

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

This ought to be a good year for everybody. It has fifty-three Sundays.

General Ma is not so much to be feared in China as the Emperor's Ma, the "Ole Miss," Tsi An.

President Truesdale says this rate regulation agitation is socialistic. This is something more than a close guess.

Argentina is to be congratulated on the prompt and able manner in which it put the lid on its latest revolution.

Nobody feels quite so neglected as the farmer living on a rural route when the carrier fails for two days in succession to make his rounds.

When the coreless apple gets into general circulation there'll be nothing but the stem to cause yearning on the part of the hungry small boy.

Russell Sage also may be numbered among those who don't believe in Dr. Osler's theory that all men who have passed the age of 60 retard progress.

The minister who told young Rockefeller's Bible class to keep their lamps filled with oil evidently intended to try to make them forget their instructor is in Europe.

"How many men become more popular with the women?" asks a magazine writer. By being half as patient at a social function as they are in a poker game.

The Republic of Panama has celebrated the first anniversary of its birth and established a new record for that latitude. It has run for a year without a revolution.

Too much must not be expected from the movement to tax bachelors. Rather than pay the tax or marry to escape it many of them will be contrary enough to leave the country.

The University of Pennsylvania has conferred a degree upon Emperor William of Germany. Our alma maters are doing no little work in promoting brotherliness among the sons of earth.

Political forms touch the life of the people intimately. Thus, under a monarchy or a theocracy or an oligarchy, a man with long hair passes for a poet, whereas under a republic he is thought to be paying an election bet merely.

One of the railroad presidents says rate regulating will be a step in the direction of socialism. He is probably wondering why the people haven't fallen back in terror. But it has come to pass that a good many of the people are able to think of things that are worse even than a step in the direction of socialism.

Prof. Osler of Johns Hopkins University never thought of the advisability of chloroforming the hopelessly insane or criminal classes, but he is dead sure that it would be a good thing for all classes at the age of 60. He also thinks that nobody does any good work after 40, though Vanderbilt, Morgan and Rockefeller made a pile of money after that age, and Grant, Lee and Roberts did some tolerably good fighting when considerably older. Kuropatkin and Kuroki will never see 40 again.

One sometimes wonders why college students think that they enjoy certain privileges and immunities not granted to other citizens. An antiquarian has attempted to explain this feeling as the survival of the customs of the ancient chartered universities in Europe, whose students were responsible only to the university authorities of the town in which the university was situated. There is probably something in the view, as old customs die hard and even cross oceans to lands not dreamed of when they originated.

An interesting exhibition of the satisfactory working of the new children's court was given not long ago in New York City. Forty boys who had been paroled to appear on a certain day came into court. They were boys who, under the old system, would probably have been sent to jail for short terms, stamped with the shame of a jail sentence, and perhaps started on criminal careers. Under the parole system they appeared in court before a justice, who had their complete record of behavior since their trial. Seventeen of them brought reports of perfect conduct from teachers and parents. Each of these was released from parole and received a gold-bordered certificate of honesty, truthfulness, industry and politeness, signed by the justice. Twelve others whose records were good, but not perfect, were continued on parole, and had silver-sealed certificates. The other eleven got no certificates, but ten

of them had conducted themselves so well that the justice continued their parole. Only one of the whole forty had continued to be a bad boy, and he was sent to the reformatory. Surely the knowledge of the homes made happy by the presence of the boys is a fine reward for those whose perseverance made the new court possible.

