

WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN.

Published Every Week.

ENTERPRISE OREGON.

Happy are they who don't want the things they can't get.

No, Cordelia, we can't all be hero-worshippers; some of us must be heroes.

Many a woman who makes a man a mighty poor wife makes him a rich husband.

Do a man a favor and he will consider you under everlasting obligation to him.

Many a man who couldn't train a dog decently imagines that he is an ideal child trainer.

How would it do for Explorer Baldwin to find something besides his voice? It is becoming a trifle tiresome.

Emperor William says he is afraid he will never be able to see America. What, then, is the use of being an emperor?

Minister Wu says Chinese laborers are better off than our workmen. Then why does he object to our exclusion laws?

Though the pen may be mightier than the sword, it can't come up to the scratch when pitted against the ink-eraser.

A hundred years ago men married younger than they do now—but women didn't object to doing their own house-work then.

The charge that David B. Hill never kissed a girl in his life should not be accepted as true merely because David doesn't deny it. Perhaps he always promised not to tell.

Truly the prominent woman's husband is to be pitied, but fortunately for most married men who play second fiddle the orchestras to which they belong give but few public performances.

The dull boy in school seldom appears to a disadvantage during recess.

The census bureau is right about people living longer than they formerly did. We know quite a number of persons who never lived so long before in their lives.

Preparations are already under way for the great Olympian games to be held in the United States in 1904. Foreign countries are extending assurances that they will be fully represented, and the governors of the various States are cordial in their expressions of interest.

Have acts of weakness and sin never any salutary effect on a man's character? Can any man say, viewing his life honestly, that no good has come out of the evil that he has charged himself with and repented of? Is not sin sometimes character-building? Does it not perhaps develop a man into a stronger force spiritually and make him a more practical, helpful Christian gentleman? Are not sins in some lives as the holes in a piece of linen which transform the plain, uninteresting cloth into beautiful embroidery?

We seem to be in the way of making ourselves ridiculous. Germany just now is overrun by Mormon missionaries and we are assuming the role of their protectors. Not long ago the German authorities served notice of expulsion on twenty-two of these Utah evangelists, whose activities in the empire had aroused the resentment of the clergy, but at the earnest request of our diplomatic representatives those notices were temporarily withdrawn. Mormon emissaries in Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee—anywhere you please, in fact—are tarred and feathered, ridden on rails, driven out, sometimes shot, even hanged, and a paternal government looks on in silent if not cordial approval.

Until now there has been no revelation of the secret arrangements made between Great Britain and Germany relative to African affairs prior to the Boer war. It now appears that Portugal is to hand over the Delagoa Bay district and that the northern part of the Portuguese possessions will go to Germany. This is said to be the "compensation" to Germany for keeping quiet during the late war. It will make the German people, who have been so fiercely antagonistic to the British nation during the past three years, feel rather sheepish when they discover that they have actually been partners with Great Britain in the extension of British control in South Africa.

Serious thought is suggested by the fact that suicide has been unusually prevalent of late. Each morning's newspaper contains a list of people who have made away with themselves. What can be the cause at work? Some of the suicides, it is true, kill themselves because they can find no work—an anomalous situation in an era of prosperity—but most of them seem to be actuated by feelings of anger or resentment or spite. Some of them kill other people and then kill themselves. There is an implication in this situation that the American people are deteriorating in a moral fiber—that they are becoming morbid and unstable of character. But, granting this, we are still at sea as to the primary cause of the trouble. What is making the American people morbid and recklessly impulsive? Are we coming to that

world-weary condition which once pervaded the society of France when whole dinner parties would rise from the table to go and drown themselves in company?

