

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

It's impossible to buy a man off if he is on the square.

Still it might be well to suggest that Nicholas may have a little money put away in a stocking.

A lobster trust has been organized. Bet the Florodora girls are among the heavy stockholders.

Civilized humanity is coming rapidly to the conviction that Gen. Saerman understated the case.

When two persons tackle a duet it looks as if they ought to sing it in half the time one could—but they can't.

The vermiform appendix has been found to be useful. But the discovery comes too late for the expeditious generation.

If a young man lets a girl have her own way during the courtship he will find it difficult to break her of the habit after marriage.

According to a girl essayist in a Philadelphia school, "Boys wear out everything but soap." She must have had some brothers, else she could not have been so familiar with her subject.

"Dr. Osler," remarks the Charleston News and Courier, "has aged rapidly in the last few days." Dr. Osler may not be as young and handsome as he was, but he knows more than he did.

A Berlin physician says no girl under 16 should practice daily on the piano, and that no girl over 16 should devote more than two hours a day to such practice. Papers everywhere please copy.

"In the streets of St. Petersburg every third person wears crepe," says the Associated Press correspondent. And all because of their ruler's desire for more of a frozen land on the other side of the world.

To write the first draft on a slate, that erasures might easily be made, to copy in pencil on soft paper, and make more changes, and finally after many days and alterations to arrive at a neat and flawless manuscript—this was the painstaking method of the late Gen. Lew Wallace. But "Ben Hur" was worth the trouble.

A writer in one of the magazines says: "Children already born may walk dry shod from the mainland of the New York reservation to Goat Island across the present bed of the Niagara river." There seems to be no reason to doubt that this country will in the not far distant future have the ruins of what was once the greatest cataract in the world.

Paraguay would seem to present the smallest chance for woman's rights progress to be found on the earth. In that country there are seven women to one man. Consequently the men are petted and taken the greatest care of. Everything that is unpleasant or risky is done by the women. The streets are cleaned, ships loaded and the oxen driven by them and they even go to war as substitutes for the men. It is only an application of the law of supply and demand and some lazy men will probably think it a beneficent one.

The stomach proper has ceased to be a serious problem to the surgeon. He can invade and explore it with impunity. He can even, if circumstances demand, relieve the owner of it entirely, and so arrange the loose ends that the functions of nutrition are successfully maintained. To be sure, the patient can never thereafter derive much pleasure from his meals; he must restrict himself to a rigid diet, but for all the other affairs of life he may be as competent as before. There are to-day several stomachless men who are earning their daily predigested ration in occupations varying from clerk to expressman.

Experiments with automobiles, motor boats and flying machines will flourish in summer time; but since any winter is liable to "tie up" any vehicle, perhaps we should employ a part of the open season in planning roads over which it is possible always to travel. We pride ourselves, and with reason, on our systems of transportation. Yet an ordinary blizzard stops trains, wrecks ships, leaves travelers stranded anywhere short of the places to which they wish to go. Street cars become as powerless as the rest. Only in cities which, like New York and Boston, are provided with subways, can local lines of communication be kept open. The underground routes are the only ones that never fail us. Subways under the sea may appear more desirable than feasible, but a

tunnel across the English Channel seems a smaller undertaking than it would have been twenty years ago, and a hundred years hence projects for sending trains beneath the oceans may not be laughed to scorn. Although it is now impossible to do away with the discomfort and danger attending sea voyages in winter, money and annoyance may be saved by methodical burrowing on land. In large cities tunnels might extend from the railroad stations to the manufacturing and wholesale districts, and shipments might pass between shops and cars without getting in the way of persons who have no interest in them. To fill busy streets with drays and crowded sidewalks with packing-boxes, as at present, is to make a senseless misuse of common conveniences. Chicago already has a freighting subway that will relieve much of the street congestion. As to building local subways for passenger transportation, New York and other cities that have passed the half-million mark in population need little prompting. But it is conceivable that subways will yet be carried far beyond the limits of one city, and the railway company that tunnels some cold and tempestuous region will be safe in announcing itself as "the popular winter route."

