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Under the head "Forty-one Years ago in Walla Walla," the following is found from the Union of January 23, 1875: "The stage drivers are now having it pretty rough. The snow is so deep every where and drifted so much in many places that it is with difficulty they get along at all. On Thursday the driver between here and Weston found snow drifts six feet deep and had to dig out a number of times." As an anniversary coincidence, mention of the fact might be made that on January 23, 1916, trains were stalled on the line of the Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation company on Telemosee hill in Baker county and were "dug out" by huge rotary plows and gangs of shovelers; and where old Charlie Potter bossed the job back in '75 in extricating his stage coach, several superintendents and a small army of men released trains from an iron trail that stretch across the continent. Such is the change wrought in forty one years.

Scorn of mere "book learning" unrelated to life; an appeal for simplicity and against snobishness, and an outline of his views on what Leland Stanford, Jr., University should be, were features of the address of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, delivered at his inauguration as president of the university. Among the prospects which he proposed and which were considered by alumni to constitute issues of large importance, were: "Limitation of the number of students; reduction of the amount of elementary work offered; wending out of dead timber in faculty and student body." Dr. Wilbur succeeds Dr. Branner, and is one of the youngest presidents of the big colleges, being only forty years of age. He evidently knows the needs of Stanford, for he was one of the institution's first students.

From the manner in which law enforcement officials are getting into the game in Washington and Oregon, the part of the outlaw who doubtless is a thorny one. A Seattle sheriff proves that he does not intend to recognize distinction between offenders. He has raided the aristocratic Reiner Club and confiscated a large amount of liquor found there. Portland police found a liquor warehouse in a private residence and carted the stock to headquarters, after placing the owner under arrest. In the smaller towns arrests are being made of bootleggers which shows the officers are on the alert.

Stockmen will do well to familiarize themselves with the fling brands with the state inspector. For instance, the State Veterinarian has recently made the ruling that brands of similar character but placed in different locations upon an animal, are different brands; that is, Jones branding stock with a "J" on left shoulder would have no recourse against Johnson branding with "J" on right shoulder of an animal, though the form of the brands be identical. This rule will apply only to brands that were filed with the inspector before July 22, 1915.

Realizing that the Columbia River is a logical location for a naval base, prominent men of Astoria will make every effort to convince the Navy Department and Congress of the fact. The mouth of the Columbia offers every reason and inducement for the location of a Naval base and a letter to your representatives in Congress to that effect would help just now.

Weston evidently intends regulation of the prohibition law on an elaborate scale, if we are to take the scope of a recently enacted ordinance by its adherents into consideration. The publication of the ordinance in question required a two-page supplement to the Weston Leader.

A kink in the Washington State law allowed two-thirds of a herd of 40 cattle to perish from hunger up in Satsop county, while two men litigated their ownership in court. Finally the Humane Society rescued the remnant of the herd and is feeding it, while the wheels of the court grind on.

Jim Kyle, boy mayor of Stanfield, who is willing to be public service commissioner, spent a few hours in that city last week.—Saturday Evening Allibi.

Snow is plenty here, but think of the 14 feet and two inches at the east portal of the Milwaukee tunnel in the Cascade mountains.

A Mulligan Stew

All you hunting fellows know what larrupie' good truck bear meat is? Well, Doc Welch donates this recipe to the Mulligan Stew: "Take five or six pounds of lean meat and test it thoroughly with the flat part of an ax until all the fibres are broken. Now have a Dutch oven or deep iron pot. Heat the ax head until it is red hot; place in the bottom of pot and lay meat on it, turning it quickly so that the entire surface of the meat is seared; pour on boiling water until the meat is covered, then add a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper, three potatoes, a can of tomatoes and a cut up onion. Boil slowly for an hour, at which time remove the meat, throw it away and eat the ax."

I have never seen it, have you?—a snow man or woman that had lived through a real live chinook.

Sunday morning while viewing the flood on lower Main street, I made a discovery—a discovery that's worth several million dollars to George Chamberlain, Woody Wilson and other Fo'most leaders in the national preparedness movement. I always was cr-a-zy on the subject of submarines, and the only reason I never possessed more than half a dozen at one time was their tremendous cost and intricate mechanical construction. BUT Sunday's revelation has cost all that aside and makes it possible for the naval Board to supply this country with millions of submarine boats at about \$800 per—for I don't suppose Matt Johnson's Tom-a-lum office cost any more than that, did it, Matt?

