

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

C. F. SOULE, Publisher

TOLEDO.....OREGON

Cannot the S. P. C. C. do something to prevent leading actresses from marrying unprotected youths?

"American wives are spoiled," says Editor Stead. If he expects us to rush in and agree with him he's foolish.

"Pie," says a Baltimore doctor, "is one of the worst enemies man has." Possibly—but what a great friend it is to the boys!

When Abe Hummel and Abe Ruef are both behind the bars, there will be a great deal of knowledge of the law going to waste.

Mark Twain calls charity a magnificent religion. It isn't likely that anybody will be able to find any serious flaw in Mark's definition.

The young Spanish prince may start out with a number of handicaps, but he overcomes some of them by having a mother who is endowed with common sense.

An astrologer has announced that the young Spanish prince will become King of Spain at the age of 19. It must be a relief to Alfonso XIII. to know just where he gets off.

From the capital of Finland comes the news that nineteen women "took a prominent part in the diet." But has not woman always and everywhere taken a prominent part in the diet?

It is difficult to believe that General Kuroki can't speak a word of English in view of the fact that his wife is a Vassar graduate. But perhaps the old warrior doesn't do much of the talking at home.

According to the official directory there are two "Nameless" postoffices in the United States. One is in Virginia and the other in Tennessee. Colonel Nemo and Major Anonymous probably are the respective postmasters.

A medical expert declares that "unquestionably the inability to digest food prompts many suicides." From the reports we have read, we inferred that inability to get food to digest also does considerable prompting of that kind.

One of our cities is cleaner than it used to be. On the waste barrels which stand on the streets is painted, instead of the bald injunction, "Throw rubbish here," a winning request, "Please help us to keep the city clean." Citizens have been seen to read that sign and walk half a block to pick up a banana skin.

A man who worked twenty-nine years for Russell Sage without a vacation has just taken one for the purpose of visiting Coney Island. It is to be hoped that he was properly warned by the "Beware of Pickpockets" signs and that he refrained from wasting money foolishly by trying to throw rings over the handles of canes.

It is impossible to ride out in the country anywhere, over the railroads or traction lines, without being offended and disgusted with advertisements of hideous design and glaring color. They stretch all along the wayside for miles; they distort every view and blot every building; they produce a mental nightmare and visionary "Jim-jams," completely destroying for many people half the pleasures of travel. It is idle to contend that this is no injury to the public. It is, on the contrary, an injury of the worst sort, in that, under existing conditions, the public is helpless to prevent it.

There is no better preparation for good citizenship than regular employment in honest labor, even if one does not acquire the habit of walking with head always erect and learn the art of the scientific destruction of human life. Until human nature develops a uniformity of good intentions such as mankind has never yet possessed it will always be necessary for the well disposed to maintain an organized force strong enough to prevent violence by the ill disposed, and if they fail to do so the penalty will be terrible. But the nation which is content with its own boundaries and has no intent to prey on its neighbors may safely confine its military expenditure to a minimum, for it will not be molested.

It would be hard to find, even in the noblest fiction, a story more tragic or more touching than that of the death of Monsieur Berthelot, the great French chemist. Some months ago Madame Berthelot became ill, and it was discovered that she had a form of heart-disease from which recovery was impossible. Monsieur Berthelot gave up all his studies and all his other interests and took his place by his wife's bedside. From that time on he scarce-

ly left it. Not only did he sit there by day, but such sleep as he got he secured in the same chair. When the end came he had been seventy-two hours without sleep. Madame Berthelot, rousing herself as death touched her, recognized her husband holding her hand. "My dear, how good you are!" she murmured. Although the accounts of the closing scene differ, they all agree that when he knew that his wife was dead, he expired almost instantly. In their deaths they were separated by a few moments only.

