

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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TOLEDO.....OREGON.

If you would be a man of mark, let the tattoo artist get his work in on you.

A dealer in old iron may know nothing of prize fights, yet he's familiar with scraps.

Sir William Hingston says there is danger in the surgeon's knife. We have for some time suspected as much.

It's wonderful how easy it is for a small man to swallow his anger when the other fellow happens to be a heavyweight.

Just as the Pacific cable is being laid Marconi has fixed things so that cables are not needed. Why couldn't he have made his plans public a little earlier?

Sitting Bull's son now stands on a western railroad embankment as the motive power of a shovel. In the long run the spade is mightier than the tomahawk.

Although the paragraphs are aware that the name of the new French minister to Venezuela is Weiner, none of them has yet suggested that he is probably the Wurst.

The cake walk has been exported to Paris, and, like many California wines, will doubtless be imported after a little as the genuine French article. They call it the danse du gateau.

An Ann Arbor professor has discovered seven new posons. The old favorites, however, will still continue in demand, and answer all legitimate and illegitimate purposes of destruction.

Dr. Lorenz says he is going to work only half the time after he is 50 years old. Dr. Lorenz isn't working on a railroad. If he were he might be glad to have a chance to work even a quarter of the time after he has had his fiftieth birthday.

A man who had lived by begging, who had slept in ash barrels, and whose clothes were the cast-off garments of other people, died in Toronto the other day, leaving \$100,000 in cash. This proves conclusively that it can't be taken along.

Advertisements signed by a Shanghai Chinaman which have recently appeared in some of our American periodicals have a quaint, delightful flavor of that wisdom which is world-wide. "I want smart youth sell my Chinese curios," announces the Shanghai man. "If he catch much business, he earn many cash." This is worthy of Ben Franklin himself. To be sure, Franklin would have used different words, but he could not have stated the fact more concisely.

Ibrahim Khan Dovlet, who has recently been appointed Persian ambassador at Athens, is said to be the first ambassador sent from Persia to Greece since Darius sent heralds in 491 B. C., to demand earth and water from the Greeks as symbols of submission to him. The Athenians made arrangements to welcome the Persian this time with imposing ceremonies, as they do not intend to kill him, as their ancestors did the messenger of Darius. Although Persia has had no minister in Greece for more than twenty centuries, it has been represented in Athens by a consul in recent years.

The "affair of honor," as the duel is called in France, is, fortunately, disreputable in the United States. Nevertheless, this country has its own affairs of truest honor. A New York banker, who eight years ago was overwhelmed in a financial crash, recently paid the \$700,000 from which the bankruptcy courts had relieved him. In 1894 he was so poor that he had to borrow money for a railway fare. Today, by honorable business methods, he is again a millionaire. Some years ago another New York banker, who had once failed for a large amount, gave a dinner to all his former creditors. Under each plate, attached to the name card, was a check covering the debt and interest which, in honor, although not bound by law, he owed to each guest.

The child born in the United States a hundred years hence will live longer than the child born in 1900. That is to say, his chances of greater longevity will be assured under normal conditions of birth and living. This does not interest the youngsters born in 1900 or those born in 1800, but it is the most important fact disclosed by the vital statistics of the twelfth census. It shows that the average length of life in the United States is slowly but steadily increasing. Ten years ago the average length of life was thirty-one years, while the last census shows it to be thirty-two. This means—if the same rate of increase is maintained—that the average length of life in

the year 2000 will be forty-two years, and, incidentally of course, the number of centenarians, as well as those who pass the scriptural milestone of threescore and ten, will be greatly increased. While this advance of one year in length of life in a decade may strike the ordinary individual as very slow progress, if he will only keep in mind the littleness of a century when it comes to measuring the age of the human race he will find himself growing very skeptical as to whether such a rapid increase can be maintained. Much less significance attaches to the figures giving the number of centenarians in this country in 1900, for an occasional centenarian may be found in localities that appear to present few conditions favorable to longevity. The important conclusion to be drawn from the vital statistics is that the conditions of life, including a wider observance of hygienic and sanitary laws, are growing more favorable to longevity of the American people.

