

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

C. F. SOULE, Publisher

TOLEDO.....OREGON

In Mr. Harriman's opinion, apparently, there is only one capable railroad man in this country.

If you want rabbits to taste good, you should live on dog meat a while, says Peary. Please pass the chicken.

The sugar trust won't mind a little fine of a few hundred thousands so long as there is a cranberry crop to sweeten.

There is some talk of devoting a newspaper especially to flying machines. A new kind of fly paper, as it were.

If, as one paper says, "shipping is a symptom of prosperity," a remarkably large number of people seem to have been exposed.

"God save the country!" says Mr. Shaw. But won't this make Congress sit up and wonder what Shaw thinks it is there for?

One of the scientists says there will be no blondes 600 years from now. But why worry over a future that is 600 years distant?

While Curtis Jett is serving two life sentences, is it possible that he will reflect on what he would do if he had his two lives to live over?

There is in Kansas a man who is a minister, a doctor, an undertaker and a dealer in tombstones. We have not heard why he doesn't practice dentistry.

The news columns tell of a woman 105 years of age who has made application for divorce. Some of 'em live happy ever after and some never get too old to regret.

The battleship Kansas has stood its trial test, and all Kansas will expect it to become the Gen. Fred Funston of the navy the first time any world power makes faces at us.

It must be a great trial to a young man to spend a long time considering which of two girls he has been paying attention to is best for him to marry, and then to find that neither one will have him.

With the race question unsettled we can see where the country grocers are going to lose a lot of money during the winter. The cracker barrel orators will help themselves to a lot of cheese during the debates.

It is just as we thought: Paris was not "shocked" at that play in the Moulin Rouge after all. The protest was political in its inspiration. We are glad to see an old friend thus set right in the eyes of the world.

This is, of course, the day of the young man, but, judging from the way railroad wrecks are charged against the mistakes of youthful telegraphers, it would seem possible that enterprising and economical captains of industry may be catching them too young.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick declares the American prison system is far inferior to that of England. We should naturally suppose there was nothing so abhorrent to Mrs. Maybrick as the English prison where she was so long and, as she claims, so unjustly confined.

Quite a number of valuable friendships have been hurried by the picture postcard to a premature grave. Absence does not make the heart grow fonder when the interval is bridged solely by the receipts of a picture with a cross on the sky line and the words, "We are staying just under this mark; you can't see the house."

For some time past vests have been made of paper, also cuffs, collars, shirt bosoms, etc., but it has remained for a firm in Saxony to spin narrow strips of paper and cotton into finished fabrics of common use. Paper and cotton and paper and wool are so combined that serviceable outing suits, jackets, skirts and many other articles of dress wear are now being produced. The new textile, if so it may be called, is cream colored and may be washed repeatedly without injuring the surface and is marketed for a ridiculously small price. Sufficient xylolin, as it is called, to produce a complete plain suit costs \$2 or \$3. The way the boy goes through his present clothes would indicate that paper clothes would not last him around the corner.

Most of us, if asked how many points a star should have, would say five, and cite the flag as proof; but the director of the mint has lately corrected this misapprehension in answering an inquiry on the subject. He calls attention to the fact that the stars on the

great seal of the United States and on the seal of the President are five-pointed, but that the stars are six-pointed on the seal of the House of Representatives; and further to the six-pointed stars on the obverse of the half and quarter-dollar coins and the five-pointed stars on the reverse. The reverse of these coins is a copy of the great seal with the clouds and stars omitted. So far as known, the six-pointed star comes from copying the colonial coins made after the manner of English heraldry, which sanctions that star. The stars on the flag are copied from the Washington coat of arms.

An editorial article in a religious monthly calls renewed attention to the shortage of Protestant preachers of ability. It is said that the ministry as a profession has lost its attractiveness for able men, despite the rapid growth of the churches in membership, the marked increase in the population of the country, and the constant demand for thoroughly equipped persons to fill places of importance, a demand unprecedented in the history of the Christian church. The theory is advanced that independent and energetic students are not attracted by the modern plan of ministerial education which provides free tuition, free room rent, and often cash payments as well to such as feel that they are called to preach. An endowment of a million dollars for education of preachers sometimes lies practically idle for lack of students to use the income. The same conditions are to be found in the schools of all Protestant denominations. The future physician or lawyer is placed in sharp contrast. He usually has much higher fees to pay, has much smaller funds in the way of scholarship aid to draw up, and knows that a discouraging wait is certain after he is admitted to practice before the first patient or client appears. The theological student steps at once from the commencement platform, with his diploma certifying to the completion of a given course of training, during which he has been carried along financially into a waiting pulpit. His salary and his life work begin when his preliminary preparation ends. And yet few able youths seek the preacher's career. The editorial writer suggests that this easy way of getting an education and a livelihood does not appeal to the active and energetic and that, as a consequence, the ministry gets only those who like the easy life. But there are other reasons which might be adduced for the famine in ministers. There was a time when the preacher was the most important personage in the community. His influence was commanding. The church afforded the only avenue to fame for the bright young man. The industrial worker, the manufacturer, the merchant, the farmer, were not supposed to need education. The administrator as such had not developed. But recent years have witnessed a complete change in conditions. Educated men are welcomed and win success in many lines of life, independence and wealth both awaiting the industrious who may have great influence and power. No longer having a monopoly of education and information the minister is compelled to compete with great newspapers, with many magazines in reach of the masses, with a flood of useful and helpful books, and with constantly improving methods of influencing thought. His hearers often are as well educated as himself. He is restrained by church creeds. He is poorly paid. If he is an orator the lecture platform is open to him. There are many reasons why the pulpit should not be so attractive for able men as it was once.

