

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

CHAS. F. & ADA E. SOULE, Pubs.

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

They are bringing in the train robbers one by one.

If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants each person's share would be about 23½ acres.

Let us hope Mr. Rockefeller may not have a chance to pay that \$1,000,000 for a new stomach. Oil is high enough now.

Eastern society women have the tattooing craze. And still there are some who look upon a painted Indian as a savage.

Yale students are to collect the voices of all remaining Indian tribes in a phonograph. Presumably Yale is planning a new yell.

That man who pummeled his wife because she declined to join him at prayers probably regards himself as a first-class Christian.

A member of the Reichstag has made the same remark about the Kaiser that the parrot applied to itself after the dog got through with it.

The occasional death of a Filipino sultan doesn't make much difference in the revolution over there. The sultanate understudies are always ready.

We can't all be captains of industry, and we don't expect to be. There are quite a number of us who would be very glad to be first lieutenants retired on half pay.

Aguinaldo wants the United States to make the Filipinos a loan of \$80,000,000. We have no doubt that Ag. knows of a man who would be perfectly willing to handle the money for the Filipinos.

The proposition to limit the amount of wealth which any man may lawfully hold to \$10,000,000 is not meeting with the enthusiastic support from General Coxe that the country has a right to expect from him.

What a pity it is that our learned anthropologists never discover that a man has criminal eyes, mouth, ears and nose until after he has committed a murder! Oh, Science! how many frauds are perpetrated in thy helpless name!

More money is being turned into the "conscience fund" at Washington every year. Either the American conscience is becoming better or more people with troublesome consciences are stealing each year. At present the morals of the case seem a little dubious.

A young man in one of the Northwestern States committed suicide because he was reputed to be the homeliest man in the county. There was a young man in this country once who rose above that kind of handicap and became President of the United States. But "Old Abe" was made of firmer stuff.

Less than one hundred certificates of naturalization were granted to aliens by the British Home Secretary during the month of November. The percentage of applications from subjects of the czar shows that the Russification of England is more probable than the Americanization, since only one applicant was a citizen of the United States, whereas sixty-four were Russians. One petitioner is set down as being the subject of no foreign state, but there is no evidence that he was the famous "Man Without a Country."

Prior to 1880 not a single record for events on standard athletic championship programs was held by an American. They were all credited to Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen. Today, twenty-two years later, Americans hold nearly all the records. That is one result of the "athletic awakening"—the increased interest in outdoor sports in the United States; but it is by no means the most valuable. Better health, sounder, stronger bodies, calmer minds, less tendency to dyspepsia and nervousness—these are worth more than records; they seem in this case to go together.

In thoughts of the figures of the United States it is easy to overlook the rest of the world. There is Russia. When you think of the land of the Czar, in fancy you see snow-covered plains, hear the howling of wolves and the cries of persecuted peasants. And you wonder how such a Godforsaken, ice-bound wilderness can support so many tens of millions of people. It isn't ice-bound, the wolves do not howl any more strenuously than they do in some parts of the United States, and the peasant's condition is improving right along. The country is prospering. The estimated revenue for 1903 is \$448,516,000, nearly \$3,000,000 a day. A country that can stand that amount of taxation, direct or indirect, is great.

for the income exceeds that of any other nation on the globe. This year the government will put more than \$80,000,000 into new railroads. The affairs of the nation are being so run that the income exceeds the expenses, while in 1902 the value of exports exceeded the value of imports by more than \$150,000,000. As far as industrial progress is concerned, Russia is becoming the United States of Europe.

There can be no denying the fact that at the present time the German sphere of influence in South America is greater than that of the United States or any other power. For many years German colonists have been pouring into Brazil and the other republics of eastern South America. In Brazil and the Argentine Republic there are at the present time no less than 4,000,000 inhabitants either of German nationality or German descent, sufficient in numbers and influence to seize upon the governments of these countries any time they shall elect. Nor is this a contingency far removed. The German colonist is not assimilated, his sturdy Chauvinism and Teutonism is not obliterated or altered by contact with alien conditions and peoples. It is this complexion of the German character, if we give to it the respect which it deserves, which needs provide serious cause for reflection in considering the continuance of our moral and economic dominance in the Western Hemisphere. It is certain that, having the necessary physical power, these Germans in South America will not long permit a continuance of the disturbing and anarchical conditions characterizing the present condition of the countries in which they are domiciled, which prevents any real progress and arrests legitimate economic and industrial advancement. Who, therefore, could measure the danger if these self-same German colonists, in order to safeguard properly the diversified and valuable interests which they have at stake, should deem it advisable to take the reins of government into their own hands?

