

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON

The country can stand many kinds of isms, but it draws the line at Gorky-ism.

Andrew Carnegie is getting the speechmaking habit. Well, he has a fund of eloquence amounting to millions.

The muck rakers all the same have done a useful work in uncovering the "deferred dividend" rottenness in the big New York life insurance companies.

Russia is reported to be playing a deep game in the far East. But this is not likely to cause any astonishment. People have ceased to expect Russia to be sensible.

President Castro of Venezuela has withdrawn from the active performance of his duties, and left the vice president in charge. He has announced that he wishes to go into the country for his health. The condition of affairs in Venezuela suggests a hidden significance in those last three words.

The successful man is not the idler, the good fellow or the miser. He has accomplished something. He has an aim in life and he is helping others to reach their goal. The truly successful man is better when he leaves the world than when he came into it, and the world is a little better for his having been here.

During a discussion in Congress a railway clerk was named as having suggested in 1862 that mail be assorted and distributed in the mail cars. This idea, however, did not originate in this country. Fifty years ago a picture was published in Harper's Magazine, showing a French "railway postoffice" with the clerks at work sorting mail.

The colored races of Asia are beginning to realize that they are not so inferior to the whites when they adopt the customs and methods of the latter. It will take a long time, however, to get all the Chinese and all the Hindoos to break away from their oriental prejudices and take up civilized and occidental methods. There are no people anywhere so wedded to the past as these orientals and there is none so intolerant of change. The dawn may be breaking in Asia, but it will be a long time before the noonday is reached.

Whether or not pictures should be exempt from duty on the ground that they are different from other hand-made goods, it is certainly true that making pictures for the American market is a considerable industry in some European cities. Munich, which is known to the more scornful of other European cities as the center of commercial art, sends the largest supply of oil-paintings and water-colors to this country, but Berlin is not much behind Munich. It is not the "made-in-Germany" kind that we are chiefly anxious to get, but the kind made a few centuries ago in Spain and Italy.

Scientists are capable of making people feel very dissatisfied with the future. It is a part of their duty to stir mortals up, if only to smooth them down again with "discoveries," therefore it behooves the imaginative to reflect before giving way to their emotions. One of the latest prod is this announcement of the wise men, that the planet earth is drying up and that man who eventually die of thirst. Didn't so many men die of it now we should be more nervous at the picture the scientist draws of the coming time when human life by overcrowding, starvation, cold and heat will be destroyed. "Not in our time" is the only comfort to be extracted from these researches and comparisons.

A mother can never be certain what word spoken to her child may make a lasting impression on career and character. When Frederick Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, was a poor boy, wearing patched clothes and patched shoes, his mother stimulated his courage and guided his zeal. The boy one day waxed critical over the inconsistencies of English spelling. "Freddy, don't argue," said his mother; "do your work." He never forgot the advice. When, as Prime Minister of All England, the boy had risen to the position scarcely second in dignity and influence to any in the British empire, he acted on his mother's injunction: "Don't argue; do your work." The archbishop lived perhaps too much the life of action and too little that of thought; but for better or for worse, the mother's words had been potent and determining. "My mother was a good woman, and she used to say the world owed us a living," said a wretched girl arrested for shiplifting. So the deluding phrase of the good but foolish mother had been cherished as justification for a life of petty crime. While preachers and teachers try to find occasion for im-

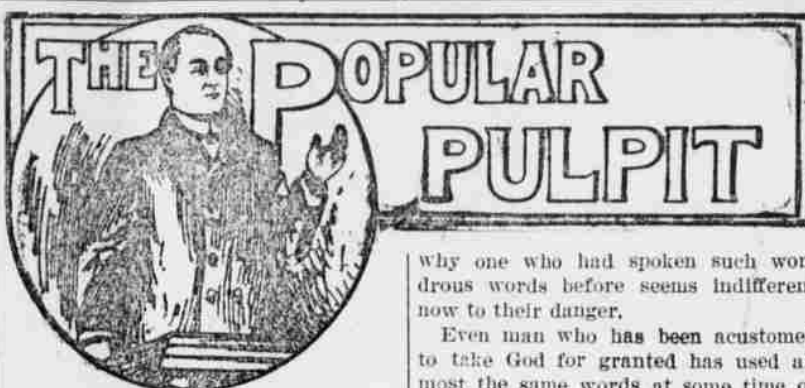
printing some counsel on the memory of children, mothers preach and teach, consciously or unconsciously, from morning till night, week in and week out. It is a part of their lot that they cannot choose which of the many seeds they sow shall strike root, spring up, and bear fruit.

