

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

To proffer a small sum as a bribe is an insult.

Swapping horses is one kind of a stock exchange.

But why shouldn't Luna show a badly cracked head?

Somehow one's plain duty is usually too plain to be attractive.

Most men would rather have half a loaf than no chance to loaf.

It will take more than gold-loving hearts to make the golden age.

If a woman keeps her husband in hot water he may retaliate by soaking her.

Some men are stupider than they look and some look stupider than they are.

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

No girl cares to have a man admit that she is the only girl he ever loved platonically.

Inventor Tesla is making great promises again. But occasionally Tesla makes good.

It's easier for a woman to love a man than it is for her to agree with another woman.

Many a young man doesn't propose for the reason that he is afraid the girl will say "yes."

Colonel Bryan refuses to discuss at this time the prediction that he will be the candidate of the Democrats in 1908. Modesty forbids.

The women who want to do away with the typewriter girl have started a question that will be harder to decide than the canteen controversy.

Word comes from Constantinople that Turkey has arranged to borrow \$15,000,000 from a foreign financial group. The sultan must have a Mrs. Chadwick on his staff.

A Brooklyn judge has handed down an opinion that a man who dyes his hair may be considered weak-minded. Some people will insist that the Brooklyn jurist is too conservative.

Mariners assert that the gulf stream is flowing with an unusually swift current this year. Unless it is doing mischief, however, the case does not appear to be one that calls for an injunction.

A German court has decided that poker is a game of skill, not chance, and that a man who has played poker cannot be said to have gambled. The presumption is that the court had not only played poker itself, but had been fairly successful in accumulating the blue checks.

One of those interesting persons who are given to statistics has figured out that if all the inhabitants of the earth were divided into families of four there would be ample room for them in Texas, and every family would have a little farm consisting of more than half an acre. Nevada, however, could accommodate nearly half the inhabitants of the earth on the same liberal basis—if you can imagine anybody wanting to settle down in Nevada.

Vanderbilt horses now wear night-shirts made of fine linen. These protect their coats from the blankets worn at night. In Paris the lap dogs are provided with gum shoes to keep their feet dry and in New York the automobile shops sell sweaters for dogs, so that Prince or Carlo may be saved from catching pneumonia as he is whirled along in his owner's whizz car. The only fashionable luxury the "smart set" seem to deny its pets is divorce.

Wu Ting-fang was among those who were honored by the Dowager Empress of China on her recent birthday. The dowager, to show the high esteem in which she holds him, has granted him permission to ride on horseback in the Forbidden City, a privilege enjoyed by only a few. As Mr. Wu, when he was Chinese minister to this country, preferred to ride about Washington in an automobile, it is doubtful if he will often take advantage of his new privilege.

There has always been a lower percentage of divorces among men engaged in agricultural pursuits than in any other calling, not excepting the clergy. Soldiers, sailors and marines, on the other extreme, show the highest average of marriage infelicity. Next among the high averages comes the

hostlers, the actors, agricultural laborers, bartenders, servants and waiters, musicians and teachers of music, photographers, paper-hangers, barbers, lumbermen, and so on, diminishing in ratio until the lowest average is reached, as before stated, among the farmers.

"The man without a country" has figured in romantic story, but it is the man with two countries who gives the American State Department much of its work, especially in conducting diplomatic relations with such governments as those of Russia and Turkey. Nearly all nations claim as citizens, or subjects, persons born in their territory; nearly all nations also claim foreign-born children of their own citizens. There is thus an overlapping of interests, or a conflict of laws, which has given rise to prolonged discussion. Armenians, who are subjects of Turkey, come here in large numbers and are naturalized. On going back to Armenia they often get into trouble with the government, and naturally call for American protection. Before the liberation of Cuba, the Cubans who had acquired American citizenship were peculiarly active in embarrassing Spanish rule. Great Britain has a law that if its naturalized citizens go back to the country of their origin they are not entitled to the protection of British law after two years. Although the American policy has been somewhat conflicting, it is now recognized that the obligation which is due to a naturalized citizen who goes to the country of his birth from other parts of the world is not the same as if he had gone direct from the United States. On occasions, however, this government has stood vigorously for the policy that there are no degrees in the binding force of naturalization. Some countries are equally resolute in branding expatriation as a crime. Many interesting incidents involving these policies of nations have lately arisen, notably the refusal of Russia to recognize American passports when issued to Russian Jews naturalized in the United States.