Were human nature in its family relations to be judged solely by the incidents which are reported in the newspapers, the skeptic and the pessimist might perhaps have reason for the unfaith which is in them. There are always sons who have been disinherited, daughters who are estranged from parents, or sisters who are venturing a quarrel in court. Yet not infrequently the newspapers also show the other side of the shield. Only lately a brother became the sole heir to a large fortune which was intended to provide for two sisters, as well. The testator left it to the brother to manage for the benefit of all. The heir, however, feeling that his sisters ought not to be exposed to any risk or uncertainty, made over the whole property to them before twenty-four hours had passed. There is no rock on which family affections so often go to wreck as on that of money—the settling of an estate, or the provisions of a will. Yet those concomitants of a death in the family are the very circumstances which ought to bring all the members closer together, and make them more charitable and more forgiving. In some cases, no doubt, the testator himself is at fault. By common consent humanity has accepted the motto, "Nothing but good about the dead;" and if enmity is thus to be cast aside by the living who look into an open grave, why should it be cherished and carried over by him who has received the great summons? Why should he wish to stretch from the unseen world a hand clenched to inflict pain rather than one open in blessing and beneficence? The love that keeps a family together is worth any amount of "justice" at court or of bonds at the banker's. The way to preserve it, when an inheritance is in prospect, is exactly to reverse the rule usually followed. When your own interests are at stake, keep still; speak and act only when those of the other members of the family are affected.

Spoiled children are not all of tender years. Many of us continue spoiled children all our days. In fact the worst spoiled children are grown up. Most of us are spoiled because Providence and man have been too good to us. If we have desired this, that or the other, it has been given us; if our wills have clashed with those about us, we have prevailed; if our health has failed a little, there was much petting, pampering and nursing. Many a loving husband has thus turned his young wife into a fretful, peevish and selfish spoiled child—often a confirmed invalid. For in the fullness of love he has made efforts to grant every wish, buy every bauble, protect her from hardship and toil, and has asked after her health so often that she herself commenced to worry over it. So then when this spoiled child was fully developed the husband perhaps saw the folly of it, but it was then too late. Then there is the earnest, striving, amiable wife who waits on her husband, kneels to receive his caresses and wears him with honey-sweet demonstrations. Soon the man yawns and his thoughts go a-roving; he expects the service as a right; he grows into a great and disagreeable spoiled child, and his wife discovers Bottom's ear, but perhaps fails to realize her own foolishness in the matter. Insidious and very delicious are these courses of sweets. It is safe to presume that if any of us were offered the same we would promptly take it and demand more. It is not for any of us to judge until we have passed through temptation unscathed. Selfishness sometimes is necessary; coldness is bracing; aloofness is invigorating. Even where perhaps we could find pleasure in serving it is a good thing to hesitate and weigh well whether it is the best part of wisdom. The pleasure we find in serving is the most dangerous cause of overdoing. Common sense in love is worth its weight in gold. The doctrine and practice of unselfishness may be angelic, but its too zealous upholding is injurious to the rest of the family.

Chance for Inventors.

"Allow me to show you the ideal snow shovel," said the wandering peddler.

"My dear man," yawned the suburbanite, "my idea of an ideal snow shovel has not yet been invented."

"Indeed! And what is your ideal?"

"Why, a snow shovel that can be operated through the kitchen window while the owner sits by a hot stove."

In the Doctor's Office

"You say your patient coughed up something?"

"Yes; \$2."

"What did you give him for it?"

"A receipt."—Yonkers Statesman.

A homely figure in petticoats may have a handsome figure in the bank.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?

By Robert Hichens.



President Roosevelt has been unburdening his soul on the subject of the proper place and function of women in the world, and Lucas Malet has been dealing cautiously with the President's remarks in the columns of a contemporary. Lucas Malet is one of the sanest and most well balanced of the famous women of the day. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that she does not shriek against the declaration that "the prime duty of the woman is to be the mother, the housewife." She simply says: "Will the great middle class, the women of it, agree to this in our modern day? Will these women, who are doing so much that is quite unconnected with motherhood and housewifery, consent to give up their beloved occupations and careers, and return to the cradle and the kitchen?"

"The prime duty of woman is to be the housewife." Perhaps so. But it ought to be the prime duty of man to be good tempered in the house, to be ready to understand the worries and difficulties of housekeeping, to be lenient when little things go wrong, and not to be imbecile in expectation. Lots of men—thousands and thousands—who possess what they are pleased to call minds, and cooks, ask such questions of their wives as the following: "Why has the cook put so much pepper into the soup this evening?" "Why are the potatoes burnt to-night?" "Why has the cook forgotten to send up bread crumbs with this pheasant?" "Why is this chicken so tough?" etc. And these questions are put to wives who are not cooks, and whose husbands do not wish them to be cooks.