Rubbish of all kinds is being written about the awful strain of modern life and its disastrous effects upon those who are forced to dwell within the limits of a busy civilization, instead of flying to a lodge in some vast wilderness. In fact, there has been so much said by one person and another about the degeneracy that is certain to follow life lived in the thick of things that any number of men and women are beginning to feel sorry for themselves. Feeling sorry for yourself, it is worth while saying, can invest more time and sympathy with less profit than any other occupation a man can take up. If a man drinks cocktails before each meal, highballs between meals, tea and coffee at regular intervals, smokes numerous strong cigars, eats too much, is out in the open air not at all, and ends his day with a bottle of wine and a midnight supper, something disagreeable is coming to him if he will only keep it up long enough. But he need not lay the result of his own gluttony and abuse of alcohol and tobacco and other habits of the sort to civilization or to the awful strain of life in the twentieth century. The proof of it lies in a decreasing death rate all over America and Europe. A really degenerate race begins to die out—it does not go on living longer and longer. It may be true that there are more men and women in rest cures than there used to be—but as there used to be no rest cures for them to go to, it is reasonably clear that there are lives being saved now that had to be given up heretofore. It is also said that there are more insane persons than formerly. Insane persons used to die in a comparatively short time, and comparatively few of them were ever restored to health and usefulness. Many more used to die before insanity showed itself who are now preserved. Statistics of that kind are generally misleading, since they take only one aspect of the case into account. Men who do not eat and drink to excess, who make play a part of their work and who stick to life in the open whenever they get a chance, need not worry about stress and strain in modern or any other life.

Splicing Twine.

It has been said that Henry Clay achieved success so easily that he quite misunderstood others and overestimated himself. But he was eager to learn the best way to do whatever he had to do. In "The True Henry Clay," the author gives an instance of this:

At fourteen Henry became clerk in a store in Richmond, whither the family had removed. Stories are told of his willingness to do his duty, although the work was distasteful to him.

Once he was reproved by the storekeeper for wasting too much twine. Thereafter he saved every scrap he could get and tied the pieces together. Again it was explained that using this sort of twine might be offensive to customers, as it made the packages look untidy by reason of so many knots. So he consulted with a sailor at Richmond, who showed him how to splice strings with a smooth joint.

From that time he spent his leisure hours making short pieces of twine of the same size into a continuous cord. When his employer discovered this he was so much pleased that he had all twine saved, and turned the task of splicing it over to young Henry, with the result that the young man's enthusiasm rapidly abated.

Russia's St. Andrew Cross.

Russia's Cross of St. Andrew has a remarkable peculiarity attaching to it. All who are decorated with it have the right once to demand a pardon for a Russian subject condemned to death.

When a girl tells her steady she is willing to give him everything she has in the world, he should remember all she is likely to have is a lot of undesirable kin.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

KIND OF WOMAN A MAN WORKS UP.

By Dorothy F. Nimmo.



To-day the men of all civilized nations, under southern and under northern skies, worship not Venus, but Vesta. They like good women, and they like women who, like vestal fires, have the gracious gift of making a bare room look furnished just by being in it. Any man, wise or foolish, may fall in love with a pretty face; many a one declares in all sincerity that he most admires the intellectual type of woman; but, whatever may be the particular charm which wins a man's love, 'tis womanliness and the home-making virtues which hold it.

Wherever the true wife comes, says Ruskin, she carries the atmosphere of home about her. "The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than celled with cedar, or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless."

Is not this a thought for a woman to cherish, that she herself may be "home" to those who love her, that without her presence therein the four walls of her house would be just four walls, and her roof-tree only a shelter? Is she not fortunate that upon her devolves the duty of keeping the hearth fire lighted, so that those she loves may gather round it, and renew each day their bond of union and affection? Is she not blessed that just by being good she sets up in the windows of her soul a light which, shining out upon the darkness of the world outside, may be a beacon to some tired traveler who has lost his way?

