

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO OREGON

Scientists tell us that toes are slowly disappearing.

It does not pay any man to hold a political office, except as the office may come to him fairly and upon his merits.

When girls put on bathing suits and then merely promenade the beach, it might be said the dress ceremony was just a matter of form.

"Remember the Maine" and "Remember Majuba" are history. "Remember Pekin" threatens, alas! to be a more voluminously vengeful cry.

David Starr Jordan is right in saying that college-bred women are desirable as wives. Sometimes their learning enables them to support the family.

The deadliest blow that has struck at the cigarette is the declaration of the Rock Island system that it will employ no man addicted to the habit. Other railroads will probably follow.

Recently a Texas young woman was carried a quarter of a mile in the arms of a cyclone, but it is said that she had not gone half the distance before the dampness told her that it was not her hilarious Texas lover bent on an elopement.

Of course the girl who walked 5,000 miles on a wager was "pretty." They always are. If she had traveled a mile by turning handsprings or had crossed the continent in a box car it would have been the same, with the possible addition that she would have been described as "refined and highly educated," also. That's one way to acquire beauty—"newspaper beauty."

The adornment of the interior of school-houses is no less important than the improvement of the grounds, in favor of which a sentiment so vigorous and so wide-spread happily exists. Less general, but steadily growing, is the demand for beautiful schoolrooms. Much is already accomplished. Local associations, town improvement societies, patriotic orders, historical societies have willingly co-operated with private benevolence. There have been bequests and memorial presentations; and a few schools have funds sufficient to render every class-room, hall, corridor, stairway, even cloak-room, delightful to the eye and instructive to the mind. Few schools can hope for such equipment—at least, all at once. There must be small beginnings and gradual growth. In many schools a suitable and charming custom has arisen of late years, by which each departing class as it graduates leaves behind it a memorial cast or picture. This may fittingly possess illustrative connection with some course of study, or it may be one among the masterpieces which represent the highest reach of art in pure beauty, educative only, although powerfully, through innate grandeur or loveliness. The essential is that it should be truly fine—the work, not necessarily of an old master, but of a master. Fortunately, boys and girls are as quick to learn how to give as to receive, and the mistakes of class committees are few. So promising indeed is the progress of this movement among our generous young students that there is a good prospect that a few years hence the month of graduations will bring as great embellishment to schoolrooms as Arbor day will bring to the surroundings of the buildings.

Certain fundamental differences of character seem to exist between men and women, and "the lord of creation"—as he sometimes calls himself—is apt to ascribe them to the brain. This theory, he feels, carries with it the privilege of monopolizing the morning paper, and of answering with an air of authority questions of which he knows quite as little as his wife. An English scientist, Alexander Sutherland, has studied this problem in its physiological aspects, and his conclusions are interesting to men and women alike. From a comparison of trustworthy statistics, it appears that the brain of the average man is about one-tenth larger than that of the average woman; but on the other hand, if the ratio between the size of brain and body be taken into consideration, man's brain comes out second best. Happily, however, male intelligence has a loophole of escape from the natural inference from this fact. The smaller animal always has the larger proportional brain. A cat has more brain in proportion to its size than an elephant, and a baby's brain is five times the relative size of its father's. Woman has, however, other lines of defense. All mental activity finds its origin in the thin outer layer or cortex of the brain. On every square inch there are some ten millions of minute cells, the instruments of mental energy. Might not a more just comparison be based on a consideration of these cells? Perhaps, but no observer has yet shown that sex makes any difference in the number, development or vi-

tal energy of these brain elements. When all is said, if the average man prefers to regard size as the correct index of intelligence, he must admit that 40 per cent. of the women he meets are of larger intellect than he. This will give him food for reflection, and perhaps, after a little, he will agree with Prof. Sutherland that every year seems to show with increasing conclusiveness that "there is in the great mass of cases a practical equality in male and female minds."