There is always danger lest an enthusiastic advocate of a theory go too far. In more than one "uplift" movement the support of possible helpers is alienated by reason of the overzealousness of those behind it. As a rule reforms must work themselves out slowly. If a little is gained here and a little more there the advance is notable. The experience of the past indicates that a slow and steady growth is the best one. The life of the ordinary prison is not one to be sought. The cells may be insanitary, the associations may be wretched, the moral and physical effects upon the criminals may be disastrous. But the prison is a necessity in many cases, the interest of the prisoner being far less important than that of the community at large. Because jail conditions are bad it is not necessary to plead for the abolition of the jail. There is an alternative in the improvement of the conditions. Any one who has made a study of penology knows that there has been tremendous progress within the experience of older people still living. The horrible surroundings of a former generation are seldom found. Far more care is taken in the grouping of prisoners. The humanitarian ideas have had great influence. If there are yet pronounced evils in the system they should have close attention with a view to their removal. But the world is not ready for the abolition of the prison itself. There are hundreds of men in the United States who are spending a lifetime behind the bars. In most cases they have been judged dangerous to the community. They have committed murder or some other appalling crime. They richly deserved their fate. It is easy enough to picture the horror of a lifetime in prison. But there is another side to the matter which must not be lost sight of in any outburst of humanitarian zeal. There is a general interest in the plans which are being worked out by some of the present day judges. If a man or woman can be saved to the community after the commission of a crime by kindly words and friendly attention it is well worth trying. If the experiment fails in more instances than it succeeds it is still worth the attempt. The plans for saving the youthful delinquents and those who are older have much in their favor. But it is not necessary to attack the prison system generally in order to get a hearing for the probation theory. The experience of many years has shown the former necessary. The latter has yet to prove its practical usefulness by a sufficient number of instances.

THE FIRST COFFEE.

Accidental Discovery of the Aromatic Beverage.

Near the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was traveling through Abyssinia, and, finding himself weary and weak from fatigue, he stopped near a grove. Then, being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree, which happened to be covered with dead berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that the half burned berries were very fragrant. He collected a number of them, and on crushing them with a stone he found that their aroma increased to a great extent. While wondering at this he accidentally let fall the substance into the can which contained his scanty supply of water. Lo, what a miracle! The nearly putrid water was almost instantly purified. He raised it to his lips. It was fresh, agreeable, and in a moment the traveler had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and, having arrived at Aden, in Arabia, he informed the mufti of his discovery. That worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker and had suffered for years from the influence of that poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries and was so delighted at the recovery of his own vigor that in gratitude to the tree he called it *cahuah*, which in Arabia signifies "force."

Taking Necessary Precaution.

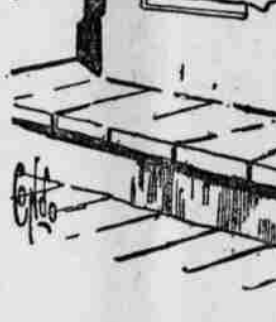
Neighbor—No one ever hears you and your husband exchanging words. Do you get along so excellently together? Wife—Not at all; but we discovered that the maid listened at the door. Now we quarrel only on Sunday afternoons between 3 and 6, when she's out of the house.—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

A woman may be the one to start a love affair, but nine times out of ten it is the man who ends it.

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

It gives the world
A dreary look
And robs life
Of its cheer
To close the tattered
Lesson book
And leave our teacher
Dear.

But best of friends
Must some time part,
And so I'll say
To you
That such a sadness
Fills my heart
I don't know what
To do.



ELLEN TERRY A BRIDE.

Famous English Actress Marries Man 25 Years Her Junior.

Ellen Terry, the most famous of living English actresses, has taken to herself a third husband in James Carew, who was the leading actor in her company. The marriage took place at Pittsburg, but the announcement was not made for some time after its occurrence. The bride is 59 and the bridegroom 33 years old. Perhaps the best comment on the wedding was that offered by Mr. Carew's mother:

"I was sorry," she said, "when my

pitiable chorus barks around him. The progress is slow and undignified, but in the end sure.

Some of the dogs are handsome and nearly all have courtly manners, but the great majority are either crippled by carriages or mange stricken. When puppies appear upon the scene the nearest Turk provides a blanket and milk and sees generally to their welfare and woe betide the foreigner who tries to kill a hound.

Once I was passing down a street at dusk, but stopped to make the acquaintance of a puppy like a ball of worsted. I had established a very satisfactory basis for future friendship and was going on my way when I heard the rattle of wheels and yelping. Going back, I found the poor little beast had been run over and had two legs broken. As a big Turkish porter was passing I offered him a franc to put the puppy out of its pain, a work I did not relish. He was ready to take it roughly from my hands, but not to kill it. "That's different," he said; "to take life is wicked."

There are many repellent sights in Constantinople and it is hard to conceive a picture which more realistically represents a scene from inferno than an ordinary business transaction that occurs nightly. Dogs are the scavengers of Constantinople and every night the refuse of hotels and houses is thrown out into the street.

A class of men exists which lives by ragpicking and diligently investigates the contents of these heaps, while the dogs snarl and bay around them savagely, resenting his intrusion into their perquisites.—*Blackwell's Magazine*.

THE CHAMOIS.

Ways of the Shy Animals of the Mountains of Europe.

