

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

C. F. SOULE, Publisher

TOLEDO.....OREGON

Lots of men would rather hold a political job than make a living.

If you would be light-hearted, quit looking on the dark side of everything.

Poor Mrs. Sage! The "burden of riches" in her case will be found to be severe.

People could always dodge an automobile successfully if the tax assessor was the chauffeur.

The French grocer whose bride ran away with the best man at the wedding found sand in his sugar.

Nothing makes a man feel more important than his ability to answer the questions of a small boy.

Parisians are getting wise to the poison in the local food supply. It is no longer a case of Paris green.

There is no telling but that the King and the Kaiser put a bug in each other's ear during their kissing bee.

The Worcester Telegram has adopted the reformed spelling. This will necessitate a new Worcester's dictionary.

A scientist has discovered over 29,800 germs on a \$10 bill, yet there are rash people who are willing to take the risk.

A twelve-story apartment is to be built for New York bachelors. Won't somebody please do something for the grass widowers?

Mrs. Link is suing for divorce on the ground of desertion, and the court can now prepare to hear a few things about the missing Link.

At the age of 17 a Kentucky girl has been married three times and twice divorced. If she started after the record, her chance looks good.

Mexican residents of Arizona are in favor of joint Statehood, which partly accounts for the circumstance that American residents are not.

The whooping cough germ has been found. It took science a long while to locate a microbe which has never ceased to call vociferous attention to its whereabouts.

Another sign that the cause of universal peace is making progress may be found in the fact that several thousand additional men have been put to work at the Krupp gun works.

A man who has a mania for pinching women has been arrested in New York. Why keep the poor fellow in jail? It would doubtless be safe to put him in a strait-jacket and set him free.

China is to have a constitution, but the Empress Dowager recommends that it be adopted gradually. The Emperor himself probably thinks a constitution is some kind of an arrangement for fastening up the queue.

The German Emperor is quoted as saying that any youth of twenty without knowledge or education could go to any newspaper office in the world, and, taking a position on its staff, write articles which would create sensations. The same youth would probably create a sensation as an emperor.

There were fewer commercial failures in the United States in July of this year than in any month of July in fourteen years—only 738 in the whole country. Business casualties are at their minimum. Great sinners some of our money makers have been, but the public conscience is sound and the Lord seems to be with us yet. On with the harvest and the dance, with shouting and the sound of trumpets!

From Lake Winnipeg southeasterly to the ocean by water is among the possibilities of the future. A route for a canal to connect the lake with Lake Huron has already been surveyed, and the owner of an extensive system of western roads says that the canal will soon be dug. What a magnificent trip for a man in a motor boat that would make, to say nothing of a cargo of wheat to the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the heart of the Canadian Northwest!

No higher tribute can be paid to a foreigner by a Japanese than his belief in his power to keep silence; that power is one of the most tremendous sources of the nation's strength. Much marvel has been elicited by the inviolate safety during the war of strategic secrets, the common possession of thousands of people at once. There were a few traitors here and there in the beginning of the war; there were none when it was ended. They were discovered and convicted by their own comrades and swift and terrible was the

execution of justice upon them. Only in the service to which they belonged were these painful incidents known; they were described when the war was over.

It is a maxim of some sea captains that it is better for sailors not to know how to swim. They will take fewer chances if they know that they will be helpless in the water. The authorities of Amherst college have a different belief as to the desirability of knowing how to swim. They have made swimming one of the compulsory studies at Amherst. This college was the first to establish compulsory gymnasium work, and all other colleges in this country now require that. Will swimming also become the rule in the colleges? The theory that men will avoid danger of drowning if they do not know how to swim does not seem to be supported by the facts. Only a small proportion of 300 deaths from drowning the past summer were due to foolhardiness of swimmers. Waders and bathers getting beyond their depth, people who rocked the boat or were caught in storms, fishermen who fell in, all together make up a long roll of persons who might have saved their lives by a knowledge of swimming. The advantages of swimming as an exercise are well known. The sport in moderation is one of the best of all methods of securing a symmetrical development of the whole body with the loss of superfluous adipose tissue. The attraction of the water is so strongly felt by most people that it is one of the arguments advanced by certain scientists for the belief that the original home of all forms of life, including the human race, was in the sea. When a man is reveling in the sensation of being rocked by the waves he is satisfying an instinct inherited from ancestors who a few million years ago lived in warm, shallow seas. However, it is not necessary to go back so far as that. There are reasons enough for liking the water in summer time without seeking an explanation in atavistic tendencies.

