

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

Hobson threatens to write a novel. Guess who will be the hero of it.

Congress has passed a bill against hazing at Annapolis. The next thing to do is to enforce it.

Carnegie needn't worry. Venezuela refused to take his money; but Venezuela isn't the beginning and the end.

Nevertheless, the preachments of the wise men will continue to have no effect on the size of the average American family.

Now that Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace has decided that the earth is the center of the universe, Chicago is ready to designate the center of this sphere.

Again Dr. Koch is proved mistaken. Dr. Koch's brain seems to have been a breeding ground for the germs of error. That is, conceding that his critics are right.

What a dearth of free advertising there would have been had the actress who was first to have her diamonds stolen been thoughtful enough to copy-right the scheme.

Poultney Bigelow thinks that Germany could whip us out of our boots. Well, it would be a new experience, to say the least, for the United States to be whipped, easily or otherwise.

After all, is there not some sense in what Hetty Green says—that churches which will not pay their debts are not worthy of continuing in business? Honesty is the best policy—except in the matter of taxes.

Germany's war lord is naturally less inclined to emphasize "Love one another," as Professor Harnack suggests, than "keep my commandments," especially as the imperial theologian is likely to mistake the identity of the pronoun.

It is an occasion for public congratulation that the Supreme Court has dealt another blow to the lottery evil. The states have forbidden lotteries to do business, but they still exist and still do business. This final adjudication by affirming the constitutionality of palms and penalties imposed upon those who assist them to do business will make it more difficult for them to do it.

The cheerful unanimity with which the physicians pronounce Dr. Sejourn's pituitary gland theory to be as old as the hills or absolute rubbish affords further demonstration of the great and abiding love which medical gentlemen bear one for another. When every doctor pronounces every other doctor to be a quack—or words to that effect—it is small wonder that the laity occasionally takes the profession at its word.

Canada will perhaps before long realize that this treaty is not designed to submit the case to an arbitration at all, was not so intended by either England or the United States, but is merely a polite means of putting an end to boundary claims in behalf of which England has never been able to advance the first substantial argument and in opposition to which the United States has only to point to the British admiralty globes and maps, which fix the line precisely as the American contention now and always has placed it.

The most astounding discovery in connection with the recent raiding of the "get-rich-quick" men is the character of the men to whom the swindling circulars were sent. Upon the mailing lists are the names of 30,000 clergymen, 100,000 physicians and other professional and mercantile men in proportion. Of course, not all these men "bit." If one in a hundred did so it was enough for the swindlers. But how could any educated man have been so foolish as to expect from the unknown "something for nothing"? How could any moral teacher or any healer of men accept profits which could only be gained at the cost of cheating others?

The utterances of two Presidents—he of Harvard University and he of the United States—on the subject of the threatened extinction of the American family have revived the old talk about a tax on bachelors as a corrective of the pending menace. Doubtless many more women than we suspect have had worthy marriage opportunities at one time or another. Some have grown up with fanciful notions of the kinds of husbands they must have; some have made wealth rather than sturdy manhood the test. Establish a good, stiff tax on voluntary female celibacy and a generation or so would weed a lot of this sort of nonsense out of the sex at large. Let us give the bachelors a rest and try the

effect of a threat, at least, on the fair ones.

In the interests of ante-matrimonial honesty and pre-nuptial frankness, the German courts have given a divorce to a woman who discovered only after marriage that her husband was bald. Before the wedding he nefariously concealed his capillary lack by wearing a wig. The possibility of that ruling invading an American court is food for thought. However, should sweethearts confide to one another their physical decrepitude? Should the kneeling petitioner, asking for his loved one's hand, plead in tender accents: "Dearie, my teeth were made in Syracuse," or "Darling, the glitter of my eye will fade"? And should the coy and blushing maiden, loath to confess but eager to be won, confess, "Take me, though I am not what I seem"? There are many details of make-up, charming to the lover's biased gaze, that lose their glory during the fourth quarter of the honeymoon—the removable complexion, the adjustable hair, the jointed, self-acting anatomy, to say nothing of the thousand and one appurtenances which remain to the end mysteries to the masculine mind. Should all these enter into the matrimonial problem, then indeed a Daulel must come to judgment.

