

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

About the time a man begins to feel his importance others begin to doubt it.

If a man's children turn out half as bad as he was at their age he thinks the world is growing worse.

It's as difficult to see how money makes the man as it is to see how some men make their money.

Train robbers have begun to operate in South Africa. It must be true, after all, that Pat Crowe has settled over there.

Somebody has written a book of "Sonnets of the Head and Heart." Now let's have some "Sonnets of the Lights and Liver."

If Mr. Rockefeller has secured control of the steel trust, how would it do for him to let the rest of the water out and fill it up with oil?

English authors have organized a society for the temporary suppression of fiction. Move to substitute "permanent" for "temporary."

China will perceive that the United States has enough matters to interest in its own hemisphere without rushing into any collisions over Asiatic affairs.

The railroads of the United States killed 3,554 persons during the year ended June 30. Still some people go around worrying because of the horrors of war.

The Kaiser and the Czar are said to be in league against thinkers. But as long as the thinkers do their thinking inside their heads, they need not fear jail or Siberia.

James R. Keene is reported to have made \$6,000,000 on the short side of steel. It will no doubt be pleasing to a large number of people in this country to receive this pointer as to where the money went.

American aristocracy has been crowned with real success. There have been sham dukes, and counts, and princes, but now somebody has thought it practicable to make himself up as a sham Goelet nobly condescending to do the King Cophetua act.

Mr. John Morley examined more than three hundred thousand documents. It is said, in preparing his "Life of Gladstone." The sum which he is reported to have received from the publishers for the work—\$50,000—does not seem excessive.

A few weeks ago the spot where Washington unfurled the first American flag was marked by the dedication of a small park and an observatory on Prospect Hill, in Somerville, Mass. This eminence occupied the same relation to Boston on the northwest that Bunker Hill occupied on the north, and next to that more famous spot, was the stronghold of Washington's troops. How many Americans could have told where the flag of the United States was first raised?

There are sixteen States in the Union no one of which contains as many people as migrated to this country last year. The population of Montana is only a little larger than the total increase in Italian population; that of Arizona is less than the Russian immigration. If all the Austro-Hungarian immigrants had settled in Idaho they would have more than doubled the population of the State. Nevada would be more than twice as thickly inhabited as at present if it had received all the Germans. The total population of Montana, Delaware, Idaho, Wyoming, and Nevada does not equal the number of aliens who landed in the United States in the year ended June 30th.

What has become of the old-time, dignified oratory that could denounce, implore or crucify in the choicest of dignified language? Is it possible that the people who assemble nowadays to listen to campaign speeches would not understand or appreciate a higher grade of language? Perish the thought. The trouble is with those who attempt to orate. Grace, dignity and force of language may be a gift, but it takes time to cultivate the gift and the modern politician does not think it worth while. There is economy of time in using the weapon Samson wielded and who can successfully deny its effectiveness when both sides use it and the counting of the votes always shows that Philistines have been slain by the thousands?

The manner in which Gordon McKay, of Boston, and William L. Elkins, of Philadelphia, disposed of the enormous wealth each had amassed suggests interesting inquiries. Both were married, and each, when the parting

came, left behind a large family, troops of friends and an enduring impression upon the varied activities in which he had been engaged. In his last will and testament the Boston millionaire, practically cutting off his children, provided adequately for a few relatives and fewer favored friends and left the bulk of his fortune to one of the higher institutions of learning. The Philadelphia capitalist, pursuing a different policy, left only a small fraction of his estate to philanthropic institutions, and bequeathed the overwhelmingly larger portion of his wealth to his immediate or direct heirs. Who was the wiser—Mr. Elkins or Mr. McKay?

It is a commonly accepted saying that unless a man is well along toward success before he is forty years of age he will never succeed. The statement is untrue. It is too broad. The facts are against it. A study of the lives of successful men will show that success comes to most men after rather than before forty. Is it financial success? Who has made a great fortune before he was forty? Or politics? Few men get started in politics before forty. The man who goes to the United States Senate at the age of fifty is classed as a "young senator." Or merchandising? Or literature? Or art? Or war? The facts are most men at the age of forty are just ready for successful endeavor. They have made mistakes. In that way they have learned experience. They have discovered their limitations. They have found where they belong. It is not necessary to quote instances. Life and literature are full of them. Men have distinguished themselves at 40, 50, 60, 70 and even at 80 years—seldom before 40. Fortunate indeed is he who is well on the way to success at 40. Fully as fortunate he, though unsuccessful, who at forty has learned the world and himself and has not lost courage. Courage. That's the main thing. You can't keep a brave man down no matter what his age. He may fall but he will rise. And some day he will have his charmed circle where "none durst walk but he." Are you forty, or more? You are fairly fitted to begin life. No young man can buy your experience. You know things as they are. No illusions. You know your fellow man. You know yourself. And out of this knowledge you are mightily equipped to organize victory out of defeat. The main thing is Courage!