Young man! You love your mother and you take occasion to show your love for her in ways that she well understands. But your father, my boy. You love him, too, in a different sort of way. But do you honor him? And do you show that you do? Deep down, below the crust, of course you honor your father. But not until you have a boy of your own will you know how much you hurt your father's heart when you flout his advice or show by your manner that you think the "old man" is a kind of a back number. Just so certainly as you live there will come a day when you will remember your unfilial attitude toward your dad and be sorry for it. And then it will be too late. Father may be sleeping in his grave and you will have a life-long regret. The keenest remorse you will ever know will be the memory of your ill treatment or lack of respect for your father. When the thought of present days shall come to you, you will remember that you often showed your mother the affection you felt for her and denied it to your father, whom you also loved. Remember, son, that father's ways are not your mother's ways. Father has had to fight the world for your bread and butter and the world has taught him to conceal his feelings. He loves you just as much as mother does only he cannot show it. Under his vest he yearns for your filial smile. And when you do anything to be proud of nobody on earth is prouder of you than father. Of course, I know, you think father is not in every respect up-to-date, that he hasn't kept up with the procession and that sometimes he is unnecessarily firm and arbitrary. All that may be true. But the chances are father knows more about almost everything than you do. When you are, say, 30 years old, you will realize that fact. If you live a long time in this world, my boy, you will always be led to say that the safest and sanest adviser you ever had was your father. Honor the man who looks like you.

He Got Them.

"Gentlemen," began the fakir as he arranged numerous bottles on a little table at a downtown street corner and prepared for business, "has anyone in this crowd got a toothache?"

"Has anyone an earache or a headache?"

Not a man had anything to say.

"Very well, then; but are you troubled with insomnia? Are you low-spirited, and do you find yourself thinking of suicide?"

The appeal was like the other—in vain. The crowd elbowed each other, but no one advanced.

"Very well, gentlemen; very well. Now, is there anyone here who indulges in intoxicants and wishes to conceal the fact from the women folk? If so, I guarantee that one drop of this marvelous preparation placed on the tongue will instantly remove the odor of any—"

There was a mad rush from all directions, and for the next five minutes he gave change and passed out the bottles with both hands.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

FRIENDSHIP ALL IMPORTANT IN BUSINESS.

By John A. Howland.



The old principle still holds true that business is obtained by friendship or favor. One of Chicago's most brilliant lawyers asserted a few days ago that any average lawyer had ability enough to handle nine-tenths of the cases tried in any court, and the reason some men starved at the law and some grew rich was simply because some did not know how to make friends and the successful ones did.

Many business men join certain expensive clubs for no other reason than to have a place to entertain handsomely men from whom they expect to get business. Nearly all men who have out of town customers whom they have a good excuse for entertaining do this. Others whose business is more narrowly restricted consider their club privileges a part of their business capital, for to entertain a man at one's club seems much less crudely obvious than to entertain him at some public place. Some men go further and do not hesitate to use their social or family position to further their business interests. In the social world a single introduction is sometimes the favor with which business is bought.

Men who get business by direct solicitation as well as many others make use of the belief that an idea pertinent to a man's business is the most valuable thing you can offer him in increasing their own business. Such men deliberately study up on the other man's business. They try to get his point of view, to see what he is aiming at, his means for securing that aim, and the degree of success or failure. They think up suggestions for that man if they can, for the purpose of getting his business. For they realize that if they can give a man the least suggestion that will help him in his business they have attracted that man's favorable attention to whatever they wish to say to him on their own account.

EVERY AGE HAS KNOWN ITS "PROPHET."

By T. P. O'Connor.



"Companies fail," says the swindler in "Robert Macaire," "but dupes never fail; let us invent a religion." And the promotion of a religion has this advantage over the promotion of a company, that its dividends are distributable in the next world.

