

# WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN.

Published Every Week.

ENTERPRISE OREGON.

Perhaps the salt trust was salted.

If procrastination is the thief of time, what does he do with the stolen goods?

If our returning Arctic explorers will kindly cut out the lecture sequel all will be forgiven.

"Would You for Five Million" is the name of one of the new plays. Is it necessary to ask?

The Isthmus of Panama is the vermiform appendix of North America. An operation for appendicitis might help matters.

Those ministers who are using moving pictures, professional whistlers and other devices to attract congregations should try the gospel occasionally.

Word comes from South America that a new volcano has been discovered in Peru. It really was not needed. There were craters enough and to spare already.

Who can blame King Alfonso for getting mad when his mother goes and gets married to her Master of Horse—a sort of livery stable fellow, as we understand it?

A Chicago advertiser wants "young man with rising qualities for mercantile establishment." Probably a euphemistic way of saying that the youth will be required to run the elevator.

"Books do not make men," declares President Hadley of Yale, and that is true. Most men are making books, however, if we may judge from the publishers' advertisements of new novels.

One of Mr. Carnegie's employes is charged with the theft of about \$100,000 from his employer. It speaks well for Mr. Carnegie's Scotch thrift that he missed so insignificant an amount from the cash drawer.

The official figures of Canadian immigration for the fiscal year ended June 30 last show a total of about 70,000 immigrants for the year, of whom 22,000 were from the United States. It is noteworthy that this movement of our people into Canada is increasing rather than diminishing.

A few years ago we were all wearing stiff, flat-brimmed straw hats. Then came an era of flexible ones, later narrow-brimmed, thick and rough ones appeared. Last spring there was a sudden appearance of imitation Panama hats as sudden and unaccountable as the coming of seventeen-year-old locusts. Whence did these hats come? What was the ultimate cause of their being and why did so many people buy them? These are questions which no social philosophy can fathom. They constitute part of the deep mystery of life.

An English wit made an epigram to describe the climate of London: "In a fine day, looking up a chimney; in a foul day, looking down one." Quite as clever was the remark of a London "cobby," when informed by a brother driver that he had as a passenger "a pal of the Shah's—what they call a sun-worshiper." "I suppose he's come over for a holiday." The coronation days had their humorous side, as the cabmen could testify, and even the Oriental, hunting for the sun in a London fog, might forget his defeated desire to worship if he heard himself called a "pal."

Americans are plunging ahead in business channels with amazing energy and rapidly and are restless unless engaged in stupendous enterprises which monopolize all their time, brains and money. This extraordinary activity is rapidly developing the resources of the country, but it certainly is not conducive to long life among the people. Conscientious physicians are becoming tired of warning business men that they are exhausting their vital energies too early in life and are calmly pocketing the fees which are given to keep wrecked constitutions working a little longer.

A student of the Chinese in New York City notes the fact that when a Chinese sues an American he must perforce take the case into the regular civil courts, but that when one Chinese sues another the general public hears nothing of the litigation. It is settled by Chinatown's own mayor, who, although he has no legal means of enforcing his judgments, is so backed up by Chinese public sentiment that any man who fails to abide by his decision is ostracized. This seems an odd situation in an American city, but it is, after all, but an application of the doctrine of "extraterritoriality" by which Americans or other foreigners in China may settle their disputes before their own consular courts.

A memorial bell is to hang in the belfry of the Congregational Church in Harpswell, Me., where the late Rev. Elijah Kellogg ministered for half a century. The young people who read his stories or declaim his "Spartacus" have their own way of remembering him. Those who heard his striking sermons or profited by his helpful pastorate will welcome the sound of the bell—a call to prayer and praise—whether the tones reach the natural ear, or only charm the inner sense born of the imagination. The sea and

shore lines of his parish, the lovely environment of a typical parsonage, did not limit his ministry; and the bell which is to send forth its message of bidding and benediction from its home on Casco Bay will have its mission for dwellers in far distant parts of the country.