After China and India the order of the more populous countries of the world is: European Russia, 106,000,000; United States, 76,000,000; Germany, 56,000,000; Austria, 47,000,000; Japan, 43,000,000; United Kingdom, 41,000,000. In all these countries except the United States the increase from decade to decade is for the most part from the native stock. Of the United States it is said that its population would decline if it were not for immigration, and this fact or assumption is treated in quite an alarming style by J. Weston, a writer for the Nineteenth Century, whose article is entitled "The Weak Spot in the American Republic." Mr. Weston appeals to statistics to show that in Massachusetts there are 1,743,710 persons of foreign birth and foreign parentage in a total population of 2,806,346. "The population of Illinois," he adds, "is 4,821,550. Of these 966,747 are foreign born and 1,498,473 of foreign parentage, so that the proportion of genuine Americans in this typical Western State is no greater than it is in Pennsylvania. In California it is less. The native element is stronger in the South, but it is not due to the productiveness of the American, but to the productiveness of the Negro." Taking the country as a whole, the foreign birth rate has gained on the American birth rate until it is four to one. It is the rule for families to decline as they are more and more removed from their foreign origin. "Nowhere, not even in France, is the problem so serious as it is in the United States. History may be searched in vain to find a parallel for a country dependent on foreigners for its vital strength." Mr. Weston does not go into the causes of the decline, but he quotes approvingly from a writer in the Popular Science Monthly as follows: "We have not so many people as we should have had if immigration had never come to us and the native stock had continued their old rate of increase." It is a question, however, if this old rate would have been continued, and it is doubtful if there is much force in Mr. Weston's warning that "only homogeneous peoples ever become great." Homogeneous at most is only a relative term, and the French, whom he does not rank among the great, are perhaps nearer homogeneous than the British.

Last Chance.

"The keeper in attendance on a guest at a Norfolk shooting party recently looked on with disgust at the gentleman's erratic marksmanship. He was banging away here, there and everywhere, but no birds fell.

"Alm 'igher, sir," advised the keeper. Still the birds flew untouched.

"It ain't the gun, sir, and it ain't the cartridges," remarked the Norfolk man. "Try shuttin' your right eye instead of the left, sir."

But not a pheasant fell. The keeper scratched his head.

"The birds is very strong on the wing this year," he remarked, "but there's one more chance. If I was you, sir, I should 'ave a pop with both eyes shut."—London Answers.

All the Accessories.

"I was coming along New Jersey avenue the other day," said Senator Dubois, "and I saw two little boys playing horse, as I thought. One boy was in a small cart and the other boy was drawing him. Trailing along behind the cart came a most disconsolate-looking little girl, a sister of one of the little boys. I stopped the boys, whom I knew, and said to one of them: 'Tommy, what are you playing?' 'We're playing automobile,' replied Tommy.

"Well, I asked, 'why don't you let sister play, too?' 'She is playing,' said Tommy. 'She's the gasoline smell.'—New York World.

His Daily Exercise.

"Mr. Carnegie is much better, isn't he?"

"Yes, he sat up the other morning and seemed to take a keen interest in life."

"Has he taken any exercise?"

"Yes. He gave away two libraries and a church organ before breakfast yesterday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a man is in love he doesn't know axle grease from butter.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

By W. J. Kinsley, Handwriting Expert.



W. J. KINSLEY.

In the last quarter of a century the identification of individuals by means of their handwriting has been used more and more in criminal as well as civil cases in the courts. Through the handwriting of the individual will shine his personality as in no other thing he does. It is more personal oftentimes than the person himself; as frequently—in fact, nearly always—there is less change in the handwriting from year to year than in the features of the individual. And where changes in the handwriting do occur, the main characteristics remain. A man's personality is mirrored in his writing as it is not even in his photograph.