OUR BETTER SIDE.
By Rev. Dr. William C. Stinson.

Whatever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Philippians 4:8.

These words are an appeal to the best in human nature. In every man there is an angel and a demon; tendencies toward right, inclinations toward the wrong. There is no man so thoroughly bad that some good may not be found in him. There is no man so truly good that he is without imperfections. Every once in a while we say of a man that there is no good in him whatsoever. But that judgment is rather an expression of our attitude toward him than a real estimate of his character.

A Christmas card was in circulation last year which read: "There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it does not behoove any of us to talk about the rest of us."

We frequently speak of the fixity of character, but almost every passing hour our consciousness is undergoing change. The mechanism of thought, feeling, purpose, is one of stupendous variability. One hour we are under the influence of one set of emotions, the next hour these emotions are succeeded by an entirely different group of sensations.

In a sense we are all victims of the clock and the man of the morning and the man of the evening, while one and the same man, yet are two different men. On the purely spiritual side there is even a deeper mystery. Over the lives of the majority of men living within the confines of Christendom the Sabbath day casts something of its spiritual influence. There is some elevation of soul, some thought Godward, however slight, on the Sabbath.

Our liability to change under some influence from without is enormous, incalculable. A single glance at the face of Beatrice revolutionized the life of Dante. His case is typical. To-day throughout all Christendom men are being strangely and wondrously affected by the sanctity of the home, the worship of God, the anthem, the voice of the preacher.

There is an unrealized self in every man. Now and then we catch gleams of our better life. They come to us in stray, sacred moments as prospects caught a few times from some lofty mountain altitude—the vision of that other being, that self buried deep within us, that cries out now and then for freedom, for a larger, truer, nobler, divine life.

William Watson tells us what it is in these lines:
As some most pure and lovely face,
Seen in the thronged and hurrying street,
Sheds o'er the world a sudden grace,
A flying odor sweet,
Then passing leaves the cheated sense,
Balked with a phantom excellence.

So in our souls the visions rise,
Of that fair life we never led,
They flash a splendor past our eyes,
We start and they are fled,
They pass and leave us with blank gaze,
Resigned to our ignoble days.

These words are heart-thrilling. They are a mockery and a judgment. Yea, but they are also an inspiration and a prophecy. Every man may live this better life. Not in any ascetic, monastic scheme, which ties up our days and our souls in a straight waistcoat, but in an alliance, a working compact between our souls and God.

Two young men came to this city from a western town. One of them had felt the narrow limitations of his boyhood. He thought, well as a man passes through this world but once, and he will be a long time dead, he might as well have his fling and see what there is in life, so he shunned the good people. He had seen enough of them at home. He visited the haunts of sin. Well, he has had his fling, his face and his eyes tell the tale.

The other young man came with the determination not only to make the best of his opportunities, but also, as Jean Paul Richter said: "To make as much out of himself as it is possible to make out of the stuff." He put himself in touch with the best associations, yes, he went to the church and was encouraged in his purpose. The passing years have witnessed not only his material success, but also his growth in manhood. He paid attention to what was best.

The difference between these two young men consisted simply in the different voices to which they responded. One responded to the highest, the other to the lowest. One endeavored to

THE Popular Pulpit

OUR BETTER SIDE.

By Rev. Dr. William C. Stinson.

Whatever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Philippians 4:8.

These words are an appeal to the best in human nature. In every man there is an angel and a demon; tendencies toward right, inclinations toward the wrong. There is no man so thoroughly bad that some good may not be found in him. There is no man so truly good that he is without imperfections. Every once in a while we say of a man that there is no good in him whatsoever. But that judgment is rather an expression of our attitude toward him than a real estimate of his character.

A Christmas card was in circulation last year which read: "There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it does not behoove any of us to talk about the rest of us."

