

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

A musician complains of his wife's cats. Fiddle strings!

A Mexican oil syndicate is forming. Surely there will be no attempt to water that stock.

Harry Thaw's nephew is a missionary in Syria. He might have tried it first on the family.

Hereupon the deceased wives' sisters in England may legally and properly assume a waiting attitude.

That Kansas man who is reported to be turning to chalk probably saw no other way of making his mark in that State.

There has been another advance in the price of radium. Fortunately it is possible to operate the kitchen without radium.

George Gould recently snubbed Count Boni in London. We have not learned the particulars, but it is probable that Boni had struck him for a quarter.

"When the devil dances, decent people should be in bed," says the Baltimore American. If he is in the vicinity, some people would prefer to get under the bed.

Richmond Pearson Hobson and Julia Marlowe were born on the same day. It will be indelicate of Hobson if, knowing this, he willingly permits people to find out how old he is.

A London tailor says that green frock coats will be fashionable for morning wear next season. After that it will be more difficult to tell whether a man is fashionable or merely crazy.

Charles Blondin, who once crossed Niagara Falls on a tight wire, is said to be living in Connecticut, "doing odd jobs." It is a safe bet that none of them is as odd as that Niagara "stunt."

A granddaughter of Mrs. William Astor is going to marry the divorced husband of an opera singer. Some men have such luck. They go through life without ever being compelled to work at all.

The seismographs keep recording big earthquakes that cannot be located. However, as long as the earthquakes continue to happen where they can't be found there is not likely to be any serious public protest.

In thirty-two centuries, asserts a Chicago university professor, man will revert to cannibalism. After that it ought to be easier to decide what should be done with trust magnates who try the people's patience.

Queen Alexandra has set the fashion of carrying a muff in summer by going about London with what is described as "a dainty trifle made of flowers, feathers and chiffon or tulle" to match her toque or ruffles. The Queen does not use it to keep her hands warm, but as a portable pocket for her purse and handkerchief.

"It is impossible," says the Philadelphia Record, "not to admire the temple of John D. Rockefeller." Mr. Rockefeller's physician has given him twenty-five years more of life, his golf is better than it has ever been in the past, he has ceased to be troubled by dyspepsia and, according to his own statement, he has had little or nothing to do with the Standard Oil trust for years. Why shouldn't he be in a good temper?

Prof. Harry A. Garfield, recently elected president of Williams College, is a son of James A. Garfield, who was an alumnus of Williams. The retiring president, Dr. Henry Hopkins, is a son of the most famous president of Williams, of whom General Garfield said that a log with Mark Hopkins at one end and a student at the other was a university. The two distinguished sons of distinguished fathers in one institution furnish valuable evidence on the question of inherited ability.

The Minneapolis Messenger tries to interrupt the work of reform by injecting the old notion that reformers should first reform themselves. Gov. Riddle says that just now it is very popular to criticize the railroads and the trusts. Probably they have brought this upon themselves and possibly they are not getting any more than is coming to them. But it may be well, while calling attention to the beam in the others' eyes, to search for the mote that is in your own. As for instance: Have you ever returned for taxation all your property and at its true value? Do you use a seine for fishing? Do you shoot game out of season? Are there weeds on your street front more than a foot

high? Do you use an abandoned well as a cesspool? Do you run your automobile faster than the legal speed? Do you bury dead animals, or throw them in the river? Do you pay the preacher what you promised him, or do you expect your salvation free? Do you leave your horse untied on the public street? Do you pasture your chickens on your neighbors' gardens? Do you use profane language on the public street? When your neighbor is out of grain, do you charge him five cents a bushel more for it at your own door than you can get for it after hauling it to town? Do you put the large potatoes on top? Are you as careful of rented property as if it were your own? Did you ever in your whole life return a borrowed book? Or an umbrella? Do you listen with avidity to the mean gossip about your neighbor?