It is in the natural, wholly unstudied writing that a person's characteristics are plainest shown, and these are the specimens sought for by the expert when called upon to make a comparison. In school and early life we try to acquire a more or less model hand and strive for a certain ideal. The exigencies of business in later life modify this ideal hand until it fits itself into our life in such a way as to serve our purpose by recording our thoughts, stamping our personality on it, and to a greater or less extent reflecting our character. Many people mix character and characteristics. By the first is meant traits of character in the individual; by the second, peculiar and personal marks in the handwriting that establish the identity of the writer. When we attempt to disguise our writing we face the following propositions: 1. We must know all of the characteristics of our handwriting. 2. We must be able to eliminate them at will. If we wish to simulate the handwriting of another person we have the added propositions: 1. We must know all the characteristics entering into his handwriting. 2. We must be able to acquire these characteristics at will. I do not believe there is an individual who lives who knows and can successfully do these things. And but few people even know the characteristics of their own handwriting.

WHEN IS A WOMAN MOST ATTRACTIVE?

By Judith A. Armstrong.



When does a woman reach the height of her attractiveness is a question which has puzzled the opposite sex for ages, and even now male opinion is strangely diverse upon the subject. As a matter of fact, it depends as much upon the man as upon the woman. Some men think that a girl of 18 is without comparison, others that she possesses the most charms at 28, while others again aver that at 38, when she has trained herself to the world, she has greater influence over the sterner sex. Be that as it may, a woman's attractiveness is not regulated by her age, her beauty or her powers to draw admirers, for in the latter case her fascination is not long-lasting. It often happens that the plain girl is the most attractive. The most brilliantly gowned woman, however beautiful she may be, does not necessarily possess the greater attractions. She is admired as one might admire a beautiful picture, but she is not the girl who claims the affections. The clever woman is admired in the same way. She may be intellectual and clever, but she is always lonely. The man feels that he has to look up to her, and a man hates to look up to a woman.

What, then, is the magical thing that makes one woman infinitely more fascinating than another, and draws the opposite sex in whatever sphere she moves? Some might call it individuality, others might term it her personality, but it is really her attitude of mind. It is those moments when a woman is most indifferent, most independent, most herself; it is when she is making least effort to be so that she is most attractive. Some women are born with this calm

indifference, this absolute independence that draws men as the magnet draws needles.

The woman who wishes to be most fascinating, therefore, casts aside her self-consciousness, and interests herself primarily in subjects other than the study of attracting the opposite sex. Let her be domestic and useful, with an individuality of her own, a method of striking out for herself without the assistance of those about her.

CAUSES OF AMERICAN PROGRESS.

By Dr. C. Doenges, Professor in Hannau.



Wherein lies the secret of American success? There are undoubtedly many causes which have led to the marvelous development of that country. A young and energetic race of people of strong vitality took possession of the enormous resources of a virgin continent, fifteen times the area of Germany. The people who left the old continent to find new homes in America were by no means of an inferior character. There is no country in Europe that has not given some of its best men to help in building up the American union. Many were compelled to leave Europe for political, others for religious reasons, but the majority simply emigrated to find an opportunity for remunerative occupation. Whatever the motives of the emigrants were, the latter were of a character considerably above the average of those who remained at home. The men who traveled thousands of miles to find for themselves new homes necessarily possessed more than the ordinary measure of energy and courage. The nineteen millions of people who crossed the Atlantic during the last century had confidence in themselves and in the future, and were seeking, if only in a material sense, a country better than the one in which they were born; they were masters of their own fate.

The United States may be compared with a crucible of continental dimensions. By the melting and fusing together of elements of different nationalities the American nation was formed. The fundamental character of the Americans remained specifically English. This new race had at its command the entire marvelous abundance of natural resources of the new country. Free from all prejudices, traditions, and hereditary institutions, which have been an obstacle in the development of the European nations, the new country freely grew and developed. The first aim of the people was to accumulate wealth. That is still the aim of the Americans, toward which they are striving with all their might and energy, and for that reason they easily overtake their competitors, whose strength and energy is used up in various other pursuits.

THIS A DAY OF SPECIALISTS.

By Arthur J. Balfour, English Premier.



I think we all sometimes envy the lot of those happy people who lived at a time when it was within the capacity of any single individual to master without any undue effort the whole compass of human learning and of human knowledge.

