

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

"He that hath thriven may lie till 7," but he ought to tell the truth the rest of the day.

Prosperity is so abounding that the dearth of teachers for the rural schools continues.

Anyhow, it is a kindly impulse that leads people to make a plea of insanity on behalf of Rojstevnsky.

Apparently the railways will have a chance to charge a few fat fines against their rebate accounts.

If Mrs. Astor keeps on paring down the Four Hundred she may soon be heard murmuring, "We are seven."

Paying \$40,000 for a carnation beats the Dutch, whose leading tulip enthusiast paid 13,000 florins for a single bulb.

A new substitute for tobacco is reported to have been found. This will not, however, be interesting to cigarette smokers.

Granting, for the sake of the argument, that copious indulgence in wine will prevent appendicitis, the same may be said of strychnine.

The Czar's compliments to President Roosevelt, and he would respectfully suggest that race suicide is not a marker to race homicide.

Mr. Carnegie is going to write the history of his life. The book will have a large circulation if he places a copy of it in each of his libraries.

Bourke Cockran says no man with \$10,000,000 can be put in jail. Such declarations as this will not be likely to stop the mad rush for money.

The corridor carriage and the Pullman car, the growing hugeness of the ocean steamer, have helped to melt the lonely iceberg of British exclusiveness.

One hundred thousand dollar salaries are very scarce at the present time. This may be the reason why some people think there is going to be a panic.

"Can wrong be done on the plea that it will end in right?" asks John D. Rockefeller, Jr. It can. It is. And it is possible to give names if necessary.

In quoting scripture as an authority against the giving of passes, the Pennsylvania officials appear to have overlooked how often the Bible says: "And it came to pass."

A doctor is said to have permitted consumption to get the better of him so that he might study it. As the experience killed him, there is some curiosity as to what he intends to do with the knowledge acquired.

Complaint is made that English ships are carrying dried beef to Porto Rico because there are no American ships to do it. However, the gentlemen who complain are at liberty to build all the ships they think they could use.

Prof. Newton may argue in favor of putting the helpless to death, but it will be difficult to convince the world that old age, disease, and helplessness are offenses against society. Would Prof. Norton kill his father for any such reasons?

"What do you think of that mountain?" said a member of Congress with the recent Taft party in the far East to a companion, who happened to be a Western Senator of Massachusetts birth. "That," answered he, "is the mountain that was in my geography when I was a boy." What higher compliment could be paid to an object by a man who has seen most of the great things in the world than to say that it comes up to the expectations of the age when the imagination is strong?

Professor Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard has publicly announced that he is in the noble company of those who think the death of persons in certain physical and mental conditions should be benevolently hastened. The professor makes plenty of reservations and conditions, but one thing he lacks, like all others who have expressed such views—he does not tell us who is to decide and in what way and under what safeguards who shall and who shall not be made way with. Herein lies one objection to euthanasia which seems to be insuperable.

Possibly Canada will not be satisfied until a chain of forts stretches along her southern border from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This in spite of the fact that the United States has not the remotest intention of invading. In the days of the late lamented "Richelieu," otherwise known as Robinson, the lion's

tail was twisted periodically and with vigor, usually in the house of representatives, though it is proper to observe that the lion did not know it. But twisting has gone into desuetude of the innocuous variety, and Fenians no longer entertain the hope of taking Toronto or Quebec. Moreover, it is worthy of remark that the chain would be no obstruction—there would be plenty of room between the forts. Canada has better use for the money they would cost.

The subtreasury building in New York is already adorned with a fine statue of Washington, who was first inaugurated as President in Federal Hall, which stood on that site. A bronze tablet commemorating another event of historic interest has recently been placed in the building. On Oct. 27, 1787, in Federal Hall, the United States sold to Manasseh Cutler and Winthrop Sargent, who represented the Ohio Company of Associates, a tract of land containing a million and a half acres on the Ohio River. This transaction followed the passage of the famous ordinance of 1787, which created the "Territory Northwest of the Ohio River," and which Daniel Webster ranked as second in importance to the Declaration of Independence. From that territory have been made the great States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. The tablet was erected by the "Ohio Company of Associates"—an organization formed to perpetuate the memory of the eighteenth century association. The same society intends also to place a similar tablet in Boston, on the site of the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, where the Ohio Company was formed, another on the campus of the college at Marietta, Ohio, and possibly others in the capitals of each of the five States which were a part of the old territory.

