

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO OREGON

The man who would serve himself and not other people will not live long after he is dead.

Judging by the recent tests, the United States submarine boat Holland promises to beat the Dutch.

A London newspaper calls Yerkes the "King of the tramways." Before they are through with him they will find he is also the ace and joker.

While the whipping post is not a lovable institution, should it come into this State there are doubtless some who in time will get attached to it.

It is said that there is a multitude of old copper cents that cannot be located. The same elusive quality has been observed frequently about the \$20 gold pieces.

The bicycle could not do it, nor will the automobile starve out the horse. These increasing shows are proof he will never be without a bit in his mouth.

Hetty Green says she is using her money to save souls. She probably goes on the theory that everybody who gets money is damned; hence she is keeping as many as possible from obtaining any.

A Philadelphia woman has begun suit for \$5,000 against a man who called her "an old maid." Perhaps she didn't know when she decided to take this course that she would have to tell her age in court.

"Where lies the East?" was the eager query of the fifteenth century navigators seeking a passage to China. Captains of Occidental ships of state in this last quarter-year of the nineteenth century put it differently: "How the East lies?"

The weather expert at Galveston estimates that the wind blew at the rate of 120 miles an hour during the great storm. This appears to be a very modest estimate, considering the fact that the anemometer had blown away and he was left wholly to his imagination.

"Music has won more battles than gunpowder," said a great general. Certainly more flags have been taken by Sousa's band than by all our armies in the field. Nearly every city in Europe has presented Sousa with a civic banner, and his so-called "American" music has marched triumphant through camps usually half-hostile to the "States." May such peaceful victories attend "The Stars and Stripes Forever!"

"A library in a garden," the aspiration of an old scholar who loved nature as well as books, is in a fair way to be realized for everybody in Brooklyn. By the co-operation of the public library and the park commission there were reading-rooms and libraries in three of the Brooklyn parks during the summer, and one of them was visited by more than six thousand persons in a month. People who used to sit around stupidly, half-asleep, read while enjoying the peace and quiet of the place, and children found something to do besides playing until they were tired and quarrelsome. They all are to be congratulated, but equally warm congratulations are due the public library, which has found one more way to fulfill its mission of reaching the public.

A New York railway man says that there should be schools for the education of engineers, firemen and other railway workers. While it is true that railroad work can only be finally mastered in practice, the suggestion is a good one and applies to other callings where the members are public or semi-public servants. Schools for motormen and conductors would no doubt do much good. In such schools the general education of the pupil should receive attention. And in the case of conductors and other individuals coming in close contact with the public, manners and deportment might be included in the curriculum with advantage. With such schools in existence and with laws providing that efficiency should be a prerequisite for employment in these semi-public occupations in which inefficiency endangers human life, accidents might be greatly reduced in number and extent of damage done.

Prof. Cesare Lombroso accounts for the desperate bravery of the Boers on chemical principles. He made analysis of some Boer blood he obtained for the purpose. His conclusion was that it was composed of 78 per cent Dutch blood, 12 per cent French, 12 per cent Scotch and 3 per cent German. This is said to be a very strong mixture. The professor's percentages foot up 105, instead of 100. If this is correct the Boer is indeed a very remarkable individual. But let that pass. The point is that spirit, courage, patriotism

and all other qualities of character which go to the making of real manhood are all reduced to material sources in the blood corpuscles. The more Dutch blood the braver is the man. An interesting question is, what if the professor had found say 50 per cent English or American blood in addition to the 105 per cent? The Boer would certainly be invincible had he thought to introduce a little of this fluid in his veins. It is not right to treat science with levity, but one can't help wondering if great follies are not sometimes committed in the name of science.

