

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Captain Amundsen will use polar bears for his dash to the pole. This sounds logical.

The simplest of simple lives is said to be the one best thing for the editor. Let us read the proof.

It will be seen that the deceased wives' sisters have begun to marry their deceased sisters' husbands.

Surprising how many of these successful air ship trips end in the machine being carted home in a farmer's wagon.

That Chicago family which has lived in a motor car for a year may have been driven to it by the servant girl question.

The New York woman who is living with a bullet in her brain is going to have considerable trouble getting it off her mind.

Without wishing to work off a pun, we would rise to remark that it seems about time for civilization to apply the strap to Morocco.

One scientist's guess as to the conditions that prevail on the planet Mars probably is as good as any other scientist's, if not a little better.

Captain Mahan has just published another book on the science of war. In spite of the efforts of peace congresses such books always seem to be timely.

A New York man who sat down on an inverted carpet tack recovered his powers of speech which had been lost for fourteen years. Guess what was the first thing he said.

The "Esperanto waltz" has arrived. It is probably intended to enable the waltzers to say something more than "Isn't the music lovely?" or "What a splendid floor this is."

The Kataastanan Kagalangalang Katipunan is the name of a Filipino secret society. If the password is of like length they must have hard work getting a quorum before the hour of adjournment.

A man and his wife quarreled over a feather bed; the man's wife left him, and he went out into his back yard and blew his brains out. Now he has no use for the feather bed. How easily some things are settled, after all.

New York millionaires are buying homes in Paris. Where will the Eastern movement cease? The millionaire makes his money in the West and cannot be satisfied until he has a home on Fifth avenue or near it. Then he begins to want to live in London, and after London Paris appeals to him. From Paris he may go to Turkey or Persia.

Numerous inscriptions in Latin were cut on the new building for the Department of Agriculture in Washington. The head of the department discovered the other day that some of them are in bad Latin, and ordered them all erased and recut in plain English. There is no better reason for inscribing American public buildings with Latin than there would have been for putting inscriptions in Greek or Sanskrit on the public buildings in ancient Rome. The theory that there is a peculiar virtue in a foreign tongue is widely held. It goes so far as to lead to the singing of French translations of German and Italian operas in American operahouses, translations made at the demand of music-loving Frenchmen, who insist that they shall understand the language sung to them.

There is a large class of citizens in every country who distrust banks or dislike to go to them with small sums. The result is that a great deal of money is kept out of circulation by hoarding. In the United States the amount thus carried on the person or secreted is not less than \$500,000,000. Its owners would be willing to let the government have the money, and there would be no panicky runs. At any postoffice funds can be withdrawn at any time, so the account is virtually a national letter of credit. In England the rate of interest paid is 2½ per cent, and the minimum deposit received is 1 shilling, though there is a provision for penny savings, by means of cards on which stamps are affixed a penny at a time up to a shilling, when a regular deposit can be made. No one can deposit more than \$250 in any one year, nor more than \$750 as a total, and when the principal and interest reach \$1,000 interest ceases, which rule induces the depositor to invest his \$1,000 otherwise. By the British system the empire is the bank, with every postoffice a branch and all postmasters agents. Through their postoffices the

people may invest in national securities, insure their lives or buy government annuities.

