

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

The yellow in the Jap soldier seems to be only skin deep.

It makes a spinster mad every time she hears of a widow marrying again.

The latest fashion report is that bare feet are again being worn by small boys.

Almost any wife is willing to compromise by letting her husband do as she pleases.

An Irish philosopher says the sweetest memories in life are recollections of things forgotten.

Russia has borrowed \$100,000,000 in Paris. Paris is easy. We would never have let them have it.

When a young man is really in love he doesn't hesitate to propose just because the girl has money.

If people could only find money as easily as they find fault we would all be millionaires in a short time.

They have a health food called "nutose." "Steakose" and "baked-potatose" meets our present demand.

There is a pitcher on exhibition at the St. Louis fair that is 2,000 years old. That family must have a jewel of a hired girl.

A mother's congress always presents a splendid opportunity for childless people with theories to tell the mothers how to bring up their offspring.

No doubt we are all quite civilized and refined, but the big act in the circus is the one in which the performer appears to incur a wanton risk of life.

A Chicago man predicts the end of the world in 1924. We haven't much faith in predictions of the end of the world. Very few of them ever come true.

The principal part of King Edward's job appears to be to visit around among his relatives and try to keep them from declaring war on one another.

Mrs. Hetty Green says it's all a dream, the report that she had let go of \$550,000 for a charitable institution. And it is safe to say Mrs. Green did not do the dreaming.

An English countess has married her coachman. American heiresses will have little interest in the coachman, however, as he will not be able to share the lady's title.

The American Tract Society finds there is so much work to do at home that it cannot spend as much money as heretofore in efforts to enlighten the heathen in foreign lands.

The statisticians have figured it out again. It costs the people of the United States \$7.97 per capita per annum to maintain the Federal government. Yes, this includes postoffice buildings, river and harbor improvements and all.

Irrigation or navigation? To which of these uses certain streams shall be reserved is becoming a serious question in not a few regions. Some rivers can easily serve both purposes, but man must choose whether to put others "before his plow or under his saddle."

Fallen into the hands of the police, a clever forger pleads, with tears in his eyes, that he was forced to crime in order to maintain his position in society. The thing would be funny were it not a serious reflection upon a manner of life all too common nowadays—the habit of many of living beyond their means in a vain attempt to emulate the customs of their richer neighbors. It requires but an elementary knowledge of morals to see that this is all wrong, but that the evil in question is very prevalent all must admit. The remedy lies in a return to a more simple manner of living, coupled with the understanding that a man's importance to society is not so much a matter of dollars and cents as it is of character.

People buy magazines almost as frequently and readily as they buy newspapers. Advertisers pour a golden flood into the treasury of every magazine that can sell and any magazine full of flimsy short stories can sell. As a consequence, all the good story writers are being ruined by prosperity. Scarcely any of them write anything fit for civilized people to read. The magazine has been thoroughly commercialized. What we ask for now is a magazine which will not permit its contributors to write more than one or two short stories a year, and will pay \$1,000 apiece for them. Some of the magazines should attempt to preserve literature and not devote all their af-

fections to the soap ad man and the summer resort reading public.

The chief of the Philadelphia fire department has published a set of rules "In Case of Fire." They ought to be learned by heart, like the multiplication table, so that when needed they will spring automatically to the mind. First sound the alarm. Close the door and open the windows. A closed door is a wonderful protection against flame; an open window lets the heat and smoke out. Do not fear thick smoke too much. Go down on your hands and knees—you will find no smoke near the floor. Nine times out of ten you can descend a stairway so. Many have been burned to death because they thought a smoke-filled stairway meant an impassable one. There is plenty of pure air to breathe near the floor. Should the fire have gained such headway that all exits are blocked, shut yourself in a front room and lean far out of the window, so that the firemen can see you. Once they see you, it is reasonably sure they will rescue you. Above all, keep cool. The majority of deaths from fire would have been averted if the victims had not lost their heads.

