

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Never judge a man by the opinion he has of himself.

Women use calling cards in playing the social game.

Talk isn't necessarily cheap when money does the talking.

Every man who knows himself knows how selfish other men are.

A woman doesn't thoroughly enjoy anything she can't cry over.

When a man borrows trouble he puts up his peace of mind as collateral.

There are a good many noughts in the sum total of the world's inhabitants.

The Panama canal is being dug to music. Why shouldn't it? Uncle Sam pays the piper.

After reading the report on the packing houses you are almost ashamed to look a corned-beef can in the face.

A man of the name of Szisz was the victor in a recent big automobile race. How could they have stopped him?

There is one advantage possessed by the man at the bottom over the man at the top; he doesn't have so far to fall.

The Czar's attitude toward the Douma is that of a little boy who owns a dog about 20 sizes too large for him.

It is said the Standard people will furnish San Francisco with water. Oil and water may have to mix, after all.

Please stop asking concerning the public estimate of the joy of being an ice-man in Toledo. Nobody wants to be the ice-man.

No great war is now being waged anywhere. "Fighting Bob" Evans must regard this as a very inferior sort of summer.

A London music teacher says American girls have the sweetest voices in the world. We may add that they have the richest fathers, too.

It is announced that kerosene oil externally applied will cure snake-bite. This may cause H. H. Rogers to take a firm stand against the people who kill snakes.

The scientists have decided that the San Francisco earthquake was due to ruptures in the earth's crust. This relieves Thomas W. Lawson of a lot of suspicion.

George Bernard Shaw says he would rather sweep a crossing than live in idle luxury. Russell Sage might at least encourage Mr. Shaw with a word or two of approval.

While the girl graduates received the poetic advice to keep their eyes on the stars, the only advice the young men graduates had handed out to them was to keep their eyes on the "Help Wanted" columns.

The spelling reform brethren now claim William Shakespeare as one of their confraternity and they are right. A man who consistently refused to spell his own name the same way twice in succession certainly must be credited with latitudinarian views in the matter of orthography.

The late Michael Davitt, the Irish home ruler, who had served two or three terms in prison for his opinions, sequented to all his friends "kind thoughts, to my enemies the fullest possible forgiveness, and to Ireland my arduous prayer for her absolute freedom." One does not need to agree with Davitt to admire the spirit which inspired such a passage in his will.

Addison, in one of his "Sir Roger De Coverly" sketches, says: "A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world; if the last interferes with the former it ought to be entirely neglected. If we may judge from experience and from the sighs and sounds around us, this is scarcely the principle which directs the conduct of many of us. And yet there is an immense amount of practical common sense wisdom in Addison's dictum, for in avoiding the reproaches of his own heart a man is taking the surest step toward the highest good—happiness.

Persons who travel are aware that the cake of soap for promiscuous use has been growing less common in the wash rooms of hotels, and in New York and some other large cities has almost disappeared. Devices by which a small portion of pulverized or liquid soap is deposited in the hand have largely su-

perseded the cake of soap. The reason is the readiness with which soap receives and retains the germs of disease. Physicians who tested cakes of soap from various New York hotels found filth and disease bacteria in nearly every sample—in those from the highest-priced and most fashionable hotels, as well as those from the cheaper ones.

Nobody contributes more largely to the general good than one with a hearty good sense of humor. Troubles disappear at his approach, and under the magic influence of his contagious geniality cares and worries, which seemed so heavy, become light as air and mere cause of smiles. One with a sunny, hopeful, humorous nature is like a physician during a plague. It is not possible, of course, for everybody to be witty or humorous. It is just as reasonable to counsel people to be poets or to be beautiful as to urge them to be wits or humorists. Wits and humorists are born, not made, and there is hardly anything more melancholy than the person without any sense of humor or a grain of wit vainly striving to win applause and dulling the edge of patience. Franklin said that no fools are so troublesome as those who have wit, and those who with unseasonable jests make light of serious and sacred things. If we cannot all add to the fund of good humor by "lambent flashes" of wit and the beautiful, gracious charm of an Oliver Goldsmith or a Mark Twain, it is nevertheless within the power of all to take a cheerful view of things and to cultivate our own good humor. Our temperaments are made for us, but our habits are of our own making. And good humor and cheerfulness are largely habits. A cheerful frame of mind comes with a desire and determination to be cheerful, and the habit, like all other habits, grows with time and use. Whoever cultivates the cheerful habit will find his reward in his own happiness, which will grow as he perceives how much his cheerfulness and good humor add to the happiness of others.

