

# WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN.

Published Every Week.

ENTERPRISE OREGON.

It is almost as easy to forgive as it is hard to forget.

In addition to tempting Eve, Satan probably introduced money into the garden of Eden.

A Pennsylvania man has found a coal mine in his back yard. Mr. Beer may regard this as a case of sacrifice.

A Mississippi man found a jug of gold while demolishing an old building. Queer savings bank, but evidently safe.

Evidently Lord Duddon learned something in the Transvaal. He has abolished the sword in Canadian militia.

A contemporary has a column article on "How to Live Seventy Years." The best rule is to think about something else.

We violate no confidence in saying that the announcement that Mr. Peary did not quite reach the pole has occasioned no great surprise.

One of Brigham Young's grandsons is being held on a charge of murder. It was hardly to have been expected that they would all turn out well.

After a glance over many of the current magazines the opinion of the reader is that the author who gets his work next to advertising matter is in great luck.

The French government has decided to keep a watchman on Mount Pelée to feel the volcano's pulse. Some day the volcano's foot will slip again and they will get a new watchman.

The Princess di San Faustina, formerly of New York, who beat her maid so severely in Rome the other day that they had to take her to the hospital, must come from some of our good old fighting stock.

Prince Victor Dulcep Singh has gone into bankruptcy, ascribing his difficulties to the niggardliness of the British government, which allows him only \$25,000 a year for being a prince. Poor chap. His case shows that Americans who must bow to the dictates of the coal trust are not the only ones who are shamefully treated.

Baron Bunsen, son of a farmer, was proud to belong to "that kernel of the nation, the cultivated and cultivating class of society." Doubtless many persons of pretensions, learning that the farmers of the United States will probably realize two billion dollars cash from the current cereal-crop, would themselves like to belong to the "cultivating" class.

Linguistics is the latest craze in Paris. If one prefers to call it glossomania, well and good. Under either name it means tongue reading, and it threatens to compete with palmistry. A big tongue, it seems, indicates frankness; a short tongue dissimulation; a long and broad tongue, garrulity and generosity; a narrow tongue, concentration and talent; a short, broad tongue, garrulity and untruth. The man with a very short and narrow tongue is a liar of true artistic merit.

We are apt to lay great stress upon our foreign commerce, but the combined registered tonnage in the foreign trade at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, San Francisco and Puget Sound for the entire year 1901 was 18,898,808 tons entered and 18,487,246 tons cleared, or somewhat more than half the total tonnage reported for the great lakes during the seven months of 1902. Eventually, when this great chain of lakes is connected with the Atlantic by fitting canals, only the imagination can conceive the vast commerce they will bear.

Mr. Bleasby was a curate for twenty-three years, and then lost his place. He made 470 applications in vain, and then hid himself to a convenient poorhouse, and took up his abode there as a pauper. That is the English way. Over here, after about two weeks of searching for a suitable position, an American Mr. Bleasby would have been found doing something—anything—to make a living. We have doctors and dentists taking fares on the trolley cars, working on farms or sweeping out offices; men of all professions doing drudgery, because it is necessary, and it is the spirit that makes successful men. One wonders if it ever occurred to Mr. Bleasby to go to work.

Not long ago a 10-year-old Hartford, Conn., boy, visiting in New York, saw a street car drawn by horses, and asked his father what it was. He had been born since the introduction of the trolley car, and the horse car was as strange to him as a Connecticut road filled with a drove of cattle on their way to the New York market would be to his father. If the adult can get the point of view of the child he will appreciate somewhat the extent of the revolution in transportation methods that has taken place within twenty years or less. The horse car has disappeared from the cities, save on one or two short lines in New York, and street cars have been introduced in small cities and large villages where they were unknown. Then, too, suburban villages have been connected with cities by electric car lines, and the rural districts which had no railway

conveniences are traversed by the trolley cars. Consequently, the stage coach, which carried the mail and freight and a few passengers, has found its occupation fast disappearing. At the same time the business of the rural merchant has been injured because his old customers go to town to do their trading. All this has changed the conditions of rural life, and it has been followed by a shifting of population from the country to the town and from the town to the country. The perfection of the automobile, which is now approaching, will produce a still greater transformation. The automobile is bound to be more than a toy for millionaires, although many people will be injured or killed by it before it comes into general use. Then, with the good roads now building in various parts of the country, there will come a still wider scattering of population, for the conveniences of the town will be taken to the door of the dweller in the country, and rural isolation will be a thing of the past.

