

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

It takes a fat woman to sneer at her neighbor for padding.

There is a greater demand for simplified thinking than for simplified spelling.

John D. Rockefeller is an advocate of the simple life. His rule is to simply get it and keep it.

A man of the name of Aa has the first place in New York's directory. He is doubly entitled to it.

George Bernard Shaw says Christians should not make fortunes. We know of some who are not doing so.

Some persons collect cigar bands. Russell Sage collected money. Of the two, Sage was the more sensible.

The Rev. Dr. Stuart would "consign politicians to an everlasting retirement." That is one way of putting it.

Truly, as the Atlanta Constitution says, "riches do not bring happiness," but they help to preserve it when the bills come in.

It is presumed, however, if the matter were put to a vote, the people who can't spell correctly under any system would win by a large majority.

Oklahoma points to her record breaking crops as evidence that she expects to become a self-sustaining member of the grand sisterhood of States.

A number of people who were building great hopes on their relationship with Russell Sage are now kicking because he was such a close relation.

The biggest iceberg ever seen, 200 feet high, was sighted near Newfoundland. Can it be that the North Pole has broken loose from its moorings?

The Czar recently risked his life by attending the funeral of one of his generals. But he would be a mean anarchist who threw bombs at a funeral.

The Baroness Burdette-Coutts recently celebrated her ninety-second birthday. The young man who married her some years ago seems to be cheerful, too.

John Lambert says Emperor William is the ablest man in Europe, bar none. It is in order for G. Bernard Shaw to say some sarcastic things about Lambert.

A Kansas clergyman will advertise his church. Isn't that a legitimate modern interpretation of the injunction to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in?"

Emperor William thinks journalists should be compelled to pass examinations, the same as doctors and lawyers, before being permitted to practice. What is William's idea concerning poets?

Millionaire Huntington, of California, recently gave his \$12,000 automobile to his chauffeur. It seems he had been able to go only seventy-five miles an hour in this machine and wanted to get a fast one.

Of course, the intention of the Standard Oil Company, in its attempt to corner the denatured alcohol business, is to make the new fuel so cheap and popular that persons will prefer it to kerosene and gasoline.

Paris green, the farmer's weapon against potato bugs and other pests, has advanced in price nearly 50 per cent in a year. The reason is the flooding of the arsenic mines in Wales last year. Paris green is arsenite of copper. Arsenic is the best insecticide, and constitutes the destructive part of arsenate of lead, which has become the most useful spray for fruit and shade trees.

The island of Juan Fernandez is reported destroyed in the earthquake which devastated Valparaiso. If so, it will be a loss that will be felt keenly by every boy, old or young, who has reveled in the story of Robinson Crusoe. Every admirer of that hero probably has had at some time the secret longing to some time visit the island made real to him by Defoe's great tale. It is the Mecca of boyish fancy. All lovers of Robinson Crusoe will hope the island still stands with its magic atmosphere of romantic interest.

While there can be no doubting the intention of the British government to henceforth dominate openly the political control of Egypt as a part of the British Empire, the proposals of Lord Cromer clearly indicate that there is to be equal opportunity for all nationalities and full respect for acquired and vested rights. In other words, mod-

ern Egypt is to be governed on the open door principle so strongly advocated by the United States in China and the far East generally. While England will rule, she does not propose to insist upon any monopoly of trade or franchises, but, on the contrary, extends equal opportunity to all comers.

Marriages between wealthy American women and titled foreigners do not meet with approval from some sternly patriotic Americans. The common suspicion is that the money and the title marry, and drag the man and the woman into a loveless alliance. Yet international marriages frequently turn out happily. In some cases they afford both parties opportunity for service of which both countries may be proud. The union between Lord Curzon and Mary Letler was such a marriage, and the recent death of the wife is mourned on both sides of the ocean. That the late Lady Curzon did her part in the work of an Englishman of power and responsibility—one of England's greatest colonial administrators—is as creditable to her and to her nation as if she had been the wife of an equally notable American.

