

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

A man with a pull is apt to work it on the legs of other men.

Along with his \$30,000,000 young Ziegler inherits the solemn duty of finding the north pole.

A man may have "a lot of good in him," but it does not count for much unless he lets some of it out.

Admiral Togo can speak six languages, but for the amount of talking he does, one is all that he needs.

If the seventeen year locust could be grafted on the mosquito there might be sixteen consecutive years worth living, anyway.

Poet Laureate Austin is to be pitted when Ella Wheeler Wilcox hears of his assertion that there are no great women poets.

Pittsburg has sent Admiral Togo a box of stogies. After all Rojstevnsky may have known what he was about when he consented to get licked.

In calling it "The Battle of the Sea of Japan" Togo failed to do as close editing as has been noticed in connection with most of his official utterances.

Lillian Russell has written a magazine article on "How to Keep Husbands." Well, she may know. There are plenty of people in this world who do not practice what they preach.

American girls will be likely to decide that Crown Princess Cecilie is very old-fashioned in spite of the stories that have been cabled over. She didn't insist on having the "obey" clause left out.

Now up jumps a physician and advises only handsome men and beautiful women to marry. That's the way it is done in the novels, but as the story always ends there we never know what advantages are gained thereby.

The fresh sale of Captain Kidd's old home site at Pearl and Hanover streets is reported without emotion. Yet the captain was not a bad pirate for times that knew not rebates, holding companies or the secrets of outside speculation with trust funds.

The farmers of Kansas pay a high compliment to the young men from Eastern colleges who helped them harvest their crops last summer. They say the best help they had in the field were college boys from New York and New England, who set the Western fellows "some pretty tough stunts" in work.

Advertising has now become a part of the arts of war, as practiced by the Japanese. When they occupied Dainy, after the Russians abandoned it, there were no gates for the dry docks. The Russians had hidden them. Togo's ships needed repairs and cleaning. The dry docks were useless without the gates. Long search failed to reveal them. Thereupon the Japanese adopted the American plan, and devised a "want ad." to fit the case. The next day a Chinaman appeared at headquarters in response to the "ad." and told them where the gates were sunk.

A priest in a factory district of western Massachusetts recently began a crusade against costly funerals among his parishioners. On investigation he found that their expense frequently impoverished the bereaved family, and that in order to pay for a magnificent coffin, elaborate floral settings and a long procession of carriages, all of which constituted only "a passing pageant of an hour," a household was often compelled to deny itself for months the bare necessities of life. In his pulpit accordingly he denounced such practices, and asked that henceforth those of his flock who died be buried as simply as they had lived. The words of this priest bore good fruit. Simplicity instead of ostentation has more and more characterized the funerals of his parish, and as a result the community as a whole has been much happier. This was not because it grieved the less over its dead, but because, being less starved by extravagant manifestations of its sorrows, it could bear them with a greater fortitude. Nor has a single parish only been blessed. The sentiment against costly ceremonials for the dead has spread to other parts of Massachusetts, where other clergymen have followed the example of the priest. It is to be hoped that the gospel of simple grief, as some have called it, may find its way everywhere.

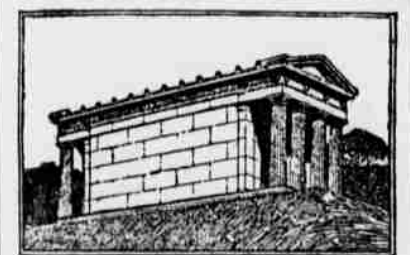
Somebody wants to know how King Edward's work compares with that of President Roosevelt and what Victoria's son really stands for in Great

Britain. There can be no comparison between the two rulers. President Roosevelt really rules. He has all the power commonly accredited to a monarch, and he can do scores of things that no king would ever dream of doing. King Edward sustains a heavy load of dignity and draws a stipend from the public treasury that is measured in seven figures, that is about all. He is the social head of his country. He makes precedent. He is fashion itself. The things that the king does are good form and are really the laws of society and are aped by the people. It is odd how well loved is this man who plays such a small part in the affairs of government. London has 100,000 of starving poor. Most of them are starving because opportunity has been denied them. And they lay their hands on their empty stomachs, while they cry, "God save the king." Mighty hordes of the unemployed march the streets of the greatest city of the world and again the cry is heard, "God save the king." You see, rich and poor really love this monarch. Time was when the rabble would have stormed a castle and shortened the king by a head, but that was in an age when a king was indeed a king and the common people were dogs. Now, your Englishman, whether high or low, may curse parliament and the war lords and all those who increase the tax burdens, but he will never miss an opportunity to get down on his marrowbones to the first gentleman of Europe.

