

WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN.

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ENTERPRISE OREGON.

Kipling's "Beware of the Bear that Walks Like a Man" is also popular in Japan.

In the eyes of the government employe, no man is truly great unless his birthday is made an official holiday.

Wu Ting Fang says the American civil war was not a failure. This seems to be about the first thing American that Wu has approved of.

Brilliant remark by a New York editor: "It takes more than an ill or a hill to down a Theodore Roosevelt." The Mail and Express is the guilty sheet.

A doctor says every mouthful of food should be chewed seventy-two times before it is swallowed. He doesn't go so far, however, as to insist that a cash register should be used in order to prevent mistakes.

"One of the best parishioners" of a certain well-known clergyman used to say that there were four occasions when he made it a point to be in his place at church. "These were, when it was a stormy Sunday, when the church was without a pastor and somebody had to read a sermon, when a stranger preached, and when his own minister preached." The conclusion is irresistible. If a special collection unfortunately falls upon a stormy Sunday, any minister may confidently tell this anecdote on the following Sunday—and like the collection over again.

Typhus fever broke out some months ago on the island of Arranmore off the coast of Ireland, and a panic seized both the islanders and the residents of the adjacent mainland. One heroic doctor, William Smyth, rowed himself every day to the island, and single-handedly fought the disease in the midst of poverty and filth. When conditions in the cabins became intolerable, he carried the patients to his boat and rowed them over to the mainland and his own house. He saved the little island community, but, worn out by his exertions, contracted the disease himself, and died. The people of the vicinity who refused to aid him in the time of dire need are now contemplating a memorial to his heroism.

When Victor Emmanuel succeeded his father on the throne of Italy it was freely predicted that his reign would be a short one, but the young man has managed so wisely that he is strong in the affections of his people, and were he to abdicate and stand for election as the president of republican Italy, he would probably win over all others. Of course the young king is liable to be assassinated at any time by anarchists of whom the country is full. Centuries of despotism have made these anarchists possible. In the reaction against tyranny anarchism has been born. Victor Emmanuel is likely to go some day as did his father, King Humbert. However that may be, the king is following in the footsteps of his father in modifying some of the most objectionable features of absolutism. Republican sentiment is strong in Italy and it is with the republicans in a governmental way that the king has to deal. They have a large vote in the parliament and come near to controlling. If Victor Emmanuel had shown the impulsiveness naturally attaching to most young rulers he would have been deposed before this. But he has been wise enough to make concessions as they have been demanded by public sentiment. He has instituted reforms and reduced taxation. He has heard all grievances and disposed of all matters purely on their merit.

Sombody wants to know if long hair is an evidence of genius, and points to the shaggy-headed artists who have become famous. Long hair is mostly an evidence of eccentricity, combined with shrewd business judgment on the part of the owner of the mops. We worship imported genius in this country. Sometimes we make fools of ourselves in the presence of those who have attained a high place in the art of pleasing the eye or the ear. And Europe learned that America did not expect to see Genius appear in a business suit. The public demanded men who looked the part, men who were not like other men in appearance. The result was a few steamer-loads of fellows who could riddle and paint and sing, all needing a hair cut, and most of them willing to adopt any kind of a freak make-up in order to coax dollars out of American pockets. It is cheap advertising. Do you suppose that a bevy of excited New York women would have assailed Paderewski with kisses and tears had he looked like a fat-faced, prosperous broker or merchant? It is doubtful. There is romance in the piano-playing Pole's hair; romance and soul and all sorts of occult possibilities. It makes a fit setting for a pair of dreamy eyes, and it appeals to the audience before the great artist has dealt the piano the opening thump. Perhaps when America gets deeper into art and music it will be possible for European celebrities to shed their locks and yet maintain their hold on the hearts of the public. The time is not ripe yet, because of the popular love for the spectacular.