Flies are one of the greatest pests that afflict mankind and the lower animals. Long before the science of bacteriology arose and the microbe theory of disease was originated flies were supposed to propagate the plague and many other diseases, and modern science has confirmed this theory. In order to test it the putrid remains of dead animals have been sprinkled with a fine white powder and subsequently flies that lit on sick people and on the dainty dishes of the table have been found to have this powder on their feet. Of course, when there is an epidemic must convey the secretions and excretions of the patients to healthy people. Possibly this may even be done by the flies lighting on food which healthy people afterward eat. As this evil is, so far as known, only occasional, flies do just as much harm in the aggregate by torturing the domestic animals, as this goes on all the time. The sufferings which horses and cows undergo in this way is sometimes sufficient to make them drip with sweat. At the same time their usefulness to man is greatly impaired. In the summer time the horse could do twice as much work if he did not waste his strength in kicking at the flies. Cows also would probably give more milk. Here is an enormous economic waste which has attracted surprisingly little attention. If flies are to be exterminated the most curious and most significant thing is that they are a product of human nature. When travelers visit a region uninhabited by man they find no flies there. If they live there a short time there will be as many flies there as anywhere else. The right way is, of course, to exterminate them, but in the meanwhile is there not some way by which the horse and cow may be protected against the pest? Several lotions and powders have been invented which repel the flies, but they also injure the animal. What is needed is some application which will not hurt a horse's coat and yet will repel or mislead the flies. The reason that nothing of this kind has been discovered is probably that the impression prevails that such a substance must be poisonous to the flies, whereas the truth seems to be that it only needs to deceive them. Insects seem to be guided to their food by the sense of smell. As soon as anything they like is volatilized they swarm to it from far and wide. Evidently it is the odor of the horse or the cow diffused by animal heat that attracts them and the way to drive them off is to disguise that odor so that they will not be led aright. No doubt this is the way that fish oil and kerosene repel them. All that is necessary is some lotion which kills the odor of the animal as effectively as these oils without injuring their coat or inflaming their skin. For all anybody knows this substance may be something which is handled every day and is as cheap as dirt.

The Campaign Cigar Season.



Occasionally the wires get crossed and a minister answers the call of somebody else to preach.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

LIFE STRENGTH MOVES THE WORLD.

By F. Cater, M. D.



The strength of life is derivable from several sources. Some men live by mind-force, some by nerve-force, others by muscular energy, and not a few exclusively by the gratification of their animal appetites. Life is capable of being expressed in forms or trains of actions apparently widely differing in character. Hence we speak of the forms and orders of life as composing a successive series of grades, rising from the lowest conceivable spark of vitality to the full blaze of intellectual genius. Life in man energizes the whole of his compound being. The problem of individual life when the task of living becomes difficult is to discover in what particular direction lies the source of vital power most readily accessible and productive, and so to live that the supply of life-strength through that channel is adequate to the needs of the whole body.

Nerve-force is quite different from mind-force, for obviously a man may be nervous without in the least degree being intellectual. A man of nerves lives by the energy of his favorite pursuits. Cut him off from these, and he will soon languish. The acts he performs are not life-giving or health-preserving in themselves, but they have become to him sources of happiness. Fashion praises field sports and the chase as healthful, but they can be so only to the extent to which they are sources of life-strength to their devotees. There is no better form of life insurance than that represented by the policy of accumulative life-strength issued by the benevolent corporation of Mind, Muscle and Nerve.

WHEN POOR PEOPLE WED.

By Juliet V. Strauss.



Marriage is a partnership, and as such every matter pertaining to the married state should be frankly treated; there should be no subterfuges. Really, when I think of poor folks getting married and starting out on the voyage of life my heart faints a little. It is so dreadful to realize that they quarrel over 50 cents' worth of sugar or twenty-five pounds of flour.

The bare details of daily living bring us down so closely to the level of savages—we see ourselves so bereft of the Godlike qualities that love temporarily invests us with—it really looks scary to us old folks who see things as they are. I often marvel at the courage which we bring to bear upon our daily living. Where do we get the heart and hope that carries us through long years of self-denial and sacrifice?

