

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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TOLEDO.....OREGON.

Good wives and loving ones are synonymous.

Marriage is often the outcome of possessing a good income.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown in the realm of options and futures.

A true hero is a man who fights for his country and refuses to scrap with his wife.

The "split infinitive" has not reached Japan yet. At least the proposition is never separated from its object in Togo.

It is said that distance lends enchantment to the view, but the theory falls down when applied to a man's view of pay day.

The Census Bureau says that there are now 80,000,000 persons in the United States, but gives us no hint of how they are going to vote.

One of President Joseph Smith's sons is an expert bookkeeper. He was specially educated for the purpose of keeping the family tree.

The Japanese are accused of firing shells that emit poisonous gases. This is wrong. The Japs should fumigate their shells before firing.

Bad news for the doctors and undertakers. Two Michigan men have constructed a corn shredder and husker which is declared to be "on the right principle."

The Washington girl who visited heaven in a trance says she saw a great many people there. Let us have something more explicit—did she see any ex-Congressmen there?

The oldest locomotive engineer in the world is getting his name in the papers. By the way, who is the oldest Mason in the world now, and why is the oldest Yale graduate keeping so quiet?

The caterpillar in a month will eat about 600 times its own weight. This is a pretty good record, but did you ever see Little Georgie eat his dinner after a Saturday afternoon in the baseball diamond?

The Novoe Vremya says the United States is "an insolent parvenu, stretching its legs over the table of Asiatic politics, seeking to make the Pacific an American Mediterranean." The Novoe Vremya ought to take something for its liver.

Justice Brewer's declaration that it is the ordinary citizen's first duty to obey the laws is admirable, but in many cases it is too much to expect that the ordinary citizen can know what the law really is when the Supreme Court itself divides 5 to 4.

It was an interesting contest which the Woman's Club of Evanston, Ill., recently arranged. The event was known as a science exhibition. Twenty gold prizes were awarded for excellence in cooking, sewing and laundering. As the contest was open to all comers, mistress and maid competed side by side, and there were successful competitors in both classes. Another pleasing event was the awarding of certificates to all servants who had worked for the same mistress from three to five years, and medals to all those who had held the same situation for ten years.

Hawaii is rapidly losing its native population, according to the reports in the "Hawaiian Annual for 1904." Captain Cook, who discovered the group of islands in the eighteenth century, estimated the population at two hundred thousand. In 1872 the number had fallen to fifty thousand; and there were only thirty thousand in 1900. The Japanese population to-day is greater than was the total population thirty years ago, and the present total population is about fifty thousand less than Captain Cook found. L. It is increasing almost as rapidly as that of a boom city in the West.

A young man from Washington Territory was shipwrecked on the coast of Japan a little more than fifty years ago. When the Japanese discovered him they put him in prison for entering the country without first asking permission. Then they asked him as to the relative rank of officers in the United States. He told them that the officers in the navy had to obey the Secretary of the Navy, and that the Secretary had to obey the President. "Who is greater than the President?" they asked. The youth replied, "The people are greater than the President;" and in telling of the incident afterward he said that the Japanese could not understand this at all. The chaplain of the Senate thinks that this reply

was so fine that the name of the person who made it ought to be preserved, and has instituted an inquiry to learn what it was.

Canada needs population. She has almost everything else that nature could bestow on a land, but she has lacked people. Some figures made public by the Canadian Department of the Interior show that the country is slowly but surely filling up with a fine class of citizens, and nearly all of them go to the farms. Last year companies holding land grants sold land worth over \$14,000,000, and comprising 4,229,011 acres. This equals the amount sold in the preceding ten years. There were 32,682 homestead entries, as compared with 1857 in 1896. The homestead entries covered 5,021,280 acres of land, and the total land acquired for settlement in the year was 9,387,561 acres. The Canadians justly boast of the fact that the settlers are not the scum of Europe. Many travel second-class and are well supplied with funds. The steerage occupants are steadily decreasing, and Canada feels that she is getting the pick of the new population that is leaving Europe for more hospitable shores. The immigrant influx last year numbered 128,364. Of these 41,792, or almost a third, came from the United States.