Prof. L. H. Bailey, director of the Cornell University's agricultural department, has been discussing the question of the cityward drift of farm boys, especially of boys who go to college, and his views are hopeful and encouraging. He is certain that in the near future there will be an excellent understanding and cordial co-operation between the farm and the college, notwithstanding certain present tendencies which he regrets. An identical letter of inquiry to Cornell students born and bred on farms or in rural sections brought Prof. Bailey interesting data, which he summarizes in the Century. One hundred and fifty-five students admitted that they were leaving the farm, and gave their reasons for the decision. These reasons are grouped under four heads, as follows: Financial rewards, physical labor, social and intellectual interests, miscellaneous difficulties and handicaps on the farm. Many of the students thought the farmer had no opportunity either for political distinction or for social, humanitarian service. Fifteen expected to return to the farm in the course of time, after a successful career in the city in business or the professions. Prof. Bailey is not surprised at the fascination exercised by the great cities, with their wealth, their intense life, their infinite variety, their social and political organizations, their amusements and artistic and intellectual attractions. But he believes that a reaction is in course of preparation. Great fortunes made in trade and commerce have a dazzling effect, but many of the ambitious youths soon discover that it is impossible for every one to get rich, and the professions are notoriously overcrowded. Yale proposes to make its law school a post-graduate school and admit no one without a college degree, and the suggestion is generally commended on the ground that already there are too many lawyers in the country. Most physicians, architects, literary men, artists say the same thing about their vocations. The farm holds out no promise of great wealth, but it insures mental peace, comfort and reasonable prosperity when properly and practically managed. So far as rural isolation is concerned, it is surely becoming a thing of the past, as Prof. Bailey has pointed out in a commencement address. With the ubiquitous trolley, the autocar, the telephone, the free delivery system, the construction of new railways, and—we may add—the automatic piano players and other musical instruments—who can justify say the farm means dull monotony and isolation? The farm needs the college, but it can in turn do much for the educated youth seeking opportunities. The city will find the farm more and more of a competitor with college men.

BRASS.

To prevent brass from tarnishing dissolve half an ounce of shellac in half a pint of methylated spirit, cork tightly, leave till the next day, then pour off the clear liquid. Heat the brass slightly and paint the solution over it with a camel's hair brush.

Vacations are like marriage: Anticipation often beats the realization.

POPULATION MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.



The center of population in the United States has been moving steadily westward for more than a century with remarkable regularity, both as regards distance and direction, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Since the year 1790 the exact location of this mythical point has been calculated officially at Washington for every ten years of the nation's history. When these points are plotted upon the map and connected a remarkable line of progress is obtained, in which may be read at a glance much of this country's history. "Westward the course of empire takes its way," as all the world knows, but it is probable that nowhere in history has any similar line of progress, as it may be called, proceeded westward so directly according to compass and at so even a rate of progress.

In the year 1790, when the center of population was first calculated, it was found to be at a point twenty-three miles east of Baltimore. In making this estimate the entire population of the United States of that period was, of course, considered. It was the population center of a strip extending from Maine to Florida. And since the frontier population of that early day was inconsiderable the center of population was practically the same as the geographical center. To-day the geographical center of the country is, of course, considerably west of the Mississippi. In more than a century these two theoretical points have become widely separated. The center of population in the United States is at present six miles southeast of Columbus, Ind.

The regularity of this line is the more remarkable when it is considered that the United States has grown, geographically, by leaps and bounds. The development of the country has not been a steady growth westward as regards its acquisition of territory. The Louisiana Purchase, for example, by adding millions of acres to the United States at one time would presumably have had the effect of drawing this line of progress sharply to the southwest. The acquisition of Alaska again would have had a similar influence in another direction. And yet the line shows little deflection at the important dates when these territories were added.

For a century again the distance covered by this point during each decade has varied very slightly. It has moved westward at the rate of about forty miles every ten years, a little more or less, whether at the beginning or the end of the century. The shortest distance traveled

was between years 1800 and 1810, when only thirty-six miles were traversed. The longest jump was between 1850 and 1860, when eighty-one miles were covered. The regularity of the movement of the center of population while the population of the country has increased at such an enormous rate is obviously very remarkable.

By reference to the accompanying map it will be seen that the digressions of this line either to the north or south have been somewhat less than fifty miles in a full century. These figures apply, however, only until the end of the last century. Since 1900 the line has shown a tendency to move southward, while at the same time its rate of progress has been abruptly checked. In other words, while the movement of the line was at the rate of about forty miles every ten years, its movement during the decade from 1890 to 1900 was but fourteen miles, a startling contrast with previous decades for a century. This abrupt check to its movement and its southward tendency indicate, of course, a rapid increase of the population in the South.

The first movement recorded, that between 1790 and 1800, was from a point twenty-three miles east of Baltimore to a point eighteen miles west of that city, a total movement of forty-one miles. Ten years later it was located forty miles northwest by west of Washington, having moved thirty-six miles in the decade. By the year 1820 it had reached a point sixteen miles north of Woodstock, Va., having traveled at an even fifty miles. In the following decade it left the State of West Virginia, nineteen miles west-southwest of Moorfield, a distance of thirty-nine miles. It next traveled to a point sixteen miles south of Clarksburg, in the same State, fifty-five miles. The next decade carried it to a point twenty-three miles southeast of Parkersburg, repeating the same distance of the previous decade, fifty-five miles. In 1860 it moved into Ohio, to a point twenty miles south of Chillicothe, having traveled eighty-one miles, the longest movement in its history.

