

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

About nine-tenths of what people say doesn't amount to anything.

The world could better have lost a fleet of Petropavlovsk than one Verestchagin.

A scientist claims that he has discovered that fish can talk. Good gracious, what lies they might contradict!

Meantime the Germans are busy whipping the Hereros, who in their ignorance tried to drop the black man's burden.

A Yale professor is credited with saying that the masses eat too much. He said this, doubtless, for the benefit of the classes.

Mr. Morgan will not be missed so much as formerly during his trip abroad. Events are not quite so Morganized as they were.

There is something in the finger nail diagnosis. If you have aches all over you, and your nails are thin and brittle, you have rheumatism.

It isn't quite so bad if rheumatism attacks a man after he has lost his hearing; then he doesn't have to listen to everybody's cure for it.

When a young man tells a girl he loves her for herself alone it's equivalent to an injunction against interference from the rest of the family.

A New Jersey man broke both his legs while getting out of bed. And yet wives will go right on bemoaning husbands for staying up late at night.

A New York alienist declares that Hetty Green is insane. Tut! Tut! Hetty hasn't been going around voluntarily to have her taxes raised, has she?

A woman sues for separation on the ground that her husband never kissed her. This is a point upon which intelligent comment cannot be made without seeing the plaintiff.

The Academy of Medicine at Paris has decided that excessive meat-eating causes appendicitis. If this be true why abuse the so-called "beef trust" for putting meat beyond the reach of so many people?

Young John D. recently said to his Bible class: "A man who is proud and puffed up is sure to fall." True. And a man who climbs too high on a slender pole is likely to break it off and run it into himself.

The Emperor of Austria has been chided by his physicians for working too hard. Pity the case of a poor old, tired emperor who can't put a substitute on the throne for even a day or two for fear the sub won't give it back.

Walter Wellman wants to know what has become of the writers of great American novels? They have probably found out that it pays better to write the kind of novels that the great American public seems to want.

Will those who have been decanting on the injurious effects of the "poisonous sulphur" taken by Niedermeier, the Chicago desperado, in his attempt to cheat the gallows, try to recall how their mothers shoveled it into them, mixed with molasses, when they were too young to protest effectively?

Not a big-selling novel in two years, say the publishers. The searchlight is applied in every direction for a possible hidden genius. The typewriters of the land creak and get wheezy with the rapid production of rapid literature. Litterateurs who erstwhile scrapped for existence in Grub street now employ high-priced architects to build them mansions in Easy street. Never was the apparatus for getting literary productions before the public so well developed. But the books—

A Swiss inventor has devised a new life-preserver. That in itself, considering Switzerland's expanse of sea-coast, is amusing; but the character of the device is still funnier. It is simply a rubber suit, so weighted as to keep the wearer upright in the water, so inflated as to give buoyancy, and so provided with food and water, stored in pockets, as to make the happy wearer quite indifferent to his situation. With one of these suits a man would not need to patronize the seaside hotels.

It is hardly too much to say that Edward VII. has done more to assure the peace of Europe than all the other European statesmen put together. His action has had a vastly greater effect than that of the Czar with his Hague tribunal. Not since the Crimean war have England and France been so close together. The new treaty between

those powers removes from the field many of the vexed questions between the two countries. In North America and Africa the relations between them have been so well defined as to make conflict impossible. Further, the influence of King Edward has been steadily exerted to promote friendly relations with France, and it is because of this preliminary work that the treaty became a possibility.

Words are like men. They start well, but now and then they fall on evil ways, and are corrupted thereby out of all likeness to their former selves. Take "garble," for instance. It used to mean "to select for a purpose." There was once an officer called the garbler of spices, whose business it was to visit the shops and examine the spices, and order the destruction of all impure goods. His duties were similar to those of the modern health department inspector who forbids the sale of decayed vegetables or tainted meats. The word comes from a root meaning to sift. The impurities sifted out have in the course of generations corrupted the term till a "garbled report" is no longer a report from which all uncertainty has been removed, but one which is full of misrepresentation and made misleading with deliberate intent. The word "yellow" is passing through a similar transformation in our very sight. It describes the color of sunlight or of beaten gold, of the buttercup or of the dandelion. But not many years ago one of the sensational newspapers printed a series of colored pictures illustrating the adventures of a "kid"—that is what the child was called—wearing a long yellow garment. The yellow pictures appeared week after week, till men began to use the term "yellow journalism" when they desired to describe the journalism that was sensational, coarse and vulgar. Now we have yellow politics and yellow preaching, yellow base-ball and yellow warfare, and it has got so that when one is told that a woman wore a yellow gown to a party one does not know whether the color of the gown is meant or its extreme vulgarity. Never was there a better illustration of the truth of the saying that a word is known by the company it keeps.