In every age since the beginning of the Christian era there has been in one corner or another of Christendom a Prince, a Piggott, or a Southcott to draw upon the immense amount of latent credulity waiting to be evoked by any audacious charlatan. In the year 999 especially the number of pilgrims proceeding to Jerusalem to await the coming of the Messiah a second time to judge the earth was so great as to be compared to a desolating army. They sold all their goods and possessions in Europe, to live upon the proceeds in Jerusalem; while in Europe lands went out of cultivation, houses fell into ruin, or were even, in an access of enthusiastic faith, pulled

down, because the year 1000 would see the end of the dispensation, if not of the world.

And this belief that the end of the world was at hand was almost as universal and as paralyzing in the years of the great plague which ravaged Europe between 1345 and 1350. London has had its special prophets and panics, as we know from "A True and Faithful Account of What Passed in London on a Rumor of the Day of Judgment," to be found in "Swift's Miscellanies." It was the famous Whiston who created this panic by his prophecy that the world would be destroyed on Oct. 13, 1736; and, as London was to be paid the compliment—the reverse of that extorted from Polyphemus by Ulysses—of being destroyed the first, vast multitudes rushed out of it on the morning of Oct. 13 to see its destruction from the safe vantage grounds of Islington and Hampstead.

Twenty-five years later Bell, a soldier of the Life Guards, rushed about the streets of London predicting the destruction of London on April 5, 1761, and was believed by so many thousands of citizens that London was almost emptied for two or three days before that dread date. Islington, Highgate, Hampstead, Harrow and Blackheath were overcrowded with these fugitives; and those who could not pay the exorbitant rents demanded for shelter in these cities of refuge either camped out in the surrounding fields or took refuge in the shipping in the Thames.

PEOPLE WILL ALL BECOME ONE RACE.

By Bishop John W. Hamilton.



It is undeniable that the race was once one. Within a few generations it will be one again. This statement may shock some prejudices, but it is true, nevertheless. All races are in progress of amalgamation, one with the other. There were four great epochal movements during the last century, which were almost evenly divided into four periods. These correspond with the verse in the New Testament which says: "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Jesus Christ." The first twenty-five years of the last century saw the finding of the great missionary cities, which, when analyzed, really showed the unity of the race.

A COLLEGE EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

By Miss Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr.



Apart from the pure joy of it and the profit to the girl herself, all social life will be profoundly influenced by the college education of women. The semi-cloistered life of women in the past has developed many priceless virtues, such as purity, family affection, unspoiled enthusiasm, devoted religious belief. But in the past women have not been able to work together for a common end. Loyalty to one another as it is understood among men has been unknown. Good women and good men have seldom been able to stand side by side to fight the worst evils of our civilization because of women's ignorance of what is involved in most social questions.

BY-LOW, BY-LOW.

Here's the way she sang to me,
By-low, by-low,
As she held me on her knee,
Long ago, long ago.
Oh, the years between are long,
And their haunting specters throng,
Yet I hear her olden song:
By-low, by-low.

I have wearied on the way—
By-low, by-low—
And the sunset is but gray,
Well I know, well I know,
Yet, my mother, through the stress
Comes your song, my heart to bless;
Comes your song, like a caress—
By-low, by-low.

Hold me, mother, as of old—
By-low, by-low—
Let your song of love untold
Ebb and flow, ebb and flow;
Hold me to your loving breast—
Sing the songs of songs the best;
By-low, by-low.
—Sunset Magazine.

On the Island

"MIGHT swim for it," suggested Tucker with the accent of one who knows the impracticability of what he suggests.

"You might fly for it," retorted Nan Carroll, "for all the good it would do. You should have tied the boat."

"You forget," he pleaded, "that I only came last night, and have not yet had opportunity to become familiar with the tide here. How was I to know that you had a regular Bay of Fundy tide here?"

"If you knew as much about geography as you do about some things," she hinted darkly, "you would know that this is the Bay of Fundy tide. It doesn't come in a tidal wave, but it rises as high."

