

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Free speech in Russia has a bayonet attached.

A whipping doesn't hurt a man so much as the thoughts of being whipped.

In rebuilding San Francisco will not be hampered by lack of sand—either kind.

Probably the rumor that the Sultan can't live long is due to the fact that he doesn't deserve to.

The real aim in this land of plenty should be to keep as far as possible from the "starvation wage."

The New York Sun calls Speaker Cannon the "youngest man in Washington." But, my, ain't he wise!

Once the grasshopper was the bane of Kansas. Now the kissing bug seems to have invaded that fair State.

If the Cossacks are tired of bloodshed, there is prevalent in Russia even a more widespread weariness than had been suspected.

It is rather surprising, when you come to think of it, that so little attention has been paid to the powder trust by the magazines.

James R. Keane is said to have made a million lately in stocks. If Jim hangs on to all the newspapers say he makes he will soon be beyond want.

The Chicago Post asserts with more confidence than ever that "Cap" Anson is the best first baseman who ever occupied the City Clerk's office.

Scotland's birth rate last year was the lowest ever recorded. Scotland must brace up if she desires to retain the good opinion of our President.

San Francisco may have been thrown down through the influence of the sun spots, but one good thing about her people is the absence of sore spots.

Mob leaders may feel that lynching is a manly and heroic practice, but it is to be noted that they are all eager to sneak out of responsibility in a given case.

The woman who sprinkled herself with bluing instead of holy water believes her intention made it all right. Lucky it wasn't vitriol; she might have been less philosophic.

When the Gaekwar of Baroda arrived in New York he wore a tweed suit, spoke English and had only one wife. He should now make his downfall complete by calling himself Smith or Johnson.

Getting down to statistics it is disclosed that \$1,808,500 worth of church property was destroyed in San Francisco. Doesn't that seem to quarrel with the "dispensation of providence" theory?

The specialists in diseases of the human mind have given the name "paranoia" to that form of insanity in which the victim labors under a delusion involving an exaggerated and irrational conception of his own importance, wisdom, wealth and accomplishments. The political doctors and students of public questions have discovered that a similar disease attacks a certain class of reformers and has often been the cause of the failure of reform movements.

The man "who knows it all" and deems himself all-sufficient for all occasions, and especially for emergencies, is a familiar figure in all employments, public and private. More men achieve failure by knowing too much and trying to do too many things to which they are not called than by the opposite course. The overdoer, more frequently than the man who keeps below a high standard, fails to realize his aims. Dominated by a deep and abiding sense of his capacity for usefulness and by an equally robust doubt of other men's qualifications, this inflated personage is a nuisance at all times and in any avocation.

Playgrounds are necessary in every community for young and old. Last month the National Playground Association was formed. Its chief movers were not those primarily interested in sport, but educators and sociologists. In an address to the delegates, President Roosevelt said, "I owe my first interest in the playground question to Jacob Riis, when he spoke of the poor children who were not allowed to play in the streets, but had to play in the streets because they had no other place to play." Every town, even the small one, where the child and the young man are free from the terrible confinements of the city, knows that it is wise to provide a generous playground. Play

is a right of youth. Just as sure as there is no appointed adequate field for games and romping, so sure are forbidden lawns to show wear, and the windows in the barn to show broken lights of glass.

So far as legal rights are concerned, Texas is not the married woman's paradise. A married woman has no property of her own. If she earns anything her husband can collect and spend it. He can squander her inheritance or gamble away her estate. Not long since a woman whose drunken husband had deserted her bought a sewing machine on the installment plan and proceeded to make a living for herself and several small children. The husband discovered the fact and the terms of the bargain and, the day before the agent was to call for the second payment, went to the bank where the wife had deposited her little savings for this purpose, wrote a check and drew every dollar as her "manager."

Our northern neighbor, the Dominion, finds much legitimate satisfaction in the latest statistics of immigration published by her immigration department. She is proud both of the numbers and quality of her new arrivals. The total number of such arrivals for the nine months ending with March was 95,000. During the last twelve months 135,000 immigrants were admitted into Canada, and henceforth, the department believes, the rate will be about 3,000 a week. Canada, as we have had occasion to explain, encourages and even subsidizes "the right sort" of immigration. She is not anxious to receive the "submerged" of the world, but she has plenty of room for the able-bodied, the thrifty, the industrious, the efficient who are able and willing to cultivate her soil and develop her natural resources. She is proud of the fact that of the total for the nine months mentioned the United States contributed about a third—31,000 persons. The Americans who emigrate to Canada are, as a rule, farmers with some capital and experience who see chances for greater prosperity in the sparsely populated and expanding Dominion. From Great Britain 37,000 persons emigrated to Canada during the period in question, and it is stated that many of these are men with sufficient capital to start in business for themselves as storekeepers, country traders, bankers and so on. "For with the development of agriculture," says a commissioner, "every other industry expands, and small capitalists can find plenty of opportunity for profitable investment." Three thousand immigrants a week is a record-breaking rate for Canada, and in the great cities, at any rate, it is creating a "problem," but compare it with the present 3,000 a day rate of the immigration to the United States, and in our case, it is to be remembered, tens of thousands come in without a dollar and without the desire or intention of "going west" and taking up land or seeking work on the farms already occupied and cultivated.

