

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO..... OREGON

Heaven will be a sad place for some folk; there will be nothing left to kick about.

Some of these days Dr. Wiley should investigate the pure Vermont maple syrup of commerce.

The Nan Patterson case has been dramatized by Clyde Fitch. Nan seems to have overlooked a bet in not copy-righting herself.

The Mormon Church makes the proceedings of the other secret societies seem as public as the free performance in front of the sidewalk.

If, as Dr. Krauskopf says, "religion is an investment" the man who contributes a penny a Sunday has about as much religion as he pays for.

Scientists assert that women think quicker than men. But some men haven't a very high opinion of the quality of thought they turn out.

Secretary Taft says there are many business opportunities for Americans in the Philippines. The undertaking business ought to be good in the Moro country.

The Sultan of Turkey is trying to borrow money from German bankers. He must think the Germans have been too busy to read about Cassie Chadwick.

A Chicago man is supporting his nineteen children and their mother on an income of \$9 a week. When it comes to expert financiering there is something worthy of study.

"How to Make Money," a periodical whose name indicated its purpose, has died for lack of nourishment. Its publishers, of course, failed to tell what they evidently didn't know.

A woman killed her husband and refuses to tell why. This should be a rebuke to the idly curious. A woman should not be pressed for the motive of every little domestic incident.

A California heiress of forty has married a bell boy of twenty-five. Of course it is a great scandal, but if their ages and positions had been reversed it would only have been a happy romance.

Mme. Schumann-Heink has renounced her allegiance to the German emperor and become an American. If William Waldorf Astor hears about it he will think the lady must be unbalanced mentally.

A Minnesota congregation has asked its pastor to resign because he owns a fast horse, while a New York clergyman has had trouble with his flock for riding to church in an automobile. Clerical brother, where do you get off?

A scientist figures that the earthquakes of seven years exerted a force of 75,000,000 horse power. It is strange that no promoter has started an earthquake syndicate in the motor line, capitalized at \$1 per horse power. It would be as substantial as some of the other trusts.

A "seventh son of a seventh son" has been arrested in New York for practicing medicine without a license. Evidently he overlooked the fact that it is necessary even for the seventh son of a seventh son to get incorporated in New Jersey before he can safely snap his finger at the law.

How rapidly the South is growing is interestingly shown by some of the missionary work which Southern railroads are doing in bringing settlers into territory which needs them. The agent of one road lately remarked that he had on hand thirty-five thousand negotiations in a more or less completed state, ranging all the way from the search for a "home acre" to locations for great industrial plants.

Secretary Taft maintains that a million dollars can be spent more profitably in building rifle galleries in the principal cities of the country, for the purpose of making the young men of the country expert marksmen, than in getting the regular army and the militia together in field manoeuvres. The military authorities would like to have clubs of marksmen organized throughout the country to use the proposed rifle galleries. This policy is in line with the President's belief that in war the shot that hits is the only one that counts.

Because it is quick the telephone is peculiarly adapted to the needs and temperament of the American people, and though now finding general employment abroad, it has reached its highest development in the country which gave it birth. Long distance conversations ceased years ago to be

a novelty and are now a necessity of everyday business and social life. In a few minutes' talk by 'phone matters can now be arranged which would require hours for settlement by telegraph, and days if the mails had to be employed. The 'phone is perhaps the truest emblem of this swiftly living age.

Gambling at bridge by women goes on extensively in both private houses and public hotels. Dinners are hurried through in order that the party may the sooner engage in gambling, and some of the women are noted as the sharpest and most grasping of gamblers. Gambling made fashionable among women is a rather serious matter. It is bad enough among men, but when the mania extends to women, who are held tighter in its grasp, the moralist has special reason to fear the consequences. Probably there has never been a time when the vogue of gambling among women of fashionable society was wider than it is now, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that it will increase. Luxury pallis and new varieties of stimulation are sought. The devil finds mischief still for idle hands to do.