"The corn crop," remarked the other day an old employe of the Treasury, who has been dealing all his life with the great movements of currency throughout the country, "has more to do with the finances than any other American product. To see how things are coming out, I always watch the corn reports." The reason that this cereal has so important an influence upon the national prosperity is not hard to find. No other crop enters so largely as does this into other things, and so diffuses its influence. Millions of bushels of corn never leave the farms on which they are raised. Nearly all the domestic animals depend upon it. Moreover, the commercial uses to which it is now put are wonderful and diverse. When the wheat crop is light, it is a comparatively easy matter to push up corn—a less expensive product—into some of its places; on the other hand, if the corn crop is deficient, its substitutes entail extra cost, and so derange the agricultural markets. Thus the question arising each year as to the probable magnitude of the corn crop is one of the utmost importance. The yield of the cornfields of the United States, ordinarily three-quarters of the world's harvest, has five times exceeded two billion bushels. Last year it was only about three-fourths of that amount. Its highest point, reached in 1896, exceeded the two-billion mark by nearly three hundred million bushels. This year's crop is expected to be still larger. It would doubtless be gratifying to the aborigines who brought their little baskets of corn to the early English settlers if they could but know that, in spite of the white man's boasted progress of three centuries, their staple cereal is still the basis of his abounding commercial life.

The staid London Chronicle is solemnly discussing the question, "Should Women Work?" just as if women had not been doing the world's work since creation. The first suggestion of labor in all history is in the securing of the apple eaten by Adam and Eve, and it was Eve who picked that. The example then set has been pretty well followed ever since. The Eves are the apple pickers yet. It is true a few women play the role of idle butterflies—but what of it? These are the exceptions that mark the rule. The great majority of women toil unceasingly and with little direct reward. Man at the end of his day's work can count up the money he has made and measure the result. Woman's day's work has no end and no tangible profits. Her only payment as she goes weary-handed and empty-handed to rest is in the heart-satisfaction of having done well a little more of her mending labor of love. There is nothing more pathetic, were it not so common, than the sight—so often seen—of the hard-working, conscientious mother who literally wears out her life in unheralded toil, thankless and not expecting thanks. She has no "eight-hour day." Even a twelve-hour day would be a boon to most wives who in the care of the house and children are always "doing overtime," without thought of extra pay. Among the savages the women do all the work, their lords employing themselves only in the chase and in war. The progress of civilization has consisted largely in getting man to do something for a living, and this progress has come through mothers' training of the sons to share a part of their burdens. Man has devoted much inventive genius to labor-saving devices that render more easy the various departments of production that have become fixed upon man. But woman's work still remains and must ever remain much the same endless round of labor by hand and brain. No machine can do her work—no; her work requires a heart in it. Her work is to make the home a haven of rest—for all but herself, who knows no rest this side of heaven. Her work is to implant and nurture the seeds of manhood and womanhood in the souls of her children, that fruits may be borne long after she is gone. Should woman work? Well, when she ceases to work civilization will shrivel and disappear like a sheet of tissue in a flame.

Ingenious if Incorrect. The Spaniards visited the country now known as Canada before the French, and made careful searches for gold and silver, and finding none they often said aca nada (there is nothing here). The Indians, who watched closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. After the departure of the Spaniards, the French arrived, and the Indians, who did not want their company, and supposed they also were Spaniards come on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that they were wasting their time by stopping in that country, and so they incessantly repeated to them the Spanish sentence, aca nada. The French supposed that this constantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and so they called it Canada, a name it has borne ever since. Se non e vero e ben trovato! It has borne ever since.

Union of Health and Wealth. Miss Millgun—One can be very happy in this world with health and money.

Deadbroke—Then let's be made one. I have the health and you have the money—Illustrated Bits.

There ought to be a law against whin-

# MAKING OF CHEESE

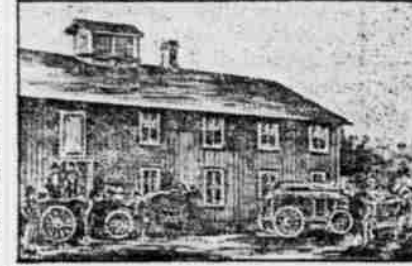
Some Modern Appliances Used in Its Manufacture.

## A GREAT INDUSTRY.

How Dairying Has Increased Until Its Returns Are Stupendous.

Interesting Methods Employed in Making Condensed Milk—Absolute Cleanliness Insisted Upon—Co-operation in the Manufacture of Fancy Cheese—Work in Western Factories—Dairy Farmers Are Generally Prosperous.

The past season has been an exceptional one in the great cheese-making centers of Northern Ohio. Ohio cheese-makers have fared even better than those of Western New York, Wisconsin and Michigan. There has just been enough rain in Ohio to make excellent pasturage, which in turn is conducive to plenty of milk. In some other big dairying sections there has been too



LOADING CHEESE FOR SHIPMENT.

much rain. Everywhere prices for milk have been higher than a year ago, and the farmers in the main are satisfied. Concerning the prices of cheese on the market they have shown a general rise of from one cent to a cent and a half a pound and the price of butter has kept up well.

