

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO,.....OREGON

Sven Hedin reports the discovery of gold in Thibet. That settles it. The country must be civilized.

Frank Rockefeller, John D.'s "busted" brother, might adopt the plaintive motto, "Charity begins at home."

Remark by the conventional old settler of the future: "I remember, when I was chief engineer of the Panama canal," etc.

The first soda water fountain has just been set up in Australia. And we have been importing our ballot systems from that benighted country!

The Agricultural Department has found a milking machine that will work. But how unromantic it will be to simply touch a button, sir, she said.

The late William A. Procter, soap manufacturer, did much to make his countrymen a clean people. Incidentally he cleaned up \$20,000,000 for himself.

Ontario has a man who looks just like John D. Rockefeller. But no doubt he can prove a case of mistaken identity by simply producing his bank book. If he has one.

The Prince of Wales is reported to have been badly squeezed in the stock market. Even a prince is likely to get his fingers hurt when he fools with the teeth of the buzz saw.

A Russian admiral's life was saved when the bomb aimed at him dropped in the snow and refused to explode. Guess he thinks the poet who wrote, "Beautiful Snow" was all right.

Spiritualistic medium says Mars is angry because her signals are being ignored by the earth. Business must be dull on Mars when she goes so far out of her way to pick a quarrel with her neighbors.

A Western doctor says that after reaching the age of 100 years one begins to grow a new crop of hair. But the man who becomes bald at 40 would get so accustomed to it in sixty years that he wouldn't care for a new crop.

A young man who beat his mother to death with a stick of stove wood is "believed to be insane." Of course he is. There was not only a violent brain storm but a furious muscle paroxysm. That is, if he has money enough to fee the high-priced alienists.

Soon after the coronation of King Edward there was published a photograph which showed him at a modern office desk with a telephone stand at his elbow. Still more striking is a picture recently printed of Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, seated at a desk before an American typewriter.

Leading business men of Chicago have petitioned that the time of the eighteen-hour trains between Chicago and New York be raised to twenty hours. They are the kind of men in whose interest the "fliers" have been run, and they prefer safety and reasonable speed to maximum speed and maximum danger. This is one of the requests from patrons which the railroads can afford to heed.

Throughout a century and a quarter the tendency of the nations of the world has been toward diffusion of the governmental powers. For the first time evidence of a reactionary disposition to trust all to the one strong man appears in nearly all the larger nations at the same time. We see no more than curious coincidence in the unhappiness of these present days in all the parliaments of man. Democracy is not dying anywhere. The only moral to be drawn is the happy one that individualism is not moribund either. The nations know and trust their strongest sons. There is no "man on horseback." He only seems mounted to little men because his head is high above the crowd.

Doctor Yamakawa, who was formerly the president of the Imperial University of Tokyo, Japan, recently offered to present to a primary school in Japan the portrait of some distinguished person. The three hundred and forty-three children were asked to ballot for the person whose picture they would like to have placed on the walls of the schoolroom. Although it was when the nation was much excited over the treatment of Japanese pupils in San Francisco, these boys and girls still honored the great map of America. George Washington stood first in the list with 69 votes, and Abraham Lincoln second with 53. Next came Admiral Togo with 28 votes, followed by a Japanese philanthropist of olden

time. The fifth place was taken by another American, Benjamin Franklin, with 21 votes. Others for whom preference was expressed were Florence Nightingale, 13; Marquis Oyama and Nelson, 11 each; General Kodama, 7; Bismarck, 5, and Napoleon, 4. There were also scattering ballots for President Roosevelt, Galileo, Socrates, Peter the Great, and others. Probably the vote was influenced by stories that the pupils found in their reading-books, and if the question had been asked them whether they considered the foreign heroes greater men than those of their own country, it is not likely that they would have answered in the affirmative; but the desire to have the portraits of such men as Washington, Lincoln and Franklin placed on the wall is one indication of the feeling with which the United States has long been regarded in Japan.

