

WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN.

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ENTERPRISE OREGON.

Ragtime music is to be banished before the next world's fair. St. Louis will have to invent something new.

Bonnets are now made to match gowns, but, strange to say, no one thinks of trying to make them match purses.

Mrs. Sarah Grand claims that the way to approach man and subdue him is by the dinner route. Well, this is certainly a better plan than lecturing at him every night.

The Glasgow exhibition came out with a profit of \$400,000, while the Pan-American lost three millions. The canny Scot takes his pleasure with an eye to money-making still.

Statistics show that one person out of each seventy in the United States is engaged in working for the railroads. And although statistics do not show it, there are more than seventy trying to work the railroads.

No human society can find fault with an automobile banquet held even on the coldest night. There are no horses to be left outside to shiver and shake while their owners warm themselves within and without with the best known heat-producing commodities.

It is a disturbing bit of knowledge—the fact that six men can remain in a submerged boat fifteen hours, with no other air to breathe than that in the boat, and suffer no ill effects from the experience. There will be no ventilation whatever in sleeping cars after this.

What the anarchists desire is the privilege of remaining under a civilized government with full license to assault its rulers and its institutions. Logical as such a demand is, that is what they insist on and what they strenuously contend for. But the American people have tolerated that condition of things as long as they are going to. The disciples of Most and Goldman have assassinated one president too many.

Let a people once be reduced to the condition where they can see no future for themselves or their children beyond the mental drudgery which barely serves to procure them the necessities of life and they will be ready to engage in any desperate venture which gives the faintest promise of breaking the yoke. An educated man with a future before him under a government guaranteeing him all the rights and privileges of a free man is hard to seduce into conspiracies and rebellion.

Jan Kubelik, the boy violinist, who learned to play on wires drawn over a cigar box, and is in America on a \$100,000 tour, has shown great interest in American boys. "I should like to tell them," he said, "how to succeed. They must learn to wish. Until they know how to wish and wish till their whole soul is one wish, they can never be what they should be. A wish that hurts and hurts—that is the wish that comes true! And the whole world and poverty and no friends and ill health cannot stop it. If they wish they will work. Wishing and working will make the world right over for them. They boy who would like to succeed—he cannot succeed; but the boy who wishes to succeed till he cannot eat or sleep or do anything—but work for wishing—he has success! That is why you are getting \$100,000 from America," one said. "That is why, also, I can play at all," he supplemented. Kubelik is a little more generous with his advice than he is reported to be with his money, but for all that, not even all his money could do the good to American youth that his freely-given advice may accomplish if it is acted on as it may be.

Because there is a lesson in the story, take your boy on your knee and tell him about Ernest Armineo, who killed a schoolmate, Joe Creelman by name. It happened in Newport, Ky., and has saddened the lives of two families and fastened to the future of a lad something that he can never forget. Tell the boy that the foundation of the crime was found in a taunt, in a species of bullying that makes rare sport of weakness. Edward failed in school, and little Joe threw the failure at him. It hurt cruelly. The boy was ashamed because of his lack of success. He was humiliated because of his temporary downfall, and the cruel words aroused all his passion. Talk to your boy about anger. Tell him that the lad who does not learn to master himself can never master others. The greater the provocation the more need for self-control. Tell him that the successful employers of others are nearly always men who have learned the philosophy of self-restraint. Tell him that force is the weakest of all weapons, for it seldom convinces. In the old days great battles were started by the same means that led to the Newport tragedy. A knight in armor would ride out in front of his troops and hurl an insult at the enemy. He would call them dogs, thieves, cowards, infidels. From the opposing force another knight would ride out, and they would fight till one or both were dead. Then there would be more taunts, more fights, and the soil would be drenched with human blood. It was all very foolish. It made war a matter of personal bravado. It sacrificed lives and proved nothing, and after centuries of this

kind of slaughter the system was abandoned. It is easy to fight when the blood is boiling and hatred spreads a mist before the eyes. It is a thousand times more manly to avoid a contest if by any possibility it can be avoided. The other day two young men, once friends in the German army, fought over a small difference of opinion. They were angry, and each feared the word "coward" more than he did bullets. So Lieut. Hildebrand shot Lieut. Blaskowitz to death, and is now in a cell, where he will stay for two years. He is sorry. There is an awful remorse that is eating at his heart. He'd give his life to put the soul back into the body of his dead friend. Tell your boy that. Tell him to think twice before he strikes a blow; to guard his tongue always. Tell him that it often requires courage of the highest type to keep out of a fight, and only the brute courage, common to animals, to go into one. The boy or man who is big enough and brave enough to hold himself in check when his whole being cries out for a battle will never be deemed a coward by those whose opinions are worth having.

