

LINGOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO..... OREGON

There's no denying that as a conventional topic the trial marriage is a sure success.

People who need the advertising now merely have to offer Count Boni a job at a liberal salary.

That dentist who has been robbed four times in three years should hereafter go armed to the teeth.

George Bernard Shaw doesn't think much of the Ten Commandments, but it is too late now to change them.

If Kipling's critics don't soon stop he will be justified in once more writing something that is worth reading.

Fortunately for Eve, she is spared the pain of knowing that her diary has been excluded from the shelves of the Worcester public library.

A German singer committed suicide because a married American woman wouldn't marry him. Probably her husband wouldn't let her.

These long evenings are being brightened and made profitable by the game of guessing what Mrs. Sage is really going to do with her money.

The Cuban army is reported to be getting restless again. Why not quiet that army for all time by setting up a free soup kitchen for it somewhere?

Let us have politics without prejudice, without selfishness, without graft, etc., please an exchange. And while we are at it, let us have the millennium.

There are times when it becomes a matter of wonder how this country has been able to grow so big and prosperous without taking the advice of the college professors.

Kind-hearted housewives should be warned that it is too early to feed every tramp that calls at the back door with the plea that he is a poor Standard Oil magnate out of a job.

There can be no further doubt that Mr. Harriman is of the opinion that much greater ability is required to run the railroads of this country than is needed to successfully run the country itself.

A negro was arrested, tried, convicted and executed, all within a space of two hours, in Texas a few days ago. Surely they can't bring up the law's delays as an excuse for lynching after this.

Persons who may have felt like asking Mrs. Russell Sage for enough money to get a start in life will do much better by saving the price of the postage stamp and making it the nucleus of a bank account.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is to be celebrated by the Cambridge Historical Society. A special bronze medal will be issued in honor of the event, copies of which it is hoped will be preserved in libraries and museums. Longfellow wrote many lines which will be preserved in the popular heart longer than the bronze will last. This is one of the reasons for celebrating the anniversary of his birth.

Most people have their weak spots. Few are roundly normal. Some slap their friends on the back, some whistle in public places, some keep barking dogs, some speak monologues and think they are "conversing" and so on, but there is some hope for a tendency or a habit that is not deliberately designed to be mischievous, such as the playing of pranks on newly married people. These jocular outbreaks have undergone various "refinements" and they have now reached the point where a honeymoon voyage has been anticipated by a "bill of particulars" printed in circular form and distributed among the passengers of the ocean liner. The discouraging thing is that the propensity does not "refine" itself out of existence. It is, generally speaking, as perverse in its latter day manifestations as it was when the uncouth but equally well-meaning country folks surrounded the house of the bashful bride and groom on their wedding night and made the time hideous with the beating of pans and old copper boilers with what was called a "belling."

"It would therefore seem well, from this point of view, to encourage early trial marriage, the relation to be entered into with a view to permanency, but with the privilege of breaking it if proved unsuccessful, and in the absence of offspring, without suffering any great degree of public condemnation." Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons, a doctor of

philosophy, for six years a lecturer on sociology in Barnard College, daughter of a rich banker and wife of a Congressman, proposes this "startling reform" in a book, "The Family," just issued. "Trial marriage" certainly sounds sensational. But as prosaic matter of fact, the commonness, cheapness and respectability of divorce has rendered all marriage "trial marriage." "It is difficult to imagine greater facility in the annulment of marriage than now obtains in most of the States. No "reform" is necessary to bring about precisely the condition, in effect, which Mrs. Parsons proposes. The reform is needed in the other direction. We need to get rid of the feeling that marriage is a mere experiment. Of course, all couples at the time of marriage expect to live happily ever after. Trial marriage could mean nothing to them at that time. People who do not feel, for the time at least, that they can take each other for life need no "trial" to prove they are not fitted. The absence of offspring during "trial" would be a powerful cause of failure in many marriages that might otherwise have been successful. But that would be nothing new. It is the case now and always has been. Until there are children to tie the heartstrings together there is no real trial of marriage. We are too apt to forget that most of the laws which operate toward successful marriage are provided by Nature. Human statutes provide for failure—and, alas! there are too many of them already.