"There are many things for some of us to do, and there are some for many of us to do. But there is one thing for every one of us to do, and that is to 'Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!' So writes the young president of Adrian College. And he voices a great truth. All of us cannot do great or brave things. But we can all cheer. When a strong man with sincere purpose stands up in the political arena and fights for the people's rights we can all cheer. When any man in whatsoever station does his duty we can cheer. When any woman holds a loyal purpose and is true to it we can cheer. And do you know that in battle a hearty cheer is half the victory? The line wavers. The shot and shell declimate the ranks. It is the critical moment. Then the leader shouts, 'Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!' Moral courage and the wild thrill of enthusiasm take the place of the stubborn but failing physical bravery and the rebuff is won. Many a brave soul falls in the battle of life for the want of a cheer. Some men feel instinctively the need of cheering and deliberately seek to extort it from their fellow men. They compel the world to cheer. Others, fully as brave, wait for it long for it and die without it. 'Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!' It costs little effort. It is the natural impulse of the heart when the heart is rid of selfishness and jealousies and envyings. You may not be able to win a single victory in life for yourself, but you can win a hundred victories by proxy if you will cheer when you have an opportunity, a hundred stirring souls. Blessings on the head of him who heartily cheers another on his way. When he gets to the portals of heaven and St. Peter asks what he has done he need not hang his head when he says: 'I cheered.'

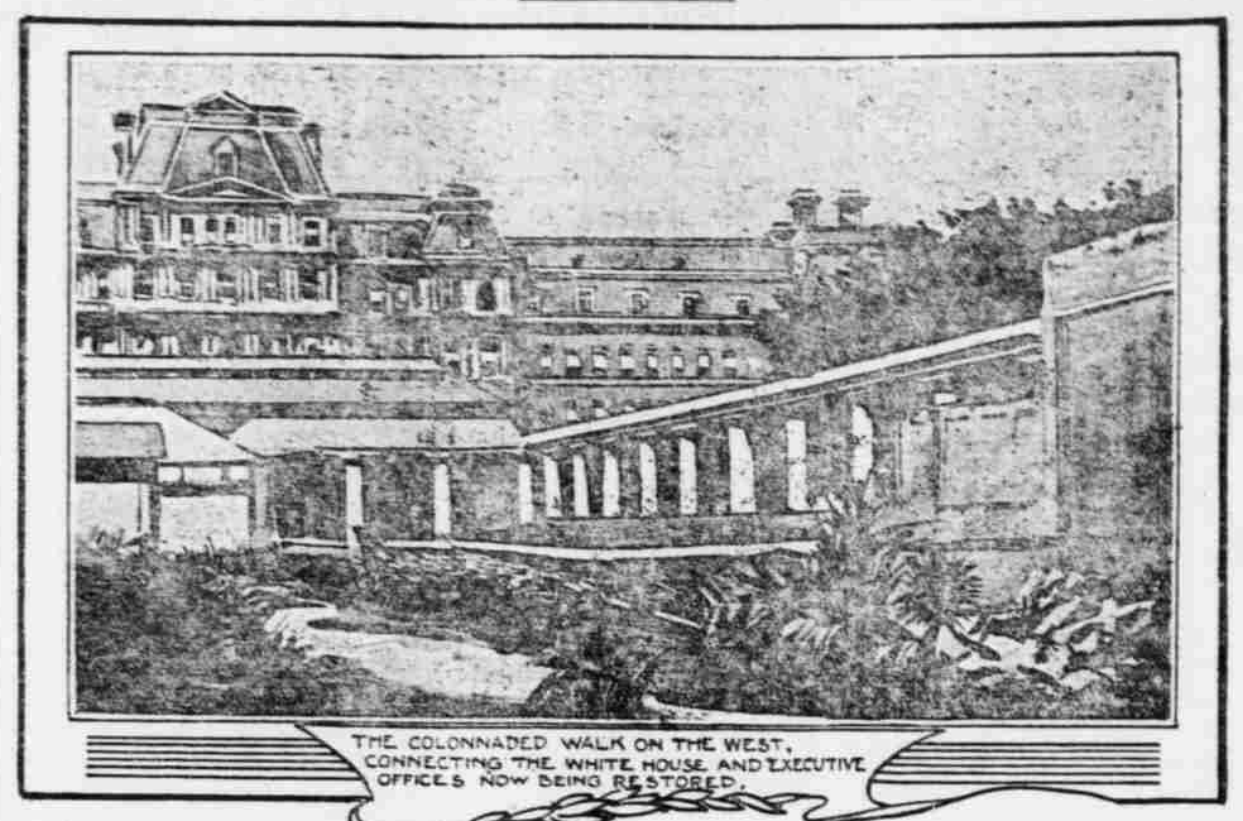
Yesterday my boy was 16 years of age. What can I say to him, and the boys like him, through this printed page? First, I can urge him to be a boy as long as he can be. And he can be a boy a long time. In many things I would like to have him be a boy always. In some respects I want always to be a boy myself. Never get too old to kiss your mother, my boy, nor to salute your dad with affection. Do not take care to have your clothes correct and your heart impure. Many men do that way. Do not put a damper on your hearty laugh because some one says it is bad breeding. An ounce of laugh is worth a pound of dignity. God Almighty's way is better than society's way. Smile and laugh your way through life. If you can, it is easiest. It doesn't harm, but helps the other fellow. I want to be patient with you, my son, for I am dealing with soul-stuff. I cannot tell you how much I respect what is good in you—the God in you. I cannot tell you how much I love you at all. No father can. I don't know what you may be. I take off my hat to what you may become. Abraham Lincoln, at your age, was freckled, barefooted, lank and lean. The Corsican boy who stopped the growth of Europe with a lash at 26, was not so tall as you at 16. The band did not play all the time for these men, remember, my son. Destiny waits for you around the corner. I wish I could rule Destiny, then I could guide you correctly. But I cannot do that. I cannot even bequeath my experience to you. You and Destiny must fight the thing out. But bear this in mind: Whoever you become, whatever you may be, you will always be, you must needs always be, to me—my boy!