Cheese-making as an American industry is increasing in volume rapidly, although the uses for milk are multiplying. The vast annual production of ice cream, for example, requires more and more of the cream which years ago went almost exclusively to the creameries and cheese factories.

It is not many years since the Western Reserve—the section so favored this year in its dairying interests—was the real cheese-making center of the world. For more than half a century cheese factories have occupied some of the same spots where they stand to-day. At one time West Andover, in the Western Reserve, boasted of the largest factory in the world, or at least the factory with the largest annual production. But as has been reiterated at many times in the last decade, New York and Wisconsin have come forward to first place. Regardless of the matter of present-day prestige as to volume of business, the cheese interests of the Western Reserve are still no small item, and as carried on are typical of cheese-making everywhere. The utilization of the by-product, whey, as seen in Ohio, is also worthy of description.

The average modern cheese factory daily takes care of the milk from 1,000 cows. Such a factory is furnished its entire supply by perhaps a hundred farmers. The output of a dairy of 1,000 cows is about 25,000 pounds of milk each day. The very largest factories can handle but 30,000 to 35,000 pounds



OLD-FASHIONED CHEESE FACTORY.

of milk in twenty-four hours and the output from such a factory will slightly exceed eighty cheese per day.

All the operations in connection with cheese-making are now done at the factory. There was a time when the farmers made the curd at home and took it to the factories for the final processes. To-day in the dairying districts both morning and evening finds wagons with huge receptacles filled with milk passing along the rural roads in the direction of the factories. In not all instances do the farmers haul their own milk. On the co-operative basis the farmers employ men whose sole work consists in going from farm to farm at milking time and collecting the milk. Each wagon collects about thirty cans on a trip, and each can contains from thirty to forty gallons. More men are employed in collecting the milk than are engaged in the making of cheese. Not more than a half dozen men spend their time at a factory which requires ten to a dozen men to collect the milk.

The wagons with their numerous cans of milk arrive at the factory at an appointed hour and draw up in front of what is known as a receiving tank. This tank has a capacity of 600 gallons and it rests upon scales. The milk of each farmer's dairy upon being emptied into this tank is weighed and placed to its credit. It is then released through pipes which carry it to the vats within the cheese factory. The milk received at night remains till morning in the vats, and then the morning's milk is piped into the same vats. The milk which stands in the vats all night be-

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## THE GIRL WHO FASCINATES.

By Marion F. Mowbray.

From what source springs the magic of the girl who fascinates? The girl who fascinates is loved because she is herself. She may not be beautiful, but all men are caught watching her face; she may not be graceful, but every girl covets her manner; she may not be witty, but everybody likes to hear her talk; she may not be accomplished, but she makes the talents of others appear paltry and mean and good for nothing; she may be none of these, yet, to all intents and purposes, she is all.

Men love the pretty girl, they admire the accomplished girl, but they live and die for the girl who fascinates. Well, she is supremely shrewd. Put that down as her arch secret, the chief of all. She never forgets herself, her business. She is everlastingly vigilant of her interests. Other girls are heedless sometimes, or they forget, or they are obtuse, by reason of persistent blunting of their vision, or they may know what should be done and not do it. "It does not matter," they say. "This time doesn't count," or "I don't care," and so on. The girl who fascinates never does say this or think this. With her everything matters, every time counts, every person makes her care. She is ready to do all, to be all, to sacrifice all for her end.

Yet I do not assert that the girl who fascinates is a selfish creature. Far from it. She is usually generous hearted to a degree. But whether her heart may be either lively or inert that is another matter. Her heart plays no grand role in her fascinations. She can do quite as well without as with it. She must have a serviceable head. It tells her what to do, and prompts her to do it. It tells her what men like, and impels her to be as they like.

The girl who fascinates is not necessarily bold to command. She knows when to be bold and when not to be. But she always intelligently and unmistakably, however delicately, defines her attitude as expecting civility and attention. And the man never fails to meet her upon her own ground. The fascinating girl is never a chatterbox. She is never a mute. She knows just when and how much to talk, and just when to be silent. She knows that while nearly every man finds a vivacious talker entertaining, many men find prolonged loquacity tiresome, absolutely obnoxious.

