

WALLOWA CHIEFTAIN.

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ENTERPRISE OREGON.

"This is above all a reading age, but how many people read the Bible?" Ssssh!

The sad case of Charles M. Schwab should be a warning to the American "hustler"—and this is no joke.

The Crown Prince of Siam managed to sidestep all the free-advertising intentions of the debutantes and chorus girls.

The average woman may not be able to tell a joke, but she can tell the scent of cloves at any hour of the day or night.

Why is the new arrival always called "a bouncing boy"? Because he makes you bounce out of bed like a rubber ball at 2 b. m.

A Missouri farmer owns a mule that is thirty-four years old. How did he happen to let the British remount agents get past?

Harry Lehr says Colonel Watterson is rude. Mr. Lehr has not gone so far, however, as to threaten to slap the colonel on the wrist.

The man who backed Baldwin is fitting out another polar expedition. His enthusiasm evidently has his discretion down and is sitting on it.

For some reason or other we often read that some man or other has "disappeared suddenly." It would be truly remarkable to read of one who disappeared gradually.

Oom Paul's book complains of harsh treatment. There is only one way for Oom to get even, and that is to head a big trust and soak it to the British consumer.

Ambitious youths should not jump hastily to the conclusion that the quickest and surest way to get rich is to become a burglar or train robber. Occasionally one of these fellows is nabbed.

It is stated that Mr. Carnegie has been giving away money at the rate of \$45,000,000 a year. How the British government would like to have the cash to apply to steamship subsidies and so offset American competition!

The man who offered a prize for the woman who would write him the best love letter failed to make the most of his opportunities. He would have had more fun if he had offered to give the prize to the girl who proved herself most proficient in the matter of making love to him personally.

There is a disposition to decry hobby-riding as an occupation unworthy of a man with a full intellectual equipment. The man of one idea may be a bore at times and is commonly so voted by people with no ideas and no paramount issues, but, after all, he is the man who accomplishes most, and without his insistent purpose and continuous industry in the particular propaganda to which he devotes himself many of the influences which make for progress and from which the human race derives an immeasurable aggregate benefit would cease to be operative.

A great spirit was released from its human bondage when Elizabeth Cady Stanton died. Her name is largely attached to the equal suffrage movement and she did furnish much of the brains of that movement for more than half a century. But she did more than that. She left the impact of her life on all the statute books of her country. Entering her father's law office at an early age, she was the first to point out the hard and unjust rules of the common law as to married woman and the amelioration of that law was her life work. More than that, she was a successful wife and mother. Where is there another woman who has contributed so much both to the laws and to the race?

Marie Corelli has touched upon some unpleasant truths in her diatribe against uncultured and illiterate Americans who emphasize their vulgarity with their millions. These same folk meet with little sympathy in their own country, where it is felt that they discredit the nation by the exhibition of those traits which Miss Corelli condemns. But such people are not the whole of the false coin of humanity. There are crude, pretentious, vulgar authors, who exert quite as bad an influence with spurious tales which would pass off the shallow for the profound and bait the credulous with irreverent mystical nonsense. In her moments of self-searching Miss Corelli may perhaps think of some such person.

There is an ocean of difference between housekeeping and home-making. One is a business, the other an art. Many women make great successes in the business who fail absolutely in the art. Their houses are perfectly kept. Every department is run with care and exactness. There is never a failure to meet demand; but it is not a home. A home for the comfort, happiness and health of the family. There is no department of housekeeping that is not made to yield to the needs of any member. There is never a crisis of temper if a meal is late or the convenience of a member demands a change in the hour. A few minutes—yes, even a number of minutes—spent in kindly converse in the

morning, the call of a friend, or the sudden desire for an hour's outing, never seems to the home-maker a violation of the moral code. Dust does not cause a nightmare or disorder a display which love and charity agree to call nervousness. Not things, but souls, are the objects of the home-maker's care. She values peace more than system, happiness more than regularity, content more than work accomplished. Yet, with it all, her home, when she touches perfection, is the essence of regularity. It is this that makes home-making an art.

