

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO OREGON

Unfortunately in a prize fight only one can be knocked out at a time.

A German professor predicts the downfall of the United States. This is unkind.

What makes the summer girl a success is not only her winning manners, but her engaging ways.

An ice trust is not favored because this is a thing likely to be brought home to any man's door.

Paderewski took \$100,000 good American money and a poor opinion of this country home with him. It's a way they have.

A tin can, it is true, may be used as a growler, but there's no especial propriety in using it only at the tail-end of the dog days.

A Chicago thief who robbed a railway official of a number of annual passes apparently did not want to beat his way out of town as "blind baggage."

John D. Rockefeller says the pursuit of riches is not a wrong thing. If it were how many righteous men would there be after counting across the fingers of one hand?

Emperor William was victorious in a sham battle at Metz the other day. The commander on the other side probably knows now how it feels to play the villain's part in a lurid melodrama.

Professor Mahaffy, of Dublin, says that he has found the name "Smith" engraved on some Egyptian stone tablets supposed to date back at least to the year 7000 B. C., and it was not spelled "Smythe," either.

The transitoriness of human pomp and circumstance is well illustrated by the fact that on the day of the formal opening of the exposition in Paris, a contract was signed for the razing and dismantling of the buildings in which the exposition is held.

The Emperor of Germany has promoted himself to the rank of field marshal in his army. After the Emperor gets up as high as possible in the army and navy he can always give himself medals when he does things that he considers worthy of official recognition.

Congress is often criticised on account of the speed with which the passage of pension bills is rushed. Eighty-four bills in forty-five minutes is a recent record of the Senate. But it should be remembered that every one of the bills had been carefully examined by a committee, and was accompanied by a printed report setting forth the facts thus ascertained. If Congress were to devote to every pension bill the time necessary to discuss a tariff bill, it would have time left for nothing else.

A writer in the North American Review calls attention to the evils of excessive legislation. It appears that at their last annual sessions, the legislatures of our forty-five States enacted more than 14,000 laws—good, bad and indifferent. Such industry might be said to speak volumes for the public spirit of the American people if we could wink out of sight the facts that many of the "acts" spring from an unwholesome desire to accomplish social reforms by short processes, and that many more of them represent individual or corporate contrivances to utilize the power of the State for the turning of private grindstones.

The character of Marshal Bazaine, after thirty years of obloquy, has been indicated. For all these years his name has been a synonym for traitor. It is remembered that during the Franco-Prussian war Bazaine held the strong fortress of Metz with 200,000 men which he surrendered, after the battle of Sedan, without a struggle. Thrown into prison, he escaped and went into exile, vouchsafing no word of explanation or defense. Now it turns out that the Empress Eugenie ordered Bazaine to make the surrender and after all these years she makes the acknowledgment over her signature. Acting as regent after Louis Napoleon had surrendered the army at Sedan, Eugenie says she ordered Bazaine to capitulate, hoping for an armistice with the Germans and that Bazaine's army might be used to restore the Napoleonic throne. The true story of Bazaine's surrender has been current for years in German army circles and now it is certain that the marshal was not a traitor but a too faithful servant of the Bonapartes.

Decline of American history in the public schools has accompanied neglect of the American language. Neither is now adequately taught in many of the public schools. Let us have American history in thoroughly good American

dicton. Let us have the truth, told in crisp, clean, classic paragraphs. One paragraph, embodying without an unnecessary word a principle of democracy, a supreme event, a monumental achievement for right, will sink more deeply into the consciousness of youth and be more effectual for American honor than pages of dissertations. American history in sound American language is a fundamental need of the public schools. The history of a country, especially a country like ours, is the best possible vehicle for instruction in the national language. American history abounds in all the elements that appeal to normal youth. American history is rich in adventure, deep with philosophy, noble in martyrs, fascinating with romance, its stories of land and sea unrivaled in daring struggle and success. Its biographies constitute the most splendid series of medallions in the gallery of time. Its humor is racy of the soil. Anecdotes of transcendent beauty gem its annals. American history, fitly spoken, is "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Let us have American history adequately taught in our schools in good American language.