Politicians will scan the census returns with lively interest, because population forms the basis of the apportionment of representation in Congress. Some States will gain and some will lose, relatively at least, according to the measure of growth of population; but it will be months, probably, before the full statistics are tabulated, and a much longer time before the ratio of apportionment is settled. The ratio adopted after the census of 1890 was one Representative to each 173,901 of the population. This resulted in a House of three hundred and fifty-six members; when Utah was admitted the number was increased one. The use of the same ratio, with a population larger by twelve to fifteen millions than that of 1890, would add about seventy-five to the membership of the House. Congress will undoubtedly—as has been the almost unvaried rule—adopt a larger divisor to determine the representation, but a number that will result in some increase of members. Under the last apportionment, thirty-one members were added, and under the apportionment next preceding, thirty-two. The present House is not a large body, as compared with European parliamentary assemblies. It is smaller than the German Reichstag, much smaller than the French Chamber of Deputies, and but a little more than half as large as the British House of Commons. But the size of the present hall of the House of Representatives sets a limit to increase, unless the desks and chairs are removed, and benches are provided, after the British custom. The center of population was fixed, by the last census, at a point twenty miles east of Columbus, Indiana. It had moved farther and farther westward with each census. Doubtless the new census will show it to have moved still farther west, but it is probable that the change will be less marked than in some previous decades. The last decade has not been one of "booms," but of widely distributed growth. The indications are that the largest percentage of growth will be found in the central West rather than the farther West, and in the States which have a considerable urban population rather than those whose population is chiefly agricultural.

The development of manual training schools and departments in our high schools for the study of bookkeeping, stenography and other branches connected with clerical work would seem at first glance to be an unmixing blessing. As pointed out by Supt. Nightingale, of the Chicago schools, the pupils who complete such courses are ready to take positions immediately on leaving school, and become self-supporting. The importance of being equipped by the State, without cost, for the inevitable struggle for existence is easily seen, but such equipment, if granted at all, should be uniform. To increase the number of bookkeepers or stenographers in this way is certainly a discrimination against the people who are now making a living in such branches. It is inconceivable that business men should encourage the growth of a clerical ideal in pupils or a method of public education that will reduce wages in particular occupations, and apart from this it is little less than a crime to teach young men shorthand. True, the study is optional, but it is a tempting chance, and since the announcement was made a great many who have no definite aims as to the future have drifted into this practical opportunity which is so temptingly placed before them. The youth who knows shorthand is handicapped. While he is acting as an amanuensis, and doing merely mechanical work, his possibly less accomplished schoolmate is receiving a smaller salary, but plugging away at some trade or business that will ultimately bring its reward in a spirit of independence and a knowledge of the possible reward of which may be a comfortable existence. A good stenographer is too valuable to the promoted. Instances might be given in answer to this, where stenographers have risen above their positions by the influence of their employers. There are many such cases, but they depend on a species of charity and are exceptional. If a boy wishes to become a professional reporter for the courts, lectures, etc., it is another question. He cannot bring too much intelligence or physical capacity for the nervous strain of these positions, and he may make money; but the public school is not the place for him to receive the training, any more than it would be if he desired to become a journalist, a physician, or a lawyer, unless the system of public instruction is to develop into the fitting of pupils for work in all walks of life.

WHAT'LL WE GROWL ABOUT?

When the craps are all gathered—the barns are piled high.
What will we growl about then?
When the pumpkins are spiced with the frost of the sky.
An' the cider is sweet, an' the beads on the rye.
What will we growl about then?

Why, we'll shiver and shake as the winter winds blow—
That's what we'll growl about then!
We'll gaze o'er the wearisome leagues of the snow,
An' sigh for the blistering summer, you know—
That's what we'll growl about then!

Ah, how can life please us! . . . And when it is nast.
What will we growl about then?
Why, we'll land in the next world—that region so vast—
An' wonder if still the hot weather will last?
That's what we'll growl about then!
—Atlanta Constitution.

BEAUTY'S POWER

P UT some finishin' touches to yer hair today, Margaret. There's a new summer boarder comin' and we'll be here fer supper," said Farmer Brown to a beautiful girl who stood on the doorstep of the old farmhouse.

"How exciting! Who is he?"
"Never saw him. He wrote that his name was Rex Carl—Carlisle—or suthin' like that."

