

# LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO..... OREGON

Senators Platt and Depew must have a poor opinion of Senator Spooner.

A politician in Strathroy, Ont., was stepped on by a fast trotter. That was a horse on him.

One trouble with an insanity plea is that it can't always be stopped at a convenient place.

Mr. Harriman says everybody hates a successful man. Not if he keeps his foot off everybody's neck.

If Mr. Rockefeller had given his undivided attention to the accumulation of money, however, he might easily have been a rich man.

"Is it wise to let sleeping ancestors lie?" asks a Philadelphia paper. The trouble is the wide-awake descendants do all the lying nowadays.

There will be some real trouble in this country if two of the panics predicted by our great railroad men ever come together in a head-on collision.

Americans are said to be the most profane people in the world, but the man or woman who makes that assertion should be compelled to swear to it.

Edgar Saltus thinks everything on this earth will be properly adjusted by the year 3000. That's about the time Elijah Dowie is due back here, isn't it?

Mrs. Sage's \$10,000,000 gift to society is to be handled systematically. A great disappointment to persons who hoped it would be a case of go early and avoid the rush.

Persia has only one railroad, and it is but ten miles long. If Persia wishes to secure the services of an able railroad promoter we are willing to lend Harriman for an indefinite period.

A London preacher says he is "going to get the devil down and out of the Bible." The members of the Down and Out Club may as well prepare to receive another distinguished member.

Somebody recently paid \$2,000 for the original manuscript of a poem by Robert Burns. It came a little too late, however, to enable Bobby's publishers to make him one of the six best sellers.

A Colorado weather prophet who had predicted a blizzard committed suicide because sunshine came instead. The government would have trouble in the weather bureau all the time if this sort of thing were to become epidemic.

An Austrian military officer has written a pamphlet in which he expresses the opinion that it would be comparatively easy for Japan to smash things on our Pacific coast. While it would be foolish to ignore the dangers to which our Pacific coast might be exposed in case of war, we may as well remember that the Austrians thought Spain would be able to whip us without calling on any of her reserve forces.

It is the atmosphere that makes the sky look blue and the moon yellow. If we could ascend to an elevation of fifty miles above the earth's surface we should see that the moon is a brilliant white, while the sky would be black, with the stars shining as brightly in the daytime as at night. Furthermore, as a most picturesque feature of the spectacle, we should take notice that some of the stars are red, others blue, yet others violet, and still others green in color. Of course all of the stars (if we bar the planets of our own system) are burning suns and the hues they wear depend upon their temperature.

That we need a national song as an expression of patriotism is generally agreed, and the time will come that will produce one to answer all the requirements. What more fitting monument to any American composer than a song that would serve such a splendid purpose? Who can sit in an English audience and not be stirred when, as the strains of "God Save the King" float out from the orchestra, every man, woman and child rises in silent tribute? Or who can witness the demonstration which "Hell dir im Slegerkranz" creates in a gathering of Germans without a thrill? Men have gone down to welcome death with the words of "La Marseillaise" on their lips. By all means honor the memory of Francis Scott Key, but let us hail with joy the advent of some genius who will give us a better national song than "The Star-Spangled Banner."

There are some stories about John D. Rockefeller now going the rounds that are fakes pure and simple. For instance, a Washington story says that he is planning to give \$50,000,000 for

the purpose of lifting the Chinese in their own country to the plane of civilization of the American people. A New York story says that he is soon to give \$50,000,000 for educational and charitable purposes in that city. Another story from somewhere says that he is to will \$250,000,000 for educational purposes, etc. These stories are to be discounted considerably, if they are to be believed at all. In the first place, Mr. Rockefeller himself recently placed his wealth at \$300,000,000. If these tales are to be believed he is going to give it all away. That is not at all like John D. In the second place, when Mr. Rockefeller gives away money he places it in the hands of men whom he knows and whom he can trust. His acquaintance in China is very limited. In the third place John D. Rockefeller is too shrewd a man for a moment to calculate that \$50,000,000 will do very much toward the uplifting of the heathen Chinese. There are about 500,000,000 of them, which means ten cents apiece. Ten cents will not do very much uplifting. Finally, if John D. Rockefeller wills money for educational purposes, he will have the care and dispensation of it pretty definitely determined before his death. So far as is known, no one has been approached on the subject. That Mr. Rockefeller may have some plans in his mind is barely possible. Stories like the above, however, are circulated without authority, and undoubtedly have very little basis in fact. Mr. Rockefeller has given away a large sum of money already, and it might be just like him to conclude that he has given away enough.

