

Wallowa County Chieftain

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ENTERPRISE.....OREGON

It took a man to write the prize-winning woman suffrage poem.

In the course of time February will be wholly devoted to celebrating the birthdays of great men.

Prof. Zueblin says woman is a live problem. There is no doubt she keeps many busy hunting for the answer.

H. H. Harriman is looking for young men to fill \$30,000 positions. However, he is looking for \$30,000 men.

The Los Angeles Express tells of ptomaines in hash in that town. There is everything in hash from ptomaines up.

When a Tennessee man is called to do jury duty he runs the risk of being found guilty of being able to read and write.

A St. Louis philologist wants the Simplified Spelling Board to tackle the word "colonel." Why pass "lieutenant" by?

"The per capita circulation of money is steadily rising," says the Richmond Times-Dispatch. But does it really circulate per capita?

One of the curious things about some of the men who think they look like Lincoln is that they act as if they considered it creditable to Lincoln.

King Edward and Kaiser Wilhelm have had such an enjoyable time together that Great Britain has just decided to build six more big battle-ships.

Andrew Carnegie admits that Robert Burns was one of the most extraordinary men ever born, although it is well known that the poet never saved \$1,000,000.

The Rosebud settlers are calling for girls who are willing to become wives. Before going the girls should be given to understand that Rosebud isn't a flower garden.

Because his wife would not permit him to remain away from home at night for the purpose of playing pounce a New Jersey man hanged himself. She must have been right in feeling that she ought to watch him.

A Pennsylvania carpenter recently burned a barn in order that he might get a job as a builder. He can at least set up the claim that there would be no justice in fining him for trying to operate a combination in restraint of trade.

Panics in burning halls are becoming less frequent, thanks not to fewer fires, but to excellent co-operation on all hands. Twelve hundred people walked quietly out of a blazing theater in New York recently. No one was hurt, and but one girl fainted. The orchestra aided the exit by playing until the place was emptied.

What boy born during the current year will be the Abraham Lincoln or the Charles Darwin of the century? Both Darwin and Lincoln were born on February 12, 1809. The same year saw the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allan Poe, Alfred Pennyson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, to say nothing of scores of men famous in other branches of learning.

It only remains for us to hope that chicken farmers generally throughout the land will get busy now with the brush and the green paint. If there is one thing we need in the markets above all things, it is more eggs and cheaper. If the hens will double their efforts, the price must tumble as inevitably as that the sunshine must follow the rain. The hens will double their efforts if green paint is offered as an inducement. The bargain is so much to the advantage of the owners of the paint and the remainder of mankind in general that it would seem compounding a monumental folly to hesitate in the emergency upon us.

Some day not very far distant, it is hoped, exporters and importers in the United States will awaken to the realization that South America offers them exceptional business opportunities, and then probably a systematic and determined effort will be made to wrest from Europe the trade which, geographically speaking, belongs to us. Why this rich field has not been cultivated is one of the mysteries which for a decade has puzzled citizens who visited the continent to the south. Perhaps the explanation is that we have been too busy extending our trade to Europe and Asia, but whatever the cause, the time has passed when American merchants can any longer afford to ignore the possibilities apparent to the well informed.

With what scorn do certain of our economic reformers scoff at the girl who prefers working for five dollars a week in store or office rather than in a factory or mill for twice or three times that amount as a skilled operative. Yet how little are they justified. The ideal destiny of every properly-brought-up young woman is marriage. There are no old maids of 18.

The girl who expects to earn her own living only for a few years isn't studying out economic problems as they may relate to her earning capacity at thirty. Bless her heart, no. The idea that she may be still earning her own living at that age never enters her head until that age is at hand. She finds that, rightly or wrongly, there is an indefinable but nonetheless distinct social line between the stenographer and the weaver; between the girl who sells a hat to a customer and the girl who made the hat in the workshop. Quite unconsciously she caters to the social ends of life. She probably would not explain it just that way, but she prefers to be the stenographer or the saleswoman. The possibilities of her marrying well are greater. Her married estate and the social position of herself and her children are more important than the pay envelope. She will be a wage-earner only a few years. She expects to be a wife for many. What are the few against the many? The social reformers are all wrong. Pride does not cause this point of view in the working girl. It is instinct, primal, proper, pure instinct, as broad as creation. And if the dear reformers imagine they can eradicate or change it they are very badly mistaken. For which the whole world should be very, very thankful.

