

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

CHAS. F. & ADA E. SOULE, Pubs.

TOLEDO.....OREGON

The story of Col. Mann's business misfortunes was decidedly "touching."

There need be no fears for literature. England put out 6,817 new books last year.

"Saints in Society" is the title of a new book. It is not descriptive of New York's 400, however.

A man cannot have too much money, says Russell Sage. But he can have too little character; and there's the rub.

Spanking is urged as a cure for hoodlumism. To be effective the remedy must be administered before the hoodlum arrives.

The kaiser, who rules by divine right, has no fear of the socialists or their plots, but he keeps a good sized army constantly within call.

A writer wants to know whether cooking makes wrinkles in a woman's face. Well, certain styles of cooking make wrinkles in men's faces.

A New York judge says that the law's delays, so much complained of, have their compensations. The legal fraternity has always thought so.

Our friends the doctors may not admit professionally that they do occasionally "give drugs whose ultimate tendency is to shorten the life of the patient;" but—

M. Fallieres, the new president of France, has been in public office and more or less near the head of the republic for about thirty-five years. He is 65 years of age.

Russia has figured out that the war with Japan cost her \$1,500,000,000. The tax-payer may now prepare to carry a soldier or two on his shoulders for the rest of his natural life.

A woman never loses interest in the man she might have married. If he succeeds she prides herself on the fact that she could have had him. If he fails she is equally proud of the fact that she had foresight enough to turn him down.

Servants of justice may also be servants of charity. A New York marshal who went to evict a family from rooms for which the rent was long unpaid found the parent sick in bed and the older children trying to earn a living. He pocketed the writ, started a subscription for the benefit of the family, and relieved their immediate difficulty.

Etiquette is a mask, a barrier, a cloak, a disguise, a pretense, a lie; it enables us to hide our real characters from each other. It is acquired; it comes from the head; courtesy is spontaneous, it comes from the heart. The first has as much in common with the second as has law with justice, medicine with hygiene or theology with sanctity.

The man who fails to appreciate the value of recreation is making a great mistake. Attention to business and devotion to duty are essential to success in this strenuous age, but that fact is in itself the most eloquent plea for a season of rest; a breathing spell so that the high tension methods of today will not wear us out before our time. If the every-day pace was more moderate there would be less urgent need of rest. It is the pace we are keeping time to in business in this age that makes a vacation imperative. Exhaustion results in not only temporary but a permanent loss of vital force. The rest period is often the profit period in a busy man's life.

A combination of wealth, notoriety and loose living makes some of our society people peculiarly vulnerable. Their reckless dissipation is curiously accompanied with a craven dread of exposure. A plutocracy has not yet dared to assume the prerogatives of an aristocracy of birth. The result is that, with a standard of living no higher than that of England and the continent and a much greater fear of criticism, our plutocracy is singularly helpless before the assaults of blackmailers of all degrees. Blackmailing has, in fact, become so ridiculously easy an occupation that we seriously doubt if any gentleman of good intellectual parts should condescend to pursue it so long as the higher forms of burglary and forgery still offer a career open to talent.

A year or so ago the world heard that the Chinese civil service was to be reorganized on a modern basis. The world thought it a good joke. Still later the news went forth that the old lady was taking steps preparatory to setting up parliamentary government.

Still the world laughed. Now comes the word that the first mentioned reform is actually in operation. The civil service examinations for this year deal not with Chinese classics, but with the most practical of live problems. Candidates will be asked, among other things, to state how the resources of China can best be developed; to describe the educational systems of western countries; to speculate on the bearing of the Siberian railway and the Panama canal upon Chinese interests; to explain the meaning of free trade and protection and to describe Herbert Spencer's views on sociology. A year ago a man who would govern a province, run a railroad or tend a draw-bridge had only to know his Confucius. The contrast is startling.

The testimony in the Annapolis hearing cases reveals a queer little world whose unwritten laws seem to be derived entirely from false sentiment and false standards of conduct. In this world some of the diminutive and youthful citizens are encouraged to cultivate a self-importance that would strain the ribs of an elephant to the breaking point. Others receive fully as much encouragement to cultivate a curious pride in their own self-abasement. One short illustration will show how honor works in bringing about these magnificent results. There is a law that a first class man may order a fourth class man under the table, and this high privilege is practically exclusive. The only relaxation of the rule is that the first class man may delegate his power to an inferior of an intermediate class. In common practice, then, the rite is performed with the first class man as chief priest and with a mixture of horseplay and a sensitiveness to the dictates of honor that absolutely defies stage burlesque. Fun is separated from the grand, gloomy and peculiar by a hair's breadth. When the proceedings are questioned, when the regular laws that are supposed to govern the academy are involved, honor calls for every sacrifice to prevent their operation, for evasions and lies, for submission to indignity and injustice, for revenge and intolerable cruelty. Evidently this little world needs reforming. But it is not so ridiculous or contemptible as to be without instruction for the larger world outside, where false values have been accepted from time immemorial and silly and positively bad conventional ideas have wrought incalculable injury.

