

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON

One good way to suppress football is to abolish the gate receipts.

What a thrilling story the log of the dry dock Dewey will make!

Anyway, let us hope the President won't come down too hard on the dynamite trust.

New York's all-night bank must be for the young men who never stop spending money.

There are 30,000 Americans in Mexico. It's a wonder they haven't annexed it before this.

It is easier to induce two hearts to beat as one than it is to induce two mouths to eat that way.

Hereafter divorce decrees may have to be accompanied by a guaranty that they will stick in any climate.

And now the billiard experts are saying that Sutton is the best "cueist." The "reform" of the English language goes on apace.

The crown prince of Korea, keeping 1,000 debutantes unmarried till he selects one or two, could give points to the dog in the manger.

You can't tell much from early appearances. Many a boy who wears his hair in curls until he is 7 years old chews tobacco before he is 11.

Money, according to Henry Watterston, is a greater menace than was slavery in 1858. Nevertheless, most men find it a negative sort of a danger.

Henry James, it is asserted by a friend, "carefully weighs each word before he sets it down." We have long suspected that he sold that stuff by the pound.

What's the use of the public's worrying about saving Niagara Falls? Just leave that to the power companies, and they'll see to it that not a drop of water is wasted.

"The corporations," says Chancellor Day, "are the workman's best friends." Where does the middle man who works on a salary or practices a profession come in?

J. D. Rockefeller denies that he has bought the Kann collection for \$5,000,000. There are others of us who can deny that we have paid any amount like that for any old collection.

The loss by fire in the United States is usually placed at 175 million, but the great item is left out. Three hundred million are consumed by smokers of cigars, not to mention pipes and cigarettes.

Professor Thwing thinks the earth will be habitable for several hundred million years. Let the Russian people hope on. They may yet succeed in getting their share of it before it ceases to be worth winning.

They are talking of putting the picture of King James I. on the commemorative postage stamps it is expected to issue for the Jamestown Exposition. The picture of Pocahontas would probably appeal to a more general sentiment, and Pocahontas was an American.

A medical scientist with a turn for sociology and figures has tabulated an estimate showing that in dollars and cents a man is worth to society at the age of 21 years \$4,363.83 and at 70 only \$17.18. The calculation would be more interesting if we knew whether the medical mathematician took into account the very large proportion of men who are not worth a cent to anybody from birth to burial. That factor would obviously enter heavily into the calculations.

School boards of three Western cities are reported to have made it a requirement that every pupil who enters the high school shall be able to repeat the words of patriotic songs, "The Star-Spangled Banner," "America," and "Hail, Columbia." It is a deplorable fact that few audiences are able to sing all the stanzas of "America." Questions of patriotism aside, it seems a part of necessary common knowledge to have at heart the words of the national songs, just as the ordinary citizen ought to know some other common poems. General culture demands it, and patriotism is at least not opposed to general culture.

Man has been attending horse races for thousands of years and will probably continue to do so for centuries after the automobile shall have been succeeded by some other wonderful invention. The horseless age will never appear if its coming is dependent on

the automobile or any other inanimate invention supplanting the horse in the affections of the people. The beauty of his limbs, his arched neck and quivering nostrils, his haughty movements, all appeal to the eye to-day even as they did thousands of years ago. Men with sufficient funds to gratify their pleasures will continue to pay fabulous prices for horses until the end of time.

A bust of George Whitefield, who was second only to the Wesleys in the Methodist revival, has been erected in the Whitefield Church in London. The occasion was the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the church; Whitefield laid the corner-stone of the original building. Whitefield visited America seven times and converted hundreds of people. He was buried in Newburyport, Massachusetts. One of the most interesting parts of the story of his work in America is the account of Franklin's friendship for him. Franklin flatly disagreed with his religious teachings, but admired him heartily, calling him a "marvelous preacher." Franklin's invitation to Whitefield to stay at Franklin's house while he preached in Philadelphia is an excellent little essay on the possibility of affection between men of different beliefs.

