

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO..... OREGON

When a man has fame he does not know it.

A two-faced baby has been born in Massachusetts. Yes, it's a girl.

It is not hard to believe in the total depravity of the rest of the race.

Kleptomania is a disease for which the victims are always taking something.

The Japs have shown that a navy is not necessarily required to destroy a navy.

In some parts of this glorious land of the free weddings are almost as numerous as divorces.

One of the nicest things about French duels is that even the innocent bystanders don't get hit.

A new play, entitled "An Honest Politician," was produced in New York. Realism on the stage is moribund.

Coxey was rich when everybody else was grumbling about hard times. It is just like him to go into bankruptcy when the country is prosperous.

Thomas P. Wood, a Chicago carpenter, has asked the courts for an injunction restraining his wife from talking. Does he want the woman to burst?

Whenever a rich American girl makes up her mind that she wants one there seems to be an earl, or a marquis, or a duke, or something left somewhere.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell thinks he has solved the aerial navigation problem. It is to be hoped that he has at least provided himself with a feather bed upon which to fall.

All the newspapers are gleeful over the passing of the circus poster, but little Johnny is wearing a long face. Johnny has always thought the posters nearly as much fun as the parade.

Counting his retired pay and his salary as adjutant general of Massachusetts, General Miles will receive more than \$14,000 a year. Verily, peace hath its compensations no less renowned than war.

The barefoot boy who said "There ain't going to be no core" appears to have been a true prophet, judging from the reports of discoveries made by the expert fruit growers who are producing coreless apples.

The Igorrotes at the St. Louis exposition proved to be one of the best paying of the attractions, the admission fees amounting to more than \$200,000. The margin of profit must have been large. It cost next to nothing to feed and clothe them.

The Porte promised a few days ago to quit preventing the circulation of Bibles in Turkish possessions. The promise has already been broken. But this is not surprising. It merely shows that the Porte continues to have the same old idea of a promise.

The dispatches recently have told the world much about the German emperor and his shooting party. We do not remember how many hundreds of birds the Emperor himself brought down, but the episode reminded one of slaughter. To the American sportsman it would not be exciting to stand comfortably by while a dozen servants load and pass guns to the shooter and an army of men beat tom-toms and drive unsuspecting birds within range of the guns. This sort of sport is comparable to sticking pigs in a slaughter house.

The belief that educated Indians relapse into savagery when no longer under the influence of government schools is not borne out by statistics—which, happily, the schools are now taking pains to keep. At least one Indian is mayor of a city, and another is vice president of a bank; but these men do not count for so much, when one views the question in a large way, as the hundreds of graduates who are earning a living as farmers, carpenters, shoemakers and blacksmiths. A disposition to work and stick to it marks the distinction between the civilized man and the "savage" of any color.

No department of the national administration "pays its way" quite so manfully as does the Department of Agriculture. Congress has recognized this fact in liberal appropriations. In the bureau of forestry alone, according to Secretary Wilson's report, these appropriations have permitted in six years a sixteen-fold increase in the working force and a twelve-fold increase in expenditures. Yet a single

