

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

The best way to fight the old-age limit is to keep young.

Russia will keep 300,000 soldiers on the Chinese border. Sort of ornamental border.

The world is not growing worse, but the graft investigators are just finding out how bad it was.

Several excellent reputations have been sadly muddled up since this life insurance investigation began.

Marie Corell may have a double chin, but he will be a rash man that ventures to chuck her under it.

Somebody is going to dramatize the book of Job. It doesn't look like an easy job, but of course you never can tell.

A California millionaire has adopted a girl because he was charmed by her piano playing. We may add that she didn't live next door.

The wages of sin remain the same as heretofore, but frequently the sinner has to wait a long time to get what is coming to him.

"Many a man," says one of the lady journalists, "has fallen in love with a dimple." Yes, and discovered later that it was only a wrinkle.

If a doctor can't get free advertising in any other way he can manage it by coming to the front with a defense of the pesky cigarette.

Some day an American will come home and forget to say "there is no country like our own." And he will be awarded the medal for originality.

There are many humorists among the football coaches of the country. They are all protesting that they have always discounted rough play in the game.

A New York girl has invented a machine by which she claims one may count a million dollars a minute. John W. Gates will no doubt hail this as a real boon.

A 10-year-old boy has gone into bankruptcy at Le Sueur, Minn. Let us hope he may now get a new start in life and succeed in amounting to something, after all.

The average citizen, however, confident that neither semi-starvation nor going without sleep will make a Thos. A. Edison of him, will prefer not to change his usual manner of living.

In making the statement that the average man eats too much Mr. Edison has drawn forth indignant protests from countless thousands of regular boarders throughout this broad land.

After Andrew Carnegie gets the women to wear their hair short for sanitary purposes let him tackle the corset. Andy is too good a man to ever be allowed to sit down in a corner with nothing to do.

A Virginia preacher has been suspended for six months for kissing a pretty girl. He would probably have been excused if he had picked out some homely old lady with traces of a mustache. Preachers who desire to kiss should always remember these things.

John A. McCall's friends say he is a poor man, so poor, in fact, that his income is barely sufficient to keep up the payments on the \$300,000 insurance policies which he carries and enable him to live in such style as befits one who occupies a \$450,000 home. Mr. McCall's case is truly pathetic. Can't somebody suggest a benefit of some kind for him?

Immigration, according to students of the subject, follows the parallels of latitude—that is, people who move to a new country seek to settle in a climate as near as possible to that of their old home. This is held to account in a measure for the refusal of European immigrants to settle in our Southern States. The theory does not work out, however. If it did we should see the Italians, for instance, flocking to the South and to California, whereas in truth they gather in the large cities of the North. The truth probably is that the negro question has most to do with the slackness of immigration into the South. The newcomers have no race prejudices, but they fear low-priced competition.

Sea battles at the present time do not result in such great rewards of prize money as formerly. English sailors in times past have brought great fortunes home after their successful cruises. In the war with Holland,

1651-1654, English ships are said to have taken 1,700 prizes, worth \$30,000,000. In 1657 the Spaniards loaded British sailors with treasure. They seized two of the Spanish galleons so richly laden with gold and jewels that it took thirty-eight wagons to carry the treasure from Portsmouth to London. In 1761 came the historic capture of the *Hermione*, the Spanish treasure ship from Lima. The admiral and captains received as their share \$325,000 apiece, the lieutenants \$65,000, warrant officers about \$20,000, petty officers nearly \$10,000, and even the common seamen \$2,500 each. On arriving at Portsmouth the seamen bought up all the watches in the place and fried them over the galley fire.