A good deal has been said lately about the power acquired through repose, the value of absolute relaxation and the desirability of letting go of one's self. Undoubtedly there is truth in the contention that an overwrought mind and body ought to release the tension before something breaks, but let it not be forgotten that if power be acquired through repose, growth comes through wiggle. Observe the baby, before it can walk, stand or sit. What does it do? It wiggles. Body, arms, fingers, legs, toes. The baby bird does the same. If you will look closely at the nestling stretching its neck for food its parent brings, you will observe that not only the head and neck, but the incipient wings and the little legs and claws are all working vigorously. In both baby and bird, wiggle means growth and soon the one can walk and the other can fly. But as soon as the child learns to walk, he doesn't walk; he runs. The run is the natural gait of the child. He finds it difficult to go more slowly. Even when he stands or sits, he isn't standing or sitting. He is wiggling. His arms sway, his legs swing and his body writhes into many positions. Parents ask, "Why can't that child be still a single minute?" But the child is growing and wiggle means growth. Roughly speaking, a child more than doubles its weight the first year, and more than doubles it again in the next two. It would make us grown-ups wiggle some to do that, wouldn't it? As the child grows older, it gains repose slowly, but grows less, and when full growth is attained, wiggling largely ceases. The same phenomenon holds true of the mind. The first few months the mind is inactive and grows slowly. But as soon as it gains control of its tools, when it has learned to distinguish sounds, to focus its eyes, to use its hands to grasp objects and its feet to carry it to them, and its tongue to inquire about them, how the mind wiggles! It flashes from one subject to another, its inquiry is constant and endless and its hold upon information tenacious. You and I can sit down and look at whatever is in view and feel no particular curiosity. Not so the child. It must know about this, that and the other thing which it sees, and though its questions seem simple, they are astonishingly searching. "What's that, mamma?" asked a 3-year-old. "A vault." "What's in it?" "Dead folks." Quick as a flash the little mind leaped at the deduction. "Oh, is it Heaven?" In the space of a couple of years, the baby mind acquires practical control of a difficult language, learns the uses and relations of thousands of strange objects, and, most remarkable of all, learns how to handle the people of his world and to match his tiny strength and intelligence against their years of study and experience. Comparatively speaking, he rarely makes a mistake and still more rarely repeats one. Suppose your self transported to a strange planet, could you do as well in so short a time? You might, if your mind had enough wiggle. But has it. On the other hand, observe how perfectly a child sleeps. Its position is one of ease and abandon, it breathes all the way down, and you can pick it up and lay it down and scarcely disturb it. The lesson seems to be that when you repose, you should repose, but when you are awake, you should wiggle! Whatever your aim in life, wiggle, for wiggle is growth.

Father of Trees.

The oldest tree in the world is said to be the famous dragon tree of Tenerife, which is estimated to be from 4,000 to 6,000 years of age. This wonder of the plant world was seventy feet or more in height until the year 1810, when during a terrific storm one of the large branches was broken off. A similar storm in 1867 stripped the trunk of its remaining branches and left the trunk standing alone. This tree derives its common name from a reddish exudation known as dragon's blood, found in the sepulchral caves of the Gauches, and supposed to have been used by them in embalming their dead. —Tit-Bits.

Women Doctors in America.

It is estimated that there are 25,000 women in America who possess medical diplomas.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

Dull His Life Might Seem to the Young, but It Yields Enjoyment.

"I find as I grow older," said the middle-aged man, "that I am more and more a creature of routine."

"When I was a young man routine irked me and I liked variety, but now it is change that irks me. I like now to do my appointed work in the regular way, always the same, and to spend my leisure hours in like manner."

"My work is routine, and I would not have it varied if I could; in fact, varying it would upset me more or less. As it is, I work along through the day by regular, successive stages, coming always to the same things at certain regular hours and minutes, and at night I go home at a fixed hour always by the same train to get off at the same station, and to make my way thence homeward always by the same route, past the same buildings, the same show windows, the same signs, the same everything, to my home."

"Tiresome? Quite the contrary. Sometimes somewhere along my route they put in a new storm front or some one sells out and a new tenant comes in and a new sign goes up, and really these things interest me very much, because they happen in my streets. Really these things seem quite like events to me, but they are all the events I want."

"And then when I get home I do enjoy my dinner—for that matter, in my way, I enjoy everything—and after dinner I like to sit down, always in the same chair, and smoke and read, and here, again, I confess I don't like to be disturbed."

"I get my mind fixed and my enjoyment started on whatever I am reading, and I don't like to be interrupted. Somebody speaks to me and I turn to the speaker, but it must be with a little vagueness; certainly I don't fully understand what the speaker has said. And when they see that look they say, good humoredly: 'Oh, let him read.'"

"Whereat I politely protest, with now every evidence of attention; but they say kindly: 'Oh, go on with your reading,' and they mean I shall do so, for at my age I am a privileged person."