In the maxims of a modern British satirist appears the epigram, "Those who can, do; those who cannot, teach." For "teach" might be substituted, in justice to the professional teacher, the words "criticize," "censure," "object" and "obstruct." President Roosevelt developed this idea in a recent address to Harvard students. He made plain reference to doctrinaire persons who meet in parlors, discuss conditions with no other evident purpose than to determine that conditions are bad, and who present to the men entrusted with public affairs no single workable idea. So few plans are drawn with entire perfection, so few men are completely and continuously competent, that almost any one of mediocre intelligence can find the faults in greater schemes than the fault-finder could begin to conceive or carry out, can point to the flaws in useful public servants beside whom the critic is a pygmy. The kind of critic that the President objects to is the habitually destructive kind. Neither the President nor any other man of action objects to the sort of criticism which presents a constructive idea, conceived in an honest desire to make things better. Such criticism is helpful. But when small groups of persons who warmly agree with each other issue manifestoes and resolutions which cannot guide the most open-minded man in a single act, they are unserviceable, and offensive to those who are trying to do the work of the world. Since Plato and Aristotle every critic of politics and art who has gained lasting authority has offered constructive advice, plans for doing things rather than strictures upon other men's plans. Lincoln, one of the most violently and persistently criticized of men, knew this simple test. He used frequently to meet unfair critics by asking them to come right to Washington and see what they could do. It is a test the critic should be willing to abide.

## SOME LONG-LIVED PROFESSIONS.

**Musical Composers and Men of Letters Reach a Sound Old Age.**  
The Psalmist's "three score years and ten" are not the average man's life, but are named as the average limit of those who arrived at a normal old age. The average life of men in various occupations appears in the appended table:

Years.	Years.
Rural lads... 45.32	Stone masons... 38.19
Carpenters... 45.28	Plumbers... 38.18
Domestics... 42.08	Mill operatives... 38.09
Bakers... 41.92	Blacksmiths... 37.96
Weavers... 41.92	Bricklayers... 37.70
Shoemakers... 40.87	Printers... 36.66
Tailors... 39.40	Clerks... 34.99
Hatters... 38.91	Av. population... 33.88

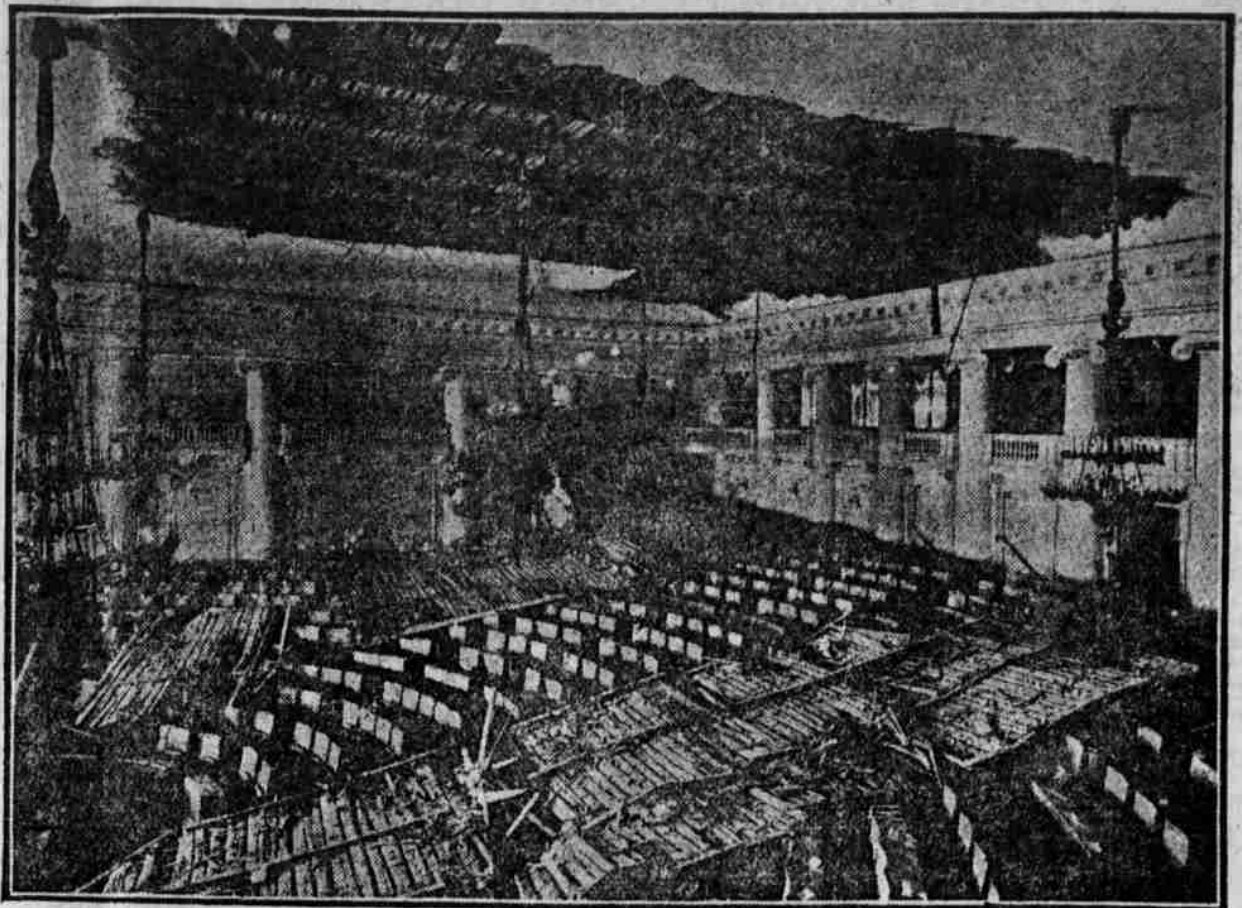
The figures just given cover most classes of non-professional work. Musical composers, however, are said to live longer than persons engaged in other occupations, in proof of which this eminent list has been prepared:

Auber... 98	Gluck... 73
Mosonyi... 88	Piccini... 72
Campra... 84	Gretry... 72
Cherubini... 82	Meyerbeer... 70
Rameau... 81	S. Bach... 65
Haydn... 77	Salvey... 63
Spontina... 77	Boldieu... 59
Rossini... 76	Beethoven... 57
Salleri... 76	Dalayrac... 55
Handel... 74	Lulli... 54
Paisiello... 74	Mehul... 54
Lesueur... 74	

With this as a basis, the average age of the musical composer would be about 71 years—approximately the biblical allowance.

Wise men labor while waiting for something to turn up.

## WRECK IN PALACE WHERE DOUMA MEETS.



The ceiling in the hall in the Tauride Palace, St. Petersburg, where the Douma meets, gave way and fell into the body of the chamber. Nearly 200 of the Deputies' seats were covered with planks and plaster and the fine chandelier was completely destroyed. Quite three-quarters of the ceiling collapsed. It is believed that the huge

ventilating apparatus fitted above the ceiling was too heavy for the beams. Had the accident happened during a sitting only the ministers, a few Polish Deputies, some members of the extreme right and the journalists would have escaped. The accident created a great sensation in Russia.

## WAITING.

Come to the hills, the woods are green—  
The heart is high when love is sweet—  
There is a brook that flows between  
Two mossy trees where we can meet;  
Where we can meet and speak unseen.

I hear you laughing in the lane.  
The heart is high when love is sweet—  
The clover smells of sun and rain,  
And spreads a carpet for our feet  
Where we can sit and dream again.

Come to the woods; the dusk is here—  
The heart is high when love is sweet—  
A bird upon the branches near  
Sets music to our hearts' glad beat—  
Our hearts that beat with something dear.

I hear your step; the lane is past—  
The heart is high when love is sweet—  
The little stars come bright and fast,  
Like happy eyes to see us greet;  
To see us greet and kiss at last.  
—Leslie's Weekly.

## Getting Ready

Jennie always spoke so casually about the collection toward her house-keeping outfit that every one accepted it as a matter of course.

It was when she was only 16 that Jennie's mother, finishing hemming the last of a dozen new napkins, remarked: "There! Those are ready to go into the chest." Questioning brought to light the further information that the chest was to be filled with things for Jennie.

"Of course she'll get married some day," said her mother, "and it's lots handier to be making things along instead of rushing at the last minute. I'm doing table linen now."

By the time Mrs. Markham had finished the set of kitchen towels and had begun on china every one took it without comment. When Jennie was 18 the chest was full and a big dry goods box was called into requisition to hold things. Not that Mrs. Markham was anxious for her daughter to marry and leave her. On the contrary, she often dropped a tear on a completed dolly or bureau scarf as she laid it with the rest of the collection. Adding things to Jennie's store grew to be a habit. Christmas gifts of an attractive nature were ruthlessly sacrificed to the box.

"That'll be nice when you have a house of your own," was the remark Jennie heard sung over numberless things snatched from her before she had a chance to use them at the moment.

All her friends knew about her collection and by the time Jennie left school the older women had begun to say it was lucky that Mrs. Markham had been so far-sighted, for in case anything did come of Ross Whipple's devotion to Jennie all her trousseau except mere clothes would be prepared.