As well as we can judge it is about once in every six months that it is proposed in this country to put to death by painless methods people who are hopelessly ill and who are in terrible agony. The proposal generally emanates from the medical faculty, but its latest appearance is in the convention of the American Humane Association, where its advocates were women, and the physicians opposed it. One of the speakers having by way of illustration described the sufferings of the victims of a recent railroad accident, Mrs. Totten rose and said passionately: "If I had been in that wreck and had seen cases such as have been described and had a pistol I would certainly have shot the sufferers to put them out of their misery." All this does great credit to the hearts of these women, but it only shows that their hearts are better than their judgments. In this matter they see only one side of the subject. Probably every mature person that ever lived has been deeply affected by the sufferings of people who seemed certain to die in a short time anyway and has said in his haste that they ought to be chloroformed to death, at least if they themselves desired it. This is what he says in his haste, but the sober second thought is always different. There are two obvious objections to such a practice as these women propose. The first is that the wisest man on earth could not tell when the proper time to take a human life in this fashion had come. Take the case mentioned in the convention, of a man caught under a railroad wreck and on the point of being burned alive by the approaching flames. That will be considered a strong case, and yet if the wind should suddenly change he would be saved. Have these kind-hearted women never heard of people whom all the attendant physicians gave up to die and yet who got well? Have they never heard of people who were supposed to be actually dead and were buried and yet who were not dead and were exhumed and recovered? Who, then, would be rash enough to pronounce a case hopeless and proceed to administer chloroform or morphine? The other objection is that if the state were to legalize euthanasia nearly everybody would die in that way except the inmates of the asylums. Just as certainly as a sick person had any money or any enemies, anyone who was tired of his authority or afraid of his influence, he would be poisoned and killed by some of those around him as "hopelessly ill" and "at his own request." A physician's certificate might be made necessary, but that would only cost \$2. These considerations are so weighty and so obvious that thoughtful people have always left this "reform" to those who were surcharged with sentimentality, effeminacy, paganism, barbarism and sensationalism, with whom it will always remain.

Mixed Relationship.
A daily newspaper tells the story of a lawyer who received a call from a new client, a man bent upon recovering a sum of money advanced upon a note and not repaid. "Who is the client?" asked the lawyer. "Oh, she's a relative of mine!" "How nearly related?" "Very nearly." "But, my dear sir," persisted the lawyer, "you must be more explicit." "Well, she may be my mother-in-law." "May be? Then you are likely to marry her daughter?" "I've already married the daughter." "Then of course the defendant is your mother-in-law!" "Perhaps you'd better hear the whole story," returned the client. "You see, a year ago we lived together, my son and I. In a house across the way lived a widow, Mrs. Foster, and her daughter, Mary. Well, I married Mary, and my son married the widow. Now perhaps you can tell me whether my son's wife is my mother-in-law or my daughter-in-law." But the lawyer could not.

Profitable Work.
"No," said the first business man; "I don't approve of all work and no play. I'm just as ready for play as I am for work."
"Well," replied the other, "I never believe in playing the fool while there's a chance to work one."—Philadelphia Press.

Everyone is shocked when a mother is impatient, and surprised when a father is patient.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHEN IS A MAN TOO OLD FOR WORK?



By John A. Howland.
It has been discovered that the traveling salesman's record-breaking days lie on the sunny side of 40 years; after 45 he loses the initiative that prompts catching the earliest trains and staying to the last one with a promising customer. It is not so much that he cannot physically take up the activities that once made him a record, but that his mental lassitude interferes with his seeing the necessity for such activities. Should the young man at 23 have all the knowledge, sobriety and appreciation of the things that may be his naturally at 50, what an advantage he would have in the selfish race to success! There is never a reason why the experiences of the father may not be handed down to the son. Certainly the greatest capital possessed by the young man toward a business career should be in having a father who in every sense is a good business man.

There are few businesses where headwork is necessary in conjunction with experience that the man who is old only by years should not be a factor in its success. The man with white hair and a clear, sound brain has only himself to blame if he is deposed on account of age. Such a man has the warning of his approaching condition in his hair; it is the danger signal indicating his growing infirmities unless he shall check them. He needs an awakened interest in the everyday world around him, to shade his prejudices, renew his appreciations of the good things of life, to make sure that every day he is alive and an integral part of the world that is doing things.

A young, active business man with an idea that approaches an inspiration is just as much in need of the cold water of an older judicial mind as the old man is in need to seek the novelty and inspirations of the youthful present. An ideal condition should be presented in the gray head in copartnership with the young man in his activity.

CONGENIALITY IN MARRIED LIFE.