The commission on country life has not had time to complete its investigations, but it has had time to demonstrate its usefulness and the wisdom of its methods. It has silenced the cheap and silly critics who thought it wildly absurd even to suggest that, as they flippantly put it, "the farmer needed uplifting." The problems of rural life, known to the thoughtful, are now more generally understood and the farmers themselves have displayed an active interest in their proper solution. It is true that prosperity chiefly comes from the soil. It is true that the rural areas of the great west have been the hope and the envy of many city toilers in counting rooms and offices. It is true that Iowa and Nebraska have not known the worries which the panic brought to Wall Street. But no intelligent student of rural life imagines that it is a life of unalloyed joy. There is misery on farms; there is excessive toil, there is solitude leading in many instances to insanity; there is lack of sanitary and other modern facilities; there is backwardness in agricultural and business organization. The farmer, like the city dweller, needs co-operation and increased efficiency in organization. He needs better schools for his children, more social and aesthetic life, improved rural libraries and a score of other things. He has advanced in late years, thanks to institutes, congresses, postal progress, road construction, governmental aid and interest in him; but we are at the beginning rather than at the end of the process of the readjustment of rural conditions to the standards of modern civilization in industry, in education, in recreation, in religious and social life. The commission can be of help to the farmer in various ways, chiefly of course by means of discussion, definite expression of his own feelings and practical suggestions. It is to be hoped that Congress will recognize the value of the commission's work and vote the small appropriation necessary to its continuance.

White House Renovated.
When William Howard Taft stepped into the White House at noon on the 4th of March as the new president of the United States of America, he found a model home equipped with every modern convenience; that is what other presidents have never enjoyed. Before the election of President Roosevelt few changes had been made in the White House since the days of John Quincy Adams, when it was rebuilt after being fired by the marauding British troops, only the walls being left standing.

The executive mansion, as it was called before the advent of Mr. Roosevelt—he dubbed it officially "The White House"—was the first public building erected at the seat of government. The architect was James Hoban, who drew his plans closely after those of the seat of the Duke of Leinster, near Dublin, Ireland. George Washington himself selected the site, laid the corner stone on Oct. 13, 1792, and lived to see the building completed. John Adams, however, was the first president to occupy it, which he did in 1800.—Technical World Magazine.

Woman Succeeds at Farming.
"I see no reason why a woman cannot earn as good a living on a small farm as in any other field."

Such is the assertion, made with the cheerful certainty of one who has tried it—and succeeded—by a Connecticut woman, Mrs. Jane C. Barrow, who has for the past eight years supported herself and sent two children to school, on the earnings of a four-acre farm, only one acre of which is available for planting and buildings.

"If a woman is as fond of the country as I am," said Mrs. Barrow, "she will not find it a hardship, but rather a pleasure. I had everything to learn and I have succeeded, so I think other women could do as well. I began with a small boy as assistant; now I have a woman and a man and we are all three kept pretty busy."

When this energetic and courageous woman took her land she was forced to go into debt for money to pay for groceries enough to keep her and the two children until the farm began to make returns.—Technical World Magazine.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

RACE NEEDS IMPROVING.

By Prof. Charles Zueblin.



We are not witnessing any marked improvement in the human race as compared with four or ten thousand years ago. With our scientific knowledge of to-day we ought to see an improvement which is beyond what we see among favored people, increased stature, in vigor, in mental endowments, because of their peculiarly favored circumstances. We do not know enough to perfect the human race, but we know enough to begin. Our chief obligation in this life is the cure of children. It should be our chief occupation; it comes ahead of any spiritual satisfactions. There is no other equal to the enjoyment of the care of children. We must give our little children a fine conception of the least of our human relationships if we are to expect them to fulfill their obligations the greatest. Therefore they must be trained in citizenship, the girls as well as the boys.