The unanimity of the vote in the House of Representatives upon the conference report on the Statehood bill and the unbounded enthusiasm of the citizens of the new commonwealth reflect in a measure the general satisfaction of the people of the United States. For it has been evident for several years that nothing but political expediency could justify the barring longer of the claims for Statehood which Oklahoma clearly had to present. The new commonwealth has approximately 1,000,000 population. It will be entitled to five representatives in the lower House. It has great wealth of many kinds; its future is bright with promise. Indeed, looking back after the fact upon the States which have been admitted since 1800 no instance is to be found of a State having at the time of its admission anywhere nearly so strong a claim as that of Oklahoma. The long familiar term "Indian Territory" passes out of history, an incident of much interest, too, for it will not be forgotten that the Indians were induced to move to that part of the country to get them out of the Southern States, where they had become a hindrance to the settlers who wished the splendid cotton lands of the red men. The arguments made to induce them to leave the homes of their fathers and the burial places of their dead make strange reading just now. In a way they illustrate the difficulties which confront statesmanship in a country where the possibilities of the future are so nearly unlimited. No one in the '30s apparently had any idea that the Indian lands would ever be wanted as part of a State. Indeed, a treaty made in 1828, which placed some of the Indians in what afterwards became known officially as the Indian Territory, actually promised the people a "permanent home that shall never in all the future time be embarrassed by having extended around it or placed over it the jurisdiction of any territory or State, nor be pressed upon by the extension in any way of any of the limits of any existing Territory or State." That probably seemed a pretty safe pledge in 1828; it is a different proposition in 1906. The last State admitted to the Union was Utah, which has been the forty-fifth on the list for ten years. Oklahoma makes the forty-sixth. The suggestion that it will have more power in the House and in the electoral college, at least so far as votes are concerned, than sixteen older commonwealths indicates its relative importance and also clearly shows that it is fully ready for Statehood. Its admission will be hailed with pleasure by the entire nation, and its development will be watched with keen interest.

No Chance for Illusions.

There was no false pride about Lucinda Madden, and she had no illusions at the age of 46 when she accepted Hiram Gregg's offer of marriage. She was a hard-featured and sharp-tongued person, and she knew it.

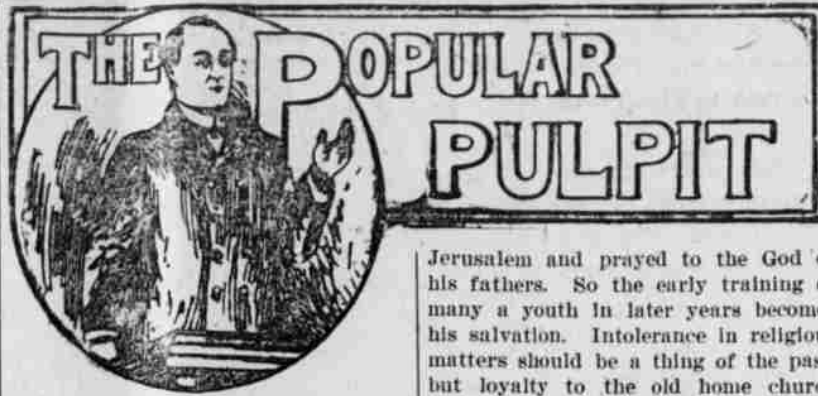
Also, however, she knew her capabilities as cook and housekeeper, and she was well aware that Hiram Gregg's slow wits and shiftless ways had made him anything but a favorite with the feminine portion of the village. She found things to like in Hiram, by looking hard for them, but she proposed to keep him well in hand.

"Well, Lucindy," said Hiram, one evening, two or three days before the wedding, "here we are, going to be married, after all, both of us. I guess, Lucindy, I'm about your first offer, ain't I?"

"You are," said Lucinda, firmly, "and I'm your last offer, Hiram, and going to be if my health holds out, so we won't make any more talk over that."

Bank Note 100 Years Old.

A bank note just 100 years old has wandered back to the treasurer of the Cheshire bank, Keene, N. H. It is on the Cheshire bank for \$3 and is signed by the first president the bank ever had.



THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

By Rev. Stephen Paulson.

"Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before God, as he did aforetime."—Daniel 6:10.

If we began the day by throwing open the windows and looking out upon the wide reaches of God's love and goodness, we would go singing to our work. So it has been written. So Luther thought. When he was virtually a prisoner at Wartburg castle in the perilous times of the Reformation, he went every morning to his window, threw it open, looked up to the skies and sang, "God is our Refuge and Strength, a Very Present Help in Trouble." Then he carried a buoyant heart to the labor of the day.

The value of an outlook which takes in God's handiwork rather than man's is not to be overestimated. There is small inspiration in brick walls, in stone walks and iron fences; small music in the rattle of carts over paved streets and the ceaseless patter of a thousand feet on the sidewalks. But windows that look out on the ocean or towards the mountains, or over field and forest become windows of a man's soul.

My study window looks toward a mountain. I see all the changes of its life; the tender green of spring, its luxuriance of leaf and blossom in summer, the flaming colors of its fall attire and its white garb of winter. Now it is flecked with sun and shadow, and now it glows red in the sunset. And between the trees I catch the glint of a river. It flows on day after day, ceaselessly. These seem to us symbols of eternity. A thousand generations of men come and go, and the mountain still stands there and the river flows by it; but "Before the mountains were brought forth—even from everlasting to everlasting Thou Art God."

