

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Rockefeller says the world is all right. He ought to know. He owns most of it.

General Booth has again announced that he is not afraid of tainted money, but so far Mr. Rockefeller has not taken the hint.

More than half of the votes cast in Finland at the first election under the new universal adult suffrage law were polled by women.

The Indiana man who has gone abroad to study the methods of Russian statesmen is likely to learn several new ways of dodging things.

King Alfonso warmly embraced King Edward at Cartagena, but not hard enough, we trust, to crush those \$2.65 cigars in King Edward's vest pocket.

A judge has ruled that a wife who refuses to talk to her husband is not guilty of inhuman treatment. Is it possible that a husband needed to be told that?

Author says that it is not painful to starve to death, but as he has not tried it more than three or four times we will have to accept the statement and suspend judgment.

George Gould says the railroads can't afford to carry passengers for 2 cents a mile. But it may be that they can do it all right after they have had a little more practice.

There is in New York a girl 18 years old who complains that she cannot live on a income of \$13,500 a year. We refuse to pity her. She can surely get into some chorus if she wants to.

A Dakota man, aged 60, has married a girl of 20, while his son married the girl's mother, aged 44. People with nothing else to do can now busy themselves with this latest relationship puzzle.

"Woman is every day learning new methods of expressing herself," says Mrs. Herodotus. And yet no living man remembers a time when woman was not able to express herself fully, thoroughly and unanswerably.

George Bernard Shaw has expressed the opinion that rich people who do not believe in distributing their wealth ought to be guillotined. Shaw is always for the spectacular. What is the matter with the electric chair?

Ninety-one young men have recently been admitted to the practice of law in New York. The presiding judge who admitted them said there were already eighteen thousand lawyers practicing in New York city. No wonder the price of shingles is advancing.

Professor Zueblin's proposal for the pensioning of motherhood is no more extravagant than the thousand and one other suggestions for pensioning all sorts and conditions of people. The truth is that the idea of government benevolence has grown to such proportions that nobody need feel modest about applying for a pension, either as a direct gift or in the form of a special privilege. When we reach the happy condition in which the state shall take care of everybody the millennium will have arrived. The one embarrassing question presents itself, however. If the state is to support everybody who is to support the state? This is, perhaps, a mere detail, unworthy of consideration, but it presents some difficulties to the unilluminated.

When the Paris cab-drivers attempted to make it impossible for half a dozen women to earn a living driving cabs in the city, the chivalrous Frenchmen went out of their way to hire the women drivers. They were readily distinguished at a distance by their uniform of a low-crowned hat and a flowing cape. The women are doing a good business—so good, in fact, that certain men drivers who have lost their trade have resorted to the trick of discarding their own tall hats and coats and adopting the women's cape and low hat. The passenger who hails them does not discover the masquerade of the driver till it is too late to send the man away without being laughed at by the people on the street. There is business enough so that the women, even with this unfair competition, continue to prosper.

President King of Oberlin said no new thing when he remarked the other night that the American people work three times as hard as they need to work. Henry D. Thoreau noted the same thing fifty years ago when the pressure was not one-half so great as it is now. All men realize this fact of superfluous work. The trouble is that only a few of them act upon their

knowledge. A great deal of sarcasm was directed at Jay Gould when he said fifteen years or more ago that an extra suit of clothes was a superfluity since the richest man in the world could wear only one suit at a time. Yet he told the truth and the fact that he kept piling up money to the day of his death did not invalidate his theory. He knew well that all of his money above a relatively small sum was absolutely useless to him so far as his bodily needs were concerned. He continued to get money not because he needed it but because money getting had become a habit. And that is true of most people. Humanity is always providing against a rainy day and keeps at the task until the very last. When the rain does come it falls upon the graves of those who were always laying up provision against it and they are past caring for showers. It is safe to say that if men were satisfied with the necessities of life they would not need to work more than one or two days in the week. It is the pursuit of the unnecessary that keeps the nose at the grindstone almost from the cradle to the grave. This is not to say that we should all dress in coffee sacks and live in hogsheads and dry goods boxes, but it is to say that we wear out the greater part of our lives in working for things that not only do us no good, but that do us positive harm. President King stated an old truth even if he put it in a new form.