The young man is having his turn. A distinct feature of the times is importance of the part being played in all great affairs. President Roosevelt became 44 years old recently. He is the youngest President the nation ever had. It is the day of young men. Great fortunes are made nowadays early in life, or else, the chances are, they are not made at all. Young men set their marks in whatever calling they choose and go upward to them in leaps and bounds. Most attain their places in the social plan before middle life. It is a period of electrical rapidity in all things. By striking coincidence, nearly all the great rulers of Europe are comparatively young men. While one of the youngest rulers of nations, President Roosevelt is the senior of several. For instance, Nicholas of Russia is only 34 years of age, while William II., of Germany, is a year younger than the President. Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, is young enough to be the President's daughter, having been born as late as 1880. Kuang Hsu, Emperor of China, has but 29 years to his credit, while Sultan Abdul Azziz, of Morocco, was born in 1878, and the Khedive of Egypt is only 28. King Carlos, of Portugal, is another who is junior to the President, having been born in 1861, while his near neighbor, Alfonso, of Spain, has not reached his seventeenth birthday. Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, is still another, he having first seen the light in 1861. Alexander, of Serbia, is quite a youth in comparison with him, however, having been born in 1876. King Edward VII., of Great Britain, is one of those called a young ruler, but he is a grandfather and is 17 years older than President Roosevelt. All of these come into their places by heredity, and age has no effect in their selection. It is by chance alone that all but two or three of the leading sovereigns of Europe are below the traditional age when rulers are supposed to ripen into sufficient wisdom.

Apart from humanitarian sentiments, the budgets of the nations need but casual study to convince one of the folly of war. Of course, there have been wars where the highest principles have been involved. There have been from time to time, and probably will recur as long as man is man, conditions that demand betterment and arouse the loftiest instincts of liberty and self-preservation in a nation, even to the point of drawing the sword. But Mars is not long on principle. Greed, jealousy, the barbaric love of blood itself, too often are the ruling incentives on one side or the other in international contests. And when the strife is over there is not only suffering and misery in thousands of homes ravaged by the battle demon, but there is as a general inheritance of debt that, with its accumulating interest, falls heavily upon the shoulders of posterity. Take the national debt of Great Britain. This year it is estimated at about \$3,850,000,000, and of this over one-fourth is directly traceable to wars during the last sixty years. A billion dollars of war debt left unpaid by one country in less than two generations! Over two-thirds of this arose from the South African war alone, while the Crimean war is down in the treasury books of John Bull at over \$200,000,000. The rest is made up from expenditures in the Canadian insurrection and China war in 1841, the Kafir war of 1849, the Abyssinian in 1869, the Russo-Turkish and South African wars of 1878-9, and the Egyptian operations of 1882. Not a war in the list was a contest to a finality with any great power. And yet, how modern warfare, as exemplified in the recent Boer conflict, has swollen the total! No wonder the treasury is a good brake on the War Departments these days! It costs enough, surely, to keep up an army and navy of decent size in this wealth-producing and wealth-distributing era, but a war for supremacy against Great Britain and Russia, for instance, would be won only at the cost of practical bankruptcy. The greatest ally of the international arbitration and universal peace project is the cost of war.

How the Cities Grow.
The calendar year 1901, according to a recent report of the United States geological survey, was the greatest in the history of the country in city building. Forty-two cities submitted reports to the department in response to inquiries and these showed that the total number of permits issued in those cities were 85,571, as against 68,417 for 1900, a gain of 17,154, or 25.07 per cent. The value of the buildings erected on these permits in 1901 was \$372,173,631, compared with \$241,561,585 in 1900, a gain of \$130,657,046, or 54 per cent.

Big Carrier Pigeon Race.
Two thousand three hundred carrier pigeons recently took part in a race from Rome to Ghent.

