

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO..... OREGON

As to the popularity of Alice, "Know all men by these presents."

The insurance companies might as well grin and bear it. There is still more to follow.

If Witte were to lose his job there would be some confusion in the public mind as to what he had lost.

The American women may ruin the nation, as the London lecturer says, but the nation will enjoy the process.

The result of the insurance investigations shows what a lot of punishment can be inflicted without even an arrest.

Turks and Servians continue to kill each other, but if the innocent bystander's good luck abides there will be no fuss made.

The Topeka Capital is conducting a search for the most useless word in the English language. What's the matter with "illy?"

In view of his frigid sarcasm, it would seem that George F. Baer ought to be president of the Ice Combine, instead of a colorful coal concern.

The Omaha jury notifies Pat Crowe that he was mistaken when he confessed to kidnapping the Cudahy boy. Pat must have fits of absent-mindedness.

Another way to avoid the danger of doped soothing syrup would be to cut out the soothing syrup. Babies were raised for a good many thousand years without it.

When the future develops ragtime into classic music, may we not expect to see beside the busts of Wagner and Beethoven the classic features of Marie Cahill and Fay Templeton?

Before she would marry a man named Gander an Indiana girl had him go into court and have his name changed to Ganser. She didn't propose to make a goose of herself.

Ten thousand Russians of noble families are said to have taken refuge in other European countries. According to this, noblemen in Russia are almost as numerous as officeholders in the United States.

In the Sahara Desert, says a recent writer, there is a continuous process of reduction going on. The sand blast wears away rocks and the heat splits them. At Nefsaoua stood a line of pinnacles. Only one remains of the original height. The others are worn away. That which remains is protected by a topknot of shrubs and earth, nourished by a spring which flows from its summit. It is not the hardness of the rock, but this patch of soil and vegetation, frail and soft as it seems, which has preserved the pinnacle. The picture suggests many analogies in human life.

At the recent meeting of the International navigation congress at Milan some interesting data were furnished respecting the influence which the destruction of forests exerts on the discharge of rivers. A summary of seven important papers read at the congress shows that it was allowed by all the authors of these papers that the removal of forests, especially in hilly countries, has a marked effect on the water supply of the neighboring rivers. Where deforestation has taken place brooks have disappeared and small rivers once furnishing power for mills have ceased to be sufficient for this purpose.

Of one thing we may be sure, which is that the world has not the same China to deal with that it had six years ago. China, wonderful to relate, has changed and is changing now with rapidity. It is much to be doubted that another military expedition to Peking similar to that of 1900 could now be safely undertaken. And, certainly, were the new army to be used against an international force such an undertaking as the Peking expedition of 1900 would be madness. An invading force enormously larger than the allied contingents of that year would now be necessary. The belief is based on trustworthy reports concerning the size and character of the reorganized Chinese army, whose maneuvers late in the autumn were critically watched by expert foreign observers.

The growing tendency of legislatures to pass laws has become a source of alarm to many who view with candor the results attained by the various sessions. What can be done to check the flow of useless and mischievous law-making is a question that affects our democracy. The pressure upon members of legislatures for laws is twofold. It comes from those who make

a special demand upon those they have insisted to elect. On the other hand, there is a strong motive working upon the legislator himself—a desire to make a record. To make a record and secure his re-election the member feels that he must connect his name with some bill which will make a stir. Such men are often re-elected upon their "record" and other men who did nothing but vote "no" are left at home because they "did not do anything."

There are other "entangling alliances" than those against which General Washington, in his farewell address, warned his country. Next in importance to the avoidance by the government of the United States of alliances with foreign powers is the avoidance by public officials of such connection with business interests as might embarrass them in the performance of their official duties. While it may not be practicable for all persons holding important places in the government, in either the legislative, executive or judicial departments, to be entirely free from connection with corporations, such as railroads, express companies, national banks and manufacturing combines, it would be advisable for obvious reasons for such officials to reduce such connections to the smallest practicable limits, not only that personal interests may not swerve them from the straight path of public duty but that they may not be liable to a suspicion of such infidelity.