In an obscure telegraphic news item the other day a story was told of a boy who committed suicide rather than appear publicly in a graduating class of seven in which all the others were girls. This unfortunate youth was not obstreperous nor possessed of sullen, boyish griggishness. He was only afflicted with bashfulness, which in his case, as in many others, amounted to tragic anguish. He was urged to take part in the graduating exercises by his teachers and his parents until the dread of having to comply so preyed upon his mind that death seemed preferable. He left a letter to his mother, in which he showed no resentment, and only made the pathetic request that good care be taken of his younger brother. There are thousands of boys and girls—aye, even men and women—in this land who can feel a keen sympathy for this dead schoolboy who was a victim of diffidence that made life unbearable. Parents are prone to consider lightly the shy natures of some highly neurotic children to whom publicity is positive torture. It is the common belief that a timorous child may be cured of its affliction by being forced to overcome it. This has led to needless persecution of many an innocent by the thoughtless or mistaken parent and teacher. These unhappy children are put upon the rack to endure anguish as acute as ever martyr suffered. That they survive is taken as evidence that they are cured, although it is rare indeed that such drastic measures really do any good. Diffidence is something that is hard to get over and some people never succeed in shaking off a certain degree of nervousness in the company of strangers. Such should take particular care not to force their children forward against their will, for these children are liable to have inherited the handicap of their parents. Diffident children should be subjects of special study and consideration, that their timidity may yield to gentle persuasion instead of being a miserable, life-long affliction.

When a man says of a relative who is dead, "He's better off," it is a sign he is glad he is dead.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

STANCHNESS OF AMERICAN RECTITUDE.

By Grover Cleveland.



No people can lose hope while their courts and juries remain unblemished and administer justice fearlessly and unrelentingly. United States Senators and Representatives who, relying on the loose ideas of honesty pervading their environment, have betrayed the trust of the people find that no perverted sentiment and no disguise or dazzle of high position avails to save them from the fate of common malefactors. The easy going disuse of political privileges by honest citizens falls far short of a willingness on their part to overlook or tolerate a vile traffic in votes or an abominable bartering away of the people's interests in places of trust. An army of teachers in our schools and colleges are by their lives of self sacrificing and conscientious devotion to the cause of education making unremitting protest against prevailing selfishness and avarice. From many thousands of pulpits throughout the land is ceaselessly enforced the inspired assurance "better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right."

It may be that directors of organizations who have invited the confidence of the people and who have negligently or viciously betrayed their trust will not thereby lose caste among their fellows in the guild of riches; but there are millions of their countrymen who will persist in measuring their conduct by the plain, simple standard of moral rectitude. The American character has received no disabling wounds or hurts. It can be relied upon to save our institutions, if its moral fiber is not further weakened by the creeping corrosion of greed or wicked neglect. And these cannot occur if the masses of the American people are watchful, faithful to their great trust and in all things patriotic.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

By Professor Felix Adler.



The stronghold of the home lies in the thought of its permanency, and every divorce granted weakens the expectation of this stability. The idea of marriage as a great social end is gradually giving way to thoughts for one's self. The mediaeval conception of marriage was to conserve the family name and the family interests. In Japan one ground for divorce lies in too great an attachment between man and wife. It is there recognized that a wife owes a certain allegiance to the family as a whole. In one phase the change in modern times is to be commended, for the woman asserts her independence and shows that her

heart must be consulted, yet there is an impiety in this attitude, inasmuch as a couple will withdraw from its society and proclaim its right to enter into bonds of matrimony regardless of any social demand.

The divorce movement is the effect of this individualism. When a couple marries solely for their own happiness one will dissolve the bond as soon as this end falls of realization. The best and truest marriages result when the parties enter into them not for personal happiness, but with a desire to reach the social end.

Parents should remain together if only for the sake of their children. In strained parental relations, why would it not be feasible to divorce a son from a father, a daughter from a mother? A father cannot cast off a profligate son; there is no such thing as disowning him, for we hear of that only in novels. Likewise, there is no such thing as disowning a wife, however grave her offense might be. She may be exiled for life, but the mental relation should never cease, even when the intimate does.

FOOD AND FADS AND THEIR EVILS.

By Prof. E. T. Minnich.



It would be hard to forget ill health nowadays, however well one might be oneself. The newspapers are full of discussions respecting every variety of it. As one walks down a street one sees on the walls the advertisements of pills, nerve fortifiers, tonics, and cures for ailments of every kind. The affliction of men and women are kept vigorously before our eyes. We could not forget them even if we never had a day's illness.

