

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO OREGON

A cycle path for wheelmen may be considered a good thing on the side.

At last all is made clear. He is called the unspeakable Turk because money talks.

A contemporary asks in an editorial headline "Were our ancestors black?" Some of their deeds were—very.

There is a movement on foot to organize a banana trust. It will require no Supreme Court to take the hide off that.

The latest thing in railway inventions is a cigar-shaped train. It is being puffed by some of the scientific journals.

"Bobs" is still the way the English papers refer to Lord Roberts, although they confess he's made a bigger name for himself.

An Italian opera company is reported to have been wiped out by yellow fever in Brazil, but some mean people will probably claim that the chorus died of old age.

Word comes from Texas that a cyclone recently picked up a girl, carried her half a mile and put her down without even a bruise. Texas cyclones have now done nearly everything but hatch out eggs and churn the butter.

Prince Alexis Dolgoroukoff has been in this country investigating the standing of American capitalists for the Russian government. If he limited his researches to a consideration of the tax lists he found that American capitalists are generally a very poor lot.

All the momentary indications to the contrary notwithstanding, we venture the assertion with great confidence that never were character and a good name of as much value as business assets as they are to-day. Time was when by a change of environment and the formation of new connections a business man who had kept within the Revised Statutes to the extent of keeping out of jail could balance the record of his past and open a new account with fortune. This is becoming increasingly difficult. The very perfect machinery of investigation maintained by the commercial agencies, supplemented by the even more searching analysis of the associations of manufacturers, merchants and financial institutions formed for mutual information and protection, give the man with a shady past or a record clouded by wrongdoing very little chance to escape recognition, however disguised.

There is bound to be a reaction against the present popular form of fiction, with its dueling duchesses, gambling princesses and abnormally ardent lovers. The realists will have their day and we shall know just how Evelina felt when she went to market in the morning, and just how the carrots and cabbages were arranged in the grocer's window. There is much to be said for these still water comedies, and even the relation between the housekeeper and her grocer is full of psychological subtleties. For the grocer knows exactly what his customer's standard of crispness, both in life and in lettuce, is, and just what degree of wiltness it will be possible for her to endure. It is time that the world realized that the eternal love theme is not the only legitimate subject for novels. All of the lanes of life are not lovers' lanes, with the altar and orange blossoms at the end of them. There are some pretty sequestered paths where platonic friends love to wander and where all sorts of lofty relationships are formed. It would be gratifying to many readers should the novelists take to these paths when in pursuit of subject matter.

In his monograph prepared for the educational exhibit of the United States at the Paris exposition Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler feels called upon to justify the multiplicity of small colleges which is often the subject of foreign criticism. There are 472, and he admits that the number is enormous and that many are small and weak and ill-endowed, and that the criticisms against the existence of many are justified. Yet he says it should not be forgotten that almost any college exerts a helpful influence upon the life of its locality. The fact is frequently overlooked that all American colleges depend for their student attendance in large measure upon the residents of their own immediate neighborhood. Few draw from the nation at large, and even in these few the greater number of the students are from within the institutions' own State or the limits of their own section of the country. For example, of the 27,956 students attending colleges in the North Atlantic division of the United States 26,393, or 94.41 per cent., are residents of the States included in that division. Of the 8,529 students in the colleges of

Massachusetts 5,502 are residents of the State and 88.37 per cent. are residents of the North Atlantic division. The colleges in Oregon draw 99.87 per cent. of their students from the Pacific coast and 96.09 come from the State. It is safe to assume that most of these students would have to do without a collegiate education were it not for the small colleges in Oregon. The report of the University of Michigan excellently illustrates the truth of Dr. Butler's contention. Although the University of Michigan draws from all the world, yet of its 3,447 students 2,009 are reported as residents of the State.