He glanced ruefully at the canoe fast disappearing on the tide, and scanned the shore to see if it offered any hope. Apparently they were as thoroughly lost as though they were on an island in the Pacific instead of three miles from a summer resort. It was Tucker's first experience with a land where they built steamship docks two stories high because of the fall of the tide from the Bay of Fundy, and he supposed that when he had drawn the canoe well up on the shelving bank the long rope in the bow could not possibly be needed.

He threw himself down beside her. "Nan, dear," he cried. "Don't take

it to heart. It will come out all right if I have to swim over to the mainland and steal a boat."

She rose in all her five feet of injured dignity. "I do not see, Mr. Tucker," she said coldly, "that the situation should permit the levity you assume. It may be all right for you, but a woman's fair name—" Her sobbing broke forth afresh at the thought of what might be said.

"What's the use of taking on so?" he demanded. "You told me last winter that at the end of the season you thought—"

"Do you suppose I thought then that I'd think what I think now?" she cried hysterically. "Do you suppose that I imagined that you would abduct me to a desert island to force me to marry you? Never."

For want of better occupation he searched along the shore for clams, finding a few, but deciding after one taste that it would be better to look for berries. It was too late for berries apparently, and there was another pause and reflection. He had just decided that it was as well that Nan Carroll would not marry him, when that changeable young woman plumped herself down upon the moss beside him.

"Why don't you talk?" she asked cheerfully. "It's awfully lonesome around here."

Tucker gasped, but for a moment he did not dare speak. When he found words it was of casual affairs he spoke, not of himself nor of their predicament, and presently they were chatting as merrily as though there had been none of the stormy scenes of the afternoon.

They were still talking when suddenly they heard footsteps behind them and they sprang to their feet.

Just behind them was a tall clerical man in blue overalls and checked calico jumper.

"I hope I don't intrude," he said, quizzically.

"Are you Man Friday?" demanded Nan. "You see we are Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Crusoe, and our boat is wrecked—or at least I hope it is," she amended viciously.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Crusoe," he said, falling in with her humor. "I am Rev. Philip Hardman of Boston, summering on this island with my family."

Nan gasped. "Why didn't you think of looking to see if there was any one living there?" she demanded of Dave.

"You told me it was deserted," he said, defensively, "and I supposed you knew. I only came last night," he added in explanation to the clergyman.

"Mrs. Crusoe forgot to tell me about the tide and the boat floated away."

"Come over and have tea," suggested the clergyman, hospitably, "and I have a boat that will take you over to the hotel."

He strode off, leading the way, and Nan and Dave followed. Once or twice she hummed softly to herself, and Dave could have sworn it was the wedding music from "Lohengrin." At last, as he was helping her over a rock which barred her path, she held his hand in hers as she lightly dropped beside him.

"Dave," she whispered, "didn't he say he was a clergyman?"

Dave nodded. "The Rev. Philip Hardman," he affirmed.

"We could fool that gossiping crowd, pretending we did it on purpose."

More than ever Dave marveled at the ways of woman, but they were married before supper, for Dave explained to the clergyman that he was afraid she might change her mind again.—George Winthrop, in San Francisco Call.

Athletics and Consumption.

There must be no exercise as exercise for the consumption patient. If you are able to feel like it, amuse yourself, but don't take exercise to build your system up. I know. I, too, have heard those stories about men given up to die, who began work in a gymnasium, and by violent exercise entirely recovered their health. You mustn't believe all the physical culture people tell you, any more than all the patent medicine people tell you. They're both in the miracle business. When the lung tissue is attacked by tuberculosis it heals, if it heals at all, by this fibrous scar-material filling in the cavity. No new lung tissue is formed to replace what has been lost, and this scar material is useless for breathing. Suppose you had a deep cut in your hand and you kept working that hand violently, how long do you think it would take the cut to heal? When exercise is taken or you "expand the lungs," you have to work the lung tissue just as you work your hand, and if it is wounded there will be a much larger proportion of scar material useless for breathing when it does get well.—Everybody's Magazine.

Don't Let the Years Count.

Age will never succeed in retaining a youthful appearance and mentality until people make up their minds not to let the years count—until they cease to make the body old by the constant suggestions of the mind.—Success Magazine.