The coroner who investigated the wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near Woodville, Ind., in which sixty-one lives were lost, made a report in which he fixes the blame in the most positive manner. He finds that the engineer of the first section of the passenger train did not properly give the required signals and note the responses to them. Consequently he is to be held to the grand jury for manslaughter. But beyond that the system by which the road was operated provided no check for any such individual neglect as that of which the engineer was guilty, and consequently part of the blame was placed by the coroner upon the road itself. There was a time when it would have been unreasonable to ask railroads to install elaborate systems for the safeguarding of their trains, because the traffic was too light to justify the financial burden, and so light indeed that the evil was not great. In those days when a wreck of this character occurred all the blame was properly to be attributed to the guilty employe. Now, on many of the roads which do the heaviest business, the burden has shifted so that it is a question whether the employe immediately at fault is more to blame or whether the greatest responsibility falls upon his superiors who left the door open to his carelessness. Before long a time will come when the great weight of the burden will be transferred to the shoulders of the railway administration, if indeed that time has not come already. It is purely a question of danger versus cash. The methods of making such accidents as that at Woodville impossible are well known. Some form of the block system, especially the form which uses the "staff" as an entrance key to each block, would reduce the ordinary employe's fallibility to a minimum. The Woodville accident is simply one more reason—or, better said, it is sixty-one more reasons—why the railroad companies should be required to spend the dollars which will save the lives.

Roland for His Oliver.

In a suit recently tried in a Virginia town a young lawyer of limited experience was addressing the jury on a point of law when good naturedly he turned to opposing counsel, a man of much more experience than himself, and asked:

"That's right, I believe, Colonel Hopkins?"

Whereupon Hopkins, with a smile of conscious superiority, replied:

"Sir, I have an office in Richmond wherein I shall be delighted to enlighten you on any point of law for a consideration."

The youthful attorney, not in the least abashed, took from his pocket a half-dollar piece, which he offered Colonel Hopkins with this remark:

"No time like the present. Take this, sir, tell us what you know and give me the change."—Harper's Weekly.

Aromatic Petit Larceny.

"I hope you notice how sweet I am," smiled the girl when they were out on the street again. "While the man was wrapping up the toothbrush I was trying all the perfume on the counter. He looked at me awfully hard."

"I should think he would have had you arrested," remarked her companion severely. "What if everybody tried all the perfumes like that? How much would he have left to sell?"—New York Press.

Every woman takes as much time in getting off a street car as if she thought her destination was as far as the car expected to go.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHY MARRIAGE IS THE GREAT LOTTERY.

By Helen Oldfield.



Marriage essentially is a partnership, the closest possible association known to humanity, and as such necessarily implies community of interest between man and wife. In all legendary myth woman is said to have been created as mate for man; and in Genesis we are told that the Lord God, saying "It is not good for man to be alone," made Eve as "an helpmeet for him." "And they twain shall be one flesh," the halves of one harmonious whole. For which cause no marriage can be a happy one in which there is not complete and thorough sympathy between the two who are joined in the "holy estate."

It is cause for wonder that so many marriages turn out well, rather than that some are failures, when one reflects how often a young girl stands at the altar to utter the words which bind her for better or worse, for good or evil, with only the most superficial knowledge, if any, of her husband's past; of his real character; his true disposition. If only women knew men as men know men, and if men knew women as women know women, there might be fewer weddings, but marriage would cease to be a lottery, and be a pleasant game in which all prizes and no absolute blanks would be the rule.

BEWARE OF FIRST STEP ON DOWN GRADE.

By E. G. Minnick.