Prof. L. H. Bailey, of the Agricultural College of Cornell University, has asked a hundred and fifty students who were bred on the farm and do not intend to return why they seek occupation elsewhere. He has also asked seventy town-bred students who intend to be farmers, and two hundred farm-bred students who intend to return, why they choose farm life. The investigation is not intended to show anything about the total migration from town to country and from country to town. The conclusion which can safely be drawn is that the argument in conviction, weight and nobility of ideals is with those who are going to be farmers. The replies of the students, some of which Prof. Bailey quotes in the Century Magazine, are marked by a fine sense of what is worth while in life—closeness to nature, independence and healthful physical labor. The alleged social advantages desired by young men seeking the city are seen, by these other young men who have tried them, to be perhaps less helpful in the development of character than the simple relations of the farmer with his few neighbors. Very few of the young men who plan to be farmers say much about making money, whereas 40 per cent of those who seek the city give the money consideration as a principal reason. Those who like the farm maintain that there is a competence for the good farmer, but they seek other things than large incomes. "I am impressed in these replies," says Prof. Bailey, "with the recurrence of such ideals as love of the work that one is doing, education, study, personal influence, happiness, service, home. With these young men their business is to be an affair of the heart. We hear much about the greed of money and power and the great dangers that threaten our runaway society; but I wonder whether in the end the countryman will not still have hold of at least one of the reins."

Financial Statement.



Cityman—Is there much money in summer boarders?
Uncle Gittem—Not when we get through with 'em, by Heck!

A newly married man feels funny the first time a servant girl begins work at his house.



ORTHODOXY.

By Henry F. Cope.

"Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xviii., 3.

Nowhere do the regulators abound more than in religion. Ecclesiasticism seems to breed the worm of criticism. When religion becomes only a profession its followers feel their first duty to be the discovery of abnormalities in others of their craft. Those to whom religion means certain formal statements generally are convinced that, if the church should be reduced to those who absolutely were orthodox, there would be but one member, and they know who that would be.

The narrow heart always feels called upon to gauge the things that are infinite. It is the shrift of laziness to set up mechanical standards for things that are moral and spiritual. The caste spirit that cannot base itself on blood or breeding proceeds to create its little clique on lines of belief or ceremonial.

He is his disciple who learns of him, who takes the child's attitude toward this new life. He is not a philosopher who carefully would set out a logical statement of what this way of life means; he is not a mechanic who would set up machinery by which its purposes should be accomplished; he is a child, learning, living approximately to its ideals unconsciously.

The essential thing about the child is that he is growing, developing. Things with him are not set, determined, formal. There only is one thing that always is the same about the child; that is the trend of his life, its upward, outward, enlarging movement. A child lives not by rules but by unconscious forces, not by efforts at certain results but by the outliving of the life within. Vitality is the chief virtue; he others take care of themselves because he is too busy growing even to think of the vices that are but forms of death.

So is the life of the true child of the most High. It is marked only by one steady, unvarying characteristic, its general trend toward larger life and into the Father's likeness. No certain set of features prevails here, no set out of garments, no undeviating routine of conduct and formal acts, no forms of words. But through their play and their tears, their schooling and their toil, the children grow into larger life. Christianity is a trend rather than a type. It is the life that goes toward the things infinite, wholly good and true; its ideals move higher as the ages go by. Life enlarges before its children. It comes back to God. It is a life, not a philosophy; a life eternal and therefore unending in its development.

This, then, is the only possible test of my religion, a vital test, a deep test: am I growing? am I moving toward larger life? are my sympathies broader, finer? compassions deeper? knowledge and humility, power and pity growing side by side?

Gone are the days when a man could reach his ideal in a single moment; when he was saved in a second to stay at that point. To stand still is to die, even though one be standing on a mount of transfiguration. Alas for the still born Christians in the world! Gone the old ideal of a type to which one might by niceties and oddities of speech, garb and custom speedily conform. A life is not made thus mechanically.

