

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

C. F. SOULE, Publisher

TOLEDO.....OREGON

Krupp trousseau costs \$250. Probably made of gun-cotton.

Evidently the scorching bicyclists of a few years ago are the scorching automobilists of to-day.

It is not probable that the latest events in Cuba will cause any surprise to the Spanish nation.

Stripes are to be the style for the coming season. It is fashion's not the court's decree, however.

The candy is under something a little stronger than suspicion. Things unspeakable have been found in it. Boll your candy.

Perhaps Englishmen oppose the spelling reform because they foresee that they would be compelled to drop their h's altogether.

It's wonderful what depths of love are disclosed in the male heart when there's a widow with half a million dollars in the case.

The train wrecker is possibly the most execrated of criminals, and yet he cannot cause as much suffering as does the bank wrecker.

Chicago bank deposits are greater than ever before in the history of that city. After all, Stensland's area of ruin was circumscribed.

Now that modern surgery has discovered a way of splicing the spinal cord, there may be some hope for the fellow with a weak backbone.

Sarah Bernhardt says Patti would be foolish to retire as long as she has any voice left. Mme. Bernhardt is an expert on anti-retiring matters.

A New York balloonist went to sleep while two miles high. But, unlike a good many other balloonists, he finally waked up and was able to tell about it.

Again the learned doctors have come to the front and assured everybody that hydrophobia is wholly an imaginary malady. People ought to quit dying of it.

Pittsburg has another scandal which, it is promised, will be just as filthy as any of those which have preceded it. Somebody might bring about a welcome relief by cutting the Pittsburg wires.

Reports from San Francisco say that there is work at high wages for thousands there. One great trouble with most of the people who are idle, however, is that they have no taste for the kind of work that San Francisco offers.

King Haakon of Norway says he finds it very pleasant to wear a crown and is unable to understand why monarchs should ever be worried. It should be remembered, however, that being a king in Norway is a good deal like being a vice president in the United States.

It is reported from Shanghai that for the first time in its history China will abandon its traditional policy and emit coins bearing the effigy of the emperor. In fact, it is said silver rupees and half-rupees have already been struck bearing the likeness of Kuang-su. The reason given is that the circulation of money adorned with the head of Edward VII. has materially increased British prestige in Tibet, and the Chinese government wishes to offset this.

The women of Sinigaglia, Italy, may be noted in history, if they succeed in their recent efforts. Ten school-teachers of the town went to the board of registry and demanded that their names be put on the voting list, and the board complied. The district attorney took the matter to court, and the court confirmed the legality of the registration. The case will be carried before the highest tribunal. If the decision stands, woman suffrage in Italy will have gained a battle in a bloodless revolution by the simple strategy of some women who asked for what they wanted.

One of the Smithsonian scientists calls attention to the fact that the duration of the lives of the lower animals differs from that of men's lives in being far more uniform. While human beings die at all ages between infancy and senility, among the lower animals, on the contrary, all individuals of the same species live to very nearly the same age unless killed by violence. Some examples of remarkable longevity among animals may be cited. For instance, there is the story of the elephant Ajax, which Alexander captured at his victory over Porus. The

conqueror affixed an inscription to the animal and set it at liberty. Three hundred and fifty years later Ajax is said to have been found still living. But little dependence can be placed on most stories of long life among animals.

India's material development in the last half-century is illustrated in the growth of the cotton industry in the Bombay Presidency, its chief center. The first mill was built fifty years ago. There are now one hundred and ninety-seven mills, and fifteen or twenty more are under construction, with over five million spindles, employing two hundred thousand operatives, and consuming one and three-quarters million bales of cotton. They produce nearly six hundred million pounds of yarn, half of which is exported to China and other foreign countries. The dark side of the picture is the condition of the mill hands, and their wages. The working hours in most of the mills are from sunrise to sunset, and there is a growing tendency among some of the mill owners to prolong the hours of labor by the installation of electric light. In these mills the same set of hands work from five in the morning till eight at night, with only half an hour for rest. The hands are paid by the piece, and the average weaver, says our consul at Bombay, Mr. Fee, from whose report these facts are taken, working thirteen hours per day for twenty-six days in the month, would earn less than eight dollars and a half.

