

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

C. F. SOULE, Publisher

TOLEDO.....OREGON

Says a woman: "I care not who does the thinking so long as I am permitted to do the talking."

Lincoln Steffens is looking for a model city. It is a pleasure to refer him to the New Jerusalem.

Is married love an illusion? Not so long as the grocer and the butcher understand that everybody is prosperous.

King Leopold thinks he is a much abused man. He ought to be thankful that there is no international whipping-post.

Sir Thomas Lipton speaks in high praise of the American hotels. This may be accepted as a sure sign that he is coming back.

A New York man who lived on 35 cents a day left a fortune of \$200,000. His heirs will doubtless agree that he is better off dead.

The man who cut off his right hand because it offended him, it is needless to say, was a Bible reader who accepted all statements literally.

A Cincinnati church congregation has decided to pay the pastor's wife a monthly salary. Hereafter there ought to be no buttons missing from his clothes.

One of the dramatists threatens to write a play around the fuel famine in the Northwest. It is a safe guess that the villain will have a beard and be bald-headed.

Even the heroine who by waving her red petticoat saved the fast express from destruction has had to give up her pass. Thus do the sins of the unjust fall upon the just.

The Chinese, it is said, make it a point of honor to pay all their debts on the first day of January. That's the day we begin inventing new excuses for not paying ours.

A French professor says he is following up clues that will reveal to him the mystery of the creation of plant life. He followed up a strong scent when he chased down the onion.

"Don't cheer, boys," plaintively exclaims the New York World, "poor 'thru' is dying!" Still, let us not mourn. It was too feeble and deformed to have withstood the buffeting of this rude world.

Some statistician has found that burglars stole from the various banks in this country during the past year a total of \$4,127. He, of course, refers only to the thieves who broke in from the outside to do their stealing.

Although said to be "richer than Rockefeller," Mr. Weyerhaeuser seems to be permitted to pursue the even tenor of his way, principally because he refrains from lecturing his fellow-men on how to be happy though struggling for a living.

"Veterans of industry." A pretty phrase and prettily employed. It is what the Danes call the old people of good record who are forced to apply to the authorities for help. No shame attaches to such application; no ignoble dependence, corrosive of self-respect, attends the life which follows. Such a person enters the home as a sort of government pensioner.

Dreadful stories are told about the Czar Nicholas suffering nervous prostration, but there is not a syllable of well-authenticated evidence that the numerous assassinations of the Russian terrorists have ameliorated in any way the condition of the Russian people. The only effect seems to be the adoption of sterner and still sterner repressive measures. Assassination is something that people seem to get habituated to so that they do not mind it.

In the library of the Navy Department is a vast quantity of valuable documents waiting for the man who shall write the history of the American navy. Here are many unpublished letters of officers and secretaries and all manner of technical information about the growth of the battleship and the development of naval ordnance. Captain Mahan, the greatest authority in the world on naval history, has said that he is too old to begin the work. Perhaps it will not be begun, perhaps all that material will lie untouched, until some one of our young readers is grown up and competent to do justice to the subject.

Never in the history of education was there such a frenzy among educators to add courses of study in the public schools as to-day. That has had

the natural effect of physical and mental injury to childhood which it is now the desire to overcome. Educators have found that little bodies and little brains succumb to the strain the theorists have put upon them and the public school gymnasium is the result. Children instinctively resort to the kind of physical exercise best suited to them if they are allowed to play out in the open air. This is the very best bodily training they can have. If the modern educators would not require so much home study of the children the latter would not need physical culture during school hours. But this appears to be entirely overlooked in present-day systems.