Public events that have come home with peculiar force to the people of this nation seem to call for a repetition of the homely aphorism, "Honesty is the best policy." If there were no Christian religion, if "thou shalt not steal" had never been inscribed in holy writ, the truth would still hold good that the risk of dishonesty is out of all proportion to any possible gain. It is said that most newspaper men are pessimists—that they are, as a class, cruel and unfeeling. There may be something in the charge. Their work brings them in contact with so much that is insincere, with so much of misery, with so much of crime, that, unless they be broad enough to understand that their lives are narrow, they are prone to think the world is made up of these things. But the newspaper man usually learns early that "honesty is the best policy." Almost daily he comes in contact with the hardship, the disgrace and the misery that follow dishonesty almost as surely as night follows the setting sun. A trusted employe suddenly "resigns," and when the reporter comes to look into the facts he finds a sorrowful employer, a crushed and penitent ex-employe and a family, half-crazed with a grief that is worse than death, imploring that nothing be printed of the matter. Nothing appears about it in the paper, of course, but the young man, "short in his accounts," never recovers from the blow. A building association or bank has been looted by its managers, a commercial enterprise has been wrecked by dishonest practices, in almost any of the cases that occur, always comes the same staggering load of sorrow and shame. We are in the world to gain as much of happiness as we can. Let any one look among those he knows best and ask himself who, among them, are the happy ones. Invariably he finds them to be the ones that have lived the best lives according to the Christian code of morals. Whether they be rich or poor seems to make little difference in the sum of happiness they are able to extract from life. If their records be clean, if they have nothing to be ashamed of, if they possess the proud consciousness that they have accomplished good in the world, if they have the confidence and respect of those that know them, riches beyond a comfortable competence can make little difference in their happiness.

HOW SHE WON FATHER.

The Old Man Was Amused at Her Little Deceit.

This Plety hill family is rich, influential and free from the weaknesses of the parvenu. The daughter in quest on has an admirer who pleases her. But she is the only one in the whole domestic circle who is under the spell of his attractions. He is a fine fellow, perhaps a bit too fine, for he has some very old-fashioned ideas and lives up to them. The other day she had a battle to have him with them for dinner, says the Detroit Free Press.

They had just begun to enjoy the soup when he turned to the father and effusively thanked him for a picture received as a birthday present. It was as dainty and pretty a piece of work as he had seen in a long while, and it was particularly welcome from her father.

All but one of his hearers, father included, looked stunned. He cleared his throat and, while sparring for time, caught the eye of the favorite daughter. It was shining, knowing, and commanding.

"Ah, yes, yes; glad you liked it." And the head of the house deliberately burned himself with the soup.

"What was it?" And the mother lowered the temperature of the room until the more timid shivered.

"I presume it was a water color," said the daughter, hurriedly. "Something pastoral, no doubt. George likes such things. Dark frame, of course."

"Guessed it the first time," smiled the father.

"It was so good of you," murmured the visitor.

"You darling old popsy," she whispered after dinner. "I knew you'd understand. We never show him any kindness, so I just went down and bought that picture and enclosed your card. Isn't he grateful?"

It tickled the old gentleman. He felt important and like a protector. Before the family separated for bed he made an emphatic announcement that the daughter should marry any one she wanted to and he would allow no interference.

Some people go through life looking as if they were sorry they had ever started.

DIVORCE CASES DRAW

CURIOUS CROWDS FLOCK TO CHICAGO COURTROOMS.

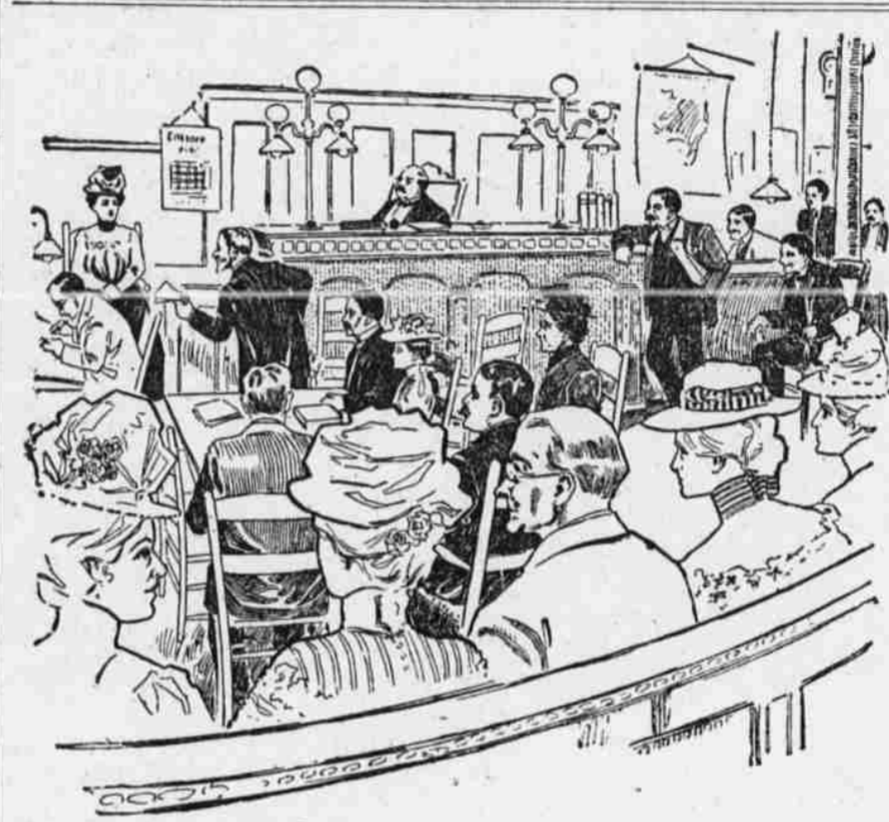
All Sorts of Types Ranged in Exhibition—Busties Prominent Among Visitors—Stern and Gentle Sexes Have Their Own Fancies and Foibles.

