

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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TOLEDO.....OREGON.

If it wasn't for silly hens the fox would not have his reputation.

Steps are being taken to cultivate American oysters in Europe. Where will the invasion end?

When it comes to word painting poets and novelists are not in it with sign writers.

Some claim that co-education encourages matrimony. Why not? Isn't matrimony co-education?

The new process of making silk without the services of the worm will not cause the worm to turn.

If men were half as good as their obituaries the recording angel would have to look for another job.

That Marylander who tossed a lighted cigarette into a keg of powder had the makings of a great chauffeur.

Oil has been discovered in Africa. That continent may now prepare to get itself connected with us by pipe line.

The Dowager Empress of China and the boxers seem to have forgotten that lesson taught by the powers not so very long ago.

A New York City magistrate says that women have a legal right to smoke. The average man would not object to their smoking so much as to their habit of flaring up.

Montreal physicians have discovered that electricity will cure consumption. This makes the fifty-seventh consumption cure that has been discovered during the past six months. Why will people still insist on dying of consumption?

A literary excavator has dug up and revamped the old charge that most of Alexandre Dumas' novels were really written by his staff of secretaries. If there is any foundation for the charge it would pay most of our modern novelists to try the secretary plan likewise.

Dr. Hillis says: "I sometimes think that the only hope for society is to get all the authors in a corner and shoot them for a generation, till we could assimilate what we already have." It may be recalled that Dr. Hillis has added something to the making of books himself.

There is nothing in all this world quite so irritating as overassumption of responsibility. Irresponsibility can be better tolerated. The man or woman—there is no distinction of sex in the matter—who goes about the world seeking whom he or she may rebuke, the person who is charged with a mission, is of all men most misery-making. He chants with Titanic glee, "The times are out of joint," and there is no lamentation in his declaration that he is born to set them right.

When one loses command of himself and throws the reins upon the neck of passion, he may have for the moment a certain enjoyment in the license; but there must surely come a reaction of regret. When he is calm again, and the fit has passed away, every serious person must be ashamed of what he said and what he did, of the manner in which he gave himself away, and the exhibition he made of himself. He will recall the amazement on the faces of his friends, and the silence which they adopted as a protective measure, and the soothing language which they used, as if they were speaking with a baby, and the glances which passed between them. He will not soon be thought the same of with them as he was before this outburst, nor will he have the same claim upon their confidence as a sound and clear-headed man. He has acted like a fretful, peevish child, and has for the time forfeited his title to manhood and the place of a man.

It takes little to cause divorce in these days. Almost any excuse will serve. But it has remained for the Postmaster General of the United States to furnish a cause that is valid and widespread. His order forbidding man and wife to hold clerkships in his department has furnished the divorce mill much new grist to grind. Many clerks prefer to give up their marriage relations rather than their pay. It is always easy to get another husband or another wife, but it is not always easy to get another good job. One woman clerk, drawing \$1,400 a year, announces that she and her husband, who draws \$1,800, have decided to part. "He has always spent his salary," she says, "and I have always spent mine." Neither cares to spend less. The only alternative is divorce, and divorce is cheap and easy. It would be interesting to know by what curious reasoning a man and woman,

divorced, will be any more satisfactory to the Postal Department as clerks than they are married. If there is any sense in the theory that marriage robs a woman of the right to be a wage-earner, then there is good sense in the universal tendency toward divorce, not only in the Postoffice Department, but everywhere else. There are conditions that unfit a married woman for regular employment outside the home. But no such condition lies in marriage itself. Many childless wives, with little turn for household duties, may do as excellent service as women that are unmarried or divorced. Many wives are justly proud of the ability to maintain their own resources, and even contribute to the household fund. It is a laudable pride and a worthy ambition. The government is in small business when it makes a sweeping discrimination against these. If the government is to throw its own ponderous weight into the scale at all, it should be on the side of wedlock, and not against it. Of course, it is easy to say that a marriage which holds together so loosely is better dissolved. But the loss of half the family income is no small matter, especially when the whole of it has barely sufficed.