Three hours later, when the bell rang for supper, Margaret put a few "finishin' touches" to her hair and went into the dining room, where the farmer's family and the new boarder had already assembled.

Margaret took her place without looking at the young man opposite.

"Let me introduce you to Margaret, Mr—er—"

"Carlisle."

"Yes, yes—Carlisle. Never was good at remembering names," stammered the old farmer. "Mr. Carlisle—Margaret," and with that informal introduction he turned his attention to "dishing up."

Rex Carlisle watched Margaret from under his lashes.

"A perfect little beauty," he thought. "She would grace any New York drawing room—but such a name!"

Margaret did not once look up after their introduction, and at the close of the meal she quietly slipped from the room.

But, living under the same roof, she and Carlisle often met. Many afternoons found them together, and all the long evenings, while the afterglow lingered in the west, were spent in each other's society.

Carlisle was a society man. He told Margaret much of his life in the city, to all of which she lent a willing ear.

He was looking over the society notes in a big New York daily one afternoon.

"Hello!" he said suddenly. "Marjory Atherton makes her debut in October. This paper says she will be 'the bud of the season, if only because of her great beauty.'"

Carlisle laughed heartily.

"I wonder how much her father paid for that 'ad.'" he exclaimed. "Marjory Atherton's 'great beauty!' Now that just shows how much you can believe what the papers say. She is the plainest girl I have ever known. We were schoolmates and were graduated the same year. Marjory had red hair and freckles. But she was clever. The cleverest scholar in the whole class. I was only eighteen then, and imagined that she favored me more than she did the other fellows. But not being a susceptible youth to anything but beauty, Marjory's red hair and freckles did not appeal to me."

His companion arose and unconsciously dropped the bunch of flowers that had filled her lap.

The days flew on. Carlisle's vacation was nearing a close.

He found himself wishing that he might remain forever near the farmer's daughter. He marveled at the power exercised over him by this simple little country girl.

One evening as they were sitting on the piazza he remarked:

"There is something about you that reminds me of some one I have known."

Margaret looked up at him curiously. "It seems that I have known you forever," he went on.

"Yet you have only been here three weeks," she replied.

"Yes, but I have not reckoned time by days or weeks, Margaret. You can never know how I have enjoyed your companionship."

He would have taken her hand, but she arose as if not noticing the gesture and wandered into the sitting room.

She took a seat at the little old-fashioned organ and began playing. She started an old song, one that he had so often sung in the old days at the high school. He began the song with her, then stopped and listened to Margaret. How strangely familiar her voice, and how sweet.

He went back to the piazza and lis-



Almost any one in these days of "photography made easy," if he uses good plates and developers, can produce a clear, crisp negative. Very often, however, a good negative fails to result in a good picture. The fault in the majority of cases lies in bad grouping and poor arrangement of the subject. Don't begin by making portraits. Of course, every one tries this, the result being very often freaks and curiosities which astonish and bewilder us. The professional knows that a special lens is necessary for a really good portrait, which, however, would give him but poor results were he to use it for landscape work.

Suppose you take a house for a subject. It seems easy to make a picture of a building, but a little study will show you that there are several important details to be observed. In the first place, don't point your camera directly at the front of the house. You may think that if the sun shines directly on it you'll get a good picture because there is plenty of light. But shadow is necessary as well, and you will secure a better result if you can arrange your camera so as to include not only the front, but one side as well, which, if the front is in the light, will necessarily be in shadow. This will give you a better idea of what the house looks like, as well as a more artistic picture.

Then again, suppose you wish to take a landscape or a view of the street. Choose the view you think best suited for your purpose, but remember that the prettiest view does not always make the prettiest picture. If you're taking a landscape, focus so as to get a good background, and bring the foreground into correct focus by stopping down your lens. Always try to have a shrub, a heap of stones, or some figure in the foreground. If you don't your picture will have a flat effect. A really pretty scene is often completely spoiled by a flat, uninteresting expanse of grass or water in the foreground.