How to live long and enjoy life is a problem of perennial interest. Many of the alleged solutions are delusive because they ignore one or the other half of the problem. They either aim at longevity at the expense of joy or secure joy at the cost of longevity. Plenty of exercise is generally advised, but there are hardened sinners who will take any risk rather than submit to the accessible forms of exercise. A severe and ascetic regimen is another favorite suggestion which to multitudes seems "a remedy worse than the disease." But Drs. Duke and Hollander, nerve specialists of London, have just advanced—or emphasized—a theory which should command an easy and phenomenal success. Do you wish to preserve youth and at the same time assure yourself the maximum of happiness and the minimum of privation and routine? If so, take an immense amount of mental exercise. The authorities named say that the average agricultural laborer in England is threatened with softening of the brain or mental paralysis at the comparatively early age of 65 or 70, simply because he does not use his mind. Doing little thinking, he gives the blood no chance to circulate through the brain, and mental decay results. On the other hand, judges and statesmen who constantly employ their intellectual faculties live to a great age and do not lose their keen interest in the activities of existence to the very end. We naturally think of men like Humboldt, Gladstone, Spencer and of many aged scientists and public men still living and in harness, and find abundant confirmation of the theory in question. And the best feature of the theory is that the means prescribed are not only within the reach of all, not excepting the worst paid of agricultural laborers, but, in addition, are so agreeable and delightful that they may be resorted to for their own sake. Mental exercise in this day and generation need not involve the least drudgery to the adult. With excellent newspapers, full of discussions of intricate problems of political, economic, religious and social life, with periodicals galore, with cheap editions of immortal masters like Milton, Shakespeare, and scores of other poets, novelists, essayists, dramatists and philosophers, and with free and traveling libraries, need any man forego the stimulation, exhilaration and pleasure of mental activity? Experts who tell us not to worry are indulging in counsel of perfection, but when they tell us to read great books, think of lofty and noble things and exercise our mental faculties they point to the most effectual method of making our troubles seem small and ephemeral and reducing worry to the minimum.

No Place for Modern Legal Lights.
Many unkind things are said and printed about members of the legal profession, only a few of which are deserved.
"Billy" Saunders is a natural born wit. He is in his eightieth year, living in New York, and is still working at his trade, painting. On a recent occasion "Billy" and one or two of his mates were beautifying a lawyer's office. The younger partner, thinking to take a "rise" out of "Billy," said: "I say, 'Billy,' did you ever know of a painter going to heaven?" "Yes," said "Billy," "I knew of one once."
"And do you think he stayed there?" "Well, I did hear that they tried to put him out."
"And did they succeed?" "No. According to the latest accounts, they had not succeeded."
"Why, how was that?" "Well, sonny, it was this way. They couldn't find a lawyer in the place to draw up the papers."

Ethnological Heresy.
No ethnological heresy is wider spread among the English-speaking than that the 80,000,000 or so citizens of the United States are Anglo-Saxons.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

CHINA'S GREAT LOVE OF PEACE.

By Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng.



For 2,000 years China has not swerved an iota from steadily pursuing a consistent policy of peace. This may be put down to the fact that all the men who have played a prominent part in Chinese affairs have invariably been true followers of Confucius. The result is that in China the saying, "the pen is mightier than the sword," is not a high sounding boast, but an active principle of government. It is the scholar that is to-day the ruler of the empire. The soldier holds a lower place. This subordination of the fighter to the thinker is recognized throughout the length and breadth of the land.

It may be urged that Chinese people have brought much unnecessary suffering upon themselves by their firm adherence to the principles of peace. It is true they have left their country practically exposed to foreign invasion. They maintain no effective army; they have no battleships. But China's strength does not lie so near the surface. Perhaps the severest crisis which the nation has gone through was in the thirteenth century, when the Mongols under Genghis Khan, after carrying fire and sword into the heart of Europe, swept everything before them in China. From this staggering blow it recovered with astonishing rapidity.