Trainmen pass a rigid examination to ascertain whether or not they are color-blind. It is fortunate that admission to no profession or occupation is conditioned on our being free from beauty-blindness. Years ago Lowell wrote two lines in the "Biglow Papers" which made a certain young disciple of the poet blush at her own ignorance.

Red cedars blossom, tu, though few folks know it.

An' look all dipt in sunshine like a poet.

Sure enough, red cedars do blossom every spring! In the inimitable "Cranford," Mr. Holbrook bursts forth to his guests: "Now what color are ash-buds in March? What color are they, I say?" "I'm sure I don't know, sir," said the visitor. "I knew you didn't. No more did I—an old fool that I am!—till this young Mr. Tennyson comes and tells me. Black as ash-buds in March. And I've lived all my life in the country. More shame for me not to know! Black; they are jet-black, madam!" It would be easy to add other instances to prove that half the world is beauty-blind. How many of us know that shadows on the snow are blue. Or that the sunset has sometimes the green light that Coleridge saw? Or

That moon-shadows from the swaying limb

Here are sharp and there are dim?

Of course a sense for beauty is often dependent upon a sense for color, and for these lighter touches of Dame Nature keen observation is needed that we may really taste the pleasure they wait to give. To live among the beauties of the world and to be blind to them is as pathetic as to perish of thirst in sight of a clear, cool spring. That we do not know we are thirsty only deepens the tragedy.

Characteristic.

An Englishman and a German were traveling together in a diligence, and both were smoking. The German did all in his power to draw his companion into conversation, but all to no purpose. At one moment he would, with a superabundance of politeness, apologize for drawing his attention to the fact that the ash of his cigar had fallen on his waistcoat or a spark was endangering his neckerchief. At length the Englishman exclaimed:

"Why the deuce can't you leave me alone? Your coat-tail has been burning for the last ten minutes, but I didn't bother you about it."

Busy Making Them.

"Some wise man has said we 'should go to school to our own mistakes.'"

"Yes, but some of us are so busily supplying the instruction we couldn't possibly find time to go to school."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

HAPPY DAYS.

I love the world when the sun shines
Doyn on the quiet ground,
When I hear the grass-bugs chirp at my feet
And the end of a distant sound.

I love the world when the wind blows,
When it tosses my hair about.
When my hat blows off, and my ribbons crack,
And I laugh and run and shout.

I love the world when the rain falls,
When the streets are all mud and ooze.
When I need my umbrella and mackintosh,
And my shiny, new overshoes.

I love all of the days of the beautiful world,
Every day, every hour and minute,
I could go on living forever and never
Grow weary of anything in it.
—St. Nicholas.

FAIR OR DARK

WELL, Madge, did Sir Geoffrey Pelham propose last night? But, never mind, of course he didn't, or you wouldn't look so cross and streaky this morning.

Lady Margaret, whose temper sometimes matched her hair, was loiling in her own particular arm chair beside the fire. Raising lack-luster eyes from the pages of the Morning Post, she treated her sister Celia to a glassy stare.

"Cross and streaky?" she repeated, slowly. "Well, I suppose it takes a fair woman to look beaming by 11 o'clock in the morning."

Celia, on tiptoe before the fireplace, smiled at her own pink and white reflection in the mirror.

"When a man does not propose," she announced, apparently addressing the coal box, "it is invariably the woman's fault. Why did you manage so badly?"

Silence. "Either," proceeded Celia, "either you snubbed him atrociously, or you encouraged him indecently. Which was it?"

Still silence. Celia, though delighted with her own eloquence, felt she had missed the bull's-eye.

Twisting round on the fender stool, she faced her sister.

"Margaret," in a tragic whisper, "Margaret, were you mad enough to laugh at him?"

The Morning Post rustled impatiently.

"You think you know everything, Celia, but you don't."

"But I mean to," replied the other, significantly, "and good intentions count for something. It's no use quibbling," she went on, "you did or said something to gag Geoffrey Pelham. What was it?"

Lady Margaret gave a mirthless laugh.

"Oh, he proposed, right enough," she said.

The blue china eyes opened wider. "Proposed, did he? Then why on earth—"

Then Lady Margaret dropped the Morning Post.

"Celia," she asked, "you admire dark men, don't you?"

The whilom inquisitor blushed.

"Most awfully," she murmured, "but what of that?"