President Roosevelt says the one and main lacking of the American boys is conservatism. By this he means, doubtless, that American boys are lacking in solid qualities, that they do not believe in the good old virtues, that they are prone to set their own pace, disregarding advice. The President is mistaken. The average American boy is your true conservative. Attack his mother's religion or the institutions of his country and you will find out. The average American boy has been well brought up. And he believes in certain things with all his heart. Mischievous? Yes. Restless? Yes. Loud sometimes? Yes. But you are mistaken if you conclude that under his boyish gaiety there are no well-settled convictions. He may be by conduct a radical, but in principle and belief he is a stayer. And even though he may depart for a time from the teaching of his family he will return to it. American boys are the finest in the world. They wake up to intellectual power the quickest. They are capable of greater enterprises at an earlier age; they bear heavier burdens on younger shoulders; they are the largest wage earners; they are the most independent-acting; and withal, they are made of the stuff of which the grandest and highest type of manhood comes. Because, while the American boy is apparently light-hearted and care-free he is not necessarily frivolous. There is a vein of true ore in him which a little mining will disclose. Sooner or later innate manhood will appear. At bottom he is all right. Give him good home training and a show for his life and he will make a man of himself. The youths of other lands may seem more solid and conservative. It is because they are more stolid in temperament. They are less jovial and prankish because they are slower in development. The American boy has initiative. He sees quickly. That puts him in the race before his cousin across the sea gets started. But he has staying qualities also and he wins in the long run because of those qualities. If the President's idea of conservatism in boys is that our restive youngsters should sit still and let moss grow on their backs then the American boys are not conservative.

**Case of Very Bad Luck.**  
"Did you ever ask your husband not to bet on the races?"  
"Once," answered Mrs. Torkins.  
"Didn't it do any good?"  
"I should say it didn't. That was the only day he ever got a tip on a horse that actually won."—Washington Star.

**Finger Nails.**  
The nails of two fingers never grow with the same degree of rapidity. The nail of the middle finger grows with the greatest rapidity and that of the thumb the least.  
A man can make his wife believe almost anything—during their honeymoon.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## BEGGING LETTERS SELDOM SHOW NEED.



Begging letters are a dreary waste, sometimes of imposture, sometimes of shiftlessness, and occasionally of genuine need and undeserved misery, but this province has also a charming oasis. There is the man whose father used to be an usher in the church where your father once had a pew, and had, that is the father of your correspondent, the highest respect for the commanding appearance and courteous manner of the other father, that is your father, on the strength of which the son, being under the weather for the first time in his life, through no fault of his own, feels sure that you will lend him, by return post, \$5, to be repaid by four monthly installments.

There is also the man who was born in the town where you once lived five years of your life, and that in the days of your childhood, who has followed your career with the highest pride ever since those morning days, has often thought of writing to you by way of encouragement, and even of coming to take you by the hand just for the sake of days of Auld Lang Syne, but has been hindered by that spirit of diffidence and excessive modesty which has all along been the drawback of your correspondent, who now in a business difficulty casts himself upon his townsman's aid and seeks a loan of \$500 for three weeks.

The most disappointing letter I ever received—although my hopes had not reached the boiling point—was one without a signature, informing me that the writer had been so touched by the sentiment of one of my stories, and was generally so much impressed by my remarkable literary ability, that he had placed \$5,000 to my credit with a bank as a token of gratitude. As I have never heard anything more of this generous gift, I am driven reluctantly to the sad conclusion that the letter was written in a spirit of unworthy sarcasm, and that its author desired to convey the impressions that he thought meanly both of myself and my work. He was entitled to his opinion, but it was cruel to trifle with the worldly hopes of a struggling literary man and to lead him into the extravagance of a new coat when the old one would have done perfectly well for another winter.

## WHIPPING IN SCHOOLS HELD WRONG.



DR. G. F. HALL.