In all the discussion of the size of families which has been provoked by President Roosevelt's words on the subject, it is somewhat surprising that no one has gone back to Herbert Spencer and Walter Bagehot, both of whom considered the question with much care. Both concluded that as men and women became more intellectual, that as their brains and nervous systems grew larger and more complex, they would tend to have fewer children. It is not argued that intelligent parents may not or do not have large families, but simply that with increasing intellectuality the tendency is decidedly toward small families. The theory seems to be that with the strain of modern life and the pressure of the struggle for existence the brain has grown far larger, and that with this increasing brain there is a decreasing fertility. Doubtless this is a correct analysis. But it may be that the strain of life and the struggle for existence operate directly on the prudential faculties, as well as through the effect of the increased brain development. At any rate, there seems to be a natural law at work that we must acknowledge. But Mr. Bagehot goes further and insists that in an age of discussion—such as that which we have and are likely to have from now on—families are likely to be small. He agrees with Spencer that increasing intellectual power has a tendency to check reproduction, but he goes beyond and back of this and argues that nothing does so much to stimulate intellectual power as to live in a country where government by discussion prevails. If all this is true, is it surprising that there should be some decrease in the size of American families? For whether we are markedly intelligent or not, we are certainly prone to discussion. Possibly this matter of race preservation is being very well attended to. Multiplication should be on a diminishing scale. And with the substantial disappearance of the old checks on population, such as war, famine and pestilence, which formerly operated with a deadliness that we cannot now conceive of, and with the saving of life through better medical and surgical care, it may be that there is not such great need for large families as there once was. Nor is it a bad idea to have society recruited from what we speak of as the lower classes, which is what now seems to be going on. There are no indications that this country is soon to suffer from a lack of people to do its work. On the whole, therefore, it may be doubted whether there is any such problem before us as that which the President and those who agree with him speak of. Certainly the admiration of large families simply because they are large has nothing whatever to rest on. Quality must count for something, and the ability of the parents to care for their children must count for a great deal.

A Chinese Joke.

In his recent book on "China and the Chinese," Dr. Giles gives a specimen of Chinese humor which, if the source were not known, might well be mistaken for American humor.

There is a Chinese story which tells how a very stingy man took a paltry sum of money to an artist—payment is always exacted in advance—and asked him to paint his portrait. The artist at once complied with the request, but when the portrait was finished nothing was visible save the back of the sitter's head.

"What does this mean?" cried the sitter, indignantly.

"Well," replied the artist, "I thought a man who paid so little as you paid wouldn't care to show his face."

Cause of White Hair.

Gray hairs at an early age are hereditary in certain families. It is thought to be the result of men with dark hair marrying women with dark hair through several generations.



The electric life-saving hook of J. McKenna, a Scotchman, is a long pole with a hook and an electric light at the outer end. The light is made to glow when seeking a body in the water at night.

The hearing of fishes has been much debated. The presence of an internal ear has given reason for believing in the existence of this sense, but other evidence has led to the conclusion that the function of the ear is to preserve the equilibrium of the fish in the water, sound being felt through the skin and not heard. From late experiments, in which the nerves of the skin and of the ear were cut in turn, G. H. Parker finds that at least one species (*Fundulus heteroclitus*) must hear with the ear.

A phenomenon known as "cavitation" has lately come to be recognized as one of the most important causes of loss of efficiency in the driving screws of steamships. When the velocity of the screw is increased above a certain limit a cavity is formed in the water inside which the screw revolves, and a further increase of power then causes no increase of the ship's speed. Mathematical investigation, tested by practical experiments, has shown that cavitation can be avoided by preserving a certain ratio between the resistance and the propelling surface concerned. Upon this principle the speed of some vessels has been greatly increased by simply changing their driving screws.

The United States consul at Progreso says that the fields and gardens of Yucatan are filled with useful vegetables and fragrant herbs unknown to the outer world. In the cultivated fields are grown species of Indian corn, beans, squashes and tubers for which, in this country, we have no name, because we have never seen nor heard of them. In the forests and jungles grow wild fruits, already excellent in quality, which could be made delicious by scientific cultivation. Mr. Thompson, the consul, avers that there are half a score of wild fruits which offer more promising results to cultivation than ever did the bitter wild almond, which was the progenitor of the peach. There are six varieties of Indian corn in Yucatan, and the natives speak of this plant as "the grace of God."

Mr. E. A. Martel, the celebrated explorer of French caverns, has lately been explaining, before the Academy of Sciences, the remarkable variations in the flow of the great natural fountain of Vaucluse. This fountain, which has been famous for ages, and is connected with the romance of Petrarch and Laura, excites the admiration of all travelers. Arthur Young visited it, during his travels in France on the eve of the great revolution, and gave a delightful sketch of it in his book. The fountain is so abundant with water that it gives rise to the Sorgue, a small river. Mr. Martel says, in fact, that the fountain is the debouchment of a river, which, in the upper part of its course, flows entirely underground; and he explains the curious irregularities in the quantity and the temperature of the water by certain assumptions as to the shape and size of the subterranean cavities that give it passage.

