

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

CHAS. F. & ADA E. SOULE, Pubs

TOLEDO ..... OREGON

In the new "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will Eliza cross the river on an automobile?

The Sultan hasn't said that he cannot pay, but he admits that it costs him \$7,000,000 a year to keep his wives in clothes.

A course in accurate counting might well be added to the curriculum of our schools, even if some fad has to be sacrificed to make room for it.

There is a man in Pennsylvania who is penniless, after having spent \$400,000 in two years. Let a good word be said for him here and now. He put it in circulation.

Probably a larger percentage of applicants to the universities would be able to pass the examination in spelling if there were more of the three R's and fewer ologies in our primary education.

The Sultan of Turkey, as a jubilee gift to his nation, remitted all tax arrears of more than fifteen years' standing. This was truly generous of the Sultan, considering that taxes due fifteen years back are so very easy to collect.

The Vanderbilt boys keep on getting their names in the papers, first by taking up the work where father left off, next by getting shaved in Connecticut on Sunday and again by refusing to accept the prize won in a yacht race. Well, these things are better than social scandals, anyway.

A statute similar to the English "corrupt practices" law might eliminate from politics the abuses of the campaign assessment and its attendant corruptions. Then, again, it might not. New York State has some such law, but we do not learn that its politics has been completely purged of evil. Too much dependence is placed on laws, too little on public virtue. De Tocqueville said sixty years ago that the fate of this republic rested wholly on the virtues of its people. This was true then and it is true now.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox calls attention to the promptness with which every one helps the blind or the crippled, and says that we should show the same sympathy for the perverse and the wicked, who are morally blind. We should stop to help them as we would a blind man who asked us to help him over the street. This is a beautiful poetic idea, and in some cases, more particularly with children, it can be carried out. But the trouble is, the perverse and the wicked won't have our help. Nevertheless it is good to strive after ideals, and if the wrongdoer will not let us turn him from his evil ways we can help those who see the error of their ways. We can keep our own hands clean and refrain from pushing our fellows downward.

Great Britain is preparing for the census of 1901, which will virtually be taken in a single day, and is expected to show a population of about forty-one millions in Great Britain and Ireland. During the last week in March next, the enumerators will distribute schedules to heads of families and institutions, and upon these blanks the householder himself must enter the name of every person who sleeps in his house on the night of Sunday, March 31. Then on the following day the enumerator will collect the schedules. By our system the enumerator, who personally interviews the householder and writes down the facts given by him, is allowed two weeks to canvass a city district, and a month for a country district. Each method has its advantages. The British plan is likely to be more exact as to the population; but it is doubtful if it would be successful if answers were required to as many inquiries as are made by the American census regarding each person.

One of the most startling phenomena of the time, says a writer in the London Outlook, is the great decrease in the number of children attending Sunday schools. A safe estimate shows a falling off of 32,000 scholars in one year. The shrinkage is not more marked in one body than in another. The Church of England equally with the other Protestant churches has to lament a loss, and the loss is greater in reality than the mere numbers show, for the population naturally increases every year, and the increase ought to contribute its ever-growing quota to the Sunday school. That it fails to do so suggests an inquiry probably of greater moment than many social questions that make much noise in the world. Why should the Sunday schools have ceased to attract? The most obvious answer is that the days of what was practically compulsory attendance are over. That means, of course, that the churches are losing some of their moral hold upon the parents. The inference seems to agree with the facts. In ceasing to be

dogmatic and to wield pains and penalties, social and eternal, the churches have laid aside one weapon without attempting to replace it by another.

The prominence of the United States in the work of collecting statistics is pretty generally admitted. Our census-taking methods are the subject of study all over the world. Japan has two representatives daily at the census bureau and China one, while attaches of the European embassies are frequent visitors. The census of the United States is sometimes criticised for its slowness, but the methods are painstaking and thorough and statistics are collected on many topics that are ignored by the European governments. For instance, the statistics of manufactures are nowhere so thorough and excite admiration in every quarter. Aside from these the United States has won rank as a gatherer of world statistics. The first and best statistics as to the consumption and production of gold and silver are those prepared by the director of the mint of the United States. The Engineering and Mining Journal is the first to announce the world's production of all metals each year. The weak point in American statistics is in those dealing with municipalities. The lack of uniformity makes it difficult to compile these with satisfactory result. Of late a movement has arisen in favor of such uniformity and it is to be hoped that it will spread, for no class of statistics is of greater importance.

John Murray, head of the London publishing house whose experience entitles him to a respectful hearing, lays down these rules regarding standards of judgment in reading fiction:

1. No work of fiction can really be judged until it has been out, say, six or eight years.
2. No book written to suit a passing fashion and colored with the tint of some issue or psychological "question of the day" is ever likely to have permanent value.
3. If any one wishes to test the books of to-day let him or her keep up a close acquaintance with Robinson Crusoe, the Waverley novels, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot. It is extraordinary how much modern work crumbles under this test.

