

WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN.

Published Every Week.

ENTERPRISE OREGON.

Cuba is finding out that it is mighty expensive to keep house.

Has not the young king of Spain as good a right to be eccentric and original as Kaiser Wilhelm has?

Tastes Differ—Of George Eliot, Carlyle said: "She is not amusing, and not instructive, only dull."

Then, again, when a reckless automobilist kills himself, he isn't killing some entirely innocent person.

The heiress who hasn't driven some man to suicide or jilted a prince is finding it difficult to be accepted as the real thing.

The instinct for accumulation we share with the ant and the bee and the pig. It is the lowest quality of the human mind.

The leader of the new independent political party in Hawaii is Prince Cupid. But the course of true love never did run smooth.

Explorer Baldwin is going on another north pole expedition. It seems to be like the opium habit, once it fastens itself upon a person.

A French physician says education breeds insanity. This may account for the talk of some of the professors at the University of Chicago.

The witch hazel trust is the latest. When you rub the witch hazel on you will doubtless be reminded that somebody is engaged in rubbing it in.

It is said that Schwab's trouble is insomnia caused by worrying. Why should anyone sympathize with a man who is worth \$50,000,000 and still worries?

Napoleon said: "Ability is of little account without opportunity." But Napoleon had never met Morgan. The latter has the ability to make his opportunity.

A negro awaiting execution in the Baltimore jail has earnestly petitioned to be allowed to marry the lady of his choice in the interval. He doesn't wish to go into eternity with E. Ben Andrews pointing the finger of scorn at him as a bachelor.

We can well understand the alarm of Uncle Russell Sage at the encroachments of the trusts. With only a scant \$100,000,000 saved up as a provision for his declining years the prospect of becoming a public charge must be agonizing in the extreme.

It is interesting to note that the close of the war in South Africa and the cessation of organized hostilities in the Philippines leave the whole world as nearly at peace as it ever is. To be sure, there are the revolutions in Haiti and Central and South America, but most people class such affairs with recreations, not with wars.

Nothing gives a better conception of the size of the United States than the weather reports. While New England was suffering from a drought, people in the Southwest were sitting on the roofs of their houses, waiting to be rescued from the floods; and while the East was mopping the perspiration from its brow, Leadville was playing baseball in a snowstorm.

"Who would you rather be, if you were not yourself?" has long been a fascinating question. There have been many clever answers to it, the happiest, perhaps, being Mr. Choate's—"Mrs. Choate's second husband." It remained for a wise and brilliant Frenchman to select and adjust as his choice a varied career. "Who would I rather be, if I were not myself? Till thirty, a woman; till sixty, a soldier; till eighty, a cardinal!" The most striking characteristic of that choice is its intuition in regard to the happiness of young womanhood. In every station of life the young maiden has joys far beyond those of the men, or of the older women of her class. Let her be as unselfish as she may be, she yet retains a certain romantic hold upon the fealty of the race. Her personal charms may enhance the homage, but they do not create it. Lack of beauty or brains may lessen the tribute, but they can not prevent it. Like the women of all times, our modern young woman finds keen satisfaction in her power. Is it not also true that she realizes more clearly than her sex has ever before realized that privilege always involves responsibility—that no-blesse oblige?

The turtle never worries. He lives, it is said, in some parts of the earth for a thousand years, or very nearly that long, and maybe longer. That may be a good thing for the turtle. His only discovered purpose is to continue to exist. But animals that worry live more in a minute than the turtle does in his thousand years. "Worry kills," they say. If it does, it is simply because it stimulates the qualities which are life, and in the degree that there is stimulation there is wearing out, which is death. But what man would want to live the life of a turtle? If there be any, he has nothing to him that anybody can respect. There is nothing in him that he can respect himself. He might tolerate himself. He could tolerate anything. Tolerant

would be his great graft. You could spit on him, and he would smile back. You can kick him, and he would draw more closely within himself and say nothing. All he wants is to live. But the successful man wants to worry and he does. Worry is the best expression of mental activity. It is the reflection of dissatisfaction of one's shortcomings or conditions. It is the first incentive to improvement. It is the first step toward resolve and effort. Worrying over trifles is foolish. Worrying other people with your worries is perilous. You can make life miserable for yourself with the one, and for everybody who knows you with the other. The man who never worries is nothing but an existence, unsatisfactory to himself and disgusting to others. Don't worry over worry. You need it.