Religion is larger and deeper than that, it is the learning of life's great, unsearchable lesson as a child by living is learning the laws of life. The larger the life in all the things that are noble, sweet, and beneficent the more truly is it religious, and only as it ever, unceasingly moves toward higher things is it religious at all. Begin to learn to live, take a child's place before the great Master, and you shall find the way of life. Not by their buttons or their badges shall men enter the kingdom, but by their being and becoming like the best.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

By Rev. H. Pereira Mendes.

How great is Thy goodness which Thou hast stored for those that reverence Thee.—Psalms xxxi., 19.

Autumn's more sober colors are replacing the radiance of spring and the strength of summer. The leaves are changing hue. The evenings draw in; the breezes murmur the first whispers which tell us that nature's life is waning. But too soon the end will come. That end we call death—nature's death.

Year after year the same story is re-

told. Springtide's tender leaves of hope, summer blossoms, autumn harvests, these spell beauty, joy, prosperity. Winter blasts and shrouds and fetters spell—what? The reverse of beauty and joy and prosperity? No—emphatically no.

All is beautiful in God's creation. The echo of the winter blast is the rustling of the golden grain in the coming season. From under this shroud of snow will spring the growths which mean man's joy. And the fetters of ice are but prophetic of harvests which build prosperity.

What holds good in nature around us holds good in our own human lives. The springtide of life, with its tender leaves of hope, its buds of promise, its dreams and happiness and beauty, its visions of success and prosperity, passes away.

Then in the summertime of our existence we begin to realize that things are not what they seem, but the disappointments, the defeats, the tangles, the strains and the stresses shall be found to mean the strengthening of our own character, the development of our own possibilities for better things, leading to the harvesting in life's autumn of all that is worth harvesting—the wisdom, the experiences, the growths and fragrances of tried love and the blossoms and fruits of tested friendship.

Let the autumn come, even though the beauty is so different from the vigorous and glowing and promising beauty of earlier days. When at last we will behold the great goodness which God has stored for us we will have learned to have faith in God's workings. We will have discovered gratitude for God's blessings. We will have made amends for our shortcomings and we will be calmed by our hope for God's salvation.

These are the notes of the perfect chord—to most of us on earth a lost chord. We hear its far-off sounds more plainly; its melody is restored to our memories when our ripened years remind us that death, God's ingathering, is at hand. That divine ingathering will mean that He will, with His hand and with His power, with His wisdom and with His alchemy, gather in, weave, merge and transmute all the sorrows and tangles, all the lost hopes, faded visions, foiled efforts, all the bereavements and pains and trials of life, into something new and beautiful and wonderful, even as He transmutes the desolation of winter, its blasts, its snow shrouds and its icy fetters, into the beauty of spring, the radiance of summer, the harvests of the autumn.

SAYS JESUS VISITS EARTH.

By Rev. John Rusk.

When we study the life of Jesus for its historical significance, the broad relationship of his life to time and events, we see that he steadily prepares a group of men for that work. He teaches them more definitely than he teaches the world.

As he approaches the end of his earthly career he tells them plainly of his tragic end, the three days in the tomb and the resurrection from the dead, with all the attendant circumstances. At the present time the school men teach us that we are under the supreme care and conduct of the Holy Spirit, that Christ's work is finished and that he now has no more to do with the earth work than if he were a stratum in a series of strata of the earth's physical phenomena. But to me there was and there is great comfort in the restored text, in the restored thought, that Jesus visits the earth, that his personal spirit visited the apostles, determining and changing their course of work and travel.

We go beyond the privilege of asking in his name, we may feel that he walks with us and aids us here in this world. I like to think that he loves us all and visits our homes just as he did in Bethany because he loves us. There is a social content in the thought and it is redemption from carelessness, from despair and from tragedy. If we can only feel, as we have a right to feel, that he is a personal champion and friend he is restored to us on earth.

Short Meter Sermons.

Hard licks make good luck.

Godliness is manliness made perfect.

Only an insignificant temper is lost easily.

The common task makes the uncommon hero.

Grumbling does not help your growth in grace.

We find in the world what lies in our hearts.

Many a cross disposition is mistaken for a divine cross.

The way to find life's gloom is to seek only your own glory.

Some of the best sermons ever given have come in soup plates.