At the recent session of the ecumenical conference in New York an idea was advanced which is of much significance, though it was not acted upon. It was an entering wedge, however, which may yet have the important result of doing away with an old and time-honored institution of the church. The suggestion was made by the young people that the oyster supper, the strawberry festival, the Rachel's well, the grab bag, the bazaar, and other features of this kind, known in the aggregate as the church festival and intended to raise funds for various church purposes, should be abandoned as out of date. In its place they made the suggestion that the raising of money for the support of the church should always be conducted on business principles. If cash was wanted they should go out and get it in a business way, and the donor's equivalent should be the consciousness of duty well done and the feeling of relief that he had not been obliged to go to the festival. The church festival as it now exists is in a comparatively harmless stage of its evolution, though it is cumbersome and represents an output of labor and energy for which no sufficient return is made, but it is blameless as compared with the festival of the past. "Other times, other manners." In the colonial days the church was a robust institution. It is still within the memory of some when New England rum was one of the adjuncts of Puritanism. That beverage was not regarded with so much disfavor as now. It figures in many a statement of accounts. It helped to "raise" many a church structure. Its use was not considered as extraordinary, nor was it called hard names as now. In the course of evolution it has disappeared altogether. The lottery, which also at one time was depended upon for revenue, by the same processes has dwindled down to the "grab bag" and the "village postoffice." As at present managed there is nothing seriously objectionable in the church festival. The action of the young people is inspired, doubtless, by the feeling that the pecuniary results of the festivals are insignificant when compared with the amount of labor required to prepare them, and undoubtedly they are correct in this decision. A tithe of the effort spent upon a festival put forth on business lines would undoubtedly secure larger financial results. People are outgrowing the institution. In other words, the church is advancing and the funds for its support must be raised in a different way. The church festival, with all its complicated paraphernalia, will soon be a thing of the past. The much simpler method of merely "passing the hat" is destined to take its place.

How He Opened It.
"How did they open the Paris exposition, George? I've lost the paper containing the account of it."
"Why, it was a simple yet impressive ceremony. Looby stepped up and—"
"Who is Looby, George?"
"Looby is the president of the French republic. Looby walked up and pushed away a painter's ladder and kicked away a plasterer's hod and a pile of bricks, and yanked a carpenter's horse out of the way, and tore down the 'Positively No Admittance' card—in French of course—and scraped a lot of sand and gravel from the bottom of the door and then gave the knob a yank—and the exposition was wide open! Simple, isn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pure-Blooded Arabs Exported.
It is stated the Sultan has authorized to be sent to the Paris exposition sixteen pure-blooded Arabian horses from Turkey-in-Asia, and the director of the Imperial stables has been personally charged with the choice of these horses and of their care while in France. This will be sensational news to horsemen, for it is the first time that the exportation into Europe, even temporarily, of these horses has ever been authorized, the Arabian "pure-bloods" which Europeans believe they possess being no more than half-bloods.

HOW A MAN SPENDS HIS LIFE.

Time Devoted to Sleeping, Eating, Working and Other Pursuits.

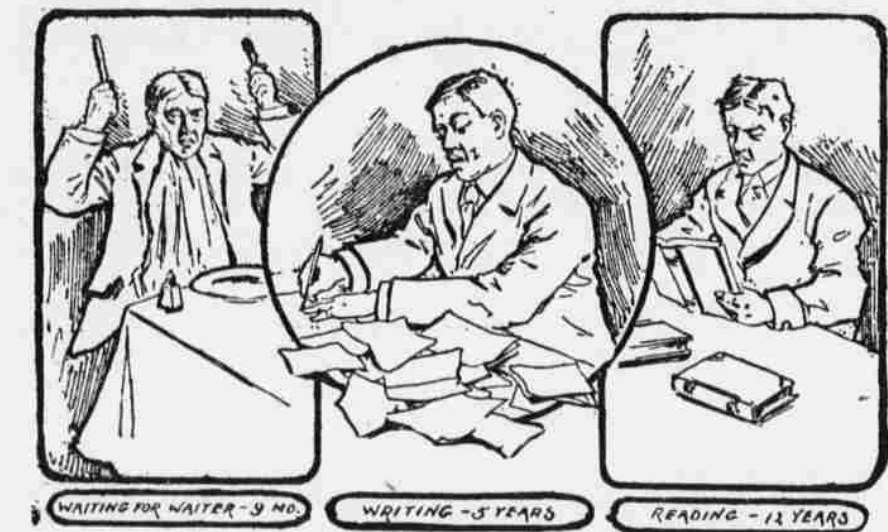
An ordinary man would laugh away as preposterous the suggestion that he was likely to spend twenty years of his life in sleep. But that is because he does not conduct his life according to a schedule and really has no idea of how he does spend it. As a matter of fact, most men over 60 years old have already spent more than twenty years in bed. Which is only one of the surprises in store for the man who sets himself to work to discover how those



SHAVING - 7 MONTHS CHANGING CLOTHES - 1 YEAR

twenty-four hours that daily slip by so mysteriously are disposed of.

