

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

To the pure all things are pure, except the things they eat.

It is not without reason that Russia is generally colored yellow on the maps.

About the only time an American battleship is safe is when it is in battle.

John D. is getting to be a skillful "mixer." Is he thinking of going into politics?

"Walters are misunderstood," says the sociologist. Not more frequently than orders.

John D. Rockefeller has been painted in oil. And he said just the other day that he was out of it.

The Russian soldiers were defeated by the Japs, but they are brave enough to whip a defenseless woman.

The woman who swallow two \$10 bills and was accused of stealing must feel like a walking cash register.

Edward VII. finds that being a king has its financial advantages. The money kings let him in on the ground floor.

Is the interest in baseball declining? Fewer umpires seem to have been killed and maimed this season than usual.

The female crank is annoying, but not dangerous. As a rule she is armed only with woman's most effective weapon.

In a good many cases those all-night banks will only add to the troubles of the men who worry about the safety of their money all day.

And now even the frosting of the wedding cake is said to harbor germs. Thus one more is added to the list of obstacles on the road to marriage.

The Hawaiian Japs' chances of starting trouble between the United States and Japan are somewhat diminished by Tokyo's need of hard American cash.

Just to show her sympathy with the universal disarmament movement, Germany has decided to build a battleship that will eclipse the Dreadnaught.

The Chicago professor who contends that woman was made before man has probably discovered that nearly all men were infants when their mothers were full grown.

It is pertinent for President Gompers to politely ask Chairman Shonts why he regards coolie labor as unskilled if it succeeds on a job where every other kind has failed.

The trip from San Francisco to New York has been made in fifteen days by automobile. Part of the way there are bad roads and part of the way no roads at all. With a highway across, there would be something doing to cause the Pacific roads to cut their schedules.

True philanthropy embraces all efforts to improve the conditions of man and promote civilization. The bequest of the late Alfred Belt of £1,200,000 to promote railways, telegraphs and "other methods of transmission" in Africa is returning unto commerce the things that are of commerce, and yet it is as genuine a gift for the improvement of man as the endowment of a university or a hospital.

The thirty days' war between the Central American States was ended promptly and with apparent cordiality on both sides, thanks to the offices of President Diaz and President Roosevelt. The representatives of the little warring republics came to terms on board the cruiser Marblehead, and added to the Peace of Portsmouth another pacific victory for the United States. One article of the draft of terms provides for the reference of all future difficulties to the arbitration of the United States and Mexico.

To what extent are people living beyond their means? This is a question much more apt to raise itself well along in a period of prosperity than during a time of industrial depression, when economy becomes a necessity through the restriction of credit and develops into a passion for saving. Here is one with an automobile whose income is not up to the obvious requirement. Here is another given to other showy extravagances whose income is supposed to be less than our own. Fine raiment, servants, theaters, expensive entertainments, costly house furnishings—we see these things all around among people of moderate salaries and incomes, and how can they afford it? Do they pay their bills? Is the grocer being neglected in favor of dealers in luxuries? Is there a mortgage behind the gay vehicle of pleasure?

ure? Are bad debts accumulating in the train of extravagant display?

The Drago or Calvo doctrine is that private claims of foreigners against American countries shall not be collected by force. The doctrine was enunciated by eminent citizens of Argentina, and Secretary Root flattered national pride when he proclaimed at one of the banquets given him at Buenos Ayres the adherence of this country to the doctrine. He said: "The United States never has employed and never will employ her army or navy to collect debts contracted by governments or private individuals." While the United States accepts the Drago doctrine as a rule of action, the leading European nations do not. No creditor likes to surrender anything which may aid in making a debtor pay up. European nations whose subjects are creditors of impecunious American republics believe in the use of force to compel payment. Some of them resort to it in the case of Venezuela. The United States regrets the attitude of European governments. It believes their method of collecting debts lends itself, as Secretary Root says, "to speculation and war based on sordid objects," but this country recognizes the right of European governments to use force in collecting private claims so long as there is no permanent occupation of territory. As this is the attitude of the American government, it prefers that the South American republics should not press the Drago doctrine too energetically. It would rather that bankrupt republics should follow the example of Santo Domingo and invite the United States to administer their finances than that they should wait until a European navy is off their ports and then invoke the aid of this country in the name of the Monroe doctrine.