A recent English writer declares that he was once greatly surprised by the widow of a French officer who said she always traveled first class because she was rich, and later it turned out that she had an income of just \$900 a year. It set him to thinking, and the result of his study was the discovery that this lady never spent annually more than \$850, and therefore was rich. Going further into the matter, he found that the French middle classes, outside of Paris at least and largely even there, do not worship appearances as do the corresponding classes in England. They make few sacrifices to outward show and have small notion of and less care for what English and Americans know as Mrs. Grundy. Frenchmen, as a rule, he says, spend a third less than Englishmen on dress. Yet nowhere in the world is the individual held in higher esteem, nowhere do personal dignity and character and family honor command higher respect, nowhere is the so-called realistic novelist's standard of men and women farther from the true standard than all observe than in the French provinces. Ninety or more in every hundred live within their incomes, because all alike are esteemed for what they are not at all by outward appearances. If this is true of the French as compared with the English how much greater is the contrast as compared with Americans. In the last analysis how far it goes to explain the much-criticized tendency among us to "graft" and all the countless corrupt practices in official and business life so justly deplored. Is our universal worship of appearances, our eager striving to wear a veneer if we cannot afford the "solid wood" of so-called respectability, is all this one of the fruits of democratic institutions—a vain attempt to carry the political theory that "one man is as good as another" into all other departments of life? Or is it only a passing phase of development, out of which we will grow? The question is one of infinite moment to us, and the circumstance that a thousand years or more of French development have borne another and better fruit, as it seems, is a very grave fact in the study.

**Substitute for Pumice.**  
Artificial pumice is made in quantities in Bietigheim in the valley of the Enz in Germany, which is said to be a valuable substitute for the genuine stone, according to the New York Post. It is made from ground sandstone and clay, and there are ten kinds, differing from each other in regard to hardness and grain as follows: (1) a hard and a soft kind with coarse grain, particularly useful in the leather, wax cloth, felt and wood industries; (2) a hard and a soft kind with medium coarse grain, suited to stucco workers and sculptors and particularly useful for polishing wood before it is painted; (3) a soft, fine-grained stone for the white and dry polish of wood and for tin goods; (4) one of medium hardness with fine grain, for giving the wood a surface for an oil polish; (5) a hard, fine-grained one for working metals and stones, especially lithographic stones; and finally pumice stones with a very fine grain.

These artificial stones are used in pretty much the same way as those of volcanic origin. For giving a smooth surface to wood, a dry stone is applied, but to give it a fine polish the stone is dipped in oil. For the fine work no coarse-grained and for coarse work no fine-grained stones are used. The unreliability of pumice, both in grain and hardness, variations being noted even in the same piece, suggested the idea of replacing it with the artificial product.

**An Improvement.**  
"He boasts that he came from a good family."  
"Well, I don't doubt that it's a good deal better since he came from it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Old bachelors in India are indeed fortunate. Widows there are not permitted to marry again.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## OUR DESPISED GRANDMOTHERS' SPLENDID PHYSIQUE.

By Lady Forbes.



We cannot nowadays open a newspaper without hearing of some department of athletics in which women have taken part. The pictures published of women's hockey teams are about as numerous as those of men's cricket elevens. Women carry off golf and lawn tennis championships, perform amazing feats of pedestrianism, ride bicycles for unusual distances at unbroken records of speed, swim, shoot, fish farther, faster, better, or at any rate as far, as fast, as well as most male competitors. The twentieth century woman has therefore passed into a proverb for strength and activity. So it has become the habit to compare her with her grandmother, to the latter's disadvantage.

Grandmamma was a poor creature, a soft, drooping thing that shrieked at the sight of a mouse and fainted at that of a cow; that exclaimed "La!" on all occasions and was always blushing; that wrote a fine hand and expressed herself in precise English. She scarcely knew what lay beyond her garden gate, far less traveled by herself half over the known globe. She became crimson at the mere mention of men's nether garments, far less put them on for bicycling or mountain climbing purposes. She hardly went for a walk, let alone a cross country tramp. She shrieked at the sight of a gun, and nothing would have persuaded her to touch it. A mild rubber of whisk was the only game she ever played. She knew how to keep house, but she had never heard of the "higher mathematics." I think she would have disapproved of her descendant quite as markedly as her descendant despises her.

Yet, after all, when one comes to analyze the two women from an impartial point of view, grandmamma does not compare so unfavorably with her stalwart granddaughter as she is supposed to do. She was not an athlete. But as far as endurance went, her granddaughter cuts a poor figure beside her. To begin with, grandmamma had no nerves. She did not know what the word meant. If you had talked before her of a "rest cure," you might just as well have been talking Chinese. Her tears and her fainting fits were merely the weapons in her armory, cunning little grandmamma! She did not waste them on the wrong young man.

