

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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TOLEDO.....OREGON.

Chance is one of the most profane words in our language.

It is not always safe to judge the state of our prosperity by the prices put on the new hats for women.

A woman can forgive her husband for being a bear at home if he will only make love to her when they are out in company.

Viceroy Alexieff calls the Japanese a "self-willed, stubborn enemy." The remark throws a flood of light on the origin of the war.

Mr. Carnegie wants war abolished, but the Carnegie mills are going right along making armor plate for all customers that have the price.

Uncle Sam must be something of a farmer when the statistics show that the railroads received more than \$463,000,000 for simply moving his 1904 crop.

Algernon Sartoris, grandson of General Grant, ridicules the establishment of the jury system in the Philippines, where he says the lower natives are too easily corrupted. So? Noticed something of the same sort here.

Already the New York subway is being disfigured with unsightly advertisements. Some people will think it a pity when they get to heaven—if they ever do—that they can't line the streets of the New Jerusalem with billboards.

Woman was woman 2000 B. C. Arthur Evans, the Oxford archaeologist, has found in Crete a subterranean sanctuary containing the statue of a goddess. The goddess has on corsets exactly like those of modern date, and now the splendid physique of Greek women has to be explained on a wholly new theory.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., exhorted on the parable of the leaven before his Bible class, and said: "There is nothing in the dough itself to make it light and wholesome. The dough itself is harmful if taken internally." When it comes to talking about "dough" young Rockefeller speaks with authority, for he should have inherited sufficient information on the subject to entitle him to the entire bakery.

What is doubtless the largest meteorite "in captivity" is now on exhibition in the Museum of Natural History in New York. It weighs about fifty tons. Commander Peary found it in the arctic regions and brought it south a few years ago. Until recently it was stored in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Since alighting on the earth after its wild career through the heavens it has become completely domesticated, and no guard is required nor is an iron cage needed to keep it from breaking loose.

According to official Japanese reports, one regiment which went into one of the most desperate assaults upon the defenses of Port Arthur with more than 2,700 effective men lost 2,500. Only six officers and 200 men came back from one of the most terrible struggles in the history of war. Such fighting as this is disheartening to the most stubborn antagonists which any army can encounter. It reveals a willingness literally to conquer or die, which is appalling to officers commanding opposing forces.

Abyssinia is being "wired." Some 1,000 miles of telephone line have been put up and as much more is being laid. The work is no joke. The rains and the poles fell. The white ants ate up a large collection of wooden poles. Then iron ones were put up, which the simple native liked so well that he took them home to use in his business. The Negus stopped the amusement by proclaiming death to the pole pilferers. But the royal mandate cannot prevent the Bandarlog, the monkey people, from swinging in the wires or—what is much more delightful—the elephant from scratching himself against the poles. The telephone pole is a scratching post for elephants. Thus does civilization provide home comforts for the jungle people.

Nothing is more remarkable in connection with the war in the east than the stolidity of the Chinese people. If they take note of the battles they seem to have no preference as to which side shall be victor. This is largely a fact of ignorance, for even the well-informed natives have only the crudest geographical knowledge and do not grasp the meaning of a map. But the stolidity is not altogether attributable to lack of comprehension of military movements in the area of hostilities, but is largely due to racial characteristics. From every point of view the Chinese are an illustration of arrested development. They

have been beating time so long as a nation that they cannot grasp the inspiration of the word progress. To them it simply means change, and nothing is so repugnant to the race as that.

President Palma was able to congratulate the Cuban congress in his annual message on a notable increase in the foreign trade of the island. He reported that the imports for the fiscal year ending June 30 last were \$74,492,000, an increase of \$11,872,000, and that the exports were \$94,399,000, an increase of \$18,000,000. He did not state the proportion of the increase in the trade with the United States, but our own government statistics show that it is considerable. We sold Cuba in the fiscal year, according to our computation, \$26,908,000 of goods, an increase of \$5,147,000 over the fiscal year 1903, and we bought from Cuba \$76,983,000, an increase of \$14,041,000. As compared with 1902, our sales were almost the same, but our purchases had more than doubled.