I wonder what sort of a compromise Mayor Doc Best of pendleton will have to make before he gets his ordinance through to regulate dancing down there and if when he gets it through it will have any semblance of life? as it was when he started it in other words will he know it when he sees it and will it regulate the light fantastic toe and the gay elastic heel and entire anatomy in the dance as he intended when he first introduced his ordinance in the council down there at pendleton

Those lads of the Athena Hi basket ball team are a brave, loyal little bunch, but when it comes to going up against a band of gladiators who reject jim jits and football tactics into the game and get away with it, then I say that our Hi boys should be excused. At one sitting up at the school gym Friday night I saw more jim jit wrinkles than I ever expect to see again unless I should visit the island of the cherry blossom o-r-i Walla Walla, G-whiz! Why, they masticate the rules of the game with as much avidity as Pendleton did in basketball in the days of the "Yellow Kids."

In the Post's corner of the Saturday Even'g Allibi, I find this: "T. Arnsley Bots, the bard of Beaverton, who was in town this wk. consulting with Julian P. Scott, the fearless war libelist of the Y. M. C. A. regarding the formation of a Post A Union, is a great admirer of Ol' Clark Wood, the Gilbert K. Chesterton of Weston, Or., whose own muse may be said to have passed the twaddling clothes stage. "When he called on the Allibi he held in his right hand—a liding the mitten from the same in the left—the following liling lyric from a recent issue of Ol' Clark's Weston Leader (it being the only paper in Weston):

"Contentment
"My home is on the mountain steep;
I scowls for rabbits in the deep.
And as I pluck them from the boughs,
I feed them to the angry cows.
Then to my Eulalie I lie,
And drink a slice of outfish pie."

"Mr. Bots stated that he felt Ol' Clark's poems revealed to him a kindred soul, and that in answer he had coiffed the following out of his reluctant lyre just to show that genius answers genius in its own inspired accents across the snowy miles between Beaverton and Weston:

"A Twilight Twitter
"Idly twitting one out by the tail,
I stood by the backyard pump;
Soulfully sniffing the morning pale
That wafts from the city dump.
I the't of the friendless, furtive cats
Prowling the alley lots—
Chasing the furtive, furtive rats—
Unblessed by a friend like Bots!"

I'd like to have that little Russian forward on the two Walla basket ball team for a printer's "Devil" he'd make a dandy! Come to think of it, though I would have to get rid of my office out, for Tom would be no match for him in a scap.

Goldfish.
It may not be generally known that there is cruelty in the keeping of goldfish. Half of such captives die from sheer want of rest. As fish have eyes so formed that they cannot endure the light, in a glass vessel they are in an utterly wrong place, as is evident from the way in which they dash about and go around and around until fairly worn out.

Words Yet.
"Why is it nobody likes Tom?"
"Oh, he's one of these 'I told you so' fellows."
"How about Bill?"
"He's worse yet. He's one of the 'I could have told you if I'd wanted to' variety."—Exchange.

Club Propagations.
"I think it will rain before I get home."
"I know it will storm when I get there."—Baltimore American.

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House for rent, on Current street. Apply to J. E. Wright.—Adv.

ROUGH MUSIC.

An Evil-doer's Medicine, One Dose of Which is Usually Enough.
There are more ways than one to punish evildoers. Did you ever hear of chastising a wife beater by means of "rough music"? No, this is not a reference to the phonograph record which the children have played with. It is even worse. It has been in use in the southern counties of England for at least four centuries, and it is so effective that it is likely to persist for several centuries to come. The one disadvantage of this method of punishment is that it punishes the victim quite as much as it does the guilty party. It is inflicted on men and women alike, but it is most merciless when it is directed against the henpecked husband.

When it is the consensus of opinion in the village that a man or woman has been guilty of conduct unbecoming a decent, self respecting burgher the neighbors assemble at the home of one of them, equipped with tin pans, fire shovels, pokers, kettles, pairs of iron potlids, cow horns and anything else that will make a hideous noise, and march in silence to the house of the offender. Suddenly they break forth with a raucous, deafening din. When the rest of the village has been aroused and there is a sufficiently large audience the wit of the "rough music band" lays the charge against the offender in verses that are not usually distinguished for refinement and consideration. After this has been done the band marches to every tavern in town, where the charges are repeated. One such punishment, as a rule, is sufficient.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

RAIN FROM A CLEAR SKY.

An Alleged Phenomenon Linked With the Falling of Dew.
In English dictionaries we find the word serene defined as a fine rain which sometimes falls from a clear sky shortly after sunset. The word is French, but has become the international designation in meteorological works for this alleged phenomenon, which is always described as quite rare.