discovery made by the bureau, and now applied to the production of turpentine, is effecting an annual saving equal to the total expenditure of the bureau for six years. The department is the farmers' Aladdin's lamp. Rub it and its genius produces anything called for.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is horrified by what he justly calls "the appalling number" of homicides in the United States. He says "Americans are our own stock"—that is not so true as it was fifty years ago—and "can have no more and no less tendency to lawlessness than we." In three years there were 31,000 homicides in the United States, while the loss of the British army in Africa from all causes for the same length of time were only 22,000. Dr. Doyle cannot understand why the single States of South Carolina and Georgia should each have more murders than the British empire. The novelist does not say, as some Englishmen have in the past, that American lawlessness is the necessary result of democratic institutions. He likes Americans. He has faith that they with "their energy and adaptability" will find some way of stamping out this "hideous growth of crime." This friendly critic of conditions, which every American should admit are deplorable, believes he understands their cause. He says "the law is loosely administered." He presumes the judges are not so free as in England and are influenced by political motives—"there is a pull hither and thither, and justice is not administered." So he suggests that "in the establishment of a pure, independent judiciary throughout America there is the best possible scope for the energy of Roosevelt." If Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had a superficial acquaintance with the American system of government he would not suggest that the President undertake the impossible task of providing an independent judiciary for the state courts, in which most murder cases are tried. If he had lived more than four months in this country and had studied American criminal jurisprudence he would have found that American judges are not so free as British judges in that they have less authority, but that political motives and "influence" do not affect them in murder cases. If judges here had the authority they have in England there would be more convictions. The trouble is that juries prefer to acquit if any plausible reason for doing so can be found. The same people who take human life so recklessly in personal or industrial quarrels seem to be beset by the notion that the state ought not to take the life of a man or keep him in prison till he dies because he has murdered somebody. The citizens of a state, when ashamed of the murder record it has made, will provide a better police system for the prevention of crime and apprehension of criminals. They will revise and strengthen their weak and lax criminal jurisprudence. When drawn as jurors they will have fewer maudlin scruples about finding men guilty of murder. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle should study the subject of crime in America more thoroughly before he makes specific recommendations on the subject.

WORST KIND OF POVERTY.

A Man May Have Plenty of Money and Yet Be Very Poor.

Much of what is called success is but the most vulgar kind of prosperity; it is the success of the brute faculties at the expense of the divine. To develop a few of one's brain cells, and these the lowest, by everlasting digging and grinding for money, to cultivate one huge gland which secretes nothing but dollars and the exclusive cultivation of which crushes out of life all the finer sentiments, all that is sweet and beautiful and worth while, makes a man as dry and barren as the great Sahara desert. He who follows this course cannot be rich, no matter how much money he may have. A man is rich when every faculty within him has followed his highest ideals, when he has pushed his horizon to its farthest limit.

A man is poor when he has lost confidence of his friends, when people who are nearest to him do not believe in him, when his character is honey-combed by deceit, punctured by dishonesty. He is poor when he makes money at the expense of his character, when principle does not stand clear cut, supreme in his idea. When this is clouded he is in danger of the worst kind of poverty. To be in the poorhouse is not necessarily to be poor. If you have maintained your integrity, if your character stands foursquare to the world, if you have never bent the knee of principle to avarice, you are not poor, though you may be compelled to beg bread.—Orison Swett Marden in Success.

Belgium's Public Houses.

Belgium, where public libraries are almost unknown, enjoys 190,000 public houses. That means one public house for thirty-six inhabitants, or one public house for twelve men above 17 years of age. During the last fifty years the population has increased 50 per cent; the number of public houses 258 per cent.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

CLARM DONE BY FARMERS' ALMANACS.

By W. L. Moore, Chief U. S. Weather Bureau.



W. L. MOORE.

weather forecasting and warn them against impostors.

It is the opinion of the leading meteorologists of the world that the public interests are injured by the publication of so-called long range forecasts, especially by such predictions as relate to severe storms, floods, droughts, and other atmospheric phenomena of a dangerous or damaging character, and the persistent efforts of certain men to foist their predictions upon the public for personal gain have reached such proportions that it is deemed advisable fairly and temperately to counteract the influence of those whom we believe to be preying upon the credulity of the public.

Some of these men may be honest, and may, in their ignorance, attach undue importance to storms that may, accidentally, coincide in time of occurrence with certain relative positions of the planets, or with changes in the phases or positions of the moon, or with periods of increase or decrease in sunspots or apparent variations in solar intensity. They may believe that they have discovered a physical law or a meteorological principle that has not been revealed to astronomers, meteorologists, or any other class of scientific investigators; but the publication of predictions that, by reason of their absolute inaccuracy, are calculated to be injurious to agricultural, commercial and other industrial interests casts a serious doubt upon the honesty of their purpose and upon their asserted disinterested devotion to the public welfare.

Such publications bring the science of meteorology into disrepute, and cannot, therefore, be made in response to a desire to advance that science along useful lines, and they retard the work of the honest investigator, through whose efforts only can gains be made in a fundamental knowledge of the causation of weather that will justify forecasts for a month or season in advance.