Food adulteration, for many years a subject of contention and discussion in scientific quarters, has received its most serious consideration at the hands of the international jury of awards at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. After several months of close scrutiny of many food samples and the most careful scientific investigation the jurors uncovered conditions that are astonishing. According to Paul Pierce, superintendent of food exhibits at the fair, the following is an actual breakfast in a workman's home in Indianapolis: Fried sausage, colored with aniline red and adulterated with about 10 per cent of corn grits; apple butter, colored with aniline red and loaded with glucose; butter, colored with azo dye and adulterated with 10 per cent excess of water; coffee, glazed with a glazing compound of dextrine and starch, and colored with brown aniline dye; bread, cheap, soggy baker's stuff not sufficiently baked and containing glucose and malt extract; potatoes; gravy, made from flour, milk and the drip from colored and adulterated sausage. This breakfast consisted of seven articles, of which only one—potatoes—was normal.

The immense amount of money given during the last ten years for widely different objects finds no parallel in history. It is true large sums of money in times past have been given to the church, and during the middle ages what was given to the church included education, libraries and charities as well as religion, but there was nothing like the lavish outpouring of money there has been of late, especially in America. Libraries and universities have come in for so large a share of these gifts that the most remote hamlet is likely to be provided with all the reading one can desire, while university privileges reach out to all who are willing to seize them. What turn will this fad for giving take next? The good impulse is evidently destined to continue and to find new channels. Education is all right, but even the capacity to learn has its limits, and there are other needs in life besides brain culture. Scientific investigation ought to come in for a large share of benefit in the future. Each new discovery and invention opens the way for a demand for others. Much as has been accomplished of late by way of scientific research, the field is endless and at present demands large sums of money. There can be no greater boon to humanity than further success in the fields opened by Koch, Finlen, Ramsay, Becquerel, the Curies and others, but these interests cannot be pursued by scientists to any great extent unless means are generously provided. It is not the part of a republican government to foster experiments or provide means for other than immediate demands, but it is the privilege of those gifted with the faculty for money-making or on whom fortune has bestowed her favors to advance these interests by generous donations. It is something to find and conquer new worlds in science, but to be the patron of these discoverers, to be the one to enable them to accomplish the deed is scarcely less honor than is his who has the genius for doing it. While the fad for giving is on let the scientists have their share of the funds.

A Second Offense.

The tramp arrested for vagrancy rarely displays any humor, but the New York Tribune mentions one whose mild waggishness enlivened his own trial.

After the judge had looked the man over, he said, musingly, "I seem to know your face."

"Yes," the tramp agreed, pleasantly, "we were boys together."

"Nonsense!" said the judge, frowning.

"But we were," the tramp said, with mild insistence. "We're about the same age. We must a' been boys together."

Women go into boarding houses with the excuse that they can't find help. How about the men who don't close up their places of business because of the same problem?

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PLEA FOR THE SIMPLE LIFE.

By Rev. R. A. White, D. D., Chicago.



REV. R. A. WHITE.

Simple entertainment no longer satisfies. The stage, the press, art, fiction, and music are all in a mad rush to create or find new sensations for restless, dissatisfied patronage, burdened with many cares and oppressed by an indescribable ennui.

Simple, tasteful dress scarcely exists; we are an over-dressed people, ruled by the latest convention of clothes makers. We are mad over superfluous wants. The people worry most over nonessential things. No one is any happier under these conditions. Everyone has a look of care. Our women are not rosy and contented looking. Our young men breed wrinkles early. Men and women who dress to suit themselves and be comfortable are freaks. To keep up appearances, people wear clothes which they have not paid for and cannot afford. To march with the procession, people eat food for which they have not paid the grocer, live in houses with rent in arrears, affect a style of life they have no visible means of supporting. Living at our present pace is responsible for most of our modern crime. From the snare of small debts, brought on by expensive living, many a man seeks to escape by certain speculations and finally by certain peculations.

POWER OF CIRCUMSTANCE IN LOVE AFFAIRS.

By Helen Oldfield.



There is nothing in the conduct of life to which the trite old saying that "circumstances alter cases" applies more forcibly than to love affairs. No one is altogether sure of one's self, still less of another, and none can gauge correctly the depths of another's heart. They who ask advice concerning the course to be pursued in the dilemmas of love are usually ill advised. Such problems are of those with which no one should intermeddle. The man who wishes to be told whether he will be safe in marrying a woman who he is reasonably sure loves him, but with whom he is not in love; a woman whom he likes thoroughly and of whom he cordially approves; must in all kindness and justice to himself and to her decide the question for them both. He only can judge whether his temperament is such that cordial liking for

and a firm faith in, his wife can fill the place of genuine, permanent love, in case love declines to follow in their wake. He must take into consideration that sweetness is cloying when not desired, and question himself closely as to whether the demonstrations of a love which he does not share may not prove wearisome beyond his power to conceal that weariness.