The olden time pastor, grown gray in the service of a community, who can look back over two or three generations of parishioners, thinking of parents and grandparents and their many descendants, christened, married, and buried under his ministrations, has no chance to-day. His old white church with its clock-faced tower has gone, along with the old families, the old homesteads, the old influences which once marked American life. His constituents are no longer content to sit in box pews beneath the high pulpit to listen to sermons on eternal damnation, total depravity, justification by faith, sanctification, or the final perseverance of the saints. Fluency of expression, power in prayer, sincerity and godliness of life no longer complete the equipment of one who is to hold a place as pastor of a growing church. And when the demands upon the modern minister are all considered, it is not specially surprising that the profession no longer draws from each community those who seem most likely in point of attainment. No. The modern congregation must have an up-to-date building, fully as attractive as any other in the community, its external architecture no more pleasing than the completeness of its interior furnishings, its fine organ well adapted to accompany the trained singers who are depended upon for the music of the service. To secure these things money is needed, and no pastor is fitted for the place unless he has the rare power of raising funds, or at least of stimulating leaders of his flock who know how to draw the dollars from the critical worshippers. "We need a sort of canvassing agent, a man with the persistence of a book or life insurance agent" is a pretty frank and expressive way of stating what probably is the real feeling of many church members to-day. The chances are that the average minister who is led to adopt the calling from a sense of man's need of salvation is unfitted for this sort of a canvass. The modern pastor must be a social leader. He must know how to shine at a wedding or at an afternoon tea, and must be as graceful in these respects as he is dignified and impressive in connection with the formal ceremonial functions of his church. His calls must be numerous and they must be occasions for pleasant exchange of greetings rather than dreaded interviews on personal religion. Sometimes it seems as if a pastor "not afraid of notoriety," as one put it in connection with a recent case, is called for by modern religious leaders. In many cases it is more than likely that the student, fond of books and the companionship of letters, is as ill-fitted to attend to the social duties of his profession as he is to collect delinquent subscriptions or lift a mortgage from the property of an already overburdened parish. And then, to make it all the worse, the present day congregation is exceedingly hard to please. The instruction once given through the pulpit alone is now afforded by a thousand media. The increased circulation of the daily papers, the development of widely read religious and semi-religious weeklies, the multiplication of philanthropic, charitable, social and educational activities, the increase in the number of topics upon which the modern minister must keep informed, all these combine with the money-raising requirements and the social duties to make the minister's life a strenuous one, with plenty of criticism and with retirement threatening when the step falters in the least.

Municipal Rake-Off.

Of every \$100 that a New Yorker pays in rent, it is estimated that \$12.25 goes into the pockets of municipal "servants."

THE POPULAR PULPIT



BELIEF IN IMMORTAL LIFE.

By Rev. John P. Peters.
And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not.—Luke 24:11.

It is a very difficult thing for most men to grasp spiritual realities. We touch and taste and hear and see the material. That is the thing which constantly forces itself on our physical senses. It has been very hard for men to grasp the conception of a life in which these bodies have no part.

From the outset Christian teachers opposed the physical and material conception of life here and hereafter. From the outset they taught the resurrection of the dead as a fundamental tenet of the faith—the glory of the faith in Christ. But man asked about details. How would they live? What sort of bodies should they have hereafter? If these bodies were corrupted and destroyed in the grave, how could they be raised to life? You remember St. Paul's answer in that famous fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, which we read over the bodies of our dear ones when we consign them to the grave. The corruption and decay of these bodies shall no otherwise affect the life of your spirits than corruption and death affect the seeds which you plant in the earth.

The real thing is the idea, the thought, the spirit. The thing on which you can lay your hands, the thing which you can define with mathematical precision, the thing which you can photograph, is but the passing expression. This seems like an idle tale to men who cannot free themselves from the hampering materialism of their surroundings. Such men mournfully toss aside the realities as unreal, because they are not susceptible of that proof of the senses which they are wont to apply in their dealings with material expressions. They have not developed those higher powers of their nature which respond to the spiritual somewhat in the same way in which the senses respond to the material.