Tragically appropriate as the climax to a year of appalling railroad mortality was the catastrophe of Dec. 30, 1906, wherein more than fifty passengers were killed. The explanation was the usual one, with which the traveling public is expected to be meekly content. The night was foggy and there was a mistake in the signals. Hence the collision. The much praised block system lends itself too readily to mistaken signals, with their grim sequel of lives sacrificed. Safeguards that do not safeguard are coming to be a pretty costly and gruesome farce. "Operating efficiency" is a bragword with the American railroad magnate, and it is true that, as factories for concentrated profits, our railroad systems have reached a wonderful perfection, equalled only by their achievements as a universal juggernaut, says Ridgway's. With grain rotting on the ground in the Northwest for lack of shipping facilities, with half a dozen States freezing for coal while cars for the carrying of that commodity are tangled in extricable confusion, with high railroad officials bawling out explanations that explain nothing, and excuses that a schoolboy could excel for inventiveness, with the slaughter of helpless passengers going on day after day, the present methods of operation as devised and controlled by the "master minds" of railroading are matter, not for glorification, but for mourning and repentance.

Didn't it sound as though the father were speaking through the son? To an eager Sunday school class in Cleveland John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said: "You should thank God that you have to struggle along for your daily bread and thus avoid the temptations and responsibilities that the possession of wealth creates or produces." If the young and wise Mr. Rockefeller thinks poverty is such a blessing why, in the name of all the saints at once, doesn't he try to get rid of the more than just proportion of the world's money which he possesses? If wealth is such a curse why is he training himself to add to the inordinately large holdings of his family? The trouble with young Mr. Rockefeller is that he is trying to ape his father and with long drawn face and sanctimonious deprecation deride the possession of wealth while bending all his energies to add to his golden store. How does the young Mr. Rockefeller know it is more blessed to be poor than rich? If he imagines the squalor of the garret is preferable to the luxury of a mansion why doesn't he try it for a while? If he can find more joy in gnawing tough flank steak than porterhouse smothered with mushrooms, why doesn't he order flank steak from his butcher? Of all the mushy talk about the sorrows of riches and the joys of poverty the Rockefellers deal out the mushiest. Poverty is not a crime and it's a long way from being a blessing. We are all—that is, if we are worth the powder to blow us up with—striving to escape from its gaunt clutches and lay up a competence for old age and for our children. We are striving to earn a little more and save a little more to-day than we did yesterday. We want our children to be better dressed than we were in our boyhood days. And up and down this sad old earth there isn't a normal man or woman who would not gladly forsake the Rockefeller theory of joy in poverty for the temptations and responsibilities that the possession of great wealth produces.

Baffled but Determined.

While Mr. Graham calmly and deliberately opened the morning paper and ran his eye over the headlines, his wife looked volumes of reproach and impatience.

"Can't you tell me about that fire yesterday, before you read everything else in the paper?" she asked, at last.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," said Mr. Graham, when she had repeated her question. "Er—here it is:

"At 4:30 yesterday afternoon the great boiler at Stafford's burst. The scene which followed baffled all description."

"Is that all it says?" demanded Mrs. Graham, as her husband's eye seemed inclined to wander over the page.

"No," said Mr. Graham; "there are three full columns of description on this page, and it says 'continued on page six.'"

A woman talks about herself—or about some other woman.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

RIISING GENERATION GOING ASTRAY.

By Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.



REV. DR. HILLIS.

Society is cursed with young men and women who are driven by every wind and tossed. I would as soon think of anchoring an ocean liner to a fog bank instead of a rock as to anchor a reform, a useful club, a great movement or church to their lives and leadership. You never know what their politics is, because you do not know what man called on them last night. When you find out their view on any public question you may know what newspaper they have read ten minutes before. There is much foliage at the top, but no roots at the bottom. They talk fair before dinner on one side of the question, but after dinner they talk fair on the other side. They are the victims of the last book they read. Any faddist can come along and get hold of their ear, and in one hour's time change their religion, their politics, their philosophy—their anything! Not an adventurer in philosophy or religion but can pick their pockets in five minutes of all the convictions of their fathers.