There are not many women to whose hearts true and earnest love cannot find its way sooner or later; few who are proof against a loyal and loving lover. Which fact, in view of the insurmountable law that a woman can not choose, except from among those who choose her, is undoubtedly a merciful dispensation of providence. The love which lasts must be founded upon the rock of mutual respect, else, when the storms of adversity come and the floods beat upon that love, it will fall and fall like the house in the parable which was bulidled upon sand.

WOMEN CRIMINALS WORSE THAN MEN.

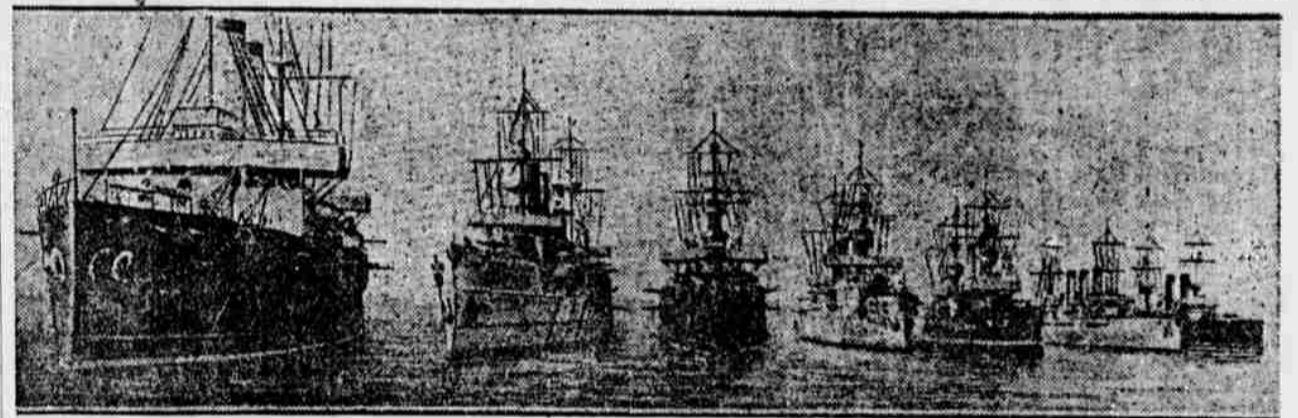
By George Clarette.



Crime and criminal women have always been of the greatest interest to the vulgar herd. Last year it was the Humbert affair; this year it is Italy which, in the person of the Countess Bonmartin, runs in close rivalry to France. Certain crimes, which had grown rare of late years, have brusquely reappeared. Poison has become fashionable once more. For crime has its fashion; now it is the revolver, now vitriol, now poison. The dagger has been cast aside for a weapon as unerring, but more dangerous and even more dastardly—poison. And now rumors of poisoning cases are becoming more and more frequent. A few months ago Mme. Galtie, at Lectoure, and Mme. Massot, at Marseilles, were accused of poisoning their husbands, and at Rouen Mme. Bonroy is being tried for having killed her husband in the same way.

A poisoner has the maddened thirst of a drunkard, with this difference, however, that she pours out her beverage for others. She has visibly her hysteria. This refinement of cruelty, this sort of pernicious daintiness in crime, is a malady like any other. In certain women this hysteria will turn into a need of lying, of inventing extraordinary tales. In others it becomes a passion for writing unsigned letters, often addressed to themselves; in others still, it is the madness of crime, the impulsive, irresistible need of killing just for the pleasure of killing, to see the features drawn in the agony of pain, the throes of the dying.

Now we are having a little epidemic of poisoning. But a noticeable feature is this—all these crimes take place in the provinces. It would seem as if a Parisian woman, in her feverish existence, in her whirlwind of a life, has neither the time nor the quiet mind necessary to set upon a victim with the same cold slowness, the same daily ferocity. When a Parisienne does revenge herself upon somebody, she uses her revolver, in between two calls, or two outings in her automobile. Everything goes quickly in Paris, even murder.



