

# THE NEWS-RECORD

Issued Each Thursday

ENTERPRISE.....OREGON

It is the czar taming the duma, in stead of the new duma taming the czar.

The ornithologist who thought he saw snow geese in New York is informed it was snow geese.

Now that King Oscar of Sweden is dead the world is learning how really great and good a man he was.

It appears that a balloon can travel in any direction it desires if it finds an accommodating wind blowing that way.

Before giving some one a piece of your mind it is always best to select a piece that you will not be ashamed of later.

An exchange remarks that "no pinch hurts like a money squeeze." The writer has evidently never been in the hands of the police.

An Eastern physician claims to have attended 300,000 lectures in his lifetime. The figures must include those delivered by his wife.

Naturally, when an English impostor showed up in Pittsburgh it was the wife of a steel manufacturer who swallowed the hook with the bait.

The California gentleman who is trying the experiment of living on cactus leaves can later add to his fame by giving the nutritive qualities of old shoes a fair trial.

"Congress doesn't understand the money question," says Senator Bailey of Texas. Still, things wouldn't be so bad if the money question were the only one Congress didn't understand.

Among other prosperous conditions mentioned by Secretary Wilson, of the agricultural department, is that of overflowing schools. That isn't the average small boy's idea of good times.

Every once in a while Cuba thinks that she would be happier if she was managing her own affairs again, well knowing at the same time that she cannot manage them half as well as we can.

"This bank was talked to death," said the president of Kansas City's largest financial institution as he closed its doors. Next to a woman's reputation that of a bank suffers the most from talk.

Nearly ten thousand people visited the home of Longfellow last year. This does not necessarily indicate an interest on the part of the American people in poetry. A good many of the visitors may have thought when they started for his home that Longfellow was a "see horse."

Ponce de Leon, even though he did not discover the spring of perpetual youth in Florida, will find his final resting place there, if the Florida legislature has its way. That body has taken steps to secure a removal of the remains of the adventurous explorer from the Church of San Jose, in San Juan, Porto Rico, to the United States. The governor of the State has asked the governor of Porto Rico to cooperate with the committee which is to go to San Juan after the coffin.

If we come down to the philosophy of the thing, we are confronted with the phenomenon that virtually all the people in the world are engaged in the eternal amusement of sloughing off their inherited and familiar language and learning to speak another. No spoken language, anywhere on earth, has ever been the same thing for a hundred years. Slang is sweet in all mouths, because it is new. By and by slang becomes idiom; people weary of it because it is traditional, and adopt new phrases. The English in this respect are quite as bad as we; you shall hear a "clinch" spoken of any day in Oxford or Cambridge or Belgravia.

Fastnet Rock, off the southwest coast of Ireland, is now marked by a powerful light in a new stone lighthouse recently completed. It takes the place of a cast-iron tower stationed on the summit of the rock, rising one hundred and seventy-three feet above mean low water. The storms beat upon the rock with such fury that the old tower was considered as unsafe. On one occasion a cup of coffee standing on a table in the top room was knocked to the floor when a heavy wave submerged the tower. The new lighthouse rests on the rock near the water level. For the first forty-eight feet it is a solid mass of granite built up of heavy stones dovetailed together. The upper courses are also held together by tongue and groove, so that it is impossible for the waves to dislodge any stone. The lightest block of granite used weighs nearly two tons. This beacon of safety for the mariners lies nearly five miles from land, and is kept by four men, who are relieved every two weeks. So lonely is the location that a plumber who was sent out to put the piping in the new tower begged piteously to be taken back to land after he had worked one day, and he had to be replaced by a less timid man.