Ruskin was an artist, a poet, and more than both, a good man. He was accustomed to waken his guests at Brantwood by knocking at their doors early in the morning and calling, "Are you looking out?" When in response to this summons they pushed back their window blinds a scene of beauty greeted their eyes. The glory of sunlight and the grandeur of forest dispelled care, quieted fret and put a morning anthem into the hearts of all.

There is scarcely anything in life which determines the soul's welfare more than the nature of its outlook. If our spiritual outlook is toward the shadow our whole life will be gloomy; but if we look through the windows of faith toward a God of love and beauty, our life will be full of joy and sunshine.

"From a small window one may see the infinite," Carlyle wrote. That was Daniel's belief. The windows of his soul were always open to the infinite. In Eastern lands to-day, the Mohammedan, wherever he may be, turns his face to Mecca in prayer. So in olden times the Israelite thought of Jerusalem as the place of the temple and the place where the worship of God was worthiest. Daniel, as the premier of the great Medo-Persian empire, had his own palatial residence, and one room there was whose windows looked toward Jerusalem. Into this room Daniel was accustomed to go three times a day, throw open the lattice, look toward Jerusalem and then kneel in prayer to God. Now, King Darius issued a decree that the man who prayed to any other than himself should be cast into the den of lions. This was not an extraordinary decree for divine honors were accustomed to be paid to the Persian kings, and it was a way of testing the loyalty of his subjects. Daniel knew the decree. He also knew that envious men would be watching him. But he went to his "upper room" and opened the windows toward Jerusalem and prayed "as he did aforetime." It was no new thing with him.

If matters of life were comfortable and pleasant he did this; and if matters of life were difficult and he was threatened by danger, he did the same. It was a part of his life to keep the windows of his soul open to the best, and no threat had power to divert him from his course.

Daniel kept the windows of his soul open to the best religion. To him Jerusalem stood for the best religion on earth. Since a lad of 14 he had left home. He had lived among people of different faiths. He had known the religion of the Chaldeans and Persians. But he opened his windows toward

Jerusalem and prayed to the God of his fathers. So the early training of many a youth in later years becomes his salvation. Intolerance in religious matters should be a thing of the past, but loyalty to the old home church has been the saving of many a boy thrown among strangers.

Daniel kept his windows open to the commands of the best religion. His daily surroundings were demoralizing. Religious life in Babylon was mere form. Ideals were low, public life was dishonest, domestic life was unsound. Bribery was considered a necessary feature of authority. The weak were crushed by the mighty. The difficulties of his position were great. His one source of safety was his daily consideration of the commands of God. Those commands charged him to be upright, to be pure, to do his duty faithfully even to a heathen master, to use his life in the service of others.

All sorts of sights pass before our windows; society, pleasure, business, study, toil—but little that is of God. Life seems to open in every direction except toward the Holy City. Few of us probably open our windows as regularly as did Daniel to the influence of God. If we did we should find that like sunshine, peace and strength and aspiration and courage would flow in upon our souls.

Let us keep our hearts and minds always open to the best influences from God, from nature and from good men.

THE LARGER LIFE OF RELIGION.

By Henry F. Cope.

"I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."—John 10:10.

Religion is more than restriction, more than a weary round of negations, a heavy load of commandments concerning things to be avoided. No wonder the youth turns with dread from the church which prescribes his doings by a chalk line drawn by those in whom the fires have all died or who may never have known the glow of youth. Such a church says to men, Come thou with us and we will show you how to empty your life of all the things you would like to have in it. Such a church is praying, "Oh, to be nothing, nothing," and is getting its prayers pretty thoroughly answered. The religion that has for its precepts only so many Thou shalt nots, for duties only so many Must nots, for privileges only so much giving up and going without, can end only in death. A living religion cries out for more life, not less; less life leads at last to the grave.

It is no use fighting for a faith outworn; it is no use fighting for any kind of a faith that can be worn at all. For faith is not a garment. So long as we think of it as such it will be but a strait-jacket, a something to crush the life. Such a religion makes the Sunday a prison, the church a charnel.

The worth while, the heaven born religion we may know not by the multitude of its restrictions, not by the burdens it lays on life, not by its prohibitions or even its definitions; but by its invitations, the blessings it confers, the multitude of its means of enlarging life. In itself it is ever a life; it leads to larger life. Religion means not to live less; it is not a cramping of the life within certain rules, but a crowding out of the life; it is like the growing tree that pushes up the earth and breaks up the wall into which it grows.