ENGLAND, 1,567,250 tons. FRANCE, 755,757 tons. UNITED STATES, 616,275 tons. GERMANY, 505,619 tons. RUSSIA, 474,799 tons. ITALY, 329,259 tons. JAPAN, 232,434 tons.

A few months ago the United States Bureau of Intelligence made some valuable comparisons, in one of which the navies were compared on the basis of the number and displacement of warships actually completed on Jan. 1, 1904, and the other on the basis of the number and displacement both of the warships actually completed and of those under construction at that date. It should be noted that in these estimates no account is taken of gunboats and other vessels of less than 1,000 tons displacement, nor do they include transports, dispatch vessels, converted merchant vessels

NAVIES OF WORLD COMPARED

If All Ships Now Under Construction Were Completed.

To-day.		If all Ships now Building were Completed.	
	Tons.		Tons.
1. Great Britain	1,576,040	1. Great Britain	1,567,250
2. France	576,198	2. France	755,757
3. Germany	387,874	3. United States	616,275
4. Russia	360,301	4. Germany	505,619
5. United States	294,405	5. Russia	474,799
6. Italy	258,838	6. Italy	329,259
7. Japan	222,339	7. Japan	232,434

or yachts, or obsolete cruisers. Vessels, moreover, that are authorized, but upon which no actual work of construction has been done, are excluded from the comparison. The figures of the department are given here after subtracting the tonnage of the vessels actually lost by Russia since Jan. 1 and the gains by Japanese of the two purchased cruisers and the losses sustained during the fighting off Port Arthur. It will be seen that Russia drops from her position of third before the war to fourth in the first list and fifth under the second heading.

ORIGIN OF WORD PICNIC.

It Appeared in One of Lord Chesterfield's Letters.

"Whence the word 'picnic?' asked a man who is fond of the study of the meaning and origin of words, in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. I do not know and have not been able to trace. My attention was directed to the matter by a recent article, in which it was stated that the derivation of the word picnic is uncertain. In London Notes and Queries of 1853 attempts were made to trace its origin. One correspondent says: 'Under a French form the word appears in a speech of Robespierre, "C'est le qu'il doit m'accuser, et non dans les piques-niques." An earlier instance occurs in one of Lord Chesterfield's letters, dated October, 1784.' Another writer of the same date tries to trace the word through France into Italy. Starting with the assumption that piquenique in French implies a party at which each guest provides some special duty, he finds the Italian expression nicchia (duty) and piccola (a trifling service), and from these he coins piccola nicchia (picnic). A French encyclopedia, 1843, has it that the word is compounded of the simple English pic (to choose) and nick (in

the nick of time, on the spur of the moment). In France the term is also used for indoor picnics. In America the word picnic is confined to out-of-door affairs, and in the old-time meaning of the word it was a basket dinner in the woods. The word is given a broader meaning now and is frequently used to describe the annual celebration of certain organizations."

Didn't Mind Results.

The insurance men were exchanging vacation reminiscences in Dearborn street.

"The pleasantest sight I saw up in Wisconsin while I was there," said the red faced man, "was an old fisherman we passed one day in the canoes, smoking his pipe, and with rod out anxiously awaiting results."

"What d'ye fish with?" asked our guide as we passed.

"Frogs, of course," said the lone fisherman, calmly.

"The guide broke out in a loud guffaw. And just then I couldn't see why. Then he pointed to a big log that lay in the stream a little distance away from the fisherman. He had neglected to weight his line sufficiently to keep the bait down, and the frog had come to the surface on the other side of one of the logs, leaped on it,

and sat there comfortably blinking in the sunlight.

"Two hours later we returned. The frog was still there, and the old fisherman smoked on in blissful ignorance of the situation.

"I wish we could take poor results as cheerfully as that old chap up in Wisconsin."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

France's Money Troubles.

The French are having a hard time with their nickels. The old ones were so much like the silver franc piece that the people protested; they kept giving a piece worth 20 cents for one worth 5. At last they have changed the shape. The new nickel will be rounded with acute corners so that by the simple touch the difference will be perceptible. About twenty millions will, in a few days, be thrown into circulation.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Nothing Fast About Him.

Glady's (sighing)—Oh, dear, he hasn't proposed yet.
Ethel—Well, what can you expect of a chap who never runs his auto over ten miles an hour!—Puck.

Some men would have no excuse for living if their wives didn't take in boarders.