By Robert Hichens.
The sad truth is, I suppose, that a great many people marry unhappily. No star dances on their wedding days. They are unfitted to live together, and so when they do live together either quarrelling or dullness sets in. The fate they have selected acts upon them either as an irritant or as a soporific.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that if one dull person comes across another dull person and they enter into matrimony they will necessarily be dull together—that is, dull to each other. If they suit each other they will not. Dull to you, to me—yes; but not dull to each other. Many a dull husband mated to a dull wife has said to me confidentially: "No one who hasn't lived, as I have, with Mrs. Jones for twenty years can form an idea of her cleverness. Her insight, I give you my word, is something wonderful," and so on and so forth. And so says Mrs. Jones of Mr. Jones. I know that Mrs. Jones has a head as empty as a sieve and that Mr. Jones is the greatest bore in Christendom, but to each other this worthy pair of people appear shining with brilliancy. Why? They are suited to each other, that is all. The person who thoroughly suits us can never seem to us dull.

All this pother about the dullness of married life is rather ridiculous. Married life is not necessarily dull any more than the life of a bishop or a bargee, a princess or a Pomeranian dog is necessarily dull. It all depends on the people who enter into it. Where there is no natural sympathy there will certainly be either dullness or despair. We should choose carefully, then, and we should never do

that most foolish of all the many foolish things called "worldly wise"—we should never marry for position or for money merely. If we do we deserve whatever we get, whether it be only dullness or the torture of a lively mental agony.

GLUT OF EDUCATED MEN.



By Austin Bierbower.
A source of discontent felt painfully in the United States is the education of the people above the recognized needs of education. Through the extraordinary emphasis given by our democracy to universal education more men and women are now trained, especially in the universities, than there is demand for. Not half of them are needed in the learned professions. A large part are, accordingly, living in poverty, or drifting into "lower" occupations.

Traders have more power to-day than lawyers, clergymen, or professors. A man is measured by what he can do more than by what he knows. The United States Senate is filled with millionaires who have no training in statesmanship any more than in scholarship. Eminent men speak contemptuously of the literary class. "Anybody can write," said a prominent butcher, "but it takes a great man to run a commercial business." And he thought his life more beneficial than the poet's or philosopher's, because he paid more men wages.

We have a limitless demand for men in other than learned work, where many of our scholars can find employment. Besides expanding the subjects on which learning may be spent, as the industrial arts, where science is being more introduced, necessitating many scientific men, the learned can spend their leisure at books while giving their productive hours to commerce or farming.

Learning does not spoil one for any occupation. Besides improving most work, it may be enjoyed as mere culture. Scholars must learn to do something else than make their living at their learning. In times like the present they must accustom themselves to enjoy a life which is not highly intellectual.

EXTRAVAGANT LIVING A NATIONAL MENACE.



By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.
The Americans are the best fed people on the face of the earth. But there is such a thing as eating too much, and it is more than likely that over-eating has done more than the drink habit toward debauching the human race.

National progress is not to be measured by the advance that is made in luxurious living. Somehow or other Spartan valor is inseparably connected in our thought with Spartan simplicity. Eating to live, the fathers of our country subordinated the palate to principle, and the gustatory glands to the high and solemn sense of duty. They had a work to do—and that work was not to gormandize.

