

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Still, it is not the first time that France has yielded to Germany.

Men are compelled to invent all kinds of tools because they have no hairpins with which to do things.

Mrs. Eddy says that poverty is not a disease. What she means is that in her case it was not incurable.

If Norway had known the thing could be done so easily it would have severed its connection long ago.

When the Hawaiian planters begin fighting Claus Spreckels in California there will be plenty of cane raised.

It is reassuring, however, to learn that Bjornstjerne Bjornson cordially indorses the new enjoyment of his countrymen.

"Is proposing a lost art?" asks the Kansas City Star. The record of breach of promise cases furnishes a negative answer.

Conan Doyle was fined recently for fast automobiling. This is the first chance Scotland Yard has ever had to get back at him.

A Berlin woman who was a professional faster committed suicide by shooting. It's a mystery why she didn't starve herself to death.

A Japanese cadet has just been admitted to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. It might not be a bad idea now to send an American cadet to Japan.

It sometimes happens that when a man comes home about 2 a. m. and finds his wife waiting for him at the head of the stairs he imagines he is a bigamist.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the life of the late Gen. Gomez is the fact that he lived almost seven years since the close of the war without being the principal of an investigation.

A French engineer thinks a railway could be built around the earth, including a tunnel under Bering strait, for \$250,000,000. Probably a few more things might cause him to alter his figures a little.

One thing for which the public has to be thankful is that it has been spared the details of the Bowen-Loomis controversy. And over a measly little old \$6,000 check. Hardly worth the trouble of investigating.

Luther Burbank, the Santa Rosa, Cal., plant wizard, is said now to have achieved the feat of growing chestnuts on trees only eighteen months old. Chauncey Depew ought to get a few of Mr. Burbank's rapid action chestnut trees for his conservatory.

Somebody has at last discovered that Byron was a plagiarist. Six lines scattered through some of his unknown poems are very similar to lines that were written by Burns, Scott and Tickell. This discovery may probably be listed as another triumph of the twentieth century.

The beautifully illustrated publications devoted to "country life" might have an important effect in keeping the boys on the farm if the boys could be made to see any connection between their own experiences and the sort of country life that is exploited in the pictures.

We want popular verbs for several operations introduced by modern science. The X-rays, the Pinsen treatment for lupus, the operations of radium for cancer, and what not—what are the words for these? A man is guillotined or hanged; his leg amputated; he is trepanned. What is it when he is rayed, Pinsened, radiumed? We still want a wireless word. What is the synonym for telephone when one speaks over the instrument to which a phonograph is attached? And have we finally agreed that to motor is the verb to travel by automobile?

Professor Elle Metchnikoff, a professor in the Pasteur institute at Paris, who is described as "one of the foremost scientists in the world," has come forward with what he believes to be fresh proofs of man's blood relationship to the anthropoid ape. Incidentally he calmly brushes aside all religion with the statement that it involves the idea of the supernatural origin of man and is consequently absurd. Of course, this should settle the whole question, but probably it will not. There can be no possible objection to a man's believing that he is descended from an ape, but there should be no objection to another man's holding the contrary, and in the

case in question one man's theory is as good as another's, Professor Metchnikoff's "proofs" to the contrary notwithstanding. If they really were proofs nobody could question them; as it is, a majority of people do question them.

When Governor General Trepoff was appointed by the Czar virtual dictator of Russia, the first thing he did to give the people a taste of his power was to summon additional bodies of Cossacks to St. Petersburg to put down public meetings and to shoot down persons who dared to participate in public processions. His next step was to call a meeting of the heads of the universities and colleges and to advise them to raise the tuition fees to 500 rubles to prevent the matriculation of poor students. A tyrant's advice is as good as a highwayman's command, and it is needless to relate that Trepoff was obeyed by the pedagogues. Trepoff's reason was: "The spread of education among the people is dangerous to the government." In that one sentence is confessed the whole story of the weakness and rottenness of the Russian government.

Ever since nail was first driven or wheelbarrow first mended the handy man has been praised. But the handy woman has been taken for granted, and her accomplishments have been so little celebrated that the woman of the future is in danger of despising and neglecting them. It would be a broken, torn, shiftless, comfortless world in which there was no Jill of all trades. What does Jill do? First, she is a skilful mender. The ugliest three-cornered rent is concealed by her clever stitches. She has even been known to add an embroidered vine to a skirt to assuage the grief of the child who had torn her best frock. On occasion, Jill can solder a hole in a coffee pot or set a broken pane of glass. She is passed mistress in the repair of disabled toys, and is nurse and doctor for sick cats and dogs. Then what wonders she can work with a hairpin! She can lock bureau drawers and unlock trunks with that useful instrument. She can extract a bean from the baby's ear and a reed from a cabinet organ with the same device. Jill is a treasure in the kitchen, for she can make a toothsome something out of nothing. While the others are talking about what is not to be had for the unexpected guests, she has killed a hen and has it half picked. Her "minute pudding" is as good as her "hurry-up cake." When she is ten miles from a lemon, she knows how to make an iced coffee which is a fair substitute for nectar. Jill may pretend not to play the piano, but everybody begs for her accompaniments. She does not daw, but her sketches keep restless children happy on a rainy day. Although she declares she has not a single accomplishment, there are people who would rather hear her read aloud than hear any one else sing. She is not a trained nurse, but when she enters a sickroom she seems to belong there, and if Death comes, she knows with what quiet state he should be greeted. From the cradle to the grave Jill is the right woman in the right place, and the world cannot spare her.