The newspaper lately reported the death, by his own hand, of a prominent and popular baseball player, who had made his way to the captaincy of the team with which he was connected. He was young, making a handsome living by his occupation in which most persons engage purely for pleasure, and in the eyes of the world was happily situated. He died a victim of overwork and worry. Almost his last words were, "I cannot stand it any longer!" The case was, unfortunately, not remarkable, but only typical. It was merely an example of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of cases of men who find the pace too rapid, the burden too heavy. In the majority of instances the body yields before the spirit. The victim breaks down, drops in the harness, before he reaches the frightful step of taking his own life. But the result is, in effect, the same. The body has not been more than raiment, and they who would have saved their lives have lost them. It takes courage and it takes that great quality, wisdom, which is so much more than education or knowledge, to resist the tendency of modern American life toward the overwork and the assumption of unnatural burdens. A part of the courage, and perhaps some of the wisdom, may have to be expended in resisting pressure from those who are nearest and dearest—from wives and daughters who have social aims and aspirations, and from sons who regard the head of the house as an inexhaustible source of supply. If this is so, there are double reasons why firmness should be exercised; but ignorance makes more demands than unreasonableness. The extravagant woman is more often careless of money because she does not know that because she does not care, and if she were once made to understand the price of gratifying her wishes, would do her share toward establishing a saner and safer standard.

### Pants Easily Pressed.

A trousers presser which is far superior to the old-fashioned method of utilizing the mattress for the purpose of keeping the crease in trousers, is the invention of a New York man. As shown in the illustration, it is constructed of two leaves, or plates, conforming in outline somewhat to the trousers to be pressed. Secured transversely to the plates are three resilient metal straps, on one end of which are clasps. When the clasps are in an opened position, the ends of the straps curve outwardly, so that when the clasps are fastened the straps will exert a constant compressing force upon the garment held between them. Practically no time is required to place the trousers in position in the presser, where they can remain until wanted.

### Seek New Coin Designs.

The American Numismatic and Archaeological Society advocates an expenditure of \$100,000 by the United States in obtaining new designs for coinage. According to the society, \$10,000 should be appropriated for each of the ten denominations, of which awards of \$1,000 each should be given to the six best designers for each coin and an award of \$4,000 to the winner of the six in each class.

### His Intelligence.

Purchaser—You told me that parrot I bought of you was the most intelligent bird in your collection, while the fact is he doesn't talk at all. Dealer—That's what I meant when I spoke of his intelligence.

### THE PRIMROSE PATH.

The green fans of the chestnut trees  
Are all unfolding one by one,  
The breath of April's in the breeze,  
The long streets glisten in the sun.

The tasseled lilacs in the square  
Are full of nods and whisperings,  
While black-balled poplars stir the air  
With hints of happy secret things.

The town is all so fair and fine,  
The streets they make so brave a show;  
And yet—and yet—Corinna mine,  
'Tis now the pale primroses blow.

The woods are calling us to-day  
Where grassy hills fall fold on fold;  
Come, let us take the primrose way  
And gather wealth of faery gold.

Put off your dainty silks and lace  
For leatheren shoon and homespun gown;  
Come, leave this bustling market place  
To play the truant out of town.

For though in town the sun shines gay,  
You cannot hear the sweet birds sing;  
Come, my Corinna, come away,  
And let us go a-primrosing.  
—Rosamund Marriott Watson.