For the average man success frequently depends more upon his manner and appearance than upon his knowledge of his trade or business, or, one might also say, of his profession. A Chicago newspaper has lately been noting some failures and their causes. It cites the case of one man who was a successful salesman in a business house in Chicago, but was unable to get any custom when sent on the road. The general manager of the business went to lunch with him one day, to talk over the matter. The man crumbed crackers into his soup until it was thick, and then ate the mixture from the end of his spoon in great mouthfuls. When the meat was served, he shoveled it in with his knife, and had finished eating and was noisily picking his teeth almost before the manager had begun his meal. In reply to a question, he told the manager that he always took his customers out to lunch, and "used every method to win their confidence and friendship." The manager then said, "You couldn't sell me a stick of gum. No man whose personal habits are so obtrusively vulgar as yours could have the slightest influence with me. Had I lunched with you before sending you out on the road, I would never have disgraced our house by giving it such a representative." These words hurt, but the man profited by them, and to-day is one of the most gentlemanly as well as one of the most successful salesmen on the road. Another case cited is that of a minister whose unrefined manners annoyed his women relatives. They tried to help him, but he resented their suggestions, and men less able intellectually, but with more of the graces of refinement in their manners, were called to the opportunities for service in the pulpits of the large and influential churches. They used to teach manners in the old days. Now there is little formal instruction. If a youth does not learn good manners at home, he has to pick them up when he gets out into the world, or else be handicapped. Great geniuses have commanded respect in spite of boorishness, but it is never safe for a young man to assume that he is a genius.

That was a wise man who said that he could do a year's work in eleven months, but he could not do it in twelve; and although few persons could put it so pithily, it is pretty generally recognized that the poorest economy is that which would curtail or forego the annual holiday. Even those daily toilers who leave the city each night for a suburban or a country home need their annual outing. If they do not wish to travel for it, let them stay at home and take their rest where they belong. In this way the great value of the vacation is obtained—they get out of the rut. It is the rut, the monotonous regularity of toil that cries for relief. The holiday may mean many things—change of air and scene, abstention from every form of work, or ardent occupation with sports. And all may be good, but the great thing is to change the point of wear and tear, to have the wheels go round some other way. The "pace that kills" is the same thing, at the same hour, in the same way, until one could echo the poor Irishwoman who thought it would be such a rest to iron Monday and wash Tuesday. This is why each individual should be (but is not always) the best judge of the kind of rest needed. Each knows best where the grind comes, where the shoe pinches, and the choice of change should be guided by that knowledge. The worn-out teacher, who has all the year been overdrawing her reserve force, should spend her time of rest with those who have something to give her, some store of vitality and nervous energy on which she can draw in her turn. The woman who has spent a long winter so troubled with domestic problems that that life has become one long-drawn-out irritation should shut up her house, and let some other woman lodge and feed her. Some measure of outdoor sport should be within reach of all, although the good of a vacation is often destroyed by too much ambition in this respect on the part of those unaccustomed to long or hard exercise. Those who wish to climb mountains or take long tramps or indulge in vigorous exercise of any kind should begin very gradually, and keep well within their strength. It is safe to say that people exercise too much rather than not enough in their holidays. It is so customary to join fresh air with exercise in the same phrase that it is easy to forget that one can have all the fresh air one needs with only just as much exercise as one chooses.

A Doubting Thomas.

She—Did you let father know you owned a lot of house property?
He—I hinted at it.
She—What did he say?
He—He said, "Deeds speak louder than words."



FOLLOWING CHRIST.

By Rev. H. M. Wharton, D. D.
Text—"Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest."—Luke 9:57.

No one will follow Christ who does not believe in Him, and no one will fail to follow Him who does believe in Him. The best evidence of your faith is your willingness to follow. Some of you have believed in Him for many years and are willing to follow Him, but you are waiting for something to happen that will never come. You want some strange miracle or some wonderful mental earthquake. But what is the use of it if God has already converted your soul. Delay is dangerous.

We all get in the wilderness sometimes, brethren. Wilderness of temptations, wilderness of trials; and it gets very dark, and our hearts become very heavy, but Jesus is with us in the wilderness, and we shall follow Him out. The devil can't keep you there long. God grant that when we do get out we may come as He did, in the power of the Spirit. Peter was in the wilderness when he heard the chicken crow, and he went out into the darkness to weep the bitter tears of remorse. But he was out of the wilderness when he stood yonder at Pentecost, and his words, like red-hot thunderbolts, smote the hearts of the astonished multitude. And then, by and by, we shall follow Him to the grave. He went to the grave, and we must go there, too.