You cannot chase away this world's gloom with a cast iron smile.

FIRE WALKING.

A Strenuous Form of Worship and Devil-Driving in India.

Touching upon a horrible religious practice in vogue in India, a correspondent at Madras writes:

A large trench is dug in front of the shrine, about thirty or forty feet long and ten feet broad and two or three feet deep. During the morning this is filled with logs of wood and fagots, which are set on fire and by the evening become a mass of glowing, red-hot embers. After dark the people assemble with torches and tom-toms and music, and then some thirty or forty people prepare to walk lengthwise over the embers. They are worked up to a great state of excitement by the tom-toms and shouts of the crowd, and then the whole thirty or forty walk barefooted, quite slowly and deliberately, in single file, headed by one of the "pujaris."

This custom of fire walking is quite common in Malabar. Kooriche, three miles from Tellichery, in the direction of the French settlement of Mahe, is a locality reputed for fire walking. Here a famous "pujari" by the name of Oochatta dwells. He actually sits on a heap of fire at an annual festival, but is said to be protected by the bark of the areca nut, which is known to be a bad conductor of heat. At the village of Puthnam, thirty-two miles from Tellichery in the Kaval Taluq, North Malabar, a weird ceremony is performed annually, at midnight, in connection with the worship of the village deity, when the "pujari," who goes by the name of Chamandy, throws himself incessantly on a heap of fire, about six feet high and fifteen feet broad, until he is able to knock every fagot down and level the whole heap with the ground. One end of a rope is fastened to his arms, while the other end is fastened to his arms, while the other end is seized by two Malayall low caste men, who pull the "pujari" away each time he rushes on the heap of fire. Two women at the same time with brooms bring the fagots together as they are knocked down by the "pujari" and endeavor to restore the heap of fire as it is being dismantled by him. The wood is the "puum," a hard jungle wood of the Malabar forests. When the whole heap is levelled with the ground the "pujari" brings this ceremony to a close.

A PENSIONER'S PROTEST.

Troubles of a Wooden Leg Puzzled Doctors Who Examined It.

An old veteran in Illinois has written a bill of complaint to the commissioner of pensions. He says:

"I've just got another of your postal cards telling me to go before the dokters to be examined. I've been gittin' these cards about every month since I pilled for an increase of my pension, two years ago. I've been pulled around, examined, punched in the ribs and sounded in the lungs, and made to bend over the back of a chair and do all sorts of monkey shines, till I feel as if I orto to have a salary, with an agent to go ahead and stick up bills. To begin with, you sent me a lot of dokters up to Warren, and it took em a half hour to find out that the reason why they couldn't find any circulation in my left leg is because it is a wooden one. Three or four times after that you sent me to odds and ends of dokters who couldn't tell the difference between an epileptik simpton and a biled klam.

"Mebbe this is all right, and it may be fun for the dokters. It was fun for me for awhile, but now that you order me back to the first two dokters, and probly expect me to start on the same old sirkus over again, I'm going to kick like a brindle stear. Last summer, on account of the friskiness of a pair of colts, my wooden leg got tangled up and was chewed to flinders in a moin machine. I plied to the dokter general for a new leg, but he sed I'd only had the old one three years, and I'd have to wait two years more before the government could afford to make a hole in the surplus by gittin' me another. Meanwhile my natural leg, the one I brought away safe from the Wilderness, has took to the reumatiz till I'm almost sorry I didnt drop it when I did the other one.

"You've been actually payin' the dokters 96 dollars a year for stavin' off my klaim, and that's moren you'd had to pay me if you'd granted my increase in the fust plas. You ukered me out of gettin' a cent of the 96 dollars and now I'm goin' to uker the cussed dokters out of gettin' any more of it. If I go before any more dokters for an examination you've got to do moren send me a postal card. You'll have to hawl me before 'em with a derrik."

False Alarm.

From the valley there came a cloud of dust and a distant rumble. The man of the stone age rushed up the mountain and perched himself on the highest peak.

"Shucks!" exclaimed the fugitive as he slipped down to the valley again, "it is only a poor dinosaur roaming about for his breakfast. From the noise I thought it must be an automobile."

And the man went back to his peaceful occupation of hewing an apartment house out of a solid cliff.