### A HEROINE— —of Necessity

A way to the right, as far as eye could see, stretched the shimmering ocean, the sunlight dancing on the waves and turning them into a carpet of gold. To the left lay glorious patches of purple heather, broken here and there by big gorse bushes, covered with golden blooms and soft green spikes. Overhead the seagulls whirled lazily across a turquoise bay, uttering their plaintive notes as they greeted one another in passing.

And one, at least, of the millions of created beings was thanking God at that very moment, as she leaned her arms on the slight railing which formed the only protection from the cruel shingle below the edge of the steep cliff. Fate had been more than ordinarily kind to Christabel Tredennis up to now. She had never known a single sorrow all her life through; twenty years of unspotted peace lay behind her. She was young, fair to look upon, wealthy beyond the dreams of most women, and dear to a manly heart, now far away in Western Africa, fighting his country's battles in skirmishes with tribes, with a pluck that was tenfold more thorough because of her.

Mrs. Tredennis had come to the quiet little village of Croone, on the Dorsetshire coast, because she had happened to see a highly colored print of it in some one's photo album. It had not turned out to be all that it was painted—what does?—upon closer acquaintance, but Christabel and she liked the scenery and the solitude and stayed on. 'Tis was about their last day.

She was thinking of her soldier-lover far across the waters, as she gazed, when her mind was suddenly recalled to her present surroundings by a muttered exclamation borne to her ears on the soft summer wind. She turned round hastily and saw, a little farther on, a tall, spare figure standing on the very edge of the cliff, an edge that, as Christabel knew, was unprotected. To call out would be to startle the rash adventurer, whoever it was; but the girl crept softly across the heather that lay between the figure and herself till she was just behind her.

The woman turned round and almost screamed. Christabel, with fear knocking at her heart, brought there by the look in the eyes riveted on hers, laid a hand on the other's arm.

"Come farther from the edge; it is dangerous," she said.

The woman, who looked anything from 30 to 50, laughed.

"It's the edge I like," she answered, shaking her arm free of the detaining hand and taking a step forward. "Have you ever walked over a cliff? Should you like to come with me and try the sensation now?"

Christabel looked round wildly. There was no one in sight; the only sound to be heard was the mournful cry of the gulls.

A story she had once heard came into her mind at that moment.

"It's nothing to walk over a cliff," she returned, trying to steady her voice. "It would be much more wonderful if you started at the bottom to walk to the top!"

The other shrugged her shoulders.

"It's a matter of opinion, of course," she said. "Let us try my way first. I want to go to—him. Don't you see he is beckoning to me—over there?"

She glared ferociously out to sea, and gripped the girl's arm in a vice.

"He? Who?" asked Christabel, hoping thereby to gain time.

The ruse was for a few moments successful. The woman drew a photograph out of her pocket, and thrust it under the girl's nose.

Christabel started; the blood had left her face, and her heart seemed to stop beating. It was a portrait of her lover

### HOW FRENCH SEAMEN ARE TRAINED.



French seamen are notably active and agile and this is due, so it is averred, to the training they get while they are in their apprenticeship. Agility is systematically encouraged and lightness of movement is considered a very great accomplishment. Among the exercises given the younger seamen when they enter the service is that of rope ladder climbing, and the fellows soon become as proficient at this as monkeys and climb up and down with great speed. But the exercise is not restricted to the younger men alone, for it is quite necessary that the sailors keep in trim, so they are kept at the practice a share of each week at least, and this is why they have become famous for their agile movements and their quick work. For many years they have had a prestige for nimble movements, and that this may in no wise be lost the officers see to it that training is kept up throughout the naval service.

—Jim Blakiston—she would know it in a thousand. It had been cut out of an illustrated paper and gummed on to a correspondence card.

"This man—what is he to you?" she asked hoarsely.

The woman laughed again gleefully.

"He—he is handsome, enough, isn't he?" she queried. "You seem to admire his picture—they all do. Come, we will go together and see him. He will be surprised; he loves me—he loved me once, and they said he died!"—she lowered her voice, then raised it again suddenly—"but it wasn't true. He is beckoning to me to come, and we will go together, you and I—for I do not want to go alone. No? Then I will go alone!"