So much the greater part of the success of married life depends upon the wife that it is to her especially that one feels like addressing remarks upon the subject. This is particularly true of poor folks. When a couple starts with little in life almost the entire responsibility

for the success of the venture rests with the wife. To be sure, there are certain things demanded of the husband. He must be built on reasonably strong lines—in short, he must be a fairly decent fellow, and not actually lazy.

But the wife must be more. She must add to every quality required of the man a thousand and one little accomplishments and bits of cleverness and tact. Only a woman can successfully cope with poverty. Any man will become squalid, unkempt, pitiful, when the wolf begins prowling. But a woman knows a thousand ways to baffle him. She knows how to lay a white cloth on the table and make a flower bloom in the window. She knows how to convert plain fare into dainties, and serve it in attractive style; she knows how to be fine and dainty in cheap attire and to give the look of home to plain rooms utterly lacking in luxury.

It is hard to bring a woman to the point of unloveliness in daily life—have you noticed how seldom it happens? When it does, it is a dreadful thing, a thing to be spoken of with bated breath, and yet we know not what supreme genius we demand of a woman when we take it as a matter of course that she shall be good and clean and cheerful and sweet under the terrible burden of lifelong poverty.

OUR PAST IS THE IMAGE OF OUR BEING.

By Maurice Maeterlinck.



Above all, do not envy the past of any man. Our past was created by ourselves for ourselves alone. Good or evil, sparkling or grave, it is like a museum which holds the unique masterpieces which speak only to us; because no stranger masterpiece would know how to equal a deed which we have accomplished, a kiss which we have received, a beauty which we have felt, a suffering which we have endured, an anguish which we have experienced, a love which has covered us with smiles and tears. Our past, it is ourselves, that which we are and that which we shall become; our past, it is our secret promulgated by the mouth of the years, it is the most mysterious image of our being, overtaken and guided by Time.

To him who would see paraded before him the divers pasts of a human assembly, it would be most difficult to designate which of those pasts he would wish to live. Perhaps he would deceive himself mortally in choosing an existence which overflows, as with enormous joys, while his glance would light with indifference upon another apparently deserted but peopled with serene emotions and with redeeming, lofty thoughts. Because we know well that a thought suffices to overturn, as profoundly as would a grand victory or a grand defeat, that which destiny has given to us and that which it has reserved for us. It makes no noise, it dashes no pebbles on the illusory route which we see; but tranquilly it raises an indestructible pyramid at the turning of the road more real because it is secret; and suddenly all that has happened to us, even to the phenomena of the earth and of the heavens, takes a new direction.

Their Fresh Start

HEAR the Clarion's got a new lease o' life," says St Budlong to Elmer Harriott, as they met at the post office.

"Yaas," replied Elmer, reflectively, as he shifted his cud to the other cheek. "Know the circumstances?"

"Why, no; can't say I do. Cart-right was tellin' me they was a woman in it."

"Waal, as to that, it was yes and no. You see, that young editor, Ridley, just out o' college, didn't calculate they was anything that was wuth knowin' in the journalistic line that he didn't hev cornered. He begun by bein' independent in politics. Now, Bowdlin County's voters ain't got any yeller streak o' independence in 'em—it's straight Dimmycrat or Republican for all males over 21, except them that's in the insane asylum or the cemetery. So the Clarion's subscription list didn't grow so everlastin' swift an' the advertiser's patronage kinder dwindled."

"Then there was the country correspondents. They sent in anything they wanted to write and Ridley printed it. He had to take their stuff on faith, believin' it was all straight goods."

"Paper and ink bills were put in an attorney's hands fur collection, an' the end was near. Ridley was feelin' blue. He had about made up his mind to quit the independence racket. Last Wednesday mornin' he was actually writin' up a leader showin' the inevitabul trend o' public sentiment, an' proposin' Judge Holcomb, of Cedarville, as a runin' mate for Bryan, when in comes a black-eyed young woman to his office, an' she was madder'n a wet hen. She flashes a copy of the previous week's Clarion in front o' Ridley, an' sez, in a voice quaverin' with emoshun, 'Read that!'

