraid it was not right to take out my watch, but I did so. It was five minutes past 4. I had been with the King half an hour.

"Well, I said, 'I've got to get back.' The King said 'Good-by' pleasantly, and hoped that I had enjoyed the visit."

ODD INSURANCE CASE.

All Hung Upon Which One of Two Died First.

Justice Kenefick has decided the peculiar Southwell inheritance case, which was tried in the Supreme Court in Buffalo several months ago. Peter Southwell and his second wife were found dead in bed at their home in Austin, Pa., one night in January, 1909. They had been asphyxiated by gas.

Southwell left an insurance policy for \$2,000 issued by the Royal Arcanum and made payable to his second wife. He left two children by his first wife, Johanna and George W. Southwell. They claimed they had inherited the insurance money, but relatives of Mrs. Southwell No. 2 also claimed it. The administrator of the estate, John H. Gray, refused to turn it over to either of the sets of claimants until the courts decided who was entitled to it. Then the Southwell children brought suit in the Supreme Court to collect the money.

Everything hinged on the question of which of the asphyxiated couple died first. If Mrs. Southwell died first, she could not have inherited the insurance that was made payable to her; it would then have reverted to Southwell's next of kin, his two children, but if her death occurred even a single moment later than that of her husband, then the ownership of the money must have passed to her, and upon her death to her next of kin. Those next of kin contended that the husband had died first. Southwell's children held that Mrs. Southwell had died first.

Each side produced numerous medical experts at the trial to prove by the disclosures of the autopsy on the bodies that the particular side they represented was right. The result was that when the trial was finished, the question of survivorship was still a very doubtful one, and the delicate task of settling the case was left to Justice Kenefick. He spent much time on it and surprised some of those interested by the manner in which he disposed of the case. He decided in favor of the Southwell children, holding in part as follows:

"It would serve no useful purpose to discuss here the reasons assigned by the various medical witnesses for their answers to this question, inasmuch as the court, after careful consideration, has reached the conclusion that it would be mere conjecture, surmise and speculation to essay the decision of survivorship in this case upon such testimony. This controversy must be determined, therefore, upon the assumption that there is no proof to decide which of these individuals predeceased the other. Under such circumstances the civil law indulges in presumptions based on age and sex to aid in determining the survivorship of persons perishing in a common disaster. The common law, however, recognizes no presumptions on the subject. In the absence of evidence the fact is assumed to be unascertainable, and a rule of distribution has been adopted whereby property rights are disposed of as if death occurred simultaneously.

"Under the certificate of incorporation of the society as well as under its constitution and laws referred to above, this fund was intended for the widow, the children, relatives or dependents of the insured; it was not in the power of the insured to designate as beneficiaries the person represented by the defendant. Yet the practical effect of sustaining the defendant's claim would be to divert the fund from the insured's children and pass it directly to the relatives of the beneficiary. Judgment is directed for the plaintiffs accordingly, but without costs."

Cheap Dinners in London.

A company has been formed in London, the promoters of which propose to provide the laboring classes with dinners at the rate of four cents each. The company has built an extensive, complete and central steam bakery and kitchen covering more than an acre of ground, and connected with the principal railways. Here meat, flour, eggs, vegetables and fruit will be received direct from the farms. Prime joints will be sold to consumers. The boiling parts will be converted into dressed provisions, soups, and beef teas to compete with the large importations of foreign meats. The kitchen will prepare family meals in the form of stews or pies, consisting of a pound of meat without bone, six pounds of vegetables, cereals and dried fruit, sufficient to provide a savory dinner for six persons at a cost of 24 cents. The meats used are beef and mutton only. The vegetables range from potatoes to spinach. Of cereals there are twenty-three varieties, including several American breakfast foods. The service of the dinners will be on lines similar to those which workmen have already proved to be successful.

Spanish Income Tax.

The new Spanish income tax schedule is based on the idea of taxing business profits wherever found. Income must pay 15 per cent of their gains to the government, besides 5 per cent more on all dividends paid, while ordinary corporations must pay 12 per cent on income and 8 per cent on dividends.

WHEN YOU STRIKE A MATCH.

Did You Ever Inquire How Many Follow Your Example?