Strange as it may seem, the enlightened opinion of the world is steadily coming around to the position taken by China with respect to militarism. With the view of reducing the possibility of war as much as possible, arbitration is the method now best recommended for the settlement of international disputes. This is a step in the right direction. But as long as nations are armed to the teeth there is always a strong temptation to test the effectiveness of the weapons they possess.

As long as there is powder in the magazines there is always danger of an explosion from a flying spark. The day, however, seems to be still far distant when the nations of the earth will agree to a general disarmament. But until this consummation is reached the peace of the world can never be absolutely secured.

THE FASHIONABLE GIRL AS A WIFE.

By Mrs. Frank Leslie.



If a fashionable girl marries a poor man she has a great deal both to learn, and to unlearn, and her capacity for these two lessons will be the measure of her ability to become a good wife.

But suppose such a girl marries a rich man? We all know, especially in this country, that money alone will not make a comfortable home; it will hire servants, sometimes at tremendous wages, but the air of this free country is fatal to servitude, and the man or maid who while at home in the old country was the very incarnation of obedience, respectfulness and content only requires a few months in one of our cities, with the advantage of reading the papers before they reach the hands of the family and of listening to the lessons of their compatriots who have been here a little longer, before imbibing the principles of liberty and equality to such an extent that unless the heads of the house are well able to hold their own position they speedily lose it and become the servants rather than the rulers.

Our society girl is not by position and education fitted to become the wife either of a poor man or of a rich one. Is she, then, never to be a successful wife? Are both poor men and rich men warned off from trying to appropriate her delicate loveliness and dainty grace to the embellishment of that home for which every man longs in his inmost heart?

Nay, the case is not quite as bad as this for our dear society rosebuds and half opened blossoms. There is a teacher who can in quite a short course of most delightful lessons teach the most inexperienced girl, whether she be city bred and luxurious or whether she be country bred and unsophisticated, to lay aside all her previous habits and to acquire a complete new set, to take up the most tedious and distasteful tasks and find them charming, to

like the things she supposed she should abhor and to grow careless of what had been her very breath of life.

His terms are high, to be sure, this wonderful teacher of ours. He demands even more than Shylock with his pound of flesh, for he is not satisfied with less than the whole being of his pupil—her heart, her brain, her hands, her feet, her will and her obedience—in fact, all that makes her herself.

The teacher's name is Love—dear, old, yet ever young, Dan Cupid, who has been at work among us from the day when this weary old world was as fresh and young as the debutante of yesterday.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF STOCK GAMBLING.

By Thomas P. Peters.



Don't think that speculating in Wall street is not widespread. It is almost universal. I will venture to say that few have kept out of the market. Wherever the daily paper goes, wherever the telegraph or the telephone reaches, you will find the broker's office, with the blackboard and its mystic figures and its ostensible connections with a floor firm. The town may be of only 2,000 population, still it is very apt to have at least one broker. The poet was wont to sing of the simplicity of the farmer. The artist was wont to picture him at night, after his chores were done, sitting about the stove in the crossroads store, talking of the crops and of subjects usually as old as the Civil War. But that is not the farmer of to-day. Now, when his chores are done, he puts on his store clothes and rides over to the village station and gets his evening paper and turns at once to the stock page, or he calls up his broker on the telephone and asks to be informed how Amalgamated Copper closed to-day or what the price of wheat was at Chicago. He is not the simple rustic he could once have been called. He is the business man, deep in the gambling called speculation. Into all walks of life has this gambling gone.

I have an intimate friend, once very well off, now working hard for a small pittance and his family greatly reduced in circumstances. Speculation did it. I know a barber, once prosperous, now living on his brother's farm. He went into Steel common when it was paying 12 per cent upon the investment. No more dividends were declared after he bought. He lost about \$800 and his little business was sacrificed. I know a widow whose earnings have gone the same way. The great gambling fever has burned into these homes and left only the bare walls standing.