"Sometimes they try to get me to go to the theater. Now, I like the theater, but I don't like to go, because the going breaks in on my routine; and then they laugh at me and call me an old fog and leave me home; and really that suits me best, because I do like to get to bed comfortably at my regular hour and get my regular night's sleep."

"So a routine life suits me best. True, if all men were like this there would be no progress; but let the restless young people attend to that."

"A narrow view, this? Perhaps so, but I scarcely think selfish; and the older I grow the more do I think that nature is very kind to us in letting us find within such narrow but friendly limits very great enjoyment."—Washington Post.

BEAUTY AND THE SPECIALISTS.

It Is Hard Work Following Advice of the "Experts."

"I am really and truly in a predicament to preserve what I call my beauty," said a woman who can count thirty years if she be willing to a New York Press writer. "I would like to know whether each of the many persons who profess to have studied that subject with care has passed an examination—like a doctor's, say. I am told by one man to take a great deal of sleep. I do, and what is the result? I wander about like a person in a daze because I have slept too much. Oh, yes, despite this I am told that I look well. I may look rosy and fine, but I feel the reverse."

"I then try more exercise and less sleep and find that I am feeling better, and some obnoxious person comes along and tells me that I have aged ten years in the last ten weeks. That is just the time I have been taking the strenuous exercise. Well, I feel that I do not want to go on the stage as a 'strong woman' and therefore reduce the exercise and take more sleep, and somehow or other there is a something that interferes, and again I am told that I do not look up to the mark. In sheer desperation I vow that I will live the comfortable life and I sleep while I have time to and as much as I want. I avoid meeting critical friends and going anywhere near the beauty doctor's establishments, but unfortunately I discover in the mirror that I am looking tired. So I have given it all up and have resolved that those who wish to look beautiful must be unhealthy and those who wish to be healthy must forego the pleasure of good looks. The only hope I have for rest from the torments of the agents of the beauty culture is to pretend that I like my own style."

Outclassed.

"Did some one boast of many lives?"
Said the peach crop to the cat.
And Tabby humbly slunk away
Without a meow or spat.
—Kansas City Times.

THE Popular Pulpit

THE GREATEST OF THESE.

By Henry F. Cope.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.—I. Cor. xiii, 13.

A man's character is the best commentary on his philosophy. If you remember that the one who rises to the sublime heights of this song of love was not a singer of sweet, sentimental ditties, but a great, impetuous soul, who through years of perilous toil spent himself in service for humanity, you begin to see what he meant by love. Love is not an emotion; it is not in itself a passion. It is a principle, a law of life and service which bears fruit in emotion, which becomes a dominant passion. It consists not in the way we feel toward others, but in the relation we determine on maintaining toward them. It is not a matter of your sentiment for men, but of your service for them.

The love that blindly follows the emotions and the passions may be so essentially selfish as to sweep one on to degradation; the love that definitely, perhaps in apparent coldness, determines upon the service of others, the gift of the life to others, lifts the soul to the fact and the heart to the likeness of the Most High.

This love is self-giving. The great Teacher could call on men to love one another, even as he loved them, because the one great and significant fact of his love was that he was ever under the moral and spiritual impulse of the conviction that he was giving his life to the world. There remain to us no emotional love phrases from his lips; there remains the picture of love in action, going about ever doing good.

Out of the principle of love, the adoption of this philosophy which regards life as one grand opportunity to be of service, regards every other being as an opportunity to help or cheer, grows the real joy of living, springs emotions divine and heaven born. You cannot love in this way without becoming lovely.

Eyes of love transfigure all the creation. Only the selfish become cynical. It is greed, the philosophy of getting and gaining, that makes the world seem empty, cheerless, a tomb of blasted ambitions. But to those who seek the good of others, the flowers of joy and kindness, the beauties of hope and human faith, all things that are good abound more and more.

Love is born of faith; it is the child of hope. It gives whatever we have to humanity in the faith that it is worth while. It sows the seed of kindness, gentleness, courage, aspiration, in faith that the seed will bear fruit to the future; it scatters pearls of wisdom, believing that men are better than swine. And out of faith in men, hope for them, and service and self-giving to them, rise the satisfying emotions of life.

Love becomes a passion. Where is there greater enthusiasm, stronger evidence of compelling motives and dominating impulses, than in those men and women who have tasted of the joy of serving their fellows, giving their lives in lowly or in lofty ways that other lives might be the richer? There is more eternal power and sublime poetry in the giving of one cup of cold water in the name and spirit of the Master of Love than in all the love sonnets ever written.