After a man has done wrong, he more thoroughly understands the importance of keeping a secret.

If the average man's salary were as short as his memory he would starve to death.

AN HISTORIC PRISON.

THE TOMBS, NEW YORK, SCENE OF TRAGEDY AND ROMANCE.

Old Bastille to Be Soon Torn Down—Criminals of World-Wide Notoriety Who Have Been Confined Within Its Strong Walls.

The historic old Tombs prison in New York has been practically abandoned and its inmates transferred to the new city prison. With the exception of the boys' and women's departments, the old structure will be demolished, and the whole block will be inclosed by a high granite wall, with handsome gates, which, with the new sidewalks, will cost about \$175,000.

In all New York there is hardly a more historic spot than the old Tombs. It has held the most notorious criminals the world ever knew—millionaire murderers and lawbreakers of every description. From it novelists and historians have drawn a world of material.

It was in the old Tombs that Edward S. Stokes, the slayer of "Jim" Fisk, fretted and fumed while the best legal talent in the country fought to secure his release. Stokes came within an ace of being hung on the Tombs gallows, which, by the way, was abolished when the electric chair made its appearance.

"Boss" Tweed once resided within the walls of the old prison, as also did James D. Fish, charged with a gigantic swindle which brought about a financial panic in 1883.

But now the old prison has played its part in the history of New York, and it will soon vanish, leaving as the only remnant of its existence innumerable stories, in some of which tragedies are strangely interwoven with romances.

The first building used for a jail in New York City was built in 1642 at Pearl and Coenties Slip. When this structure became inadequate another jail was built in present City Hall Park and remained in use until 1775, when a new brick wall was erected. Here a notable execution took place in 1741 when seven negroes were hanged for alleged complicity in the negro riot of that year.

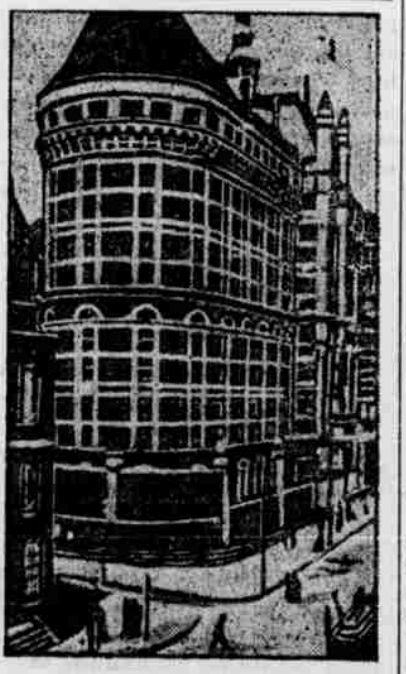
In time the brick wall became inadequate and the Tombs was the result. The latter building was erected on ground built up in what was called Collect Pond—a small sheet of water, separated from the river by a strip of marsh land. On this pond John Fitch made his first experiments in steamboat navigation.



OLD TOMBS PRISON IN NEW YORK.

The story of how the Tombs got its name is interesting. John L. Stevens, of Hoboken, had published a book entitled Stevens' Travels, in which he gave an account of his trip through Asia and the Holy Land. Among the illustrations was one of an ancient Egyptian tomb. This illustration so impressed the committee which had the matter of a new prison under consideration that it reported in favor of a building for that purpose on the plan of the Egyptian tomb, and suggested the name "The Tombs."

The Tombs occupies an entire block at Franklin and Center streets. On



NEW YORK'S NEW CITY PRISON.

the right of this entrance is the Tombs Police Court and on the left the Court of Special Sessions. The latter is connected with the prison in the rear by a bridge, known as the Bridge of Sighs, from the fact that condemned prisoners are led across it after conviction.