"Ridley was gettin' used to demonstrations of this sort, so he didn't show no particular feelin' as he noted a marked item in the letter from Glover's Flats: 'Reported, thet Eb. Harder and Fanny Brice are again on speakin' terms. That's right, youngsters; kiss, an' make up.'

"'Did you write that?' asks the lady.

"'Personally, not guilty,' says Ridley.

"'It's scandalous,' says she, 'that you newspaper men don't hold nothin' sacred. What do you mean by flauntin' the private affairs of the respectable citizens of Glover's Flats before the whole world?'

"'Your question is extremely flatterin', says Ridley, smilin', tryin' to smooth her down. 'I'm sorry if the statement of our able correspondent has given offense. If you desire to make any correction for publication,' says he, takin' up his pencil.

"'No, no, no!' says she, beginning to be frightened. 'Don't put our names together again. It's false—that item of yours. I haven't spoken to Ebenezer Harder for six months, and unless he explains—I shall never speak to him again. But how did you—what will



"IT'S SCANDALOUS!" SAYS HE.

he think? And with that she burst right out cryin'."

"Ridley started to apologize, but she rushes out the door and slams it after her. Then she comes back in an instant, scared to death, an' she sort o' stage-whispers to him, 'He's comin' up here. Put me somewhere, quick.'

"Ridley pointed to a closet an' she jumps in an' pulls the door to.

"In walks a young man and says: 'Is this Mr. Ridley?'

"'The same,' says Ridley. 'Have a chair.'

"'Mr. Ridley,' says he, sittin' down opposite an' assumin' a confidential tone, 'my name's Harder, and I live at Glover's Flats. I ain't been but two years out o' Harvard, an' it may be I've got more money than brains, for

my gov'nor left me enough to live on if I don't do a stroke o' work the rest o' my days. But I won't farm it. Journalism is my long suit, journalism. I worked two years on the Crimson and I've reported for the city papers, an' I've got the writin' fever. I've been watching the Clarion right along, an' you're all right, but you ain't gettin' on. You've got to quit independence. I kin see you've got Dimmycratic leanings, an' it's easy to flop. Do that, an' we'll win. I say we, because you're goin' to take me in as a workin' partner. I'll pay the bills to-morrow an' we'll start her off on a new tack. I kin git into the kind o' work I love, an' we'll have her up to 3,000 a week in a year's time. Is it a go?'

"They was a haze in front o' Ridley's eyes, an' he didn't say nothin' for a spell. Then they just clasped hands across the table and looked at each other hard.

"After a pause Ridley says, in a low tone: 'Harder, you're an angel. How about the girl?'

"'The girl!' says Harder, surprised. 'What girl? Oh, yes,' he continues, 'there's a girl. I'll confide. This is all for her. Six months ago, after she had been naggin' me to go an' do somethin' and be somebody,' she says, 'Have you the makin' of a real man in you, anyway?' 'Yes, I have,' I says, 'but if that's the way you feel about it the less we see of each other the better for both of us.' An' I've kept out of her sight from that day to this. But she's there yet, an' I know she's true blue, an' if the Clarion wins—'

"Ridley had his eyes on the closet door.

"'Six months without a word's rather rubbin' it in, don't you think?' says he. 'It is,' says Harder. 'But on the strength of our prospects, by George! I can break the ice when I get home to-day. Eh? Why not?'

"Ridley points to a printed card over his desk which read, 'Do It Now.'

"'Eh?' says Harder, lookin' puzzled. But her arms was about his neck.

"'By the way,' says Harder, with a mischievous smile, as five minutes later the two rose to go, 'I've been kind o' leadin' up to this, as you may have noticed in last week's Clarion.'

"'How's that?' asks Ridley. 'Why, you ought to know,' says Harder, 'that for three months I've been your correspondent from Glover's Flats.'—Chicago News.