**The Cycling "Scorcher."**  
Whence does the "Scorcher" derive his dishonored name? asks a writer in the Chronicle. A recently published Platonic Dialogue on bicycling suggests a resemblance to the squirrel with its rapid motion and the clutch of its forepaws—and the Greek squirrel called himself "sklouras." Hence "squirrel-scorcher" or "scorcher." This need not be taken very seriously, for neither the average scorcher nor the policeman who tries to arrest him is familiar with Greek. Webster notices the word, but shirks the origin. To "scorch," he says, is to "ride very rapidly, especially on a bicycle." After all it is probably only an extension of the common phrase—"the pace was hot."

**A Worthy Citizen.**  
Broadway—Van Astor lives a very unobtrusive life.  
Manhattan—Yes, indeed. You never see his name in the paper except once a year, when he is swearing off his taxes.—Judge.

**A Formidable Undertaking.**  
"Maud is going to be quite literary."  
"What is she doing now?"  
"She's taking a course in the titles of all the books published this year."

# WHITE HOUSE OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, NOW BEING RESTORED



Guests at White House functions during the winter will enter by the way of the old east drive, now being opened, and will traverse the colonnaded wing being restored at the east side of the building. These two wings, one upon the west side, were the original conception of Thomas Jefferson and stood for some years early in the last century, the east wing until after the Civil War.

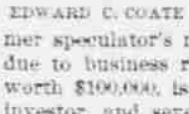
The wing to the west of the building, which connects the new executive offices with the White House proper, serves as a perfect model for the reconstruction of the colonnaded walk upon the east side. This was removed during the administration of President Andrew Johnson.

Though the old cuts of the White House showed these two wings, it was doubted by many if any such an addition ever stood to the east of the Executive Mansion. This doubt was put to rest by the workmen uncovering the original foundation and by numerous people in Washington who distinctly remembered its existence. This restoration is the most material made in connection with the historic structure.

## ABANDONS SOCIETY.

Rich Man to Devote His Life to Dwellers in the Slums.

Edward C. Coate, formerly a Buffalo stock speculator, has forsaken business and become a tenement-house dweller.



He is now living in the old Wood building in Scott street, that city. The room he occupies is dilapidated and scantily furnished. His food is of the plainest, and he wears clothes that are faded and tattered.