Modern philanthropy is teaching us many lessons, and none more important than a greater facility in putting ourselves in the place of another. The likeness of one man to another is even more remarkable than his unlikeness—although that is one of the most extraordinary facts in this wonderful world. In fact, many an apparent difference becomes a similarity when viewed more closely. For example, we have long been accustomed to think that the poor and ignorant love a crowd, and hate that solitude which is the choicest pleasure and indeed the necessity of the cultivated man. The clever boy of the slum cannot be induced to enjoy the modern bathroom, with its big, white tub full of clean water, because "it's awful lonesome." Shut the shrewd child up to a quiet hour with a book and his own thoughts, and he becomes a wretched, homesick prisoner. But is he so different from his more fortunate neighbor, who loves "just thinking?" "What do you find to talk about all day?" said an American lady to her Indian servant in Bombay. "I simply can't bear such a chatter outside my door from morning till night." "I am sorry to disturb the mem-sahib," replied the handsome, intelligent fellow, "but if I did not talk, I should never know anything. The mem-sahib reads books and writes letters and looks at pictures. I can only talk, and it is needful not to be ignorant." So with the uneducated man the world over; books, letters, pictures, reflection—

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude—

all these are comprised for him in human companionship. It would be exile for a cultivated man to be cut off from them. No wonder that to the ignorant a terror worse than that of cold or hunger is the dread of "being lonesome." A poet once wrote, although not in verse, "I wonder if it is on the surface that we all differ, and whether if we get in among the intricacies of the mind we are all the same. As if we all lived around a mountain, and we take each other in through labyrinthine passages, dim vaults, hollow spaces of shadow; and suddenly the open heart of the mountain, lighted up and full of music, 'This is my heart!' 'Why, this, too, is mine!' for the center was common to all."

Who Goes to Law?

Deep is the confidence of the Briton in the law. It settles his quarrels and he settles his charges or as much as he can defray. A parliamentary return issued the other day and dealing with the judicial work of 1900 shows that during the year mentioned there was, compared with the preceding year, a slight decrease in appeals entered and an increase in proceedings begun.

Compared with the average of the preceding four years, the total of cases begun and heard shows an increase, says the London Mail.

It appears that of all the cases begun considerably less than half come to trial. The total of cases entered in all courts was 1,310,680, and the number heard and determined 429,418. This means that one case was begun for every twenty-five members of the population, while one for every seventy-five was heard. Seeing that there are a plaintiff and defendant in each case, it follows that one person out of every twelve and a half began a legal action, and one in every thirty-seven and a half brought an action to trial.

The judicial committee heard fifty appeals from India, thirty-three from the colonies and sixteen from Australia.

Portrait of a Queen.

Here is a portrait of Queen Alexandra by an American girl in London. "We don't go to the theater to witness a play, but to see the audience. I thought we were going to be disappointed and not see her at all, but just before the curtain went up she and the king came in with some other people. She is rather tall and very sweet-looking, but, oh, most awfully thin. She has lovely blue eyes, with a shine in them, like a baby's, but I was disappointed a bit, for I thought she had golden hair. To be quite candid, her hair is of quite a mahogany tint, but it was charmingly coiffured, and showed off her diamonds beautifully. * * * She looked very young and girlish, but I think she has the saddest face I've ever seen. She listened very attentively, and when she smiled you felt as though you wanted to have a good rousing cry. I don't wonder one bit that people in England love her, for they simply can't help it."

For years we have heard that blue and green worn together afforded the best example possible of bad taste. Still, Paris has decreed that blue and green shall be worn together in future, and this fall the women will tamely submit. Green bordering into a blue shade is the very latest from Paris

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

When Should a Man Marry?