The older leaders of the woman suffrage movement in the United States had to suffer many serious disappointments. In fact, after devoting their lives to the cause, they found that it had made little progress, and to-day Ida Husted Harper, writing for the North American Review, declares that though there has been the longest and hardest struggle for it here the success of the effort has been small. She says that it does not tend "to stimulate an American woman's national pride to reflect that this may be the last of civilized countries to grant women a voice in their own government." And she adds: "Let this fact be remembered—it is the only one where women have been left to fight this battle alone, with no moral, financial or political support from the men." This rebuke comes after a review of the fight for woman suffrage throughout the world, from which we make the following list of countries that have granted the demand for it in whole or in part: In New Zealand women have had the full franchise since 1893. All the Australian states except Victoria have conferred the state franchise on women, and women have full federal suffrage and the right to sit in the federal parliament. In the summary on Australia we read: "At some elections not only a larger percentage but actually a larger number of women than of men have voted. Last year in Tasmania women outnumbered the men at every polling station. It is also everywhere apparent that they have aroused the men to a new sense of their political duty." In the Danish colony of Iceland widows and spinners who are householders or who maintain a family or themselves have a right to vote for parish and town councils and district boards and visitors and are eligible for election to all the offices for which they can vote. In Finland women have the full franchise and the office-holding rights of men, including the right to sit in parliament. In Norway women who pay taxes on property to the value of \$75 in the country and \$110 in the cities were admitted to the municipal franchise in 1901 and made eligible to serve in the common councils. Later the parliamentary franchise was granted to all who pay taxes on an income of \$84 in the country and \$115 in the cities. "Wives can vote on the husband's income, and even domestic servants will have an income large enough to entitle them to vote." It is expected that the concessions already made will soon result in the abolition of the property qualification and the admission of women to the polls on the same terms with men. In Sweden widows and single women and married women who pay taxes on their own property have the municipal franchise on the same terms as men. Some form of woman suffrage is enjoyed in all the provinces of Canada, and in Great Britain women have the right to participate in local elections. This is a statement of results—actually accomplished, but it does not fully indicate the progress of the movement, since the campaigning is being carried on with great vigor in the chief countries of the world and is making recruits rapidly.

### Origin of Plug Tobacco.

In the jury room at the court house a few days ago a farmer said, as he took a chew of tobacco: "All the difference in the world in tobacco. I've tried some twenty different kinds, and none is as good as that we used to make ourselves down on the farm. We would take a maple log while 'twas green and bore a dozen holes in it with a two-inch auger. They were our molds. We selected our choicest tobacco and soaked it for a week or more in wild honey. Then we'd take the leaf to the log, get a good hickory 'tampin' stick and go to work. "A little ball of the honey-soaked tobacco would be put in an auger hole and tamped in with the stick and a hammer. We'd pound it in solid. Ball after ball would be rammed in and pounded until the whole became a solid plug. When the hole was nearly full we would pound in the plug and then the log would be put away to season. As the wood dried the moisture would be drawn from the tobacco. And when it was split the sweetest tobacco ever made was taken from it. We called it 'plug' tobacco and that's where the name originated."—Kansas City Star.

### A Historian's Joke.

Macaulay is not usually regarded as a humorous writer, but in his "History of England" he perpetrates the following in relating the death of Charles II. He says: "Several of the prescriptions have been preserved. One of them is signed by fourteen doctors. He recovered his senses, but he was evidently in a situation of extreme danger."

What a lot of rot there is in the newspapers! And this is some more of it.

A woman can abuse a man, and still love him.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## AN APPEAL FOR THE FARM.

By Gov. Hughes of New York.



GOV. HUGHES.

When you get out where a man has a little elbow room and a chance to develop, he has thoughts of his own. His thinking is not supplied to him every night and every morning, and he is less of a machine and more of a man, so that I do not think that the farmers need to be looked upon, or want to be looked upon, as dependents of the State. They do not come to the State government asking arms. They are self-reliant, they are intelligent.

What we want in connection with agriculture is what we want in connection with every other field of noble effort. We want training, we want intelligence, we want scientific method, we want direction, we want the way shown, and then the man can walk in it. There is no reason why the same care and intention and skill and scientific consideration should not be devoted to agriculture as to industry and the technical trades.

The men who are running away from the farm too frequently make a mistake, and some day—and the day is rapidly approaching—our young men, in larger numbers, will wake up to the fact that they have a pretty good chance on the farm, and that they may be to a greater degree independent and happy in life if they stay where their happy lot were cast in connection with their fathers' farm or another which they may be able to procure.

## THE LIBERTY OF SOCIETY WOMEN.

By Dr. Emil Reich.



