

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO OREGON

The newest thing in shirt waists—the man who wears them.

Another reason for the campaign has never hitting the mark is his always shooting with the long bow.

A professional water walker got his feet wet, caught cold, and died from the effect. There is no telling what a profession may do to a person.

American women don't revolvers and American men take to shirt waists. Real life affords cases of "Vice Versa" as amazing as the imagination of Anstey ever created.

The maharajah of Bharaptur became intoxicated and lost his job. It was considered absolutely necessary for a man who had to pilot that title through the streets to remain strictly sober.

China has borrowed from the "Foreign Devils" in recent years \$300,000,000, and the larger part of the money has been expended to pay for modern arms. China evidently believes in fighting the devils with their own arms.

A professor of geology has found near Montclair, N. J., fossil specimens of a fish supposed to be millions of years old. The fish belongs to the order of ganoids, of which there are only a few modern representatives. Housekeepers who think their fishman is not furnishing wares as fresh as they desire can at least comfort themselves with the knowledge that his ice-box contains nothing as old as this.

"When the rats die, you may know the plague has come," is a common saying in the East. Honolulu puts it differently. "When the plague has come the rats must die," is the Western version. The physicians became convinced that rats were responsible for the dissemination of bubonic plague in Honolulu, and offered a bounty of 25 cents a head. Within two weeks more than five thousand were killed. The result seems to have justified the outlay, for it is said that since the rats were destroyed not a single case of plague has appeared.

"One of the things that strikes one most forcibly in this country," said an English observer, who has been spending some weeks in the United States, "is the way in which your young men not only support themselves but push out into positions of trust. Our English boys certainly seem to be better educated, but the American boys beat 'em hollow in self-reliance and horse sense, as I believe you call it here. Perhaps it is owing to the different way in which the American young man looks at things. The English boy, starting out in life, 'obtains a berth'—which is something to sleep in—or he 'finds a situation.' The American boy either 'gets a job' or 'goes to work' for somebody. There is a whole revelation of mental attitude in those different phrases."

The editor of an anarchistic newspaper published in this country hailed the murder of King Humbert with an editorial paean of joy. He frankly conceded that Humbert was kind and estimable, personally, and that he had not been guilty of oppressing his people; yet this man rejoiced in his death merely because he was a king. What sort of man it is who preaches such doctrines—what sort of men anarchy breeds—is well brought out by the comments of a Chicago paper on this editor: "He is not a worker, but a 'dead beat.' He spends most of his time consuming beer and giving utterance to the desire that people may be killed. He is not even a brave man. When he was last wanted by the police he had to be dragged out from under the bed where he had hidden." This is a just arraignment, not merely of an anarchist, but of anarchy.

A Washington police justice recently dismissed a charge of profanity lodged against a man who swore at a street car conductor. The learned judge held that, although there was an ordinance against profanity, in this case the provocation was great and therefore the offense was excusable. Nevertheless, profanity is never excusable. It may not be unlawful. In the view of many worthy people it may not be immoral. But that it is inexcusable on the ground of good manners, good taste and a proper sense of self-respect cannot be questioned. The spontaneous vocabulary of a man is a reflection of his real self. By his speech ye shall know him. The old saying, "in vino veritas," is terribly true. When a gentleman takes too much wine he still speaks like a gentleman. When a cad is in his cups he will talk like a cad, though in his sober moments, when he is on guard, he is a model of correct discourse and a Chesterfield in manner. Likewise when a man is in a passion, when he forgets himself in the heat of anger, his speech will betray his vulgarity if

he is vulgar, or proclaim his purity if he is pure-minded. Passion is the great revealer. There is a spirit in language which makes its way into the character. The habitual employment of the purest vocabulary will gradually refine the coarsest, vulgar character. Habit is all powerful. The coarse man beginning the practice of propriety in his speech will at first seem to be what he is not, but if he perseveres he will come to be what he desires to seem. Then, when passion consumes him he will be in no danger of lowering himself in his own eyes or in the estimation of others. He will still be a man.