A husband is ashamed to be affectionate in public; a woman not to be.

A girl will always resist flirting if there are no men or boys anywhere around.

In a peek-a-boo shirt waist some women remind one of a man falling out of a balloon.

When a man is young he wants to marry and love, and money doesn't count; when he is married he wants money, and nothing else counts.—New York Press.

Either the man who runs an automobile has a lot of money or he owes a lot.

The fun of pretending to like opera more than vaudeville is that our friends pretend to believe us.

It's queer how a woman will believe everything in a historical novel and doubt an encyclopedia.

A nice thing about marrying money is everybody envies you so much more than you do yourself.

A girl's idea of a romance is a man who wears a woman's ring on his finger and looks sadly at it.

A man is more modest than the average woman, but she acts more so.

When a man asks a girl if she likes strawberries she is sure he is making love to her.

It is queer that the less clothes a woman has on to be in full dress the more they cost her.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WOMAN AND HER PLACE.

By Juliet V. Strauss.



JULIET V. STRAUSS

I cannot for the life of me see why women should desire to be independent, or should wish to be man's equal. Life is robbed of half its charms when men recognize a woman on terms of equality. There is a fine excitement when one first takes a hand at man's work. A thrill of comradeship—a sense of strength and purpose in life—but it hurts dreadfully when the time comes for a woman to feel the old womanish sense of weakness—the desire for protection and gallantry, and finds that the men have taken her at her word and grown to regard her as self-sufficient.

The truth is, life has no new things to offer us, though we prate of woman's emancipation. No matter what foolish women, intoxicated with a breath of false freedom, may tell you, woman is essentially wife, homekeeper, mother. Do not for a moment believe that as such she evinces weakness in character.

One of the weakest female characters I have ever known was a woman's right's woman. She addressed audiences with perfect ease and had a way of meeting men upon their own ground that infuriated the men and made all the women feel themselves suddenly disgracefully feminine.

Our husbands, in the palmy days of this lady (that is, in the days when she was painting herself off as a superior person while the rest of us were quietly attending to our own business), used to read the law to us and tell us what they would do if we dared to go about speechifying and leaving our families to starve.

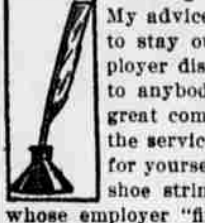
We tried to hold up for her, but we finally gave it up, for we all really liked to keep house and take care of our children, and besides, somebody has got to stay at home and keep things going, and we decided that if any member of the family was to fool with politics and split the air with eloquence, rant around about reforms and otherwise distinguish himself, it had best be our husband.

I have a horror of women in public life. It is a great mistake to suppose that going about making speeches, organizing societies, circulating petitions and identifying oneself with "movements" indicates strength of character.

The strong woman is the woman who loves some reasonably good man with all her heart and asks no better fate than to rear his children and keep his home. Life means more to her than to any other living creature, if she is awake and aware of the divine privileges of mere living.

INCREASING CHANCES FOR SUCCESS.

By George F. Tyrone.



Losing one's job is often a blessing in disguise. My advice to the young man who loses his job is to stay out of a job permanently. If your employer discharges you—don't try to hire yourself to anybody else, unless it be to a rich trust or great company of one of another kind. Get into the service of a big company, or go into business for yourself—even though it be selling buttons or shoe strings. I knew a young man in Chicago whose employer "fired" him for sheer incompetence. The poor fellow tried to get work and failed utterly. Then he got an option on a corner lot, sold the option at a profit of \$20,000, and is now a leading real estate man. Another real estate man, who is worth \$2,000,000, was launched on the road to success by being practically kicked out of the office of another real estate man. He starved for two years, but finally things began to clear up. To-day he could buy out his old employer four times over. The same thing is true of several of the most successful insurance agents in this old town. If you are not an expert in some line, get back to the soil and begin selling peanuts or working on commission. On the contrary, if you can secure a position with

HUBBY—A HELPLESS BABY.



A helpless baby! That is what a wife who loves her husband usually succeeds in making of him—a great big, overgrown, brawling baby, writes Virginia Lee.

While she doesn't actually trot him on her knee she trots her knees after him from the moment he enters the house until the moment he leaves.

