

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

CHAS. F. & ADA E. SOULE, Pubs.

TOLEDO OREGON

The horseless dog cart has made its appearance.

A short life and a quiet one—if you do not advertise.

Mark Twain is in favor of perpetual copyright, but surely he can't expect to live that long.

In the royal family circle will Victoria's youngest grandson be commonly spoken of as "Patsy"?

Life may be a mystery, but for a fellow to be continually going down hill is not a pleasant way to get to the bottom of it.

The shad lays millions of eggs. If this quality could only be grafted on to the hen, Easter and an egg trust would bring no terrors.

The woman who wants a divorce because her husband is characterized by general cussedness should have it without further questioning.

Three tramps were arraigned for breaking into a bath-house in Chicago. They vow they never will commit any such insane caprice again.

Curfew laws may do for children, but if it is not intended men shall be out o' nights why is Hymen, the patron of marriage, pictured with a torch?

A strategist loses considerable standing when he is so unfortunate as to get killed while engaged in the execution of one of his brilliant movements.

A Brooklyn judge has decided that a man is not legally bound to provide for his wife's mother. However, there is no way to make the wife look pleasant when the man asserts his legal rights.

A man who called another man's attention lately to a chain dangling from a waistcoat pocket was forthwith charged with the theft of the watch. In most cases it is wisest to mind your own business.

The horrors of war in South Africa have been softened by many acts of magnanimity on both sides, and fierce foes in combat have forgotten animosity when moved by the appeals of human needs. Before the relief of Lady-smith a message went from the camp of the Boers to that of the British, requesting for the relief of men in hospitals, a certain kind of medicine which the Boers' medical department lacked. The request was instantly granted. The Boers' confidence in the humanity of their foes was as touching as it was creditable to the British who inspired it.

In these days when women are doing all sorts of things it is well to remind them that there are some things they can't do. For instance, the adjustment of the female clavicle makes it physically impossible for a woman to throw a missile with either accuracy or grace. Nature, doubtless, never intended that she should throw things at the other sex. Another thing. Few women—bless 'em—know how to get off a street car in the orthodox fashion. A street car conductor will give his bell rope a couple of jerks to tell the motorman to go ahead as soon as a man puts his foot on the lower step—as to a woman, never. She is all too likely to get off backwards or straight in front or any old way. Even women have their limitations.

One of the Iowa Legislature's sins of omission was its failure to pass the bill to prohibit seining and other similar methods of taking fish in the border rivers. The bill was defeated because the seine fishermen made a vigorous fight against it. The argument that had weight with the Legislature was that the bill aimed to destroy the interests of the men who fish for a livelihood and was in the interests of the sportsmen who caught only a few fish. This strange argument actually carried the day. Several of the seiners employ from fifteen to twenty men each to drag the rivers. It is only a matter of time when the supply will be exhausted, just as the game supply was ruined by the lack of adequate game laws. Sportsmen believe that the supply of fish will be exhausted within five years at the present rate, and it is feared that the rivers will have to be restocked when the next Legislature meets. Although the Legislature refused to forbid seining it increased the appropriation for the game and fish warden from \$9,000 to \$15,000 and gave him additional powers to enforce the law. The warden has complained in the past that he was unable to employ sufficient help to enforce the law. The additional appropriation should be adequate and it is hoped that he will prevent the reckless slaughter out of season which has been notoriously common in Iowa.

The South African war has again given the horse a dignified place among

the world's things of value, but it is doubtful whether he is to be congratulated upon his rehabilitation. Though he is no longer a drug on the market, he has no brighter future before him than at any other time since the trolley car and the automobile began to crowd him off the earth. For the crowding-off process continues at a rate that might well alarm the whole equine race. Competent authorities estimate that the Boer war is killing at least 5,000 horses per month, which will account for 35,000 or 40,000 animals since the beginning of the war, not counting those used for table purposes in Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking. There is every probability that the wastage of horses will be still greater when the British penetrate farther into the Boer country. The Boers take special pains to kill the enemy's horses, because the death of a horse is almost as great a military loss as the death of a man. The climate also causes the wholesale sickness and death of the unacclimated animals. To supply this enormous wastage the British are scouring the horse markets of the world. The war office is said to have arranged to convey 20,000 horses in twenty-three vessels from New Orleans, Buenos Ayres, and Australian ports, while at the same time a New York dispatch states, that a contract has been nearly completed in that city for 30,000 more. If the war continues long enough at this rate the American horse breeders will be in clover.