The girl who fascinates accordingly is a chatterbox when her man wants to listen; she is a listener when her man wants to speak. She is never overquiet, never too talkative. You will see from all this that tact is a great blessing when it can be displayed cunningly by the long-headed girl.

## WHY BROTHERHOODS EXIST.

By Governor B. F. Odell of New York.

In keeping with our national development it was natural that those whose resources were brain, brawn and muscle should have banded themselves together for their mutual protection and advancement. Thus it has come about that we find in almost every locality brotherhoods of the various trades and in the rural communities granges and associations of farmers. The results have been in the main of advantage. They have led to the interchange of knowledge and ideas and have served to curb to a large extent the greed, the power and the influence of those who, except for this restraint, would have broken down the safeguards which should accompany these developments.

In the business world those who acquire property, through false representations are guilty of the crime of obtaining goods under false pretenses, and the corollary of this proposition is evident, that he who seeks advancement in the political world through misrepresentation and misstatement of facts is entitled to the rebuke that can only be administered by the freeman's ballot.

Education is the only true method by which the distinction between governmental and individual rights may be discerned, and upon an educated people, therefore, we must depend to prevent and to repress all transgressions of the laws governing either. Intelligence is more to be desired than wealth; fair dealing of greater worth than prosperity, and the love and approval of the Divine Being who has given us all these blessings more to be sought than success at arms or battles won for principles that are wrong.

## INTELLIGENT VICTIMS OF RELIGIOUS CRAZES.

By T. F. O'Connor, M. P., Historian.

You can form no forecast whatever of a man's religious point of view from his views and conduct in the other affairs of life. It is quite possible for a man to be shrewd, cautious, even skeptical, in all business and ordinary affairs, and at the same time to hold religious faiths which qualify for the lunatic asylum. Indeed, sometimes the credulity in matters of religion seems to be a sort of Nemesis which nature wreaks for skepticism in other affairs.

Take, for instance, Irvingism. Irving was the young Scotch clergyman who was in love with Jane Welsh, and whom Jane Welsh loved; but he had entered into a boy and girl engagement with the daughter of a clergyman; the young lady insisted on the fulfillment of the bond; and he had to give up Jane Welsh. That little incident was the wrecking of many lives.

That disappointment of Irving wrecked his life also; for it was largely accountable for the religious mania in which his life ended; and doubtless it wrecked the life of the poor lady to whom unwillingly he gave his name, while every pulse of his heart belonged to another woman. And finally this love episode helped to wreck other lives.

comes slightly sour. The placing of the sweet milk of the morning with that which is slightly soured is conducive to the best cheese.

The vats within the factory are to-day all of a round pattern and have a capacity of 7,000 pounds of milk each. Within the circular walls of a vat there



INTERIOR OF A MODERN CHEESE FACTORY.

is a compartment for hot water connected by piping with the engine boiler in another part of the building. When the operations of cheese-making are to begin water of a temperature of some 80 degrees is rushed into the hot water compartments of the vat and the scalding process is continued for three-quarters

The Irvingites, as they were called, believed in a new descent of the Holy Ghost, in a new gift of tongues, and in all such absurdities, and they gave their priests and elders the titles of angels and archangels. And yet one of the first to join this palpably absurd religion was Henry Drummond—a well-known parliamentarian who had a reputation in his day somewhat like that of Mr. Labouchere in ours. He was, in addition, a shrewd and wealthy banker; and yet Henry Drummond was among Irving's first adherents. And his adhesion is crystallized to-day in the fact that the family of the Duke of Northumberland—including, if I mistake not, the brilliant young fellow who has just been made an under secretary—are adherents to the Irvingite creed.

One of the shrewdest, most observant and, in some respects, most cynical men I ever knew, was the late John Lovell, editor of the Liverpool Mercury. If ever I wanted a judgment of a public man—calm, dispassionate, searching, full of true psychological insight, I had a talk with John Lovell, and always felt enlightened. And yet this shrewd, sensible man, without an illusion, was an Irvingite. I know fewer able, all round men in the House of Commons than Sir William Mather, and the vast fortune he has made as a locomotive manufacturer is testimony to the success and shrewdness of his business instinct; he belongs to the strange creed known as the Swedenborgian.

Be it remembered, too, that these eerie delusions do not end with literary men, with dreamers, with the unworlly; some of the greatest and most realistic men of action the world has known were not free from them. Wallenstein, the greatest German general of the olden days, was afflicted by the crowing of a cock, and always consulted astrologers as to the future; Napoleon believed in omens and dreams; and Parnell thought black cats brought good luck, and the color green made him so unhappy that he anticipated every evil from the sight of it, and thought Ireland's misfortunes were mainly due to green being her color.