Yes, and we shall follow Him out of the grave, and I have sometimes thought that when we stand upon the other side of the grave and He shall point to the little crooked path we walked while here, we shall see then, as we cannot now see, His wisdom in all our afflictions, temptations, trials and sorrows. We shall follow Him to heaven. On swift wings we will rise with Him to the mansions of the blest, and then, above all things, we shall rejoice that we followed Him while here on earth.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

By Rev. Madison C. Peters, D. D.
Text—"That thou mightest war a good warfare."—1 Timothy 1: 18.

It has become a common thing to speak of the battle of life, and this is a tribute to the correctness of that Scripture view of our life which we are now called to consider. It shows that the representation of Paul is founded in human experience. Not that "the battle of life" is strictly a Biblical phrase, for Scripture speaks of our life rather as a warfare than as a battle. But the thought is the same—only in the modern phrase the idea is apparently intensified, and the warfare is represented as so continuous and sustained that the whole of our life is spoken of as if it were an unbroken and uninterrupted battle.

The Christian life is not mere romance, but a warfare against all forms of sin. Better the tumult of perpetual conflict than the silent quiescence of universal death. We would rather see a man struggling with the tide of his corruptions, than allowing himself quietly to drift down the stream. Any dead fish can swim with the tide. We have more hope for a man who has some difficulty in sinning than for one who sins without compunction or conscience.

We have a battle to fight. To restrain appetites, to purify our affections, to sanctify our natures, to direct the eye of our ambition to a life beyond, to invigorate the intellect, to transform and elevate pure hearts, this is our mission, to overcome the world is our duty. There may be failures in certain parts of warfare. It may not be victory at every point and every hour of the battle, but its close will assuredly be so. Rest is certain, but not here; the victory comes only on the sable wings of death, but come it shall, and then, from the scene of all conflict we shall pass to the realm of the crowned and sceptered warriors of the Lord.

THE ONE AT THE HELM.

By Rev. Henry F. Cope.
Carest thou not that we perish?—Mark iv., 38.

Danger tears away our disguises. In hours of peril the true man appears, and at such times, if ever, the man speaks the truth. Fearing the boat was sinking, these men have little thought of the dignity or the divinity of the one who lies asleep in the helmsman's place; rudely they awaken him with their indignant cries, wondering

why one who had spoken such wondrous words before seems indifferent now to their danger.

Even man who has been accustomed to take God for granted has used almost the same words at some time of his life. The hour of tempest, when the uncontrollable waves of trouble and winds of adversity seemed ready to overwhelm him, when he had done all that mortal might do, then it seemed as though this God to whom he had prayed so often, of whom he had learned to think as a part of his life, was absent or indifferent.

It is the question of every soul in sorrow or testing. "Does God care anything about me?" It is more than a speculative inquiry then. Theologians may have drawn up their specifications of the most high, and, in the peaceful ways of their lives, they may be satisfied with their handiwork. But when, even into their cloistered walks, some great sorrow or grim death has come stalking, then, with dry lips and moist brow they cry: "Master, are you asleep? Do you not care?"

What is there at the helm of this great ship of life? Is there any one or is it steered automatically, blindly holding its way and heeding neither waves nor rocks nor other craft? Has this universe a heart or only an engine at its center? The inquiry becomes pressing and pertinent, indeed, when inexplicable distress and anguish that seem all unnecessary break down all the man's strength and courage.

A man can no more content himself with a far off being, sitting in the heavens in royal state, winning reverence by remoteness, than his own children would be satisfied to know him only as a sovereign. He craves the friendship of that one; he longs for compassion, sympathy, assistance such as friend gives to friend; in a word, he looks for love. You cannot love an absentee God any more than you can love an abstraction or a theory.

But the need of one who will come close into our lives, who aids in the hour of extremity does not meet itself. The fact remains that often we seem to be left to the mercy of the tempest; the elements do their worst and no hand is lifted and no voice is heard that still the waves. Full often the storm seems to flush its work and only clinging to the wreckage or swept on the waves do we come into port.

Is there any answer to the great question, does any greater one care for our lives? If we are looking for an answer as susceptible to demonstration as a mathematical proposition we are doomed to disappointment. It is possible to believe in providence without being able either to prove or fully comprehend it. The child must become the parent before he can understand the ways of the father or mother with him; yet he can know their love before he can comprehend their ways.

Nothing could do more harm than to have the absolute assurance that an almighty friend would fly to our aid and protection in every time of danger or need. A friend whose power relieved us from the necessity of prudence or courage or endeavor would be a foe indeed. The All Wise loves man too well and too wisely to make plain always His ways of caring for him and His purposes of protection.