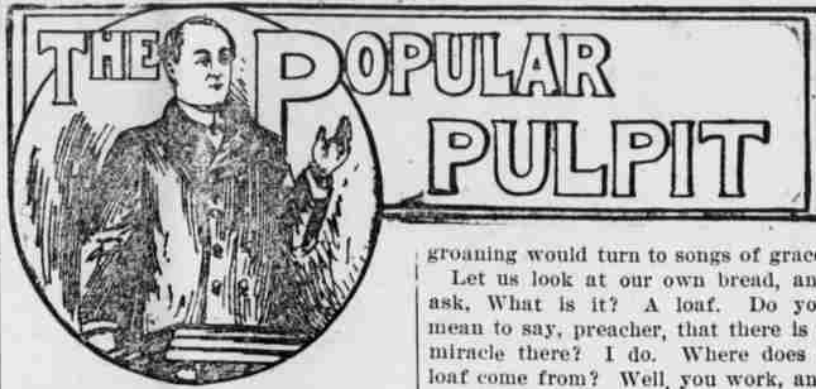
In one of his spirited essays on the social problem Huxley made a remark which has become historic. If, he said in effect, he thought that our industrial system, with its features of unemployment, poverty, inequality and injustice, could not be improved he would beg that some friendly planet might collide with our globe and put an end to its existence. But Huxley believed in the possibility, the certainty, of great social improvements and was willing to dispense with the services of friendly planets. Not so, apparently, Miss Crozier, a Philadelphia "sociologist," who, having worked herself thin and shouted herself hoarse trying to abolish misery and squalor, now demands in sheer despair "proper authority" to administer chloroform to poor, starving neglected children that she cannot save. While waiting for the friendly planet to solve the problem of adult poverty and destitution, Miss Crozier would mercifully administer relief on her own account to juvenile sufferers and victims. It is not likely that society will make use of Miss Crozier's heroism and self-sacrifice. It will probably refuse to see in the slaying of children a grand or welcome remedy for poverty. It will proceed on the old-fashioned doctrine that the object of all humanitarian endeavor is to promote life, liberty and happiness, not to diminish unhappiness by destroying life. Whatever the "higher hysteria" may say, the sociology of healthy common sense will stick to life and to the processes and remedies that slowly tend to increase and enrich life. As to the revived discussion of that old subject, the propriety of gently ending the lives of the incurably diseased—at least, "after a certain period of excruciating pain and agony"—and the hopelessly insane, no amount of plausible theoretical argument in favor of the proposition will dispose of the simple, practical difficulty repeatedly pointed out—that no right-thinking person will assume the responsibility of deciding when disease is incurable or insanity hopeless, and of putting a human being to death at the command of a very imperfect "science." The revolt of instinct and conscience against the proposal, a revolt which would be manifested in every concrete case, is the obstacle in the way. It is unsurmountable.

### Good Place for the Stunt.

Tramp—Kin I have a fit on your lawn? I feel it comin' on me.

Kind Lady—Go around to the tennis court. It needs rolling.—New York Mail.

One is beginning to acquire wisdom when he realizes that he isn't the whole show.



## THE POPULAR PULPIT

### DUTY OF SELF-DISCIPLINE.

By Rev. Richard Hamilton.

He was subject unto them.—Luke 2:51.

After the birth of Christ silence falls upon His life. His boyhood has no record. His youth not a vestige of history. Once in all those years we see Him teaching in the temple, and then Mary's voice calls Him home. He goes back to Nazareth, and the story of His life up to His thirtieth year is written—where? Nowhere upon earth save in the heart of His mother.

Why this silence? Jesus was preparing for His great work in the obscurity of a poor, mean cottage, finding therein and in His relations toward two of His own creatures full scope for the exercise of every virtue. He did this to lay deep the foundations of a school where men might learn to sanctify themselves, as He had done—the school of the Christian home.