By a painstaking study of averages a skilled statistician has recently arrived at the conclusion expressed in the following figures. They apply to the average American man of 60 years of age. They do not accurately represent his life to-day, because his years of infancy and childhood are included in the computation. They will apply neither to



WAITING FOR WAITER - 9 MO. WRITING - 5 YEARS READING - 12 YEARS

the man of leisure nor to the laboring man. But perhaps the average man, who both works and plays, will recognize himself in them.

Twenty years in sleep.

Three years nine months in eating and waiting for the waiter.

Seventeen years six months in working.

Seven years six months in pursuit of pleasure.

Six years three months in walking and other exercise.

Two years six months in making one's toilet.

Two years six months doing absolutely nothing.

The item of toilet may be subdivided into seven months for shaving, eleven months for washing, one year for dressing. Most men walk about three years and six months and spend two years and nine months in other exercises.

The little table becomes more intelligible if less impressive when it is reduced to a scale of days. In which case it stands as follows:

Eight hours sleeping.



SHAVING - 7 YEARS 6 MO. WASHING - 11 MONTHS

One hour thirty minutes eating. Seven hours working. Three hours amusement. Two hours thirty minutes exercise. One hour toilet. One hour doing nothing.

The average man if confronted with this will doubtless claim that he does not spend eight hours in sleep. You may retort by telling him that it is doubtful whether he spends seven at work, but in his youth he slept more

and worked less, and all this is taken into account in estimating averages.

An elaboration in any direction of the statistics given above is interesting. For instance, it has been computed that in a single year a man may speak 11,800,000 words and give 1,200 handshakes. The total energy dispersed in this fashion alone during fifty years would be sufficient to raise 2,500 tons.

SHOES POLISHED IN RAG TIME.

Experience on Shoeblack's Stand When a Hand Organ Came Along.

"Just after I had got comfortably settled in one of the leather-cushioned chairs," said Mr. Biffington, "there came along the street one of those big piano organs with a voice like a calliope's, and halted right in front. It was a two-chair stand, and there were two men on it. I was the only customer up at the moment, and the two each took a foot.

"They had just begun the polishing when the hand organ began to hoot 'Loozyana Lou.' Instantly the two blacking artists swung in with the music, and from that on, with many original rag-time variations of their own, they plied their brushes and polishing cloths in time with it. When I stepped down to the sidewalk to be brushed off both men took up that work, the hand organ playing now 'The Georgia Camp Meeting,' and the two men coming in with their whisk brooms with an interlocking flip-flap movement that was nothing short of marvelous. I wouldn't have been surprised any minute to see them each turn a cartwheel handspring changing places in the turning, but keeping up the brushing and never for a minute losing time. They kept right on down to my feet, and putting in there a singularly able combination effect in that last final touch around my hoppers, they turned me loose.

"I paid for the polish, and put a nickel in the organ collector's box, for the blacking artists and myself, and then I walked away, keeping step with the

THROW DICE FOR PUNISHMENT.

Two Soldiers in the Philippines Use the Bones to See Who Is to Suffer.

"I was in the Philippines about three months ago," said the Chicago agent of a well-known tea house, "and saw the queerest throw of dice I ever saw in my life. Two soldiers had been court-martialed for getting drunk and assaulting their superior officer—about the gravest offense a subordinate can commit. Being after dark, the officer didn't know which one it was. Neither did they, nor much of anything else that happened about that time. But the court insisted that for the sake of discipline one of them must be punished. It was hard lines. For they were really not bad young fellows and everybody was sorry for them. Each was willing to take the penalty and let the other one off. But that wouldn't do, so it was finally agreed that they should throw the dice for it.