**Rev. Dr. George F. Hall.**  
"Is It Right for Teachers to Whip?"  
In answering this much-discussed question off-hand most persons would say, "Yes, if it's the other fellow's kid; no, if it's mine." Human nature is about the same of the world over, and it cannot be changed in a day. But the spirit of gentleness is becoming more marked each decade and the big, brotherly heart of humanity more tender. Fifty years ago it was almost universal for teachers to whip. A hickory switch for the smaller children and a good, stout ferule for the big boys and girls were considered almost as necessary in the average teacher's equipment as a knowledge of reading, writing and the rule of three. But times have changed and a good teacher will no more think of whipping a pupil nowadays than a physician will think of blistering or blood-letting. The teacher who favors whipping except in extreme instances is a blunder-bass and should be denied a place in modern school rooms. It is wrong for a teacher to whip; first, because it cannot be done without developing anger, both in the teacher and the pupil, and anger is a curse physically, mentally and spiritually. There may be occasions when the whipping of an unusually obstreperous or brutal pupil is necessary for that pupil's control as an example to others, but as a rule I believe whipping does a hundred times as much

## VICE-ADMIRAL MAKAROFF.

**Death of the "Cossack of the Seas" a Great Loss to Russia.**

The loss of the battleship Petropavlovsk is a trifling misfortune to Russia in comparison with the loss of Vice Admiral Makaroff. The Czar has none too many sea-fighters, and none at all who are worthy to rank with the "Cossack of the Seas." Until Makaroff arrived at Port Arthur the Russian naval operations were characterized by bungling and indecision. No sooner had he taken command than the remnants of the fleet began an aggressive campaign that forced a radical change in the Japanese methods of operation.

Admiral Makaroff was appointed to the command of the Russian Pacific fleet on Feb. 26. He was one of the heroes of the fighting on the River Danube during the Russo-Turkish war. Makaroff and Skrydloff, who have since many times been honored by their government, were at that time lieutenants in the Russian navy and volunteered to make a night attack on a powerful Turkish ironclad. With a torpedo boat they succeeded in blowing up the Turkish vessel and, it was claimed at the time, thereby made the first successful demonstration of the usefulness of torpedo boats in naval warfare.

It was Makaroff who originated the idea of constructing the famous ice-breaking steamer Ermak, which was built on the Tyne from his designs. It is the largest ice-crushing steamer in the world, and has made several trips into the Arctic regions.

Admiral Makaroff paid three visits to the United States, the first in 1863. He made a tour from California to New York in 1896, and in March, 1898, made a flying visit to Detroit with a party of Russians who were looking into the possibilities of ice-crushing steamers on the great lakes with the end in view of constructing several for the Russian government.

Admiral Makaroff was born in 1848. He served as an ensign for two years and as lieutenant for six. During the

Russo-Turkish war he commanded the gunboat Grand Duke Constantine, which was armed and equipped according to his designs. At the end of the campaign he was made captain and was given the title of adjutant to the late Emperor of Russia. In 1881, Makaroff commanded the guard-ship of

By Ian MacLaren.

harm as it ever does good. Its psychic effect is demoralizing. It embitters, paralyzes, blights.

In the second place, whipping is wrong because it creates animosity on the part of parents and impels lack of cooperation. Most parents believe their children undeserving of punishment at the hands of a stranger. And in this they are right. What moral right has some fidgety school-marm or cranky principal to lay hands roughly on your little boy or girl? When you hear that such a thing has happened you instinctively feel that your own flesh and blood has been grossly insulted, and you have a right to feel so. It makes one's blood boil to read of a lot of cross old maids and dyspeptic males of the teacher class getting together and passing resolutions in favor of whipping the little ones. Let them take more exercise in the open air and warm up their blood.

What man or woman of 40 or 50 does not look back to their childhood with fond memories, recalling, perhaps, just one teacher who used to romp and play with them at recess time or after school hours? Love is the keynote. The teacher who can master the fine art of governing by love, sympathy and the power of genuine manliness or womanliness will never need to whip. Such a teacher is an inspiration. His pupils admire him almost to the point of reverence and parents everywhere rise up and call him blessed. In after years when the budding young genuses have ripened into manhood and womanhood, honorable and honored largely because of his magic touch at the beginning of life's long race, they will crown him with blossoms of affection worth far more than the ransom of a king.

## THE TERRORS OF CHILDHOOD.



**By H. B. Marlott-Watson.**  
The age of childhood is proverbially interpreted as the age of happiness, yet childhood has its dark passages, its hopes and fears, and its hours of despair. The emotionalism of the child exposes him to tragic visitations. The incoherence of a mind in which realism and romance are ever at war is the source at once of all his pains and all his pleasures. The likeness to the savage lies in this. The primitive man lifts up his eyes to the hills and transmits them to the home of terrible gods. Devils swim in streams and out of the woods stalk superhuman creatures wearing the guise of familiar animals. The child's fancy, though capable of breeding these awful dreams, is yet more delicate. A mountain at times may even become a valley, and streams may dry up at will. The scale of the achievements designed in a child's mind is colossal. There is no barrier conceivable to his imagination. Dragons escape out of books, and creatures of the air give you friendly advice.