The sweetest love stories in the world are the love stories of happy married women. Of all the love poems ever written, most tender, most triumphant are "The Sonnets from the Portuguese," written by a woman who loved her husband with so great a love that in some moods he seemed to her so near she could not even think of him. And of all the eulogies of wifehood that were ever written, that description of Tennyson's wife is certainly most beautiful—"that she walked by his side for more than forty years, quickening his insight, strengthening his faith, fulfilling his every heart's desire."

ARE WE SPOILING OUR CHILDREN?

By W. Pett Ridge



What is the general spirit existing now between father and son? So far as I can see, it is one of increased comradeship; fathers are younger than ever and join in games in which sometimes the old boys win, and sometimes the old boys lose; to the good sportsman this matters little or nothing. There are indoor recreations nowadays in which all the family can join, and sons, who are growing up and approaching the age when they have the inclination to be desperate blades and make their mark somewhere recklessly, can be induced to see that home has the attractions possessed by fully licensed premises, without some of the drawbacks to be found there. No better way exists of training children to be good-tempered; once a boy can lose even a mere game of bagatelle with equanimity, he has been brought far on the road that leads to a sane disposition. The father generally takes charge of his boy at 10, that being the age when the lad brings home serious tasks from school in regard to which the mother, goaded by appeals for advice and assistance, generally replies that children who bother mothers about subjects which mothers learnt years ago at school but have since forgotten are debarded, by a special regulation, from going to heaven. This is where the wise father who knows his own children comes in.

Occasionally a fear is expressed by fathers that moth-

ers spoil an only child; the mothers always retort that it is being done by the fathers. Certainly recital of the infant's repartees, description of his extreme goodness the first thing in the morning, account of his excellent behavior when no company is present—these are sometimes enough to turn heads and give a swollen idea of importance, but if this should be the case in early days, the impression is carefully removed so soon as the only child steps out into the world and meets his peers. I would rather this over-praise than encounter the perpetual nagging, the deeply rooted conviction that whatever the child desires to do becomes wrong and deserving of reproof. The artful child, recognizing the defects of this system, conducts himself as Brer Rabbit did after the struggle with the Tar Baby, protesting wildly against the thing that he desires to be done. Some parents have a special voice for their children, just as people shout to foreigners. I cannot think this necessary; children have powers of hearing that are quite as good as they need to be.

GERMANY SOLVES OLD AGE PENSIONS.

By Andrew Wilson.



Among the aspects of science which concern themselves with our social welfare none are of greater interest than those dealing with the question of provision for old age and for other exigencies with which our common life is beset. Old age pensions over and over again have been discussed in Great Britain and the United States, without any practical result being arrived at—that is, from the state point of view. It is different abroad, and especially in Germany.

Wise in their day and generation, the Germans make insurance compulsory. After the age of 16 every worker, male and female, is required to contribute to a fund. If those whose incomes exceed \$500 per annum choose to join they may, only they pay the whole premium, and do not share its cost with their employers. Four classes of insured are dealt with, the wages being respectively \$30, \$140, and \$2 0, per year, and above \$210 but not exceeding \$500. The weekly payments for the four classes are about 1½, 2, 2½ and 3 cents, but the employers contribute their own and supplementary share of the premiums. They see that both their own and their employees' amounts are punctually paid every week.

After five years' payments a worker is entitled to a sick pension; and there is a liberal provision for those who are aged, by which they can after one year's payment only draw a pension. Servant girls or other female workers may continue to pay premiums after marriage. A man's widow, or his children, if under 15 years of age, may draw the pension for which he subscribed. The great feature of this scheme is that it is not a charity but a true insurance. Would that some statesmen here could spare time to study the German scheme and inaugurate one for our own masses!

THE TRAGEDY OF HUMAN SHIPWRECKS.

By Rev. A. H. Stephens, D. D.



Shipwrecks are the worst of all wrecks, and are the result of indifference, carelessness and extravagance. They come from doing what we want rather than what we ought; from moving along the line of least resistance rather than along the line of conscientious duty.

Indifference to God's claims upon the human soul, preoccupation with other but less important matters, is stepping upon the inclined plain of ice, the descent on which is both rapid and disastrous.