"How many matches are struck in a single day?" asked an enthusiastic young statistician, "and how many cords of wood and how many tons of sulphur and how many units of heat are represented in the world's daily consumption of matches? Here is an interesting problem. Matches, of course, are not used in all the countries of the world. There are still primitive peoples who are still kindling fires by striking sparks from flinty substances, just as our ancestors did in the long ago, when they made pots and kettles out of clay and stones and knives out of bones and the harder formations in the crust of the earth. Some countries are so damp that matches cannot be used with convenience. In many of the tropical countries which may be classed as civilized matches are struck on account of the dampness except on the rough sandy side of the box.

But in the great and more advanced countries of the world matches are in almost universal use. Exceptions may be found in rural sections that are almost completely isolated, like some portions of agricultural Germany or remote parts of the United States, for that matter, but these exceptions are very rare. Getting back to the daily consumption of matches, it is really an enormous thing. The consumption in the United States daily is something enormous. Roughly there are 80,000,000 persons in the United States. On the accepted allowance of five for each family this means 16,000,000 families, so right on the jump we would have 16,000,000 stoves which would consume at the very lowest an average of three matches each and every day, or a total of 48,000,000. In the evening the lamps must be lighted in each of these homes.

Then there are the hotels, the restaurants, the saloons and the business places generally which keep open at night, with their millions of gas jets and lamps, and it is reasonable to assume that the consumption of matches in those places would equal, if it did not surpass, the consumption in the homes of the country. Mind you I have said nothing about the factories and institutions of that sort, and nothing about the vast quantity of matches consumed daily by the smokers of the country, the cigarette smokers and the fellows whose pipes are always going out. Why, a fortune goes up daily in matches' smoke, and the sulphur and wood and units of heat wasted in this way is something startling. Electricity has to some extent cut down the consumption of matches, but the consumption is large enough, and the fellows who are to come after us may have reason to deplore our extravagance in this respect, for wood is getting scarce all the time."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

NOVEL RULING IN A PIE CASE.

Man Whose Teeth Suffered in a Restaurant Gets Damages.

An interesting case to the public was disposed of recently in the City of London Court by Sir John Paget, Deputy Judge, in a claim made by Andrew Moyes, clerk to the Bank of Tarrapac, 97 Bishopsgate street, against Joseph Lyons & Co., Limited, caterers, to recover £10 under peculiar circumstances.

Mr. Abinger, the plaintiff's counsel, said that in April last the plaintiff went to the defendants' establishment in Bishopsgate street for some refreshment. While eating a beefsteak pie his false teeth came into violent contact with a button or with the shank of a stud and knocked off two teeth, breaking the plate in his mouth. When he claimed redress he was referred to an insurance company. He had had to get a new set of teeth, which cost him £5 and he claimed another £5 for inconvenience in being without his top teeth for a week.

The defendants said there was no responsibility upon them. When a member of the public went to a restaurant the presumption was that he was fully equipped with teeth to eat ordinary food. It was not an extraordinary circumstance to find a piece of bone in steak pie, and the plaintiff's teeth ought to have been strong enough to contend with it.

Sir John Paget said there had been negligence on the defendants' part. It was their duty to see that the food which they supplied contained no hidden danger alien to its character as described in the bill of fare. When a man ate a beefsteak pie he did not expect to find in it a piece of bone or a button from the coat of the man who made the pie. As to the suggestion that a man was bound to have a perfectly solid set of natural teeth before he ventured into a restaurant of high-class caterers it was perfectly ridiculous. Firms who provided lunches took the risk of the teeth the public were likely to have. He should find for the plaintiff for £5 the price of a new set of teeth and costs, but he could not allow him anything for inconvenience.

Beware of Needless Words.

Don't write "photo," "photo only," "printed matter," "calendar" or any other descriptive phrase on mail packages unless you desire to pay first-class postage rates. Most people do this without knowing that it increases the rate. Packages should have no inscription whatever on the wrapper except that which strictly pertains to the return card and address.

Clothing that fits does not seem to be fashionable this year. Look at the overcoats worn by the men, and the cloaks worn by the women.