"Fine words butter no parsnips," runs an old saying; but one may question whether it is as true as it is old. A well-modulated voice, speaking the

king's English with ease and accuracy, is a possession which lends a grace to the most humble. Ever since the tribute of poor, distracted Lear to his dead Cordelia, the voice "soft, gentle and low" has been esteemed "an excellent thing in woman," and to-day there is especial timeliness in a plea for the refined voice, not only in women of gentle breeding, but in those who, far and wide in this great land—behind counter and in kitchen and on the street—shriek and yell at a helpless, suffering public. There is often, if not always, some sort of an examination by which it is sought to test the fitness of girls who wish to be clerks or waitresses; but no one ever thinks to ask one question which ought to be asked: "Is it pleasant to hear you speak?" A certain girl who sells stockings in a big city store sets forth their merits in a voice so pleasing that her customers are sure to buy more than they need. But only a few steps from her counter, the ticket seller at a subway station keeps crying "One dollar!" "Twenty-five cents!" "Fifty cents!" in a voice so nasal, harsh and penetrating that it offends every sensitive ear and affronts every patron of gentle spirit. For any public servant—whether man or woman—a gentle voice and a gracious manner are worth advancement. The tone and air which give unconscious pleasure are all too rare among hurrying Americans; but where they do exist they are a precious possession. A waitress in a railroad restaurant, being praised for her kindly attentiveness and refinement, replied, "I always think that there is one thing I can do like the finest lady in the land. I can speak like her!"

One of the most successful of modern teachers writes, "For ages people have realized that the boy has a mind to educate. Only recently have we awakened to the fact that he has a body to develop and a character to form. A fine mind in a puny body is a deplorable combination. When it is allied to a weak or unprincipled character the situation is far worse; and no plan of education is complete which does not seek persistently and systematically to develop in every boy character and health as well as mental power." No one can dispute the truth of these words. But we have not yet learned all the conclusions they involve. They absolve the teacher from the final responsibility, and thrust it into the often reluctant hands of the father and mother. Health and character are immensely dependent on conditions in the home. The school may keep the child in the most desirable surroundings for six hours a day; but the other eighteen hours are passed under the order of the home. Sleeping and eating are far more determining factors in the life of the boy than studying. A boy overfed or a girl underfed can no more respond to the call of an inspiring teacher than an engine can move when its fire box is choked with cinders or empty of coal. Bad air in a sleeping room can vitiate the moral teaching of the schools. Tight clothing may strangle in a girl a talent for music or a love of poetry. So we arrive at another truism—that parents and teachers must work together if the children are to do well. The aid of modern science must serve in home as in school. So the wise home-making and the affectionate companionship of the father and mother may supplant the information and the discipline which the teacher brings. Out of the combination comes the happy family.

### Short Names.

An English clergyman, Dr. Frederick Lee, had a prejudice against a long string of Christian names, and held that if such names were proposed the clergyman should alter them at baptism, whether the parents were willing or not. It was said of him that he christened all the boys Frederick after himself, and all the girls Mary after the Virgin. The author of "The Life of Walter Pater" gives Doctor Lee's method of christening as follows: "Name this child," he would say in his authoritative voice. "Archibald Cholmondeley Constantine Ferdinand," perhaps the mother would whisper. "Frederick," she would hear, to her amazement, and then would follow the usual formula of baptism.

In the vestry, of course, there would be objection. "This child," Doctor Lee would reply, "will have to get his living in the world, and what do you want to hand-lead him with Archibald Campbell Cholmondeley and all the rest of them for? Anyhow, it's done now, and can't be altered."

### Not Good Twice.

Lincoln's stories grow better and better as he grows older. One of the best was told to a visitor, who congratulated him on the almost certain purpose on the part of the people to re-elect him for another term of four years. Mr. Lincoln replied that he had been told this frequently before, and that when it was first mentioned to him he was reminded of a farmer in Illinois, who determined to try his own hand at blasting.

After successfully boring and filling in with powder, he failed in his effort to make the powder go off; and after discussing the cause with a looker-on, and failing to detect anything wrong in the powder, the farmer suddenly came to the conclusion that it would not go off because it had been shot before.

Let the bride get as many pretty things as possible when she is married; as a rule, she never gets any after she is married.



SAFE NOW.

BUT IT WAS SCARY FOR AWHILE.

### MINERS ENTOMBED FOR WEEKS.

Three Men Buried a Thousand Feet Underground in Nevada.