Ross Whipple certainly had a bad case of young love. He haunted Jennie. All the other girls and boys of their age spoke of them as engaged. Their parents said they were too young, but Ross told his chums with glowering brow that he could wait years if he had to, while Jennie rehearsed to her envious intimates the contents of the chest. It was practically settled that Jennie's store of linen and china and knickknacks would come in very handy tolerably soon.

Then Ross went away to college and

in six months his affair with Jennie was broken off. He had fallen in love with a college-town girl.

Jennie bore up well. Perhaps the fact that young Lauderback was calling frequently assisted her to a satisfactory state of mind. Young Lauderback had a high brow and Jennie began to read thick books. Also she took to signing her name "Jane." She said it was more dignified.

Young Lauderback certainly had serious intentions, for he brought his mother and sister to call on Jennie and her mother and Jennie frequently was asked to the Lauderback home for Sunday night tea. Again people rehearsed the contents of the chest and the dry goods box and decided on what extra things Jennie could buy with the money which otherwise she would have had to spend for a bride's usual linen and household outfit.

Nobody ever quite knew what caused the trouble between Jennie and young Lauderback. She carried her head high for a time, while he looked depressed and blue. Before he recovered she was enjoying immensely the visit of a young doctor who had graduated in the same medical class with her brother. He was good-looking—and so was she. He had not been at the Markham home for a week before every one was talking about how desperately in love with each other they were.

"It was at first sight," said Mrs. Markham to her best friends. "Of course Jennie has had fancies like all



HER HOUSEKEEPING OUTFIT.

girls, but this is genuine. His father is rich. Not that that has anything to do with it, but he won't have to struggle. And I think that Jennie's outfit is good enough for any home that even he can give her."

Jennie was invited to visit the young doctor's family later and she went. She had a glorious time and came home to find her mother feverishly hemming a large tablecloth. "I thought you needed another three-yard one," she explained.

After Jennie had broken her engagement to the young doctor because she was tired of writing letters to him she went in for social-settlement work for a year or so. She came near marrying a professor of something or other

who had classes down there, but she changed her mind.

When Henry Smith, a confirmed bachelor, took to calling on Jennie Mrs. Markham cheered up again and hemmed a dozen more tea towels. But he drifted away without having committed himself.

"Anyhow," said Mrs. Markham, taking new comfort in the thought, "there isn't another girl who has the outfit you have."

The years sped on. Admirers were not so plentiful, but Mrs. Markham occasionally added a dolly to the store. The boxes were so full that there was no room for more linen. The friends of the family began to smile pityingly about Jennie's immense stock of household goods. Jennie was nearing 30.

Then of a sudden Jennie married a theatrical man. Now she travels with him everywhere, so she has not the remotest need of the contents of the chest and dry goods box in the attic at home. She lives at hotels the year round.

But Mrs. Markham hopefully turns over the pieces of linen and rubs up the china from time to time. She gets a great deal of comfort out of the fact that there's a fine household outfit all ready and waiting for Jennie if she ever should need it.—Chicago Daily News.

## What Words Can Do.

"Any one who swears," declared the bishop of Carlisle, "manifests the beggarliness of his vocabulary." The Concord Patriot puts it in this fashion:

"People swear because they do not know the possibilities of plain English or have not the skill to manipulate it so that it will yield the amount of fire they want. You can do almost anything with common words. No matter how tame and lifeless they looking standing in stupid rows as if they didn't know enough to come in when it rained, they can be made to dance like imps, to frolic like fairies, to float angelwise on light wings, to glow like fire spirits. They can do things that make the ordinary bits of profanity look like feeble scarecrows stiffened up with a fence stake. The cure for profanity—reformers and educators please make a note—is merely wit enough to handle your words so that swearing will seem like baby talk in comparison."

## When Blondin Was Afraid.

One of Blondin's favorite jokes was to offer to carry some distinguished spectator across the rope with him on his back. Everybody naturally refused, and the great equilibrist, with a general smile, would say, "I am sorry you are afraid I should drop you." But he was hoist once with his own petard.

He was exhibiting in Paris and was about to cross the Seine in his rope. Cham, the great caricaturist, had come to make a sketch. Blondin, recognizing him, at once invited him to cross with him.

"With pleasure," replied Cham, "but on one condition."

"And that is"—queried Blondin.

"That I shall carry you on my back," answered Cham.

"Not if I know myself," answered Blondin.

"Ah," triumphantly exclaimed Cham, "this time, M. Blondin, it is you who are afraid!"

A woman is apt to make some very striking remarks when she has occasion to hit her husband for a little pin money.