Every day things happen that furnish sufficient excuse for individual, municipal, or even national rejoicing. It is not so often that anything happens to benefit the whole world and to make it proper for the two hemispheres to congratulate each other. Just such a happening, however, is this of the transmission of the first wireless signals across the Atlantic. In this achievement all mankind may take satisfaction. It is a triumph for everybody. Of course it is Marconi in particular who is to be complimented, and the public will not be sorry that it is he. Marconi has conducted his researches and experiments in the most admirable way. His disclosures to the public have come after, and not before, the fact. They have been accounts of what he has done, not of what he intends to do. If Marconi had plans for communicating with the Pleiades the public would know nothing about it till the first message from that constellation had been received and translated. So when he says that he, in Newfoundland, has received signals through the air from England, he can be believed. No doubt Marconi, like other men, is not made unhappy by public recognition of his services. But he relies for that recognition on his achievements, not on his aspirations. For such a man the public has a deep respect and a cordial admiration. Only one exception can be taken to the universal shout of approval that will doubtless greet the young scientist. There is some danger that in glorifying him the public may forget the men whose steady, patient toil made his dazzling success possible. In the '90s James Lindsay sent a wireless telegram across a narrow sheet of water, and since that time scores of men have contributed the small results of their personal investigations to the great general problem. These results, informed by the genius of Marconi, have given the world the first transatlantic wireless signaling. It is a case of a great many men laboring and one greater and more fortunate man entering into the fruits of their labors. To say this is not to depreciate Marconi's abilities. It is only to call attention to the fact that coming at the end of a long line of investigators he has so summed up in himself all previous studies and conclusions that Marconi and wireless telegraphy are as imperishably linked together as Darwin and evolution, though in neither case does the linking tell the whole story. There were evolutionists before Darwin and wireless telegraphers before Marconi. The outcome of Marconi's successful experiment remains to be seen. There was a long space of time between the first experiments in passing an electric current through a copper wire and the first successful telegraph line. It may be a long time before the transmission of messages across the Atlantic otherwise than by cable will be an economic success.

Mr. Smith Now Has a Beard.
"I do not like to see a man wear a beard," said Mrs. Smith to her friend, Miss Brown, "but I have the greatest difficulty in getting my husband to shave often enough to give him a presentable appearance. He comes home with a three days' growth on his face, looking horrible, and when I remonstrate he says the barber shops were all full, or that he was pressed for time, or makes some other ridiculous excuse for his untidiness. It is a great worry to me."

"I had the same trouble with Brother Charlie," said Miss Brown, "but since that lady barber shop opened near his office he gets shaved at least once every day, and always looks as clean as a new pin."

Mr. Smith now wears a full beard and Mrs. Smith is learning to trim hair.

Heat in Australia.
Australia is the hottest country on record. I have ridden for miles astride of the equator, but I have never found heat to compare with this. Out in the country in the dry times there appears to be little more than a sheet of brown paper between you and the lower regions, and the people facetiously say that they have to feed their hens on cracked ice to keep them from laying boiled eggs.—San Francisco Call.

Let Us Hope So.
Mrs. Wedder has remarried her first husband after having been divorced and then buried two others.

"Well, the first shall be last, you know."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

We have some sympathy for people who are mean, and don't know it, but it makes us mad when anyone thinks up meanness, and takes pride in it.



MARCONI'S REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT.

NO scientific achievement of recent years has such general attention been given as was induced by the announcement that communication had been established and messages sent by wireless telegraphy between points in England and Newfoundland. The distance between the two points, St. Johns and Cornwall, is 2,200 miles, but signals sent from Cornwall were repeatedly received at St. Johns, so persons interested in the matter, and the initial step in what eventually may prove to be the greatest triumph of latter day science has thus been taken. Guglielmo Marconi, who has perfected the system of telegraphing without wires over widely-separated distances, is the one to whom the success of the achievement is due. His idea is ancient, but the utilization of the generally accepted principle has remained for the Marconi laboratory to develop. The apparatus for the most part appears simple and the mechanism is known to every beginner in electrical science. The vital