Have the ocean cable and quick overland communication diminished the importance of diplomatic representatives to foreign governments, as some persons assert? The foreign officers of two governments can so easily confer over the wire, they say, that a nation needs only an occasional special envoy who may be charged with the completion of a particular negotiation. That theory of the diplomatic service overlooks the great value of ambassadors and ministers in creating an atmosphere friendly to their own country. Think how much Wu Ting-fang, the gifted Chinese minister who left here a few years ago, did by his speeches before commercial gatherings and educational institutions to bring Americans to recognize some of the intrinsic merits of the long-lived empire which he represented. Our Presidents usually send to the court of St. James an ambassador of good oratorical abilities. His influence there may be very great. An old French proverb declares that "Absent people are always in the wrong." It is easy to misunderstand those whom we do not see. Thousands of petty disagreements in every-day life can be ended by a little plain talk. Because diplomats serve this end, their expensive establishments and lavish entertainments are not so purposeless as they seem at first thought. It may have seemed wasteful for the Russian and the Japanese representatives in Washington, during the last winter of terrible struggle at home over the destinies of the far East, to give costly receptions. But the entertainments doubtless have an effect on American public sentiment, just as did the Japanese exhibit at the World's Fair, maintained in the same spirit. If diplomacy can in any case shorten the duration of war by a single day, it has earned its cost for years. Fancy fees are much cheaper than gunpowder.

GRANITE MAUSOLEUM TO BE SENATOR HANNA'S TOMB.

In Lakeview cemetery, Cleveland, on a high knoll overlooking the lake, is soon to be constructed a mausoleum for the Hanna family. The mausoleum is to be in the Doric style and will be built of white granite, quarried in Troy, N. H. At each end are to be

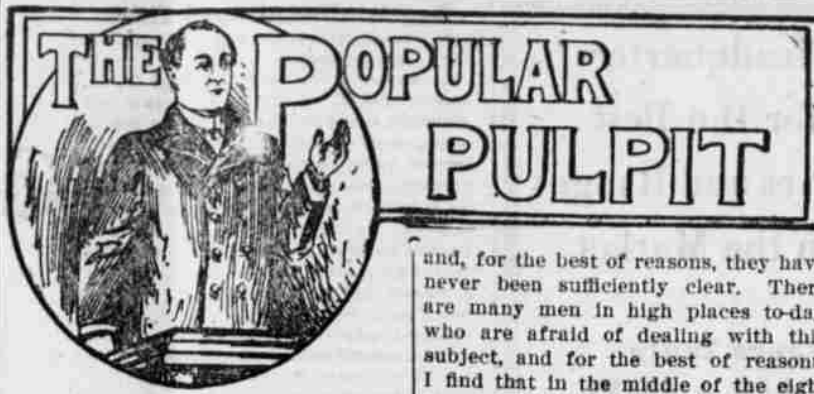


MAUSOLEUM FOR MARCUS HANNA.

large pierced bronze double doors. The interior is shaped in the form of a cross, with a vaulted ceiling of colored mosaics, in the center of which is an inlaid mosaic cross. In each transept, or short arm of the cross, will be placed a carved marble sarcophagus, cut from a block of Norwegian marble. In one of these will be placed the body of Senator Marcus A. Hanna. On each side of the long arms of the cross will be built four catacombs, or sixteen in all. These catacombs extend from the floor to the ceiling. The granite platform on which the building stands is twenty-five feet wide and forty-eight feet long. The height of the mausoleum is twenty-three feet.

Premium on the Single Life.

She—I see by this paper that a single Greenland whale is worth \$13,000. He—I judge from that statement that a single whale is worth more than a married one.—Yonkers Statesman.



PAUL'S GOSPEL.

By Rev. Thomas Yates.
Text—"Remember Jesus Christ, raised from the dead, according to my gospel."—II Timothy 2:8

You will notice the intensity of the possessive pronoun. It glows with passion; it makes the text incandescent—"My gospel." It is not proprietorship; it is identification. It seems like egotism; it is really uttermost self-surrender. It is not possible to separate the man from the message; they are one, fused in a grand and growing experience. He had a message, and the message was in the grain and the fibre of his being. He has written a sentence of it to his friend, and then, as if impatient lest what he has written should bear, even for an instant, the look of an impersonal utterance, he hastens with a kind of happy pride in self-committal to give himself away on it—"According to my gospel." The weight and the impact of a transformed personality is thrown into the utterance. You feel the thrill of terrific conviction in this little possessive; it vibrates with energy. Whatever the gospel is, it is become to this man a consecration, a passion, an enthusiasm, and, if need arise, it will become a martyrdom. It is little wonder that the world thought this man a provocative man, or that few men in human history have so compelled the world to take count of them.