Ten years later it had reached a point eight miles northeast of Cincinnati, fifty-eight miles. The southern tendency then became obvious, for in the following ten years, between 1870 and 1880, it traveled to a point eight miles west by south of Cincinnati. It next moved to a point twenty miles east of Columbus, Ind., and in the last ten years, in 1900, it had reached its present resting place. The total distance traveled in 110 years has been exactly 519 miles.

FRIENDS.

JIM is going instead of Herman," announced Mrs. Day. "But I don't know Jim," objected Lois.

"And that's the reason," answered Mrs. Day, "that I want to tell you about him. The fact is, Jim was jilted last spring. She was one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen"—Mrs. Day talked rapidly—"but none of us wanted her. She was selfish and thoughtless and exacting, but Jim never saw it. He just adored her and followed her about, and gloried in being her slave, until we were all in despair."

Jim was the brother of Mrs. Day's husband, but it was her way to take all the responsibility, even of her husband's family. "So we were all very much relieved when she jilted Jim."

Lois was listening quietly, somewhat at a loss to get the trend of these confidences.

"We were all rather glad, as I said, except"—here Mrs. Day paused, then plunged ahead—"except for the dreadful effect it has had upon Jim. He was heart-broken; he's young, you know." This is apology to Lois' smile. "And since then he has been perfectly reckless."

Mrs. Day stopped for breath. It was hard to say what she meant to say.

"Lois, my dear," she finally continued, "don't let Jim make love to you at camp. He has vowed to be revenged on the whole race of women, and that is the way he has taken to do it."

The first night at camp Lois had cause to remember Mrs. Day's warning. It was a party of lovers, all young married couples, or engaged, all except Lois and Jim, the youngest. These two started up the lake in a canoe, just as the others did; but when Jim suggested that they drift, Lois felt a misgiving. Jim must be made to understand. She stopped his half-tender compliments with a warning hand.

"Listen, Jim," she said, slowly and earnestly, "your sister has told me about your trouble. I'm not going to talk about that," she added hastily, as Jim frowned, "but I want to tell you this: Somewhere there is a man that I

love as dearly as you love this girl. For his sake and for hers, let's you and I help each other. I want to be true"—diffidently, it was hard to say—"and so, I know, do you. Let us here and now promise to be just good comrades. Nothing more."

She looked at the boy with a bright smile and held out her hand. He hesitated a minute, then grasped her hand. "It's a go, Lois," he said.

And so it became the custom for these two youngest to entertain or harass the others, as the mood seized them. On the water they sang and played on mandolins and guitars; in camp they indulged in endless games of cards, or got off jokes at the expense of the others. They earned the nickname of the "two young fellows," and all mundane matters were left in their



JUST GOOD COMRADES.

charge, such as the planning of trips, the care of the lunch.

"Let the lovers love," was their motto; "we'll have a good time." And they certainly did. They explored all the inlets and outlets of the lake, discovered the big cave, brought home the last water lilies of the season, and wandered far afield, spied out tracks unmistakably those of a bear. Lois grew brown and hardy with the long tramps which she alone of the women found time to take. The biggest berries and the fattest fish were hers, and she it was who caught the prize trout, thanks to the patience and energy with which she angled.

It was the last night. Mrs. Day looked about the table and sighed. "This is the first year we haven't had an engagement to announce," she said; "we are all getting old, I am afraid." And it was proof of the success of Lois' plan that not one of them thought to

joke about the "young fellows." There was no question of sentimentality with them.

Lois and Jim were forbidden to give a concert to spoil the last evening, so they paddled swiftly along the south shore. At length Jim broke the unusual silence. "This has been the best summer of my life," he said, "and it has all been due to you, Lois."

The girl looked up, startled at this sudden transition from bonhomie to something very like sentiment.

"I'm not going to break our promise," Jim said in answer to the look. "I want you to be as true as ever to that man. But I'm going to tell you this, that other girl was a dream."

They both laughed.

"I mean she wasn't real, like you. I understand now that she never could have been a wife to me. Why, we weren't friends."

Lois was silent.

"Lois (Jim's voice faltered, so intense were his feelings), would it be unfair to the other man or to you if I tell you that you are truly the only woman I love; the only one I could possibly marry? A man ought to spend his life with a girl who is his friend," he added wistfully. "I never knew that before."

"Somewhere," remarked Lois, inconsequently, "is a very indefinite place, and you remember that's where I said the man was."

Jim was quick-witted, and association with Lois had sharpened his perception. He asked eagerly, "Was he a dream, too?"

"No," Lois laughed; "he's no dream, Jim; he's—well, he's in love, and," she drawled to keep up the suspense as long as possible, "he's in love, and so am I. We're both in the same boat, you see."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

CONSOLATION.

A minister, who has since attained prominence in New York, says a writer in the Sun, was in his earlier years called from a village church. One of the sisters expressed grief at his going. "They will get a better preacher to take my place," he consoled her.

"No, that's just the trouble," she said. "Every preacher, lately, is worse than the last."

When a man says, "I didn't eat any breakfast," ever remark his mournful way of saying it?