Higher wages, better food, better houses, and athletics have increased the chances of longer existence. You would not get if you tried as bad bread to-day as was the ordinary bread of twenty years ago, and you would have considerable difficulty in finding a house which was so unhealthy as a house of that period—at the same rent. The laws against adulteration passed in 1875 have abolished the first, and the laws with regard to housing have extinguished the latter. The authorities have discovered that it is cheaper not to have smallpox, cholera, and typhoid than to have them, and they have taken steps that have made these afflictions a hundred times rarer than they were.

Many people are firmly convinced that no exercise can really do you good unless it is expensive. Most of the enthusiastic golf players I meet would, I am convinced, lose an immense part of their faith in the healthy influence of the game if they could not manage to spend \$5 a day over it. Walking is too cheap for many people. I believe in games, but for a healthy exercise walking is equal to any. But one must have something. No exercise is fearful waste. You cannot afford it.

A SLEEPY SONG.

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,
And one runs after behind,
The gray one's nose at the white one's
tail
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away;
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill,
The good little sheep run thick and fast,
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep,
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.
—Frank H. Sweet.

JUST IN TIME.

DRESSING herself all in white, as was her custom almost every afternoon, Molly White went to sit in the hammock to read and wait the return of her husband who had gone to the next town on business. She had been reading some time, when suddenly she heard hoofbeats. Peering through the vines she saw a young scout, one of her husband's friends, come galloping up the road toward the house very much excited. She thought of her husband immediately and suspected that he was in danger.

"What's the matter?" she exclaimed, seizing him by the arm.

"It's—It's Will," he answered, quite breathlessly.

"Is he hurt?" she cried, excitedly.

"No, but he's going to be," he answered softly, at the same time glancing around about to see whether or not he was telling this to more than one person.

"When? Where?" she cried, almost shouted.

"You know where Black Rock is, about ten miles from here, don't you? Well, that's where they're going to wait for him. Yer see, they found out that he'd gone to C—and was going to

bring back some cash and thought they'd give him a lift. Heard it from an old friend and thought—"

But Molly cared nothing for what he thought just then, and halting the stable man who was passing, she said in a low voice: "Jim, saddle King, mount four men and be ready to follow me in five minutes. Be sure the men are well armed." Jim hastened to execute his orders, and in five minutes he and his men were ready for further orders.

"Yer ain't goin' to try to head 'im off, are yer?" the scout asked Molly, and not receiving an answer, continued, "It's too late, he'll be there before you ken catch him."

"We'll see," said Molly, shortly. Seizing her revolver from the table she hurried out to where her men were waiting, and bidding them follow her as rapidly as possible, she sprang into the saddle and was out in the road before anyone could remonstrate with her. The others mounted quickly and were soon following their mistress, but she was more than a match for them.

Her horse was a thoroughbred, the fastest on the ranch, and Molly thought that by urging him on to a quick run, she might yet be able to reach her husband in time to warn him of his danger. On, on she rode, now and then bending over King's neck, to whisper in his ear, and the good steed, seeming to understand, went faster and faster, until those who followed were just

courage nor to slacken speed. She turned around once more, and could just see four figures following at some distance, and hoped earnestly that they might not be far off when she should reach Black Rock.

By this time the moon had risen, lighting up the whole plain, and not a half mile off, she could see the huge rock loom up before her. She strained her eyes, and looked beyond, to see if there was a lone rider coming from that direction; but no one was in sight, and she knew then that her husband had not yet reached the spot.

As she came to within 100 yards of the place, a masked man stepped out from behind the rock, and shouted "Halt," at the same time leveling a revolver at her. But she had no thought of halting, and raising her own revolver, she fired. The man fell, and she galloped past him, but not before one of the wounded man's companions had fired and hit her with a bullet. She felt faint, and slipping the revolver into its holster, she placed her hand to her side. The palm at once grew warm with blood. She was now so weak that she could no longer manage the reins, so King of his own accord slowed down to a trot. There was no need of hastening now, for her own men had come upon the desperadoes, and after a sharp scuffle the latter were made prisoners.

Molly had not ridden far when on looking up she saw a man riding on a white horse, whom she knew to be her husband. She gave a high of relief, and tried to call out to him, but the sound was only a moan.

King, being no longer guided, stopped suddenly. The jolt caused Molly to reel in her seat, but instead of falling to the ground, she fell into a strong pair of arms. A voice was saying things she liked but could not hear, but she knew that voice only too well. She smiled, as she whispered, so low that he could scarcely hear, "Just—just in time, Will."

"In time? In time for what, dear?" he asked gently, wondering what she could mean.

But there was no answer. He turned her face to the moonlight. The quiet lips smiled still, and the beautiful face was almost as white as the dress she wore.

"Molly," he cried, "Molly."

But only a coyote barked from a knoll near by.—Boston Post.

Animated Bed Warmers.

Strange bed warmers are used by Chilean women. In cold weather, when in bed, they keep their feet warm by placing them on a dog.

The woman who can argue should be man-like enough not to cry.



RIDING FAR IN ADVANCE.