part of the apparatus is known as the coherer—a little glass tube stopped with silver plugs and half filled with nickel and silver filings, which is Marconi's product. Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor, began experiments in wireless telegraphy six years ago when he was 21 years old. His first work was done in Italy and from there he went to England in July, 1896. Three years later his work attracted widespread attention when he sent a message thirty-two miles without wires across the English channel. Then messages were sent in this country by his system and communication between ships

at sea, divided by many miles of water, was made possible. Mr. Marconi is positive that soon he will be able to show to the world that his invention is wholly practicable. In his recent attempts to telegraph across the Atlantic, the most favorable conditions were not in evidence, as it was necessary to use a kite in the experiments, when a balloon would have been better. High winds made use of a balloon impracticable, however. Ultimately, a mast 200 feet high will be erected, with special machinery connected with it, and by means of this perfect communication will be established, Marconi claims. Stability

of the instruments receiving messages is essential, and this cannot be had with a kite or balloon. A mast will solve the problem and make possible communication, it is thought, over any distance. The Anglo-American Telegraph Company, which by a charter from the government has exclusive rights and privileges in the matter of telegraphic communication on territory under control of the government, threatened to begin proceedings against Marconi unless intimation was given that he would not proceed further with his present work and remove the appliances he had erected for the purpose of telegraphic communication. The attitude of the telegraph company is taken as proof that Marconi's attempt to telegraph across the Atlantic without wire or cable has been successful and its stand is taken, Marconi's supporters assert, to prevent the completion of a system which ultimately would lessen the present company's profits greatly, as the new system could be operated much cheaper and the cost of messages would be largely decreased.

LADY WITH THE LAMP.

Florence Nightingale, the Sweet-Faced Heroine of the Crimea.
In St. Thomas Hospital, London, there stands the statue of a woman which is always proudly pointed out to the visitor. She wears the dress of a nurse, and carries in her hand a nurse's night lamp. The figure is tall and slender, not to say fragile; the face is delicate and refined, with a look of reserve upon it—a "velled and silent woman" she has been called. The living face, however, would kindle with a strange immobility in conversation, and the dark and steady eyes glow with what a keen observer has described as a "star-like brightness." It is of the original of this statue that Longfellow has written:

The wounded from the battle plain
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And lit from room to room.

And slow as in a dream of bliss
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

From the tragedy of the Crimean war this figure emerges with a nimbus of glory. One is that of the great Russian engineer, Tolstolenski, with powerful brow and face of iron sternness; the other is this slender, modest English lady with downcast eyes and pensile brow. It is Florence Nightingale, whose womanly hand added so gracious an element to the memory of those sad days. And of the two, who will doubt that the "angel of the hospital" has won the more enduring fame?

Even after so many years have passed it is difficult for us to read without being overcome by a flood of mingled wrath and pity the story of the thousands of brave men who died unattended in the hospitals at Scutari, or perished miserably of cold and starvation in the trenches about Sebastopol, while medicines and medical appliances lay wasted on the beach at Varna, and food in abundance was rotting in the holds of vessels in Balaklava harbor. There were 13,000 sick in the hospitals. The death rate was as high as 52 per cent; four out of every five patients who underwent amputation died of hospital gangrene amidst filth that would have disgraced a tribe of savages. Such was the story that stirred every woman's heart in the three kingdoms as with a trumpet note, and Miss Florence Nightingale was asked to organize a nursing service in the great hospital at Scutari.

Florence Nightingale was the daughter of a wealthy English household, but born in Florence, Italy, from which city she derived her name. That she was a woman of fine intellect, clear judgment, and heroic will, cannot be doubted. Dean Stanley indeed has called her "a woman of commanding genius." Most certainly she proved herself in the Crimea to have great powers of administration. But all her genius ran in womanly channels, especially in that of nursing every woman, she said, has sooner or later, some other human life dependent upon her skill as a nurse; and nursing she insisted was an art, one of the finest of all arts.

Florence Nightingale has always practiced what she preached. Born to the ease and luxury of a rich woman's life, she yet turned aside, and spent ten years studying nursing as an art, first at the great Moravian hospital at Kaiserswerth, next with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, in Paris. Then she organized a home for sick governesses in London. Then came the opportunity of her life in the call to the east.

On Oct. 27, 1854, she sailed for Scutari with a band of thirty-eight nurses, of whom ten were Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy and fourteen members of an Anglican sisterhood. She had a keen horror of parade and started with her gallant band without public notice of any kind, arriving at Scutari on Nov. 5, the very day of a great battle.