Seldom has the world seen a more eventful period than that in which we now live. The creation of the empire of Germany, the kingdom of Italy and the republic of France is easily remembered by persons of early middle age. Within the past fifteen years Africa has been parceled out among the principal European countries. As a result of the war in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, practically the whole of South Africa will become British territory. The war in China may result in the long-threatened division of that vast empire among half a dozen of the nations of Europe, and the disappearance of the Chinese flag from the world's seas. At the beginning of 1898 Spain still held a fragment of that domain on which, in the days of Charles V. and Philip II., the sun never set. By the end of that year Spain's flag had vanished from the New World which her navigators discovered, and on which she had a foothold for a century before any of her rivals, England, France, or Holland, started permanent settlements on this side of the Atlantic. She lost, too, the magnificent group of islands given to her by Magellan, and named for the great Philip. Virtually the Spain of 1900 has shrunk to the dimensions of the Spain of the earlier days of Ferdinand and Isabella, before Columbus started on his voyage of discovery. But the most striking event of an age of startling happenings may be impending in Asia. The oldest of the great nations now in the alliance of powers were creations of yesterday compared with the country with which they are coming in conflict. If Chinese chronology is reliable, China was the home of a civilization centuries old before Romulus got his first glimpse of the Tiber, or Paris of Troy abducted Helen. Many years of China's first cycle had expired anterior to the days of Rameses II. and before the birth of the Pharaoh of the Exodus. The world's oldest and newest are in conflict in the oldest of the world's continents. Perhaps this age is now witnessing the closing scenes of a drama which opened in the world's early morning twilight.

Patents on inventions are sometimes objected to as tending to create monopolies, but there can be little doubt that the American patent system has had a remarkable influence in stimulating the inventive faculty of the people and in giving the nation its present supremacy in the industrial world. A writer in Cassier's Magazine brings together some interesting statistics on this subject. He shows that our inventions and our manufactures have increased on parallel lines, and that labor and capital have alike shared in the vast wealth produced by improved machinery. In the third decade of the present century American manufactured products amounted to only \$80,000,000 a year, and in 1836 less than 10,000 patents had been issued. In 1850 the manufactures had increased to \$1,015,000,000, and from 1836 to 1850 45,333 patents were issued. In every decade since then American manufactures have nearly doubled, until in 1890 they represented about \$9,250,000,000, while the total number of patents issued since 1836 had increased to 418,065. The nation is now able to export a large proportion of its manufactures, thus annually increasing the total wealth of the people by many millions of dollars. During 1899 the exports of manufactures amounted to \$380,787,891, while in the fiscal year of 1900, the total of manufactured exports exceeds \$400,000,000, which is one-fifth of the grand total of all our exports and imports combined. It is not strange that Europe is becoming alarmed over the American invasion of its markets. The full significance of the improvement in machinery for the individual American is seen in the fact that between 1836 and 1890 the hours of labor were reduced 25 per cent., the product per hand had increased 40 per cent., and the wages had increased 48 per cent., or, if measured by the purchasing power of the dollar, 68 per cent. What is it that enables the operative, in three-fourths of the time, to produce one and a half times as much as the workman of forty years ago? Simply the use of new inventions embodied in improved tools and machines. Ten years ago our imports of manufactures were double the exports; now the exports are double the imports. All that the nation needs to continue its career of increasing wealth is the possession of foreign markets for its surplus manufactures.

Early Free Schools in Canada.
Long before school boards were established in England Canadian children were instructed free of cost between the ages of 7 and 12. This education is compulsory.

WILLIAM W. ASTOR.

LEFT AMERICA TO GAIN FAME IN ENGLAND.

Now He Finds Himself a Millionaire Without a Country—Tabooed by the Prince of Wales' Set for Insulting Sir Archibald Milne.

The story of William Waldorf Astor, who grossly offended English society a short time ago by insulting Sir Archibald Milne, a particular friend of the Prince of Wales, and who has been ostracized by the smart set, which basks in the Prince's favor, is that of a man without a country. He began life with unlimited wealth and boundless ambition. He still has both, for the latter has never been satisfied.

About twenty years ago a group of young men among the rich New Yorkers were starting out in life, all with some political ambition and all backed up by an old family and a big rent roll. None of them promised so much and failed so dismally as William Waldorf Astor. He intended to be President of the United States. He is now a man without a country, disappointed, cynical, with no future before him at 50. He was the son of John Jacob Astor III, the head of the great family who came from the little village of Waldorf, Germany, about 120 years ago, and started in life as butchers and fur traders. When William Waldorf came into the world the Astors owned 9 per cent. of the real estate in New York City, and had taken social precedence over the old Knickerbocker families, who once held themselves aloof from a man who peddled furs on his back. Astor was educated at the law school of Columbia University. He imagined himself a second Disraeli and began simultaneously a career in politics and in literature. He was elected State Senator. He ran for Congress to succeed Levi P. Morton and was defeated by the late Roswell Flower. He was appointed minister to Italy by President Arthur. He distinguished himself there by scattering golden seeds with a lavish hand. Incidentally he got along with his ministerial duties without discredit to the government. Nothing came up to demand diplomacy, and Mr. Astor was equal to the situation. He returned home and threw himself into politics in New York State. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he threw himself at politics. He worked very hard, and he was very much in earnest, but his efforts came to nothing. He gave his money freely and he gave his time without stint. But he failed to connect with the people, and that is an essential element to success in American politics, as Mr. Astor found out. He wrote a novel called "Valentino," and followed



WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.

