

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO..... OREGON

There will always be plenty to do in the uplift line.

A combination of dyeing concerns is talked of. Can't they, when independent, make a living dyeing?

After long study Mrs. Russell Sage has hit upon a sage way in which to expend a \$10,000,000 charity fund.

A scientist declares that in a few more centuries the red-headed girl will disappear. What will become of the white horses?

There's one good thing about egg-shell cars. Passengers who are not pinned down can generally find plenty of holes to crawl through.

Professor Jenks of Cornell says it is possible for an honest man to get rich. Still, it is to be feared that the short cut will continue popular.

Brander Matthews has been honored by France, besides having a Carnegie hero medal coming to him for starting the new peekaboo style of spelling.

A man gave hunger as an excuse for stealing forty loaves of bread. Naturally the court did not understand how a man could be as hungry as that.

The man who was jilted by a woman who spent \$20,000 a year on her dresses should swallow his grief and make his fortune by marrying her dressmaker.

In a recent raid on a gambling den a man named Pizymvzaskavitch managed to escape. It is supposed he hung his name out of the window and slid down.

A French colonel declares that "suicide is desertion." The two acts are certainly equally effective when a man can't bear to live with his wife any longer.

A statistician asserts that the average woman carries from forty to sixty miles of hair on her head. But that isn't a circumstance to the notions she carries in her head.

The Czar is advocating an income tax for Russia, although, as far as can be learned, the only people with incomes in Russia are the bomb manufacturers and undertakers.

The Rev. Herbert R. Bigelow says that men who deny women the right to vote are barbarians. We have heard that they are even worse than that, being nothing short of nasty, mean things.

In New Mexico an alleged gold mine has turned out to be nothing more than a natural cave, with no gold in it. Still, that's some better than the gold mine that exists only on stock certificates.

The King of Italy and John D. Rockefeller are said to be the world's greatest coin collectors. But the former is collecting only the rarest kind, while the latter collects all he can get his hands on.

It is said "the most talkative woman in the world lives in Chicago." But perhaps you have in mind some woman who could give her a close race for the championship and two-thirds of the gate receipts.

Mr. Rockefeller considers himself "a trustee to God for all his great wealth." Let's see, it is Baer who represents Providence in the coal fields, and Harry Thaw claims to have had a divine mission to kill Stanford White. Most of us should be thankful if our mission is simply to be good.

A woman in a typewriting contest in Paris recently won a victory by writing sixteen thousand five hundred words in four hours. A man wrote seventeen thousand words, but he made so many mistakes that he was ruled out. An American woman has surpassed the Frenchwoman's record, for in the ordinary course of business she once wrote ten thousand five hundred words in two and a half hours, and made three copies as she went along.

Whenever you are tempted to growl against fate or complain of your lot just look around and find out what others are bearing. You will find many men with more brains and better education worse off than you are. Then compare your lot with that of such men and if you don't quit complaining and go in for rejoicing there's something radically wrong with your mental balance. When an obstacle gets in your way don't waste time and energy in complaining about it. If you can't push it out of your path get over it, under it or around it any way you can—and leave the obstacle behind you. The

second obstacle will not appear half as big if you get past the first.

The problem of poverty has been pretty thoroughly studied in this generation. Without pretending to intimate that all is known that can be known or that wisdom will die with us, yet it appears pretty clear that one of the worst possible means of attacking the poverty problem is to give great sums of money to the poor. The right aim of society is justice and not charity. Charity is always to be regarded as a palliative, as an attempt to render some measure of equity where the ordinary processes—that is to say, the system of society at that time in vogue—have failed. The Socialists and dreamers imagine vainly that the only factor in the failure to distribute the benefits of society is the thing called a frame of government or the collective thing called the fabric of society, whereas the greatest factor contributing to the failure is human nature and the inherent defects of individuals.