We frequently speak of the fixity of character, but almost every passing hour our consciousness is undergoing change. The mechanism of thought, feeling, purpose, is one of stupendous variability. One hour we are under the influence of one set of emotions, the next hour these emotions are succeeded by an entirely different group of sensations.

In a sense we are all victims of the clock and the man of the morning and the man of the evening, while one and the same man, yet are two different men. On the purely spiritual side there is even a deeper mystery. Over the lives of the majority of men living within the confines of Christendom the Sabbath day casts something of its spiritual influence. There is some elevation of soul, some thought Godward, however slight, on the Sabbath.

Our liability to change under some influence from without is enormous, incalculable. A single glance at the face of Beatrice revolutionized the life of Dante. His case is typical. To-day throughout all Christendom men are being strangely and wondrously affected by the sanctity of the home, the worship of God, the anthem, the voice of the preacher.

There is an unrealized self in every man. Now and then we catch gleams of our better life. They come to us in stray, sacred moments as prospects caught a few times from some lofty mountain altitude—the vision of that other being, that self buried deep within us, that cries out now and then for freedom, for a larger, truer, nobler, divine life.

William Watson tells us what it is in these lines:
As some most pure and lovely face,
Seen in the thronged and hurrying street,
Sheds o'er the world a sudden grace,
A flying odor sweet,
Then passing leaves the cheated sense,
Balked with a phantom excellence.

So in our souls the visions rise,
Of that fair life we never led,
They flash a splendor past our eyes,
We start and they are fled,
They pass and leave us with blank gaze,
Resigned to our ignoble days.

These words are heart-thrilling. They are a mockery and a judgment. Yea, but they are also an inspiration and a prophecy. Every man may live this better life. Not in any ascetic, monastic scheme, which ties up our days and our souls in a straight waistcoat, but in an alliance, a working compact between our souls and God.

Two young men came to this city from a western town. One of them had felt the narrow limitations of his boyhood. He thought, well as a man passes through this world but once, and he will be a long time dead, he might as well have his fling and see what there is in life, so he shunned the good people. He had seen enough of them at home. He visited the haunts of sin. Well, he has had his fling, his face and his eyes tell the tale.

The other young man came with the determination not only to make the best of his opportunities, but also, as Jean Paul Richter said: "To make as much out of himself as it is possible to make out of the stuff." He put himself in touch with the best associations, yes, he went to the church and was encouraged in his purpose. The passing years have witnessed not only his material success, but also his growth in manhood. He paid attention to what was best.

The difference between these two young men consisted simply in the different voices to which they responded. One responded to the highest, the other to the lowest. One endeavored to

HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

NEARER HOME.

By Phoebe Cary.

(The sisters Alice and Phoebe Cary were well known to an earlier generation for their literary work, chiefly of a poetical character. Phoebe was born near Cincinnati, Sept. 24, 1826; afterward she removed to New York. She died at Newport, R. I., July 31, 1871. This is the only example of her work found in the hymn books, and even this was not written for a hymn. It appeared as a poem in a different form in 1852 and the present meter was not adopted until 1869. Since then the song has been generally used and counted as a favorite both for church services and for home and individual use.)

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
Nearer my home, to-day, am I
Than e'er I've been before.
Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer to-day the great white throne
Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.
But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home—
Nearer than now I think.
Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

bring out the best, the other stifled and smothered the best.

My appeal to every young man who reads these words is: Overcome the lethargy and tyranny which holds you down to your lower self. Bring out the angel that is within you.

THE BOY PROBLEM.

By Bishop Samuel Fallows.

Between the ages of 12 and 18 years the average boy is a very uncertain quantity. He does not know what to do with his hands, his feet, his head or his heart. It is a perilous period. The physician, the clergyman, the teacher, the sociologist as well as the parent find abundant material at this time in his life to engage their most thoughtful attention.

The home is pre-eminently the place where not only the beginning but the shapings of life are to be determined. This will be seen from a moment's glance at the facts in the case in relation to the home and the school. For every hour the average American boy is under school influence he is eleven hours under home influence. That is, while he spends 3,600 hours with the teacher in his entire school life the parent is directly responsible for 39,600 hours.

It is a tremendous responsibility. One-tenth of the boy for good or bad may be charged to heredity and nine-tenths to environment. John Locks stated this truth from the viewpoint of philosophy. Our ablest phenologists state it from the viewpoint of experimental observation.

Clearly, then, the home should afford the best possible surroundings for the boy. Father and mother should be united in the boy's training and never should be at cross purposes. Home for him should be an earthly paradise, the most attractive spot on earth. Infinite patience, unwavering love, unflinching sympathy conjoined with firmness should enter into the development of his character.

Short Meter Sermons.

Habit is our heaven or our hell.
The heartless are spiritually homeless.

Love of the law finds liberty in the law.