Great were our fathers—they were Puritans. We will not betray their faith, their honor, their consecration to liberty and justice. Our fathers also were scholars. They loved literature, founded schools of learning, enriched libraries; we will not desert the higher education or put things before thoughts, wealth before manhood, possessions before life. O, all ye young hearts, swear fealty to the faith of your fathers. Remember that the greatness of the Victorian epoch in England and the golden era of scholarship in the republic were eras of seriousness of purpose. It is the serious note that lent beauty and strength to the canvas of Watt, to the poems of Tennyson, the essays of Emerson, and the eloquence of our statesmen. And whenever the serious note departs, the glory will leave our colleges and our halls of learning. The work of this generation must be one with the work of our fathers.

WOMAN'S POWER OVER MAN OVERRATED.

By Helen Oldfield.



There are few things which more generally are overrated than the influence which women exert upon men. That it is great none can deny. That in many cases it has changed the destiny of men, the fate of nations, is matter of history. Nevertheless it is not universal, neither is it all-powerful, nor yet can it be depended upon as sure to exist, still less to endure the vicissitudes of time and circumstance. The woman who marries a man, fondly imagining that by means of his love for her she will be able to mold him according to her own ideas, makes, in 99,999 times out of 100,000, a great and often a disastrous mistake. Comparatively few women are possessed of hypnotic power over even the men who are in love with them, and usually a man who not only can be subdued but dominated by feminine influence is of too unstable a quality to retain the impression in its strength when the controlling presence is removed.

Tradition and custom since the beginning of time have prescribed that the man shall be the head of the family. It was part of the doom pronounced upon Eve and her

daughters that, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee," and ever since in the vast majority of cases, excepting during the period of courtship, and often then, it has been the woman who has striven hardest to please the man, who has sought to mold herself according to his ideal, to conform to his standard in all things. Rudyard Kipling says: "Men speak the truth as they understand it, women as they think men would like to understand it; then they all act lies which would deceive Solomon, and the result is a heartrending muddle which half a dozen plain, open words would put straight." "As the husband is the wife is." Of course, there are exceptions, but in the main there never was truer word spoken.

Among the pungent aphorisms in a clever brochure recently published "About Men, Women and Fools," is this: "Never marry a man to reform him. Reform him first, and then don't marry him."

IMITATORS SELDOM MAKE MONEY.

By John A. Howland.



Money-making is a keynote of the times. Any method of any man showing markedly successful results in money-making will command a million imitators in a day. In almost any other world of endeavor imitation is frowned upon. The artist and the professional man are frowned upon in a moment because of imitating. One woman may be holding a lasting grudge against her friend for attempting to wear bonnet or gown in imitation of her original. But in the field of money-making imitation continues to be the "sincerest flattery," accepted with a smile by the one whose methods are to be copied. In general, however, the man imitated in his money-making methods can afford to smile. Already he has proved his judgment and has reaped the ready returns upon it. He may have exhausted the possibilities of that particular line. Or, all else favorable to the imitator, this successful one has a wide margin of chance that in his hurry to fall into line of imitation the imitator has missed the true principles at bottom of the speculation.

Take any farming community where the simplest lines are laid for the local business world. In a certain section perhaps no wheat has been sown for years; no potatoes planted, perhaps; any one of a dozen crops has been neglected in the planting until the neighborhood has forgotten the staple. But suddenly some one sets aside a field for one of these neglected crops and plants it. Only an idle interest is attracted, though the planter may have expended his best judgment upon crop reports, markets, and the chances of a favorable season. Not till all of these have been realized in a great harvest at top prices, however, does the spirit of imitation spring up over the neighborhood. It will be too late for that season's venture, but in the following year the adventuring farmer may count upon scores of followers in this line, whereas he himself has dropped the idea for another.

In the same degree, with far greater complications, the imitator of financial methods in the cities is led astray. Not until some one has made some notably successful venture in a certain line is attention attracted. Yet in all probability before he has made his first move as an imitator the man whose example he is trying to follow has switched to an altogether different field of operations!

AN OAK OF JOURNALISM.

