

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

It is up to you to win the prize; let others explain how they lost it.

It continues to look as if the Czar's boy ought, as soon as he is old enough, to learn a trade.

There may be millions of germs in kisses, but it is not the germs, but the kisses, that count.

Wonderful how much larger Nicholas grows as he divests himself of his autocratic impediments.

The Japanese, while feeling sorry for the Czar, must entertain a poor opinion of his illustrious ancestors.

Why do well meaning men help to degrade the standard of humor by laughing at jokes that aren't funny?

The Kaiser has a lurking suspicion that his Uncle Edward helped to deal the cards in the game for the Morocco stakes.

President McCurdy of the Mutual indignantly denies the charge of extravagance. He doesn't mention the other name he has for it.

Russia has gained a much greater victory and far more glory than would have been hers if she had swept the Japanese from the face of the earth.

A New York girl has had her lover arrested "because he kissed her too much." One of the first things a lover should learn is to kiss the girl just enough.

A remarkable improvement is reported in China's army, which is always touted as formidable except when some nation wants to take something away from China.

A little publicity as to those evil-minded legislators who have been blackmailing the insurance companies is necessarily the next thing. This is where the plot thickens.

Reports from Sofia say that "a lady bandit" is operating in the Caucasus. She is foolish for operating where money is so scarce when she might come over here and have a booth at a charity fair.

A Kansas storekeeper advertises that he sells stamps and postal cards at cost. If he wishes to secure the patronage of the women he will have to announce a reduction for slightly damaged goods.

In a recent address to the highest officers of the German army Emperor William said: "How matters stand with us in the world you have seen. Therefore keep your powder dry and your swords whetted." Evidently William doesn't expect the next Hague conference to amount to much.

New Jersey is up in arms over the automobile outrages which make it unsafe for an equestrian to venture on the public highways. Inasmuch as these highways have been built and are maintained by the taxpayers in general, a demand is made for the use of these roads with a reasonable degree of safety, and societies are being organized to enforce the rights of the law-abiding many as against the usurpations of the lawless few.

"Boom" towns in America are not the only places in which land values increase. A London newspaper says that within thirty years the value of the land in London proper has increased from a hundred and sixty-eight million pounds to four hundred and eighty million, or two and a half times. The most valuable land is in the neighborhood of the Bank of England, where it has been sold at the rate of three million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds an acre—almost three hundred and seventy-five dollars a square foot.

In ten years the number of students in certain great colleges of the country has increased from thirty-eight thousand to sixty-two thousand five hundred—65 per cent. The ten universities that have the largest attendance include four institutions in Eastern States and six in Western and middle Western States. A competent authority points out that the attendance is growing faster than the population, that Western institutions are growing faster than Eastern, that science and engineering courses are forging ahead of the old courses in arts, that the number of women students is increasing faster than the number of men. The same authority predicts that in five years some one of the Western universities, with state pride behind it, will take the lead in point of numbers over Harvard, which is and has been the largest.

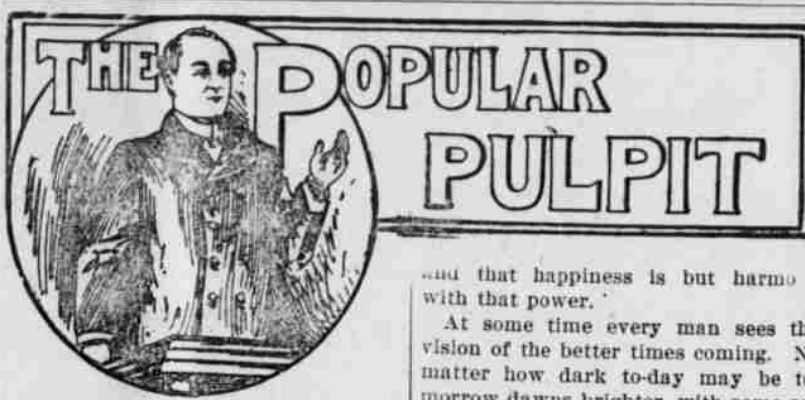
Hazing, largely stamped out in most American institutions of learning, has