Some Noted Prisoners.
The first prisoner of importance to enter the Tombs was John C. Colt, the great manufacturer of firearms, who was charged with the murder of Samuel Adams. His trial lasted ten days, and in that time his friend, Caroline Henshaw, attracted as much attention as the well-to-do murderer. It was the doomed man's desire that he be al-

THE DUCK SHOOTING SEASON.



loved to marry her before he was hanged, and, agreeable to his wish, the ceremony was performed at noon on the fatal day—the execution being fixed four hours later.

The bride was accompanied by Colt's brother and John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Rev. Mr. Arthur performed the ceremony. The woman went away and the prisoner asked to be left alone until "his time was up." His wish was respected.

Just as the clock was about to strike 4, while a great, excited crowd stood about the prison, the cry of fire was heard, and it was found that the cupola of the prison was ablaze. Rev. Mr. Arthur went to the cell to inform Colt that all was ready. He found

wires were also laid in the sail about one and one-half feet deep, so as to form an evenly distributed metallic net. Every accumulator was connected with this metallic net by a wire running along the mast. Short wires connected with the plants, the free ends being stuck into the stem or into the main root thereof. If this metallic fulfills expectations it will undoubtedly prove a most important invention.—Washington Star.

ANECDOTE OF EDWARD VII.

How He Made Soft Answer to a Fisherman's Rudeness.

During the early manhood of Albert, Prince of Wales, now Edward VII., King of England, the royal yacht containing him and several of his comrades was cruising off the coast of Cornwall, waiting for something new to turn up for their amusement, writes a contributor to the Ledger Monthly. The sturdy fishermen along the coast were not so lightly employed. On board one heavy boat all was not going well. The seines hauled with unusual difficulty. A heavy swell had tangled them in snags on the bottom, tearing them in places as they came up. The supply of fish was small and discouraging, but they must be reset, nevertheless, so the work went on.

The largest net seemed most firmly lodged and many efforts failed to bring it to the surface. With stubborn patience they loosened and pulled in vain. Finally, after many attempts to extricate it they decided upon a steady, united pull at the net's own risk and ranged themselves accordingly. "One, two, three—pull!" Suddenly the thing gave way, so suddenly that the foremost man, barely keeping his feet, was hurled with some violence against a stranger who had just stepped on board from a small boat alongside.

The collapse was a surprise to the fisherman, who had not seen the approaching boat and knew not whence it came. The shock added fuel to his already worn-out patience. Without a glance at the intruder he drew up his arm and sent his brawny elbow with no particularly gentle force into the stranger's side, exclaiming, roughly: "Get out of my way! What are you doing here anyhow?" There was an instant's ominous pause. Both faces were a study. Then: "I beg your pardon, sir," said the intruder, in as gentle a tone as he could command. "I did not mean to get in your way. We came over to see your fish."

"And who may you be?" gasped the fisherman, with a sudden painful quickening of the imagination.

"Only Albert, Prince of Wales, and heir to your country's throne, my good sir," was the calm but truly vengeful reply.

Then there were other apologies and a generous present of fish to repay the rudeness, says the Detroit Free Press, and in all his realm to-day Albert Edward has no more devoted subject than the aged fisherman, still living on the Cornwall coast, whose wrath he appeased by the mild reply of a gentleman when there seemed ample excuse for another sort of revenge.

Unseen.
Once upon a time a Righteous Citizen witnessed a Combat between a Big Man and a Small Boy. The Big Man laid about him mightily and smote the Small Boy hip and thigh, who upon the Tip of his Toes could not reach the Big Man's waistband.

"Hold," cried the Righteous Citizen, as the Big Man proceeded to sit down upon the Small Boy. "It is not a Fair Fight! The Small Boy is hitting the Big Man below the Belt!"—Life.

A Slight Difference.
Miss Gushington—Mr. D'Anber was showing us some of his sketches in oil. I think his style is just cute, don't you?
Mr. Knox—Oh, I wouldn't say "cute," exactly.
Miss Gushington—No?
Mr. Knox—No; I should say "artless."—Philadelphia Press.