Religion calls for room, more room, room to realize the best and holiest possibilities of life, room to climb up and look out on life, room to serve our fellows and lift them to larger living, room to be made by the sweeping away of old limitations, ancient prejudices, hoary wrongs. And because it is vital, not formal, it demands an ever larger place in our lives.

Do not think, my friend, that you are pious because you succeed in stripping your life of all beauty, in cutting off all pleasure. Nothing may be more criminal than thus to shrink your soul, to crush yourself beneath burdens of negations and prohibitions. Instead of binding your feet, as some do, you are binding your heart; you will go lame in the land where hearts rule. The Almighty can best be served with the best life, not with less but with more. Sin is not so much in doing the things you ought not to do as it is in missing the glorious thing you ought to be; it is missing the mark of God's glorious purpose and plan for your life. Holiness is not so much in abstinence from evil as in perfect realization of the good. The way to keep from sin is not so much by the study of the dictionary of don'ts as by entering into the good, the worthy, letting out your life to larger, higher things, by entering into the things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report. Righteousness is positive, not negative. There is more righteousness in a bad man than there is in a flawless statue.

FILLING THE WAR CHEST.

How a Projected Revolution Was Financed with "Phony" Money.

"The ways of the South American republics are funny," exclaimed an old globe trotter, glancing up from the copy of the Evening Star, which contained the advices from New York setting forth the efforts of certain Spanish-American gentlemen to get the United States to buy stock in a revolutionary movement in Venezuela.

"Those people are plumb crazy on the subject of revolutions. They seem to think they can repair all sorts of damaged fortunes through the medium of an uprising, and maybe they don't work at it. And that reminds me of a revolution I once had the pleasure of being introduced to, which, though it didn't revolute so as you could see it very plainly, still, was started on the best possible basis. The men in charge of this affair were aiming to get control of the treasury and territory of one of the Central American States, and they went about it in a systematic way. Now, there is but one thing at the bottom of any of those sudden transfers of power in our sister republics—money. Either one or the other side has too much, and the losing side promptly starts out to get what it believes is coming to it. That is what was done this time, but on a basis far more sensible than usual. The insurgent element did not have money enough to start business, and, after much flopping around to find ways and means, hit upon an ingenious scheme that came very near wrecking the home government before a shot was fired. The revolutionary party needed money and started out to make it, literally. The distinguished sons of the State who had been chosen to lead the movement established an office in New York and began the manufacture of spurious coin. The money was stamped with the trimmings put on coins by the regular government, and thousands of dollars' worth of the counterfeiters were floated before the proper authorities got next to the source of supply. By that time the credit of the existing government was almost wrecked, so much of the phony money had been floated. The plan being in the United States, the United States secret service officers were called upon to ferret it out, and they lost no time in locating it and bringing to justice the principal offenders. Nothing much was done to the revolutionists, though the breaking up of their counterfeiting plant nipped the revolution in the bud, but the home government never has established its credit on a firm basis as it had before the counterfeiters were made.—Washington Star.

SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

Animal Can Easily Be Taught to Work—Training Them.

Sagacity seems a strong word to apply to an elephant, but certainly the tales of those who best know the beast would justify the term. It is said that the elephants in India will besmear themselves with mud as a protection against insects, and that they will break branches from the trees and use them to brush away the flies. If this is true it shows something beyond instinct in the elephant—it shows reflection, says the New York Herald.

It is surprising how simple is the training of a newly captured elephant and how soon the animal can be taught to work. For the first three days, which is usually the time before they will eat freely, the elephant is left quiet with perhaps a tame animal near him to give him confidence in his surroundings. If there be many to be tamed at the same time each captive is stalled between the tamed ones as soon as he eats his food naturally. When this stage of training is reached the tamer and his assistants station themselves one on each of the four sides with long pointed sticks in their hands. A tame elephant also assists in case he is needed. The men at the sides rub the animal's back, soothing him with such epithets as "Ho, my son," "Ho, my father," "Ho, my mother," which seem to have a calming effect. The next step is to take the animal to the tank to bathe, which is accomplished at first with the aid of tame elephants. After a time he can be taken alone, but as the process of taming depends upon the individual disposition of the beast the time of preliminary training differs.

A newly tamed elephant is first put at the task of treading clay in a brick field or drawing a wagon in double harness with a tame elephant. But the place where it shows the greatest amount of sagacity is in moving heavy weights. For, unlike the horse, it seems to comprehend the purpose and object of its work and executes various details without the supervision of its master.

Too Modest.

"Please send a stamped and directed envelope with your manuscript," said the magazine editor's circular.

"No, thanks," replied the occasional contributor. "I've heard of some people so conceited that they wrote letters to themselves, but I'm not one of them."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Wise men may fool others, but the fool fools only himself.