A large number of eminent British physicians and physiologists have made a public protest against the small amount of sleep allowed to boys at English secondary and higher schools. They declare that a minimum of nine hours of unbroken rest in summer and nine and a half in winter is needed by the average boy of from 13 to 16, whereas investigation has shown that in the majority of the schools the sleeping hours range from eight to eight and a half hours. A great wrong, say these medical authorities, is inflicted on these boys, who leave school poorly equipped for the struggles of life both in body and in mind. The trouble is due to insufficient realization of the scientific fact that children and young people require sleep not merely for the recuperation and maintenance of existing tissue, which is the case with adults, but also for the more important purposes of growth and development. Principals are anxious to get results, and parents generally assume that the former pay the necessary attention to questions of physical and mental vigor as well as to scholarship and moral habits; in consequence, a serious evil has been permitted to grow up. It is interesting to note that the practice of the United States is relied on by the protestors to bring about the improvement desired. In America, they say, the proper amount of sleep is insisted on, and care is taken to prevent disturbances and noise on the part of seniors disposed to play tricks at the expense of the juniors. The sleep question, as some comments point out, is really much broader. At college undergraduates are reproached for taking too many hours for rest, and the virtue of doing without sleep is exploited by thoughtless persons who forget that there are considerable individual differences of sleep requirement even among adults. We are told that this or that great man—Humboldt, Napoleon, Gladstone—managed to get along with four or five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and imitation or emulation of these exemplars is regarded as a noble practice, if not a duty. The Saturday Review assails such "bush-bodies" with justifiable ferocity and tells them that they are blatant nuisances. "A sleep," it goes on to say, "of eight or nine hours after a reasonably hard day's work, and a doze of an hour or so after waking in the morning, with, perhaps, a cup of tea just before rising—it is this kind of thing that makes life pleasing and worthy." Of course, our Tory contemporary is referring to the "upper classes," but those who cannot have the extra doze and the tea between can yet take to heart the observation regarding the need and the virtue of sufficient sleep and the folly of apologetizing with a sense of shame for falling short of exalted standards.

**Putting Down Profanity.**  
Eighteen thousand members of a Roman Catholic society, called the Holy Name Society, marched through Brooklyn's streets recently, banded together to put an end to blasphemy and profanity.  
A man never knows how small his house is until the baby screams all night, nor how large it is until the baby is dead.



### LITTLE SINS.

By Rev. John J. Donlan.  
"Know ye that your sin shall overtaken you."—Numbers 32: 23.  
Reputation is the key to manhood. It leads us to a regard for the finer life in this beautiful, elusive and half-veiled world. "A good name is better than precious ointment," and so much of the unctious and kindness of social sweetness is built upon the innate desire to adjust self to a harmonized realization of the rights of our fellow men.

No solitary act can purchase a good name. The desire to be esteemed should be built upon stainlessness of thought, word and action. The sum total is character, which again is but a confirmation of righteousness. It is difficult to comprehend the philosophy of the moral order unless it be founded upon a righteous being, and so the fundamental conception of character lifts us above anarchy and above the breaking of the divine image in our souls.

We are not automatons, but souls endowed with liberty of choice between good and evil. On this depends all moral growth and soul development. Good, therefore, in any form is the goal of humanity. But even if the spirit of goodness dwells in us, yet may we lessen His influence and unconsciously degrade our characters. As "dying files spoil the sweetness of ointment," without rendering it totally unfit, so little failings may weaken the delicacy of our better selves without destroying our permanent virtue. Such heinous offenses as profanity, drunkenness, theft or lewdness are so powerful as to overwhelm us with a terrifying sense of guilt. When these sins are committed there can be no misunderstanding of the consequences. The character is entirely besmirched. But when it is a question of slight blemishes or petty defects of Christian manhood the sensibility of the conscience does not always recognize the wound.

Like the hermit that leaves the bark uninjured while it eats the heart of the tree, so the guilt of little sins becomes a moral disintegration. If moral anarchy rioted in our souls, we should "put on the armor of light" instantly and fight; but because it is only moral confusion that reigns, we have no inclination to set ourselves aright. And all this time our frailties are working out their own punishment, for the moral system is inexorable. Soul life is no more stationary than physical life. Every thought, word or action makes for our uplifting or degrading as the processes go on and no neutrality is possible. The saddest of all deaths is the death of a soul in a body still strong and vigorous.