Sterling Hellig has been interviewing Jules Verne at his home in Amiens, where he is a Town Councilor, a leading citizen, and an indefatigable writer of wild scientific romances. The way some of Verne's fantastic ideas have been realized is frequently a subject of remark. His cigar-shaped submarine boat, the Nautilus, described thirty years ago in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" is now a concrete fact in the Holland boat and in a similar vessel which is being quietly added to the French navy. The flying machine in "Hector Servadoc" is at the present moment a reality in the Santos-Dumont dirigible balloon, which, according to Mr. Hellig, "may be seen maneuvering over Paris." The automobile was also foretold in "The Steam House" and "The Screw Island." In view of the venerable Frenchman's qualifications as a prophet, it is encouraging to see that he thinks the automobile is "the most precious of modern inventions, because its destiny will be to combat the great danger of the future—the tendency of populations to desert the country for the town." He thinks the intelligent and the rich will seek the country more and more, while the poor and ignorant, in their misguided desire for the excitements of city life, will crowd more and more into the towns. "The rich will feel more secure in the country, for one thing—more secure to pursue their extravagant self-indulgence, free from the reproachful gaze of the poor." Evidently the author of "Around the World in Eighty Days" is a student of other matters besides the latest scientific theories and inventions. It is now in order for him to forecast some sort of automobile that will also take the denizens of the slums and sweatshops to the green fields and enable or induce them to make a living there.

The romances of royalty are as tragic as those with which Anthony Hope has filled the imaginary realm of Ruritania. Princess Stephanie, a daughter of the King of the Belgians, in the bloom of early youth became the wife of Archduke Rudolf, the Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary. She seemed destined to be an empress, but her life in Vienna has been overshadowed with unhappiness. The tragic death of the Crown Prince left her a widow with a young daughter to be educated in the stately but most gloomy court in Europe. The Princess at 35 has entered upon her second romance. Her marriage to Count Elemer Lonyay involved the sacrifice of her royal rank and complete separation from her daughter, who has reached the age of 16. The King of the Belgians and the Emperor of Austria each attempted to dissuade the Princess from this second marriage, but she had fallen in love with the Hungarian Count, and chose to take her leave of a court where she has never been happy, and to leave behind her daughter, to whom she is devotedly attached. At the marriage, which took place in March, neither her royal father nor her imperial father-in-law was present. Etiquette forbade them to assist at the ceremony. But the Countess has not forfeited their love or their esteem. The Count is of noble, but not of royal, birth. He has estates in Hungary, and is a diplomatist who has been connected with the Austrian embassies at several European courts. Royal etiquette is rigid and without sentiment. The Crown Princess, who had expected to be an empress, divested herself of royal rank and privilege when she became a Countess. She can never again meet on terms of equality her own daughter, who is a great figure at the Austrian court, and is to marry a King's son. Yet she has exchanged a life which had become a perpetual tragedy for one that promises happiness, and every one who knows her wishes her happiness in the fullest measure.

## PREACHES BY 'PHONE.

UP-TO-DATE DEVICE OF AN INDIANA CLERGYMAN.

Bed-Ridden Communicants Not Deprived of His Discourse—Electricity Helps the Pastor to Spread the Gospel.

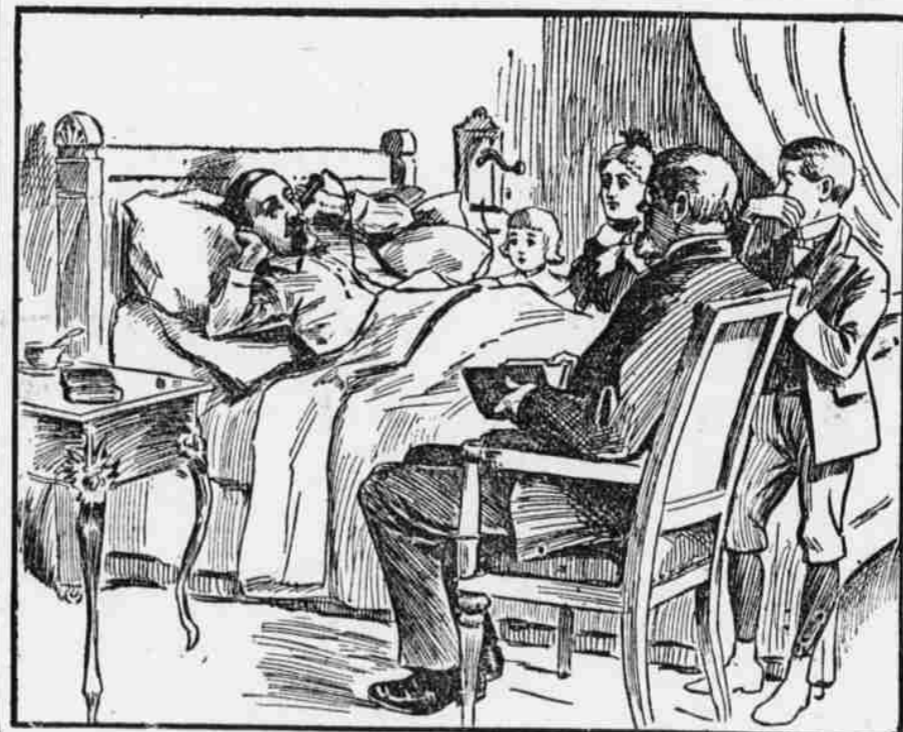
Science long ago discovered a process by means of which a man might— if willing to pay for it—lounging about in slippers and smoking jacket, and enjoy a high-class concert. He need not array himself in full evening dress, go through a stormy night to a distant hall and there listen to the rapture inspiring sounds; he could remain at home and indulge in a smoke-begrimed pipe while his soul was soothed by things said to be equal to taming the savage breast. The phonograph did it for him.