In the course of a year a good many churches in the United States are struck by lightning. During the summer resort season many people are drowned. Numerous children have stomach ache as the result of gustatory excesses at Sunday school picnics. Yet we hardly believe that the American Medical Association would favor the abolition of churches, summer resorts and Sunday school picnics because of the mishaps incident to those institutions, says the Chicago Chronicle. There is hardly anything connected with the life of humanity which has not some drawback or disadvantage. Only in heaven—and perhaps not even there—shall we find roses without thorns. The American Medical Association, following the lead and accepting the statistics of certain pseudo-American newspapers which evidently design to destroy the Fourth of July as a national anniversary, demands that everything possible shall be done "in the way of legal restrictions of Fourth of July celebrations." In other words, the association wants to stop the commemoration of Independence day. The excuse for this demand is to be found in the casualties reported by the newspapers from which the association takes its cue. Because a certain number of people—a number never yet positively ascertained—hurt themselves on the Fourth of July, therefore the celebration of that anniversary must be abandoned. As we have pointed out in the beginning, this reasoning, if applied generally, would put an end to religious worship, to summer outings and to other forms of recreation. It would also stop railroad travel, because people are killed on railroad trains; it would mean stagnation for almost all forms of amusement and industry, since some peril is incident to all of them. We doubt whether the American Medical Association would care to accept the logical results of its own reasoning, because it would put the medical profession out of business. Many people die under the hands of doctors; ergo, abolish doctors. The conclusion is as fair in this case as it is in the Fourth of July matter. But the association probably did not investigate the case thoroughly before pronouncing judgment. It was deceived by the Anglicized newspapers, and instead of confining its recommendations to the treatment of tetanus resulting from Fourth of July wounds it undertook to condemn the Fourth of July itself. This demonstrates the truth of the old adage about the shoemaker and his last. So long as the medical associations stick to medical matters they are upon safe ground; when they venture farther afield they are likely to make themselves ridiculous.

Had One.

"No," said Mrs. Starvem, preparing to slam the door, "you can't sell me no cyclopeda."

"But," protested the man, "I would like to leave some circulars for your boarders. I might interest—"

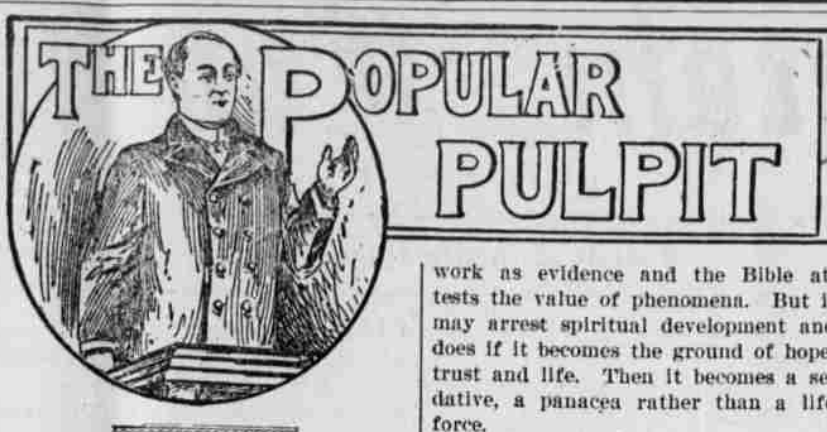
"They don't need it, either. They's a Boston lady stoppin' here."

Taught.

"He taught her how to skate, He taught her how to swim, They're married now, and she is teaching lots of things to him!"

—Puck.

Throw a baby in any house, and it will manage to find a welcome.



LOVE'S WASTES.

By Henry F. Cope.

"To what purpose hath this waste of the ointment been made?"—Mark xiv, 4.

Love is a foolish thing to the man who has none; it is wasteful, extravagant, fruitless. Yet the riches of life spring from the wastes of love. Frigid pharisees always are ready to sit and calculate what might have been done with the money that a great, loving heart flung away. If they had fed the poor of all the orient with their pennies the deed would have been forgotten long ago; it would have borne far less fruit than the act of the woman that looked so like folly to them.