What a glory belief in the resurrection gives to life! The tasks which seem to me so irksome and sometimes so needless are a preparation for a work that My Father has prepared for me in another mansion of His great house, just as the school child's tasks are the preparation for the greater and broader work of maturer life when he shall be fit to share his father's post and his father's labor.

The pains and sorrows which befall us here and often seem so unjust, taking the joy out of our lives, are like the pains and ills of the child, which make his life unhappy for a day that they may cure him of some illness, remedy some defect in his organism or strengthen the little spirit within, making it braver and truer and purer. Our very partings lose their unutterable sadness and tend in their turn to make life more glorious when it becomes clear to us that God has taken those we love to put them in a place which He has prepared; that they are only over the threshold in the next room, busy and happy in a life full of interest and joy.

To dwell on thoughts like these, to have the seal of faith set upon the hopes and yearnings of our nature, to be told that those yearnings and those aspirations were not given to us by God in vain, but that they might in due time find their realization—this faith ennobles the very sources of our being. It has been the proud conception of man as expressed, for example, in the old Hebrew scriptures, growing stronger the more men progressed in intelligence and control over themselves and the universe about them, that we are different from the rest of creation. We are the crown of creation to which all the rest leads up. This thought takes on a new and nobler character as a result of that doctrine of immortal life which Jesus brought to men.

THE NEW CHRISTIANITY.

By Rev. Willard B. Thorp.

There are a great many people to-day whose faces are "unveiled," who are emancipated from the old ignorance and the old fear, the old sense of guilt and shame, but they are not yet contemplating "as in a mirror the glory of the Lord," making that the atmosphere and inspiration of their lives. Devotional life has largely ceased among them. The old-fashioned devotional life they have left behind and the new devotional life, its power, its liberty, its depth and serenity, they have not yet learned.

But that new devotional life is here and there are some who are finding it

and who are realizing through it an inner harmony and victory greater than they have known before. Its keynote is the practical use in daily life of the sense of the spiritual presence and power of God. It has praises that are no mere formal thanksgiving and doxologies.

It has penitences that are no distressing introspection of personal failings, no bitter and fruitless recollection of past mistakes. It has petitions that are no mere requests for God to do this or that, vain, anxious outcries with which the soul beats its wings against the walls of a prison house. It has intercessions that are no desperate pleadings with God to save this one or help that one.

One by one men are discovering that there is an inner practice of the soul which has real power, which produces results, transforming the lives of men, and even affecting the mysterious forces of destiny.

CHRIST CASTING OUT DEVILS.

By Rev. G. Tabor Thompson.

Text—"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."—Mark v:19.

I am glad that we have a Savior who has power over devils. There are people in our day who are demon possessed. Would that we had the power to cast out devils! When the Master sent the disciples out in the early days of the church to preach the Gospel everywhere, he gave them power to heal the sick and to cast out devils. The church has wandered so far from the Lord Jesus that now we have no power to cast out these demons. But Christ still has this power, yea, even to this day.

The Master wants to heal souls on the right hand and on the left, and send them, not on to the rostrum but into the home to tell their friends the wonderful things that the Lord hath done for them and what wonderful things the Lord can do for lost souls.

This devil of theft is getting a terrible hold on the American people. If you will stop for a moment to think of it, it is perfectly awful. Not a great store in Pittsburg, in Philadelphia, in New York City, in Brooklyn, in Boston, in San Francisco, or anywhere in the United States to-day, but must employ private detectives to watch these light fingers; and in nine cases out of ten, they are women. Why? Just for the reason that the devil can use the woman's costume to better advantage than a man's. A woman can hide under her shawl or dolman that which a man could not get into his pocket. So the detectives are watching for those light fingers.

My friends, if you have had any desire in your life to steal, or if sometimes in your life and experience you laid hands on that which was not yours, if you have repented, if you have restored to your neighbor that which is his, if the Lord has healed you and if you have no more desire for that which is not yours, go home to your friends and tell them what great things the Lord hath done for you.

SHOULD BE GOOD SWIMMERS.

By Rev. Frank C. Bruner.

A good Christian is a superb swimmer. The uneducated preacher can never teach men the use of themselves in the sacred waters to the soul's good. They use the wrong principle to instruct in religious exercise. We hear of one divine who says I am going to lead my people to be experts in swimming by teaching them the ethics of politics. When a wave of sensation rolls across the country with some meteoric flame in its train that becomes the principle of religious training, soon the whole congregation is at sea without chart or compass, that go down the third time never to rise.