Paul has one great certainty: he is certain that he is right. The audacious faculty of mounting a pulpit, is the inevitable expression of any audacity, the audacity of knowing that he is right. He is sure about some things that really matter; he is on the ground. Further the audacity of knowing that he is right this man adds another audacity, that of believing and saying that the fact of his being right is a good thing for the world. The Gospel is not true news only, but good news. The thing about which he was right was not to be neglected without impoverishment. It is of passionate moment to men; it concerns their highest welfare; it is a Gospel of good tidings, and he who has it is under necessity to preach it. This man, then, is finely revealed in this little phrase that he has added like a postscript. Such a man is always a challenge, never more a challenge than today, when the temper of our time does not encourage it.

He is sent to guard the church and to hold forth the good news in Ephesus, where the splendor and the arrogance of paganism had made the place a proverb. One hesitates to paint the picture of that city as it was, the home of superstition and sorcery, the citadel of the most immoral and lawless of idolaters.

Do you wonder that the restlessness and superstition outside worked a slow and subtle mischief within? Is it any wonder that, with that atmosphere soaking into their life, it was easy to drift from the realities of religion?

My brethren, we need a deep, effective force lodged at the heart of our church life, at the heart of its pulpit ministry, at the heart of all its varying work. The only justification for a church is that it shall have something at the heart of it, of which it says, with a passionate joy of possession, "My Gospel," which it exists to utter. This very church fabric is not here for any beauty it has, but for the good tidings it brings. It is not a memorial; it is a witness. At the heart of the church's life, feeding the church's life, the power of its ministry, the burden of its mission, lies the great force of an organic relationship with a Divine Lord, an intensely personal relationship, realizable and actual, with every believer.

CHRISTIANITY AND GAMBLING.

By Hamford Slack, M. P.
Text—"Casting lots."—Matthew 28:25.

It is 382 years since an Act of Parliament was passed, in the reign of King Henry VIII, the preamble of which alludes to impoverishment and crime and neglect of Divine service as amongst the social evils which in those remote days arose from gambling. And so, in an ever increasing degree, and with added miseries, the evil has been growing ever since. You ask for evidence. Open any newspaper and I shall be very much surprised if you do not find somewhere in its columns, of the growing evil of gambling. And during the whole of those 382 years laws have been constantly passed and constantly amended for dealing with this evil. Those laws have, in my opinion, never been sufficiently drastic,

and, for the best of reasons, they have never been sufficiently clear. There are many men in high places to-day who are afraid of dealing with this subject, and for the best of reasons. I find that in the middle of the eighteenth century—more than 150 years ago—a very remarkable Act of Parliament was passed, which was subsequently repealed. And it provided that any one convicted of losing £10 at one time as a result of betting or gaming, or of losing £40 within the space of twenty-four hours, must, upon conviction, of course, pay five times that amount for the benefit of the poor of the parish. The gambling habit, which is so far-reaching, and which sends its feelers out with such ramifications, is working terrible havoc to-day. It is one of our greatest and most threatening national curses. And, thank God, the Christian Church is at length waking up to its responsibilities in the matter.

Let me give you a few facts. There are at least 20,000 bookmakers in England to-day; 20,000! and not a man of them plying an honest trade. Their turnover has been estimated to be £50,000,000 sterling by the year, by unremunerative trade; all, in so far as the Commonwealth is concerned, wasteful and injurious. Only last November a bookmaker was fined £100 at Reigate. The police, when they carried away his book from the place where he carried on his "business," found by referring to his bank-book, that during the previous twelve months he had paid £12,000 into his banking account. His books showed a profit of £1,761 on the average during the last seven years; and he had, at the time he was brought before the magistrates one client who owned him £6,000. That was in November. Last August a young man, who was a messenger at a newspaper office, was fined by the magistrates for systematically carrying on betting with boys. And this is one of the worst phases of this evil; it is attacking our children, and to a far greater extent than you and I, in our smug respectability, could think possible. And it was found that this gentleman in one of his books had 1,484 entries covering a space of only ten days; and those betting transactions extended in amount from 1d. to 2s. 6d.

I ask you what must be the attitude of all Christians, nay, all thoughtful men and women towards this great evil? It has degraded our sport, it is spoiling our national games, it is deteriorating our national character, it is destroying our position as a nation amongst the other nations of the world, it is spoiling our national example. We as Christians and good citizens, as patriots, must do what in us lies to discourage this evil habit. Christian men, and women, too, have a special obligation. I have been fighting for years past, whenever I have had the opportunity, against all forms of lotteries and raffles in connection with bazaars. There was one raffling transaction recorded in the New Testament. You know what it was when the soldiers at the foot of the cross cast lots for the dying Christ. That is not a very laudable precedent for us to follow in any institution, bazaar, or whatever it may be, when we are trying to get money for what we call a Christian purpose. See to it that you always refuse to play for money at any simple game, however small the odds.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

The man who blushes for his religion is only wasting his emotions.