When Moses was building up a system of laws for the government of his people he decided that it should be lawful for a man to write his wife a bill of divorce and send her out of his house if she proved to be disappointing, but he made no provisions for the wife to shut the door against the husband. But customs as well as laws have undergone a radical change since Moses' time. The rule in these degenerate days is to recognize the fact that woman has reached about as great a distance from the jungle as man has, and another fact is made clear that four women undertake to send their husbands out

of the house to one man who tries the game. And because the one will not move out at the bidding of the other the strong arm of the law is appealed to to expedite the going.

Nor are the ethics of tearing matrimonial ties into tatters considered a whit more seriously at this day than they were thousands of years ago. In fact, it was not very much of an ethical question then, nor is it now. Then it was wife ownership by the husband, and to-day, according to the secular laws, the relation between husband and wife is largely one of dissoluble partnership by petition by either one of the parties in interest to judicial authority. The judicial authority orders that the partnership be continued or dissolved, and when the court has spoken its decree is enduring if the dissolution of the partnership is commanded, but if not the belligerents surely will continue the battle in another judicial ring.

Whether men are, on the whole, more manly than women are womanly has always been an open question, but it is true, according to the records of the divorce courts, not only in Chicago, but everywhere else, that the average man will bear about every indignity before he will face the publicity of a divorce trial. It is equally true that nearly all men will avoid making the charge of faithlessness if something else can be used to secure the desired end. He has a thousand times



A CHICAGO DIVORCE MILL IN ACTION.

at the court house elevators waiting to be carried up to the several courtrooms remind one that it is domestic scandal day, and if anything else is wanted to convince one of that fact, a glance at the excited faces will furnish evidence. It is pulling and hauling to secure the most available seats, and when they are secured these faces say, "Now, ring up the curtain."

Meanwhile and during the lulls a woman may be seen plying her knitting needles, and a man here and there scanning faces, as if trying to make a selection for a wife—his third of fourth, more or less. So the divorce court is a place not only where matrimonial ties are severed, but also where they are originated.

Hear Cases on Saturdays. The Chicago courts, says the Chronicle, devote Saturdays to hearing divorce cases, and the mills of these judicial gods go at a very rapid rate, but not carelessly or with indifference. Doubtless very many people will be amazed when told that 3,000 divorces are granted every year by the Chicago courts, and as they hear such cases only one day in the week it is found that after deducting holidays the weekly average is great. It is ascertained, too, that four-fifths of the petitions are filed by women, and nine-tenths of the charges are drunkenness, cruel treatment and abandonment.

Nearly all men applicants for divorce make charges against their wives under the guise of "incompatibility." Only occasionally, except in cases of abandonment, does a defendant let the case go against him or her by default. There seems to be a streak in the nature of such people that forces them to wind up their matrimonial relations by flinging mud, so that the other one shall go out into the world besmirched with suspicion and branded with letters that spell "vicious," "devilish," "bestial," "fendish." When such cases are on the boards the crowd of spectators is always large, for the play deals only in perfidy, hypocrisy, falsehood, mud-flinging, cussedness and human depravity.

It is said that some men and more women are afflicted with a mania to attend funerals, and that it matters little to them whether it be a funeral of a friend, an acquaintance or a stranger. It is enough for them to know that it is a funeral, and that they are "in it" and enjoying the pleasure of the mournful occasion. But however much a funeral may charm some people, one must go to a divorce court when facts which should not be voiced in public are being told.