"Nothing, only I don't; and last night I—"

"Good heavens!" gasped Celia, "I believe you told him so."

Silence.

"Margaret (sternly), I give you up. You tell that peacock of a Geoffrey that you don't admire him, and then weep inside the Morning Post because he didn't propose."

"Oh, dear," moaned the culprit, "I only said how queer it felt to find myself accepting him when I'd loathed dark men all my life."

"And, pray, what did he say?" inquired Celia, with the air of the kind keeper to the prize imbecile.

"He—he jumped up, turned blacker than ever, and said since he was personally repugnant to me he would retract his unfortunate proposal."

"H'm," said Celia, in scornful pity.

"I should think you and Sidney Rendle had better marry each other."

"Sidney Rendle? Why?"

"Why not? He's almost an Albino; fair enough to please even you, I imagine, and he loves dark women."

"How do you know?"

"He told me so."

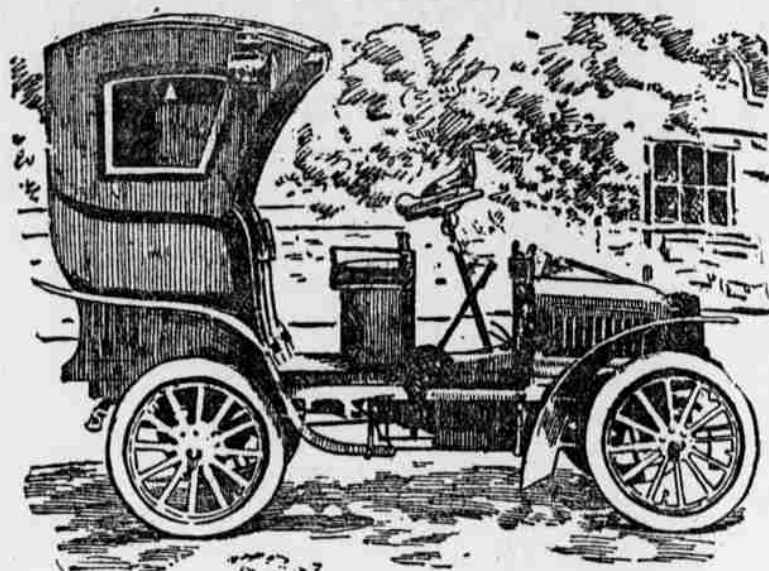
"Told you so? When? Last night?"

"Yes; he was quite charming to me till we went out to find a glow-worm, and then—I thought he was going to, but—but—"

"But he didn't," supplied Lady Margaret. Drying her eyes, she sat up. "When a young man doesn't propose," she quoted, "it is invariably the woman's fault. Why did you manage so badly?"

"It was not my fault," cried Celia. "I neither snubbed nor encouraged him. I didn't laugh at him nor censure his appearance. It was he who said, all of a sudden and without any warning, that he had an aversion to

MOTOR CABS SUPERSEDING HANSOMS IN LONDON.



ONE OF LONDON'S NEW MOTOR CABS.

A new type of cab propelled by a gasoline motor is being introduced into London to take the place of the hansom cab so long in vogue. This new type of vehicle, as may be seen from the accompanying illustration, consists of a cab with accommodation for two passengers, and a seat in front for the driver.

The cab itself is similar in design to the hansom at present in use, only it is much larger and more roomy. It is provided with a glass front fitted with a spring attachment, which permits its being raised or lowered instantly as desired. The driver's seat is sufficiently large to seat the driver only, so that the passengers within the cab can obtain practically an uninterrupted front view. The cab is slung upon four wheels, which renders it far safer and more immune from the dangerous accidents to which the two-wheeler is so subject. Three speeds and reverse are provided, the maximum speed being 25 miles an hour.

These cabs are to ply for hire in the same manner as the present horse-drawn hansom. The same fare of two miles for 25 cents will be charged. Seventy-five of these cabs are to be installed immediately, and they will be run by ordinary hansom cab drivers, who are being taught the management of the vehicles, in preference to employing automobile chauffeurs. The new cabs will not only be safer than the existing hansom, but will be more speedy and comfortable, and the cost of upkeep, even after allowing for depreciation, will not be so expensive as the horse vehicles.—Montreal Star.

fair women. Oh, it was awful!" and Celia, too, produced her handkerchief.

"And what did you say?"

"I? I said it was a pity he hadn't told me so before, and that I hated Albinos myself, and glow-worms, and balls, and—"

"If you please, my lady, Sir Geoffrey Pelham is in the drawing-room and begs you will see him for one moment."

The maid addressed Lady Margaret, who, after a hasty interview with the mirror, glanced interrogatively at her sister.