On the so-called "race suicide" question there is a good deal of loose talk and generalizing without knowledge. Professor E. A. Ross' article on civilization and the birth rate in a recent issue of a sociological periodical is one of the many illustrations of how not to treat the question. It is apparently based on a few facts and cavalier disregard of all facts that are adverse to the theory held by the author. It is easy, on the one hand, to say that the restriction of the size of the family is due to selfishness, love of pleasure, shirking of the duties and responsibilities of life, lack of moral courage. It is equally easy, on the other hand, to argue that restriction is both a symptom of progress, material and physical, and a cause of it. Professor Ross cheerfully assumes that all those who hate famine, vice, ignorance, pauperism and disease hall the decline of the birth rate, while those who deplore it he consigns to such categories as "mystics, clerics, sentimentalists, militarists, capitalists." Now any man of average experience and intelligence is aware that the restriction of the size of the family is neither necessarily a blessing nor necessarily a curse to society. He knows of instances where the restriction is undoubtedly the result of unworthy motives, and he also knows of cases where there is too little rather than too much thought of restriction. In England two attempts have been made to get at the facts—all the facts—of the birth rate in a really scientific manner. A report on the subject was issued some time ago by the mathematical department of the London University. That report showed that the restriction was practiced "at the wrong end." The rate is low for the superior, the thrifty, the educated and prosperous; it is not low for the morally and socially inferior classes. The evidence showed, according to the report, that "the birth rate of the more capable stocks was decreasing relatively to the mentally and physically feeble stocks." The families were largest where the conditions of life were least favorable, and smallest where the opportunities for healthy growth were ample. The London Fabian Society made a careful inquiry into the same subject and reported that, while the rich boroughs of London showed for a given year 2,004 births per 10,000 of population, the intermediate boroughs showed rates between 2,362 and 2,400, while the poorest boroughs had a rate of 3,078, or 50 per cent more than in the rich quarters. Professor Ross puts the cart before the horse when he assumes that restriction will give us healthier and better offspring, and that economic pressure is responsible for it. He forgets to ask where the restriction is practiced as a rule.

Dreyfus' Heroic Wife.

Oh, that poor dream of the wife who should meet him with outstretched arms. She was there, indeed, in that somber old city, Rennes; but as he suffered, she, too, was to suffer. If, among all the personages of this tragic drama, one was worthy of all respect, that one was Lucie Dreyfus. During five years she had borne her suffering with noble dignity; her faith had never wavered; she had hidden from her children all knowledge of the awful tragedy; you had thought there could go out to her only pity and admiration. Ah, you do not know how fierce a hatred burned in France, in those days. Madame Dreyfus was turned away from every hotel in Rennes. Not one would take this poor wife in—her name was Dreyfus. The old woman who finally gave her house-room was stoned and hooted in the streets. And all this night of the "traitor's" return a mob hung round her doors or drank in a tavern over the way, shouting the while a song of "Death to the Jews!"—Success Magazine.

The Kind They Fool.

He—Some girls are awfully conceited.
She—Why?
He—They'll brag about making a fool of a man that was never anything else.—Detroit Free Press.

MODERN BUCCANEERS of the PACIFIC

Despite laws, cables and warships, adventurers continue piracy in the South Seas.

Within a few weeks the Pacific has yielded two stories of pirates, at a time when piracy was generally believed to have become one of the lost professions. Developments have shown that the black flag, metaphorically speaking, still flies over craft in the Pacific Ocean, although the times of those captivating gentry who scoured the Spanish Main of the Atlantic have indeed passed away forever.

Compared with the Pacific Ocean, the Atlantic is a narrow body of water, but the Pacific, the romantic old South Sea famed for financial "bubbles" and for the adventures who have sought it for their country's good, is almost boundless in its extent. The combined navies of the world could not properly police the great sea, and it has innumerable islands, charted and uncharted—spots of land which appear and disappear in the immense depth of its waters in the most erratic and unexpected manner.

But the commerce on the Pacific is considerable and constantly growing. Great ships, some of them the equal of the trans-Atlantic "greyhounds," with the regularity of a suburban train, ply between the continents. Rich materials, bullion, money, are coming and going in the ships. Millions of money are always being conveyed upon its waves. Here, then, is the scene prepared for the pirates. All that is necessary is the buccaneer himself.