It is the commonest thing in the world to see most of the people you know—young and old—taking sides in a contest like that which is now raging in the far East. The division of sentiment in the average American town may just at present be unequal, for if the newspapers from all over the country are to be believed, the sympathy of our people inclines rather toward Japan than toward Russia. There is intelligent partisanship in such matters, and there is unintelligent. From the very nature of the case, the unintelligent variety is far in excess of the other. It is not the purpose of these words to present the case of the Russ or the Jap, or to argue that one or the other is in the right and deserves to win. It is rather to bespeak a neutrality in private like that which the President has proclaimed as the public policy of the United States. There are few private persons so well informed through newspapers and public documents that they can grasp all the points at issue. Indeed, the better informed among such reading persons are the very ones who appreciate the magnitude of the problem, and refrain from rushing into the places where angels fear to tread. There are thoughtful men in America and England who have to confess to themselves that, born in Russia or Japan, they could honestly follow the flag of either country, and fight for Czar or Mikado according to their own nativity. The fact is that great contending forces in the complete scheme of human progress have met, and the meeting is an unspeakable tragedy. It becomes a modest man to stand with bared head before it, and pray the God of battles to bring the conflict to a speedy and righteous end.

Secretary Shaw of the Treasury Department said recently that there seems to be no place for the boys. The babe and the man are welcome, and the girl, by her winsome ways, makes a place for herself in the homes; but almost the only door that swings with a sure welcome for the boy opens into places where the boy ought not to go. Mr. Shaw said he knew of few homes to which boys are invited. Boys have muddy feet and play noisy games. They like dogs and horses, goats and guinea pigs, and do not always remember that the parlor was not furnished for use as a dog house. Every mother knows this; but how many fathers and mothers would have their boys less fond of animals than they are, or less liberally endowed with healthy, rollicking spirits? The purpose of Secretary Shaw's remarks will doubtless be accomplished when the attention of parents is directed to the work in progress for developing boys into all-round men. In the cities, especially, is this work done. Not only are the trades taught to boys in day and night schools, but schools are maintained in the vacation season to occupy the attention of those who might otherwise be in mischief. Moreover, the boys who come in contact with the police are not sent to jail with hardened evil-doers so frequently as a few years ago. The authorities assume, with good reason, that the boys are not bad, but only misled, and that they will make good citizens if they have half a chance. The unruly boy in the country is not receiving so much attention as in the city. He has fewer evil places of resort than his city brother, but enough for his purposes if he is seeking them. Yet on the whole, the boys of America, in town or country, are wholesome creatures. They could be improved if their elders would give more time to providing amusement for them in surroundings that are not vicious.

At Breakfast.

"Rubber is going up."
"Good enough; I hope it will get so high that butchers can't afford to put it in the beefsteaks."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HUMANITY'S DEBT TO THE UNITED STATES.

By John W. Foster, Ex-Secretary of State.



JOHN W. FOSTER.

By its steady championship of a freer commerce and of most elevated principles of conduct in war, the United States has brought about an almost complete change in the practice of nations. There still remain to be incorporated into international law one of the principles announced by the founders of our government and steadily advocated up to this day—the exemption from seizure of private property on the sea in time of war.

As our country from its earliest history led the nations of the earth in creating a more elevated system of international law, so also it has been the most active in adjusting international controversies and preserving peace by means of treaties of arbitration. The first treaty negotiated after the organization of our government under the constitution—the Jay treaty of 1794 with Great Britain—marked a distinct advance in the practice of nations and sought to ameliorate the harshness of war and to establish more clearly neutral rights.

The only instance in our history where fraud and corruption have been established against an arbitration tribunal was that with Venezuela under the treaty of 1863. Soon after the adjournment of the commission charges of irregularity and fraud on the part of its members were made at Washington by the Venezuelan Government, and an investigation established to the satisfaction of Congress the fact that a corrupt arrangement had been made between the American commission, the umpire (a Venezuelan), the United States minister in Venezuela and his relative, the leading attorney before the commission, by which a large part of each claim represented by the attorney and allowed by the commission was to be divided between the persons named. After considerable delay in securing legislation a new commission was organized, which reviewed the work of its predecessor. Of the twenty-four cases allowed by the first commission only nine were passed on favorably, and three old cases rejected were allowed by the new commission, representing more than half of the total awards.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT "DRY BONES."