It has once more been demonstrated that men can build automobiles which can be driven at a rate of a little more than two miles in a minute. But what the ingenuity of man has not been able to discover is the practical use of any such achievement. The world is not aware of any need for such machines or for the maniacal spirit in man which drives them at such speed. Driving an automobile at that rate calls for a kind of courage which from some viewpoints is admirable. But is there such a large surplus of courage in the world that it needs to be wasted in senseless derring-do? In the making of such machines there is no new development in mechanical principles. Nothing is contributed to science or the useful arts. The "good" of a racing machine is inseparable from the danger and disaster that attend it. Wonder is excited not by the machines, but by the driving of them. In comparison with that the engineer of a locomotive at top speed has nothing to do and his work is merely gentle amusement, ridiculously safe. What a pity that when the world is hungering for heroism in a million useful and noble occupations, men should lightly carry their lives into such useless danger.

There is a superstition in this country that there is distinction in being rich. But a board of tax revision has just discovered that Charles Lockhart of Pittsburg, who was little heard of while he lived and whose death, some months ago, attracted small attention, left an estate worth \$180,000,000. Charles Lockhart? Charles Lockhart? Who was Charles Lockhart? And yet \$180,000,000 is a lot of money. If there were distinction in mere wealth, the name of Lockhart would be famous instead of unknown. One hundred and eighty millions is eighteen times the wealth of Stephen Girard when he was the American Croesus, in 1831. It is six times as much as was left by the original Astor in 1848. It is just equal to the sum William H. Vanderbilt left when he died, the richest man in the country, and one of the very richest in the world. But to-day an obscure man quietly drops off, and it takes a board of tax revision with its magnifying glass to discover his little estate of \$180,000,000. And yet still we foolishly suppose wealth gives distinction. Why, a young author of a popular novel has a thousand times more distinction than this Lockhart. A good artist or a successful scientist basks in the sunshine of fame, while this man with mere wealth is in the shadows of obscurity. In these days the man who can do nothing but make money, though he makes it in the hundreds of millions, is a nobody.

Rheumatism and Tan.
The discovery of a remedy for rheumatism by means of tan was accidentally made by a tanner of Ulm, Wurttemberg. One day he fell into one of his own vats, and, as no one was near, he had to remain in the tanning liquid for over half an hour. When rescued he found, it is said, that his rheumatism had entirely left him. He then turned doctor and treated by means of a system called electrotanotherapy.

Rather Sharp.
Stubb—Yes; the colossal wild animal show went to pieces. The creditors seized everything until they reached the animal in the large cage.

Penn—And why didn't they seize that?
Stubb—It was a porcupine.—Judge.

A Woman's Way.
Edith—What luck did you have in the last race? Maud—None at all. I backed all the horses with a pretty name, but I didn't find the winner.—Illustrated Bits.



THE POPULAR PULPIT

VERACITY.
By Rev. Henry F. Cope.
Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not.—Psalms xv., 1-4.

It is a good deal easier to admire that man than it is to imitate him. Truth is a jewel seen afar, but, coming near, and cutting its keen way into our tender places, separating us from well loved gains, robbing us of the masks of conventional righteousness, tearing away our veneers, or shining with its clear, cold light so that all things become visible in their naked characters, our admiration is likely to be tempered with other considerations.

Even the most determined optimist must sometimes wonder whether David would not say with deliberation what he tells us he once said in his haste, "All men are liars." Whether in buying or selling, in word or deed, with tongue or pen, the man who deliberately endeavors to lead to a conclusion other than that he knows to be right is found everywhere.

It will be a dark day for us when we lose confidence in one another. Words are largely the currency of life. The value of the currency issued by any man depends on its stability. Back of it, establishing its value, must stand the unvarying integrity of the man. This priceless reserve it is that keeps men from moral bankruptcy. Few, if any, assets are of greater worth than the treasures of integrity and the approval of a good conscience.

But we are told by many that we are under another system to-day, under the law of smartness which thinks of truth and honor only as the servants of personal, selfish success. This gross code demands that we shall lay aside the scruples that have purged the soul in the past, that we shall ridicule the virtues that made our fathers clean, stalwart, clear eyed, large souled, those virtues that, somehow, as we look at them, set out of sight their poverty and limited circumstances and place them in a temple whose glory is simple, rugged, godlike manhood.