China the Lair of the Pirate.

He is there, too. Generally speaking, he is a Chinese. But there are men from the Occident willing "to take a chance" to turn the golden flood rolling their way.

Almost every port on the Pacific has its quota of adventurers. Most of them must have grown tired of their own names, for they use others, and usually their means of support are not ostentatious. These human wrecks are to be found from San Francisco to Sydney. The Hawaiian Islands are not free from their presence; they can be found upon the beach at Apia, but in the treaty ports of China they congregate in numbers.

At Shanghai is collected the flotsam and jetsam of the world. There are many mysterious Englishmen, Americans and others stranded there. The secret of their means of existence is shown occasionally in the consular police court. They keep dives, they league themselves with notorious natives in smuggling transactions, and now and then during a dispute with a Chinese whom they were endeavoring to cheat in a dubious business scheme somebody is murdered. The lawless, the embezzlers, the welters who have been forced to abandon connection with their home towns find a refuge in Shanghai, where "something always is turning up" for a man who rises superior to his conscience.

Hired to Ravage the Seas.

These modern buccaneers are "captains of industry." They organize raids, plan piracies, but it is the wily native who is entrusted with the execution of the schemes. Most of the master minds do not care to risk their precious lives, while there are plenty of disreputables in the native quarters willing for a few dollars in silver to cut a throat or lead an attack upon a liner. Some of the adventurers live by blackmail, others by giving tips to native pirates and robbers of where loot may be found.

Hongkong, Macao, Nagasaki and Singapore all have their quota of these cosmopolites. The Japanese seal pirates who were killed or captured by the United States revenue cutter McCulloch, while they were making a raid on the seal rookeries on St. Paul Island, one of the Aleutian chain, are said to have been organized by one of the most notorious of modern buccaneers, "Red," or Alexander, McLean, who has operated boldly in the Pacific for several years, and has been engaged in so many desperate enterprises that he has been nicknamed "the Sea Wolf."

"Red" McLean has all the qualities romance usually bestow upon its fictitious heroes. He is a tall, powerful man, with the figure of an athlete and the voice of a bull. He has the blackest of black hair, a heavy black mustache and piercing black eyes, which are small but magnetic. His specialty has been seal poaching, and to capture the fur-bearing amphibians he has sailed at different times under American, British and Mexican flags, thus effectively maintaining his anonymity. In his time he had been chased by cru-



ers, menaced by ruffians, threatened by gales, but he has the courage and abandon of a corsair. With a determination that nothing appears to be able to break, he has been operating in Bering Sea ever since the United States passed the act intended to preserve the seals from extinction.

Latest Act of Piracy.

In Chinese waters coastwise steamers are never safe from pirates. The latest act of piracy was the capture of the British steamer Salmam by Chinese, near Canton. The buccaneers murdered the Rev. Dr. Macdonald, four Indian watchmen, while the commander, Captain Joslin, was seriously wounded, and a Chinese named Ho was cut so badly that he had to be sent to Wuchow. As usual the band of pirates escaped, taking with them about \$4,000 and some ammunition.

The robbery was planned with great skill, and appears to have been organized by some one well acquainted with what was going on in the provincial treasury. In turn, some one connected with the pirates must have warned the provincial authorities.

In some manner the news that the Chinese provincial authorities intended to ship \$40,000 in silver by the Salmam leaked out, when the ship sailed from Canton. The specie was not aboard, for at the last moment it was withheld. However, some of the pirates took passage at Canton, others came on board at Kum Chuk and Kan Kong, and mixed with the other native passengers. While the ship was nearing Samohi, several long Chinese junks came alongside. When they tied up to the steamer, the pirates on board the Salmam made a signal for the uprising.

The uprising was ingeniously devised. There appeared to be a disturbance among the Chinese passengers on the lower deck. Four Indian watchmen on guard rushed forward to quell it, but as soon as they laid hands on the man who appeared to have been responsible, they were attacked by the pirates, who used revolvers and knives with rapidity and certainty.