Christ chose to spend thirty years out of His limited thirty-three in duties and simple labors of apparently a commonplace and trivial order. He elected to live in this manner in order to prove emphatically the most lofty spirituality. Simple means are these, and well within the reach of all mankind; nor can any man complain of want of opportunity in the attainment of perfection, since it is his birthright, coming to him at the cradle and at his mother's knee.

It is here at the root of things that man must begin his true work in acquisition of solid virtue; here in the practice of homely acts of patience and courtesy, of charity and good example.

It is the business of every man to do good. Lofty projects for the betterment of the human race are all very well. It is the natural tendency of the young heart and of the lover of justice to strive to right the wrongs of the downtrodden, and shout to redress all grievances. These are the outpourings of uncorrupt human nature and should be preserved at all cost. But the more difficult attainments, such as self-control and self-purification, must take the lead, else the audacious reformer brings down upon his head a merited contempt. Lip service without fair practice accompanying it bears not fruit.

When a man is well-nigh perfect as a man can be, then, and only then, is he fit to take up the battle ax and cleave successfully with it.

He that has filled his immediate inner circle of life with the light of his graciousness and has made the hearts under his roof to sing with gladness may justly and confidently turn to the great universal family and enter upon the world of combat equipped in an armor that has been tempered and forged at his own domestic fires.

No man ever came into this world with so full a knowledge and keen a consciousness of the needs of suffering humanity as did Christ, the all-wise. No one has loved with as tender a love or had greater power to conquer the enemy untrained and unprepared than He, since He needed no apprenticeship. Yet how did He act? Did He rush out unprepared, or did He choose to make Himself a living example?

The scripture explains it in these words: "He was subject unto them." Subject to Joseph, the carpenter, and to a young and almost childlike mother; subject to the conditions of a lowly life and such everyday duties as fall to the lot of all men—content to do all things, both great and small, but to do them perfectly.

### WHAT IS IT?

By Rev. John McNeill.

Text—Exodus xvi.

You remember how for forty years God rained bread from heaven—sent down the manna. This 16th chapter describes how the manna came. The manna came in answer to a universal murmuring. They said, Would to God we had died in the land of bondage. We ate flesh to the full, but you have brought us out. God's service begins to mean disappointment, bitterness, emptiness, where Egypt was fat; leanness where Egypt was fat; barrenness and drought where Egypt, at any rate, had something for our hunger and something for our physical appetite and need. My friends, when I am on the subject of murmuring, let me say that is what darkens our pleasant afternoons, that is what spoils our mornings, noons and evenings, Sabbath days and week days, Sundays and Saturdays. We call this world a howling wilderness; well, so it is as long as we howl in it. But if we would begin to be a little more faithful and a little more believing, howling would turn to hallelujah, and

groaning would turn to songs of grace.

Let us look at our own bread, and ask, What is it? A loaf. Do you mean to say, preacher, that there is a miracle there? I do. Where does a loaf come from? Well, you work, and get your wages, and you go and buy it from the man in the shop. Is that the end of it? Now, for the sake of common sense, is that the end of it? Is that an explanation of the loaf? Any sensible man says no. Where did your shopkeeper get it from? The baker. Is that the end of the loaf? No. The baker got it from the miller. Is that the end of the loaf? Did the loaf begin and end with the miller? Go back to the farmer, standing in the springtime sowing his wheat seed into the earth. Is that the end of the loaf? Think, now; is it? No. On a cold bleak day he opened up the furrow with his plough, and into the cold black earth he put dry rustling seeds, out of the dry barn, as dry and rustling and whistling as dry could be, and out of that seed there will come up in the autumn a stalk, and at the end of the stalk forty, sixty, or one hundred of the things out of which it grew. Did the farmer do that? Does the man do that? Whence comes our bread? From beneath? No. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and comes from the Father of lights, with Whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning. We are as divinely fed as the Israelites were, and we are guilty of the same dullness of eye, we are guilty of the same hardness of heart, when we eat our meat as if our own arm had got the money for it, and we had simply made it ourselves. Now go home, and eat your meat with singleness of heart, praising God.

### ECONOMIC SLAVERY OF TO-DAY

By Rev. Dr. Emil G. Hirsch.

Systems which enable the few to hold in economic slavery the many will gradually disappear before an enlightened public conscience. The individual must comply with the social decree. Many of the thinkers of the eighteenth century assumed as an axiom that the dictates of a man's conscience were a kind of infallible guide by which he could measure the acts of his life and thus be sure of living in conformity with the divine law. This doctrine is held by some even at the present time. The world of thinkers have recognized, however, that this matter of conscience is dependent largely upon heredity and environment.