It is strange that men in any branch of industry should govern their business affairs by methods that were effectually discredited in the middle ages and which should not be tolerated in the twentieth century.

COMPLACENCY TOWARD MORAL DERELICTION.

By John M. Beck.

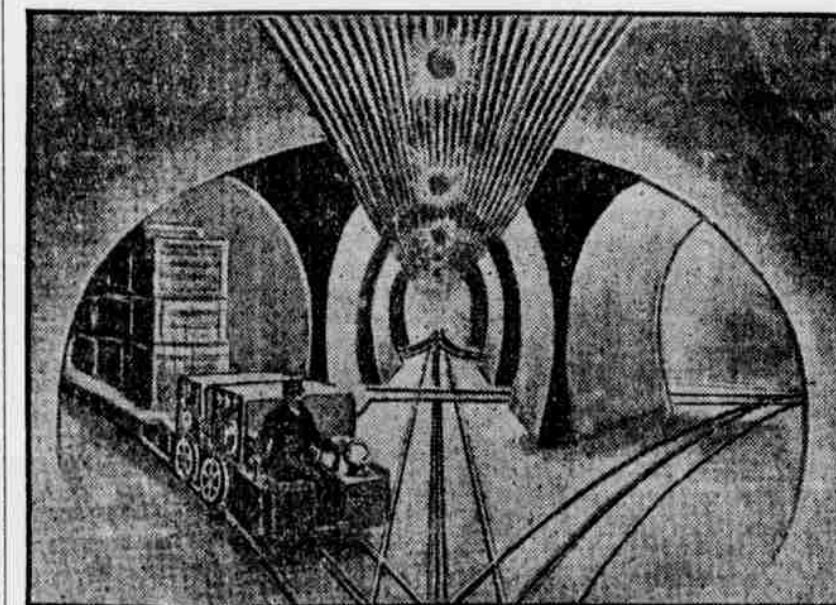
I believe that the complacent attitude of men toward moral dereliction is one of the evils of the time. Thus the exaggerated estimate which many physicians place upon the physical nature of a man causes their patients to have a lessened sense of moral responsibility. Doctors and occasionally humanitarian philosophers are constantly guilty of the mawkish sentimentality that all wrongdoing is but the result of some physical infirmity and that men's lapses are to be looked upon more in sorrow than in anger. Unquestionably environment and heredity or acquired disease do play an important part in the lives of a certain class of criminals, but there is no more dangerous and mischievous doctrine than that advocated by the Lombroso school of scientists, who hold that all crime is simply physical infirmity and that moral evil should be studied with the abstract scientific curiosity of physical disease. This exaggerated estimate of the physical basis of evil is destructive of the idea of moral responsibility. A little healthy hatred of moral evil would do this dabby age no harm. Never by a shrug of the shoulders or other species of good natured complacency should

CHICAGO'S SUBWAY.

Value of Freight Line that Carries the Transcontinental Mail.

It is claimed that the underground railroad of the city of Chicago will in a great measure relieve the congested condition of the streets of that city, not so much by the diversion of traffic below the surface as by the removal of the great number of teams heretofore required to handle the freight traffic of the great western

had to be transported in this manner, and much delay resulted incident to the exchange from the trains to the wagons and back again, independent of that which frequently happened to the wagons in the course of their trips through the thronged streets of the busy city. Connection had been established between the stations of the Lake Shore and Milwaukee Central and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and upon the completion of the



ELECTRIC TRAIN IN CHICAGO'S SUBWAY.

metropolis, says the Scientific American.

The first instance of this kind was recently accomplished in an experimental manner by the transportation of the mails by this subsurface line instead of by horses, conveying the bags across the city from one depot to another. The entire transcontinental mail

work the mails were transferred directly to the tunnel cars and after being sealed were sent on their way.

The operation is largely automatic, and as the way is clear no time is lost in transit. The company undertaking the contract agrees to cut the present time of handling the mail between the points named in half, but at the same

a physician give a patient a lessened sense of his or her moral responsibility.