There is a skeleton in every closet, but some skeletons are more obstreperous than others. Take one of the poets in a current magazine, for example. Inwardly he is consumed with a raging fire. "Oh, take me," he exclaims, "into the still places of your heart, and hide me under the night of your deep hair; for the fear of love is upon me; I'm afraid lest God should discover the wonderfulness of our love." It is clear that when alone with himself, and wrapped up in his great sorrow, he is inclined to make light of everything save his own troubles. He does not consider that it would be physically impossible for her, even if she were so inclined, to take him into the still places of her heart and at the same time hide him under the night of her deep hair. He is asking too much. But he will not desist. "Oh, touch me!" cries this anguished soul. "Oh, look upon me! Look upon my spirit with your eyes." What nonsense! How could she? "And touch me," he insists, as if nothing but a touch will ease him. "With the benediction of your hands." A rolling pin would be more effective, but hear him out: "Breathe upon me, breathe upon me, and my soul shall live. Kiss me with your mouth upon my mouth and I shall be strong." We doubt it. The young gentleman's nerves are evidently badly shattered, and nothing but quiet and a regular and long course of tonics will tend to restore his strength. The poet may not have gone too far. If he has not and can calm himself long enough to write to Ella Wheeler Wilcox perhaps she will give him some good advice. Meantime he might try the effect of a shower bath or employ Mr. Muldoon to harden his fiber.

Is the face of a beautiful woman public property, to be used in yellow pictures on cigar boxes and flour barrels, or can its owner claim the "right of privacy" and protect that right in the courts? This was the question at issue in a suit for \$15,000 damages brought by a beautiful young girl of Rochester against the Franklin Mills Company and the Rochester Folding Box Company for the use of her portrait, unknown to herself, as an advertisement for flour. The chief contention of the fair plaintiff was that her "right of privacy" had been invaded, causing her mental injury and distress. It is gratifying to note that Justice Davis, of the Supreme Court, sided with the plaintiff. His ruling, in which he overruled the demurrer to the complaint, embodies so much sound reasoning that it is safe to regard it as an indication of what may be expected from the courts when cases of this kind are brought in the future. In the course of his decision the Judge said: "It does not appear from the complaint in this action that the plaintiff is within the category of what might be denominated a public character. She is undoubtedly a young woman of rare beauty, and this she enjoys as a private citizen. It is very natural, if the plaintiff is of a modest and retiring nature, that any such publicity would be extremely disagreeable and offensive to her. It is not impossible, therefore, that she has suffered and continues to suffer great mental injury and distress." The Judge further declares that if the lithographic likeness, owing to its beauty, is of great value as a trademark or advertising medium, it is a "property right" which belongs to the complainant and cannot be taken from her without her consent. The contention of the young woman of Rochester raised a point which, it is claimed, has never been passed upon in the courts of this country.

Naval Cadets.
The number of naval cadets is limited according to the following rule: Each member of the House of Representatives is entitled to name one candidate to represent his district until he graduates, resigns or is discharged. In addition the President has the privilege of appointing one and ten annually at large. Two examinations for admission are held each year, one in May and the other in September. The requirements of each candidate are: He must be between 15 and 19 years of age; he must be physically sound and able to pass a creditable examination in English grammar, United States history, geography, arithmetic and algebra as far as the theory of quadratic equations and their practice. The pay of a naval cadet is \$500 a year, beginning with the date of admission.

The Musicians of London.
It is said that in London there are no fewer than 10,000 professional musicians of various grades, and that more than half of them are women.

FLASHES OF FUN

"I'm accumulating too many books." "Is that so? Well, quit writing your name in them, and you'll lose them fast enough."—Indianapolis Journal.

"They say Miss Singleton is a transmigrationist." "Yes! She thinks she must once have been the wicked flea whom no man pursueth!"—Life.

Fair Painter—I hope you don't mind my sketching in your field? Farmer—Lord, no, missie! You keep the birds off the peas better'n a' ordinary scarecrow.—Tit-Bits.

Grafter must have turned over a new leaf. He tells me he's working night and day. "Yes, that's the firm he's with now." "What?" "Knight & Day."—Philadelphia Press.