Col. Henry Watterson, Editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Twenty-five years have wrought a great change in Henry Watterson, as well as in the occupation to which he has devoted his life. Marse Henry was a potent factor in that potential journalism which did more to mold public sentiment after the Civil War, during the reconstruction period and even in the campaign of 1880, in which Garfield was saved from defeat by Conkling, than the platforms of parties and the utterances of orators. These latter were but the echoes of the policies which the great editors outlined, and of these molders of public thought none was more influential in Democratic politics a quarter of a century ago than Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal. He was a giant of the era of political editors. He was aflame with enthusiasm when the sanctum was the heart and vitals of the paper, when the editorial end of the publication retained an influence in public affairs which has largely descended to the counting-room since the commercialism of newspapers has come upon the land. Profit was not the primary consideration with editors of the Watterson stamp.

To-day Watterson still writes. Now and then some utterance of his rings like a bugle blast across the country, and the populace sits up and hearkens. But the virility which once marked his editorials has vanished and, as a rule, they sound like an echo out of the past. Watterson is still courageous, still picturesque, but the age is fast slipping away from him and the journalism of our day is not of his own. Would that his wit, his imagination, his emotion might be perpetuated!

Watterson has been a militant editor. He was born in politics and reared in politics. His father, a Jeffersonian Democrat, occupied a seat in Congress when Henry was born. The child was frail, with one eye useless and the other so weak that much of the time he was kept in darkness. His early education was obtained by others reading to him. But as he matured his physique improved and his sight was strengthened. When he was able to read he began to devour with avidity

all sorts of standard literature, and for years he has been one of the best-read men in the country in history, biography and poetry. He also studied politics and as a boy knew every public man in Washington. At 15 he was regarded as a prodigy, and at 18 he became musical critic for a daily newspaper. At 20 he was editing a newspaper in Tennessee which defended the Union cause, but when the maelstrom of the Confederacy engulfed him he rushed into the Confederate army and became a scout. Even then the lust of writing was in his blood and he began to issue a paper called The Rebel,



COL. HENRY WATTERSON.

which was a unique institution. It was peripatetic, moving about as the Union armies came into range. Usually a covered wagon was the editorial sanctum, press and composing room. On one occasion the forms were already made up, chronicling a Confederate victory in the engagement which had taken place that day, when the tide of battle turned and before the forms could go to press the Union army was routing the Confederates. Watterson abandoned his "office," and when the Federals rushed in and seized it the artillery used the type which had been employed to describe a Confederate victory by loading it into their cannon and firing it at the retreating army. Type was scarce in those days and it was not until several months later, when a Confederate detachment raided a Union town on the border that Watterson's stock was replenished.

At the end of the war Watterson went to Louisville and was associated with George D. Prentice on the Courier-Journal, after he had forced that brilliant product of journalism into capitulation by establishing a rival paper. In those days papers like the Courier-Journal, the Chicago Times, the New York Sun and the New York Tribune were synonymous with their editors. Prentice, Watterson, Story, Dana, Greeley and others of their type were always alluded to when the papers were quoted. Prentice died and Watterson became a greater force. For thirty years he ran the composing room as well as the editorial department of his paper, and the politics of Kentucky at the same time. He was the arch-partisan, the fiery free-trader who manufactured doctrine for the other free-trade editors to reproduce in their columns. He also made many public speeches on the labor platform at the dinner table and elsewhere, and always was the spectacular, grandiloquent performer. He served a term in Congress, was influential in bringing about reconstruction, fought the Ku Klux Klan, supported Greeley and was the first prominent Democrat to go to Louisiana when hints of fraud against Tilden were set afloat. He counseled peace and moderation during that perilous situation and was influential in preserving peace. He became the chum of Cleveland, quarreled with him and called him some of the most memorable names ever attached to this much-dubbed President. He assailed Bryan in 1896, organized the Gold-Democrat movement, and then turned around and supported Bryan and Parker in 1900 and 1904.

In his general attitude toward life Colonel Watterson is an Epicurean. He lives freely, and cares little for money, which he spends when he has it and when he hasn't. His income has always been large, but his savings small. He can make thousands every season on the platform, where he is in constant demand, and indeed is one of the most attractive of speakers.

Occasionally a woman makes her husband ridiculous by treating him in public as a woman treats an only child.