WHEN should a man marry? The ambitious young person with an income of \$8 a week has been puzzling the editors of our leading dailies for years. He is enjoined not to be deceived with that fatuous mental arithmetic which teaches that what is enough for one is sufficient for two. He receives the impression from newspaper advisers that he should have more than \$10 a week, and not quite so much as \$15. He writes that the young woman of his choice thinks \$10 is too conservative, and he is advised that she cannot be won by such unselfish devotion as his, and if she were truly womanly she would make the amount buy as many automobile coats as possible.

In view of the perplexed state of the public mind on this all-important theme, the recent edict of the German Kaiser comes with authoritative force. It sets marks and boundaries, establishes incomes, social station, and even limits previous conditions of matrimony. The Emperor has promulgated an order to the effect that no officer may marry unless he receives a salary of \$1,125 a year and is in the enjoyment of an income of \$475 more. That is to say, if he and his future wife between them can muster \$1,500, the wedding march may be sounded. The hopes of the \$15 young man are cruelly dashed, for officers who get no more than \$750 a year are forbidden to even consider the matrimonial contract.

Carping critics may say that the whole matter might be simplified by giving every officer in his majesty's service at least \$1,500. This would give the business of marrying off the German army to that irresponsible little deity who goes about with ganze wings and shoots amorous shafts with reckless profusion.

Cupid is not trusted in Germany, and there is a growing lack of confidence in him here. The United States has an unwritten code with regard to the finance of matrimony. A young lieutenant in her army or navy spends his salary for uniforms and extra allowances for the mess. When he marries he must of necessity have a private income, or he must find the daughter of a magnate or something or other who is willing to share his lot and his glory until a kind government increases his rank. Sometimes the larger pay does not come until he is beyond the pale of forty.—Harper's Weekly.

The Dangers of Ambition.

THERE is a tendency of modern life to give too much rein to ambition. The quality, if it may be called such, is unduly exalted; and some grave faults, even, are held to be palliated by the fact that ambition has prompted them. The child is schooled to covet things far above its present sphere, and while this is done there is absolute omission of teachings as to the sweet, old-fashioned virtue of content.

Ambition, reasonable and properly regulated, should be entertained by all; but to be reasonable it must bear a moderate proportion to the existing conditions of the individual life. The intense purpose to do well what lies before one is noble. It is not so commendable to reach out to accomplish other tasks that do not distinctly and naturally lie before one. Many good things are ill-done because of the not wholly justifiable ambition which has moved certain persons to the doing of them. It is not consistent with the true philosophy of life that we should be ever straining for results. Let duty be done simply and thoroughly, and there will be no need of worry as to the results.

We hear much of intense will-power compassing extraordinary successes. There is a great deal of intense volition without the corresponding force that can alone give it effect. It is absurd to will anything intensely which we are incapable of accomplishing. Yet that is what many thousands of persons are doing, and they commit the further folly of striving to accomplish it against all probability of success. There are exceptions in which this striving may appear heroic; but they prove the rule.

Excessive ambition is the ruin of too many lives in every grade of society. The advice ascribed to Cardinal Wolsey by Shakespeare, "Fling away ambition," is too sweeping; yet the faculty of moderating ambition to fit the talent or capacity that is available for its service should be sedulously cultivated.—Philadelphia Times.

New Problems of Immigration.

STATISTICS of immigration, taken in conjunction with information furnished by agents in Europe, indicate that the present year is to be a record-breaker in the recent history of this country. Last year the total number of immigrants arriving in America was 487,915. This year it is estimated the number will not be less than 600,000.

The most remarkable and interesting feature of the immigration movement, however, is the fact that there is a decided change in the character and nationality of the people coming to our shores. In 1882 as many as 250,030 of the immigrants

KNOWN IN LAND LEAGUE DAYS.

Name of Archbishop Croke Was Once Familiar to Millions.

One of the most prominent and powerful prelates of the Catholic church in Ireland passed away recently in the death of Rt. Rev. Thomas W. Croke, archbishop of Cashel. For many years his name was a household word in Ireland, and to most American newspaper readers of Land League days it was familiar, for he was a leading actor in that powerful organization.