Over in a corner of Europe hundreds of dark-skinned men are digging up buried cities, and the wise ones have found beneath one set of ruins another, and below that still another, and no man can say how many cities and centuries lie still further beneath the ground. Above, the sands shift with the wind, the sun shines, children are born, grow up and die, and the works of man crumble and decay. Nothing formed by man's hands endures. It is a far cry from the buried cities to a bedside in Cincinnati, where a man lay dying and gazing into the dear face of a sick woman who had been carried to his bedside to take a final look at the man she had ardently loved through the long years. "Mamma," said the dying man, "you have been a good wife and mother. You have never failed me, and I have always loved you. You are a good woman." "Phillip," she said, and there were tears in her voice, "all that you can possibly say of me I can say of you. You were always good to me and to the children. You have made your wife happy." Nothing formed by man's hands endures. But love lasts for the ages. The kindness and sympathy and tenderness that makes a man and a woman cling together, fills their lives with hope and happiness, is a fire that warms humanity. It is pure gold. Time and adversity do not destroy it. It is more beautiful than a field of flowers, and it blossoms and spreads and blossoms again in other hearts, until who shall tell the limits or the life of one good deed? When this man lay dying he didn't think of his medals, his fame, his position, the material things that had come into his life. They were as are the buried cities, builded by man, enduring for a while, to be lost in the future. But the flame of love burned strong and clear in those last days, and those who study mankind and realize the shortness of life and the vastness of eternity must know that the true greatness of the man lay in that treasure that cannot die—love for his family and for humanity.

A Drawback, But—
Applicant for situation (concluding list of his qualifications)—And I am a university graduate.
Employer—Um; and how long is it since you graduated?
Applicant—About six years, sir.
Employer—Oh, well, then, that's not a very serious drawback. You've probably forgotten all you learned there by this time. I'll give you a chance.—Toronto Moon.

The Soft, Purring Answer.
Ethel—Mr. Jones has asked me to go to the theater with him to-morrow night.
Helen—That's strange. He asked me also.
Ethel—Yes. I told him I wouldn't go without a chaperon.—New York Times.

High Art Marked Down.
Speaking of the government in business, perhaps it is not generally known that this government is selling fine engravings cheap. The subject is Martha Washington on the new 8-cent stamp. —Philadelphia Ledger.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IDEALS OF UNIONISM.

By George H. McNeill, Labor Leader.



The violent deeds performed in an industrial battle are as a speck of dust in a cyclone as compared to the great bulk of violence performed in the name of property and law. Intimidation begets intimidation, and some of the workers having learned the lesson by bitter experience use the weapon against others, but intimidation is no part of trade union ethics, ideals or laws. The boycott of third parties may not only be justified, but may be commended. We do not agree that laborers should work all the hours they can. Work under present conditions is a monotonous, mind-destroying operation, and a reduction of the hours of labor to eight or six would be justified if for no other reason than that such labor is destructive. Trades union ideals are exalted as human aspirations are quickened by the divine inspiration of comradeship in the old, old cause of the emancipation of labor and the achievement of equity.

PROSPERITY WILL CONTINUE ITS REIGN.

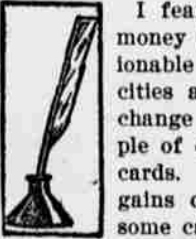
By James R. Keene, Wall Street Financier.



The prosperity of the year 1903 will, I think, in every respect keep pace with that of the years that have immediately preceded it. I have been unable to observe any evidences of retrogression in the situation. Business in every branch continues to be conducted on a profitable basis. Manufacturers are finding a growing market for their output, the farmers are prosperous and happy, and domestic trade will also increase in volume. The railroads will take care of their increased cost of operation by a moderate advance rates, and their physical condition has been brought to such perfection that the large sums heretofore devoted to betterments will now become available for the dividend or surplus account. The only difficulty in the situation is the fact that there is not enough money in the country to transact the people's business.