Whoever is a god to himself is apt to be a devil to his neighbors.

You cannot teach children to keep the Sunday by making them hate it.

Our loads are always lighter if we will at least look as though we liked them.

The only thing that comes to the man who waits is the certainty of being left.

Some men think that the Almighty only gave them sense enough to prove that he had none.

Some men could reconcile the Bible and science if only the Bible would be reconciled to their sins.

Labor to give the best expression to yourself rather than to make the best impression on others.

We could get along with less mourning for our sins if we had a few more real funerals over their remains.

The pessimist is the man who realizes that it is hard going uphill, and therefore he puts on the brakes.

If people were as ready to put in the offering as they are to pass on the sermon the church would soon be rich.

Instead of real love being such a ladylike thing, it often has blisters on its feet, corns on its hands, and a back that aches with loads of others.—Henry F. Cope

BARONESS VON HUTTEN.

Something About Popular Author of "Pam" and Other Books.

An American heritage, a foreign title, beauty, wealth and genius—all these are the rich possessions of the Baroness von Hutten of Schloss Steinbach, Bavaria. Despite the fact that she has no need to put forth any exertion, the baroness has not hidden her light under a bushel or let her talents become rusty. Almost every year sees a new book credited to her pen, says the Memphis Appeal. From the beginning the high quality of her literary output has given her a rank among the best story writers of the day.

Baroness von Hutten is an American girl. She was born in the Keystone State in the bustling city of Erie, on the shores of Lake Ontario. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Riddle, and the late Thomas A. Scott, the presiding genius of the Pennsylvania Railroad during its days of early expansion, was her mother's brother.

Miss Riddle was educated at a fashionable private school in New York City, and since then she has spent most of her life on the continent. It was during an extended sojourn in Italy that she met Baron von Hutten, who is the direct descendant of a Prussian historical celebrity, the famous Ulrich von Hutten of the reformation period.

That was eight years ago. The baron was an ardent wooer and the young couple were soon united in marriage. They take up their residence in summer at Schloss Steinbach, in the Main valley, Bavaria; in winter they repair to an estate in Prussia.

Two years ago, the Baroness von Hutten returned to her native land and spent the summer at Bar Harbor, and with friends and relatives in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. This has been the only visit to America since her marriage.

Through long residence abroad, she has become intimately acquainted with the most fashionable and exclusive society of Europe and of America. This fact is made evident in her writings, which have the cosmopolitan atmosphere as well as the impress of the interested observer of social life. Her literary work is instinct with life and movement, and is especially marked by graceful humor and lightness of touch.

Inspiration comes to her in the long walks through the beautiful beech forests which environ her home at Steinbach.

REAL PICTURES FOR STAGE.

Charles Frohman Will Hold Up the Mirror to Nature.

It has remained for Charles Frohman to find a connection between the biograph and the drama and in future a moving picture machine will play a prominent part in the equipment of his offices in the Empire theater, says the New York Herald.

Mr. Frohman returned Sunday from Bath much pleased with the progress of the experiment which he is making to demonstrate that the moving-picture apparatus may prove of invaluable service to the theatrical manager in the staging of plays.

Accompanied by an artist and electrician and a stage manager from New York, Mr. Frohman went down to the famous old health resort on Friday night and Saturday and part of Sunday were devoted to catching bits of life with a biograph camera.

The throng outside the ancient pump room, with the invalids in their bath chairs, the bazaars and different features of life in the ancient city, were snapped continually by the camera man and Mr. Frohman will be able to entertain callers next autumn with a realistic portrayal of what is to be seen in the quaint old resort.

This, however, is not Mr. Frohman's purpose.

"My trip to Bath," he said, when I saw him upon his return, "is only part of the scheme I have had in mind for some time. I do not believe that from ordinary photographs it is always possible to gather a correct impression of life in some strange place, and I believe that moving pictures will be able to convey a correct idea as to the characteristics of the people to be portrayed in a drama, and if ever a question of locale should arise it would be a record of inestimable value.

"I am going over to Ireland later to get moving pictures of the real Irish. Then I shall biograph the real Scotch and then the French and Germans and so on.

"I shall keep the records on file in my office and shall be able to bring up the life of any country by pulling down a record."

An Education.

"Well," remarked the man who favored a greater navy, "this war in the East is a great lesson to us."

"That's what!" replied the other. "I've learned a lot of new names that I never knew were in the geographies."—Philadelphia Press.

Rather Mixed.

"There goes Jenkins' widow."

"Yes, but he was married twice, you know."

"Of course; what of that?"

"Well, is she his first or second widow?"—Philadelphia Press.