As an example of the destiny of those who embrace "get-rich-quick" schemes and scorn the old-fashioned methods of industry and thrift one

Frank C. Andrews of Detroit cannot be said to have spent his life in vain. Mr. Andrews is a young man who arrived in Detroit a few years ago with a capital of \$1.25. By dint of nerve and quickness in taking advantage of opportunities he secured a foothold in the speculative world and from that time on made money rapidly, becoming a millionaire. Always a blunt advocate of the lucky throw as opposed to caution, sound methods and economy, says the Chicago News, he has done what he could to imperil the general prosperity of the public. Having been lucky, Andrews, like other "Young Napoleons of finance," seems to have concluded that he was invincible. He invented several maxims which probably he himself believed at the time. He openly approved speculation and declared that "human life is too short for the slow processes of thrift." It was his theory that "no man should work after he is 40," and he believed that all his good fortune came as "the result of taking chances." He found success consisted "in an indomitable faith in your own proposition." Probably his philosophical view of gambling seemed correct at the time. His boastful sayings doubtless in no way overstated his faith in himself. That he should have dipped into speculation came too often and brought himself into a predicament in which not even his "indomitable faith" could save him was inevitable. He has succeeded in wiping out his fortune in a hurry. Not being an earner or a saver, but having been trained throughout his life to the idea of getting money without labor, it is not surprising that he should have embezzled funds entrusted to his keeping. From the bank of which he was vice president he took \$1,500,000, leaving absolutely no security. His fortune is gone and so is his credit. Any clerk who manages to set aside \$2 of his earnings weekly is now better off than the erstwhile rich and boastful speculator. Youths who may be tempted into speculation would do well to note his example.

For many years there has been an almost continuous discussion of what might be called the age question. It has been said that as men grow old they find it hard to secure employment, and sociological investigations have shown that the old age of the artisan or the laborer is often one of considerable hardship. For the last few weeks in particular attention has been called to the alleged discrimination of certain employers against men over 45. It was for this reason that Mr. Schilling, in addressing the Chicago Philosophical Society, said that one of the three things that the National Civic Federation should do was to find an answer to the query: How is the man over 45 to make his living? It cannot be denied that this question presents some difficulties. At the same time the hundreds of thousands of men over 45 who are still capable of their best work show clearly that no perfectly precise age limit can be set. The hero of Addison's satire in the Spectator papers died of old age at 24. The captain of the Evanston life saving crew is doing the capsize drill with great agility at an age which is so advanced as to be a subject of endless speculation among the students of the university. The vital powers last longer in some men than in others. Some men die in their boots and some after they have shifted to the slippers. One cannot say: Thus long shalt thou work and no longer. In the case of artisans, in some trades, who have ceased to be capable of as full a day's work as they once accomplished, there is still the device of piece work, which will, to some extent, relieve the situation. If a man is paid according to what he does the employer cannot complain. It is, of course, to be expected that if the employer is paying his men by the day he should want men who can do a full day's work. If, however, he is paying them by the piece, any tendency to discriminate against older men who may do less work than the young ones is largely checked. As the worker passes the period of his greatest efficiency and declines in strength and skill, he can still receive a return for his labor, and though his earnings will doubtless decrease, they will decrease only in proportion to his falling powers.

Tolstol's Honest Criticism.
If the test that Count Tolstol applied on one occasion to his sons were made universal, criticism might possibly be more honest than at present, but it would not be agreeable.
A lady's singing having displeased Count Tolstol's boys on one occasion, they retired to another room and showed their disapproval by making a noise. Their father stood it for a time, and then followed them into the other room.
"Are you making a noise on purpose?" he asked.
The question was a close one, but was presently answered by a doubtful "Yes."
"Does not her singing please you?" asked the count.
"Well, no. Why does she howl so?" responded one of the boys.
"Do you wish to protest against her singing?" asked their father.
"Yes."
"Then go into the room and say so. Stand in the middle of the room and tell every one present," replied the count. "That would be rude, but upright and honest. Your present conduct is both rude and dishonest."

Great Country, but Few People.
With a population of only 210,000, Manitoba equals in size the whole of Great Britain and Ireland.

CLERICAL LIFE

The Amenities of Existence in the Parsonage—Preaching Is Sometimes the Least of a Minister's Trying Duties.

66 I SHOULD like to get a place with a good salary," said a young preacher seeking an appointment to an old clergyman high in the councils and respect of the denomination with which he was connected. "Young man," rejoined the senior, "if salary is your object you had better go into any other vocation than the ministry." The old man was right, for in looking over the salaries and contemplating the talents of the men engaged in clerical work, it is easy to see that most of them would probably be able to succeed much better, in a financial way, in almost any other calling than that which they have chosen, and that the same amount of work, in some other direction, might have made them independently wealthy. But a preacher should not, and, as a rule, does not preach merely for the sake of the salary attached to the place he fills. Of course, he wants a support, and a support in a style commensurate with that of the people whom he serves, but if he expects to make money out of preaching he is destined to be woefully disappointed, for, at the best, after the year is ended he finds himself fortunately situated if his bills are all paid.