But even if this is a lying age, the price of conformity is more than you can afford to pay. And there never was a greater mistake than to believe that in order to get on in the world it is necessary to get off the track of truth and right. This is not the age of moral anarchy; above all, after all, right rules. Sporadic rebellions there may be and they may seem to bring power to their promoters, but you have no more right to judge the tone of an age by the moral obliquity of a few than to pronounce a verdict on a government on the evidence of the misdeeds committed under its rule.

We judge too often without perspective. We gaze in wonder at those who go up with the glory of the rocket, forgetting to ask the past whether any of the constellations came to their places in that manner. In the night of our yesterdays we can discern but a few of those who live for wealth and success alone; they glimmer but as warnings, while about them, clear over all, shining unmoved by panics and fears, undimmed by time and changes, are the lives of those that have lived for love, for truth, and right, who obeyed the great moral law of the universe and found their places in the temple of God.

The est of a man's veracity is not alone in the exactitude of his statements; he may always tell the precise verbal truth and still be at heart a liar, and, in fact, an outcast from the house of honor. The test is in whether he is using this currency of words solely with a selfish purpose, or with it seeking ever to serve men, to enrich the world, willing to meet loss if love may win.

These are they who who abide in his tabernacle; a white name purchased by the loss of much that lesser souls count gain is theirs. They found the true and unfading riches, the lasting success of the soul. And while they yet lived they walked the way of truth and entered into their heritage, the heritage of the pure in heart, the clean of hand, the world enriching life.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.
By Rev. Walter C. Smith.
Text—"Fight the good fight of faith."
—I. Timothy 6: 12.

Paul would have Timothy to look on the Christian life as a warfare, and what he says to him he says to us no less. What he wishes us, however, specially is, not that we are to spend our days in strife and contention and

quarrel, but that we are to gird ourselves for our task, like men who have a work to do that will need all our thought and patience and courage. War is a terribly earnest business, which will not bear to be trifled with. It is no mere holiday affairs of plumes and epaulettes, and drums and trumpets, and flags and fine parade. Instead of trifling with it, we must make up our minds that other business must pretty much stand till it be done. The soldier has to be fed and clad, and furnished with all serviceable weapons, and provided with needful surgery, for all which careful preparation has to be made. He must be drilled and disciplined, and learn to obey the word of command without questioning. It is a dreadful work, from beginning to end; always a terribly earnest business, alike to victor and vanquished; terrible in the energies it evokes, in the sacrifices it makes; a business truly which, if it is to be done at all, must be done with all one's mind.

It is to such a work that Paul likens the Christian life, and it is in the same earnest spirit that he would have us to deal with it. It is a warfare, and it will need all our determination if we are to come out of it with credit in the end.

Our warfare is not confined to inward wrestles with deceit and hurtful snares; it is not our own souls only that have to be saved. You might be religious after a fashion, and yet rather a selfish kind of man, if that were all that you were caring for. And the selfish man, no matter even though his self seeking concerns his highest interests, the selfish man is not the true Christian man. We have to bear each other's burdens if we would fulfill the law of Christ. Our battlefield is the world. We may not stand neutral in any righteous cause. We are our brother's keeper; we are human, and anything human should belong to us; we are Christians, and must remember that whatever is done to one of the least of Christ's children is all one as if it were done to Him. Therefore, wherever there is sin, vice, crime, sickness, suffering, poverty, evil of any kind, doing its sorrowful work among the sons of men, there should the followers of Jesus be found, fighting with these things as their Master gave them an example.

ECONOMY AND SELF DENIAL.
By Rev. George Lobinger.

Text: "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."—John vi: 12.

God wastes no power nor does he ever lavish any element of force in all his vast dominions.

He has never performed a miracle where "second causes" or the laws of nature would consummate his purpose. In short, it is economy on our part, of means and strength and time, that will receive God's recognition, smiles and blessing.

Here in a measure you are secure and moving along the safer highway. The American people are said to be the most wasteful on the face of the globe. If true, it is to be deplored. It does not now, and never will meet our heavenly Father's approval. In his sight it is more than foolish; it is displeasing and sinful.

You will note that the Scotch and French and Swedes are taught economy and thrift from the early years of youth to the period of womanhood and manhood. These nations never send additions across the ocean to our army of "tramps."

Ben Franklin, through "Poor Richard," taught a lesson of immense value to those who heed it, when he said: "What will maintain one vice will bring up two children."