We have often heard presented to us the contrast between the beautiful free life of the country and the rich, many-sided life of the city. Most city people would dread the isolation of the country, and the country people are afraid of the overcrowding of the city. There ought not to be either the one or the other. The more we consider the beautiful positive contributions of rural life the more we become convinced that they ought to be the possession of the city people, and the more we use the schools, libraries, churches, newspapers, music halls and all the other opportunities of city life, the more we become convinced that they ought to be the possession of the country people.

WORLD CONSTANTLY GROWING BETTER.

By Ada May Kreckler.



So soon as we look at our own times with the historical perspective they seem different. And they seem better. They are contrasted with the past, and the favorable changes that have taken place in the meantime are clearly exposed. They receive from the past the light that is needed in order to set into relief the present. Without this light from the past, the present is easily misunderstood. Modern people insist upon learning something about their own times. And then they verify the old saw that a little learning is a dangerous thing. For they have discovered the ills of our own time without relating them to the greater ills of the other times.

For all the pessimism abroad regarding the degeneration of the day, the ideals of business and political life are on the rise. They invite comparison with those of other of their predecessors and ancestors. Our political heroes of to-day are not Talleyrands to declare that the first qualification of a successful statesman is the ability to lie. And the merchants of to-day have so far abandoned the methods of more primitive commercialism, the moving scale of prices and kindred ideas, that they find it difficult to trade with the nations which have not adopted their own, the modern system.

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

What will it matter in a little while
That for a day
We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile,
Upon the way?

What will it matter whether hearts were brave,
And lives were true;
That you gave me the sympathy I crave,
As I gave you?

These trifles—can it be they make or mar
A human life?
Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are,
By love, or strife?

Yes, yes, a look the fainting heart may break,
Or make it whole;
And just one word, if said for love's sake,
May save a soul!
—May Riley Smith.

Game for Two

Now, as he entered the parlor he gave the impression of a young gentleman whose hands were empty, and no matter how he was viewed the gaze flew back to the emptiness of his hands. Oh, unmistakably empty were his hands, and absolutely innocent of either candy or flowers. Most consciously empty, too, they were, blushing a dull red as they hung by their thumbs from his waistcoat pockets in a sheepish sort of way, hanging in shame, as it were, and yet with a sort of sullen bravado, as though saying:

"Well, what of it?"
Yes, even thus our hero entered the parlor and said:

"Hello!"

And as his salutation is subdued into silence let us look at the lady in the case and see whether the eye of circumspection can come to rest on a matter so mobile. Plump, cozy and divinely short was the lady in question, with a pert, quick manner of movement and eyes that were alternately bright with speculation or brighter yet with conviction. Items: She could sit back in a chair and swing one foot over the other with an insouciance that boded harm for happiness of creation's lords, and no one could gaze upon her twice without knowing that her hands had the gift of expression, each separate finger being a digit of delight and ringed with a dimple of joy. Yes, even such as this maid of distraction who cast a bright glance of speculation at the emptiness of our hero's hands and said to him:

"How late you are!"
"Yes," said he, "I made up my mind that, beginning with the new year, I was going to work hard, and that's what kept me."

"Gracious!" said she, and again she looked at the emptiness and the sheepishness of his hands.

"I—I didn't bring any flowers to-night," he said. "I'd been thinking it over, and it seemed such a—such a—

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THE MENACE OF A WOOD FAMINE.

By Roland Phillips.



To-day, to supply public needs and to fill their own pockets, individual exploiters are sweeping away the forests three times as fast as they grow. This means that many of the hard woods are already gone; that the total supply of hard wood, which used to furnish the better-grade furniture, fittings, and so on, will be exhausted, for commercial purposes, within fifteen years; and that the entire wood supply of the country will not last longer than twenty-five or thirty years.

It is as though some foreign invader, or some deadly pest, should suddenly appear on our shores and ravage the entire forest area of the country, at the rate of two States a year, until every tree were gone. Do you imagine for one instant that as the years go by your interest in this great question will become less vital, or less personal, than it is to-day?—Success.

THE NATION OF MONEY TO BURN.

By Samuel N. Adams.