GAMBLING A GROWING EVIL OF SOCIETY.

By Julia Ward Howe.



I fear that the evil custom of playing for money has made considerable progress in fashionable society. Heads of families in our gay cities are sometimes made aware of the interchange between their own and other young people of checks intended to cover recent losses at cards. Young ladies are heard to boast of the gains of a season at Newport—these gains, in some cases, exceeding one thousand dollars. We hear of invitations to fashionable houses which are declined by youths of small or moderate incomes, who cannot afford losses at the card table. This feature of our time appears to me a reversion to the habits of a low stage of civilization, in which poverty of object induces the passion for games of hazard which is common among barbarous people.

The better culture attainable in modern society should

do much to eliminate this false impression. Our world is rich in opportunities of social intercourse, young men and maidens meet freely in college, in the fissions and in the diversions appropriate to the youth. Pity were it if this innocent freedom, for mutual help and good understanding, should be subservient to unworthy tastes and dangerous passions. This land of ours the State has prohibited the lottery. The church has set herself resolutely against at fairs.

Public opinion in either avenue ought to set against this cruel love of a gain which necessarily is loss to others. It is a truism among us to-day the exercise and enjoyment of liberty must found itself on good sense and good morals. If we wish to avail ourselves of American freedom we must adhere to American good conduct. The standard of the Puritans enlarged and advanced by a culture more liberal than theirs. It should not be degraded by a course of based upon a conceit of life poor, mean and empty.

TRUSTS ARE CHECKING INVENTION.

By James H. Keene.



The aggregations of capital and the consequent monopolies of manufacturing interests have (1) destroyed the peculiar characteristic, the pride, the passion, and the successful activity of "the Yankee" (2) to the detriment of the public good have perverted, marred, and dwarfed the public benefit of the patent system, have resulted in great loss to our great army of inventors, and have incidentally in loss to the whole great cause of patent counsel; and (3) have, to an alarming extent, destroyed the mainsprings of the inventive genius of the nation—namely; pride of invention and hope of reward which genius more than to all other facts, conditions characteristic is to be justly attributed the great mass of our national prosperity and prestige, both past and present.

A single illustration out of many at hand will show the three great concerns consolidate. The three had been active and healthy competition and practically complete the production of all the tools and machinery used in our largest and most important industries. Prior to consolidation the president of one company devoted one-third of his entire activity, and was assisted by men who were inventors, engineers, or expert machinists and who devoted their entire time and energy to the inventions and improvements which should produce economy, efficiency, speed, quantity, quality, and safety—both in construction and in operation. But after commercial monopoly was formed, the three inventors and those of the other companies were charged, for the patterns of the three companies were pared and "standards" or "leaders" involving that could be made and marketed the most cheaply and answer the purpose were adopted and offered to the public with the implied statement, "Take this and this only take it at our price, or go to."

Will publicity, discussion, a pronounced public sentiment, a public demand, and foreign competition restore "Yankee" to his throne of inventive pre-eminence, or these aggregations of capital and these commercial monopolies permanently dwarfed our inventive activity our industrial supremacy?

A SEQUOIA FOREST FIRE.

Sublime Spectacle Witnessed by John Muir Near the Kaweah River.

In the forest between the middle and east forks of the Kaweah River John Muir met a great fire; and as the fire is the master scourge and controller of the distribution of trees, he stopped to watch it and learn what he could of its ways with the giants. He describes the impressive scene in an article on the sequoia.