After working steadily for twenty-five years for a certain company, a foreman took his first vacation. It is doubtful if he enjoyed it. Men are a good deal like animals. Turn an old street car horse into a rich pasture and he will roll a few times, kick up his heels and then search for his harness, bell and the long stretch. Harness any man to a job for twenty-five years, and it becomes his life, his ambition and his pleasure. He makes his body take a vacation and his mind remains at the office, or bench, or wherever destiny has placed him. It is a feeling that can be worn out, because man has more brains than a street car horse, but it takes time, sometimes years; sometimes all the years that are left. When the foreman ended his vacation and started for the shop he discovered that his job had vanished. He also learned that corporations are not soulless, for he was told that he had worked so well and faithfully, had done his full duty so patiently, that the concern had retired him on full pay for the rest of his life, be it a year or forty years. Not a beggarly pension, mind you; not pensioned poverty, which is just as hard for an old man to bear as a young one, but full pay, and the firm wrote to him: "Go where you please, and if you ever get stranded away from home, just telegraph the company." It was a fine thing to do. It was a bit of unasked appreciation that must have its effect on the other toilers in the concern. It is going to be interesting to see what happens to the foreman. If he, in the possession of health and strength, can drop the load he has been carrying steadily for a quarter of a century without a shock to his whole system, he is a big man—a real philosopher. If he loves flowers and children and books, his garden, the quiet place of his home, he may be happy, but the chances are that some day he will be found at the door of the shop saying, "Put me to work." It is in the blood. Americans are built that way, and the fact that ambition doesn't cease when the limbs grow weary and the thatch gray, in no manner lessens the kindly tribute that the company paid to the old foreman.

Speaking generally, if a young man is physically strong, morally clean, has average capability to work and think, and, above all, firmly believes that railway work will prove congenial, my advice to him is to enter the employ of a railway company. If, upon the other hand, a young man realizes that he does not possess the foregoing essentials, he had better keep out.

After a young man enters railway service there is no position, no matter how high, which he cannot hope to attain. The presidents, general managers, and other executive officers of the principal railroads in the United States to-day have arisen from the humblest in the service. In fact, the whole system of railway appointment and promotion gives the widest latitude for individual merit, which, if conspicuously shown, receives conspicuous reward. The old day of personal relationship and politics has passed; the railway field lies invitingly open to the young man with ambition and energy.

WORLD'S "MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN."



This is the young woman whom Harry Lehr, the authority of the "400" on feminine beauty, declares is the most beautiful society woman in the world. Miss Schenck is the granddaughter of the Rev. Dr. Noah Schenck, a noted Episcopal clergyman of Brooklyn. Four years ago, when she was 17, she started a letter chain of 10-cent contributions to furnish ice for wounded soldiers, which brought her 250,000 letters and \$25,000. Her home is at Babylon, L. I.

The Modern Child.

The modern child is the most discouraging thing I know about. Just the other day I undertook to entertain a small neighbor of mine while her mother passed the afternoon in bed with a sick headache. Naturally, I assumed that the little girl would enjoy looking at a prettily illustrated book of fairy tales which had just come into my possession. She took the book politely, and sat down to look at the pictures. When I looked up she was staring at me with a question in her eyes. Seeing me disengaged, she put it into words: "Here's a very pretty picture," said she, pointing out, or rather indicating, for she's too well trained to point, to a wash drawing of Titania and her attendant fauns. "They're very pretty, but will you please tell me whether they're angels or just insects?"—Washington Post.

Hard on the Baby.

The Philadelphia Times is responsible for the following: A Canadian firm recently placed with the Montreal and Toronto newspapers an advertisement of a new nursing bottle it had patented, and was about to place on the market. After giving directions for use, the "ad." ended in this manner: "When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place, under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

Objected to Noise.

Because they objected to noise some residents of Paterson, N. J., buried a church bell recently after it had been taken down pending repairs in the church. The congregation later dug it up.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

OPPORTUNITIES IN RAILWAY BUSINESS

By J. H. Barrett, General Supt. Chicago & Alton Railroad



Added to the stability of demand for young hands, and the consequent value of the supply, a railway company, with its many departments, each subdivided into special branches, offers a wide field for congenial employment. In this respect the government of the United States alone surpasses a railway.

The young man who enters the service must not only have ability and character sufficient to satisfy the chief of the employment bureau, but he must also prove acceptable to the head of the department in which he has chosen to enlist, to the official examiner of the company, who examines the applicant for vision and hearing, and to the company's surgeon, who makes an exceedingly thorough physical examination.