Archbishop Croke was born in County Cork, Ireland, in May, 1824. In 1879 he sprang into international prominence. In that year Michael Davitt launched the Land League. Ireland was then in a famine crisis and the country was easily aroused. Parnell joined the movement, but before he took that decisive step he sought Archbishop Croke and asked him to join in the cause. The archbishop at first refused, and then the cold, impressive Parnell actually went on his knees and implored the prelate to give his countenance to the cause of the Land League. The archbishop, who had always been an intense patriot, even to the extent of being a revolutionary sympathizer in 1848, yielded and threw himself heart and soul into the fight. Fired by his example, the other bishops and priests of Ireland joined in the movement until almost the entire population became a unit in its demand for remedial land legislation. The heroic figure in that fight was the archbishop of Cashel, and Thurlis, the archbishop's seat, became the citadel of the popular struggle.

When, however, the government suppressed the league and the Irish leaders, some of them in jail, issued a manifesto urging the tenants to pay no rent, Archbishop Croke immediately broke with the Land League and denounced the "no rent manifesto" as immoral and unjustifiable. Later he headed a movement for a public test-

were German, 82,304 were English, 76,432 were Irish, 64,607 were Swedes, 29,101 Norwegians, 11,618 Danes and 18,937 Scotch. This gives a total of 523,719 out of the 788,992, or nearly 70 per cent, and there was a large British immigration from Canada besides. At the present time 70 per cent of the immigration is from Italy, Austria-Hungary and Russia.

The probable effect of such a change in character of population opens up a wide field for sociological speculation, especially in reference to the larger cities of the country. The injection of a comparatively large and new element into the municipal affairs of such cities as New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, which receive the greater share of immigration, is a thing the results of which can only be surmised.

In the meantime, the country will have a new problem in the task of assimilating the new elements which are thus being injected into the national life.—Denver Post.

Conviction of Woman Criminals.

IS the world changing its attitude toward the woman criminal? It would appear so from the sentences recently passed on two convicts. In Minnesota, Mrs. Tanke, pronounced guilty of murder, is sentenced to life imprisonment and to hard labor. In Kansas Miss Morrison, guilty of like crime, is sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment, practically a lifetime. The Minnesota case was settled in one trial. The Kansas crime rather followed the historic custom of leniency and only after three trials was the case finally settled. These two sentences may be taken as evidence that woman is beginning to be judged as criminal and not as woman.

Just what effect this will have on the human race is debatable. No attempt has ever been made to deny that women have similar criminal instincts with men, but the position in which she has been held has kept man from visiting upon her the penalty that he pronounced upon himself. There have been woman criminals from the beginning, since the nail of Sistra, since the poison of the Borgias. But, partly because of idealizing and partly because woman did not share in the world's lawmaking, and therefore she was not held to be of equal guilt in the law-breaking, woman has not so often been found guilty in any appreciable degree.

The sexualizing of crime will be a benefit to the human race. Men and women are not so different after all, and to divide them into sexes in the punishment of crime is to fall in the control of crime. It is not pleasant to contemplate a future where the prisons are filled with women. But these very cases in illustration are the best preventive.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Money Made in Gambling.

YES, there is money made in stock speculation, in buying and selling grains and in playing the races. Yes, millions of dollars are made and thousands of persons are becoming the richer thereby. But the persons who are making the fortunes are not those who invest their capital; the winners are the brokers and the bookmakers. Every time a man deals in a stock or a bushel of wheat he pays a certain per cent to the person who executes his orders, and whenever he bets on a horse race he pays even a greater per cent to the man who gives him odds. These individuals are bound to be winners; they have a "dead sure thing" and in the end they will get the cash.

Of course some men have the luck to win heavily at both stock gambling and playing the races. The names of those are always emblazoned forth. Nothing is said of the multitude who fail. If persons who contemplate risking their money on either of these forms of gambling would take pencil and paper and figure the percentage against a possible winning, nine-tenths would start a bank account and be satisfied with the small but sure return on their investment.—Cincinnati Post.