Whereupon a light, swift and sharp, raged in Christabel's heart. Why should she not let this mad woman perish? Why save her—for him?—the being she loved best on earth. A maniac! Well, she would not be missed, she only marred God's sunlit world! Let her go—

Then a great revulsion of feeling came over the girl's soul. She saw the hideous temptation; she knew that, come what might, think what she would, she must save a fellow creature. It became no longer a matter of volition—it was a matter of necessity, for action and self-sacrifice, which comes to every human being born into the world, with his or her share of responsibilities with regard to another. Why save a lunatic? Why should a sane woman die for an insane one? Why? Because the instinct is there, whether she will or no—an instinct which dies hard. Of necessity she must save her sister, be the exchange ever so unequal, the result of so little apparent satisfaction!

All these thoughts surged momentarily through Christabel Tredennis' mind as she stood on the sunlit cliff; and then she wrestled and struggled as she had never thought to wrestle, with all the luck of a long line of dead and gone ancestors, wrestled till she felt herself growing dizzy and faint; and the edge of the cliff drew ever nearer and nearer, and ever that mad, mad face, with those ferocious eyes, gleamed into hers.

A strong hand thrust them apart; a stern voice thundered a wrathful inquiry. The woman sank trembling on the heather, her whole figure shaken with sobs. Christabel, breathless, white-faced, white-eyed, stood shaking in every limb from her recent strain—but safe—safe!

"Poor thing!" The doctor looked pityingly at the woman. "She has escaped again, but they never thought of looking here, I suppose. You have had a hard fight—yes—I understand—"

"For life," put in Christabel, with lips that trembled, as a shudder passed through her frame.

The doctor whipped out a flask and

said it to her mouth. "Drink," he commanded. And when she had done his bidding, he turned and spoke kindly to the cowering lunatic. "Come home now," he said. "Miss Lacy, do you know it is nearly teatime, and Masom will be wondering where you are. You should not take such long walks alone; they are not good for you." The matter-of-fact tones reached the poor dazed brain; she still clutched the photograph. The doctor, raising his eyes, saw Christabel looking at it with a queer expression on her pretty face.

"Her lover," he supplied briefly in low tones that reached only her ears. "Poor thing, he died of cholera in India ten years ago, and that was what turned her brain!"

"His name?" breathed Christabel. "Henry Blakiston. Did you know him—a lieutenant in the navy? She is under a delusion that he is calling for her, and that we are keeping them apart. It is getting damp on the heather; we must be making tracks now. I am more sorry than I can say that this should have happened."

But the face Christabel lifted to his astonished him beyond measure. It was radiant, glowing.

"I am engaged to his brother," she volunteered shyly, "and he is so like that picture—"

"Ah, I see you imagined they were the same." The doctor was only human and chuckled at the coincidence, which had meant so much to his companion. "I congratulate you and must wish you good afternoon."

He shook hands, and then proceeded to lead his patient away, without a backward look. Christabel turned her face towards the setting sun and her lips moved, "Thank God!" she cried fervently.

When Jim Blakiston came home not many months afterwards on long leave, he was told the whole story.

"I should have let her go, I'm afraid. I should never have saved her," he said, looking at Christabel's happy face in wonder.

"You would have saved her," she answered proudly. "You are so brave; besides, I can't explain properly, but I did it—of necessity."

And then and there it dawned on the young soldier that the reason accounted for many so-called mysterious things of everyday life. There are many heroes who are heroes "of necessity," of whom the world never hears, but they are none the less heroes because of that.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**Raphael Portrait Brings \$100,000.** Raphael's portrait of the brother of Pope Leo X, dated 1514, has been sold for \$100,000, a record price in the Berlin art world.

If a man is called upon to bury his wife's pug dog he is apt to shed tears—of joy.