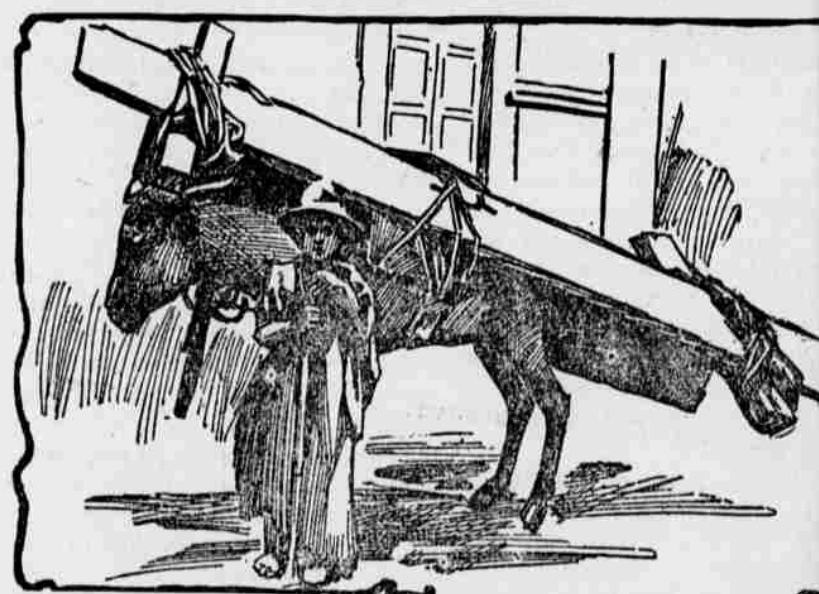
It came racing up the steep chaparral-covered slopes of the East Fork canyon with passionate enthusiasm in a broad cataract of flames, now bending down low to feed on the green bushes, devouring acres of them at a breath, now towering high in the air, as if looking abroad to choose a way, then stooping to feed again, the lurid flapping surges and the smoke and terrible rushing and roaring hiding all that is gentle and orderly in the work. But as soon as the deep forest was reached the ungovernable flood became calm, like a torrent entering a lake, creeping and spreading beneath the trees where the ground was level, slowly nibbling the cake of compressed needles and scales with flames an inch high, rising here and there to a foot or so on dry twigs and clumps of small bushes and brome-grass.

One of the most impressive and beautiful sights was made by the great fallen trunks lying on the hillside, all red and glowing like colossal iron bars fresh from a furnace—200 feet long, some of them, and ten to twenty feet thick. After repeated burnings have consumed the bark and sap-wood, the sound, charred surface, being full of cracks and sprinkled with leaves, is quickly overspread with a pure, rich, furred, ruby glow almost flameless and smokeless, producing a marvelous effect in the night.

The immense bonfires, where fifty or a hundred cords of peeled, split, smashed wood have been piled around some old giant by a single stroke of lightning is another grand sight in the night.

Perhaps the most startling phenomena of all was the quick death of childlike sequoias only a century or two of age. In the midst of the other comparatively slow and steady work of fire one of these tall, beautiful sap-

HUMAN "FREIGHT CAR" IN MEXICO.



In several parts of Mexico all freight is carried on the backs of burly men. Heavy seems the burden which is resting on this patient animal's back. He bears it stolidly, and doubtless never murmurs at his hard fate.

For many generations his ancestors have borne equally heavy burdens in this fashion, and presumably his descendants will continue to bear equally heavy burdens until that golden time arrives when all freight will be carried by railroads.

Mexico, however, is a large country, and some time must elapse before it is thoroughly honeycombed with railroads. Meanwhile these patient freight carriers will continue to form one of the picturesque sights of the country.

lings, leafy and branchy, would be seen blazing up suddenly, all in one heaving, passionate, booming flame, reaching from the ground to the top of the tree, and fifty to a hundred or more feet above it, with a smoke column bending forward and streaming away on the upper, free-flowing wind.

To burn these green trees a strong fire of dry wood beneath them is required to send up a current of air hot enough to distill inflammable gases from the leaves and sprays. Then, instead of the lower limbs gradually catching fire and igniting the next and next in succession, the whole tree seems to explode almost simultaneously, and with awful roaring and throbbing, a round, tapering flame shoots up two or three hundred feet, and in a second or two is quenched, leaving the green spire a black, dead mast, bristling and roughened with down-curling boughs.

What Made Him Feel Badly
Auntie (finding Jackie sobbing in corner)—Why, Jackie, what has happened to make you feel so badly morning?

Jackie—M—ma missed some jelly.
Auntie—Ho, ho! I see. And her pictures fell upon you, eh?

Jackie—No, auntie, it was her per.

Continuing the Trouble.
Mr. Jones—"The trouble with many people in this world is that they don't know enough to quit when they are ahead of the game."

Mrs. Jones—"I know it. I ought to have quit when I got your engagement ring, but I went ahead and married you."

Tell about a child that talked at years old, and nearly all the world will sniff and say their Willie, or talked younger than that.