How long shall we, as a nation continue to make good the vulgar boast that we have money to burn? Surely we have, with our billion dollars given to flame and smoke in the past ten years, sufficiently established our primacy in wastefulness. The idea has taken too firm a hold upon us that fire is a "necessary evil." A loathsome alibi that! A responsibility-shifting lie, paralleling the "dispensation-of-Providence" dodge. But America, in this age of growing thoughtlessness and analysis, is beginning to exhibit symptoms of nausea over its "necessary evils," and happily, in the progress of time, this overwhelming destructive and costly one of fire wastage may go over the lee rail into the ocean of oblivion, together with such others of its kinds as industrial murder, tuberculosis and typhoid, and rotten politics.—Everybody's Magazine.

such a—such a—that, anyway, I swore off."

"My!" said she, and swinging her foot, she asked, in a careless manner: "Did you swear anything else off, John?"

"Well," he said, evading her eye, "candy."

And brighter grew his glance. "And concerts," he continued, his voice dropping a note and hanging over the edge of the tragics.

And even brighter grew her glance. "And all sorts of shows," he concluded, far, far down the keyboard.

"My!" said she. "You were busy?"

"Yes," he said, trying to look at her in a significant manner. "And now I'll be able to save a little money and then—"

"Flowers," she added, raising one finger.

He nodded.

"Candy?" she said, raising another.

He nodded again.

"Concerts?"

Again he nodded.

"And all sorts of shows," she concluded.

And nodding again, he drew a long breath and made room for her on the sofa, saying:

"Grace!"

"No," she mournfully made answer.

"I've sworn off."

"Sworn off what?"

"Sitting on the sofa like you meant I made up my mind that beginning



"I've sworn off."

with the new year I was keeping you away from your work too much. So I just swore off." And, shaking her head, she sighed: "No more, John."

Whereupon, he went over to her with considerable velocity of locomotion, holding out his hand and crying with emotion:

"Grace!"

"No," she mourned, putting her hands behind her, and shaking her head. "I've sworn that off, too, John."

"Sworn what off?" demanded John.

"Holding hands," she mourned again.

"You have, have you?"

"Oh, dear, yes!" And still keeping her hands behind her she looked up at him and pleasantly remarked:

"What a beautiful day it has been, John!"

But as for John, he marched out into the hall, jammed his hat on his

head, and laid violent hands upon his overcoat. She followed him.

"Good-bye!" he muttered.

"Good-bye, John," she pleasantly answered him.

"Good-bye forever!" he said, punishing his coat.

"Oh, that's such a long time!" she said.

"So it's all over between us?" he scowled, turning up his coat collar and looking ferocious.

"What is it?" she asked.

"To won't sit on the sofa with me?"

"I've sworn off sitting on sofas, John," she gently reminded him.

"And you won't let me hold your hand?"

"Why, John. How can I when I've sworn off holding hands?"

Plump, cozy and divinely short was she, and when John tried to envelop these contents of charm her manner of movement was never so graceful nor her eyes so bright as when she eluded his grasp.

"Sworn off that, too, have you?"

"Sworn that off, too, John," she smiled from a distance.

And as for John, John slammed the door open, passed out into the vestibule and banged the door behind him.

From the hall inside she pleasantly waved her hand at him and turning to annihilate her with an awful look his eyes fell upon the solitaire that gleamed from one of her fingers.

"Here! I want my ring back!" he pantomimed to her through the glass of the door.

To which she pleasantly pantomimed back:

"I've sworn off giving rings back, John."

And pleasantly drew down the blind.

And as for John, John sat down on the top step buried in thought, from which he emerged at last, saying to himself:

"I wonder if I'd better get some flowers and candy and come right back or telephone her in the morning that I'll call for her to-morrow night and take her to a show."

And as a certain picture arose before him of two persons sitting on a sofa, discussing cabbages and kings and eating candy together, he hurriedly turned his steps to the candy shop and hurriedly muttered:

"I guess I'd better come right back!"—New York Sun.

Tip for Travelers.

"What is the difference between valor and discretion?"

"Well, to go through Europe without tipping would be valor."

"I see."