It with another Italian romance called "Sforza." In the judgment of critics they had considerable literary merit. There was a lack of the two great things, power and imagination. There were polish and scholarly ability to a good degree. But here again Mr. Astor failed to connect with the people.

Why Astor Left America.
To crown his political and literary disappointments a dispute arose as to whether Mrs. William Waldorf Astor or Mrs. John Jacob Astor was entitled to be called "Mrs. Astor." In short, was John Jacob Astor or William Waldorf Astor the head of the family? Society settled the question in favor of the popular John Jacob, and William Waldorf, in pique, built next door to his cousin the big and fashionable hotel, the Waldorf-Astor House. Then he gathered up his household goods and moved to London. He disposed of as much of his property in America as he could and invested his money in England. He rented his residence and declared publicly and often that America was not his country. He became a naturalized Englishman and for a couple of years was apparently an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales. It was rumored that he was to be given a peerage and marry a daughter of the Prince, for he is now a widower. Then gossip connected his name with that of Lady Randolph Churchill, and recently with that of Mrs. Ogden Goelet, of New York.

All the time Mr. Astor has attempted

to secure a firm footing in English society. He bought the Pall Mall Gazette and Pall Mall Budget, and started the Pall Mall Magazine, all ultra-Tory, and catering to the smart set. He bought from the Duke of Westminster, the richest man in England, the handsomest seat on the Thames—Chiveden. Then Mr. Astor built a high wall around the park, stationed guards, and warned the public to keep off of his grounds. Such a thing is not usual with English country gentlemen and everybody bristled with indignation at the American snob, as they called him. Gradually Mr. Astor has become the "bete noir" of pretty nearly all classes of Englishmen. He is 10,000 miles from a peerage, and probably now fully as far from a royal drawing-room. His conspicuous use to-day is as a warning to Americans who will not keep in touch with their countrymen.

FOCUSED ALL ATTENTION.

Woman's Telegram Diverted Audience from the Performance.

When a woman receives a telegram at her home it causes her heart to palpitate at a greatly accelerated rate and she hesitates long before opening the envelope. What must be the effect upon her when the missive comes to her, with every appearance of urgency, when she is seated in a theater? A young woman on a visit to Wilkesbarre Pa., recently underwent the experience while the entire audience, gathered to



GETS A TELEGRAM.

witness a performance by a distinguished actor, watched the effect the missive had upon her.

The orchestra had just begun to play after the curtain had dropped upon the second act when the manager of the theater appeared before the curtain and motioned the leader to silence. His face was very grave and he held a telegram in his hand.

"Is Miss Vermont, of Washington, in the house?" he asked. "A telegram has been brought to the theater addressed to her."

Miss Vermont turned suddenly cold with terror. Mother had had a stroke or father's automobile had run away with him, or brother Jack had been capsized on the river and drowned. She saw every detail of her fearful home journey—the sleepless night of waiting for the first train, the interminable crawling of it Washingtonward. She saw herself in the deepest mourning. In a half second she lived a week of misery. Her two cousins were gazing at her in frightened helplessness. She staggered to her feet.

"I am Miss Vermont," she said, with an effort.

An usher ran down the aisle. Every eye in the theater was on her. Every woman there felt for her. For a moment she could not nerve herself to open the envelope. She must. She must know which one it was. The message was a blur before her. It was signed Jack. She caught the words, "Wire at once." It was mother, then, or father. She looked closer. This time she made out the whole message. It read:

"Mother left out pink organdie. Do you need it? Wire at once."

Specimens of Irish Bulls.

"Some fifteen years ago," says a correspondent of the London Spectator, "I heard a dignitary of Cork Cathedral address the congregation in St. Mary's Church, Harrogate, in this wise: 'If there be any of you here, dear brethren, whom God in his mercy has taken to himself—' In the same discourse, pleading for some charity, our sense of generosity was sought to be stirred by the following sentence descriptive of the miseries of which Ireland was then the victim: 'In the sister country, where for some time we have been suffering from vivisection, is it to be wondered at if we have been a little disturbed while undergoing the process?' Might I suggest that the following be added to your remarkable collection of 'bulls'? A person who evidently dislikes the name of William, and who is not an Irishman, but, in my mind, worthy to be one, said: 'As long as I am alive I shall never give the name of William to one of my sons.'"