"Yes, of course," cried Celia, "go at once, but don't forget to rave about his Spanish profile," she called out, as Margaret flitted down the stairs.

"A note for you, my lady," said the maid, re-entering, and Celia, glancing at the salver, saw the well-known handwriting.

"Fair lady," she read, "you interrupted me last night in the middle of an important sentence. Misunderstanding is costly, so I write to put one fact beyond its reach. As I tried to tell you, I always felt an aversion to fair women until I met you. Since then I am indifferent to all women, fair or dark, excepting one. In spite of her repulsion to fair men, the expression of which drove me last night to supper and despair, I hereby entreat that one to marry me. At least we shall be well matched. Is that a dark saying? Please send me a fair answer.—Yours, Sidney Rendle."

"P. S.—I will die if you wish. What can a lover say more?"

"Celia," cried Lady Margaret, darting into the room, "Geoffrey says we must be one soul, because our eyelashes are duplicates; he says contrast means conflict, that 'like-to-like' is a law of nature, and that I'm bound to admire him sooner or later, because—"

"May I come in?" said Sidney Rendle, in the doorway. "I got tired of waiting in the library, so followed Lady Margaret upstairs."

"So did I," echoed Sir Geoffrey, over Sidney's shoulder.

"Waiting," exclaimed Celia, with a lame severity, "waiting—for what?"

"For my answer," replied Sidney, as he took her hand.

Lady Margaret retired hastily to the window; the Spanish profile followed.

"Geoffrey," she whispered, "I do not admire dark people, still there is an exception to every rule. But are you sure that you would not look better with a contrast for a wife?"

"You double all my effects," he replied (not referring to her dowry). Matches, you know, not contracts, are made in heaven.—London Tatler.

CLEVER GIRLS ABROAD.

Ways in Which Americans Earn Living on the Continent.

An American woman who has just returned from a year abroad is authority for the statement that there are many opportunities for American women on the European continent. A trip abroad is no longer the impossible thing it used to be for the self-supporting woman. The time has been shortened, accommodations improved and the strain upon finances lessened; but a protracted stay on the other side of the water is another matter, and it is here that the advantage of being able to earn a living there comes in.

One important opening for English-speaking women is in the ranks of the typewriters, says the New York Trib-

une. Many foreign business houses have connections in America, and with technical skill and fair English education the stenographer may count on an easy victory abroad.

"I remember thinking once with acute regret of New York's hundreds of stenographers—many of them, alas! unemployed," says the returned traveler. "I had had occasion to dictate some English statements to a Teutonic maiden of some 18 summers, and she returned the story with the surprising assertion that the ambassador's wife had a 'bow upstairs on her head!'"

There is also, it appears, a great demand for English teachers in foreign towns. Many American officials, especially in the consular service, employ American college girls as governesses in their families while living abroad, and many calls come, often at a moment's notice, from foreigners who wish to be instructed in the tongue that is now so necessary in all corners of the earth. One morning in Venice an American girl was called into the hotel salon by a card with a crest, and met a charming woman, who, mistaking her name for that of another, had come to see if she would give conversation lessons, which she and her husband desired "for their own pleasure." To the American the mistake not only proved profitable but afforded her a delightful glimpse into the life of the Italian nobility.

Translations are constantly in demand, for, though young foreigners are trained for this work, their command of the English idiom is at best less perfect than that of an American.

Correspondents for American and English journals find fertile fields, and if letter writing is not the most lucrative of employments, the remuneration to one who has the pen of a ready writer compensates for the small amount of time which the work requires.

Women's clubs have their parallels abroad, with equal activity among the members. A member of one of these clubs is a photographer and phases of club life alone keep her camera constantly employed. For just such a professional did the American club in Berlin search vainly last winter, when an epidemic of demands set in for reproductions of its home life for American and foreign journals.

In the ranks in which special talent or culture is demanded there are also openings, though they are fewer.

Pupils of Leschetzky in Vienna are serving as his assistants and are thus enabled to continue their studies there. Art students in Paris eke out their incomes by acting as guides to American friends going to shop in this center of fashion. One of the most successful vocal teachers in Berlin is an Englishman, and down in the very stronghold of the vocal art, Florence, an American is profitably turning to account the instructions of a world-famous singing teacher.

Reasons for Surprise.

"I—I hope this proposal of mine hasn't taken you entirely by surprise?"

"Well, yes; to tell the truth, I had given up all hope of it long ago."—Brooklyn Life.

Endurance of Big Guns.

The maximum endurance of a 12-inch gun is 300 firings, while the 6-inch gun may be fired upward of 2,000 times without injury.