returned with a vengeance to make cowards of freshmen and brutes of sophomores. The latest outbreak is the worst on record. Collegians are men in the commission of misdeeds—and boys when about to be punished for them. The law of the land is something to be despised and outraged by them at every turn—until brought face to face with its majesty, when they are only too ready to take advantage of their legal infancy to escape its penalties. Hazing is inevitably a breach of the law of the land. To enter a freshman's room unbidden for the commission of an assault upon him is burglary. The intent to do him bodily harm, as shown by the ordinary tricks played by sophomores, is punishable by fine and imprisonment. To lock him up is false imprisonment, another felony. It is the business, the sworn duty, of every officer of the law in college towns to see that no hazing takes place. A few well-directed words from fathers, who should realize that youth is the time in which respect for the law should be taught, will do much to bring these hazers to a realization of their real place in the world. To lie, to steal, to assault and batter, to kidnap, to commit burglary, to be guilty of malicious mischief are not what the manly man regards as jests, even in his own sons.

It is usually a waste of time to antagonize a popular fad and it is consequently not worth while to make an onslaught upon college football. That sport, if it deserves the designation, may be unnecessarily brutal, but people are in love with it. This is shown by the increasing crowds that attend the games. The American populace, like the Roman populace, has a fancy for an admixture of blood with its athletic entertainments. Not only the football field but the pugilistic arena shows the extent of this predilection. So nothing is likely to be accomplished by criticising college football upon the score of its brutality. Something may be said, however, in favor of modifying its scope so as to bring it into the same class as other college sports—in other words, to make it an incident of collegiate life instead of one of the principal factors. This is the view of the matter which is taken by many college heads and notably by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California. The idea is that football must not be permitted to overshadow or even to interfere with the serious work of academic life. It must be relegated to the category of ordinary athletics instead of being made the chief business of the students who participate in it. It is true, as President Wheeler declares, that the game in its proper form and in its proper relations is too good to be abandoned altogether. The thing to do is to change its nature, to eliminate highly specialized training and costly equipment—in short, to make it clear that the young men who participate in the game are students first and football players incidentally, instead of football experts primarily and students if there happens to be time for study. This is certainly a reform which is practicable even though the elimination of brutality may be regarded as impracticable. President Wheeler calls attention to another objectionable feature of football, but it is one which is common to many other forms of athletics. He complains that the sport is confined to a small number of players, while the great part of the student body is relegated to the bleachers or behind the fence. This is true, but it is also true of college boating and of college baseball. In the very nature of things these and similar sports can not be participated in by the entire body of students. In this respect football is no worse than its athletic contemporaries. The indictment against football, in short, is—aside from its brutality—that it usurps a dominant position in college life, whereas it is or it ought to be a mere athletic incident. This can readily be corrected if the college authorities make up their minds to do it. College football may be mended, but it can not be ended. It has acquired too high a popularity for that.

The Roar Was Inaudible.
Travelers from the United States, after a visit to England and the Continent, are usually willing to acknowledge that there is a shrill quality in the voices of American women. The New York Tribune tells of a party of tourists who were on their way to visit a famous waterfall, when the power of American vocal organs was well illustrated. For two hours they ascended the quiet, pleasant road. "We are nearly there now," the guide said at last, and with revived spirits the tourists pressed on. "How much farther, guide?" asked, a little later, a young man whose boots were tight. "Only a short distance, sir," was the answer. "As soon as the ladies stop talking you will hear the roar."

When a new fellow comes to town, and doesn't do very well, people soon begin to inquire: "Where did that fellow come from?"



AN IDEAL CHRIST.

By Rev. Russell H. Conwell.

Text: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." I Timothy 1:15.

I was asked if I would give a definition of the Christian's "Ideal Christ." The question in itself may not seem at first to have such interest as it does when you know the history of the question. There has of late been a great deal of discussion in some circles concerning "Christianity pure and simple." The tenor of the arguments I need not present here, and it would do more harm than good for me to discuss it in a great promiscuous Christian congregation like this. And yet, when souls hang upon a definition, as it seems to me in this case there are several who do, I feel that it is my duty to try to answer the question. The clearest definition which I could give of our Ideal Christ (and when I say "Ideal," I also mean the real Christ, because no ideal can exceed the reality) is found in the fifteenth verse of the first chapter of I Timothy: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

My friends, there is nothing higher than that, there is nothing better than that. The answer I give to your question is: "A Savior." That is our highest ideal.

Is there an ideal in art; is there an ideal in literature; is there an ideal in the highest, best and wisest action of the imagination, that is more delicately fashioned, more magnificent in its proportions, more touching in its effects upon the human heart than that which is expressed in that one word—Savior?