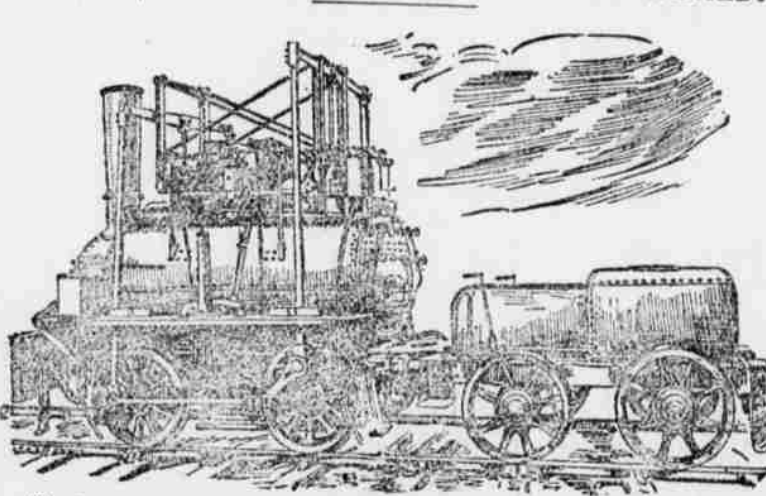
The Business of Executing.

HENRY B. PLANT died in June, 1899, leaving an estate valued at \$17,000,000. Among the executors was Judge Lynde Harrison, who recently resigned. In submitting to the New Haven, Conn., court his statement as trustee Judge Lynde said that he had received as payment for his services the sum of \$161,625—more than \$50,000 a year. Each of the other executors had received a like amount.

What a pity it is that more of the American people cannot be made executors by millionaires who are getting ready to die. It is a fine business, this executing. Where is the man who wouldn't be willing to be an executor if he could get \$161,625 for three years' work at it?

The widow and some of the sons of Plant have now succeeded the original executors, and will hereafter manage the estate themselves. It is not surprising, since the figures have been made public, that they should want the executing jobs in the family.—Chicago Record-Herald.

OLDEST WORKING LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD.



The first locomotive constructed by George Stephenson was built in 1813, while he was employed at the Killingworth Colliery, Northumberland. In 1819 the owners of the Hetton Colliery, Durham, decided to transform their wagonway engine-wright, and recognizing the abilities of the "Killingworth" The railway, which ran from Hetton Colliery, a few miles from the city of Durham, to the Wear at Sunderland, was opened on Nov. 18, 1822, on which date there were five of Stephenson's engines at work. One of these is shown in the above illustration. After nearly eighty years' continuous working, it is still to be seen hauling the coal trains at the Hetton Colliery, and it is now claimed as the oldest working locomotive in the world.

monial fund to Parnell and defended the Land League, or at least some of its policies, before Leo XIII.

After the breaking up of the Irish Parliamentary party, subsequent to Parnell's death, the archbishop took little interest in politics. The present movement, however, had his indorsement and blessing.

Abnormal Development.

Recently a Paris psychologist announced that he had conclusively proved that malformation of the brain produces intellectual brilliancy. The theory is that deformity, disease or accident causes the abnormal development of some part of the brain, and the result is genius. In support of this several cases are mentioned. It is pointed out that Milton wrote his "Paradise Lost" while he was blind, and it is said that the blindness confined his mind to a certain scope in a manner that made it possible for him to evolve the great epic.

Cases of a somewhat different nature are shown in the elegant writings of Thomas de Quincey and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, both of whom had brains in which the excessive use of opium had made havoc. De Quincey describes his horrible experience with opium taken in the form of laudanum in his "Confessions of an English Opium Eater." Byron's club foot is seriously advanced as the cause of his lyric power, and the point is made that Sir Walter Scott's most brilliant work was dictated from a sick bed. Mozart and Wagner both had deformed brains, said to have been due to disease and bumps while they were children.—Answers.

American Flour is increasing in popularity in Manchuria.

When a farmer comes to town on circus day, and the parade doesn't suit him he hitches up and goes home.

BEST SHORT-STORY WRITERS.