Spiritual consolation, however, has



PREACHING THROUGH A TRANSMITTER.

until the last Sunday of them all never been administered at short range. True, the telephone may and doubtless has been used many times to call a clergyman to a bed of sickness or to some sorrowing family needing sustenance not of the flesh. But few, if any, ministers have preached to their flocks by speaking through an electrical transmitter. This was what was done recently in Elkhart, Ind. Dr. E. H. Gwynne, of the First Presbyterian Church, preached in his pulpit and a bed-ridden parishioner listened to the



LISTENING TO A SERMON BY TELEPHONE.

words of hope without attending upon the shrine.

Francis Hoover, a member of Dr. Gwynne's church, is a martyr to rheumatism, yet he desires with a mighty desire to attend the services of his church. But being unable to do this from physical infirmity local scientists applied the phonograph theory to an ordinary telephone. The transmitter was fitted out with a specially delicate diaphragm, which when the reverend orator stood a few feet away sent to the listening ears the full text of his discourse. Thus was one anxious, troubled, suffering soul made glad.

Opens Up a New Field.

The successful experiment opens up a new field for practical theology, which but for the temptation to sloth which might be covered thereunder appeals to the sympathetic mind. Dr. Gwynne's experiment was made solely to help a sick man who asked for his ministrations. Mr. Hoover wished to hear the sermon of his pastor, but time lacked to give it a second delivery. Also the other members of the church were entitled to hear him discourse upon the gospel. So the device was arranged that those who cared to attend church at the regular hour should hear, and also the sick man need not be denied. The device could be extended to embrace others who were unable to go forth to the sacred edifice.

Few ministers lack those of their flocks upon whom the hand of providence has not been heavily laid. Most of the men of the cloth find it to be one of their saddest, yet sweetest duties to minister out of the pulpit to those who otherwise would lack the consolations of religion. If need be with the perfected telephone such might lie abed

and yet receive the consolations of the word. It might be that dozens could thus be spiritually refreshed even with the flesh too weak to withstand the fatigues of the short journey churchward.

It would be comparatively easy to establish a circuit by means of which a dozen homes, widely scattered on earth, might yet be drawn nigh to the throne by means of a party line. Those, indeed, unable to lift themselves from a bed of pain and suffering, could receive the message from the lips of their pastor without exertion on their own part. One machine fronting the pulpit might thus be the means of giving satisfaction to many a man who was seeking light, but lacked the strength to go where it was to be had.

With the phonograph no church building need be constructed and maintained. A home for the pastor, with an organ in one room, the room big enough to contain the quartette, choir, minister and his family, with phonographic connections with all the members of the church—which might be assessed on the new pew rent basis—would be enough. The members could listen to the singing, hear the sermon and mail their contributions. Thus the expenses would be limited to the minister's salary, the parish-house and such contributions as the members desired to make to church organizations in general.

While it is too early to prognosticate the manner of receiving church consolations of the future, it might not be amiss to suggest that some such plan will be ultimately adopted. It could be done without any great loss of piety—indeed, maybe, with an access, for the show part of religion would disappear when closed in behind the curtains of the private dwelling. This might be a good thing or not, according to the point of view. But the beginning made for a sick man might well expand into a system for the well which would do away with the scrubbing of the boys Sunday morning that they might be presentable in church.

Divorce Is Not Too Easy.

"Every once in a while we have perfect hemorrhages of righteous indignation upon the subject of divorce," writes Edward Bok of "The Ease With Which We Marry" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "We say divorce must stop, or that there must be no divorce. But wouldn't it be a bit better if we let this

subject alone for a while and concerned ourselves somewhat with the evil which leads to divorce? The fact of the matter is that there is a notion, which is altogether wrong, that divorce is easy in this country. Divorce is not easy. I am far from saying that our divorce laws are what they should be. But it is a senseless thing to make those laws more stringent while we allow our marriage laws to be as loose as they are. Let those who cannot see any farther than the revision of present divorce laws ask themselves this question: Is it fair to allow foolish, inexperienced girls to be led into what they believe to be a fairy-palace, and then, when they find it to be a prison—yes and worse, a positive suburb to the infernal regions—to refuse to let them out, if they can get out? Is that merciful? Is that just? Would we not come closer to the common-sense of this whole question if, before we go any further in this campaign against divorce, we turn back and tighten the door which leads to it? Divorce is not so easy but that we can afford to leave it precisely where it is for the time being. It isn't a particle easier than it should be, so long as we allow marriage to be as loose as it is."