What a colossal task lay before these gentle heroines! The hospital had 2,300 patients, and the wards were rank with fever and cholera and the odor of undressed wounds. To this army of the sick and dying were added in a few hours the wounded from In-

kerman, bringing the number up to 5,000. In this vast den of pain and foulness moved the delicate form of the "lady with the lamp." Instantly a new intelligence, instinct with pity, fertile with womanly invention, swept through the hospital. Dirt became a crime, and fresh air and clean linen and sweet, pure food became the order of the day. It was a strange passion of half-worshipping loyalty that this woman aroused in every one about her; she established a sort of quiet despotism by which all, even the highest officials, bowed their heads.

She toiled unceasingly all day, and when all the medical officers had retired for the night and silence and darkness had settled down over the miles of prostrate sick she was always seen alone with a little lamp in her



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

hand making her solitary rounds. It was this picture that Longfellow had in mind:

As if a door in heaven should be opened,
And then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent,
On England's annals through the long
Heretofore of her speech and song
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand in the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
A heroic womanhood.

Florence Nightingale remained in the Crimea till the last British soldier had left its shores, then stole back to England as quietly as she had left it. Within ten years the Red Cross Society was organized, whose emblem now gleams on every battlefield; it owes its beginning to her.

WAS ATTACKED BY KURDS.
John W. Bookwalter of Ohio Tells of an Adventure in Turkey.
"So the brigands who hold Miss Stone, the missionary, in bondage, want four times her weight in gold for her ransom," remarked John W. Bookwalter, of Ohio, at the Holland House, in New York, recently.

"It is fortunate," he added, "that she did not fall among the Kurds. They kill and rob every time. I had one experience with them, and I did not realize the great peril I had been in until the danger was past."

"I have been a globe-trotter for years, but only on one occasion was I in danger. My escape was most fortunate. I had been about Mount Ararat while abroad recently, and the necessity unexpectedly arose for my reaching Estapha at the earliest possible moment.

"Estapha is a railway station between Baku, on the Caspian sea, and Batum, on the Black sea. Tiflis is about midway between those places. "I engaged a guide and provided for a relay of horses at every tenth mile of the 200 miles we had to travel. Our journey was over the great highway, through scenery the like of which I never saw before or since. We started at 10 o'clock in the morning and arrived at Estapha at 6 o'clock the following morning, making the trip in twenty hours.

"We had reached the summit of the Delijan pass about 2 o'clock in the morning. Orloff, the guide, was sleeping soundly by my side while I admired the scenery by the light of the full moon.

"Suddenly the ymstchick (the Russian driver) jumped up and savagely

plunged the whip to his horses. I could not understand the cause, and as the driver did not speak English I aroused Orloff and said:

"What is the matter?"
"We were in the Kurd country. Orloff grabbed his pistol, and glancing from the vehicle, turned as pale as a sheet. 'Keep quiet and cool!' he exclaimed. 'The Kurds are after us, and if they get into this carriage we are as good as dead.'

"The driver was still standing and lashing his horses, while the Kurds, four in number, were running at top speed, and they are very fleet of foot. They do not carry firearms as a rule, but are armed with a kinchak, a two-edged dirk, almost as long as a sword.

"Several times one or another of the Kurds had a hand on the side of the carriage, intending to vault into it, but Orloff drove him off each time. Meanwhile the driver gave his horses no rest, and after going about two miles we wound the Kurds, who retired.

"Then Orloff told me of our danger. It was the custom of the Kurds, he said, to waylay travelers of whose coming they had received an intimation, dispatch them with their dirks, rob the bodies and disappear. The Kurds do not look for a ransom. All they want is loot, and to secure it they first kill those possessing it.

"Orloff, the guide, was once captured in Bulgaria, by brigands, who maimed him, and finding he could pay no ransom, released him.

"The week before we were attacked," said Mr. Bookwalter, according to the New York Times, "a party of Kurds waylaid a party of six Armenian merchants, killing all of them and feeling to the mountains with their stores."

FORGET WHERE THEY LIVE.
Odd Instances of Forgetfulness that Occasionally Come to Notice.

It was a diplomat, according to Ribot, in his book on "Disease of Memory," who, when about to make a visit could not tell the servant his name. "For heaven's sake," he said to a friend who accompanied him, "tell the servant who I am." Worse still was the case of one of Dr. Abernethy's patients. He knew his friends perfectly, but could not name them. One day, when out walking in the street, he met a friend to whom he was most anxious to communicate something concerning another friend. But unfortunately he could not remember the other friend's name, and at last, frantic with his ineffectual attempts to make his friend understand who was the person meant, he seized him by the arm and dragged him through several streets to the residence of the other, and there pointed to his (the second friend's) name on the door.