There the article that gladdens the heart of such people most is given out raw and by wholesale. There these vul-

tures find the supreme heights of their hearts' delight in pathetic, in brutal and in coldly indifferent recitals of the misfortunes of husbands and wives. A study of the faces of the habitues of divorce courts is likely to make one believe that the process of evolution has been reversed in them, and that they are grinding at the mills of Involunt, the grist of which is hearts that are happiest when misery, disappointment and cruelty are hauling others to and fro in the slough of social and domestic slime and filth. Such habitues are mostly women—women who have no interest there except to feed their minds upon the stories that fall from the witness stand. Perhaps so, and perhaps not, many of them belong to the ranks of the legally separated, but, if their facial expression, either in repose or in expectancy, indicates anything, it says they do belong there, and even the casual student of human nature would be constrained to congratulate their late matrimonial partners on their escape from such barbarians.

Every Saturday morning the crowds

silver maple wood, bearing the natural bark, and its ornament consisted of three heavy gold bands, or rings, encircling the shaft at equal distances. What made it remarkable was the self-evident fact that the bands had been put on when the branch from which the handle was made was part of a living tree, and much smaller in diameter. The wood had grown through and around the confining metal and bulged out at either side, producing an odd and striking effect.

"It took me four years to get the material ready for this umbrella handle," said the proud owner. "I live in the suburbs of St. Louis and have several fine maple trees on the premises. In 1893 the idea occurred to me, and I had a jeweler make me these three rings, which I slipped over a small branch and tied at the proper distance with cords. I had to select a very diminutive branch, because otherwise the twigs would have prevented the rings from going on, and I picked out one pretty high up so it would be out of the way of pilferers. Then I waited patiently for nature to elench the bands by process of growth. I said nothing about the experiment, and the family often wondered why in the world I climbed that tree so often. I am a travelling man, and whenever I returned from the road I would lose no time in taking a look at my prospective umbrella handle. It was slow work, however, and the fall of 1897 had rolled around before I finally cut the branch. Then I turned it over to an expert, who kept it ten months longer, seasoning and polishing it, and bending the upper end into the crook, which was done by a process of steaming. The result is what you see. I am convinced it is the only thing of its kind in the world, and I take good care to keep it away from umbrella thieves."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

YOUNG VANDERBILT TO WED.

His Bride-to-Be, Elsie French, Is of an Ancient Family.

An important society event at some still undetermined date will be the marriage of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, head of the Vanderbilt millions, and Miss Elsie French, whose engagement was recently announced.

Young Vanderbilt was born in 1877 and graduated from Yale in 1899. He was making a tour of the world and had reached Japan when his father died. Returning home, he found that his father had passed by his eldest son, Cornelius J., and had left the entire fortune of \$100,000,000 to himself. Very generously, however, Alfred Gwynne disregarded this arrangement and turned over some \$7,000,000 to his brother. This action was a noble one. A family feud over the distribution of the Vanderbilt interests would inevitably have affected many innocent persons who were interested in Vanderbilt properties. It seemed proper and correct enough to settle all dispute by giving away a king's ransom, but how many young men are there just out of college who could have done it so quickly and so gracefully. Alfred Gwynne is a modest young man and is said to have inherited the Vanderbilt genius for finance.

Young Vanderbilt inherited the Vanderbilt millions in accordance with the traditions of the family. At the death of old Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the family, the bulk of his fortune passed to his son, William H. Vanderbilt, who was said to have inherited about \$75,000,000 at the age of 36.

When William H. Vanderbilt died he



MILLIONAIRE TO WED HEIRESS.

greater horror of the public knowing that he "has been fooled" than a woman has for her husband's faithlessness. The science of social economy shows that to be true. Still, there are exceptions, of course, which are to be expected as long as a man and a woman are to be found here and there who do not hesitate to break up their marriage relations deliberately and purposely.

GREW HIS UMBRELLA STOCK.

Infinite Pains of a St. Louisan Bestowed Upon a Maple Sapling.

A guest of one of the principal hotels yesterday exhibited a curious and beautiful umbrella handle to a party of admiring friends. It was a crook of

left the bulk of his fortune to his eldest son, Cornelius, who inherited a net \$80,000,000 at the age of 42. And now Alfred Gwynne has inherited \$100,000,000 from his father, the latter cutting off the elder son because of the latter's marriage, which displeased the father.

His bride-to-be is a daughter of the late Ormond French, who was tenth in descent from Edward French, one of the founders of Ipswich, Mass., in 1636. She is an heiress in her own right and is an athletic young woman, with a fondness for sailing, riding, swimming and tennis. She was a playmate of her future husband in her childhood and is 21 years old.

Nothing succeeds like the success of a man who has a political pull.