The way to keep friends is to keep faith.

The heaviest chains are made from liberties abused.

The sleeping church always awakes to shame.

Scratch a chronic critic and you find a hypocrite.

He cannot move hearts whose heart cannot be moved.

A moonshiny religion does not make a sunshiny world.

He who must be goaded to do right is going to do wrong.

A worthy life is impossible without a worthy motive.

The worst punishment of sin is that one learns to love it.

You never know what is in a man until he gets in a minority.

Eloquence has a tendency to act as an evaporator for religion.

The bread of life is never on the lips of the bread and butter preacher.

The best point in a sermon is that which pierces your self-satisfaction.

The only good that really is good for any is that which works good for all.

AMERICA'S COTTON CROP.

Great Industry in Which Uncle Sam Heads the World.

America occupies the premier position with regard to the production of cotton, and not only has the industry itself increased to a gigantic scale but the financial side has also developed into an highly complex organism.

In New York the Cotton Exchange is a striking sight. "A hundred men, more or less, are massed around a brass-railed ring, all shouting figures. You who stand in the visitors' gallery, looking down and listening, hear the battle cry of the New York Cotton Exchange. The shouting dealers and brokers on the floor are warriors of the field of the cloth of cotton. They are soldiers of King Cotton, and cotton it is that they are buying and selling. Every few minutes a bell rings, calling attention thus to a blackboard on which is posted the latest quotation, or cotton price, from Liverpool. In such matter it is as if the Liverpool and New York cotton exchanges were on opposite sides of the same street—such is the magic of the ocean



NEW MECHANICAL COTTON-PICKER.

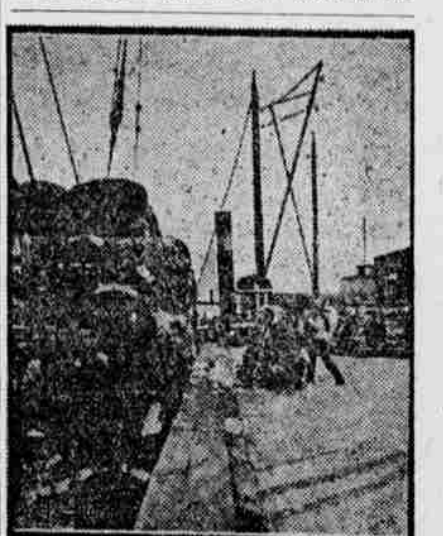
cable. With each ring of the bell there is more shouting, then friendly smiles, and a scribbling on little pads. Such is life five and a half days a week around that brass rail—the cotton "pit."

In the Southern States every cotton township has its local cotton exchange fitted with numerous telephones so that cotton farmers can follow the movements of the market. The actual cotton crop for the year ended Aug. 31, 1905, aggregated 13,641,471 bales, which was a large advance on the 10,054,957 bales for a similar period in 1903-4; 60 per cent of this enormous harvest is shipped to Europe.

Numerous devices have been invented to take the place of hand labor in gathering the cotton crop; with one exception, however, all of these have proved failures. The principal defect has been that the machines would harvest the immature as well as mature cotton as the cotton does not ripen with any uniformity. During the last harvesting season, however, a machine was employed in several of the Southern States which proved to be a decided improvement over the ordinary hand method; by its means only the ripe cotton was picked, the other plants being untouched. The machine is driven and propelled by an ordinary gasoline engine of eight horse-power. The cotton is gathered by an endless series of teeth fixed to revolving bands working inside the square cases (eight in number), which are shown being directed by the operators. Any leaves or impurities are blown away by fans, and the cotton is stored in the four bags hanging from the upper part of the mechanism.

A by-product of cotton-growing is just now enjoying a boom. Europe has become an enormous cotton-seed oil consumer, and export sales have been recently progressing in New York at the

rate of 2,000 barrels per day. Cotton-seed oil is now recognized as an important article of food, replacing olive oil, lard, and butter in many forms of cooking and table use. Its consumption equals and the demand exceeds the entire production of the Southern States, where cotton is grown. At the cotton-seed mills in the South the seed is scraped by machinery and the lint baled for the market. The shells are made into potash.



SHIPPING COTTON AT BROOKLYN.

rate of 2,000 barrels per day. Cotton-seed oil is now recognized as an important article of food, replacing olive oil, lard, and butter in many forms of cooking and table use. Its consumption equals and the demand exceeds the entire production of the Southern States, where cotton is grown. At the cotton-seed mills in the South the seed is scraped by machinery and the lint baled for the market. The shells are made into potash.

Birds of a Feather.

Mouquin—How do you like the weather these days?

Beauford—Exceedingly disagreeable.

Mouquin—And how is your wife?

Beauford—The same, thank you.—Le Rire.