The care in the selection of railway men does not end with employment. There is no better plan for the actual and intimate knowledge of an employee's merit than the continuous records which this railway company systematically keeps. The public at large has no conception of the perfection of the methods by which the officials of railways determine upon the advancement of their men. The order of promotion of employees, who are at all times protected by civil service rules, is practically the same as applied in the army and navy. Ability and merit are, of course, first considerations, but seniority is always considered, all other things being equal.

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BURYING ALIVE A FREQUENT PERIL.

By Alexander Wilder, M. D.



It is said that at the public mortuary of Paris about one in every 300 persons supposed to be dead actually comes to life again. At any rate, some hundreds must be buried alive in the larger cities of America, for few of the precautions are taken that are required in several European countries.

The fact is that medical certificates are often perfunctory, and given simply to meet the requirements of the law. As many are consigned to the mad house without judge or jury almost, so others are placed in the grave upon the word of a physician, who has not made a critical examination of the case. If the undertakers were to tell the facts that have come under their eye the blood would run cold with horror.

Few months pass without some article in a newspaper to lull apprehension in regard to the danger of being buried alive. If alarm is raised some medical hypnotizer is ready to tell the public that there is no occasion for alarm; that medical science is so advanced, and knowledge of this matter so thorough, that such a thing is well nigh impossible.

Physicians are often not philosophers, and it is by no means wonderful that sometimes they are not skillful in relation to the phenomena incident to the waning of life. The medical art is not so much the accumulated wisdom and experience of ages and centuries as the exploiting of the most recent notions. We do well to obtain our conclusions from a wider field and a higher inspiration. The matter now under discussion is of too much importance to every one to be dismissed without absolute assurance. We do not wish our anxiety to be soothed unless the causes are removed.

I have often been told that the modern practice of embalming made death certain. I admit it; but those who are too poor to pay for this funeral luxury must yet take the chances in the old-fashioned way. There is no doubt, however, that the number annually put to death by the embalmers is sufficiently large to demand attention. An investigator of this subject in New York has openly declared his belief that a considerable number of human beings are annually killed in America by the embalming process.

Before burial there should be detention in a mortuary till

ONCE DUG IN A SEWER.

To-day Thomas F. Walsh is One of the World's Mining Kings.

Thomas F. Walsh, the Colorado mining king, is a partner of King Leopold of Belgium. The old Belgian monarch, whose habits have not gained for him any great amount of respect in Europe or on this side of the water, expressed a desire when he entertained Walsh at dinner, some time ago, to study American progress for the benefit of his people, and was informed by his guest that he could see the concentrated progress of the American people at the St. Louis exposition. He then declared his purpose of making us a visit.

The Colorado Croesus, as Thomas F. Walsh has been called, met Leopold at Paris two years ago and the latter was



at once impressed by the personality, skill and courage of the American. They talked minerals and mining and the King interested Walsh in a project looking to the development of his mines in the Congo Free State and they have since worked in harmony. Walsh is an interesting figure. He was born in Ireland fifty-one years ago and

death was certain. Common humanity pleads for this. Human life may appear to come to a stop in many cases, and no one can say that if time is allowed for this it will not go on again. This, even the most learned in medicine, cannot explain away or deny.

PUBLIC ORIGINATES MANY SCHOOL FADS.

By F. L. Soidan, Supt. Schools, St. Louis.

Perhaps the most dangerous fads are not of the teacher's creation, but originate in the community itself. The people are collectively honest, and their verdict is wise. Opinions of classes and individuals, however, no matter how loudly or emphatically expressed, are at times unwise. The history of past decades has seen the rise of many, and the decline of some, of the fads of this origin. There is, for instance, the faddish idea that a laborer needs no education, that workmen are spoiled by too much schooling; there is the "I" fad; there is the "education makes criminals" fad.

The "quick promotion" fad has done immeasurable harm. Children, against the wish and view of their teacher, have, in places, been forced into higher grades than the one for which they were fit, and their educational progress has been impaired and ruined thereby. The teacher and principal who in such cases quietly and pleasantly, but at the same time firmly, stands his ground is a blessing to the child and to the parent.