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who was sent out by his mother to cut the switch with which she intended to whip him? And what has become of the old-fashioned mother who always kept a switch over the fireplace, ready for an emergency?

COULD NOT HEAR "NO."

Timely Deafness of an Applicant for a Government Job.

Congressman John H. Ketcham, of Dover Plains, N. Y., is more or less hard of hearing, writes Cyrus Patterson Jones in Success. He holds his hand up to his ear while you are addressing him and manages to catch your meaning fairly well. Just how much he hears is open to question, and Secretary Gage, of the treasury, for one, has his own suspicions that "Uncle John" is not quite so deaf as he appears. It happened this way:

Mr. Ketcham had been in Congress so long that he had used up all the patronage to which he was entitled, and could not get any more places for his constituents. But one day this spring he called on Mr. Gage.

"There is a man up in my town," he explained, "who must be fixed, and I want you to fix him."

"I can't do it," replied Gage (and up went Ketcham's hand to his ear), "because there are no vacancies in my department."

"Yes, that's what he wants," said Ketcham, "a place in your department."

The Secretary looked at his visitor intently, and said in a louder tone:

"The civil service rules cover all appointments under twelve hundred or fifteen hundred dollars a year."

Mr. Ketcham removed his hand from his right ear and replied:

"That will be satisfactory. He will not expect more than twelve hundred dollars a year."

Mr. Gage was growing desperate.

"I tell you," he fairly yelled, "I can't do anything for your man. There is no use bringing him down here!"

"All right!" said the imperturbable Congressman, rising. "I'll bring him down," and out he walked leaving the Secretary in a state of collapse.

Sure enough, a day or two later, the deaf man walked in with a constituent.

"Here is my friend that you promised to place," he said.

"Good Lord!" said Gage (and up went the other's hand), "didn't I tell you I could do nothing, absolutely nothing?"

"Hey?"

"Didn't I tell you not to bring your man here, because I had no place for him?"

"No; you said you would give him a place at about twelve hundred dollars a year; so I sent for him and here he is."

The Secretary was in despair. He looked the Congressman in the face—it was a blank. In sheer desperation he tapped a bell for an assistant, told the latter to take the constituent to Mr. B—, and if possible to find him a place. The Congressman shook hands all around and departed with an expression of benevolence on his countenance.

The man got a fairly good place. The Congressman is still rather deaf. The Secretary—well, he has his own suspicions.

Man's Expectation of Life.

An ingenious mathematician maintains that the number of years which anyone is likely to live may really be ascertained by applying the following rule: Subtract from the number 86 the age already attained by the person and divide the remainder by 2. For example, suppose that we wish to find out how long a person who is now fifty years old is likely to live, 86—50=36; 36÷2=18, and 18 years is the answer to the question. The same statistician also assures us that out of every 1,000 persons who are 60 years old only 500 will live to be 70, 120 to 80, seventeen to be 90, and it is doubtful if even four will attain to the dignity of centenarians.

A critic points out that these figures may seem very convincing, but they they cannot be accurate in all cases. It may be easy, he explains, to show how long a man of 50 is likely to live, but the rule applied in his case cannot be applied in the case of a man who is over 86, and hence it cannot be accepted as infallible.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Electric Power in the Navy.

The cautious experiment of electrically driven turret turning machinery on the Brooklyn, of chain ammunition hoists on the Puritan, the system of blowers and exhaustors on the Wilmington, have all been grouped on the Kearsarge and Kentucky. These two battleships have more of their auxiliary machinery driven by electric power than any other warships afloat. These battleships represent the intermediate stage between steam and electrically driven auxiliary machinery, and show results in economy in coal.

Prosperous Mexico.

Mexico in the past nine years has doubled its revenues, doubled its exports, doubled the number of its factories and multiplied by three its banking capital—and the continuance of this great prosperity is now quite as pronounced as ever during the decade.

Lemon Juice for Hoarseness.

A singer in grand opera contradicts the statement frequently made that lemon juice is excellent to relieve a slight hoarseness. It may clear the voice at first, but only for a short time, and the strong acid is extremely injurious to the vocal chords.