During the year he and his wife have generally one long ceaseless struggle to make both ends meet, and often with indifferent success. He must be economical where other men are liberal; he must learn to go without luxuries and even without many things which by most persons are regarded as necessities. He must make his old black coat do duty for season after season,

attempt to discover any humor whatever. Besides this, his interest, like that of most men of every class, centers largely in his own profession and fellow-professionals, and his humor naturally takes the same turn. To him it seems a good joke to hear that Brother A. went to church last Sunday morning and did not discover that he had left his sermon at home until the last hymn had been sung before sermon time, the last cougher had coughed his last cough, preliminary to settling into an attitude of attention, and the entire congregation had prepared to hear in silence the words of wisdom that were to fall from his lips. To the man of another profession, such an incident does not seem excruciatingly funny, and not a few would sympathize warmly with the unlucky shepherd who found himself suddenly in the presence of his sheep without anything to say to them; but to the preacher Brother A.'s predicament furnishes amusement only, for he thinks that Brother A. should be ready-witted enough to go ahead with a few remarks, even if his sermon was a mile away on his study table.

He finds himself also able to extract some degree of amusement from even the petty impositions that are daily practiced on him or his brethren, for it is a well-understood fact that a preacher is fair game for everybody to pluck at, and every day small swindles are perpetrated on him, for no other reason than that he is a preacher. Not long ago a clergyman of the city received an invitation from a church elsewhere to preach for them on an

understanding that the preacher, on contemplating the middle, seriously considers with himself the propriety of throwing up his job as the quickest and easiest way out of the mess.
But if any one supposes that the preacher does not earn his money, just let the unbeliever take his stand behind the pastor when a female deputation is to have a hearing. Some one has said this is the woman's age, and to judge from the influence wielded by the fair sex, the saying certainly appears to be justified by the facts. Nowhere, however, is the influence of woman felt to a greater extent than in the church organizations, which, being to a certain extent social in character, depend on the female members to so considerable an extent for effectiveness that he who said, "If it were not for

with satisfied consciences, believing that they have discharged a debt and a duty at the same time, and, in addition, have conferred material benefits on their beloved shepherd. They are well-meaning people; they think they are doing right.
The city preacher's life is envied most brightly when there is a wedding. It is true he does not derive much benefit from the occasion, for usage immemorial all wedding fees go to the preacher's wife, but according to the Scriptures the preacher and the preacher's wife are one, so after all the fee is generally expended where it will equally benefit both. A "wedding" usually brings in a very handsome return for the outlay of brain force and labor, but there is another variety of knot-tying with which every



A DONATION PARTY.

woman, Christianity would die out in one century," had no little justification for his remark. So far as the female deputation is concerned, it may have any business or no business at all; that is a secondary matter. The women have come to talk, and talk they will, though the heavens fall. The preacher knows they are coming—of course they could not keep that fact to themselves—and is generally prepared for them; the preparation, in this case, commonly amounting to a determination to do whatever they want done, and to do it quickly, too, without making the slightest objection. Therefore, when the feminine contingent marches in with colors flying, band playing and bayonets fixed, the wise preacher stands up, listens to the reading of the inevitable preamble and set of resolutions, declares that the movement has his cordial support, that he will do all he can to forward it.

Then there is evening at the church social. The old brother who sits in the amen corner is always there; so is the graceless young fellow who has come for the sole purpose of interviewing the old brother's daughter. Old and young and all other kinds, however, are, so to speak, run in the same mould, or more exactly, are crowded into the same rooms, where they endure each other's society with as little show of impatience as could be expected until the glad hour of parting comes, creating an enthusiasm that can not be mistaken. But whether tired or not, whether the social is a success or a failure, the preacher must stay to the last. The social would not be a social without him, and

parson is more or less familiar—that of the quiet couple who want no show or parade, but simply want to be married. So they get a license and go to the preacher's house, and lay the case before him. There is nobody at home but the cook, so the cook is called in for a witness, and the marriage ceremony is performed as well as the parson can afford to do it in his mental uncertainty as to the matter of fee. He may get from nothing at all up to



HE FORGOT HIS SERMON.