Latest Invention.

Every one who has ever attempted to mitten a baby whose thumb invariably goes "wigglewaggie," will rejoice to know that at last a woman has designed a thumbless mitten, simply shaped to the little hand as it lies flat, with the thumb against the fore finger.

Blessed is the man who lives for the purpose of making life less a burden to other.

We are all jays, to the other fellow.

## ENGINEERED OUT OF TOWN.

How West Virginia Liquor Men Got the Best of the Prohibitionists.

"I reckon we've got the oddest town in our State that there is in the United States," said a West Virginia man. "Ever hear of Culloden? I don't mean the clans of Culloden described by the poet Campbell. I mean Culloden, W. Va. Well, sir, about half the population of the town doesn't live in the town and can't vote in the town, although they are right in the town.

"I'll explain. The good people, and they are in the majority, too, are down on saloons and liquor in any shape. They got up a temperance meeting and purposed to drive the liquor men out of the town. When you find a West Virginian who believes in liquor you find a man who is ready to fight for it. The liquor people got together and in some way got the confidence of the town engineer. I don't know whether he was a liquor man or not, but they got him on their side. The engineer discovered that the town was not laid out right, and he got authority to change the metes and bounds. When he finished the job the temperance people found out that they lived just outside of the line of the town, no matter what part of the town their houses were in. A man could stand in his back yard and talk to the man whose place was right up against his place and who was a voter, but the first man had lost his vote.

"The lines of the engineer excluded, as I have said, the temperance people. It took in the license folk all right. The map of Culloden as it now is looks a good deal like a sheet of paper after a fly with ink on its feet meanders across it. You can tell how a citizen of Culloden stands on the liquor question by the place where he builds a house. If he builds one, which doesn't often occur in spite of its zigzag boundaries, however, Culloden is a contented community."—New York Sun.

Giant Trees of California.

The recent attempt of a lumber manufacturing firm to obtain possession of the great tree groves of California for the purpose of converting them into merchantable lumber has directed attention anew to those wonderful products of nature. Few, however, have a very clear idea of the magnitude of those trees, many of which have a diameter of fifteen feet, while a number have been found measuring upward of thirty.

The famous group known as the Mammoth Grove of Calaveras, containing about ninety large trees, stands in 38 degrees north latitude, about 4,370 feet above the sea, between the San Antonio and Stanislaus Rivers. According to Vischer it was discovered by a hunter in 1852, but it had apparently been visited before, as the date 1850 is cut on one of the trees. The bark of one of the finest trunks was foolishly stripped off to the height of 116 feet and exhibited in New York and London. It is now in the Crystal Palace. The tree, known as the "mother of the forest," soon died. At the base it measured ninety feet in girth and the dead tree was 321 feet high. A prostrate trunk in the neighborhood is eighteen feet in diameter 300 feet from the base.

Some trees in the Mariposa grove rival these in size. One measures 101 feet round the root and a cut stump is thirty-one feet in diameter.

Danger of Night Parties.

"I abominate night parties for children," said a prominent city physician recently, while speaking of the care of the young, "and I believe every physician does. It is not so much the exposure and the eating in the night, but the breaking into the sleep habit. Equally bad is it for children to study in the evening. It gorges their brains with blood, and if they sleep they dream. I had a little patient of 12 years who was wasted and nervous and whose dreams were filled with his problems. It was a marvel and a pride to his parents that the youngster worked out hard problems in his sleep such as he failed to master when awake. But he came near his final problem. I locked up his books at 4 o'clock. He must not touch one after supper; he must play and romp and then go to bed. He is now robust. You cannot emphasize too strongly the mischief of children's night study."—Chicago Chronicle.

Checking Ticket Speculators.

There is a stringent ordinance in Atlanta, Ga., against speculation in tickets to places of amusement, and one of its violators came to grief during the recent engagement of Richard Mansfield in that city. The speculator was arraigned before the city judge, the case proved against him and he was promptly fined \$100 and sentenced to thirty days in jail. The latter part of the sentence was afterward remitted. Mr. Mansfield expressed pleasure on being informed of the sentence. He said his own agents charged the public for admission as much as they were able to pay.

Fifty-two Years Without a Drink.

Some animals can live many years without water. A parakeet lived fifty-two years in the London zoo without taking a drop of water. A number of reptiles live and prosper in places where there is no water.