In a few minutes the Salmam was in the hands of the Chinese, who began a systematic search for loot. They discovered the \$40,000 had not been placed on board, but they made off with all the money and valuables they could find, and broke open doors, windows, boxes, during their hunt for treasure. Then they all dropped over the side into the waiting junks and put off.

Captain Joslin, although seriously wounded, took charge of the ship and brought her into Canton. There he reported the attack, but the Chinese gunboats were tardy in leaving. The Chinese gunboat commanders always appear to fear they might catch the pirates. So the British river gunboat Moorhen was dispatched up the river, but, as usual, the pirates escaped.

But there are other kinds of buccaneers in the Pacific. These are the "blackbirders," the slavers which still continue in business among the islands in Polynesia, Micronesia and the scattered and unfrequented spots in the antipodes.

One of the most notorious of these blackbirders was a certain Captain Habernick of the schooner Samoa. The Samoa, about three years ago, captured about 1,200 natives on one of the islands in the Solomon group and sold them to work in Samoa. These islanders, while not sold into slavery as it once was practiced in this country and the West Indies, were practically slaves just the same. They are not slaves in one sense of the word, but their chance of being freed is very slight. They

are supposed to be hired for a term of three years. They are paid \$1.50 a month, but they have to take their wages in trade. The "blackbirder" gets \$5 a head for every laborer he obtains, and as he generally does a little legitimate freight carrying to disarm suspicion and to account for his frequent presence in these waters, there is a fair remuneration in the business.

Piracy in the Philippines.

About two years ago two officers of the Philippine constabulary, stationed at Misamis, Mindanao, started on a short-lived career of piracy which equals most anything in the pages of fiction. Captain Herman and Lieutenant Johnson were short in their accounts, and the day for auditing was close at hand. They had to get money somehow and decided to raise it in a good, old romantic fashion.

The steamer Victoria lay at anchor off the beach, and they decided to seize it and make for Borneo. Before embarking, they took what money was in the safe—about \$5,000—and ordered about fifteen of their men to accompany them. During the night this force rowed out to the Victoria and silently crept on board. The Spanish captain was awakened from his sleep by the cold barrel of a revolver stroking his face.

"We're off for Borneo, savvy," yelled Johnson in the drowsy man's ear, "and we want steam, and lots of it, and quick, too."

Of course, they got steam. The Victoria with black smoke curling from her funnels was soon under way. But the next morning the Spanish captain made known the fact that the ship had run out of coal. But a coastwise steamer hove into view, and running close, the pirates ordered their constables to fire a volley. The coaster hove to and was boarded. As a result all her spare coal was transferred to the Victoria.

But the Spanish captain outwitted the pirates. He found his story of no coal was met with a plentiful supply, taken from the held-up coaster, so with rare presence of mind he ran his vessel on a reef in such a manner that she was perfectly safe. Then he informed Herman and Johnson that he could not get her off of her dangerous position. In desperation, the pirates then left the vessel, having commandeered a native boat. They proceeded to Negros, where they lay waiting to be picked up by an Australian liner. But while they were waiting in the proa the proa-men who had been impressed into the pirates' service shot them. Johnson was killed and Herman, severely wounded, was captured.

A Dog Habit.

Have you ever thought why it is that a dog turns around and around when he jumps up on his cushion or starts to settle himself anywhere for a nap? Now that you are reminded you can recall that you have seen a dog do it many times, can't you? This habit is about all that is left to our tame little doggies of the days long ago, when they were a race of wild animals and lived in the woods. Their beds then were matted grass and leaves, and it was to trample enough grass and properly arrange the leaves that the dog always trod around a narrow circle before he would lie down. The dog of to-day keeps up the same old habit, although there is no longer any need for it, and of course the animal has no notion why he does it.

A Familiar Cry.

"Why can't you wait on me?" demanded the telephone girl.
"Busy now!" yelled the ribbon clerk with ill-concealed satisfaction.—Washington Herald.

A workman pushing a baby buggy along the streets at ten o'clock in the morning looks mighty shiftless.