Hoax—I understand the doctor said yesterday that there was very little hope in your rich uncle's case. Joax—It's even worse to-day. He's very much better.—Philadelphia Record.

Shocking: "They say the young man Melissa Perkins is going to marry in a regular paragon." "Land sakes! Do tell! I thought he was a clerk in a grocery."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"What do you suppose makes your baby sister cry so?" asked a visitor of small Johnny. "I guess it must be 'cause she is hatchin' her teeth," replied the youthful observer.—Chicago News.

"What makes you think he is a man of little tact?" "He joined a Don't Worry Club the second day after he was married, and didn't know enough to keep it a secret."—Chicago Times-Herald.

School Teacher—What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow? Bobby—I kin, please, School Teacher—Well, Bobby? Bobby—The home of the swallow is the stummick.—Tit-Bits.

Doctor—What you need is change and rest. Patient—I can't afford it. My income's pretty well requisitioned already. My children get all the change, and my wife gets the rest.—Philadelphia Press.

Georgy (on the warpath)—Say, Eddy, did Harry hit you? Eddy—No. Georgy—Did Jimmy hit you? Eddy—Nope. Georgy—Well, if nobody hasn't hit you I will. I've got to lick some one.—Chicago News.

All that He Asked: Miss Lulu Flannigan—I will give you my answer in a month, Pat. He—That's right, me darlin'; tek plenty ay time to think it over. But tell me wan thing now—will it be yes or no?—Judge.

Old Lady (pointing to elevated railroad)—Where do them cars go to? City Man (hurriedly)—Almost anywhere you want, ma'am. Old Lady—Land sakes! I thought they had to stay on the rails.—New York Weekly.

Fuddy—They have a deal to say about the "brotherhood of man," and yet wars and rumors of wars continue. Duddy—That's all right. There always has been more or less fighting in families.—Boston Transcript.

Tess—So she's to marry the son of the wealthy Mr. Millyuns. How on earth did she manage to land him, I wonder? Jess—She's musical, you know, and so it's no trouble at all for her to catch an heir.—Philadelphia Press.

Proud Parent—If you call in the evening you probably will hear my daughter singing. Artless Friend—Oh, I shan't mind that. You ought to hear the fellow down our way practicing on the cornet. It is simply awful.—Boston Transcript.

"My boy," said the first proud papa, "has a bad habit of interrupting me when I'm talking. Your boy isn't old enough for that yet." "No," replied the other, "my boy contents himself with interrupting me when I'm sleeping."—Philadelphia Press.

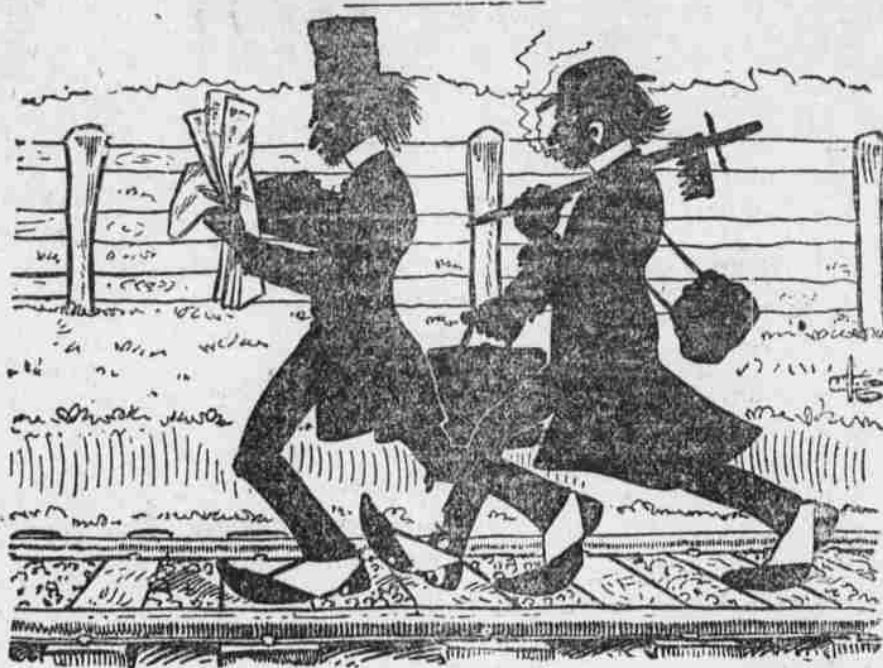
"We got up another crowd and ran away from those people we camped out with last year." "Did they discover it?" "Huh! When we arrived at the ground we found they had made up another crowd and had run away from us."—Indianapolis Journal.