These rules, especially the first and third, reflect the best sense of experienced readers. Novels, like animals and plants, must submit to the selective process of nature and only the best survive. A new novel may create a furore and be in everybody's mouth for a season. But wait till the frost of judgment comes. Fashions which have to do with what is fleeting come and go. The reality endures, and only those who see the reality and give it human form can command a hearing beyond the hour. If people who have not time to read everything would wait five years after the publication of a book before reading it much valuable time might be saved. The chances are as 10 to 1 they wouldn't read it because it would be forgotten. But they would have the more delight in reading the saved and saving remnant, the one worthy work surviving the stern judgment of taste and thought.

It is a fact that is frequently remarked upon by the observant, although the observant may not be supported by actual statistics, that the new generation of Americans, those of the well-to-do classes at least, is taller and better built than the old. If we watch parents and children walking together—as we may conveniently on a Sunday just before or after church time—we cannot fail to be struck with the fact that, as a rule, the young men are taller than their fathers and the young women taller than their mothers. We also see that they are healthier-looking, with broader shoulders and fuller chests, better complexions and brighter eyes. The reason for this improvement in the race is not far to seek. Physiologists have long been interested in the study of growth, and although they do not yet know why it progresses up to a certain point and then stops, they have learned something of the influences that accelerate or retard it. We know, of course, that a man's size depends upon the rate of growth as well as upon its duration, and hence anything that makes it progress at a more rapid rate during the allotted period will result in a larger man. In observations upon puppies and rabbits it has been seen that growth is favored by all conditions that promote health—exercise, fresh air, sleep and nourishing food; and is retarded by the opposites. In children also it has been noted that growth is more rapid in country homes than in city tenements, during vacation than during school time, in summer than in winter; that is to say, it is favored by the same conditions as those which are advantageous to puppy growth. These conditions exist at the present day in fuller measure than they have ever done in the past. Golf, tennis, bicycling and other outdoor sports, an increasing appreciation of the value of good ventilation in our houses, a gradual disuse of the frying-pan, and in general a more reasonable, and consequently hygienic, way of living, are the agencies at work in making our children the superiors physically at least, of their parents.

## STYLISH HATS FOR FALL



### SCHREIBER STOLE A FORTUNE.

Elizabethport Bank Clerk Squandered \$40,000 to Please a Woman.

Elizabethport, N. J., furnishes a startling case of a young man who, fascinated by the glamour of the wild life in which women, wine and horses are the principal features, stole from his employers to meet the expenses of his fast living. William Schreiber, a bank clerk, became a fugitive from justice, his aged mother was placed at death's door as a result of the shock, and the directors of the bank where he was employed must make good the amount he stole—\$100,000. A reward of \$5,000 was offered for his capture.

Schreiber is 24 years old and entered the Elizabethport Bank a few years ago. His attentiveness to his duties speedily gained him a good position. About two years ago he began to affect the airs of a man about town and was known as a good fellow. The bank directors suspected nothing, however, until he failed to return from his summer vacation and investigation showed the enormous extent of his defalcation. The detectives discovered the facts which constitute a remarkable story.

Much of Schreiber's stolen money went to the support of Mrs. Anna Hart, a belle of the New York Tenderloin. It is estimated that over \$40,000 was spent for jewelry, horses and carriages, dresses, etc., for this woman. She first met young Schreiber two years ago,



SCHREIBER AND NAN HART.

and she has ever since, in the language of her class, "played him for a sucker." The young man became infatuated with her, and spent thousands of dollars. There was high flying, winging and dining, theaters for the woman and all her friends, horses and carriages and clothes and diamonds. Mrs. Hart introduced her Willie to all her set. His money put her on the top wave in the Tenderloin. Joe Vendig was one of her friends. She made the bookkeeper and the bookmaker acquainted. It was a fine thing, the young Jerseyman who had worked for \$900 a year in Elizabethport thought, to know this friend and patron whose name was constantly in the newspapers, who knew all the prize fighters and gamblers in New York. "Circular Joe" was good to the boy who had both money and sporting blood. They went around to the prize fights together. They bet on them together, and according to Joe they made money. They "bunched their bets," the youngster following the veteran's tips. Altogether, according to Vendig, they profited more than \$7,000 apiece. But Schreiber's share did not do him much good. He spent it on the woman who was leading him about by the nose and showing him high life in the Tenderloin.

While she was showing him life in the Tenderloin, he was doing his best to show her a little high life outside of it. Last fall he sent her down to the

Lakewood Hotel, where her gowns and her jewels were just as resplendent as any that the swellest of the swell could sport. Later nothing would do for the high-flying woman but she must needs go to the Paris Exposition. It cost her ardent Jersey financier a pang to have her go while he must stay to steal the wherewithal to pay for the trip, but he did not deny her. She went and he remained. About the first of August she returned, gorgeous beyond compare with new Paris raiment. She went through the Tenderloin with a splurge that rent the heart of every jealous rival.