\$5; the chances are that \$2.50 will be considered about the proper figure by the groom, who, after inquiring, with some perplexity, what the preacher is going to charge, produces the sum he had mentally appropriated for the purpose, sometimes in quarters and halves, from two or three pockets and hands it over, eyeing it the while, as though mentally calculating the other uses in which it could more profitably be employed.



A QUIET MARRIAGE IN THE PARLOR.

and his wife must retrim her hat to make it look like new, and make over her last winter's dress so as to be decent in the eyes of her husband's people, else they will complain, for it is a well understood fact that the preacher, the preacher's wife, his son, his daughter, his man servant and his maid servant, if he is so fortunate as to have either, and even the stranger within his gates, are, severally and collectively, the property of the congregation, to criticize and gossip about and backbite and abuse, from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same and a few hours in the evening. All things considered, therefore, the preacher's life is far from merry. His fate is not more fortunate than that of the famous "Constables" in the Pirates of

special occasion. He read the invitation with some dismay, as it said not a word about expenses, and he was not in a position to incur additional obligations. After much hesitation, he finally accepted the invitation, went at his own expense, delivered two sermons, materially aiding the church which he visited, and returned, and still heard not a word about his expenses. A few days later came a letter with the postmark of the town he visited, and he opened the missive with satisfaction, feeling sure that here, at last, was a check for the \$20 he had expended in aid of his brethren. His expectations were doomed to disappointment, for instead of a check there was a request for a contribution to help furnish the church he had just aided to get rid of its debt. Nobody would have thought of imposing in this way on anybody but a preacher, but, then, a preacher is everybody's man, and the fact that he can not, or as a rule does not, complain is taken to mean that the skinning process is to him rather pleasant than otherwise.

From his general cheerfulness in adversity a great many people have the idea that the preacher has a comparatively easy time; that he has nothing to do but to preach, and as he only preaches twice on Sunday and a half hour each time his labors must necessarily be very light. It is true that if the preacher did nothing but preach he could not justly be considered as overworking himself, but in most clerical situations the preaching forms the smallest part of the work. There, for instance, are the meetings of the official board of the church to be attended, and this of itself is no small nor easy task. The official board, according to popular superstition, is supposed to transact the business of the church; to meet all its obligations and look after its interests. As a matter of fact, however, while there are some official boards that do all these things, and do them well, the general run of official boards consider their duty done when they have talked over a matter for three hours without saying anything, and have finally adjourned, leaving the whole thing in the hands of the preacher. Often, it must be confessed, he is lucky when they are satisfied with doing this, for not unfrequently it happens that after placing it in his hands two or three of them go off and try to accomplish it in as many different ways, giving rise to so many misun-



A CHURCH SOCIABLE.

even though young and unmarried, he must pay just as much attention to old Brother Biffkins and to old Sister Biffkins and to Biffkins' daughter Peg, as to the young and interesting Miss Flora De Luce, who with her rich papa and fashionable mamma, looks in on the menagerie a moment from the door.

But if the social is a delusion and a snare, what shall be said of the donation party? Not all preachers are compelled to endure this form of legalized robbery, but those who are, after one infliction, never cease their supplications to be delivered from another. The principle of the donation party is that of rendering assistance to the pastor, that is to say, of assuming a wonderful amount of generosity by pretending to make him a present of practically, the benefits are mostly on the other side. The donors bring a variety of articles, including many which the pastor and his family generally neither need nor want, eat up a month's supply of provisions, have as good a time as they can and depart

But all other cheering incidents in the life of the parson are thrown into the shade by a revival in his church. This, with its stirring services, the busy preparations made necessary by frequent sermons and exhortations, naturally dwarf, almost into insignificance, all the other pleasures that come within his sphere. A revival means increased membership, this means success; success means enhanced reputation and probably opportunities for wider usefulness. In a word, the revival is the end for which he labors all the year round, and with its attainment is realized the highest measure of satisfaction of which the clerical heart is capable.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Government Reindeer in Alaska.
Government now owns a large number of reindeer in Alaska. They were taken there for service in transportation and are the real old Lapland, Santa Claus kind of animal. They live as near the north pole as Uncle Sam's possessions lie.