The final act in the drama of human wreckage is to be swept overboard by the oncoming sea of doubt and self-indulgence and eternal rest in the depths of hardness of heart and reprobacy of mind.

DEATH OF JULES VERNE.

Famous French Writer of Fiction Was a True Prophet.

Jules Verne died recently in the midst of a generation that scarcely knows him. As a novelist, once of world-wide popularity, he had outlived his day and his fame. Because the marvels that his inventive brain conceived and which fired the popular imagination thirty years ago have become everyday commonplace.

"Around the World in Eighty Days" appealed powerfully to the public in 1872 because of its monstrous improbability. But now that the globe may be circled in sixty days or less without particular hurry, the romance has died out of it as the dew-sparkles die in the full light of day.

"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" forecast the submarine boat which has become a prosaic reality. The dirigible balloon has not yet come under the complete control that his imagination gave it, yet it has been removed from the realm of romance to that of science.

He was a great master of historical romance, though the history was before him, not behind him. His was true prophetic vision, and it was his misfortune to have seen his once delicious dreams merge into dull reality. Jules Verne, perhaps more than any other literary figure, marks the transition into the world's most wonderful period. So swiftly has his wild fiction changed into more wonderful fact that he was left as a forlorn mueftone that is passed.

He was only a story teller. But who can doubt that his thrilling tales had tremendous psychic effect and imparted the spark of inspiration to calmer minds of mechanical genius? Even in the most material things dreams must go ahead of accomplishment. It is only the dreamers of unheeded things who point out each step of human progress. But for imagination that dares to explore the untrodden depths of mystery ahead, all advancement would cease.

The world needs its bold dreamers,

with their far-flying fancies, as much as it needs the hard-headed, hard-handed ones who can catch these flying fancies and hitch them to the car of material progress.

It can hardly be successfully denied that the amazing inventive genius of the present period is largely due to



JULES VERNE.

the fact that the youthful minds of the civilized world a third of a century ago were awakened to vast possibilities and quickened into marvelous effort by the wild dreams of Jules Verne.

The old man had long been blind and dying. He was that most forlorn of all human creatures, the prophet who has outlived the romance of his prophecies. He was like an old pioneer blockhouse that has been hemmed in by a bustling city. He was all but forgotten, while unromantic enterprise has caught his dreams and is turning them inside out for the sake of their golden lining.—Kansas City World.

Some men trust to luck for a living and some others trust in trusts.

OLIVE PEST IN ITALY.

Fly Which Stings Fruit Does \$25,000,000 Damage a Year.

Southern Italy, and especially Apulia, owes its income, beside from wine, to oil, the province of Lecce producing \$2,800,000 worth yearly, that of Bari \$1,800,000 worth, and that of Foggia \$400,000 worth. All this, which represents a considerable fortune for those districts which are among the poorest of the peninsula, has been spoiled in these later years by an insect called the olive fly, which stings the young fruit, and has produced only in one year \$5,000,000 damage.

It is an insect half the size of the house fly, rather attractive in appearance, having a gray body, orange head, green eyes, surmounted by two black spots, and iridescent wings, which, however, it does not use, as it hops instead of flies. The female alone does all the harm, as she is provided with a special sting, with which she perforates the olives, introducing into each an egg, and being able to produce from 300 to 400 one after the other. Thirty days are required for the incubation of the egg, and it is estimated that in one season each female is responsible for about 160,000,000 flies.

It seems that the first time that this scourge was recorded was in 1777, in the province of Genoa, and since then many systems have been studied to fight it, but with little success, inasmuch as the only means found of killing the fly also killed the fruit. Now the Government has sent Dr. De Cillis, who claims to have discovered a remedy, which will be a real blessing for the afflicted regions.—Philadelphia Ledger.

This Language of Ours.

Photographer—So Mrs. C. Lebbritt wouldn't stand for a sitting, eh? Assistant—No; she said she wouldn't sit for a man of your standing.—Baltimore American.

Poor relations never look so poor as they do when they ride in a carriage belonging to rich kin.