Rattos of Travel: "Mike," said Plodding Pete, "do you believe in dis sixteen to one?" "Sometimes I do," answered Meandering Mike, "an sometimes I don't. It depends on whether it's sixteen meals to one mile or sixteen miles to one meal."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Moveabout—Yes, I like that house you sent me to see. It will be much cooler for the summer, but the dining-room is only half as large as this one. Mr. Moveabout—So much the better. It will only be possible for half as many flies to get into it.—Philadelphia Press.

"After all your talk about sensational journalism!" exclaimed the fly on the edge of the sugar bowl. "I'm surprised at you!" "What about?" gasped the captured fly, vainly endeavoring to extricate himself from the sticky trap. "Well, I notice that paper you're stuck on now is decidedly yellow."—Philadelphia Press.

POOR PLACE FOR THESPIANS.



Thespian—Methinks we had better omit our performance at Hayville to-night. This paper says eggs are selling there at 5 cents a dozen and tomatoes are rotting on the vines.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

TOLD OVER A WAR TROPHY.

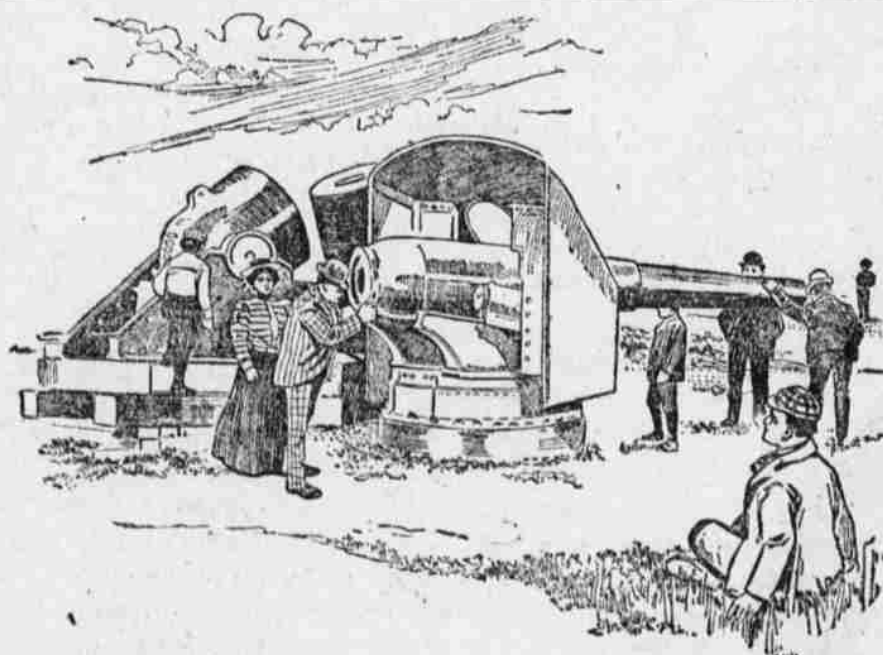
Public Interest Shown in Spanish Gun at Lincoln Park, Chicago.

The Spanish trophy gun, the Maria Teresa, in Lincoln Park, Chicago, continues to be an attraction to citizens and strangers. The gun itself is merely an ordinary modern engine of war, such as are employed in warship armament, but the association of the Maria Teresa with the naval battle off Santiago in July, 1898, and its mute story of the prowess and skill of the American navy gives the gun a sort of prestige which it otherwise would not have. And not only that, but it tells for itself and for Spain that Spanish ordnance is far from being mediæval in pattern, strength or projectile-throwing power. In fact, this particular gun and its mounting and equipment compares favorably with the latest improved heavy artillery of the nations.