Among the worst fads of our day is the "extreme indulgence" fad. The practice is bad which lets the child have his way when he is unreasonable, and lets him regulate his relations to school and home in accordance with his pleasure instead of in accordance with clear duties. "I wish you would make him come to time," said a kind mother to a teacher who had sent for her on account of the frequent tardiness of the child, "but the fact is, I cannot make him get up in the morning, and he will not go to bed when it is time." If the parent advocates the educational control of his child, he makes a pernicious error and indulges in a common, but objectionable, fad.

IMPOSSIBILITY OF LONG RANGE WEATHER FORECASTS.

By Prof. W. L. Moore, Chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

At the present time I know of no scientific man who essays to make long range weather predictions, and I would especially caution the public against the imposture of charlatans and astrologers, who simply prey upon the credulity of the people. I believe it to be impossible for any one to-day to make a forecast based upon any principle of physics or upon any empiric rule in meteorology for a greater period than two or three days in winter or for more than three or four days in summer, and there are times in winter when the movements of air conditions are so rapid that it is extremely difficult to forecast even for the space of one day.

The weather bureau takes the public into its confidence in this matter and does not claim to be able to do more than it is possible to accomplish.

No credence whatever should be placed in the forecasts contained in almanacs or otherwise published months in advance. The scientific staff of the government weather service contains men learned as astronomers and as physiologists. Does not the reader suppose if there were any information to be derived from the positions of the planets or the phases of the moon which would enable them to make weather forecasts months in advance that these scientific men would make use of it?

NOW MEN ARE YOUNG AT FORTY.

By C. S. Street, English Essayist

By young men I mean, of course, men who are visibly and characteristically young, who by the mere rate of years may be anything up to 60. Now, in the early part of the last century a man was a man at 20 or so, a middle-aged man at 30, and old at 50. At the present time he is a boy up to about 35, a young man up to 50, and is hardly regarded as old until he has exceeded David's maximum of life by six or seven years.

The newly young in years, those who had the exclusive title of youth a few generations ago, no longer, so to speak, have the place to themselves. The young man of 20 no longer triumphs in his young manhood over his seniors. They are young men, too. Young men of 40 bar his way and elbow him aside. In all ages and in all languages the praises of youth have been joyously or pathetically sounded. But it has been reserved for our practical age to learn the lesson in its fullness and to draw the proper conclusions.

A SAMOAN SKYSCRAPER.



Samoa claims the original skyscraper, although it concedes that we build them somewhat higher. The government buildings of Samoa are of the type shown, the picture giving the entire construction. The framework and the fibrous roof, hollow for hurricanes, which are supposed to pass through, leaving the structure intact. This particular structure is in Tutuila, domain under control of the United States, our first colonial venture.

came to the United States in youth. He took what work he could find, digging at one time in a sewer at Worcester, Mass. During the famous Leadville boom he went to Colorado and established a hotel. He then turned his attention to mining and made a \$100,000 strike in the Black Hills. This was the foundation of his wealth. He long cherished the idea that gold and silver could be found in the Ouray district of Colorado and when he attempted to demonstrate the correctness of his theory, the Camp Bird mine was discovered, which has yielded a million dollars a year since 1897. Walsh ranks to-day among the richest mining kings of the world.

The Piano Typewriter.

After six years of continuous, patient and industrious labor, Paul J. Cleanth, of Buffalo, has invented what he calls the piano typewriter, and it is said to be one of the inventions of the age.

The piano typewriter is an invention which will prove decidedly useful to any person who plays the piano, and especially to composers or bandmasters.

HERMIT OF BOG MOUNTAIN.

Cuts Ten Tons of Hay Yearly and Gets It In on a Wheelbarrow.

At the base of Bog Mountain is a farm under cultivation, owned and carried on by Silas Prescott. There is no highway leading into this place. About seventy-five years ago there was a large family of boys, sons of Samuel Prescott, settled on or near Prescott Hill. One of these, Josiah, about sixty years ago cleared up a few acres of tillage and built a house at the base of Bog Mountain. Much of the lumber he carried on his back from the highway, a distance of half a mile. He lived there the remaining part of his life. Five children were born on this farm.