The "down grade" seems to me to be an apt expression. It means an unsuspected slipping down the hill in life. I imagine that there are few people who have not had a little experience of it. Millions get upon the down grade, and slide far enough to find themselves in awkward and uncomfortable positions as more or less failures in life.

The "down grade" to unhappiness in the home is found by thousands. Bluebeard, I expect, commenced his course gradually, and I dare say that he never realized that he was not a husband of a tender disposition. As to extravagant wives, I have known a woman who managed once on a time to keep house comfortably on \$750 a year bring ruin to her husband's head when his income was \$5,000, all through not being able "to make ends meet," and who could never believe that she was extravagant.

An occasional hour or so of self-questioning would lead to some wonderful revelations of the most useful

character to most people. It would save them also from a great deal, and afford them many hints as to the best course to pursue for success in life. Many people have a dread of being "impertinent" to themselves. They remind me of the man Mark Twain described, who would never look at himself in a looking glass without he had kid gloves on.

BACHELORS ARE ABNORMALITIES.

By Benjamin Ide Wheeler.



In the long run, what upholds the family will uphold the state. The state cannot exist without the home. If the home is left out none of that solid moral fiber can exist in the nation which must come from home virtues. Good morals are nothing less than the regularities and the ordinary of social life between morals and religion. There can be no dividing line. Good morals are a constituent part of life.

Individualism is danger to the state. Bachelors and club men are the bandits, guerrillas and outcasts. I would be in favor, if it were possible to do such things by law, of a special tax upon bachelors. They don't take part in the moral work of society. They are abnormalities, and abnormalities should pay the taxes. The unit of society and the state is the family. Beware of the doctrines which base themselves upon false conceptions of individualism instead of the family, which is the only social unit.

"NO WOMAN POLITICIANS."

By Pope Plus X.



The church blesses every movement tending to raise the intellectual and social level of humanity. We ought all to work, and why should not women do their part? They should study everything, with, of course, the exception of theology. They should become lawyers, doctors and teachers. The care of the poor is in all its forms a woman's calling above all. What is the exercise of Christian charity except maternity in the widest sense of the word?

Women in Parliament! The idea is preposterous. Men there make blunders sufficient. At most, women can exercise an indirect influence on politics in urging their male kindred to vote aright. But, before all, they should bring up their children in the consciousness of their civic duties. But let us have no women politicians!

TWO GODS.

A boy was born 'mid little things,
Between a little world and sky—
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings
Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts,
Where little ventures grow and plod,
And paced and ploughed his little plots,
And prayed unto his little God.

But as the mighty system grew,
His faith grew faint with many scars;
The Cosmos widened in his view—
But God was lost among his stars.

Another boy in lowly days,
As he, to little things was born,
But gathered lore in woodland ways,
And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view,
God greatness in his growing mind;
Each year he dreamed his God anew,
And left his older God behind.

He saw the boundless scheme dilate,
In star and blossom, sky and clod;
And as the universe grew great,
He saw in it a greater God.
—New England Magazine.

His Wife For Five Minutes

BILLY sat looking disconsolately out upon the chimney tops.

"I never dreamed I could owe so much money!" he groaned. "I guess I owe all there is in the world—\$1,500! Here I'm engaged to Ellen, and the old gentleman writes he will give me \$5,000 the day we are married, and I shall be dead of starvation or in jail, one or the other, long before that. And Ellen's gone to the country, and—oh, hang it!"

"Morning, Mr. Billy!" cries Mrs. Ames, a pretty little woman who lived in the next room, her army husband having been sent to some particularly inhospitable country. "Why, you look real comfortable and miserable."

Whereupon Billy told her all about it, adding that his father had written him he was confined to home with the gout.

"So he's sure to be in a bad humor," he added.

"Nonsense," laughed Mrs. Ames. "If you had that \$5,000 you could pay all your debts and have money over, couldn't you? Listen!" She was opening the door to go out. "You are already married—married this morning. Think it over," and she was gone.