Warwick gave the world an impressive lesson when he said: "Teach self-denial, make its practice pleasurable and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer."

Self-denial and self-abasement constitute two of the brightest crown jewels of heaven. Without these two basic principles thoroughly interwoven into the Master's great character he could never have worn the diadem of eternal sovereignty. Self-indulgence and selfish pride lead the soul away from God through the wide gate and of the broad way, down into the realm of crowned humanity.

Legal Readjustment.—Readjust our several laws so as to be able to deal summarily with all murderers, lynchings, destructive labor mobs, and oppressive trusts. Readjust these laws so that anywhere under the government, where county and State machinery of the law fall, the federal government may dispense justice without delay and with efficiency.—Rev. H. G. Miller, Presbyterian, New York City.

COL. DAVID B. HENDERSON.

Tom Reed's Successor as Speaker, Who Died Recently.

The death of Col. David Bremner Henderson, of Iowa, following a paralytic and paralytic condition of over a year's duration, did not come unexpectedly. For months his mind had been in a cloud, but a few days before death it became so clear that he could recognize friends and converse intelligently with his family.

Mr. Henderson was a member of the national House of Representatives twenty years, and for two terms served as Speaker. "Good Old Dave," as he was familiarly known, was in demand as an after-dinner speaker, where his ready wit and biting humor brought forth gales of laughter. But from "Good Old Dave," as he was before his first term as Speaker, he went through a transition, till at the close of his second term as executive of the House he was styled "Czar," just as was his predecessor, Thomas B. Reed. So strong was the feeling against him in 1903 when the Fifty-seventh Congress adjourned that Mr. Henderson chose to retire from Congress rather than face what he surmised would be defeat if he were again a candidate for the speakership. Since his retirement he had lived quietly in Dubuque, which had been his home for many years.



COL. DAVID B. HENDERSON.

Mr. Henderson was born March 14, 1840, in the bleak village of Old Deer, which is attached to the estate of the Earl of Buchan in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. He was scarcely five years old when his father, Thomas Henderson, left Old Deer for America, bringing the family with him. After many tribulations the family landed in Chicago with something like \$5 of ready cash remaining from the fund obtained by selling their household effects in Scotland. They managed to get a small farm in Illinois, and there they remained three years. Later the Hendersons moved to Iowa, and with money saved by David's thrifty mother purchased a tract of prairie land in Fayette County, which later was known as Henderson's Prairie. It was in Iowa the future Speaker received his schooling. He worked on the farm in summer and attended school in winter. In 1860 he was sent to a small Methodist college at Fayette, known as the Upper Iowa University.

In his second year at the school the war broke out, and on the morning of September 15, 1861, when Henderson was 21, he arose during the morning assembly of the students for prayer and asked that he be given a chance to speak. After a consultation of the faculty his wish was granted, and he then made a speech which was talked of for years in Iowa owing to its passion and patriotism. As a result twenty-two of the students promptly enlisted with him. He formed and was made lieutenant of Company C, of the Twentieth Iowa Infantry. He was shot in the face at Fort Donelson, and was in a hospital till shortly before the battle of Shiloh, where he rejoined his regiment. In the battle of Corinth he lost a foot, but after being discharged from the hospital he was made colonel of the Forty-sixth Iowa Volunteers, and served throughout the remainder of the war in that capacity. When peace had been restored Col. Henderson studied law, and from 1868 till 1882, when he was elected to Congress, and his partner, Judge Shiras, was appointed to the United States Supreme Court, he was a member of the firm of Shiras, Van Duzee & Henderson.

In 1867 Col. Henderson married Miss Augusta Fox, of West Union, Iowa, and made his home at Dubuque, where his three children were born. They are: Mrs. Angie Peaslee, of East Dubuque, Ill.; Belle Henderson, who lives with her parents, and a son, Don Henderson, who is in the lumber business in St. Paul.

Col. Henderson was a great storyteller, and a fluent and witty speaker. As an example of his vitality, many stories are told of the final operation on his leg. Three previous operations had not been successful, and in 1899 he arranged for a fourth. On this occasion he not only refused to take an anaesthetic, but sat on the operating table of the hospital giving directions and freely criticizing the work of the surgeons.

Wise politicians climb into the band wagon rather than risk being knocked down and being run over by it.