Has the phenomenon a real existence?
The fact that a stereotyped description of it has been passed on from one meteorological writer to another since the latter part of the eighteenth century is by no means conclusive evidence on this point, for science has perpetuated many myths by the process of reiteration.

Professor Gustav Hellmann, in a recent publication of the Russian Meteorological Institute, sees in the conception of the serene merely the survival of the old fashioned belief that evening dew falls from the (clear) sky, and he finds that the serene of early French writers was identical with that "evening dampness" which was supposed to be injurious to human health.

It still remains possible that rain may sometimes fall from a clear sky, though this is not likely to be a phenomenon peculiar to the early evening. Some cases can be explained as due to the oblique falling of raindrops, carried horizontally by the wind, when the clouds from which they came have passed away.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Maeterlinck on Medicine.
M. Maeterlinck might almost be described as a poet in spite of himself. Had the desire of his heart been attained, he would have been a doctor. Some years ago he confessed to his early ambitions in a letter addressed to a French medical journal. "I never commenced the study of medicine," he wrote. "I did my duty in conforming with the family tradition which ordains that the eldest son shall be an avocet. I shall regret to my last day that I obeyed those traditions and consecrated my most precious years to the vainest of sciences. All my instincts, all my inclinations, attached me to the study of medicine, which I am more than ever convinced is the most beautiful key which gives access to the great realities of life."—London Spectator.

Youthful Genius.
Pascal wrote treatises on acoustics at twelve, at which age he was busily occupied in constructing elaborate circulating machines, and at sixteen he published his treatise on "Conic Sections," which Descartes refused to believe was not the work of a great master. John Stuart Mill was studying Greek at three, had practically mastered the language at seven and a year later was acting as schoolmaster to his younger brothers and sisters. John Ruskin actually produced a manuscript work in three volumes before he reached his seventh birthday.

Worse Yet.
"Why is it nobody likes Tom?"
"Oh, he's one of these 'I told you so' fellows."
"How about Bill?"
"He's worse yet. He's one of the 'I could have told you if I'd wanted to' variety."—Exchange.

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DIDN'T QUITE DODGE.

When the Elder Booth Tried to Escape a Man Who Bored Him.
Thomas R. Gould admired the elder Booth almost to adoration. The most minute and instructive account that exists of Booth's acting was written by him—a book called "The Tragedian"—and Gould's marble bust of Booth, a noble work of art (made before the comedian Flynn broke Booth's nose with a pewter pot), is the best likeness of that great actor. But Gould's assiduous personal attentions to Booth became wearisome to that eccentric man and vexed him. Peculiar discretion is sometimes requisite to those who would praise and please eminent persons.

Booth, when acting in Boston, customarily lodged at an old hotel called the Albion, situated in Tremont street, at the northwest corner of Court street. "One day," said Edwin, "my father dashed into the bedroom where I was sitting and, almost breathless with haste, exclaimed: 'Gould! Coming up! Say I'm out,' and literally dived underneath the bed. I received Mr. Gould, who seemed surprised not to find my father (I think he had seen him rushing upstairs), and he talked with me for several minutes. Then there was a moment of silence, and my father, becoming impatient, thrust his head out from under the bed, inquiring as he did so: "Is that infernal bore gone yet? Imagine the effect!"—Collier's Weekly.

Proof Against Wasp Stings.
A Scottish naturalist in a paper on the habits of wasps tells how a blackbird will stand at the side of a hanging wasp's nest and deliberately tear it in pieces in order to get at the larvae, apparently undisturbed by the swarm of angry insects, whose vicious stings instantly put to flight the human curiosity seeker who ventures near to watch the demolition.

Nicely Flavored.
Newlywed (at dinner)—This lettuce is something fierce! Did you wash it?
Mrs. Newlywed—Of course I did! And I used perfumed soap too! Judge.



Agreed

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Oscar Haebto, Organizer of Old Maid's Club,
Uncle Alan, the Old Sexton,
Augusta Wind, Everybody's Friend,
Mrs. DeLaney, President of the Ladies' Aid,
Choir Girls: Myrtle Proutie, Grace Rogers, Ethel MacKenzie,
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H. L. Hedrick
Dr. A. F. Sempert
T. L. McEride
Miss Lois Potter
Mrs. E. M. Smith
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Clark Wood
Mrs. E. O. DeMoss
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MUSIC COMMITTEE
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Henckiah F. Shary,
Doctor Hoostak,
Professor A. W. Lundell
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