Probably few people think of pencils in connection with the subject of forestry, but there is a very close connection between the two. Every year there are manufactured in this country some 315,000,000 pencils, and that means a consumption of 7,300,000 cubic feet of wood. It happens also that the pencil manufacturers have to be particular about the wood. It must be, as one of the circulars of the government's forest service says: "A soft wood, even and straight grained, free from defects and one which will not check or warp." Now there is just one kind that seems to be entirely satisfactory and that is the heart wood of the red cedar from which much the greater percentage of the total output of pencils is made. Taking into consideration the fact that there is great waste in getting the right quality, that the trees are confined to Dixie land, that no systematic effort has been made to husband the supply, and there is a prospect of important changes in the pencil industry in the not very distant future. The circular says that "it is certain that some of the mills now in operation must shut down inside of a dozen years, and this regardless of any measures which may be taken in the meantime to protect the young growth." It is calculated that a stand of seventy-five to eighty trees for pencil wood will show a profit of 5 per cent at the end of sixty years. For a man with a small holding and a long start toward the grave this is not an attractive investment, but it is pointed out that pencil manufacturing corporations might wisely invest in large holdings and care for them in a scientific manner. Suggestions for their proper care are given, and it is a satisfaction to know that in this case as in many others the forest service is doing a work that should prove of very great value to the people. The pity is that the government was not aroused to the necessity for the work before such havoc had been wrought with the country's magnificent growth of timber.

WITHIN ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Climax of Nature's Irony the Cotton Plant of the Far North.

The climax of nature's irony in the arctic is the cotton plant, says the Circle. Wherever cotton blooms, declares the miner, ice is not far below. One may trudge for miles through fields of cotton, the white, silky tops swaying defiantly in the arctic breeze. The blossom is silky, dainty, illusive as the down of our own yellow dandelion on its way to seed. From June until late August the tundra is white with the cotton plant. Unlike the cotton of the Southern States, the fiber is short and soft, having more of the texture of silk than of cotton.

The cotton plant will, in all probability, some day, be the means of developing an Alaskan industry, giving employment to thousands. To-day, however, the cotton fields are purely decorative—a splendid sweep of immaculate bloom in a bleak, timberless landscape, guarded by hills ever hung in veils of deepest purple. In great bouquets it is occasionally met in a miner's shack, while not a few housewives gather the cotton for pillow filling.

Throughout the cotton fields flowers bloom in abnormal splendor, as becomes a country in which the sun shines continuously during summer's voluptuous reign. It is an intoxicating joy for the flower hunter to gather great armfuls of purple larkspur, bluebells, monks' head, primroses, sweet peas, beautiful purple and red asters large as the most cultivated lilies of the valley, baby breath, yellow arrow, sage rose, pink and white arctic geranium, crimson rhododendrons and giant fireweed, all growing on the hillsides. To enumerate further is to reproduce a florists' catalogue.

The Difficult Part.

"Your husband seems to be in deep thought this morning?"
"Yes, he is."
"Working on a new poem, I suppose?"
"No; he's written the poem. Now he's trying to think where he can sell it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Say what you please about hospitality, there are an awful lot of people who, when asked if they have company, say: "No, thank goodness."



THE PEACEMAKER.

By Rev. Henry F. Cope.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."—Matt. 5:9.

How simple are the gateways that open into the most sublime moral and spiritual privileges. The great teacher says that if any would be known as the children of the Eternal they have but to learn to be peacemakers among their fellows. The ordinary virtues commonly are the conditions of the extraordinary beatitudes.

If the teacher meant by peace quietness, indifference, ease and sleep there was a time when the people of the church might well lay claim to being called the children of God; they were at peace with their own selves and willing to be at peace with the world if only they might continue to sleep undisturbed.

There are those who conceive of no other peacemakers than those who arbitrate between warring nations. If these are the only children of God the family is a small and by no means a homogeneous one. You may have little to do with the good work of disarmament and still be a true peacemaker as you bring to human conditions and relations great calm and more perfect harmony.

They are peacemakers who have the spirit of the family of the greater Father in their hearts, who bring them together in these divine family ties. There never will be harmony amongst men by means of laws or agreements; one thing only will bring it—the spread of the spirit of brotherhood.

When a man begins to order his life for the helping of other lives, when he no longer plans to beat his fellows, but to bless the race, he becomes the servant of divine peace; he catches the spirit of the coming kingdom based on the universal brotherhood.