Did he dare? He must! It seemed reasonable. His father could not come to the city. He would risk it.

"Dear Father," he wrote. "Circumstances in my wife's family made it necessary, so we were married this morning, and leave for our honeymoon tomorrow. Please send check. Billy."

Then he sat down and thought it over.

Next morning Mrs. Ames heard an awful crash in Billy's room, and ran to see what was the matter.

"Here!" he gasped. "Telegram—father better—coming to see wife—Ellen in country!" He rushed to the window. "Father here now. Getting out of carriage! Mrs. Ames, you have got to be my wife!"

"I couldn't!" she exclaimed.

"You've got to!" insisted Billy, and as he spoke, his father entered.

Mrs. Ames hadn't been kissed so thoroughly for years. The old gentleman bubbled with joy over his son's acquisition.

"What made you marry so quickly?" he demanded.

"Now, father," blurted Billy, "we haven't a minute. Run, dear, and get ready for the train. One moment—I'll go with you. Excuse me a moment, father?" and Billy leaped after Mrs. Ames to induce her to keep it up.

No sooner had they gone out of the room before a gentleman entered, in army dress.

"Looking for my wife," he said, pleasantly. "Little surprise for her—oh, I beg your pardon!" This to a



"TELEGRAM—FATHER—COMING."

very pretty girl who was standing in the hall, a puzzled look on her face.

"I am looking for Billy Blake," she said.

"That's my son," said the old gentleman.

"We are engaged," said the girl, approaching him confidently.

"Engaged! Bless my soul!—Why, Billy's—?" There came a sound of voices approaching, and an inspiration dawned on Mr. Blake. "Here—behind the door, both of you," he ordered, and

they hid themselves obediently, as Billy returned with his rather unwilling bride.

It was an astonishing tableau that greeted Billy a moment later, when he saw Ellen returned to the city, and a rather upset officer who called himself Captain Ames, so, as there was nothing else to do, he owned up.

"What a boy!" cried Mr. Blake. "Well, we'll forgive you, eh, Captain Ames? Billy, here's your wedding present with this stipulation—the first you spend of it must go for a dinner for us all, including—"

"His wife for five minutes!" laughed Mrs. Ames.—Kansas City World.

INVENTING FOR THE INVENTOR.

T. A. Edison Learns How He Made Great Discoveries.

In a certain New York State factory given over to the manufacturing of electrical appliances visitors are of daily occurrence and guides a necessity, says Lippincotts. A guide named Steve took such pride in the work that if surprise and enthusiasm did not always respond to his personally conducted tours he would promptly imagine various things, to awaken what he believed to be the proper emotions. One day, with an unusually unemotional man in tow—a man seemingly not even interested in the "features" shown him, while he paid close attention to details of apparent insignificance—Steve began on the subject of the incandescent light.

"It was discovered purely by accident," said he. "Mr. Edison says himself that he would never have thought of the thing if he hadn't seen some lightning playing around a fork that had been left in an empty pickle bottle."

The visitor looked up rather oddly at this information, but still so quietly that Steve, to cap his climax, added: "And so was born that boon to all mankind, the incandescent light."

At that instant a passing employe caught sight of the visitor and, coming up to him with hand outstretched, exclaimed: "If it isn't my old boss! How are you, Mr. Edison?"

Steve sat down on the first object handy and, with his head in his hands, tried to recall what he had said and think quickly of some way out. When he looked up the "Wizard of Menlo Park" had departed, undoubtedly wiser than when he began his tour round the factory, but also undoubtedly considerate of Steve. And a fortnight later that gentleman received from West Orange a book on electrical science, "written down" to juvenile readers, and on the fly-leaf, beneath a sketch of a fork in an empty bottle, were written these words:

"And so was born that boon to all mankind, the incandescent light!"

A child's first impression is usually made by the paternal slipper.