"Why—why—why?" How many wives are weary of that word, and are inclined at last to give it a wide application and say, "Why were we born to be housewives?" And yet, as I have said, many women seem to think that an unselfish man is a weak, unworthy creature, and send him to the wall. Sometimes I wonder exactly what women really do want in a man, what they desire men to be to them, what is their ideal man.

What do women want in men? I should have thought unselfishness, solicitude, and a greater humbleness, had I not observed that selfish, careless and conceited men are so often adored by women.

ALWAYS ASK FOR WHAT YOU WANT.

By John A. Howland.



"If a thing is worth having it is worth asking for" is a maxim that applies with special force to business procedure. There is a certain value in merely impressing your personality upon the man from whom you want something. Consider the value of publicity and the value of direct advertising. Think of the millions spent by rich firms to keep their names before the public—in newspapers, magazines, on the fences, barns, even the hillsides. Certainly, then, there is great value in a personal interview with a man you know you could do business with if you could once persuade him of the superior value of the idea you represent. Many a man has won the wife of his choice simply by refusing to take "no" for an answer. "Constantly dropping wears away a stone," and the power of suggestion represented by personal interviews or by letters is of great practical value.

A few years ago a young woman applied for a position as clerk in a grocery store in one of the suburbs of Chicago. That young woman presented herself again and again during three months, each time making some reference to her wish to hold a clerkship in that store, always

DEATH OF MRS. STANFORD.

Poisoning of the Noted Woman Philanthropist Was a Foul Deed.

That Mrs. Leland Stanford, the rich and philanthropic widow of the multi-millionaire Governor and Senator of California, died as the result of a deliberate plan to cause her end there seems to be no doubt. Who plotted it and by whose hand the agent of death was placed where it would do its work constitute the mystery which may never be unfolded. Two attempts were made on her life and the second was effective, though she asserted that she went out into the islands of the Pacific to escape her fate. If it is murder, then, indeed, may the perpetrator of the crime ask: "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood clean from my hand?" In considering the case on the theory of murder one is unable to find a motive for so foul a crime as the killing of a noble old lady of 80 years, whose course was in all human probability nearly finished and whose fortune had already been given away.



Mrs. Stanford was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1825, and married Leland Stanford when she was 26. She accompanied him to California and was with him in his rise from small store-keeper to railway builder, Governor and United States Senator. While at Washington her jewels rivaled those of the royal families of the old world. Four sets of diamonds cost her husband \$600,000. One set emitted violet rays by day and another pink rays. The third set was of yellowish hue and the fourth consisted of spotless white stones. She had a necklace worth \$100,000 and a pendant worth \$30,000. She had sixty diamond rings. Her entertainments were on a lavish scale.

The Stanfords had one son, born to them late in wedded life, and he died in 1884 at the age of 17. It was in his honor that the famous free university which bears his name was built. It was opened in 1891. The amounts which the Stanfords gave to the university bearing their name are not accurately known. When Mr. Stanford died in 1893 it had 700 students. Little was left of the school in his will, the vast fortunes going practically in its entirety to Mrs. Stanford, making her one of the world's richest women. Then came the litigation, with its termination in her favor. Her gifts since that time have amounted to nearly \$40,000,000.

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STANFORD HOME, SAN FRANCISCO.

What there is left will undoubtedly go to the university, but is small in amount. Three years ago she sold her jewels, and with the proceeds built a church for the university, which is the finest in California. She also founded a hospital in Paris. A few years ago she had her life insured for \$1,000,000 for the benefit of the university. Her relatives will inherit some of her wealth. They are her brother, Charles Lathrop, of California, and Mrs. Daniel S. Lathrop, a sister-in-law, who lives in Saratoga.

There was a strong trace of mysticism in Mrs. Stanford. A Methodist in the beginning, she drifted later toward the High Church wing of Episcopalianism. At one time it was be-

appearing cheerful, smiling, confident. At last the proprietor told her that if she would only use the same tactics with his customers that she had with him she would be invaluable to him. To-day that man thinks he could not hold half his trade without that young woman. Persistent personal interviewing won out in that case.