What the world is longing after is to be taught by the pulpit man how to swim dexterously in the grand sacred waters of salvation until the entire household, including cradlehood, will be inhabitants of this matchless river of the skies.

Short Meter Sermons.

Worship doesn't wait for walls.
Faith is the foe of formalism.
Religion is a spring, not a cistern.
Joy unsought always is first to arrive.

Self-sufficiency does not secure efficiency.

Sympathy is the master key to every soul.

When a man's head hangs loose it soon gets sore.

The intellectual blank makes the best religious bigot.

Though you are but a puddle, you may reflect heaven.

The only cloth that can claim divinity is the cloak of charity.

One does not become a saint by discovering the sins of others.

SEVENTH YEAR OF FAT FOR KANSAS.



Topeka.—"This is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, years in Kansas' history," said Secretary Coburn, the famous score keeper for the State's prosperity, to a Topeka correspondent the other day. "The farmers are getting the best of it. No mortals on earth anywhere are so well prepared for happiness."

He had just completed his estimate of practically 100,000,000 bushels of high grade wheat as the crop of the State this year. And this great crop—the greatest raised by any State in the nation—comes not after famine, but as the climax of seven prosperous years in which debts have been paid, mortgages canceled, improvements of every sort added.

They are saving their wheat money. Much of it is going into banks. The State has a bank to every 1,534 people, more than any other State. Hundreds of them have farmers for shareholders chiefly. Their only difficulty is to find places to loan the deposits.

One country bank with \$10,000 capital recently had \$100,000 deposits, and three-fourths of this in cash, because no one in the neighborhood wanted to borrow it. It was in the heart of the wheat belt where 20 new banks have been chartered in the past 90 days.

But they are getting good things out of life, too. Why not with \$80,000,000 in cash for a single crop?

Ten years ago a house furnace was rare in Kansas. Now the hardware and plumbing wagons are scattered through the country setting up furnaces in farmers' houses. Same way with bath tubs, same way with telephones, rubber-tired buggies, pianos (not organs as of old), and all the multitude of things that go to make up prosperity.

In one little town 300 phonographs have been sold in the past year, at \$20 to \$50 each. In that county are 2,000 farmers' telephones—two of the 25 rural mail carriers make their trips daily in automobiles. Every farm has daily mail; covered wagons take children to union schools.

Wheat money is "velvet" more than any other the Kansas farmer receives. Only 1,650,000 people live in Kansas—though more are coming rapidly because of the promise of competency. This is about the same as Philadelphia has. They have put \$129,000,000 in the banks and are adding to the amount regularly. Think what it means to dump \$80,000,000 in cash into the State from one crop alone.

Sizing Up a Stingy Man.

Two dollars that had been taken into a till were holding a conversation together. This was not an unusual circumstance, because everybody understands that money talks. "I would hate to be the wife of the man who owns us now," said one dollar to the other.

"Here, too," said the other dollar. "If he squeezes her as he does us he will break every bone in her body."

"I notice, however," answered the other coin, "that the man who squeezes a dollar hardly ever squeezes his wife."—Council Grove (Kan.) Guard.

Different.

"Young Dr. Walker always impressed me as having nerves of iron, judging by the cool way he performed the most serious operations," remarked his friend, "but yesterday when I met him in consultation he was the most excited man I have seen for a long while."

"It must have been a most unusual and extraordinary case."

"No, one of the doctor's own children had a mild attack of measles."—London Tit-Bits.

Deliberate.

"My!" exclaimed Mr. Klumsay, at the summer hotel hop, "this floor's awfully slippery. It's hard to keep on your feet."

"Oh!" replied his fair partner, sarcastically, "then you were really trying to keep on my feet? I thought it was accidental."—Philadelphia Press.

Proof Positive.

Daisy—Didn't the count have any money at all?

Mazie—Mercy, do you suppose he would have married Birdie Follansbee if he had had any money?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Men in the penitentiary have just enough to eat, and think they do not have enough; free men have too much to eat.