By Dr. Andrew Wilson.



With bone is usually associated the idea of dryness—not merely in a physical sense, but in an intellectual sense as well. The medical student who has to acquire a knowledge of the bony framework has been said to travel in the "valley of dry bones," and as the osseous belongings we may see in our museums are certainly of the desiccated order of things, the familiar epithet seems justifiable enough. Yet bone, which may appear uninteresting to the casual observer, presents us with a singularly interesting history, not merely in respect of its structure but likewise in connection with its growth and development.

Bone is not all phosphate. This is its mineral side, giving it a strength and solidity which is more than equal to that of good solid oak. The other side of its composition we find to be represented by gelatine. This last is the animal basis of bone. When the cook boils bones it is for the sake of obtaining the gelatine, and we know that the boiled bone has a whitened aspect different from that of the natural structure, because its mineral constituents alone are left. If we wished to reverse the process and to remove the mineral matter of our bone, leaving the gelatine, we should place it in a solution of some weak acid. This last would eat away and dissolve the living material.

TSI AN A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

For Forty Years the Ruling Spirit of Chinese Empire.

The reported death of the Empress Regent Tsi An, at the age of 70, directed attention to the extraordinary career of a woman who for more than forty years has been the ruling spirit of the Chinese Empire, although for more than 4,000 years the native prejudice against the exercise of authority by the fair sex had been but twice overcome. Had she been a descendant of Confucius, or the Ming dynasty, which preceded the present reigning family, or a high-born Manchu, her rise to autocratic power would have been more intelligible. As a matter of fact, she began life under grave disabilities, being of humble origin, though her parents are said to have been Manchus. Adopted by a Manchu family of considerable means, she was trained in the accomplishments which the Chinese prize in women, but her intellect owed nothing to the influence of an invigorating education. She got her opportunity when she became a member of the household of the Emperor Hien Fung, who reigned from 1850 to 1861. She had no son by him, but, strange to say, she commended herself so strongly to the Empress Dowager, the mother of Tung Che, the next sovereign, that during his long minority she raised to the throne his infant cousin, who still ostensibly reigns under the name of Kwang Su. Since the death of her feminine co-regent in 1881, Tsi An has been the real mistress of China, except during a brief interval, when Kwang Su, having attained his majority, was permitted temporarily to rule, and showed an inclination to reorganize the Chinese system of education on Western principles. The innovation was quickly stopped by a palace revolution, and during the last few years Kwang Su has been merely a figurehead, the Empress Tsi An having been recognized not only by all Chinese officials, but also by all the treaty powers, as regent.—Harper's Weekly.

but would leave the gelatine untouched. Then we should meet the interesting spectacle of seeing the formerly hard, dense bone becoming as elastic as possible, so flexible indeed that we might tie it in a knot. It is when poor little children, badly fed for the most part, do not receive a sufficient supply of phosphates that they develop bone deformities that are piteous to behold. An argument, this, of powerful kind, that all mothers should be instructed in the principles of physiology, in so far, at least, as the proper feeding of their children is concerned.

If we could lift all the living matter out of a layer of bone it would present us with the appearance of an animated spider's web. A bone lives, in all its parts, and is neither the dead nor the dry thing which popular notions credit it to be. But bones grow old as does every bodily possession of ours. They lose their elasticity, as it were, in old age. The gelatine diminishes, and with this change the bones become more brittle in nature, rendering fracture a more likely accident in the old person than in his younger neighbor. Strong and dense as bone may be, it is still subject to the universal law which decrees that life and living things have each their "little day."

THE COUNTRY VERSUS THE CITY BOY.

By John M. Finley, of New York.