Have you an ideal more heroic than the word Savior conveys? Can you imagine anything, even in war, more grand than to save? Sir Philip Sydney received his title and his honors because he came to the rescue of that imprisoned body of men at Acre, on the shore of Palestine, in that great campaign with Napoleon. He was doubly honored, because he was a rescuer, because he came to save a garrison. More honor came to him then, more honor comes to his name now, than there would have been given to the French army if it had succeeded in the awful charges made at that siege. They were invaders; he came to save.

And such is the history of Ideal Christianity. Every man saves himself, in a sense, by working for the salvation of others in the name of Him that died for all. You and I understand it, for we have walked along the same paths of atheistic philosophy, and tried to teach the same dark infidelity. I say the argument that convinced me will convince you; that wherever a good deed is done it is a Christian act, and the more we sacrifice for the good of others the better men and women we are.

But I go back to our magnificent platform. Back to the old, true story. This is not only an ideal Christ, but He is a real one. No ideal of ours can approach His reality, His beauty, His kindness. Even from the foundation of the world down to the present moment Jesus our Divine Christ has died for humanity. He is "the Lamb; was slain from the foundation of the world." Continuously is He dying for humanity, always giving Himself for the good of men. Oh, God's magnificent character. His love for us! Giving Himself! Giving His own Son to save us! This is the highest ideal of our Christ, and it should be of yours—the Heavenly Father exercising His power to save a wicked, rebellious and fallen generation of sinners.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

By Rev. Henry F. Cope.

Jesus came into Galilee preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God.—Mark 1, 14.

Humanity has always believed in the coming of the kingdom of God. It has always looked for a day when discords should cease, when the will of the all loving Lord of all should be the law for all. It has never at heart believed that oppression, injustice, and the suffering that springs from selfishness and sin were normal to us, could ever be right, or were even irremediable. Deep in us all there is the conviction that there is in this world a power that works for righteousness, for peace, for higher forms of living,

and that happiness is but harm with that power.

At some time every man sees the vision of the better times coming. No matter how dark to-day may be tomorrow dawns brighter, with some ancient wrong righted, some old abuse gone forever, some tyrant dead, and some new and fairer, holier things begun. To the normal heart each day seems to bring at least a little lift in the great life of this old world. The past proves it. The dreams of our fathers have come true; better things than they even dared to hope have been accomplished. An honest review of history is a decided antidote for pessimism.

No longer can we be content to believe that the universe is the plaything of the devil, or hold a doubt as to the ultimate issue of the conflict of the ages. To a world steeped in the cynicism that said the gods are dead and hope is but folly, Jesus came with the good news of a God still on his throne, of a great Father of us all loving and working for the good of all. He has taught the ages the eternal and unconquerable might of the good. He was the apostle of hope; hungry hearts turned to him and he fed them with happiness.

He did not talk of better things in some other world, of a good time coming in the days we might not see beyond the grave. This kingdom of heaven was something real, immediate, simple, substantial. So practical and present was it that the people who preferred to postpone the realization of their religion to some other world were shocked, offended, and aroused to opposition.

But to men then and to men to-day there come times, many and often, when we most of all need to be assured that this is a right world; that this kingdom of the good, where right, truth, justice, and mercy reign is coming and is becoming more and more effective right here. It may seem as though God had forgotten, as though the only law was that of the fist, as though justice and mercy had fallen. In that time of struggle they are helpless who are hopeless. They are invincible who cling to the assurance of the reign of righteousness, who see the good being wrought out of the seeming ill and the peace coming from the pain.

Men learning to read the record of nature have found there the indorsement of the message of the great teacher; she shows the long process of all things working together for good, to bring in the reign of the best. Consider the lilies; their perfection is the product of the ages. If God so clothe the grass of the field, shall he not much more you? The hand of love that fashions a flower with so much care in order that it might minister to man will not move with less skill where the making of man is concerned.

The trouble full often is that we are looking for that coming golden age to consist in golden things; the good time coming means to many but more meat and drink, clothes, furniture, and follies. But golden streets do not make a golden age; warehouses of parlor suits do not make one single home. There will be plenty of every good thing when the wrongs within are righted, when the old greed, malice, and bitterness are gone. New hearts make the new age.

Yet the new heart and the new age shall be ours if we but believe in its possibility. Faith in its coming brings it. Believe in the better day, work, pray for it, be fit for it. It dawns every day; every breath brings it nearer. This is the good news, that man moves into the light.