Exciting sport, the more exciting because of the hardships connected with it, is offered by chamois hunting in the mountains of Europe. The chamois are found everywhere in the highest mountains of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, in Transylvania, in the Carpathians, also in the Alps, and these extremely shy animals are regarded by all true huntsmen as the most desirable of all game. The chamois belongs to the antelope species; but, unlike its kin of the broad plains, it prefers the barren wilds of the high mountains, and, like the mountain sheep, the ibex and the mouflon, it selects in this territory full of chasms and canyons the most impassable regions as its lair. During the summer months the chamois roams in the higher altitudes, but in the winter time it must descend to find its feed. After feeding it returns to its old impassable nooks, where it feels secure. As in the case of the deer, the male is called a buck and the female a doe; but, unlike all other animals of this kind, both sexes are antlered, the horns being called "kricke-lor," but those of the doe are somewhat lighter than those of the buck. The doe brings forth one fawn every year, sometimes two, but very seldom three, which are very dearly loved by the mother and which she protects against all dangers.—*Outer's Book*.

Intended to Pay.

The kindly old lady from the country had purchased a pair of gloves in a department store.

"Cash!" shouted the saleslady. "My land," exclaimed the old lady, fumbling in her valise, "I'll give it to you just as soon as I find my pocket-book!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

A Troublesome Future.

Nurse—Bridget, come here and see a French baby born in Dublin.

Bridget—Poor little darlin! It's a great perplexity you'll be to yourself, I'm thinkin', when you begin shpeakin'!—*Punch*.

INGENIOUS THEATER FLOOR.

Can Convert Auditorium in Few Minutes into a Ballroom.

The movable stage which Steele Mackaye attempted to make a feature of theatrical construction many years ago is outdone by the reversible auditorium floor introduced in a new Apollo music hall on the Rue de Clichy, Paris. This device makes it possible to change the parquet into a dancing floor in seven minutes.

The floor is reversible. On one side it is fitted with 500 chairs of the usual folding variety. On the other side it is planked with hard wood, waxed and polished.

During the performance each night it is pitched at an angle of about 15 degrees, like the floor of any other theater. When the show is over and the dancing begins it is absolutely level.

All who patronize the house will see the transformation every night. When the curtain falls the seatholder will be hustled back into the orchestra circle and the foyers. Then the mechanism will work.

The floor, or rather the two floors, are built on each side of a framework of steel girders. This is hung on pivots and when the machinery is set in motion it simply turns the other side up—the huge seesaw—it measures about 45x50 feet—stops at the appropriate angle when it is to be an auditorium and is secured there by strong supports.

When it reaches the level position to serve as a ballroom equally strong supports hold it there and provide for the safety of the dancers. When it stops in either position it is in immediate communication with the other parts of the house, as all the necessary steps are attached to it either to reach the orchestra circle when it is level or the stage when it is inclined at an angle. Stage and floor are continuous when used for dancing, the electric footlights being attached to a disappearing framework, while a section of solid flooring takes their place.

The entire contrivance cost \$14,000, of which \$9,000 was spent on the floor and its mechanism and the rest on the twenty-seven foot deep brick-lined well through which the floor revolves.—*New York Sun*.



A plutocrat has it; a demagog wants it.

Most men can be honest, unless they have a chance not to be.

A woman's idea of social standing is being so snippy that everybody hates her.

A girl that doesn't get married can make everybody believe she is glad of it but herself.

It makes a woman feel about twenty times richer to call her husband's money his estate.

The difference between pleasure and duty is the difference between going fishing and to church.

A woman will work harder to get a nice, fresh complexion than a man will to get a million dollars.

As people always give ten times as much in wedding presents as they get, where does the difference go?

Where a woman is sensible is in pretending she isn't so she can put the responsibility for such things on her husband.

A man has to know a lot about some particular thing not to be always trying to show what he knows about everything.

A woman's enjoyment of a visit is writing long letters to those at home, telling them all the grand things she is doing just as if she really were.

Male Blushers and Their Cure.

"A good many men blush," said a physician; "some so painfully that they come to me to be cured. The cure I recommend is an old one. It is the abandonment of overheavy clothing, especially of woolen socks. Amazing it is how many male blushers have a predilection for thick socks of wool. But some blushers wear light enough clothes. To them I can only recommend a nerve treatment. I advise them to make speeches at banquets, to be witnesses in murder trials, to go to teas and dances, to develop, in short, the nerve, as a wrestler develops his muscle. Blushing is a difficult disorder to cure. As a rule, it passes away of itself when the victim reaches his 35th year."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

She Said Nothing.

"Now fix your mind on something."

"I can think of nothing."

"Fix it on me."

"That's what I said."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.