This sudden change in the former speculator's mode of living is not due to business reverses. He is now worth \$100,000, is known as a shrewd investor, and several of the more important industrial enterprises bear his name on their directorate. Coate has seen fit to abandon his pursuit of wealth solely to aid the poor people of Buffalo's tenement-house district.

Several years ago, through the offices of a society organized by wealthy people, for the purpose of relieving the tenement-house conditions, he became vitally interested in the solution of the social problem. Gradually his interest in the work drew him away from his business interests, and his friends were not at all surprised one day when he announced that hereafter he would devote the greater part of his time to the relief of the poor persons in whom he had interested himself.

Little by little he lost his identity in the social circle in which he had moved; he was absent from the social gatherings, and could no more be relied upon for active participation in the thousand and one movements inaugurated by society. In fact, he became practically a recluse.

It was while society was commenting on the unusual and unexplainable course he had taken that his mother, practically his only relative, died. On her deathbed, she gave her approval of the life he has chosen. The sale of the Coate home followed her death closely and Edward Coate severed all connection with the life in which he was reared. Then he became a social recluse in fact.

Gathering only sufficient house furnishings as befitted the new home he had chosen, he moved to the old Wood building, in Scott street, where he has lived ever since. This occurred two years ago. And here Edward Coate, son of a wealthy family and recipient of all that society can give in the way of advancement and refinement, chooses to spend his days. He hopes some day to build a home for those people who fall under Dame Fortune's ban—a place where they may live and earn their living by means best suited to their ability.

## MAN WITH THE \$1,000 BILL.

He Secured Smaller Money by an Ingenious Scheme.

Of a man with a thousand-dollar bill in his pocket and no smaller amount of money a story has been written that traced him through many experiences and took him to the verge of starvation. But, as a matter of fact, one man who had nothing smaller than a thousand-dollar bill got through his difficulty very easily in New York a few nights ago.

Ten of these coveted promissory notes of the United States had been paid to him in the afternoon. In the pursuit of business and a medium of pleasure he had, after the receipt of his \$10,000, spent the last dime he possessed other than the big bills. He was with some friends, any one of whom could and would have accommodated him with sufficient money for his needs, but a discussion arose about what he would do if he were a stranger in that city and had no money other than that which was in his pocket.

## MACKAY AS A NEWSPAPER MAN.

Owned a Publication, but Finally Demolished the Office.

John W. Mackay was once a newspaper proprietor. It is said that he swore and gave more violent exhibitions of temper on two different occasions during the short time that Fred Hart was editor of his paper—the Territorial Enterprise, of Virginia City, Nevada—than he ever did again during his lifetime. Hart was the editor of the Enterprise for three months in 1880, and they were a lively three months. He had a deserved reputation as a brilliant and caustic writer, and the circulation of the paper began to go up after he took charge of it. James G. Fair was at that time a candidate for the United States Senate, and politics was sizzling throughout the country.

Before Hart had been in Virginia City many weeks he one evening overestimated his capacity for a certain burning red fluid dispensed in great quantities in that mining town. He was filled with a desire to do something startling. As a consequence the Enterprise came out the next morning with an editorial headed "Slippery Jim." Under this caption were two columns of cutting sarcasm and ridicule of Hart's character and history, and the circulation of the paper began to go up after he took charge of it. James G. Fair was at that time a candidate for the United States Senate, and politics was sizzling throughout the country.

When Mackay read the paper, he nearly burst with wrath. He fairly ran to the newspaper office and upon the head of the first man he met let loose a torrent of invective which wound up with:

"I won't have my partner Fair abused and belied in my paper by anybody. I've a mind to take a sledge and smash the bloody press."

After Mackay had cooled down a little, he was cajoled into keeping Hart as editor. All went well for a few weeks, until one morning Mackay noticed an editorial headed, "The Alta Steal." It was a vigorous denunciation of the Alta Mining Company and its methods, and intimated that the controlling spirits ought to be in prison. Mackay and a number of other prominent men controlled the company, and they swooped down on the office. Looking out of the window of his office, Hart saw them coming. Before they reached the door he had vanished out of the rear entrance to the building. The next heard from him he was in California. He never returned to Virginia City.