Childish tears dropped upon broken toys rend the little heart as severely as a grown man's bitter sorrow tears his own. It is a mistake to suppose that children do not suffer proportionately, though, happily, their woes are not enduring. If any one can from the cold distance of his adult manhood look back upon that age he will surely recall remarkable contrasts. The sun shines for the most part brightly on that plain, brighter than in after years, but clouds through the sky and round the corner there is always some unknown terror. There is no darkness like the darkness of childhood. What waits upon the stairs in the gloom ready to leap out? What horror comes punctually at dusk to haunt the defiles of the long garden? What nameless panic is it that strikes the familiar streets to the likeness of a savage, threatening wilderness when the nurse has disappeared into a shop? The child alone knows, and the child cannot tell. He suffers like the dumb animals, and has no language but a cry. But in the twinkling of an eye the sun is out and the garden is alight again, and the horrors of that small and delicate mind are gone, merged into that past from which it is slowly emancipating itself.

comers, who had deposited themselves vis-a-vis in No. 4. As if unconscious of any scrutiny, the young man said in a high nasal voice:

"Well, do as you like about it; either increase the margin or let it go! You didn't follow my advice in the first place, but if you want to pull out you'd better take it now."

"Oh, I know," the woman replied. "What's the use of going all over it again?"

"Huh!" said the stout man's companion. "Guess you lose. Been playing the market. Not much bride and groom talk about that."

The rest of the passengers sniffed and then turned their backs on the new couple. Whereat the young man smiled at the young woman and they softly joined hands as he whispered:

"Millicent, my dear, my shoes are full of rice."—New York Press.

**A Detested Plant.**  
No sort of bird, beast or creeping thing will touch a castor oil plant. It seems to be a rank poison to all the animal world. Even a goat will starve before biting off a leaf, and a horse will sniff at it and turn up his upper lip as though it had the most detestable odor on the face of the earth. Army worms and the locusts will pass it by, though they may eat every other green thing in sight, and there is no surer way to drive moles away from a lawn than to plant a few castor beans here and there. Even the tobacco worm will refuse to be fed on its leaves. There is hardly another instance in natural history of a plant being so universally detested by the animal world.

**Venison in Germany.**  
Venison, which is difficult to get in American markets, may be obtained nearly every day in the restaurants of Germany at a price little exceeding that of beef.

**Put Them Off the Scent.**  
As the immaculate young woman and the tired but happy-looking young man entered the Pullman, followed by a grinning porter, the other passengers became "wise" in a moment. The stout drummer leaned over to the man behind him and remarked:

"Bride and groom; 100 to 1." Every one turned to view the new-

comers, who had deposited themselves vis-a-vis in No. 4. As if unconscious of any scrutiny, the young man said in a high nasal voice:

"Well, do as you like about it; either increase the margin or let it go! You didn't follow my advice in the first place, but if you want to pull out you'd better take it now."

"Oh, I know," the woman replied. "What's the use of going all over it again?"

"Huh!" said the stout man's companion. "Guess you lose. Been playing the market. Not much bride and groom talk about that."

The rest of the passengers sniffed and then turned their backs on the new couple. Whereat the young man smiled at the young woman and they softly joined hands as he whispered:

"Millicent, my dear, my shoes are full of rice."—New York Press.

**A Detested Plant.**  
No sort of bird, beast or creeping thing will touch a castor oil plant. It seems to be a rank poison to all the animal world. Even a goat will starve before biting off a leaf, and a horse will sniff at it and turn up his upper lip as though it had the most detestable odor on the face of the earth. Army worms and the locusts will pass it by, though they may eat every other green thing in sight, and there is no surer way to drive moles away from a lawn than to plant a few castor beans here and there. Even the tobacco worm will refuse to be fed on its leaves. There is hardly another instance in natural history of a plant being so universally detested by the animal world.

**Venison in Germany.**  
Venison, which is difficult to get in American markets, may be obtained nearly every day in the restaurants of Germany at a price little exceeding that of beef.

**Put Them Off the Scent.**  
As the immaculate young woman and the tired but happy-looking young man entered the Pullman, followed by a grinning porter, the other passengers became "wise" in a moment. The stout drummer leaned over to the man behind him and remarked:

"Bride and groom; 100 to 1." Every one turned to view the new-