The mistake made is in thinking that this life is one of fulfillment, that all process depends on our sagacity, that ultimate achievement depends on our own exertions, that the competition of energies compensates for the easy descent from lofty standards. But this life is not complete; we are simply in a state of preparation. Life is a series of purifying processes. It is the expansion of soul culture based on divine ideals. Hence, in the present process of development, our burden of righteousness should be borne, the sorrows of abnegation endured, if we would come into final possession of eternal bliss. God never intended that our journey toward immortality should be a negative quantity—we should not cumber the ground if we are not fruit bearers. Let us then robe ourselves in the exalted attributes of divine character; let conscience, untroubled by little sins, be aroused through abounding grace to stand confessed blameless, harmless and without rebuke.

Love is stronger, safer and saner than law, because in it there is no compromise. Let love overshadow our every thought, word and action; let our sin be excess of divine love, and we shall then have no fear if it overtakes us.

### SYMPATHY.

By Henry F. Cope.  
"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."—Gal. 6: 2.  
To be loveless is to be lawless in the worst sense. The supreme sin is that of selfishness and the greatest of all religion's gifts to this world is the spirit of thought, care and service for others, the cultivation of willingness, even to sacrifice, for those who have no stronger claim on us than that they are human beings.  
Nothing could be more simple than

the two essential commands given by Jesus: To love the Father of us all with all the heart and mind and strength and to love one's neighbor as one's self. The second law fulfills the first; fraternal affection leads to filial love. If a man does not love his brother, whom he can see, how can he love the Father, who is unseen?

We may be selfish as a race; but a selfish religion will never get any general hold on the hearts of men. So long as preaching made its appeal to instincts of self-preservation alone, urging us to flee from punishment and to fix ourselves solid for the future, it awakened no more enthusiasm than any other life-or fire-insurance scheme. Religion has been mighty only as it has glowed with a consuming passion to save others, to do good to all men, a longing that was willing to lose all that they might be helped.

The life of Christ is the best commentary on "the law of Christ"; He showed how to "bear the burdens of others"; He had troubles enough of His own; but He did not go about advertising them or exhibiting them as arguments for immunity from the troubles of His neighbors. His whole thought seems to have been for the sick ones, the sorrowing, stricken parents, the hungry mob, maimed bodies and imprisoned minds. None ever sought Him only to find the busy sign at His door. His law of life is the living in openness of touch with men; it keeps the gloves off the heart; it quickens and strengthens the spontaneity of the hand to help.

The greatest danger of our day is that its strife shall eat away our hearts, that the struggle for sustenance shall crush all sympathy, that we shall adopt the business creed of success at any price, no matter what the damage done to others. The law of every man for himself inevitably means the devil in us all. Insensibility to suffering is too great a price to pay for any kind of success. It will be a dark day for us if this age of steel turns our hearts to its own element.

True, we have organized charity. And what could be colder where the spirit of kindness is lacking? Nothing can ever compensate for the old neighborly interest in one another, the grief over the friend's losses, the tender inquiry for his welfare, the little kindly act of help. If we are building up walls of separation between ourselves and our fellows we are constructing our own sepulchers. We had better be buried the day we cease to ask, with real solicitude, "And how are all the folks?"

We do well to dot the cities with institutions of benevolence; but better far is it to have in everyone the heart of tender regard, the eyes that see in every face the story of struggles and needs, cares and burdens, just like your own. People are hungry for sympathy. Your hand can never help until you give them your heart.

Sympathy is more than sentiment. It loathes the impostor as much as it loves the impotent. It helps one by a gift and another by throwing him on his own resources. In every instance it is the seeing of another's life through the eyes with which we look on our own, and the consequent doing for another life what we would like to have done for our own.

The privileges of sympathy are open to all; none is too poor to pity. It is not a matter of giving money, but of giving the self. It is not the luxury of the idle; the path of service offers largest opportunities for sympathy. Interest, consideration, fellow feeling are things we all can give. Sympathy does not need to wait for great enterprises; it suggests the next, simplest, kindly thing to do. The little deeds of love make the largest record in the land where love is fully understood. Love is the one thing that lifts the world, and most of all is he lifted who learns to love the least of his fellows.

### SHORT METER SERMONS.

Life's rest comes in its toil.  
There is no justice without love.  
Sin and sorrow often have the same root.

Religion is more than a prayer in the slot machine.