A complicated instance of mental eclipse is that of a gentleman living in Edinburgh. He was once found early in the morning seeking in vain for his residence. He appealed to a housemaid cleaning a doorstep, "Lassie, can you tell me which is Johnnie —'s house?" he asked. "Eh, mon," replied the girl, "but you're Johnnie — yourself." "That's not what I want to know," was the angry retort. "I want to know where Johnnie —'s house is?"

That distinguished lawyer, Lord Eldon, was the lord chancellor of England and had to keep a cumbersome piece of the national machinery known as "the great seal." His house in Queen square caught fire and to save the seal from robbers he buried it in his garden, but unfortunately forgot the exact spot. The story is told in many forms of the man who went home to dress for a party, but unhappily wound up his watch before taking off his clothes. This set up a sequence of automatic actions which ended in his going to bed instead of going to his party.—Rochester Post-Express.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST PLAGUE.
Those of Rome in 1656 Were Most Stringent, but Availed Little.

It is curious to note that there is hardly an order issued to-day by the government relative to the plague that has broken out in Naples that was not contained in the edicts of Alexander VII. in 1656, when Rome was last visited by the pest, to say nothing of the penalties which he inflicted.

Then, the moment news came that Naples was infected the energetic papal

suspended all communication with the kingdom of the two Sicilies on pain of death. Only letters were allowed to pass after such rigid disinfection that little of them was left. All persons belonging to the papal states who found themselves in suspected districts were forbidden, also on pain of death, to return, while death was likewise the punishment for those who, coming into a city, did not present themselves at a certain office. Also hotel or innkeepers, heads of convents, etc., who received any one not having the papal guarantee and who did not declare the names of their guests, ran the risk of five years' imprisonment. All this before there was one case in the papal states.

Reading the precautions then taken is like picking up a modern newspaper, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Lazarettos strictly guarded, isolation and disinfection, navigation of the Tiber forbidden and the churches closed, but all to no apparent purpose. At one time during that terrible year there was not one house in Trastevere (a thickly populated district of Rome) in which the plague did not enter, so that it was cut off from the rest of the city by a high, thick wall. After twelve months the tide turned and the Eternal City was free, after losing 14,500 of her inhabitants, while at Naples the deaths were 400,000 and at Genoa 60,000.

Wonderful Cave in Montana.
A new and wonderful natural cave, believed to be one of the largest known, has been discovered in the canon of the Jefferson, on the line of the Northern Pacific railway, about fifty miles east of Butte, Montana. An exploration party from Butte spent several days in the cave, going over an area of ten miles and to a depth of nearly 1,000 feet.

A large river with a current of about 100 feet was explored for a distance of several miles without discovering its source or outlet. A few articles of stone and copper utensils and some bones, believed to be human bones, were also found in one of the large apartments of the cave. There were other evidences that at some time in a prehistoric period the cave was inhabited.

It is believed that an earthquake closed the entrance to the cave and killed its inhabitants. The formation of stalactite and other natural decorations throughout the cave are most beautiful.

Not What He Meant at All.
Politeness, it is true, must have its origin in a kind heart and a desire to please; but tact and thoughtfulness and quick wit are also essential to good manners.

A very stout hostess who was entertaining a large company one evening turned to a group of young men standing near her chair and smilingly asked: "May I trouble one of you young gentlemen for a glass of water from the pitcher in the table?"

Several of the young men hurried to comply with the request. One, who was particularly active, succeeded in reaching the table first.

As he handed the glass of water to the hostess she complimented him on his quickness.

"Oh, that's nothing," he said. "I am used to it. I got into many a circus and menagerie when I was a boy by carrying water for the elephant."

It was only when he saw the expression on the lady's face, and noticed the silence, that the young man realized what he had said.

A Boston Boy Edited.
It was at one of the summer schools that flourish up New England way every year, and the white-haired lady had just finished her address. Among the crowd surrounding her, swayed by a congratulatory spirit, was a little boy—a Boston boy. Presently, when he had his opportunity, he shook hands and said:

"I was very much pleased with your remarks. I have been waiting for years to hear you speak on this topic. It was one of the best addresses on the subject I ever heard."