There are people whose lives breathe out calm, whose presence is always like oil on troubled waters. There are others who never fail to stir up strife, who have a faculty for accentuating antagonisms and for setting folks by the ears. The one looks out on life with eyes of love, with a desire to help and promote good feeling; the other with cupidity and enmity.

We need men and women who by their bearing and conduct will promote good feeling and friendliness a good deal more than we need laws for the banishing of weapons and plans of war. The finest peacemakers in this world are the plain men and women who help us to like other folk and live with them.

Whoever, in any way, succeeds in taking any of the friction and unrest out of life is a peacemaker. The kingdom of heaven that is coming will be the kingdom of perfect harmony; it will come when humanity learns the great lesson that all this experience of pain and joy should be teaching us, the lesson of living at peace and in love with our brothers.

Fair words about fraternity easily are spoken and soon forgotten; it is a good deal easier to preach peace than it is to practice it. Its day never will come so long as the chief concern of each life is to get ahead of every other life. It never will come until we fully see that Jesus meant something more than a pretty figure of speech when he talked of the divine fatherhood and the human brotherhood.

Why should there not be the same harmony amongst all men that there is in a family? Homes are enriched and the chief joys of our lives found by the process of ceasing to live for our individual selves and living for the social group.

Some day we will open our eyes to see the waste, the loss and pain and discord caused by our individualism. We shall see fully what we now but dimly apprehend—that the real riches, the lasting joys, the enduring prosperity of life spring from the things we have done for others without thought of ourselves.

So long as each is wholly for himself there will be conflict, discord, and pain; when each shall live for all, then all will be working for one common end, the race rather than the man, then all will move in harmony, peace will have her perfect work and all will be known as one family, the children of God.

FAITH IN OUR FELLOWS.

By Rev. H. K. Harris.

Jesus looked upon him and said: "Thou art Simon, the son of John; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, Rock."—John 1:42.

Poor Peter has never been much of a favorite with the preachers; he was so thoroughly unstable, unideal. But the people have always had a tender

feeling for him, partly because he was a fisherman, partly because he was so much like the rest of us. Nothing is more striking in the life of Jesus than his affection for ordinary men. The cultured Pharisees, the philosophical Sadducees seem to have much less attraction to him than the rude fisherman and the toiler. These men were often weak, sometimes cowardly, obstinate, dull, mediocre; yet he committed his kingdom to them; he believed in them. Before they had faith in him he had faith in them; and that ultimately made them men.

It sounded much like cruel sarcasm when he told that weak, vacillating Simon that he was a rock. Those who knew Peter best must have smiled; he was more like a jelly fish. But Jesus could see the best that was in a man. He detected the hidden good even in Peter. He proves his own goodness by his faith in the good in every man. Later, when Peter fails him, he still believes in the better Peter.

Somewhere in every man there is some good. Overlaid it may be by passion, by habits, by prejudice grown out of wrong and suffering perchance; but still it is there. Faith in this and sympathy, these are the golden keys that unlock the doors to where the good lies buried.

The saviors of society have always been those who looked for the best in it. If you go through life seeking the best in man, you will find it, and the chances are it will devour you; if you look for the beauty that is from above you will find it, and it will bless you. There are reformers who call all men the children of the devil; they never induce them to become the sons of God. It is just as necessary to have faith in man as it is to have faith in God. If men cannot become good, then there is no God in the sense of a power that makes for goodness. The optimist not only believes in the best, he creates the best.

Some there are who reluctantly admit that God is a little better than they are, though that may be due to his circumstances, but they have never imagined for an instant that any one else is at all good. Believe that men are wholly bad and they will not disappoint you. Every man somehow responds to the expectations of others. You had better damn a man than despair of him. Neither a church nor an individual can help this world when they have more confidence in the power of evil to become all pervasive than in the power of the Most High to make his purposes felt in every heart as truly as he makes his sun to shine on the just and the unjust. The church first consigns men to perdition and then wonders why they are reluctant to walk with it the other way. So long as you have faith in total depravity you will find some facts to substantiate it.