The Puritan conscience rebels at the proximity of a brewery, while that of his Teuton neighbor next door is convinced that the brewing of lager serves a distinct social need in the community. This does not mean, however, that the conscience of the world does not grow in some important and fundamental conceptions. We may take the idea of human slavery, for instance. The time was when men in this country looked upon the latter as a divine institution. Now, however, the conscience of the world has reached a point where the righteousness of slavery is not considered a debatable question.

### Short Meter Sermons.

Life's outgo makes its increase.

Sacrifice sanctifies any service.

Sin is setting appetite before authority.

Deceit is the poorest kind of diplomacy.

Gold on the heart does not make the golden heart.

Haste to be rich makes waste of the real riches.

Every duty neglected is the loss of something divine.

At times of revival it is easy to mistake racket for results.

Verbal virtues are blown away on the first wind of persecution.

He who is in a hurry to be wise is apt to succeed in being foolish.

The most mistaken endeavor and fervor is better than sleek apathy and indifference.

They are making the least out of life who are ever thinking of what they can make.

He who is too busy to listen to the voice of a child is likely to miss the voice of his lord.

The feet of men are not kept in the path of right by the light of brilliant thoughts alone.

The heretic hunter thinks that the cutting of many thistles will create at least a few roses.

## DEVELOPMENT OF CUBA.

Island Is Rapidly Recovering from Effects of War.

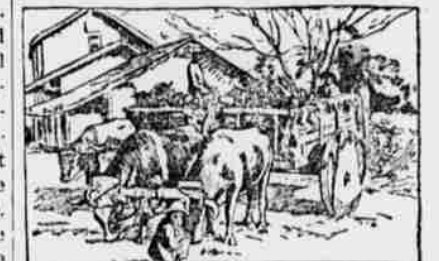
From an industrial standpoint the island of Cuba is of much more importance to-day than it was in the heyday of the Spanish regime. It is true that the two great industries of the island, sugar and tobacco growing, have not yet recovered from the devastation wrought during the long years of the struggle for independence, when every mill, and practically every plantation and railroad, was destroyed, but the impetus which the American occupa-



A TOBACCO FIELD.

tion gave to the recultivation of the leading staples has already had marked effects, and then sugar and tobacco plantations seem more like their old selves than at any time since the close of the war. It is stated, for example, that 80,000 people find employment in the tobacco fields. But from an economic standpoint this does not mean so much as does the fact that an intelligent effort is being made in the direction of diversified farming, whereby the island will not be so dependent upon its two principal products as has been the case in the past.

Why such an effort was not made during the long period of European occupation it is somewhat difficult to say. In the west end of the island are to be found all the conditions requisite to the successful cultivation on a large scale of tropical fruits as well as fruits



LOADING BANANAS.

that are not essentially tropical. Oranges, pineapples, grapes and bananas might be made leading staples. Of course one thing that formerly militated against any extensive enterprise was the lack of transportation facilities, a condition which is being revolutionized, thanks chiefly to American and English initiative. The opening of the trunk railroad traversing the backbone of the island from east to west has already been followed by good results from the industrial standpoint, and if the scheme of Sir William Van Horne and his associates looking to the upbuilding of a great system of small land holdings is carried to its logical conclusion it will of itself tend to inaugurate an era of prosperity hitherto unknown by the Cubans. The building of branch railroads is proceeding apace, thus offering still greater inducements to those who would venture upon agricultural experiments.

### A New Dish.

It was Tuesday morning, the clothes had been washed, dried and folded the day previously, and common sense pointed to the fact that it was ironing day, but cautious Scandinavian Tillie, the new maid, was not going to make the mistake of going ahead before being sure that she was right.

Before committing herself to the obvious task, she poked her head into the dining room to say, appealingly:

"Meesis, I skuld like to speak something."

"What is it, Tillie?"

"Sks! I cook some flat-iron?" asked Tillie, earnestly.

### Harder for Him.

The overgrown boy who mowed the Miller's lawn was unusually slow one day. Ordinarily the task, stretched to its utmost limit, took exactly two hours; but on this occasion it required almost four. When the job was finally completed Tom requested pay for four hours' work at twenty cents an hour.

"Brt," objected his employer, "you usually mow that lawn for forty cents."

"I know it," returned Tom, twirling his cap, "but I'll have to charge more to-day. I was sick and couldn't work so fast."

### Professionally Considered.

"Public opinion is a great power," remarked the earnest citizen.

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "a great deal may be done with it. The trouble is that it is so hard to capitalize."—Washington Star.

Of this you may be sure, that the black sheep in every family was once the most petted lamb.