But it is not so much the gun itself as the crowds that gather about it that interests the observer of men and things, says the Chicago Chronicle. It is the variety of facial expressions which the monster cannon causes that makes the study. It seems to be man's nature to enjoy whatever stirs his martial spirit, and Maria Teresa exerts a powerful influence in that direction and also in refreshing the memory of events of war that transpired long ago.

It is quite common to see two or three gray-haired men get into a conversation about the big gun, when one will recite an incident of the civil war in which heavy ordnance played a conspicuous part. Then another remembers incidents of his soldier days, and then almost unconsciously they move together slowly to a seat under a nearby tree and there fight their wars over again, each recounting his experiences, hair-breadth escapes and final return to the pursuits of peace. It was this big gun that revived their memories and started the veterans to the shade of a tree. That they were unacquainted before this was no matter, for they were bound by ties of comradeship, and the first connection of the great cannon with events of a third of a century ago was enough. No formal introduction was needed, nor did it matter in the least if one had worn the blue and the other the gray. It was the comradeship which battlefields create and it needed only this lone trophy gun to start its fires aglow.

Perhaps the most interesting visitors of the big gun are children. It is no



SPANISH GUN IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

deed that they feel as though they were in the presence of something dreadful, and the four mortars hard by, each weighing more than 17,000 pounds and capable of throwing a shell of more than 1,000 pounds weight, only increases the awe of the youngsters. Children nearly always talk in a low voice while there and move about in pairs or in groups. They seem to catch the meaning of the gun and mortars and what they were made for. "This cannon is about as awe-inspiring to children as a graveyard," said a bystander as a little group walked around the gun, their eyes wide open.

There is a class of people who visit the mortars and the big gun and find

just the kind of inspiration they want. They are young men who are ambitious to be soldiers and "face the cannon's mouth." Their imagination is whetted until they can see themselves sweeping across fields and charging over hills, and the war machinery there arouses all the martial spirit in them. They amuse veterans of the battlefield, but for all that "the big gun and the monster mortars teach them a lesson that is altogether wholesome," as an old soldier of many campaigns put it.

Then there are the peace-at-any-price visitor. The gun and the mortars to him are fiends, fiends from the under world incarnated in life-destroying agencies—agencies that destroy in anger. "That gun is a devil in steel, and its only business in the world is to deal death and destruction," said he to the group he was with, and he worked himself into a frenzy of anger over the awfulness of sentiments other than those of peace and good-will toward men.

A One-Man Road.

A Washington man who put in ten years of soldiering in the regular army of the United States was recently appointed a captain and assistant adjutant-general in the volunteer service, and he is now attached to the staff of Gen. Miles. He is a man of ability and great unpretentiousness.

A few days before he donned his uniform he went over to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, on official business. A War Department clerk went along with him. When the two men arrived at Fort McHenry, the new captain pointed to a long shell road that runs through the post.

"Do you see that road?" asked the captain. "Yes."

"Well, I made that whole road myself. It was as tough a job as I ever performed, and as bitter a period, but it did me a heap of good. I was serving with an artillery regiment, part of which was stationed here, and one night when I was on guard the officer of the day crept up on me unawares and found me sitting down on a pile of gunny sacks, neglecting my post. I got a general court-martial for neglect of duty of post, and was sentenced to six months in the guardhouse. My sentence tickled the old provost sergeant mightily, for he was in need of a steady prisoner to build that road. I built it, and crunched many a million oyster shells building it. I never find myself feeling cheery and high-and-mighty,

and all that sort of thing, that I don't shut my eyes and think of this shell road over in Fort McHenry."—Washington Star.

Moving Stairways.

Two types of moving stairways for the Manhattan Elevated stations in New York City are to be put on trial shortly. One is a ramp consisting of an endless rubber band running over drums. In the other type regular steps will take the place of the nearly smooth incline, so that a passenger always stands on a level surface.

Good nature is a glowworm that sheds light in the darkest places.