Short Meter Sermons.

The servile cannot serve.
Honest prayer kills pride.
Atheism is simply moral anarchy.
Rites have done little for the right.
Killing time is throwing life away.
Praying for ease is asking to be an invalid.
No church is rich unless the poor sit in her pews.

Trimmed truth does not improve its appearance.

The smaller a man's line the larger will be his Busy sign.

Ecclesiastical log rolling furnishes the devil with plenty of fuel.

The less a man thinks of his virtues the greater their value.

Your opinion of life may be but a reflection of life's opinion of you.

A donkey may buy a degree for cash, but he cannot conceal his brogue.

The time to be most wary of new sin is when you bury an old one.

It does not make the saints tender-hearted to keep them in hot water.

The dominance of one church will not cure the differences of the many.



Baking Table and Flour Chest.
Here is a baking table and flour chest that almost any handy man can make. It contains a flour chest on one side with a slide for molding board

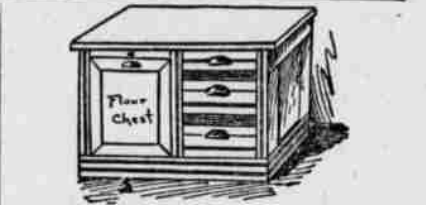


TABLE AND CHEST.

above. At the right there are three drawers, the shallowest for cooking utensils, while the other two may be divided, the middle one for other kind of flour or may be used for table cloths, napkins, towels, etc. The whole is three feet eight inches long and two feet deep.—Emrick Peterson.

Cheese Fritters.

This is a good way of using up cheese-rinds, which, even after this process, are good for the stock-pot. Grate your cheese, add its weight in flour, then according to taste, some dry mustard, pepper and salt. Well beat the yolk of one egg in a teacupful of water with a bit of butter about the size of a walnut, mix all ingredients, frying them by tablespoonfuls in boiling fat. They turn out very tastily, and after being allowed to drain, will keep hot and crisp in the oven until it is time for their appearance on the dining-table.

Vegetable Dinner.

An excellent and nourishing vegetable dinner, particularly suitable for large families. Put some dripping at the bottom of a saucepan, then thick slices of peeled potatoes, a little onion, pepper and salt to taste; another layer of dripping, potatoes, onion, etc., and repeat until the saucepan is full, or according to quantity required. Add sufficient water to prevent burning, and stir occasionally. Time, fifteen to twenty minutes. This is an excellent way of using up cold fat meat, in place of dripping.

Welsh Rarebit.

Quarter pound good toasting cheese, full teaspoonful butter, tablespoonful milk (or better, cream), half-teaspoonful of mustard and of salt, and a little pepper. Pare rind off, and cut cheese into small bits; melt butter in a pan; put in cheese, cream, or milk, and stir till all is melted, then add seasonings. Have three slices of unbuttered toast ready; pour the contents of pan upon them and serve hot. Sometimes the yolk of an egg is added at the last.

Potato Soup.

A very fine potato soup is made by adding a quart of scalded milk, in which several slices of onions have been steeped, to two cupfuls of mashed potato. Soften, not melt, a large tablespoonful of butter, and mix with it an equal quantity of flour. Add salt, pepper, and a dash of celery salt, and pour gradually, stirring all the time, into the milk and potato mixture. Sprinkle a little finely mixed parsley on top. Serve with buttered crutons.

Spanish Stev.

The remains of cold mutton may be made very tasty in this way: Peel and slice thinly a large Spanish onion, fry it a golden brown in a little dripping, and then add a small half-pint of stock; place a layer of meat on the onions, cover it with slices of carrots; put the lid on the saucepan and set it on the side of the range where it will cook slowly. Serve with sippets of toast arranged around.

Raisin Pie.

Seed and chop two teacupfuls of raisins, add to them a half-cup of sugar, a cup of water and one lemon peeled, seeded and chopped fine. Into the mixture stir a tablespoonful of flour and turn all into a pie plate lined with puff paste. Make a criss-cross pattern of pastry over the top of the pie and bake.

Graham Muffins.

One quart graham flour, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one egg, one pint milk. Sift together flour, sugar, salt, cream of tartar and soda, add beaten egg and milk. Bake in muffin pan in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

Spice Nut Cakes.

One cup of molasses, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of nut meats, chopped fine, spice to taste, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water. Mix in flour enough so that ingredients will stir easily. Roll and cut in small cakes.