Are society women free? And, if so, is that liberty conducive to things evil or good? Most society women would, there is little doubt, say that they now infinitely are more free than their ancestors used to be. If that liberty is taken simply from the material side, it cannot be denied. Society women are allowed to go out when and where they like. They have clubs of their own; they invite men to their clubs on their own hook; they go out to lectures, dinners, receptions, or concerts alone; they carry

on correspondences of their own; they not infrequently earn their own livelihood. Nearly all the externals of liberty are there. However, liberty is not an external or material thing; it is entirely spiritual.

The admiration and social looking up to that non-society women invariably devote to "gentlemen" is a cause of failure which does not exist in good society. The woman that is at once shocked by any slight remark of general politeness is the woman that—is easily shaken. In society, women born to it are neither easily shocked by animated words nor easily shaken. Fewer liberties, and more liberty—is this not a goal worthy of the reformers of society? Fewer clubs and lesser club life. Society women in the present system of their liberty are much envied, even admired, but not sufficiently respected. Less outward liberty would lead to more solid support.

## OVERCAPITALIZATION OF RAILROADS.

By Francis Stetson.



So far as relates to the rates of railroads in competition and under State regulation, there is no possibility of harm from overcapitalization. In every other particular indicated by the President any evil from overcapitalization would exist and operate in respect of stock corporations generally, whether organized as railroads or for industrial purposes.

So far as concerns the issue of bonds, promising to pay sums exceeding the original consideration of the bonds, it is to be observed that in the case of corporations, just as in the case of individuals, this is a matter of financial credit.

The corporation or the individual in good credit can borrow at a low rate and without discount; while to induce loans, those in poor credit must make concessions inversely large. Under such conditions excessive bonded indebtedness does not constitute overcapitalization; and if it be an evil, it is an evil expressly permitted by law.

That it is an evil when incurred for any purpose not strictly within the lawful purposes of the corporation, or for an amount impairing the ability of the corporation to carry on its legitimate business, I fully recognize. Reasonable safeguards should be provided against such evil, and should be accepted cheerfully by corporate managers.

In this direction the provisions of the so-called public-utilities bill, requiring a commission's prior approval of all railroad bonds, as well as of issues of railroad stocks, are eminently proper.

## IN OCTOBER.

I dreamed one day an army passed along  
With many colored banners streaming  
free  
And many rounds of wild and martial  
song;  
In all it seemed most fair and gay to  
me.  
And yet, I said, they do but go to death.  
This bright array. They soon will  
scattered lie  
O'er hills and meadow lands, the merry  
breath  
Of life all fled—who marched so proud-  
ly by.

And then it seemed I was but dreaming  
halt;  
For low and clear  
Beside my ear  
Rang autumn's mocking laugh.

I looked, and lo! I knew it otherwise;  
I saw the gay sabote of the trees  
Flaunt reds and golds beneath the Octo-  
ber skies,  
And heard the stirring anthem of the  
breeze;  
I saw the haze like clouds of azure dust  
Afloat in air where many feet have  
trod;  
I saw the iron-weed and mullein thrust  
Tall spears mid lines of gleaming gold-  
en-rod.

There came a menace of drear winter  
then;  
I felt a smart  
Within my heart  
And autumn mocked again.  
—Bessie Hendricks in the Critic.

## A PERSONAL AFFAIR

A small, brown, silky spaniel was running frantically in and out, pausing now and then to raise his sad little eyes to the faces of the unheeding shoppers. Suddenly he gave a wild jump and a yelp of recognition—it was not she coming up the block, but a familiar face—a friend. Scampering forward, the little dog jumped joyously up in front of the approaching man, now at his knee, now under his feet.

But the big man paid no attention until he found farther progress an impossibility, then he gave an impatient kick.

"Get out of here, you—" He glanced down at the small offender. "Pon my soul, I believe you're Tags," he added, quickly, picking up the curly ball to avoid crushing it. The dog's delight knew no bounds; he licked the man's hands, he reached a dozen times to lick his face, and, foiled in the attempt, cuddled up against the big arm, and was content—rescued!