The chances of the city born boy are greater than those of the country born. If you knew about the life of the country boy, how he has to sleep in an unheated room in winter with the temperature degrees below zero and in the summer time work in the fields in the sun from ten to fourteen hours a day, you would probably see that the city boy has an immense advantage.

They tell you that the hard work of the country boy makes him a splendid man physically. Of the country boys I knew full one-half are under the sod they plowed or are old men in the village streets at the age of 40. I believe that the best man is developed through association and struggle, and not in the country solitude.

The farmer's boy is caught in the endless circle where he raises corn in an endless chain of anxiety, but the city boy of New York has the history of the world, as a lesson, and the voices of the greatest men within the reach of his ears rather than the cricket and the country night sounds. There are dirty streets and dark rooms in the city, but they are illuminated by ambition, and even these dirty streets are as dear in after years as the country is to the successful farmer's boys.—American Boy.

JAPAN'S RELATION TO THE PHILIPPINES.

By Baron Kancho, of Japan.



Japan is a small country with a large population, and if we can manufacture for sale there and in China the things necessary for Oriental life we will become an exceedingly prosperous nation, for our land has reached the limit of agricultural production. The question with us is, Can the Philippine Islands produce a sufficient quantity of those raw materials to warrant us not only in increasing the capacity of our mills and in building new ones, but in making some reciprocal arrangements with the United States which would give a preference to the products of the Philippines over those of Java, Borneo, Sumatra and other Oriental countries. The Philippine Islands have only been scratched, so to speak, and out of the 68,000,000 acres of agricultural lands the Philippine commission states that only about 5,000,000 acres have been indifferently farmed, while from my own observations in the islands I should say that not more than one-third of the land occupied by farms are now being cultivated.



The visitor called the little 4-year-old girl to his knee and in his most winning tones asked her name. She put her finger in her mouth and said nothing.

"Tell the gentleman, darling," said the fond father.

The little one, without removing the finger, said something that sounded like a quotation in Sanskrit.

"What?" ejaculated the visitor.

"She says its Mary Jane Edith Barker Maud Jael Jackson," interpreted the father.

"Great Peter!" exclaimed the visitor. "What on earth possessed you to put all that on the child?"

"Well," said the father, "it wasn't altogether my fault, but it was the first one, you know, and there was no end of fuss naming it. Of course, my wife's mother wanted it named for her and I naturally didn't want to slight my own mother. And Aunt Jael Simpson took a great notion to the kid and

we thought she might do something for her if we gave it her name. Edith Thompson was my wife's dearest friend on earth and she insisted on being its god-mother—the baby's, I mean. Uncle Barker was dead set on its being a boy and called Hezekiah. We were thankful it wasn't, but we called it Barker by way of a compromise."

"I hope they were all pleased."

"Well, no, they were not," said the fond parent. "Aunt Jael was miffed because her name was strung on last and all the rest of them didn't like it because their names were mixed up with the others. Uncle Barker thought 'Hezekiah' would have been a neat and appropriate diminutive. There was a good deal of unpleasantness about it, to tell the truth."

"What's the other little toddler called?" asked the guest, after a few moments' thoughtful silence.

"Sarah," replied the father, promptly.—Chicago Daily News.

A Persian Poet's Wit.

The following amusing story is told regarding the Shah's relations with his poet laureate. On one occasion the Shah read to him one of his own poems and asked for his opinion:

"Even if I deserve your majesty's anger," said the candid poet, "I must say that it is anything but poetry."

The Shah, feeling insulted, cried out to those who waited on him:

"Take this ass to the stable."

After a little while, becoming calmer, he tried the poet once more, this time with a fresh set of verses. When he had finished reading the poet started to go away.

"Where are you going?" asked the Shah.

"To the stable, your majesty," was the reply of the poet.

This time the Shah enjoyed the joke and the poet was forgiven.

Easily Found in the Dark.

He—I think I ought to take a hot foot bath. Where is the mustard?

She—Out in the pantry.

He—Pshaw! It's dark out there and I haven't got a match.

She—You don't need a match to locate it. It's right alongside of the Limburger cheese.—Philadelphia Press.