Indoor photography requires a longer exposure, for no matter how strong the light is outside, it is very much diffused when it reaches objects in an ordinary room. If, however, you want to take a picture indoors, try to have as much light as you can from the tops of the windows. Sometimes it is better even to block up the lower halves of the windows. An upstairs room is always preferable to one downstairs.

tened to her sweet girlish tones. She wondered at his abrupt leave taking. Quitting the organ she went out on the porch. Rex came toward her.

"Margaret," he faltered, "I love you; can you give me one little word of hope that my love is returned? I am going away tomorrow."

Margaret stepped back and looked up into his face in astonishment.

He saw the look.

"I know that you are surprised," he said eagerly. "I have only known you three weeks. Yet I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Rex," she answered softly, laying her hand on his arm, "you do not love me, you only love my beauty, and it will fade. I am Marjory Atherton."—New York Evening World.

NEW MINT IN PHILADELPHIA.

Will Not Be Ready for Occupation Before May Next.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new mint building at 16th and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, but Contractor McCaul does not think it will be completed before May 1, the time named in his contract. The building is being constructed of gray granite from Mount Desert and will be plain in style except in the numismatic room, the decorations of which will be on a magnificent scale. Many rare kinds of marble will appear in this room. The entrance in Spring Garden street will also be somewhat ornate. The carvers



PHILADELPHIA'S NEW MINT.

are at work at this point, but find their work difficult, the granite being very hard. The grain is coarse and tough, rendering it difficult to get the smoothness necessary for every piece used in the building. The carvers have been at work on the stone for more than a year.

Within the walls workmen are still busy putting in place the rafters. Several huge boilers have been built in already, but none of the new machinery has been brought to the building yet. No machinery will be put in place until the interior is completed. All machinery will be of the latest design. Only a few machines will be moved from the present mint.

DRIVING OUT THE HOODOO.

Marcus Daly's Story of How a Southerner Changed His Poker Luck.

Marcus Daly, the Montana millionaire, tells of a poker game with some peculiar features. "The game," said Mr. Daly, "was in progress the second night after we sailed. I don't believe much in hoodoos and signs and that sort of thing, and I don't put much

faith in luck, but I was pretty nearly converted on this trip. A blonde-mustached Virginian named Mack Hardy was a steady loser for the first two hours. He played 'em well, but whenever he had a big hand somebody else always had one just a bit bigger, and on a bluff some fellow with more curiosity than nerve or judgment would call him down. At just 11 o'clock he got up from his chair and walked backward around the table thirteen times, offering no explanation for his strange conduct. On the next deal he had a pair of treys, raised it when it came his say, stood two raises from other players and set it back the limit. Both the others stayed in, holding up an ace—and didn't improve; each of the others drew only one card. Hardy put up a magnificent bluff—I never saw a low hand played better, with all the feints of assured nervousness, frequent glances at his hand, etc.

"He drove one man out who had aces up and had the other on the run, when a gust of wind through the open door scattered the third player's hand, one card getting mixed up with the discards. Of course, that hand was dead—the four remnants of what had been a queen straight—and Hardy swept something like \$375 into his hat. He didn't even have to show his treys, for his opponent had not put up on the last raise, although just about to do so when the wind killed his hand. Now, wasn't that luck? Or what do you

thinking about the thirteen walk-around queering the other fellow's hand?"

"An hour later Hardy took a fresh pack, pinned the ace of diamonds from it on a waiter's shirt front, tore up the other fifty-one cards and then marked a skull and crossbones in creme de menthe on the waiter's shirt bosom just above the ace. On the very next deal, with only three nines on a one-card draw, he bluffed a \$150 pot out of a fellow who held a deuce full! Now what do you think of that?"

Insulted.

Ida—Elmore received a terrible insult this morning.

May—What was it?

Ida—Why, an old lady saw the handle of his golf clubs projecting from the bag and asked him how much he would charge to mend an umbrella.—Stray Stories.

Chinese Present.

Among the Chinese a coffin is considered a neat and appropriate present for an aged person, especially if in bad health