There is a time for retreat in business as well as in war, and a man must be sensitive enough to know what impression he is making, step by step, or he may unwittingly be driving away from him the man whom he wishes to reach. Above all things avoid giving a man the impression that you are forcing matters to an issue. There are a thousand men that you can win to one that you can take by assault. Persistent interviewing, well planned and skillfully carried out, works wonders, only be sure your persistency does not itself become an offense.

DECADENCE OF THE SENSE OF HONOR.

By Sarah Grand.



Levity is the pose of the would-be wit of to-day, and the tone or the subject of honor tends to sink low enough to be tainted by levity. In modern fiction heroes and heroines are often made to lie as a matter of course, and the reader is not expected to think any the worse of them. In the days of Dickens the badge of honor was the unsullied word of hero and heroine. Even in conversation men may be heard nowadays taking credit to themselves for having lied successfully on occasion, a thing that would not have been tolerated in general society barely a century ago. Doubtless in those days there were men enough who dishonored their word, but when they did so they held it a lapse, not an evidence of smartness, and kept the matter to themselves. There was still in them at that time the saving grace of shame.

There are dishonest politicians, dishonest capitalists, dishonest tradesmen, and a small clique of smart rogues of both sexes conspicuous in society; but these people are the scum of their various classes, who have risen like scum to the surface, and there become conspicuous, attaining an unenviable notoriety, not by reason of their merits but for want of the solid qualities which might have secured fame for them in more desirable places. The nation is not to be tried by the standard of decadent peers and unscrupulous capitalists. The parvenus, on his promotion, his wealth made by methods which will not bear investigation, is not our typical self-made man. We have still our hereditary gentlemen, in whose families the tradition of honor has been handed down unsullied to the present time; and we have our great representatives of honorable commerce, whose careers are proudly quoted in evidence of what a man may rise to by honest means in a free country. Honor is the health of a nation, and honor is still our national ideal.

DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

By Vice President Fairbanks.



We look upon our growing national power with measureless pride and satisfaction. We view our increasing national strength with the utmost gratification, but we find our greatest pleasure in the development of our national character. There never was an hour in all of our splendid history when our people were more ambitious to advance in all of the qualities which mark the highest and best citizenship than they are now. They never gave more thought and effort than they are giving to-day to their moral, intellectual and physical improvement.

lieved that she was about to enter the Roman Catholic Church, to which her brother was a convert. At the same time she had a leaning toward spiritualism. Her absolute devotion to the memory of her husband and son was her most prominent trait in her later years. It was this devotion which held her to the fight for the university in the hard times. Every object which her husband and son had used or touched was sacred to her.

Description of a Skate.

The barndoor skate beggars description. I never could tell whether he was looking at me with his eyes or his breathe-holes, says a writer in Country Life in America. He is a bottom fish and flat like a flounder. He has a triangular body, the apex of which forms the snout; opposite his snout are his tail and a few extra pieces of his overcoat, which kind nature has tagged on him in case he gets torn and has to be mended. His tail is embellished with a few spines—this I know for a fact.

He has a couple of eyes, a little way back of his snout, and right back of these are a couple of holes that extend completely through him. These holes connect with his lungs, or whatever he uses to breathe with, and have an uncomfortable way of looking at you at the same time as his eyes.

He has a mouth, too, but it is on the under side of him, and convenient for business. It is a funny thing, with spines on the lips, and when you pull the lower jaw the upper jaw moves with it—a sort of automatic trap, not unlike what you can see in any 10-cent restaurant. This is a land-lubber's description, but it is enough.

It Will Indeed.

Willie—Pa, how many quarts does it take to make a peck?

Pa—It all depends, my son. Less than one quart, for instance, will sometimes make a "peck of trouble."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

We have positive proof that a certain boy is the smartest boy of his age in the world: his mother told us so.

A man is seldom afflicted with the big head unless he has a little heart.