Lack of sense is too often blamed on lack of confidence.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has nearly finished her new novel, but as yet she has not announced the title of it. The story is to appear serially, beginning in the spring.

The world is not to be left in ignorance of Maxim Gorky, the new Russian star in literature. Two more stories from his pen are being published. The book will contain an autobiographical portrait of the author, and a biographical note.

A book on "Medieval London," the London of which the greater part suddenly perished in the great fire, will appear shortly. It is written by Dr. Benham, rector of St. Edmund the King, London. An attempt is made to read the general aspect and the principal features of medieval London.

Some little time before his death Sir Walter Besant wrote a biographical sketch of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. It will appear as part of the coronation literature, which promises, one way and another, to be fairly bulky. By that time the public will also get the autobiography which Sir Walter Besant left.

One of the books sent forth by old Wynkin de Worde was the "Nova Legenda Anglie," a set of English legends. This was so long ago as 1516. The work has just been re-edited with fresh material derived from manuscript and printed sources. It has considerable interest for students of early English ecclesiastical history.

Edward M. Alfriend tells the following story in his "Unpublished Recollections of Poe": "Mrs. Shelton told me that Poe informed her over and over again that she was the Lost Lenore of The Raven; she also said Poe told her that she inspired his poem, 'Annabel Lee.' She said that he often read The Raven to her, and she described the fire, the pathos, the intensity with which he did it, saying, 'When Edgar read The Raven he became so wildly excited that he frightened me, and when I remonstrated with him it replied he could not help it—that it set his brain on fire.' Mrs. Shelton was beyond middle age when I knew her, but I had many acquaintances who had known her in her youth, and they all concurred in describing her as a beautiful girl. Her distinguishing qualities were gentleness and womanliness. She was just the woman in which such a perturbed spirit as that of Poe would have sought rest and found it. Poe told my father, who was his intimate friend, that of all the English poets he preferred Shelley. My father often said of him that he always found him intellectually the most fascinating man he ever knew, and always a lovable, charming companion, except when he was under the influence of liquor, when he would become coarse, gross and vulgar. He also said of him that he had fits of the deepest gloom, and on one occasion, when talking to him, Poe suddenly turned to him with 'tristis oculos full of anguish and said: 'I believe God gave me in misery of genius, but he quenched it in a spark.'"

CURIOSITIES ON RAILWAY TRIP.

Experiences Met With by a Man Travelling Around the Globe.

A globe-trotter sends some remarkably interesting notes of a journey round the world to the Pall Mall Magazine. He says: "I traveled from Nagasaki to Yokohama, in Japan, without a break in the journey. The distance is 700 miles, and the best trains require exactly forty-eight hours for the trip. Of these six hours are occupied in crossing the Inland Sea by boat. The first-class fare is £2 5s, second class 1s 4s and third class one-half of the second. Only an occasional train has a dining car or a sleeping car attached to it.

Like everything else in Japan, the railway carriages are toylike, usually have only two or three compartments. In the dining cars you eat from tables hardly larger than little girls have for their dolls. At all stations, which are frequent, you can buy freshly made tea for three-haifpence—pot, cup, tea and all. This you take in the car, and the dishes are thrown out of the window usually. Europeans dislike the prepared luncheons sold in boxes. They consist mainly of boiled rice and undercooked fish.

Smoking is permitted in all compartments, for all Japanese men and women smoke almost continually. A native lady enters the carriage, slips her foot from her tiny shoes—which have wood or rice-straw soles, stands upon the seat and then sits down demurely with her feet doubled beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette or a her little pipe, which holds just tobacco enough to produce two good whiffs of smoke. All Japanese people sit with their feet upon the seat of the car, and not as Europeans do. All of them have first removed their shoes. When the ticket collector—attired in blue uniform—enters the carriage he removes his cap and twice bows politely. He repeats the bow as he comes to each passenger. More than 90 per cent of all the travel in Japan is third-class, and nearly 2 per cent only is first-class.

And the Beast.

"Why do you call them 'beauty and the beast,' when he seems such a nice sort of a fellow?"

"Because, you see, he's a literary lion."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

When you suddenly meet a man you hate, ever remark that you hope you are looking well!