One morning early in December a sudden crash of timbers, a muffled clatter of rock and cloud of dust told the engineer of the Alpha mine, near Ely, Nev., that the five men he had just sent down in the cage were buried. He gave the alarm and a thousand men, eager to be of service, gathered about the shaft. Supt. Gallagher carefully picked the men he wanted, notified others that he might call upon them later and at once began efforts to communicate with the entombed men, hoping some might have escaped death. Before daylight he learned that two Greeks were caught in the cave-in and buried alive, but that the three Americans, Bradley, Brown and McDonald, were in no immediate danger. A six-inch pipe runs from the mouth of the shaft to the bottom and by removing the cap from its base the imprisoned men managed to talk with Gallagher. They told him they had a little food and water enough for two or three days. With rubber devices Gallagher passed food and liquids down the pipe and he was soon able to supply the men. He started a drift toward them and at first it seemed probable that he would reach them in a week. Before that time the unforeseen happened and the rescuers were compelled to make new plans. It was then announced that ten days would be sufficient to get to the miners, but fresh accidents beyond the pale of prevention delayed the workers. Now Gallagher declines to make predictions and simply says that he will continue his effort as long as he has strength to direct it. The men can be saved, he declares, and he will save them.

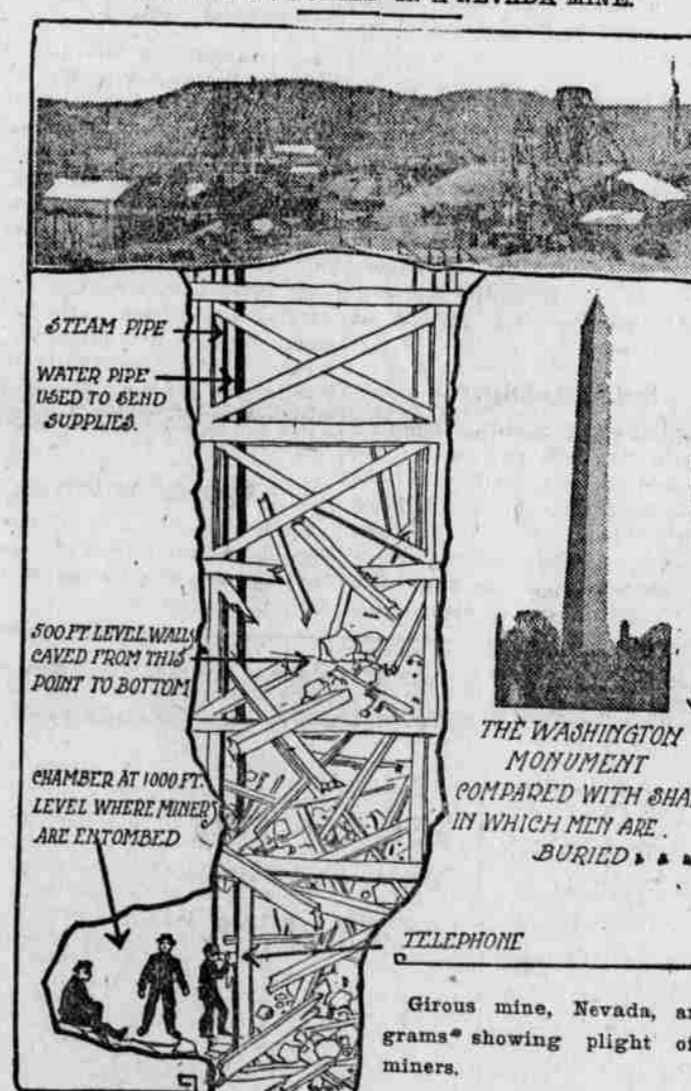
The entombed miners spend their long days far more cheerfully than might be expected in such circumstances. To safeguard them in case the rescue party is delayed Supt. Gallagher has supplied them with enough provisions to last three weeks. They receive cooked food, eggs, milk, and tobacco by means of a six-inch pipe running down the shaft. They have connected the mine telephone with an electric cable, and are able to talk daily with their families and friends. They are well supplied with news, and have shown much interest in the Goldfield crisis. They have plenty of light and room to move about, so that if they can endure the long delay they can wait for rescue with confidence and comparative comfort.