That day has now passed. What will it be in some generations hence? I am almost glad that I shall not live to see that day—a day at which I suppose the specialist will have an enormous and almost unutterable contempt for the generalizer—for the philosopher or the generalizer who attempts to bring within the compass of one survey and one view the general results of human knowledge and where the generalizer will himself feel lost in the mass of knowledge, the mass of detail which will meet the student in every branch of knowledge who really intends to master its secrets.

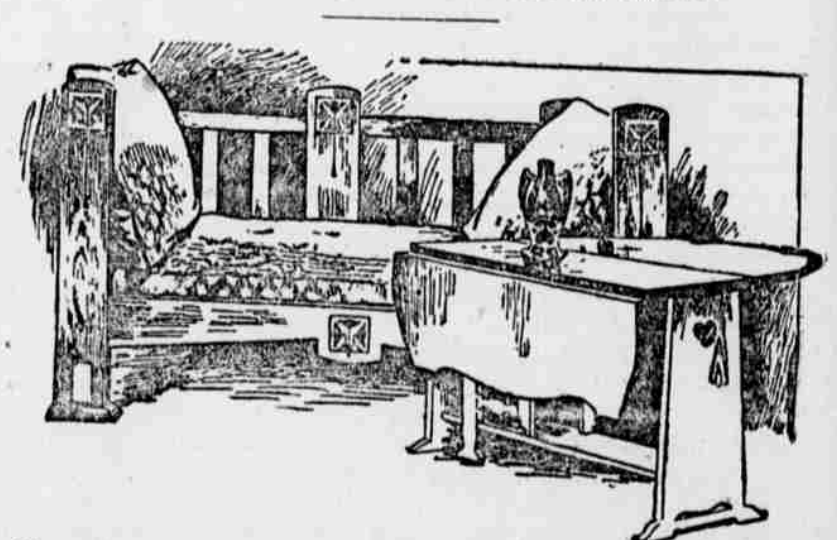
IRON TOMB IN WHICH ITS INVENTOR RESTS.

In the vault which he invented and built as a safeguard against premature burial rests John M. Pursel, who died recently at Williamsport, Pa. While the widow and other mourners stood about the quaint wall of masonry the pall-bearers shoved the coffin into an iron compartment just large enough to receive it. The coffin lid was not screwed down. Immediately craftsman commenced to place a covering of steel over the opening. This was bolted and cemented in such a manner that it could be removed from the outside only by means of violent force. Should the inmate re-



live do not know how to get out. The body of it is of solid masonry and it fits into the side of a hill. Five compartments of cast iron were inserted horizontal-

QUAINT FURNISHING FOR A HALL.



The settee and table illustrated have a distinct individuality, and would find fitting place in the hall sitting-room of some old farmhouse. The settee has an inviting-looking mattress cushion covered with blue-green tapestry (or, of course, any other color or material that may be preferred), and the large quare pillows have an air of substantial comfort well in keeping with its simple yet pleasing construction. The gate leg table forms an appropriate accompaniment, fulfilling the fundamental principle of suitability to its purpose, while it is at the same time pleasant to the eye. One can picture the "Squire's Garden," with its characteristic peacocks and formal trees, helping to make up a room artistically striking and yet with a quiet homely charm rendering it essentially liveable. The effectively shaped vase on the table, soft green in color with oxidized silver mount, is a harmonious detail in the group which must not be overlooked.

one for each member of Mr. Pursel's family. Each chamber is shaped like a coffin and is open at the head end.

All of the steel heads which are to lock the compartments are fitted with combination locks of Mr. Pursel's invention. Should he or the owner of any of the other chambers turn to life the working of the combination from within would loosen the head and give freedom.

Love may be blind, but the average mother-in-law isn't.

When Last Seen.

"I am looking," said the stranger in the mining camp, "for a man of the name of William Jones. I have traced him here, but can get no further record of him."

"The last time I saw Bill," spoke up a grizzled old fellow back of the stove, "he was thawing out a stick of dynamite."—Chicago Tribune.

After a woman has had her thirty-fifth birthday she worries more over getting a bank account than she does about meeting her "fate."