The big man looked keenly up and down the thoroughfare.

"Your mistress, Tags," he whispered—"where is she?"

Slowly he walked down the long block, looking eagerly from left to right, until he reached Stearns'; there he hesitated, and suddenly turning, hailed a hansom.

"By George!" he muttered, "I won't do it. I'll hold you for ransom, old chap, and a big one at that. We're lucky dogs!"

What a flood of memories, what a sea of visions, did that tiny creature recall, as they drove slowly up-town. But most persistent of all, she stood before him as he had last seen her—white,



YET THERE WAS NONE FOR HIM.

angry, and determined. The trouble had all come so unexpectedly, like a flash from an azure sky; and just as suddenly had she sailed for foreign shores, leaving him crushed, stunned—with no hope. Now she had returned; here was animated evidence, and a medium of reconciliation. Fate was holding wide an open door, but, how to enter—to pass—to conquer!

Ideas budded, blossomed, and died; and arriving at home and the conclusion that she would undoubtedly advertise her loss, he decided to await her move.

The next morning, as he expected, half way down the second column of the paper appeared the following notice:

LOST—Thursday afternoon, in vicinity of Stearns'; spaniel, answering to name of "Tags." Suitable reward, if returned to—, Riverside Drive.

He smiled grimly, and seating himself at his desk, penned this reply:

FOUND—Thursday afternoon, in vicinity of Stearns'; a spaniel, answering to name of "Tags." Would you consider yourself "suitable?"—L. W. G.

Sunday seemed long in coming, but when it finally arrived, Lawrence Gordon was awake and calling for his morning paper long before his accustomed hour. He glanced eagerly, hurriedly, through the first column, the second—and even the third. Then he began all over again; slower and with closer scrutiny, but only to be disappointed. The messages were multi-farious; gay, grave, indifferent ones;

sent to as many varied hearts; yet there was none for him. He was perceptibly chagrined, but perhaps he had expected too early a reply.

Another day passed, and he grew impatient—as did Tags. Tuesday morning, and no reply. On Wednesday the following brief but apropos message appeared:

Tags cries pitifully. Must be homesick.—L. W. G.

Gordon felt that she must have seen not only his first but also his second appeal, for well he knew that until she had recovered her pet she would anxiously scan the column for tidings of him. Three times, for luck, he would try; and, if he failed! Bah! there was no such word as fail. With the courage born of despair he wrote his last entreaty:

Tags is lonely. So am I. Can't we come and get you?—L. W. G.

And the next morning the first column was headed:

Tags—come!

—Fannie Elton Morris in Scrap Book.

## The Story of a Shark.

While cruising among the South Sea Islands thirty odd years ago in our private yacht, the Haute Flyer, we were much annoyed by a large Irish setter shark that persisted in following the ship. During the night the shark would often climb up on deck and tip over the garbage can. At one time Henry Williams, a sailor before the mast, was bitten on the leg by the brute. He aimed a kick at the shark, who growled, showed his teeth and sunk his fangs in Williams' limb before leaping over the rail into the sea.

One day the cook, annoyed at his alarm clock—which persisted in going off furiously at all hours of the night—threw the timepiece overboard. The shark, always on hand for dainty tidbits from the galley, took the time of day at one gulp. For two days after that we heard the clock going off in a muffled way from the interior of the surprised shark, who was often seen with one fin on his head and the other on the pit of his stomach, evidently trying to diagnose his clock case.

We were standing on the stern of the ship one evening watching the shark, who was evidently feeling pretty sick. Suddenly the clock went off on him, and the sailors, counting the strokes, noticed that it struck twenty-three. When the shark heard this he turned up and died before our eyes.—Minneapolis Journal.

## Literary Item.

"They say very few authors sleep more than seven hours a day."  
"But think how much slumber they furnish other people."

Try living on 15 cents a day if you are troubled with dyspepsia.