"And to come back by a different route would be discretion."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Vice Versa.

"He proposed to both girls and they accepted him."

"How did he get out of it?"

"They compared notes and then turned him down."

"Ah! A case in which two affirmatives make a negative!"—New York Herald.

The arguments of most men are sound—and that's all.

STUTTERING TO BE CURED.

Vienna Public Schools Give a Special Course for Afflicted Pupils.

An interesting addition to the course of instruction in the public schools of Vienna is to be made in a short time by providing classes in four districts to overcome the defects in speech of children who stutter. United States Consul General Rublee at Vienna, who reports this matter to the State Department, says that the length of the course is five weeks and instruction is to be given during two hours of each weekday. The children are to withdraw from other school attendance, as it is essential that they devote themselves exclusively to the course for the cure of stuttering.

The co-operation of the parents is especially important to the success of the cure. During the period of the special instruction it is necessary that the children have a separate room at home where they can practice the exercises given them without any disturbance whatsoever. The parents must undertake to have the children practice their exercises at home for at least four hours daily, and during the first two weeks not to allow them to speak at all except to practice the exercises prescribed by the course of instruction.

Keeping silent is of such importance that the success of the course depends upon this requirement being strictly observed. Parents are particularly advised never to cast any doubt upon the effectiveness of the course or of the teachers. It is well known that stutters lack self-confidence, and this must be taken in account in the treatment. The children should be encouraged by calling attention to progress that has been made, for stutters are extremely susceptible to praise. Parents, however, should be careful to make no experiments and to make no tests.

At the end of the five weeks' course the instructor brings each pupil back to his regular school and indicates to his teacher what has been accomplished, besides giving advice concerning his further instruction. The teacher is requested to try to encourage and make permanent the new habits acquired. Children who have taken the special course in stuttering are examined afterward each month in order to determine what permanent results have been obtained.

Wit of the Youngsters

"I know why women laugh in their sleeves," said little Elmer. "Why, dear?" asked his mother. "Because that's where their funny bone is."

Teacher—Harry, can you explain the difference between "eyes" and "noes"? Harry—Yes, ma'am. You see with your eyes and smell with your nose.

Small Mabel was very restless the other night, and was unable to go to sleep. Finally she said: "Papa, please sing to me; that always makes me tired."

Teacher—How many zones are there? Small Boy—Six. Teacher—No, there are but five. However, you may name six—if you can. Small Boy—Torrif, north temperate, south temperate, north frigid, south frigid and ozone.

Mamma (in pantry)—Who has been drinking the milk, Johnny? Tell the truth now! Johnny—It was me, mamma; I wanted to see if it was sour. Mamma—Well, suppose it had been? Johnny—Why, I wouldn't have drank it.

Little Nell—What does your papa do? Little Bess—He's a horse doctor. Little Nell—Then I guess I'd better not play with you; I'm afraid you don't belong to our set. Little Bess—I don't see why. What does your papa do? Little Nell—He's a veterinary surgeon!

Eye Exercise.

"Have you a high roof?" was the apparent irrelevant question put by the distinguished oculist to the woman who had complained of having bad eyes. "Higher than the roofs of the surrounding houses?"

"Oh, yes," said the woman, "a good deal higher."

"Then what I want you to do," said he, "is to go up there every day and look around for half an hour. That will do you more good than glasses. One trouble with your eyes, and with many pairs of eyes in New York, is that you exercise them so little at long range. They are used to looking at short distances only. Long distance looking is good for you. Persons who habitually have a wide expanse of sea or plain to gaze upon very seldom have weak eyes. Of course you cannot move out to the plains, neither can you spend your life on the ocean wave, but you can let your sight travel across the Hudson river every day, and I advise you to do it."—New York Press.

"See here," said the tailor, as he headed the young man off, "do you cross the street every time you see me to keep from paying the bill you owe me?" "I should say not," replied the young man. "Then why do you do it?" asked the knight of the tape. "To keep you from asking for it," answered the other.—Chicago Daily News.

Another thing which makes a "kicker" disagreeable, is that he is usually proud of it.

Some people would rather attend a trial at the court house than a circus.