A WORLD'S WONDER.

Such Is the Rapid March of Events in the Great Northwest.

In the Northwest everything seems to have happened within the last ten years; events which would be of epoch-making importance in any country at any time have here crowded one upon another with wanton prodigality, so that the Northwesterner, plumped down in the whirl of great things, can himself hardly grasp their full significance, contenting himself with confused superlatives.

Think of this march of events! It was barely eight years ago that the gold fields of the Klondike were brought to the knowledge of the world, causing a rush of Americans to the Northwest, and building up suddenly a new and important business for the Puget Sound ports, where the miners outfitted and took ship. Following the Klondike excitement, came the various Alaska discoveries, and Seattle and Tacoma were and the the natural headquarters for most of the supplies shipped northward as well as the entry point for the returning miners with their treasure, not a little of which is left to enrich the people of the ports.

Hardly had the gold excitement calmed to the paces of a steady business enterprise when the Spanish War broke out, and these Pacific cities were thrown into the turmoil of visiting battleships and of provisioning and transporting the army of the Philippines. Then came the opening trade with our new insular possessions in the Pacific, the Chinese War and its call for equipment and its stir of soldiery and transports, followed by the recent commercial expansion of Japan, with its trade demands. And now an

element has just entered into the calculations of the coast—the construction of the Panama Canal—which will revolutionize whole departments of the world's trade and exercise a profound influence for good or evil on the cities of the Northwestern coast.

Many of the events, it is true, notably the opening of the door to the far East, are mostly promissory assets; and yet their prophecy of a golden future has not been without its profound effect on the growth of the Pacific cities and the attraction of energetic men with money. To the Pacific ports will ultimately come most of the trade of the Philippines, worth sixty millions annually, and a growing share of the billion dollars or more of the annual business of China, Japan, Siberia and the Dutch East Indies, to say nothing of the large foreign trade of Australia and New Zealand. Alaska, once regarded as a hopelessly distant and irreclaimable waste of mountains and snow, is also progressing with wonderful rapidity, not only in its mines, but in the development of its fisheries and in the utilization of its forests and its agricultural resources, so that to-day the Alaskan trade is of much importance.

While these world events were crowding upon one another, the development of the country tributary to the coast, upon which the solid progress of the cities must ultimately rest, was going forward with unprecedented rapidity. Western Canada was opening to settlement, is opening now, in a marvelous manner; railroads were building; schemes for irrigating the arid lands were in course of development; crop production was increasing; timber was being cut from an almost inexhaustible supply, to supplement the waning forests of Maine and Michigan; coal mines were being opened, and salmon caught—all the forces of industry working together with a rapidity which must always remain a world's wonder.—Century.

Unfamiliar with the Subject.

One of the college clubs gave a reception last fall to the members of the football team. It was a great night for the club. An important game had just taken place, and the home team had won. There were speeches and songs and cheers. Finally some one called for the trainer. For four years he had been responsible for the physical fitness of all the college teams, and he was as proud of their excellence as any graduate present. But his forte was deeds, not words. Finally, however, he got warmed up to the occasion, and this, according to the New York Evening Post, is what he said:

"The only trouble up here," he began, "is the system. It's all wrong, and we're lucky to have as good a string as we've got over there," jerking his thumb at the team. "To illustrate: The cry is 'Every man come out,' but the men that come out ain't any good at their books, and the booky ones ain't strong enough for the field. 'Why, I remember when college opened and the candidates trotted out. I set my eyes on a likely lad, and said to Mr. Lamson and Mr. Briggs, 'He's a find; just what we've been looking for.' Then he disappeared, and I didn't set eyes on him again till last week, when I met him going to recitation."

"'Hey, you,' says I. 'Why haven't you been out?'"

"'Got a condition,' says he."

"'Why don't you work it off?' I asks."

"'Been trying to,' he growls, 'but it's something I never studied before.'"

"'What is it?' says I."

"'English,' says he."

In the roar that followed this naive tale the trainer had hard work to make himself heard. He grew red in the face, waved his hands deprecatingly, and sat down, with the remark, "The system's all wrong."

London First Nights.

It was at the London first night of one of his odd plays that George Bernard Shaw came before the footlights in answer to repeated and enthusiastic calls for the author. He had just opened his mouth to thank the applauders when a voice from the gallery called out, "I think the play was rotten!" Mr. Shaw looked up at him quickly and said, "I agree with you absolutely, but what chance do we two stand against all these others?" It was another play of Mr. Shaw's, one that had been acted at a private matinee, which he quit town rather than see. At the end of the comedy, in answer to calls for the author, the stage manager came out and read a note from the author saying that, having seen the play once, he had gone many miles into the country rather than risk the danger of having to see it again. Mr. McLellan, the American dramatist, who writes under the name of Hugh Morton, also never saw a performance of his uneven but remarkably clever satire called "The Girl from Up-There," and explained his actions by saying that he was paid for writing the play, not for seeing it.—Leslie's Monthly.