But there is a better way. Sympathy with men will do more for them than sermons on their sins. Look for the best in them and you will find things better than you expected. There are flower beds as well as garbage heaps in every heart; at least, there are spots where seeds of the fairest flowers of heaven may be shown.

You do not have to be a fool to have faith in your fellows. You do not need to take the padlocks off your house; but you do need to take them off your heart. There may be those whom it would be wrong to trust with your cash box; but it is a greater wrong to withhold from them your kindness. You can show them that you believe the best instead of the worst in them.

The great teacher told men that he came not to condemn but to give life. His followers have too often occupied themselves wholly with condemnation and then wondered that their sentences saved none. Every soul knows its own sentence; what it needs to feel is that God and all good men are with it, helping it to shake off that sentence, to arise and return to the Father, that, instead of all things conspiring to keep a man down, there is a cloud of witnesses cheering him on, a mighty choir invisible inspiring his heart. And there is nothing any man can do of greater worth to the world than to cheer on another by his faith in him, his high expectation of him, his wise blindness to some little faults, and his propagating approval of the least beginnings of any good. Men are the saviors of men by their faith in men.

Short Meter Sermons.

A strong breath comes out of a weak head.

The hypocrite is the devil's best argument.

No man ever created anything greater than himself.

Sermons prepared for the ears never get beyond them.

One day's charity is a poor balance for six days' robbery.

The Lord will not lift the man who does not try to rise.

There is no solution of any social problem without sympathy.

Folks need what is in your heart more than what is in your hand.



The Summer Cold.

It is the easiest thing in the world to catch a cold during the last days of summer. Some often do imprudent things, and next day find that they are in the possession of one of the most difficult colds to be rid of—the summer cold.

As a rule, the simplest remedies for a cold are the surest. There is nothing for carrying off the congestion like a hot bath, a hot drink and a good sweat. Do this at night. On arising in the morning rub the body vigorously with alcohol and a Turkish towel before venturing forth.

If it is a tight cold in the head, rub the bridge of the nose thoroughly with vaseline at night. This simple remedy sometimes works like a charm. Another effective method is to snuff up warm salt water.

It is of the utmost importance during a cold to keep the system from becoming clogged. The old senseless maxim, "Feed a cold and starve a fever," is responsible for many bad complexions. The proper method is to eat very lightly or, if possible, to diet or fast for a day.

GOVERNOR'S SON A NEWSBOY.

Executive's Heir Also Makes Money with a Lemonade Stand.

Being the son of Nebraska's governor has not interfered with the Americanism of George Lawson Sheldon, Jr., aged 14, and all boy. Gov. Sheldon, apparently, does not believe in giving his son all the loose cash in his pockets, and the youngster is independent enough to get out and hustle.

During the State Fair the boy arranged a lemonade stand at the head



GEORGE SHELDON, JR.

of the stairway in the dome of the capitol and made \$20 on the venture. Visitors were thirsty after the long climb. In the evening young Sheldon hustled on the street with papers, taking his luck with the "newsies," and his success was so great that it is said he has planned to continue the occupation.

Not on His.

Buffalo Bill was talking about his recent visit to Newport.

"Reginald Vanderbilt," he said, "drove me to his farm in a superb motor car one afternoon. As we spun along, Mr. Vanderbilt pointed out a famous millionaire, and told me of an incident that had recently happened to the man. It seems that a penniless youth had had the cheek to come to the millionaire and ask leave to pay attention to his daughter.

"'But you have no means,' said the father, with a frown.

"'But I love her,' said the young man.

"'But, hang it, what would you live on?'

"'I love her,' the young man repeated. 'We would live on faith and hope.'

"The father frowned again.

"'And charity,' he frowned.

Father of a Large Family.

"What are you working up now?" asked the inquisitive reader.

"Well," replied the special magazine writer, "I'm trying to get a line on an unknown hero who deserves something handsome at President Roosevelt's hands."

"Who is he?"

"The husband of the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe."

Unreliable.

"He fairly dotes upon her. He is wild about her."

"I don't take much stock in these wild dotes."—Houston Post.

A man never realizes what a sponge he is until he falls into a puddle of water and soaks it all up.