The country mouse envies the city mouse. The country wife thinks with longing of the concerts, the theaters, the tempting shops and the congenial people of the city, and compares them with the solitude, the drudgery, and the poverty of resource offered by village or farm. But the country woman has one treasure that many of her city cousins may well covet. She takes it for granted—as she takes the sky, the air and the music of her children's voices; to a great many city women it has become a lost dream. It is a home—a real home, where the chairs and the dishes and the beds and the walls and the roof belong to the family; where a new curtain or a new rose-bush is a permanent acquisition; where even inconveniences are problems to be solved, not miseries to be endured. The city family of moderate means is driven more and more frequently to the boarding house, the hotel or the apartment house. One is scarcely better than the others so far as the gracious atmosphere of home is concerned. Poor and expensive service, high rents in the city, railway expenses in the suburb, the perplexities of market and kitchen and furnace and sidewalk dismay more and more the men and women in the city. The boarding house offers relief, and the tired housekeeper flutters to it, as a moth to the candle, regardless for the moment of what she is losing. When she realizes that her home has gone, the whole family may have acquired the hotel habit, a habit as pernicious as it is permanent. One after another the selfishnesses that flourish in a home have dropped away. In their place have come a passion for ease and a cynical disregard of the finer sacrifices of domestic life. This is the dark side of the picture. Life may be well lived anywhere, but it is a deeper truth that a real home is the best soil for the cultivation of family love and of mutual helpfulness.

There be many who have been wont in times past to cast a sympathetic tear in pity for the lonely spinster, because of the dire fate that made her spouseless. The facts seem to show that these tears should have been shed for the bachelors instead. The bachelor's one to be pitied, not the maid. How often have we heard it said that the spinsters, some of them at least, cry out, as they wend their lonely way through life: "Anything, good Lord, will do." All of which is a misconception of the real state of affairs. Instead of the maid saying, "anything will do," she is clearly entitled by the overwhelming argument of numbers, to say, "Let's see the stock. If you've got anything that suits, well and good; otherwise, take it away. For there are others." The census shows that there are in the United States, 6,726,779 bachelors of marriageable age, and only 4,195,446 spinsters above the age of 20. Who's the joke on if it isn't on the bachelor? There wouldn't be enough of the fair sex to go around if the law required all men to be 30 before allowed to marry and fixed the age of girls at 17. Think of it, 2,531,333 men in this country who couldn't buy Easter bonnets for their wives if they wanted to, even after every maiden in the land had wed. Just exactly that many women have, by the good offices of the census man, been translated from the unenviable class of those who "would but can't," to the ranks of the "can but won't." It has given a new dignity to the feminine unyoked, a new status to the unlinked lass. There are, it seems, one and three-fifths men for every woman, leaving out the widowers, who are sometimes as much given to marriage as their never-mated brothers. For a decade, or more, girls can pick and choose, glean and garner, turn down right and left, play with many hearts with impunity, while men are having a life-and-death bargain-counter scramble to get a wife before the supply gives out.

Money is king—and at the same time a very interesting subject.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IMPOSSIBILITY OF SOCIALISM.

By Rev. Dr. Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.



REV. DR. HILLIS.

Massing individuals into a compact body will never better our country. If we want a great State we must have great individuals. We can never get a great republic out of a company of vagrants, rowdies, people who are willing that others should work for them. That is why socialism is one of the great evils threatening our nation to-day. Its growing strength is not to be despised. It has elected four Mayors in New England and unless a check is put upon it it will elect forty in the near future. It is a trust which paralyzes the individual far more than the other trusts which weigh against the country's interests. It divides up until what is parcelled out is unsatisfactory to all who have a share in the division.

Suppose there are forty houses in a block, and instead of each man owning one for himself and keeping it in order each man owns one-fortieth of the house he lives in and one-fortieth of each of the others. Will he care as much if the stoops are swept off on a snowy morning, and will he keep the back yards in as good order as if it was his own house? Every man's home is his castle. He has given his promise to one woman and she has sworn fealty to him. But suppose socialism steps into pian this home according to its rules. Do you believe that their children will be better if reared by nurses appointed by the State, as socialism decrees? Socialism in other domains would be just as objectionable.

Submerge the individual in the State, as socialism ordains, and you destroy domestic institutions—stifle the life blood of the nation. Better let every man bear his burden and in his purpose to succeed he will do far more for the world than if he were a mere atom in a great industrial creation.

COMMERCIALIZED MARRIAGE.

By Milla Tupper Maynard.