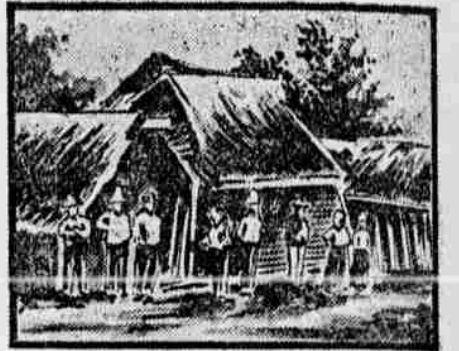
Don't you complain too much, and don't you find too much fault? Think it over.

THE PRECIOUS PANAMA.

North American Craze for Hats Keeps South America Busy.

The Panama hat craze is probably the most expensive fashion ever adopted by men. Lyman J. Gage is said to have paid \$500 for a hat—enough to pay for a trip to Europe or to keep a young man in college a whole year. King Edward gave up \$460 for his, and Jean de Reszke reached the top notch—he paid \$600.

These figures are of course away above the average, but no Panama worth wearing can be had for less than \$25. If you aim to have a hat that may be tucked away in a vest pocket like a lead pencil or slipped through a finger ring you must be in the coupon-clipping class. Nevertheless, in spite of these figures, Panama hats are being sent from South America in ship loads, and about half the population of Ecuador and hundreds of persons in other South American countries are engaged in supplying

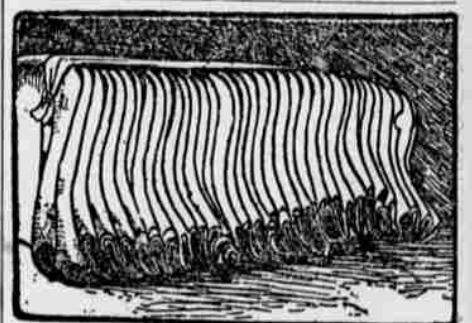


A TYPICAL HAT MAKERS' HUT.

plying hat luxuries for the men of Yankeeedom.

Before 1897 all of these hats were of the shapeless sombrero shape, with a crease across the top of the crown. The shape has been improved, but the method of making the hats is the same as it was many years ago, when they received the name "Panama" because they began to come by way of that place to the United States and other distant countries. The material used in the making of Panama hats is the screw palm, called by naturalists *Carludovica palmata*. It is of the palm family, and is a stemless species, common in all shady places all over Panama and along the coast of New Granada and Ecuador. The leaves, pleated like a fan, are borne on three-cornered stalks, six to fourteen feet high. They are about four feet in diameter and deeply cut into four or five divisions, each of which is again cut. The leaves are gathered while young and stiff, and the parallel veins removed, after which they are split into shreds, but not separated at the stalk end, and immersed in boiling water for a short time and bleached in the sun.

These strands are about a yard long and about a half inch wide. Before they are ready for the braider they are rolled from either edge and become



HOW BANANAS ARE PACKED.

round, and then they are again pressed flat and are ready for the weaver. In order to work the material it must be dipped into water every few minutes. If this is not done the strands become brittle and break. A hat to command a high price must be perfect, and in order that it may be so and have no loose strand, no broken part, the weavers never work in the hot hours of the day, and many of them do their weaving only at night, by candle light.

A first-class hat usually takes about six months to make. The value of a hat depends entirely upon its texture and pliability. One that costs \$500, for example, should be so closely woven as to appear practically smooth to the naked eye. It is, of course, made in one piece, and if the owner has not been cheated he should be able to squeeze his hat through a finger ring. But a hat capable of this treatment is about as rare as a blue diamond.

The craze for Panamas began last year, and since then the Panama hat industry has become more lucrative than any other in that part of South America adjoining the isthmus, and with the prospects of making a fortune in a few years many planters have abandoned the raising of coffee and rice. The mountain passes of the Andes, from Chimborazo northward, teem day and night with large columns of pack mules and ox carts bearing their precious burden to Panama. The streets of Panama itself are flanked with the establishments of hat brokers, and half the city is engaged one way or the other in helping to further this American "craze."

Hopeful Woman.

"Woman is naturally more hopeful than man."

"Yes, there's my wife, for instance; for years past every time she has had occasion to buy fish she has asked the dealer if they were fresh, hoping, I suppose, that some day he'll say 'no.'"

—Philadelphia Press.