To the calm economist love makes many mistakes; but heaven sees her prodigality is but seed sowing. The harvest lasts through the ages. It is not the good we do with calculating nicety that counts for most; that is but charity. Never until love lays hold of our lives and we fling away some things that men say we should prize do we know the joy of giving.

The world forgets the wise things it has done—the things that seem wise at the time of their doing. The world remembers the foolish things, those that men despised, counted quixotic, impulsive, and wasteful. It is a good deal more likely to remember Joseph's love for his brothers than all his executive ability in storing corn in Egypt.

The day will come when we shall honor men not for their profits in the business of living—of these we may be ashamed—but for their gifts to life; when we shall know that there is no living without giving; that he alone finds life who loses it; that the measure of success is not the things of which we may die possessed, but the things of which our living has made the world to be possessed.

It is selfishness that makes a man a moral pauper. No matter how successful he may have been in acquiring riches, he goes out of this world morally destitute if he has failed to lose some of his life, to scatter some of himself as seed sown for the future. He may wax fat and arrogant now, but none shall hang his head lower when life is shown in its real values. God pity the man who has enriched his substance by impoverishing his soul.

And just there lies the secret of it all—the great advantage of love's wastes comes back to the giver. A man is impoverished not by what he gives away, but by what he withholds. He is wasting his substance in the worst way who is seeking to store it all up for himself. The flowers cast their seeds with prodigal hands; the strict economist finds waste written all over nature; he knows not that that is the secret of her wealth.

The heart grows rich by its losses; and as soon as we have learned that the heart is the true measure of the life we begin to find our wealth not in getting but in giving. Many a man has gone down to death labeled a fool by this world's wisdom because he has been too generous to accumulate anything, who yet has taken more out of life than all his critics put together.

From the viewpoint of the infinite, the wastes, the follies, and the losses of true love are more than justified. The odor of that ointment has come down through the ages. It has prompted to a thousand generous deeds; it has taught man to spurn the calculating of profits and losses when some great purpose appealed to him. It has enriched the world with an ideal, something always and eternally worth more than all things real.

Whoso feels a fine impulse, such as stirred in the woman's breast, if he be wise, will not check or deny it. It is better to do the most foolish thing in love than the wisest in calculating selfishness. The choice things of our lives, the memories we cherish, and the things that remain to cheer our often drooping hearts are the fruits of just such deeds; they are like flowers, sweet immortelles, springing from the seed lavishly scattered by love.

TELLS OF PARTING OF WAYS.

By Rev. John Rusk.

To-day we have a situation where a great many people leave Jesus forever and they walk no more with him. They part on what we may term the phenomenal element in religion. They desired and rested in that element, but Jesus desired to call them to a higher life. I do not mean to say that Jesus denied the value of what is phenomenal. He valued it, but only in proper proportion. He himself appeals to his

work as evidence and the Bible attests the value of phenomena. But it may arrest spiritual development and does if it becomes the ground of hope, trust and life. Then it becomes a sedative, a panacea rather than a life force.

The life of man is not always told in the histories of the race or nations. It is a question whether the history of a people is portrayed by the historian. The fiction of literature is often more ample, more complete history than the work of the historian. Because of this phenomenal character of history it is fiction, while fiction, which is the spirit of things, is history. The parable of Jesus entitled "The Prodigal Son" is the history of no life that ever lived, yet it is the real history of every soul. It is appropriated by each one of us as our biography.

We obtain the history of life from Balzac, Wagner, Shakespeare and Walt Whitman that we never obtain from so-called world histories, and Bunyan perhaps surpasses them all in the significance of human life. Since no government has taken up men as related to each other as neighbors and less still of man as an eternal being, history as written is merely phenomenal.

So as we read our life, the life of the race, we look into an old and wrinkled face, but there comes up through that face only the wisdom of a child. We have grown old in body through these thousands of years, but the spirit has not expanded with our years. The world goes by slow step to some progress and when the masters would have us break out into new conditions we follow them no farther. So the generations must go the way of death till a new generation is born and we carry the scars of limited growth.

PRAYERS A HELP AND SOLACE.

By Rev. Dr. Falk Vidaver.

And Hannah prayed, and said, etc.—I. Samuel 11:1.