She trots his collar out for him. All bosh. If she keeps it where it belongs and teaches him where it is kept, she is doing him a greater kindness than by searching for it and laying it in his hands. Then, too, she delights in laying out his clean shirt. Bosh again. He did those things for himself before he was married. It is as easy to hang up a towel after using it as it is to throw it over the foot of the bed or across a chairback. Yet loving wives fondly believe that it is their duty to chase after that towel and hang it up. They fold up newspapers for men who are perfectly able to fold their own.

Do you set away your husband's boots and shoes? Do you fold up his ties and lay them neatly in his bureau drawer? Do you trot, trot, trot after him? If he expresses a desire for anything, do you, wife that loves him, hop up and "run and fetch it"? Do you?

some really big concern, take it, tend to your business, be generous with your time, do overwork, never kick, act as if the business were your own, plug steadily and silently, and you'll win. Big companies want that kind of a man, even if he isn't brilliant, and it is only a question of time when your reward will come in a position of responsibility and trust, with correspondingly good salary.

Everybody cannot be a millionaire; everybody cannot be a high salaried employe; everybody cannot be a successful retailer. It is a sad fact that somebody must do the work of the laborer. The majority of the people must work hard for small pay. But in the present system of industry the grade method is the rule. Some men go to the top and get rich; some stay at the bottom and remain comparatively poor. But in the bottom ranks there are a few who want to climb, and it is to that kind of young men that this philosophy is addressed.

THE UNITED STATES' FIAT IS LAW.

By Elihu Root, Secretary of State.



ELIHU ROOT.

The questions which are liable to arise under the assertion of the Monroe doctrine will not come by a frontal attack, by any broad and unqualified denial of our right to maintain that doctrine as a rule of national safety. In the long process of years I think we can safely say that there has been gradually accumulated such a weight of assent upon the part of foreign nations to our right to assert and maintain this doctrine that it is no longer open to question. But the way in which cause of war may arise will be, if at all, by the conflict of rights—the existence of rights on the part of foreign powers against American republics and the result of the enforcement of those rights of foreign powers against the American republics coming in conflict with this doctrine which we assert for our own safety and preservation.

All sovereignty in this world is held upon the condition of performing the duties of sovereignty; that the citizens of other powers are protected within the territory; that the rules of international law are observed; that national obligations are faithfully kept. And while we assert that we are entitled to say that no foreign power shall undertake to control an American republic, that no foreign power shall take possession, with or without the will of an American people, of their territory, that assertion is justified only upon the same conditions.

We don't undertake to say that the republics of Central and South America are to be relieved from their international obligations. We don't undertake to say that the powers of Europe shall not enforce their rights against these members of the sisterhood of nations.

It is only when the enforcement of those rights comes to the point of taking possession of the territory of any American people that we say that it is inconsistent with the peace and safety of the United States. And we cannot say it with justice unless we also say that the American republics are themselves to be just. The United States is sovereign to-day on this continent, and its fiat is law.

SOCIETY WOMEN "GREATEST MODERN PEST."

By Right Rev. M. J. O'Connor.



If asked to give advice as to the most important step in your preparation for the ardent and exacting duties of life, I would say, first, that every woman, no matter what her wealth or position in society, should at least for a time become self-supporting in some field of modern usefulness; should make her own living independently, at least for a time.

Above all things, I would warn you against becoming that greatest of modern pests, the idle society woman, who devotes her time to the performance of what she calls social duties or following after social pleasures.

TOO MUCH ATHLETICS.

Tennis and Sprinting Apt to Induce Weakness of the Heart.

Prof. James, of the University of Illinois, says that an investigation of some years has convinced him that much evil has resulted from college athletics, according to the Boston Globe.

College athletes, he finds, bring on by overexertion a number of ills, of which the worst and most common is weakness of the heart, that, developing with maturity, unfits the victim for continued efficient effort in business, and eventually carries him off before his time.

Sprinting and tennis he believes to be the two sports which work the most havoc with the heart.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that a condition which often promoted long life was prudently poor health at an early age. He meant by this that a man, like President Roosevelt we might say in our own time, who in his youth had to husband his strength, and by slow and careful process develop the good health that he lacked, would be more likely to escape the dangers of overexertion, in which the careless giant was tempted to indulge.

Still, given strength and good health in the beginning, moderate exercise of one's powers cannot fail to be a source of renewed strength as well as of healthful enjoyment.

Home for the Unemployed. Berlin has erected a huge building resembling a factory, where the unemployed—whole families—are received and provided for. But no one must take advantage of this hospitality more than five times in three months.

Not the Printable Kind.

Jenks—But did you assure the editor that your poem was original?

Scribbles—Oh, yes, and he didn't doubt it at all.

Jenks—No? What did he say?

Scribbles—He said he felt quite certain that I had never seen it in print anywhere.—Philadelphia Ledger.