The rescue party itself has dangers to face. A cave-in below the temporary platform of timbers upon which it is working might precipitate it hundreds of feet. Each man works with a rope about his waist, so that if all suddenly find themselves without any footing they can be hauled to safety.

### Neglect Making of Alcohol.

The report of the commissioner of internal revenue shows that since the passage of the free denatured alcohol bill only ten mills have been set up for turning out this product, notwithstanding the fact that the Treasury Department has sent out pamphlets instructing the farmers how to manufacture the spirits. While the distilleries are permitted to use any material whatever in producing this spirit, the product so far has been mainly from corn. It is said that in Germany there are about 70,000 farm distilleries producing industrial alcohol, which is sold to consumers for about 27 cents a gallon, while in this country the average price in barrel lots is 36 cents a gallon.

### THREE MEN BURIED IN A NEVADA MINE.



Girous mine, Nevada, and diagrams showing plight of three miners.

### TO LIMIT IMMIGRATION.

Japanese and American Officials Outline Plan at Tokio.

There is reason to believe that the entire question of emigration of the Japanese to America has been satisfactorily settled, at least for the present, after a series of conferences between United States Ambassador O'Brien and Minister of Foreign Affairs Hayashi in Tokio. It is understood that at their last meeting, the representatives of the Japanese government outlined a plan by which it is agreed to limit emigration to students and commercial men having means of support, and entirely to prevent Japanese laborers from going to America. This arrangement will entail the closest supervision on the part of the Japanese authorities. As the agreement is verbal, Ambassador O'Brien accepted it provisionally, but maintained that any violation of its terms would seriously embarrass a friendly government. It is said that Foreign Minister Hayashi will exercise absolute control.

### Surgery for Insanity.

Dr. N. M. Owensby of Baltimore has created something of a stir in medical circles by asserting that dementia precox, or precocious insanity, had been cured in recent cases by the use of the knife to relieve the thyroid gland of an excess of certain chemicals in the blood or the secretions. Out of five cases so treated, all but one are said to have recovered, whereas the disease has generally been regarded as incurable. Dr. Spitzka of the Jefferson Medical College, however, says that the theory on which Owensby operated has not been proved.

### TOLD IN A FEW LINES.

A Greek, bound to fatherland, took wrong train out of Chicago and went to San Francisco. The Russian war department has ordered the formation of a military automobile corps, to be based on the German model. Pierre Jules Cesar Janssen, the celebrated French scientist and director of the Meunier observatory, is dead in Paris. He was born in 1824. William Croby, a publisher of Boston, who died the other day at the age of 89 years, once refused poems that were offered by Longfellow. Col. Goethals and ex-Senator Blackburn have returned from Panama and tell President Roosevelt work on canal is progressing satisfactorily. Gov. Harris of Ohio pardoned William Houck, serving a life sentence on conviction of the murder of Mrs. Sarah Hess, at Bladensburg, Knox county. W. H. Williams, member of the board of review of Columbus, Ohio, died of a stroke of paralysis. He was one of the best known Democratic politicians in Ohio. Thomas W. Lawson of Boston announces that he is going to start a new political party and run Roosevelt for President and Gov. John A. Johnson of Minnesota for Vice President. The National Red Cross Society has begun an active campaign for new members. Circulars and application blanks are being sent out in large numbers. The national body possesses more than 10,000 members but it is hoped to greatly enlarge this membership. Elinor Glyn, the English writer, whose book "Three Weeks" was the cause of her being snubbed by the Pilgrim Mothers in New York, calls the mothers, in an interview, "an aggregation of dowds, frumps and tabby cats—a lot of breastless, slab-hipped, pancake-footed frights of things."

# SHEAR NONSENSE

"Is the ship stripped to repel bonanzas?" "No, repel souvenir bands."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Binks—Does strong coffee keep you awake? Jinks—How do I know? I board.—Somerville Journal.