"If a man has got enough ahead to go to a hospital when he is sick he is a fool to get married," said a man who had learned wisdom from experience. Most men would, without being sure of the hospital, leave themselves even in sickness to the mercy of the landlady father than marry, if they believed that the woman was taking account of stock in this business like fashion. It is a marvelous thing that sentiment holds its own at all in the face of the tremendous pressure put upon it to surrender to financial expediency. Yet it does hold its own to an extent which makes this cold-blooded slander largely uncalled for. Commercial marriages exist, they are not a matter of course. Among the parasite class of women, the idle, helpless daughters of wealthy or burdened daughters of wealthy or burdened men, only good fortune can save a woman from thinking of marriage as a change of bankers which must be prudently considered.

Thank heaven all women are not parasites. The majority of husbands are poor men on an income so small that the women who marry them will not be unduly tempted by dazzling perquisites. The "home" may tempt, but it will be the sentiment of home and not its upholstery. The opportunity to work hard for board and clothes would be available without selling oneself for the privilege.

The shoe of existing industry pinches chiefly for the poor in the uncertainty of continued employment, and hence among the more prudent sentiment and marriage sometimes are denied for conscience sake. Whatever the station in life, the commercial side of marriage sooner or later makes its appearance, no matter how the individual may seek to free himself or herself from it.

The independent working woman is the greatest safeguard against the mercenary marriage. If woman's modern

activity does nothing more than save many of them from marrying for a home, it has a redeeming influence. If all women had much to sacrifice or interrupt by marriage it would, in a large measure, protect men from being chosen as a kind of bargain sale endowment policy.

There is no danger that any "career" or ambition will tempt a woman to refuse the home call if she is a normal woman, and if she is not, society is the gainer and the man interested fortunate because of her refusal. Where no incentive draws toward marriage except those inherent in nature and the human soul, there will be few misfits.

There will never be ideal marriages until women, and men as well, may feel certain that work is assured for short hours at any time it is desired or all the time, at a generous wage. Then the question of home and children will become the disinterested personal question it should be, and never vitiated by sordid motives or painful, hopeless bondage.

THE HANDICAP OF WEALTH.

By Chauncey M. Depeu, U. S. Senator from New York



C. M. DEPEU.

The young man who is born rich is seriously handicapped for success in life. He hasn't the spur of necessity, and unless he is peculiarly trained and more than ordinarily organized he has little ambition. The world is too easy for him. Its temptations are about him on every side with bad habits which make him worthless, or laziness or idleness which makes him useless. Of course, there are a few sons of rich men who have successes in life, but they are so exceptional their cases are very marked and remarked.

By being born poor I do not mean extreme poverty. Granted that with the advantages of the public schools the boy's parents can give him a first-class education and then he has to make his own career, the spur of necessity will arouse every faculty which helps make success. With moderate success comes ambition, and as his spheres of activity enlarge he acquires a sense of power. He learns the value of temperance and character. He knows by experience that health and industry can accomplish almost anything and carry its possessor almost anywhere. As he grows in position, wealth and influence he is the more thankful every day for the condition which compelled him to do his mightiest or drop out of sight.

The vast majority of those who start under the conditions that I have mentioned live long and prosper. From their number come those who move the world and govern it, who are its masters in business enterprises, its leaders in the professions, its statesmen and rulers, its men of thought and action.

THE GUM-CHEWING HABIT.

By Rev. Dr. George F. Hall, of Chicago.



REV. DR. HALL.

When I see a woman mouthing gum in public I feel like shouting: "If those women must chew let them take to the basement!" To-day on street cars, in theaters, at ball games and races, in the parlor and everywhere it is a common sight to see girls and women of mature years chewing gum. It is a habit which has scarcely a redeeming feature, and I for one wish to use all the influence I have in discouraging the same. It distorts the face, induces excessive saliva and gives the breath a sickening, drug-store-like perfume. While I cannot say that it is particularly injurious, I can most assuredly say that in public at least gum-chewing is indecent. A bevy of waxtwisters always suggests to me insipidity in conversation and rudeness of manners.

GREAT BUDA-PESTH BRIDGE.

Classed as One of the Handsomest Viaducts in the World.