Again, grandmamma, when she married in her teens or early twenties, looked forward with perfect equality to the bearing of a round dozen of children. That her descendant, with all the alleviations of modern science, thinks differently is the complaint of President Roosevelt. If by any chance grandmamma did leave her peaceful lavender and rose scented garden and went out into the world, she emerged after a journey of half a dozen days and nights sitting up in a stage coach far more fresh and smiling than her granddaughter after eight hours in a sleeping car.

## MARRYING A MAN TO REFORM HIM.

By Helen Oldfield.



The new cult which declares love a disease and counsels its treatment as such is scarcely new. Centuries ago Shakespeare wrote: "Love is merely madness, and I tell you deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love, too." Moreover, Shakespeare is said to have borrowed the idea from a far more ancient writer.

It is probably due to this fact, the lack of reason, which is part and parcel of love in general, that so many good women are willing to marry men who have absolutely wallowed in pitch, such as none can touch and not be defiled, fondly believing that love for themselves shall change the leopard's spots and wash the black sheep as white or whiter than any in the flock. In truth, the better and purer the woman the more ready is she to assume the task. So,

also, the professedly penitent rascal who confessed to sins many and grievous and pleads for a helping hand in behalf of love, has a better chance with the best of women than he who, while actually turning his back on a discreditable past, refuses to acknowledge his transgressions or to put forth his need of saving womanly grace.

Sometimes the venture is successful, but rarely. Usually the trusting wife learns through much tribulation and many heartaches the all compelling power of old associations, the infinite strength of long established habit. Much has been said and sung of the power of women's influence over the men who love them; history and romance are full of it. But the lesson of the ages is, alas, that it is far easier to influence men for evil than for good. A touch may be sufficient to send a stone down hill, when the utmost strength of a team of oxen will scarcely avail to haul it slowly up the steep incline. In point of fact, the influence of the husband over the wife is usually much greater than that of the wife upon the husband. It is often hard to overcome evil with good; far easier is it to condone the sin of a beloved sinner, to make one's self believe that black is white.

The miserable husband is the man who cannot bring a clean bill of moral health to his marriage. The lover ought to be a better and more unselfish man on the eve of his marriage than on the eve of his proposal. He has had a chance, with the strongest incentive, of breaking off bad habits and undesirable, not to say evil, associations. Neither should he, as some men are apt to do, regard this partial reformation as merely a temporary sacrifice and look forward to relapsing into the old ways when once he is married.

## NATURE MAKES US CREATURES OF HABIT.

By Andrew Wilson.



Naturalists, whose business it is to study the ways and works of the children of life, have long recognized the power and influence of habit as a factor in molding the destinies of animals and plants. An excellent illustration of the adoption of a peculiar habit indeed is that afforded by the ways of the rife fish. This fish is a near relation of the perch. In its own special family circle we find at least two species included. It has a short and compressed body, ending forwards in a distinct "snout," while the lower jaw projects beyond the upper. This conformation of mouth bears a distinct relation to its peculiar mode of life. Modification of structure, in other words, has followed alteration in the way of life. We find here two of a family that do not agree in the regulation or following of existence. The peculiar habit of this fish is found in its mode of capturing the insect prey on which it lives. It has acquired the power of ejecting drops of water forcibly from its mouth against the insects which settle on leaves adjacent to the water. So accurate is its aim that it rarely fails to hit its prey and to bring down the quarry into the water, where it is at the mercy of its captor. The water pellets may be ejected in a stream or singly. The particular form of the mouth is adjusted to the ejection of the bombarding drops. So that the modification of habit in respect of what life does has taken place with alteration of the machinery on which the performance of the habit depends.

The "first step" may have commenced by the simple, aimless ejection of water from the mouth; then might have succeeded chance shots which had the effect of bringing down the insects to the water. Animal life is not slow to take advantage of the fruits of experience, and, as practice makes perfect, we might thus roughly figure out the beginning and perfecting of marksmanship of the rife fish. Perhaps also the rising of the fish to the surface may have been connected, as in some other fishes, with a necessity for air breathing. But this last is pure conjecture. The case, none the less, illustrates excellently the difficulties of accounting for the beginnings of things.