The furrowed faces and whitened heads of men may be the will of love as truly as the smooth ways of ease and complacency. There is one at the helm, but his concern is more for the making of strong sailors than for the securing of smooth sailing. The best evidence of the care of the Most High for all the sons of men is not in the immediate unbarring of his arm for their protection, but rather in the manner in which he causes the wind and the waves, the struggle with the tempest, the need for the nerving of the soul in the hour of peril all to work out his will, the will of great love, the bringing of the mariners to his likeness in character and soul.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Groans contribute nothing to growth. There is no ministry like that of manhood.

The fruitful life does not soon become seedy.

Olly phrases heal none of the world's wounds.

When humanity meets trouble it reveals its divinity.

No man saves himself by running away from the lost.

People who are always crowing are often chicken-hearted.

The fact that Noah is your uncle will not keep you dry shod.

You do not need to chew the bakes to get the bread of life.

It takes more than lumber and glue to make the tree of life.

DAHLIA FOR THE SUMMER.

Horticulturist Makes a Find in Mexico—New Plant.

Anybody who wants can now have dahlias blooming practically all summer, according to the Washington Star. The Department of Agriculture recently turned the dahlia from a late fall flower to a summer bloomer. It was more or less of an accident, but one of the explorers of the department was down in Mexico recently and found a little, insignificant flower growing half-wild, as most flowers and cattle do in that country. It was a true dahlia, but its flower was insignificant and of a pale yellow color. The only peculiarity about it was that it started blooming in the early spring and kept it up all summer.

The little dahlia was gathered in along with a lot of other things and sent to Washington. There was a question whether anything could be made out of it, but Mr. Oliver, the plant juggler of the greenhouses, was set to work with it, and by a judicious amount of crossing and twisting of its natural proclivities he finally produced a plant that not only would bloom all summer, but bore a big, crimson flower as fine as any autumn-blooming dahlia in the greenhouse.

To be sure, with the average horticulturist raising dahlias in the spring may seem rather like eating strawberries at Christmas, but it has added another possibility to the varieties that will deck the American garden in the summer, and it shows, too, what good things are laying around in the vegetable world only waiting for some one to come along and make use of them.

Speaking of pick-ups in the agricultural line, orange-raising may not be agriculture in the strictest sense of the term, but the seedless orange, which is one of the most important factors in the orange market to-day, was a pick-up of the same sort. The tree was a find down in Brazil, where there were a few seedless orange trees growing along one of the rivers. Some of them were sent to the United States, and by grafting, budding and enarching on ordinary sweet orange stock a seedless tree was produced that has multiplied and spread, so as to make the fortunes of a large number of growers in Florida and California. It only shows that agricultural explorers are sometimes worth all the money that is spent on them on several trips where they turn up nothing at all. They are more or less like prospectors in the West. When they do strike they strike it rich.

HOW NICKEL GOT ITS NAME.

Derived from One of the Appellations of His Satanic Majesty.

About 200 years ago, in one of the German copper mines, an ore was discovered which had all the appearance of copper, but every known process failed to get any copper from this ore. The German miners of those times were superstitious—in fact, most miners are to-day. They claimed they could hear the kobolds, the pixies and the gnomes at work in the mine from which the ore was taken, and when the smelter failed to produce copper from the ore they one and all refused to go into the workings again, saying the ore had been cursed by an evil spirit. They called this ore "kuper-nickel," or Old Nick copper. Cobalt, a name which has become so familiar of late, is nothing more than the German for an evil spirit.

This curious ore aroused the interest of the scientists of the world and for years chemists worked on it. Cronstedt, a famous German chemist, began a series of experiments with this copper and succeeded in isolating a metal unlike anything that was seen before. It was not copper, it was not silver, though it looked more like the latter. Although the ore was proved to be of value, the name of Old Nick stuck to it and it is still known as nickel.

Several years later another mineral was discovered in this ore and on account of its hidden qualities was called Kobold, for the reason already given. That an Ontario town should owe its name to a German evil spirit seems strange, but it is a suitable one on account of the millions of dollars' worth of silver cobalt found there.

The name of Sir Hussey Herbert Vivian, of Swansea, Wales, is among the earliest associated with nickel. He was successful in getting nickel from Norwegian and Swedish ores, but only in small quantities. Later Joseph Wharton started a factory at Camden, N. J., to develop the deposits at Lancaster, Pa. Wharton knew nothing of what Vivian had done, but worked on a process of his own. After years of labor he produced a few tons a month of a low grade nickel, which sold at fancy prices. The first samples of nickel seen in America were at the Philadelphia exposition in 1876, when several small articles made of this metal were shown as curiosities.—New York Tribune.

A minister recently "spoke" to a woman because she did not attend church oftener. She told the truth, and said frankly that she didn't care to go; and he thought that was better than to make a lot of sincere and untruthful apologies.