In This Field of Literature Americans Are Supreme.

In Harper's, Mr. Alden, in discussing the evolution of the short story maintains that in this field of literature American writers are supreme.

"Until recently the shortest stories by English writers were of considerable length," says Mr. Alden, "showing how firmly established among them was the habit proper to the novel. The best examples of the really brief short story have been French and American. The French takes naturally to the vivid and piquant sketch, and the American readily adopts the characteristic national habit of telling little stories—a habit firmly established in speech before it appeared in our literature. The simple conditions of early American life gave the race anecdote and the narrative of adventure their primitive eminence. Our pioneer has not only cherished the story-telling trait, but furnished material for the stories, often sadder, if not truer, but more frequently humorous. It is easy to see from what matrix spring the tales of the Elder Dana, of Hawthorne and of William Gilmore Sims—also the productions of our long line of humorists, down to Mark Twain, Stockton and Bret Harte. Poe and Irving stand in a class not so sharply severed from European traditions; and we can readily understand why Dickens and other English writers to such a degree admirably fellowshipped the latter, and why in France the former received singular appreciation, being there the only American writer familiarly known."

"The art of short-story writing as represented by such authors as Maupassant and Gautier and Melville reached a higher point of excellence than that attained in the work of their American contemporaries, and there have been very few of our writers who in this field have approached Turgeniff and Steniewicz. But for English-speaking readers the field has been most satisfactorily occupied and almost monopolized by Americans. In boldness of conception (though avoiding moral risk), in sincerity of feeling, and in humor they have surpassed all others."

LATEST ON EQUINE MILLINERY.

It was very early in the morning and all the horses in the boarding stable were getting ready to go to business. "How do you like my new hat?" asked Kitty Gray-horse, as she placed a straw hat on her shapely head and cleverly drew her ears through the ear-holes.

"Very stylish and becoming," said Rosie Red-horse. "Pull it a little more over your forehead. There! How very becoming that scarlet trimming is to you. Now, I can't wear scarlet at all. I look like a fright in it."

"You look like a fright in anything," mumbled Bessie Bay-horse, ill-naturedly, half under her breath.

"What's that?" asked Rosie, sharply. "Some people haven't any more manners than to munch their words."

"Did you happen to meet the dark-complexioned horse that draws the candy wagon?" asked Kitty, pleasantly.

"No; what kind of a hat is she wearing this summer?" asked Rosie.

"The same one she wore last year. A great big hat with black velvet bow and a bunch of violets on it."

"That old thing?" exclaimed Rosie. "She looked perfectly ridiculous in it last year. I don't think it at all suitable for business, do you?"

"No, indeed," said Kitty. "I wish, though, that we horses didn't have to go to business. We'd be much happier if we could all be one of a pair, and just draw a carriage for pleasure."

"Carriages and pairs are all going out," grumbled Bessie Bay-horse, sourly. "It's those old automobiles. They shove us out of all the pleasant places in life, but I notice, when it comes to the pinch, we have to help them out. And there's not one of them strong enough to drag a load of railroad sleepers, or any other load that's anyways heavy. They can supplant us if they want to; the time will come when we horses will strike, and only take the easy positions, and then see how they'll manage!"

Promising Candidates.

Civil service examinations are sometimes the source of no little amusement. The New York Sun tells of a test of candidates for the position of park grass-cutter. The first paper the examiner picked up contained this question and answer:

"What are the cubical contents of a room fifteen feet long, ten feet wide and eight feet high?"

"One bedstead, a bureau and a washstand. If such a room was a kitchen or a parlor, it would be larger and contain more articles."

Here is another question and answer: "What is the difference between three feet square and three square feet?"

"It could not be."

At this moment the examiner was interrupted in his work by a big man who opened the office door and said: "Do you know anything about civil service?"

"A little," replied the examiner.

"Well," continued the visitor, "I want to know where Pat McCann stands on the old mowing list."

"Third," said the examiner.

"And how many are there ahead of him?"

"The lazier a man is the more he intends to do to-morrow."

Wise is the prophet who doesn't bet on his prediction.