When Schreiber disappeared an attachment was placed on all her goods and the bank directors hope to recover from her some of the stolen property. She says that Schreiber never gave her more than a gold ring and a poodle and says she will fight for her property.

### GREAT NAPOLEON'S DOUBLE.

His American Cousin So Like Him that He Was Excluded from France.

"During the next ten years the cherished ambition of Mme. Bonaparte was to marry her son, Jerome, to a girl of rank," writes William Perrine of Elizabeth Patterson, the American wife of Jerome Bonaparte, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Various plans were meditated, particularly his proposed marriage to one of the daughters of Joseph Bonaparte, who was then living in comfortable exile at Philadelphia and at Bordentown, New Jersey, and who was even solicited to place himself actively at the head of the Bonaparte interest in France after the death of Napoleon at St. Helena. But 'Bo,' the pet name she gave her son, was little inclined to help along these matrimonial speculations. Her especial desire was that he would not fall in love with an American, and that he would always bear in mind the possibility that the French people might call a Bonaparte like him their throne.

But all Mme. Bonaparte's darling hopes for her son were doomed to disappointment. In 1829, while she was in Europe, she learned that he had married an estimable young woman in Baltimore. While the second Jerome Bonaparte, who was a graduate of Harvard College, was never naturalized as an American citizen, he became a highly respected gentleman both in this country and abroad. It was frequently observed in Europe that he resembled his uncle, the great Emperor, more than Napoleon's own brothers or any other of his kinsmen. Indeed, his figure, the cast of his head, the regularity of his features and his eyes were so much like the Emperor's that there was some fear in France during the Louis Philippe monarchy that the resemblance might stir the Napoleonic affections of the people, and he was forbidden from visiting Paris even while traveling incognito."



Half of the quarrels between a man and his wife start when she is doing up her hair.

We could stand having our enemies hate us if our friends would only love us, but they don't.

After a girl gets married she tries to look at an old maid as if she was some kind of a curiosity.

No man could ever live for very long with the kind of woman that always means more than she says.

Half the girls you meet are either pretty or clever. The other half are ones who would make good wives.

Nothing makes a woman buy a thing she doesn't want so quick as to have the clerk act like he thought she couldn't afford it.

## BABOON AS A SOLDIER.

Man-Like Animal the Pet of a British Regiment in South Africa.

During the war in South Africa the amusing mad boulevard Parisians became sadly wrought up about a rumor that the British were using trained baboons and even gorillas to fight the Boers. France seized on the story with avidity, for it pointed at once to a pleasing shortage of men in the British army and a satisfying ferocity.

The entire story grew out of the fact that one British regiment, the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles, really did have attached to it an immense baboon as the official pet of the soldiers. He had been caught on the Fraserburg road, and Sergeant Pearson took him under his personal charge. It was not long before the man-like animal had made himself at home, and after the first engagement, he took a positive delight in the sound of artillery fire. When the troops were crossing the Vaal River, General Warren rode up to the officers of the D. E. O. V.'s and demanded, in hot rage, what in the name of the God of War he meant by leaving the wagon with the men's kits in charge of a monkey. Investigation showed that the conveying soldiers had missed the road, and that the ba-



JOCKO EMPTIES A CANTEEN.

boon, who had stuck to the wagons, was working bravely, picking up the kits as they rolled off and holding fast to movable articles that were bouncing up and down wildly, as the wagons jolted along the rocky road.

Not long afterward the monkey was playing with the men in the Maxim detachment when the Boers attacked fiercely. A terrible fire was poured in on them, and the colonel and several men fell mortally wounded. Jocko, instead of scampering away, imitated the action of the survivors and sought cover. He found it behind an upturned leather bucket, and remained there, showing no fear, but taking infinite pains to keep out of the way of projectiles.

This exploit made him a popular favorite with the entire army corps, and the men even excused him when they discovered, during an arduous march in heat and dust, that Jocko had found out how to unscrew the stoppers of the canteens, and that he had drunk or wasted almost all the water of the regiment.

## TALKS ON ADVERTISING

If you want business in this end of the century, you must go after it in an "end-of-the-century" manner.—Rhode Island Advertiser.

If an advertisement is so plain that the veriest dunderpate cannot mistake its meaning, it will certainly not be misunderstood by others whose mentality is of a higher character.—Printer's Ink.

Advertising is the foe of monopoly. If advertising should cease, it seems probable that all business would eventually drift to two or three of the largest dealers in each commodity.—Profitable Advertising.

The merchant who would leave a city for New York in a stage coach to-day instead of a Pullman would not be further behind in business principles than the man who quietly sits down without advertising and expects the rapid moving, hustling world to bother itself in hunting him up so as to do business with him.—Huntsville (Ala.) Tribune.

Advertising promotes cordial relations between seller and buyer. Newspaper readers become interested in an advertisement which appears daily, and quickly feel a like interest in the advertiser, speaking of him as familiarly as they do of personal friends. These relations are not only desirable but necessary in business, for upon them wholly depends the merchant's success.—Philadelphia Record.