## KING'S ANCIENT FAMILY.

The King of Spain comes of an ancient family, that of Bourbon. It is traced back to Robert the Strong, who died fighting the Normans in 896. The direct ancestry of the Spanish house, Bourbon-Anjou, is considerably younger, having at its head Louis XIV., King of France, who was born Sept. 5, 1638. The immediate ancestry of King Alfonso dates back to Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias, born Oct. 14, 1784. He married in 1801, Princess Antoinette Therese, a daughter of Ferdinand I., King of Sicily, who died shortly after the marriage. A second marriage was contemplated with the eldest daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, but this so enraged the Spanish people that the King had to abdicate, May 6, 1808, says the Washington Times. He resumed the Spanish throne again in March, 1814, and then married Maria Isabella, daughter of King John VI. of Portugal, who died four years later. Ferdinand's third wife was Josepha, daughter of Prince Maximilian of Saxony, who also died, and a fourth wife was Marie Christine, daughter of King Francis I. of Sicily, who became the mother of former Queen Isabella II. Since then the ancestry of King Alfonso is of sufficient modern date to preclude repetition.

## SENATOR CLARK'S WIT.

How He Squelched a "Nervy" Tom-sorial Artist.

A story is going the rounds in Butte which quite aptly represents the business methods adhered to by United States Senator W. A. Clark, the multimillionaire miner, banker and manufacturer.

Upon his return from the East the Senator visited a barber shop for the purpose of having his hair trimmed. He inquired for a certain barber, whose ability had been recommended to the Senator by his son, Charles W.

Upon the completion of the job the Senator inquired the amount of his bill, whereupon the tonsorial artist calmly replied:

"Charley usually gives me \$5."

The Senator was taken by surprise, but, regaining his wits, asked: "But what is the usual charge for such a service?"

"Fifty cents," responded the barber.

"Well," said Senator Clark, with a smile, according to the New York Times, "Charley has a rich father and I have not," whereupon he handed the barber 50 cents and departed.

## A Foreigner's Dilemma.

An intelligent foreigner recently expressed himself thus as to what struck him as the absurdities of the English language:

"When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast; if I stood firm I was fast; if I spent too freely I was fast; and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged; and when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won a one dollar prize,' I was tempted to give up English and try some other language."

## Squeaking Shoes.

To prevent shoes and boots squeaking put a few drops of oil round the shoe between the uppers and soles with a small oil can.

## ROBIN TACKLES A HAWK.

Red Brest's Brave and Successful Fight to Save a Chicken.

It is well known that the hawk, no matter how fierce and big he may be, has no terror for the kingbird. It is a common sight in the springtime, when they are breeding, to see one of these plucky little chaps mercilessly following, pecking and driving away a great bird of prey a dozen times its size. A merchant who was camping out on the Chelsea Mills learned that the kingbird is not the only small bird bold enough to attack and drive away the robbers of the air.

The man was approaching a farm yard one morning for his supply of milk, when a commotion among the poultry drew his attention to a large hen-hawk which was sailing away with a good-sized chicken in its talons. The poor old hen was doing its best to prevent the raid. With much squalling she ran along and tried to use her clumsy wings in flight after the thief.

Just as the hawk rose to the level of the tree-tops a robin, which had evidently been taking measures to assist the hen mother, sprang from a limb right atop the hawk, with a shrill cry of rage. So fiercely did the game red-brest use its sturdy bill upon the hawk's back, at times even alighting upon it to peck to better advantage, that after a good deal of maneuvering, it was impossible to escape this persistent foe. It dropped its prey and turned upon the robin. But the brave little bird was by no means fighting for fighting's sake, and as soon as the chicken had been restored to its mother dived back to its tree and began a song of rejoicing.

## POET WON AGAINST TIME.

Champion poet of the town, is he? Inquired the summer boarder.

"Yes, sir," replied the postmaster; "his record is three an' a half hours better'n the next feller."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, he wrote a poem, sent it to New York and got it back in twenty-seven hours."—Philadelphia Press.

## ALCOHOL AND ORANGES.

When people crave for alcohol, the orange cure has been found of service. The juice is expressed into a glass and should be taken just as it is, pure. The acid in it is a remedy for the diseased bodily state which has produced the craving for drink.

A woman who spends all her time buying clothes is not admired.