One of them, Silas B., now 54 years of age, has always lived on the birth place. His father died in 1876 and his mother in 1891. Mr. Prescott lives alone, the town giving him his taxes on condition that he ask for no highway.

A reporter called upon him and ascertained that he lived alone, had ten acres of tillage, cut about ten tons of hay, and gets it in on a wheelbarrow. His great hobby is keeping bees and he has the business down fine, some years receiving large returns. This year the bees are a failure as to honey. They are so tame with him that he can spread honey on his face, lie down on the grass and the bees will come and take the honey away and do not sting him. He handles them without any fear.

Mr. Prescott says he never gets lonely. He spends a great deal of time in hunting and fishing, and in the season for them gets very many skunks. He says he has caught as four of these odoriferous animals in a night without a dog. He takes a lantern on his arm and sets out for a night's hunt. A bridle path leads from the fourth New Hampshire turnpike to his place. The darkest or stormiest night has no terror for him.

Mr. Prescott once won a bag of meal on a wager that he could carry it home, a distance of two miles, letting down and putting up two pairs of bars himself, without setting the meal down. For diet he uses crackers, canned goods, fish, game, and berries in their season.

The reporter asked him how he would like a woman to keep house for him. He had a good many "ifs" in his answer. He seemed to enjoy his mode of living as well as any he could have. In winter he cuts some wood and lumber, but summer or winter, work is not allowed to interfere with his interest in sport or recreation.

For several years he was a member of Messer Rifles, Company A, 3d Regiment, N. H. N. G. He was obliged to walk eight miles, and was one of the most regular attendants at the company meetings. He was counted as one of the best, and gave credit to his company, taking great interest in it and its affairs.—Wilmot (N. H.) Dispatch in Boston Advertiser.

A Hygienic Terror.

A germproof house is the latest addition to the hygienic terrors of life. It is not yet actually in existence, but medical congresses are busily and even hopefully paving the way for its advent. When it arrives and we are all thoroughly scientific and uncomfortable, our homes will be single-storied, without stairs, built on gravel soil, destitute of cellars, with concrete and blocks of earthenware "pierced for ventilation" placed under the floor, and the ordinary bricks "will be superseded by glazed and tightly fitting hygienic bricks." The roof will be tiled, not slated, and the windows will reach from top to bottom of the walls. The dining table will be of polished mahogany, the chairs cushionless or stuffed with medicated wool, says the London Chronicle. The walls ought to be made of a cement that takes a high polish, can be stained to any color, and washed frequently. Curtains and draperies of all kinds will be abolished; pictures will be permitted only when let into the cement wall; for artistic touches we shall be depending on "plants of India rubber and encaustic type." In no room will there be corners to harbor dust and bacteria, and the skirting will always curve into the hardwood parquet floors, instead of striking them at right angles.

Rain Shields.

In some form or other the umbrella was in use many centuries before the Christian era. We see it depicted in the paintings and sculptures of Egypt. In China and Japan the umbrella has been in existence as far back as history can trace, and the war attire of a Japanese soldier included not only a fan, but a very large parasol. At the beginning of the seventeenth century umbrellas were introduced into England as a fashionable fad. In those days they were made of feathers in imitation of the plumage of water birds. Later, oiled silk became the ordinary material. In the reign of Queen Anne, as a protection in wet weather, they became of general use amongst women. That the stronger sex disdained them, although men's dress was just as gay and rich as that of ladies, is proved beyond a doubt by many writers of the period.

Let Paris dames the umbrella's ribs display

To guard their beauties from the sunny ray; Or sweating slaves support the shady load.

When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad; Britain in winter only knows its aid. To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.

Men abuse a woman who comes downtown and roars, but whenever the butcher or baker offends, every man sends his wife to complain about it.

Proof of Her Beauty.

Barnes—Is the girl pretty? Shedd—Beautiful! That is to say, my wife doesn't like her a bit. I haven't seen her myself, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Fines for Striking Matches.

Fines are now being imposed at Dundee, Scotland, for striking matches on the walls of public buildings.

If we were a woman, we would be careful of what we said to the woman who goes around with a handkerchief ready to weep with you.