The chapter from which the above text is taken shows clearly that Hannah's prayer was nothing but a hymn of praise. It follows, therefore, that in a Biblical sense prayer and praise are synonymous terms. Hence the writer of the Psalms finishes the second book with the words, "Here are ended the prayers of David, the son of Jesse."

Although most, if not all, of these prayers express only gratitude and thanksgiving, praise is interwoven with and implied in prayer, for both prayer and praise emanate from one source divine, namely, perfect faith and belief in God. The true believer in disclosing his heart in supplication before the Almighty proves his hope and confidence in and dependence upon Him, and thus he tacitly adores and glorifies His holy name.

The unbeliever, however, never feels the necessity of uttering words of prayer or praise. The people of Israel joined their leader, Moses, in chanting a song of praise unto God only. They firmly believed in Him, as it is said, "and they believed in the Lord," etc., "then sang Moses and the children of Israel," etc.

The only reason why so many in our present day have become callous and insensible to prayer and praise is simply because their religion is shallow and their belief superficial. God dwells not in their hearts, hence prayer never passes their lips. It is true that such people, too, sometimes resort to prayer; for instance, when they are plunged into distress; when any signal misfortune befalls them they cry out in terror and despair for help.

But what a prayer! There is no hope, no faith, no humility and no resignation in such a prayer. Its fruitless result deteriorates and degenerates them more than ever. The prayer of the believer, however, is always soothing, solacing, encouraging and elevating, even though unanswered. For the supplicant will attribute its ineffectiveness to his own unworthiness, and thus he will henceforth make efforts to improve his demeanor and sanctify his life.

We should, therefore, ever strive to foster in our hearts and in the hearts of our children true belief and the principles of true religion. Then the sweet voice of genuine prayer and praise will frequently be raised in our dwellings, as well as in our houses of worship.

Short Meter Sermons.

The leisure often determines life. It's no use holding up a pint cup for a quart of blessing.

You cannot prove your faith in God by your doubts of men.

Common courtesy is often an uncommon kind of Christianity.

To be ashamed of virtue is a step towards being proud of vice.

Many a man thinks he is orthodox when his mind is only atrophied.

THE WORLD'S RICHEST WOMAN.

Mrs. Sage is now 76 years old, and although she is still a very active woman, and for the last three years has practically directed her husband's financial affairs, it is not to be expected that she will attempt to increase the immense fortune he left her. The impression given by the will of Russell Sage is that he devised everything to his widow so that she might distribute it in philanthropic channels. Russell Sage knew nothing of generous giving. There might be some such thing as charity, but it was nothing to him. He had to work and scheme and save to make his money. If anybody wanted riches he could do likewise. He was not going to give away what he had



MRS. RUSSELL SAGE.

earned, and he made it a rule to get value for every cent expended.

She has investigated many institutions, but is said to have no favorite charity. She has many appeals made to her for money, and listens to them all. Many of the projects of Miss Helen Gould, to whom Mrs. Sage is said to be a second mother, have received generous support from her large store.

Mrs. Sage has held aloof from high society. She is a kindly woman with an aversion to show and notoriety, and has found her enjoyment in her home and in personally contributing to the support and comfort of unfortunates.

Retributive Justice.

When a man loses sight of justice toward those near him, there is risk that his rulings in the affairs of strangers may be one-sided. It is not a bad thing that occasionally there is a variety of justice known as retributive, evidently designed for those who lack other kinds.

When Lord Elenborough was a judge, his wife used to accompany him on circuit. His lordship, however, always stipulated that she should not tuck handboxes under the seat of the carriage.

On one occasion the judge, while stretching his legs, kicked against one of the flimsy bonnet receptacles. Down went a window with a bang, and out went the handbox into the ditch. The startled coachman pulled up, but was ordered to drive on and let the thing lie where it was.

They reached the assize town in due course, and his lordship proceeded to robe for the court.

"And now, where's my wig? Where's my wig?" he demanded, when everything else had been donned.

"Your wig, my lord," replied the servant, tremulously, "was in that handbox which your lordship threw out of the window as we came along."

Motor Car for Railroads.

Strange in appearance is the latest model gasoline-motor car put into service by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, says Technical World Magazine.