It takes more than pulpit thunder to strike sin down.

You cannot give life to men without giving life for them.

It's a poor kind of faith that you have to have faith in.

You do not escape from temptation by fleeing from trial.

Love does not overlook faults; it looks through them.

Where the life knows no waste the heart knows no wealth.

There is more good in a bad boy than in the best of dead men.

Salvation may be sensational, but sensation is not salvation.

### SOUND AND COLOR HEARING.

Curiosities of the Senses Described by a Medical Writer.

An English medical authority gives an interesting account of some conclusions reached by physicians concerning the remarkable, though not unfamiliar, phenomenon known as "synaesthesia"—the association of one sensation with another of a different kind. One of the most common examples is the shivering sensation felt by many persons on hearing the squeak of a pencil drawn across a slate. Others have their teeth put on edge by the filing of a saw. Such sensations are described as "sound-feeling."

Color-hearing—or sound-seeing, as it is sometimes called—is a rarer form of synaesthesia. It consists in the association of color with some definite sound. These color sensations are constant in the same person, but vary considerably in different individuals. For example, the sound of the vowel "a" may be red to one person, blue to another and black to a third. When light, instead of color, is associated with sound the phenomenon is known as "photism;" on the other hand, when a color or some definite image suggests a sound the condition is termed "phonism."

A singular case is recorded of a clergyman who, with his three children, was affected in this manner. Since early childhood the father had associated the sound of each letter of the alphabet with a particular color. The letters f, j, k, r and x, for instance, were reddish brown; o and e were white; a, d, g, n, s, q and u were transparent. The remaining letters were of a dull lead color, shading down to black. Whole words received a dominant color from their capital letters. When a child he was laughed at because he asked why a certain bay horse was given "the white name of Charlie."

In the case of one of his daughters, who was musical, the higher tones were of light color, the deeper ones dark, the deepest black, on whatever instrument they were sounded.

For some persons the combined tones of an orchestra have permanent color correspondences. Thus, for one listener the prelude to Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" is prevalently orange in color, and a well-known woman musician says that she always sees the "Rheingold" prelude which might reasonably suggest the green of deep waters, as of a rich purple color.—Harper's Weekly.

### FIND GOLD IN A CHIMNEY.

Workmen Unearthed Coins in an Old Maryland House.

Various sums of money were found by workmen in the old dwelling on the Neff property in Middletown, Frederick County, which is being extensively repaired by the new owner, Lewis Flook, says the Valley Register.

While Carroll Feete was working at the old bake oven he pulled the one loose brick out of the chimney, and reaching in the opening, drew forth an old rusty tin coffee essence box. He shook it and the contents rattled.

Others gathered around and in a few minutes the lid was knocked from the box and out rolled a pile of gold and silver coins. In this collection was one \$10 gold piece of the coinage of 1805—just 100 years old, but bright and shining, nevertheless. The box also contained one \$3 gold piece of 1854, one \$2.50 gold piece of 1853, four \$1 gold pieces of 1853, three Spanish silver dollars of the years 1775, 1812 and 1813, two silver half dollars of the years 1801 and 1819, one 12½-cent piece of 1779, two 3-cent pieces so smooth that dates could not be made out.

The coins, when put in the box, were wrapped in a piece of muslin, but there were only small fragments of this left. The money was turned over to Mr. Flook.

William Gaylor, while working in the old house, pulled thirty-six silver quarters out of an apparent rat hole at the head of a stairway. A few days later four pairs of new scissors, wrapped in paper, were found sticking in the rafters in the garret. A number of gold dollars have been dug up in a garden bed on John Gardner's property from time to time during the last six or eight years.

Before the war Jacob Neff, an old bachelor, conducted a general store in the basement room of the property now being repaired by Mr. Flook, and he did a big business. There was no bank nearer than Frederick at that time, and the supposition is that when the war came on Mr. Neff hid various sums away and possibly forgot some of the hiding places, or before his death, which was sudden, had no time to reveal their whereabouts.

### Chattering Medley.

"Let me congratulate you on that piece called the 'Magpie's Nest,'" said the tall gentleman who had been sitting in the rear of the hall. "The melody of tongues was wonderful."  
"That wasn't called a 'Magpie's Nest,'" corrected the phonograph professor. "The record was taken at a sewing society meeting."

A man isn't necessarily deaf because he is unable to hear the voice of conscience.