THE EVIL OF EXTRAVAGANCE TO-DAY.

By the Duchess of Somerset.



Luxury and selfishness are what we suffer from; we want higher ideals in life; men lack moral responsibility and a graver sense of duty; they mistake mistiness for wisdom and are full of false reasonings.

To-day the expenditure and extravagance in dress is boundless, clothes suitable to their age and purse never enter into the consideration of many. Do they look any the better decked out like paroquets in garments which neither suit nor profit them? There is effort and anxiety everywhere, and this does not bring happiness or contentment.

Dress suitably to your age, to your walk in life, and, above all, suitably to your purse. The tendency is to waste too much money which might be employed to greater advantage in other ways. I said to a young girl the other day, it matters more nowadays what you have on your head than what you have in your head.

The remedy for failure lies with ourselves if we have the courage to face it; the standard of daily life must be raised, men must think not only of themselves, they must strive in the spirit of the "Great Master," and work while it is day—example is better than precept; we must realize each and every one the discipline of daily toil, daily sympathy, daily prayerfulness.

OOM PAUL'S GRAVE.

By the Side of His Wife He Sleeps in the Cemetery at Pretoria.

Clasped to the breast of the land he loved and for whose freedom he vainly struggled, Paul Kruger, the beloved of his people and one of the virile forces of his time, sleeps to-day by the side of his wife in the cemetery at Pretoria. Denied the privilege of returning to South Africa after the

The brave old man had struggled hard to make the land a white man's land and his success was undeniable until the English coveted his republic. And then came the dreadful war, with its price that staggered humanity. That war, England proclaimed to the world, was fought in the interests of advanced civilization. Yet to-day the labor of South Africa is not white, nor is it free. It is not even black.



OOM PAUL'S LAST RESTING PLACE.

war which desolated its fairest fields, it was not given him to die among the scenes of his labors; but with death, his exile was ended and the "lion of South Africa" was borne to the land of his struggles, his ambitions and his hopes, to find his final resting place.

It was a had home-coming to those who regarded Oom Paul as the leader of their race—rendered even more sad by the present aspect of South Africa.

Coolies have been imported from China to work the mines and serve the capitalistic class, which has no interest in South Africa beyond the wealth of its mines. They have displaced the blacks, indigenous to the soil, and the whites, who hoped to build up a Caucasian civilization in South Africa, and they themselves, mere prisoners in compounds, with every shred of liberty gone except the right of quitting work when their con-

tracts expire, are slaves in everything but name.

But Oom Paul is at rest. He heeds not now. The iron entered his soul when his beloved republic collapsed in ruin. By the side of his wife he sleeps—and distant is the day when his name shall be forgotten or his sturdy virtues cease to influence the followers of the "lost cause."—Utica Globe.

Weeping at a Wedding.

A Chinese marriage is all ceremony—no talk, no levity and much crying. The solemnity of a funeral prevails. After the exchange of presents the bride is dressed with much care in a red gown, brocade or silk, if she can get it; her eyelashes are painted a deep black and she wears a heavy red veil attached to a scarlet headdress from which imitation pearls are pendant over the forehead. A feast is spread upon a table, to which the blushing bride is led by five of her best female friends. They are seated at the table, but no one eats. The utmost silence prevails, when finally the mother leads off in a cry, the maids follow and the bride echoes in the chorus. Then all the bridesmaids leave the table, and the disconsolate mother takes a seat beside the chair of state where the bride sits. The bridegroom now enters, with four of his best men. The men pick up the throne on which the bride sits and, preceded by the bridegroom, form in procession and walk around the room or into an adjoining parlor, signifying that he is carrying her away to his own home. The guests then throw rice at the happy couple—a custom we have borrowed from the heathen.

Yet We Are Matchless.

Some 4,000,000 feet of pine lumber is made into matches in this country alone each year.

When crankiness renders a man happy he cares not who calls him a crank.