"The first one that took them shook them hard and turned them out. Five and two! The second man followed suit. His were five and two. Then the first poured out a six and five. Six and five came out for the other. You should have just heard the shouts and bets.

Then the first one threw again. Two and three! And two and three showed up for the second soldier. This was getting interesting. 'Aces' said the first. 'Aces' cried the second. The excitement was tremendous. Everybody crowded into the room anxious to get a sight at the miraculous performances.

"They all held their breaths. The soldier whose throw it was gave the bones an extra shake. Out tumbled four and three. The second one pounded and shook enough to have worn the spots off of 'em. No use. Three and four! 'The Devil's in 'em.' 'I can't get used to that game!' 'They're loaded all around,' exclaimed the crowd."

Here the tea agent paused and rose to go away.

"But how did they come out finally?" everybody asked, wrought up to intense curiosity."

"Oh, out of the box, I s'pose, like they did before," calmly explained the agent. "You see, the steamer for Honolulu was whistling for the last time and I had to come away before the thing was settled. They may be at it yet, for all I know."—Chicago Chronicle.

What Concentration Will Accomplish

"Many persons, seeing me so much engaged in active life," said Edward Bulwer-Lytton, "and as much above the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, 'When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?' I shall surprise you by the answer I made. It was this: 'I contrive to do so much work by never doing too much at a time.'

"Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left the college, and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much and I have seen much; I have mixed much in politics, and besides all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes. And yet, what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study, to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day. But then, during these three hours I have given my whole attention to what I was about and lost not a moment."

Every great man has become great, every successful man has succeeded, in proportion as he has confined his powers to one particular channel.—Pushing to the Front.

Polite Hate.

The other night, at the Alhambra, a variety theater, one performer made a display of flags. When the Stars and Stripes appeared someone hissed, and the galleries and part of the body of the house joined in. Whatever prompted the demonstration, it ceased instantly when several Americans seated in the orchestra rose to leave the house. They passed out amid silence as respectful and deferential as though in their persons they represented the highest authority. Some of the audience clearly hated the flag, but they wished those present who loved it to understand that no personal affront was intended, and they conveyed that wish as clearly as an audience could.—Santiago, Cuba, letter.

Shot Dead by a Dead Man.

After the battle of Spion Kop a British soldier was found dead with his finger on the trigger of his rifle. A Boer who attempted to take the rifle out of his hands was shot dead by a slip of the dead man's finger.

Travelers in Arctic Regions.

Notwithstanding the difficulties and dangers attending a trip from 1,200 to 1,400 miles over snow and ice in the most inclement season of the year, no less than 700 people left Dawson for Nome between Dec. 4, 1899, and March 1, 1900.

Vine Disease in Spain and France.

The phylloxera destroyed 450,000 acres of vineyards in Spain in 1899. Vines in Spain or France are not worth cultivating unless they are grafted with the American vine, which renders them proof against the insect.

Nevada Spunk.

There is a humorous florist in this city by the sea. Whether it is intentional or not, nobody knows, but he has certainly had some funny experiences of late. The other day a woman in Nevada wrote to him that her husband was dead and that she "wanted something nice for John" to be sent at once. With due dispatch he plucked a horse-shoe off the wall where it had rested for years, and filling it with sweet white roses, he forwarded it to the widow.

In a few days the expressman drove up and said the charges on an awkward-looking bundle he carried were \$1.05. The florist paid him, and upon opening the little gift found the horse-shoe, looking as if it had had a bad night, and thoroughly dilapidated. On top was pinned a slip of paper which said:

"Dear Sur—Mebbe you think yer funny, but even if my John wuz a blacksmith you needn't send no horse-shoe. He wuz respectable and honest and you hain't got no right to make fun by him."

At last accounts the budding young man had made no reply, but it's two to one that if some gambler dies he will send up a broken wheel.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Invent of the Arc Light.

A patent record which has been unearthed at Toronto shows that the original inventors of the electric arc light were two Toronto men, Henry Woodward, a medical student, and Matthew Evans, a saloon-keeper. The invention, completed in 1873, was the fruit of their joint experiments. It was patented in the following year.

"Protection" for Gamblers.

It is estimated that gamblers in New York have been paying over \$2,000,000 a year for "protection."

Attend to trifles to-day. The more important matters will come in due time.

When a woman neglects her husband's shirt she is no longer the wife of his bosom.