The true and full self is found only through love's service. Never is the mother nobler than when love leads to the lowliest service. Never do we find the glory of life until we are willing to embrace its shame, if only our loved ones, our kin or friends, our race or world, may be enriched and saved. The secret of making the most of yourself lies in this divine principle of love; the secret of saving the world lies here.

We need not wait for the mighty impulse of some great affection, some overpowering emotion. We need not wait for the hour in which we may do some great, world attracting deed. Love gives itself to that which lies nearest; its service never halts for opportunity. The least thing done in this spirit of self-giving unlocks the door of love's joys and blessings and makes us partners with the Lord of Love and Life.

IN MEMORY OF ALMIGHTY.

By Rev. Dr. Falk Vidaver.

In everlasting remembrance shall the righteous be held.—Psalms xl, 6.

Man lives not only in the present, but also in the past. The days of his childhood belong to him even though his hair has turned gray and his eyes are closed. Heaven has endowed man with the faculty of memory, which is a striking intimation, a foreshadow of immortality. It enables him to behold scenes long vanished, forms that for years have ceased to be corporeal, to bear sweet voices long hushed in death.

The world has a memory wherein it treasures up the lives and deeds of great men and women who have been its lights and ornaments. The world has a memory for those who proclaimed freedom to the oppressed, for its philanthropists and benefactors. The memory of such persons shines forth brightly like stars of the first magnitude forever.

Every individual has a memory, and in it live a vast number of dear forms. They emerge from far distant isles. They start up from heaps of ruins which once were cities. They rise from battlefields, from the bottom of the sea.

In every family circle and beneath every domestic roof there are invisible forms the stranger cannot see, yet are present to the mind's eye of the household. The dear father and kind mother never cease to live in the heart and soul of their survivors.

Since the Almighty has blessed man with this faculty to raise the dead and to recall the goodness and righteousness of his departed ones, is it not reasonable to believe that He will preserve these good souls and retain them in His remembrance forever, as it is said, "in everlasting remembrance shall the righteous be held"?

Comparatively few live in the great world's memory and have their names engraved in marble and iron or written down on parchment. Yet we all may find consolation in the fact that we are not perishable. For "in everlasting remembrance shall the righteous be held." Every good and righteous man or woman whose life is exemplary, devoted to godliness and holiness, will be held in everlasting remembrance—will live in the memory of Him whose existence endureth forever.

Therefore, it doesn't matter if the world does not know us or hear of us. It matters not if everybody else forgets us if we are remembered by the Almighty.

To live in His memory is to live in peace, in joy and delight forever. The world may grow old, languish and die, nevertheless the righteous will live and flourish in God's everlasting remembrance.

DRAWN PARALLEL OF WOMEN.

By Rev. William B. Leach.

Vashti was a woman pure, true and simple. She would not be exhibited for show at the behest of wine or fashion.

There are women to-day who use up most of their living for show, at ball and opera, and then too often in immodesty.

Too many of our woman reformers and club admirers say position first, woman second. Now, Esther is the tool of a certain

good man, Mordecai. If a woman is a tool to a man I like the man to be good. A great purpose is behind her every move.

Talk of sacrifice. Our churches, our great reforms are carried on the weak shoulders of woman. These women who are in the temperance and missionary and aid society of the church are the Esthers, the Vashtis who glorify womanhood and cast around it the halo of the Son of God.

TERMS SOME PASTORS JONAHS.

By Rev. A. E. Bartlett.

The story of Jonah has more fiction than fact in it, but that should not lessen its spiritual value. The book of Jonah has long been the enigma of the Old Testament, but from the many grotesque, absurd notions that are heard we must believe most people have spent very little time studying it. For its size this book is the most beautiful, the most tender of all the books of the Old Testament. The great lesson is concerning the wideness of God's mercy. There are some Jonahs occupying pulpits who take unto themselves the keys of heaven and ordain themselves to render God's judgments for all eternity.

Short Meter Sermons.

Kindness is the sign of divine kinship.

You cannot knit the souls of men with soft sawdew.

Your credit in heaven depends on earth's debts to you.

To attempt a great work is to become a great worker.

The practice of happiness does much for the power of holiness.

Living in itself is the great lesson in making a life.

There is no profit in the friendship that knows no investment of the self.

No man ever found this world a weary place who had a worthy work to do.

It's no use talking about the religion in your heart if it is not visible in your home.

Life is to be measured not by its rewards in things, but by its reach and vision.

When the pulpit sees no good in any one the pew is not likely to seek the good anywhere.



REV. W. B. LEACH.