## KINGS IN FACT AND FANCY.

By Willis J. Abbot, Editor of the Pilgrim.

The world has been informed that when King Leopold of Belgium met his daughter, Princess Stephanie, at the funeral of his wife, who died while he was amusing himself after his fashion in France, he refused to recognize her. Outside of the most aristocratic and, therefore, least respectable, circles of Europe, it is rather safer for a woman's reputation to escape the recognition of Leopold of Belgium, but this fact, of course, is not one of consolation to the disowned daughter. It appears that it is family pride that has led this merry monarch to repudiate his daughter. The family eschenteon that he has carried undimmed through a summer of life in Paris that only Balzac could fitly describe, and has flaunted in quarters of London that first gained international disrepute through the revelations of the Oscar Wilde scandal, is grievously blotted by the fact that his daughter married a man because she loved him, and who was only a count.

It is further gravely reported that because of her august father's displeasure several courts of Europe are closed against the Princess Stephanie, and that she is unwelcome in the most aristocratic society. All the courts of the continent are open to King Leopold, but until the death of his wife the one which he seemed fittest to adorn was the divorce court. No public man has led so scandalous a life, none has been more brazen in his intrigues and in his entire indifference to even the surface proprieties. His name and face are known in the lowest purlieu of Paris and London, and his latest favorite is the perennial attraction of the Paris music halls.

The man who made Cleo de Merode famous finds his honor tarnished because his daughter married a man not of royal birth! And there are royal courts and so-called polite circles in Europe which gladly receive this man, whose moral character fairly baffles description in public print, yet ostracize his daughter because his foul and debauched brain has conceived the idea that her marriage was an affront to his royal honor. If ordinary common sense did not show us the worthlessness of kings and courts, incidents such as this would.

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## THE AUTOMOBILE'S FUTURE.

By J. A. Bowman, Automobile Expert.

The automobile has come to stay. It will not become the "rage" for a brief period, as did the bicycle, and then drop out of popular interest. It is too big an invention for that. Like the trolley car, the typewriter, the elevator, like telegraphy, it must advance. This is an age of mechanical devices. Twenty-five years ago few people understood mechanical devices. There were fewer to understand them. To-day manual training is part of the young man's education. Almost everyone has had some practical experience with machines. This makes the automobile possible; this assures its future.

There will be great change, great improvement, in the next few years; but it will be gradual. Already 10,000 automobiles are in use in this country. There would be more but for the obstacles the automobile has met. Bad roads have retarded it. The trolley car must have a good, even rail; the automobile must have a smooth road. Our country roads are often sloughs.

This question is often asked: "Will automobiles become so cheap that people of ordinary means can use them? No. They will probably never sell for less than \$500. The fall in the price of bicycles is not a parallel case. The bicycle was a new thing. As it became perfected the cost naturally fell. The automobile, in its parts, is not new. Tires, chains, lamps, ball bearings, steel tubing, power—all are now perfected, and the machines are being sold for a dollar a pound, the present retail cost of bicycles.

curd is placed in the presses. These presses are telescopic cylindrical devices which have an inner diameter equal to that of a cheese ready for the market. The sides or hoops of the presses are raised to their full height and filled with curd, cheese capping, or "bandage," being placed within the presses before filling. Screws are then applied and the operation of pressing begins. It has been said that the screws usually applied in this process are sufficiently stout to raise a good-sized building. The pressing operation is continued until the hoops have so telescoped that the cheese is of the desired thickness. There are many of these presses in every factory, thus allowing for the making of a goodly number of cheese at one time. The weight of a cheese in Ohio is 32 pounds; in New York it is frequently as much as 60 pounds.

From the factory the cheese is taken to the dry house. Here it is placed on racks which extend from the floor to the ceiling. When sufficiently dry they are taken from the racks to a bench at one end of the building and boxed up ready for shipment. Then on one day each week several wagons are employed to haul cheese all day long to the nearest railway shipping point.

Many cheese factories nowadays have a department for the making of butter. Both the churning and working is done by machinery. The finished product is put into wooden pails holding from thirty-five to fifty pounds each, and these when filled are placed in a cooler until shipped.

Statue to a Woman in Japan. Japan's first statue in memory of a woman was unveiled recently. Shijo-Nawata, near Kioto.