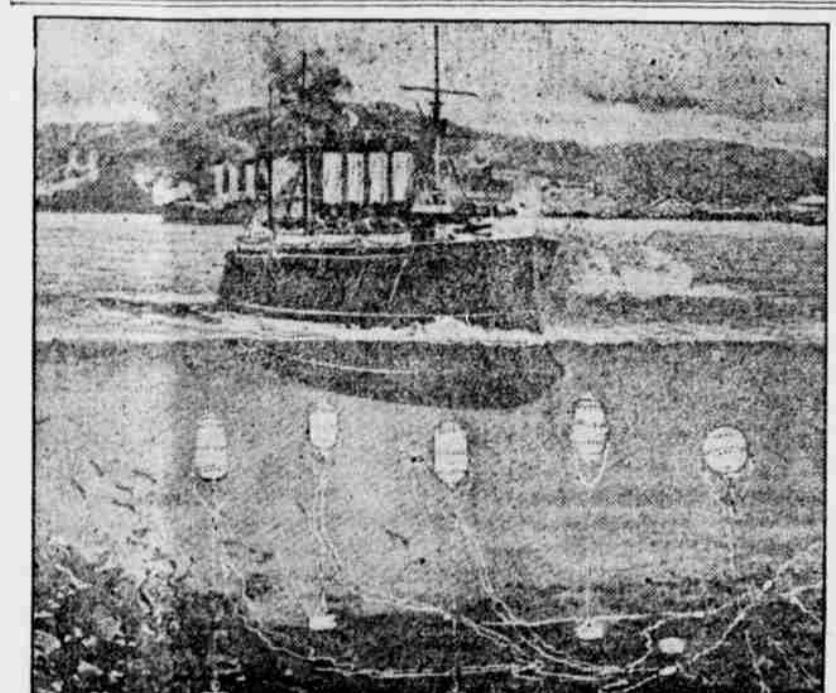
## DANGER OF FLOATING MINES.

**Instruments of Death Deposited by Russia May Menace Neutral Ships.**  
Naval authorities the world over are discussing the dangers to which not only the war vessels of non-combatant nations but merchant ships in all parts of the world may be subjected to Russia's unprecedented and unlawful placing floating mines in the open sea. To place mines at the entrance to a har-

bor in case of war, for blockading purpose, is according to the laws of nations, and this is what Japan has done at Port Arthur. In retaliation it seems beyond doubt that Russia placed a number of floating mines in the open sea off Port Arthur, in the course frequented by Japanese war vessels, in the hope of thus entrapping and destroying the enemy's ships. It was

one of these floating mines which destroyed the Japanese battleship Hatause with several hundred men. Since that time newspaper correspondents' boats have reported seeing mines floating on the high seas. The tremendous peril which is thus threatened to others than participants in the conflict is apparent.

Everybody should know, writes Cyrus D. Adams, in the New York Times, that the floats and jetsam of the land carries much debris from Japan and Southern China to the Philippine Islands and all other parts of the eastern islands world from Formosa and Borneo. Drifting explosives in good condition set afloat in the neighborhood of Port Arthur might bring the same dangers to shipping in the East Indies archipelago that now seem to threaten life and property in the more northern waters. Torpedoes would be just as likely to be carried into the channels among the Philippine Islands as the Asian debris that now flats in them to be dashed against the shore.



WARSHIP RUNNING ONTO A MINE FIELD.

But the danger might travel further. Any floating object from these Asian coasts may be swept into the great main stream of the Kuro Siwo, the wide ocean river that sweeps in a vast curve across the North Pacific. The Great Circle steaming route followed by some of the steamships between American Pacific ports and Japan dip into the southern edge of this stream. Although the Kuro Siwo gradually loses the character of a current, it sets slowly along the coasts of British North America, the United States and Lower California, ultimately rejoining the equatorial current. The branch that sweeps southward along our coasts is known as the California current. The northward branch washes the shores of our Alaskan Islands.

If explosives get into the main stream of the Kuro Siwo coastal steamers between Alaska and Panama and deepsea vessels along the northern route between the American Pacific and Asia will be liable to meet terrible disaster.

**Jews in Jerusalem.**  
In 1885 there were only 16,000 Jews in Jerusalem. Last year in the city they numbered at least 41,000. In all about 150,000 are actually living in Palestine.

"Are you doing much work at college?" "Yes, I'm trying to keep up a correspondence with fifteen girls."—Princeton Tiger.

seas are carried by currents and winds into all the pathways of ocean travel; and it is almost incredible that sane men should add high explosives to the wreckage, timber, icebergs and other drift that are always a menace and for which seafarers are incessantly on the lookout.

What might happen next winter? The force winter monsoons blowing off