Nell—I think Maud has more color than her sister. Belle—Yes; about 50 cents' worth more.—Philadelphia Record.

"Do you believe that the good die young?" "I think they do, if all my wife tells me about her first husband's true."—Pick-Me-Up.

Cautious Customer (in drug store)—How much do you charge for a dime's worth of tooth powder? New Clerk—Twenty-five cents.—Chicago Daily News.

"The doctors have finally agreed upon the cause of Markley's illness." "Ah, they've held another consultation?" "No; post-mortem."—Philadelphia Press.

Lawyer—As your husband died intestate, you will, of course, get a third. Widow—Oh, I hope to get my fourth. He was my third, you know.—Town and Country.

"I thought you were married, and yet you're sewing on your own buttons." "I am married, but I keep my independence, let me tell you."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Scribbler—I understand the inmates of the Home for the Feeble-Minded are going to publish a magazine. Quibbler—Isn't the field rather overcrowded?—Philadelphia Record.

Wife (looking up from her book)—You know a great many things, John; now, what do you think should be done in case of drowning? Husband—Have a funeral, I should think.

Cynicus—I have been engaged to at least a dozen girls. Sillicus—Always been unlucky in love, eh? Cynicus—Oh, I don't know. I've never married any of them.—Philadelphia Record.

Butcher—Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Simpson's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in your basket. John—All right, sir; just as soon as I've sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg.

"George," murmured the young wife, "am I as dear to you now as I was before we married?" "I can't exactly tell," replied the husband, absent-mindedly. "I didn't keep any account of my expenses then."

Mr. Chippis (looking up from the paper)—The doctors have discovered another new disease. Mrs. Chippis—Well, I wish they'd stop looking for new diseases long enough to find a cure for my old rheumatism.

Old Scotch farmer (having spent six pence on a race ticket for a pony and trap, value £50, and having won) is shown the prize. After gazing critically at it for some minutes: "Bat whaur's the whup?"

Chapleigh—I say, dwuggist, can you—aw—give me something to—aw—brighten me up, doncher know? Druggist—You're in the wrong place, young man. This is a drug store, not a night school.—Chicago Daily News.

"What pleased me most," said the man who had been abroad, "was the wonderful clock at Strasburg." "Oh, how I should like to see it!" replied the ignorant youth. "And did you see the watch on the Rhine, too?"

District Visitor—What has brought you to the destitute condition? Applicant—It's my wife, mum. "Your wife! How is that?" "Well, you see, mum, I've got her three good situations, and I'm blessed if she could keep one of them."

"Yes," said old Roxley, "my daughter is to be married next month to Lord Brokeleigh." "Ah!" remarked the friend, "everything's settled, eh?" "Well, I guess not! You don't catch me paying in advance."—Philadelphia Press.

"Of course, Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher, "you'd like to be an angel, wouldn't you?" "Well—er—yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I'd like to wait till I can be a full-grown angel with gray whiskers."—Philadelphia Press.

First Summer Girl—Who is that clean-shaven, handsome boy? Second Summer Girl—Oh, he's an actor. First Summer Girl—No; I mean the other one. Second Summer Girl—Oh, he hasn't any money, either.—Harper's Weekly.

Little Boy—Mamma, I wish, you'd find out who it was hypnotized me, and punish 'em severely. Mamma—What? Little Boy—While you was out I was pulled right into the pantry, an' forced to eat a bull lot of those cakes you said I musn't touch.

"How are you, Broom?" asked a bluff old sailor of a fop who was always annoyed unless he was addressed as Mr. Broom, and who responded, "I'd have you to know, sir, that I've a handle to my name." "Oh, all right! How are you, Broom handle?"

A lady has a grumpy servant too little given to washing. Other hints having failed, the mistress said, in a tone of deep confidence, "I am told, Mary, that if you wash the face every day in hot, soapy water it will make you beautiful." "Will it, now?" answered Mary. "It's a wonder you haven't tried it yourself!"