Specialization is breaking up the unity of science into an ever increasing number of departments, with the result that the layman who seeks to have an inquest held over his own ruined health must now go before a very coroner's jury of doctors. Even the individual doctor has a tendency to become a kind of civic hermit and to detach himself from the great body of his fellow men. He seeks to build up a clientele and to live in it as in a little world. When successful you seek him in vain in other avenues of social life or public usefulness. In general literature he takes a languid interest, in public affairs practically none. To the refinement of art, the teachings of science beyond the boundaries of his profession, to public affairs, he is strangely indifferent. He even loses touch with his brethren of the medical faculty and rarely attends the sessions of the medical societies or the anniversaries of his college. In short, he is wholly absorbed in a little coterie of human life, to which, with his curative powers, he is a kind of beneficent but limited providence.

TO MAKE MARRIED LIFE HAPPY.

By F. B. Meyer, D. D.

The other day a young wife was endeavoring to impress on one of my lady visitors the manifold excellences of her husband, and having gone through the usual list she ended by saying: "He's not like a husband—he's more like a friend."

Exactly what she meant is more easy to imagine than define; but that is the relationship which should subsist between a wife and her husband—she must be his best friend.

This, of course, means that she must administer a judicious amount of kindly criticism. She must say what his other friends would like to say, but can't. She must do it because she is proud of him, loves him, and wants to let others see him at his best. If his clothes are getting shabby, if he is falling into a bad habit, if he makes mistakes, she must tell him—privately, of course; and perhaps, as Mrs. Caudle was wont to do, when the lights are out and the house is still.

As her husband's best friend, she will, of course, spend his money carefully. That she will spend his money goes without saying. But she can generally get more for it than he can. An ordinary good housewife will get as much out of a dollar as her husband will out of five. This frugal care is one of the best ways of befriending us poor men. What is more woeful than for a woman to spend her husband's hard-earned money recklessly and extravagantly, to run up bills with all the dressmakers and milliners in the neighborhood, wasting her time in gossip and shopping, and wasting his money on herself?

The wife that makes the best friend for her husband is like the model woman of the old covenant, described in Proverbs 31, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." "All the days"—not only in those of her young and early love, or of her meridian charm and beauty, but of her elder years—always the same, careful and thrifty, a good housewife, a prudent financier, a marvelous hand at making a little go a long way, an adept at turning the children's frocks, and cutting down coats and jackets for the younger boys, and making old things look like new, where there is the need for economy, and, where there are ample means, just as careful to see that there is no willful waste, and that the poor and needy have their share of the household provender.

As her husband's best friend, a wife will extract his anxieties and worries. This is a wonderful art, which only love can teach. He comes home with that bored and fretful manner, which is not exactly bad temper, though it might degenerate into it. She knows, as he shuts the front door, that things are not quite straight. Something has gone wrong in business; he has lost money, had a misunderstanding with an influential deacon, or fallen out with his employer or the chairman of the company.

time the officials are confident of their ability to do very much better than this. If the scheme proves successful other connections will be made and the mail to and from the main post-office handled in this manner.

This innovation besides cutting down the time of mail transportation will be the means of saving much money now spent by the government in the maintenance of wagons and horses. It will also place at the disposal of the Chicago postmaster considerable room about the postoffice structure which is now given up to the purposes of a wagon stand. This is an item of some importance in this case, as there is a scarcity of room, and the space thus gained can be put to good use.

Some Very Long Names

A directory issued in Honolulu contains what is believed to be the longest name appearing in any such publication. It is that of Miss Annie K. Keohoanakaalainhu eakaweloikanaka, which means substantially "Jack and the Bean Stalk." Pauline Nabuchodonozowiszowna, a resident of Milwaukee, is probably champion of America, though Salvatore Schlanoditonnariello of Providence, R. I., and Bernard G. Ahrenhoersterbaumer of St. Louis may be regarded as entitled to honorable mention.

Future Careers Arranged.

Holden—Both of your children are getting along. They'll soon have to decide upon their life careers.

Belden—Oh, that's all settled long ago. Tom has made up his mind to be a retired millionaire and Henrietta thinks she is cut out for a rich widow.—Boston Transcript.

Had to Have It.

"You married me for my money!" she exclaimed angrily.

"Oh, well," he replied soothingly, "don't blame me. I couldn't get it any other way, you know."