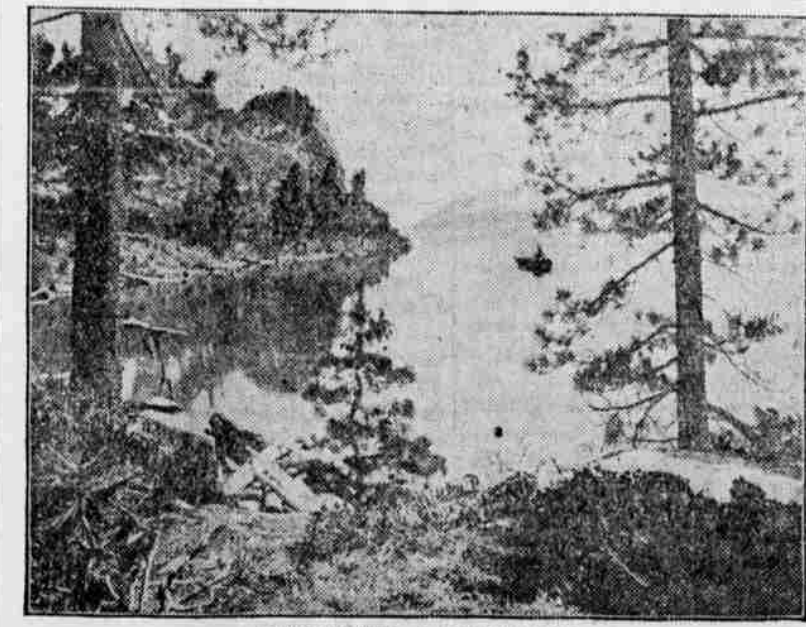
It is a fact that is not to be denied by any one who is aware of what is going on around him that the American people are becoming more and more enamored of luxury; more and more interested in money and the things that money commands, such as fine establishments, high living, "social" eminence—in a word, display. To put the whole business into a single word, materialism.

Last week I heard a fine band play something or other they called "Pan-Americana," but all the Pan-Americans in creation will not serve to save us unless we get back before it is too late to the simplicity of life which shall keep our bodies full of healthy blood and our minds full of clean, sensible and honest thoughts.

GREAT INLAND SEA.

Beautiful Lake Tahoe Located 9,000 Feet Above Ocean Level.

A great inland sea, seventy-five miles around, 9,000 feet above ocean level—that is Lake Tahoe. Round about it circle giant peaks, their tops piercing, not the clouds, but the cloudless blue of the Rocky Mountain sky. You can see pebbles and fish sixty feet down in these crystal waters, and out in the center they have sounded 2,000 feet and found no bottom. A gruesome tradition of lovely Tahoe is that



BEAUTIFUL LAKE TAHOE.

salt sea, of which Great Salt Lake is the last remnant, had passed away. Its shore are lined with the summer homes of Nevada and California people, ranging from the log cabin to the mansion, and nowhere on this continent will one find more globe-trotters than in the big hotels at Tahoe. The ordinary traveler keeps to the beaten paths, but at Tahoe one meets people who have nosed about every corner of the world; who are as familiar with Yokohama and Calcutta as they are with New York and London; who have traveled in the backwoods of Siam,

and round its crimson logs you will find all manner of clever and interesting men, smoking and telling stories of all the lands beneath the sun. From there take our, and join the boats that ply merrily across the moonlit waters from fire to fire. At each one you will find a cheery welcome, stranger or no, and at half of them some impromptu entertainment will be in progress, in which you are bade to join and contribute your share. At no other summer resort is there just this phase of social life. The lingering breath of the frontier still blows through it.

Tahoe is two-thirds in California and one-third in Nevada, and every two years there is a biennial row about it. For many a year San Francisco has planned and plotted to pipe its icy flood down to the city, even as Glasgow turned Loch Katrine, of the poet's lay, into a prosaic water supply. The California Legislature passes bills and joint resolutions about it, and then the Nevada Legislature sails into the fray, with the effect that lovely Tahoe still lies undisturbed among her peaks.—Minnie J. Reynolds, in the Four-Track News.

Spontaneous Applause.
A political orator was addressing in English a club of Italian voters. To his surprise and satisfaction, his listeners paid strict attention and applauded at the proper places, shouting "Viva!" and "Bravo!" repeatedly. At the conclusion of his speech the orator resumed his seat beside the chairman, whispering that he was delighted with his reception and had never spoken to a more intelligent audience. "Ha-ah!" replied the chairman. "Me fix all-a dat! Me hol' up one-a flaga, evera man say-a 'Hurrah!' Me hol' up two-a flaga, evera man say-a 'Viva!' Me hol' up tree-a flaga, evera man say-a 'Bravo!' Me hol' up whole-a hand, evera man say-a 'Hi-yi!' like one great yell. Me fix all-a dat!"

A New York judge says: "It is a good thing to let your wife be boss."
That's right, judge—take it philosophically.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.