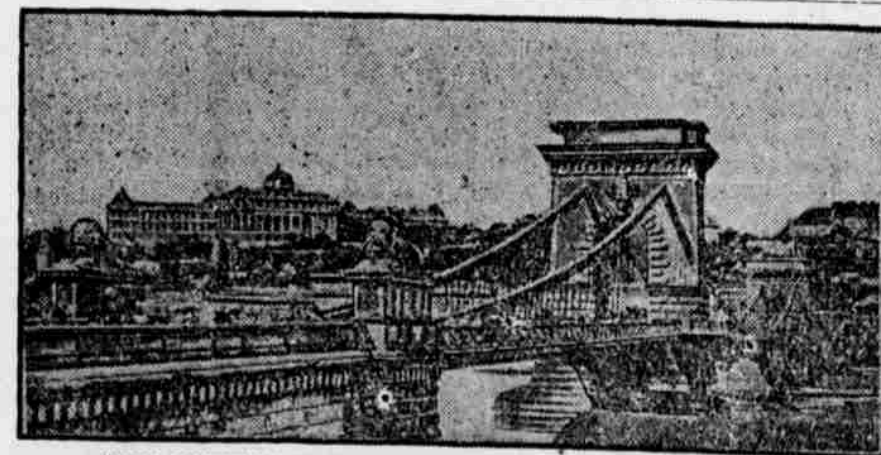
Some engineers think the Ketten suspension bridge at Buda-Pesth is the finest viaduct in existence. It does not begin to be as big as the Brooklyn bridge, but in symmetry, in massive-

Left-Eyed People.

The man who spends half his time trying to classify people said he never saw so many left-eyed passengers in one car.

"What do you mean by left-eyed passengers?" asked his companion.

"People who use their left eye more than their right," was the reply. "The species is not common, and of course



THE KETTEN SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT BUDA-PESTH.

ness, in artistic adornment, the one linking Buda and Pesth is a beauty. It cost \$3,000,000 and was completed in 1854. That for Brooklyn was modeled from this one and was built twenty years afterward. A cantilever viaduct is the latest thing to make another roadway above the water between the cities. The calculations of the engineers did not come out correctly and when it was thought the huge framework was ready for traffic a serious mistake was discovered and new levels for supporting the crossing are now being made to right matters. Several millions have been expended in this noble passageway of steel which embodies the latest ideas in the bracket principle of bridge support. The superstructure is painted red and looks very impressive, as the top is 150 feet above the water.

none but a student in ocular science would be able to detect offhand the few whom we do meet. A left-handed person advertises his peculiarity at once; but not so the left-eyed man. As a rule it takes an oculist to determine which eyes has been used most, but there are certain peculiarities of the pupil and lid that may be taken as pretty sure signs by the trained observer.

"Left-eyed people are made, not born. Most of us have been blessed by nature with eyes of equal visual power, but the attitude we strike reading or writing causes us to exercise one eye more than the other, and the first thing we know we are right or left eyed. This is a one-sidedness that should always be taken into consideration when buying glasses. A right-eyed man with left-eyed spectacles, or

vice versa, is at a decided disadvantage, and it is the optician's business to see that he is properly fitted."—New York Times.

Circumstantial Evidence.

It is a rule, to which good lawyers usually adhere, never to tell more than one knows. A newspaper tells a funny story of a lawyer who carried the rule to the extreme.

One of the agents in a Midland Revision Court in England objected to a person whose name was on the register, on the ground that he was dead. The revising barrister declined to accept the assurance, however, and demanded conclusive testimony on the point.

The agent of the other side rose and gave corroborative evidence as to the decease of the gentleman in question.

"But, sir, how do you know the man's dead?" demanded the barrister.

"Well," was the reply, "I don't know. It's very difficult to prove."

"As I suspected," returned the barrister. "You don't know whether he's dead or not."

The barrister glanced triumphantly round the court, but his expression gradually underwent a change as the witness coolly continued:

"I was saying, sir, that I don't know whether he is dead or not, but I do know this: They buried him about a month ago on suspicion."

Just One.

Others besides Dogberry have been ambitious to be "writ down" in character.

Public Opinion says that a South African constabulary commander wrote to a local troop officer, asking if there were any donkeys in camp.

The reply came, in the troop officer's handwriting:

"Yes, one—R. H. Symes, captain." The nickel jingles as loudly in the contribution box as the \$5 gold piece—and much more frequently.