Money that a man doesn't save by remaining a bachelor would probably support a wife and ten children.

OWNED BY HIS MILLIONS.

Russell Sage Helpless in the Power of His Accumulated Wealth.

Russell Sage is the most indefatigable financier in the world to-day. Conservative financiers, who know what they are talking about, will tell you that Russell Sage is worth more than a hundred million dollars, and that he has at least twenty-five millions in cold, hard cash—an amount of ready currency greater than that possessed by any other millionaire. He has been working hard since his early youth. He was a member of Congress long before the present generation of men and women came into being. For fifty years he hasn't missed, all summed up, more than sixty days from his office, including occasional indispositions, rare two or three-day vacations and business absences from the city, and so on. Even when the crazy chap threw a carpet-bag full of dynamite at Mr. Sage a few years ago the old gentleman was recovered from the shock and back at his desk two days later. His friends confidently expect to see him haggling with "Apple Mary" over the price of the two apples, which he takes for his luncheon,



RUSSELL SAGE.

for a good many years to come yet, Mr. Sage has worn the same overcoat for six years now, and it is a pretty seedy-looking affair. He wears shocking hand-me-down clothes and impossible hats, this constituting one of the secret sorrows, it is said, of his amiable, generous and even-tempered wife. None of the stories bearing upon Russell Sage's acute appreciation of the value of money is exaggerated. Here is one that hasn't been printed: Last summer the Wall street men living on Long Island arranged for a ferry boat to meet them at the Long Island City station at 9:30 on business mornings to convey them to the Wall street slip, and thus save them the trouble of crossing over to New York and taking the L. train downtown to their offices. They arranged to pay 10 cents each per morning for this ferry ride from Long Island City to Wall street, New York. They invited Mr. Sage to join them. But Mr. Sage wouldn't. He continued to cross over to New York on the ferry to Thirty-fourth street, which he was entitled to do without cost on his regular Long Island railroad pass. When he reached New York he was entitled to ride downtown without giving up a nickel to the L. road, for, as one of the directors of the L. Company, he, of course, had an L. pass. Thus he saved each day 10 cents, to do which he endured the long ride downtown on the L, with its hot, sooty, soft-coal engines.

GETTING EVEN WITH WOMEN

A certain French merchant who died in the year 1901 left a very handsome legacy to a lady who had refused to marry him twenty years previously. The will stated that the testator made the bequest in order to express to the legatee his gratitude for her forbearance in leaving him to lead a happy bachelor life of independence and freedom. A British sailor by his will directed his executors to pay his wife the sum of 1 shilling "to buy hazel nuts, as she had always preferred cracking these to mending stockings." The will of John George of Lambeth, who died in 1791, ran thus, says the People's Friend: "Seeing that I have had the misfortune to be married to the aforesaid Elizabeth, who ever since our union has tormented me in every possible way; that she has done all she could to render my life miserable; that heaven seems to have sent her into the world solely to drive me out of it; that the strength of Samson, the genius of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the skill of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the philosophy of Socrates, the subtlety of Hannibal, the vigilance of Hermeogenes, would not suffice to subdue the perversity of her character; that no power on earth can change her—weighing maturely and seriously all these considerations, I have bequeathed and hereby bequeath to my said wife Elizabeth the sum of 1 shilling to be paid to her within six months after my death."

Japs in Hawaii.
According to J. K. Brown, Inspector of Immigration for the Hawaiian Islands, the Japanese labor which has flocked to the country since the exclusion of the Chinese is less desirable for plantations than the Chinese. Neither the white nor the natives of Hawaii will work on the plantations. It is an interesting fact, as explained by Mr. Brown, that in some cases the Japanese learn trades and displace white skilled laborers. In all the discussion of Chinese exclusion in the United States there has been very little said about the Chinese supplanting skilled labor.—Buffalo Express.

When those we like play it, it is a violin, but when those we dislike begin to finger it, it is a fiddle.