

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO, OREGON

A London bishop has advised men to kiss their wives. Their own wives, mind you.

If trial marriages are a success among the Eskimos, it's more than can be said in Astorbiltia.

Miss Helen Gould says that she "is not clever enough" to talk to the newspapers. Too clever, we should say.

The New York couple who have been married sixty-three years without a single quarrel do not know what fun it is to kiss and make up.

"I have all the money I want," declares Oscar Hammerstein. Oscar has always been rather proud of his reputation for eccentricity.

There is an old one something like this: "Put a fool on a horse and he will go full gallop." How easy it would be to substitute automobile for horse.

A lady Spiritualist asserts that the Czar of Russia consults mediums every day. If this is true he must be patronizing an inferior class of mediums.

The Delaware man who whistled while the doctors amputated his fingers may turn the joke on the sawbones by making them whistle for their pay.

While scientists are worrying over earthquakes that cannot be located, the rest of humanity is thankful that no long casualty list makes its appearance.

If they've really found a way to remove birth marks by the X-ray we do not see how the Old Earl can possibly recognize his long-lost cheek-aid in the fourth act.

The woman who accuses her mother of having alienated her husband's affections has placed the mother-in-law joke in a new light and given it a new lease of life.

Some professor claims to have proof that Solomon did not write the Songs of Solomon. It isn't likely that anybody will ever think it worth while to claim that Hall Caine didn't write his works.

A woman advertised for a husband and used a fictitious name. Her son, using a fictitious name, answered, and they met by appointment. It was perhaps to emphasize their silliness that they let the story get out.

The divorce is absolute, but Count Boni's creditors' claims have been settled. That should relieve him of some annoyance, and yet a man of his sensitive nature must shrink at the thought of wasting money on creditors.

A Pennsylvania man is fitting himself for college at the age of 57 years. We are sure that Henry G. Davis of West Virginia will extend his best wishes to the young fellow and hope that an honorable and a useful career may lie before him.

The report of the abdication of the Dowager Empress of China appears to have been premature. In fact, the people who started it are keeping as far away as possible from Tsi An's headquarters and fervently hoping that there may be no immediate necessity for them to look her in the face and say it.

Parents who are dissatisfied with the present status of athletics in the public schools—and there are many of them—will follow with interest the course of the Boston school committee, which is considering the advisability of introducing the West Point drill. It is a matter of common knowledge that the drill at West Point accomplishes the main object of all athletic exercise—it gives its pupils a sound body and an erect, vigorous carriage that lasts them through life. Is there any school in American where football, baseball or all the sports together do this for the whole student body?

"A lot of men," said Gov. Hughes, of New York, in a speech the other day, "are overcapitalized worse than the corporations, and cannot earn interest on what they imagine are their intrinsic merits." This is so striking a way of putting an old truth that it bears discussing. Everybody knows men whose stock is so heavily watered with conceit that they cannot avoid bankruptcy. They do not pay dividends on the capacity they brag about. They say they are capable of great things, but when it comes to the point they are incapable of even small ones. The late Dr. Dowle was an example of another kind of human corporation. He had a great deal of ability, and if he

had confined himself to dealing on the basis of what there was, he would have been a success. But he overcapitalized himself, and the time came when he could not earn interest on his capabilities as he estimated them. Then failure was sure, and he died poor, broken and alone. One of the secrets of success in this world is knowledge of one's self. The man who is aware of his own limitations, and keeps within them, is always safe, no matter how narrow they may be. The failures are mostly of those men who overcapitalize themselves. It is as bad to undercapitalize one's self, of course, as to go to the other extreme. The man who is diffident, who underestimates his own ability and strength, will not go far. But at least that sort of man does not make the crash that follows the fall of the overcapitalized person. Learn to estimate yourself correctly—that is the lesson a man must master who seeks success. Overcapitalization is as dangerous to an individual as it is to a corporation.

During the last quarter of a century there has been the greatest activity in archaeological research, which received an extraordinary impetus from Dr. Schliemann's discoveries. Nor has the interest aroused been confined to experts. Though the people generally have paid little attention to methods and details, they have been glad to learn of the results and have applauded the scholarship and the industry that have brought them about. They have recognized, too, that in addition to scholarship and industry money was necessary for unraveling the mysteries of buried cities, but the suggestion that furnishing the money provides a most attractive career for rich young men was reserved for Prof. George N. Ottcott, of Columbia University. He grows eloquent over the thought. What, he asks, have the gayeties of society, "what has fishing or hunting, golfing or automobiling, to offer comparable to the keen excitement of watching and directing a hundred workers as they lay bare an ancient city which human eyes have not seen in two millenniums?" As for the opportunities to make important discoveries, he shows that they still abound. There are chances upon chances in Southern Europe, and Asia is a specially inviting field. Americans can work there on the same terms as Europeans. They will not be at a disadvantage, as they might be in Europe, with the competition of the natives; they will have oriental strangeness to lure them on and the spice of adventure. Many an ancient Asiatic city is awaiting the golden touch that will unlock the door of hidden wonders, and "would mean that American wealth might give the means and American scholarship reap the glory." As we read of the enormous waste of time and money by young men of wealth, or become cognizant of it in other ways, it seems as if such an appeal should have some effect. There is an opportunity to promote a highly valuable work for all mankind, to lead a useful life, to awaken a new interest in life, to share in the scholar's glory. The rich young men should think it over.

### Not a "Light" Drink.

An Easterner, riding on a mail stage in northern Colorado, was entertained by a dialogue which was sustained upon one side by the driver and upon the other by an elderly passenger, evidently a native of the region.

"I understand you're temperance," began the driver.

"Yes, I'm pretty strong against liquor," returned the other. "I've been set against it now for thirty-five years."

"Scared it will ruin your health?"

"Yes, but that isn't the main thing."

"Perhaps it don't agree with you?" ventured the driver.

"Well, it really don't agree with anybody. But that ain't it either. The thing that sets me against it is a horrible idea."

"A horrible idea! What is it?"

"Well, thirty-five years ago I was sitting in a hotel in Denver with a friend of mine, and I says, 'Let's order a bottle of something,' and he says, 'No, sir. I'm saving my money to buy government land at a dollar and a quarter an acre. I'm going to buy tomorrow, and you'd better let me take the money you would have spent for the liquor and buy a couple of acres along with mine.' I says, 'All right. So we didn't drink, and he bought me two acres."

"Well, sir, to-day those two acres are right in the middle of a flourishing town; and if I'd taken that drink I'd have swallowed a city block, a grocery store, an apothecary's, four lawyers' offices, and it's hard to say what else. That's the idea. Ain't it horrible?"

### Gully.

"That nigger's a coward!"

"Nossuh, he ain't no coward."

"You said yourself that he was chicken-hearted."

"All niggus is chicken-hearted, boss."—Houston Post.

You may think you live in a good country, but the real estate agent is the true optimist.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## CHANGE THE SHERMAN LAW.

By M. E. Ingalls, Banker.



M. E. INGALLS.

I would ask our public men to cease the talk which gives the inference that everything in our corporation life is rotten; which disturbs business men and harms our fair reputation all over the world. It is not true that our business generally is being conducted on unlawful lines. I can state, and defy contradiction, that the railroads of this country, the great interest about which there is so much talk and abuse, are being conducted to-day in accordance with the letter and spirit of the law. The worthless class, the reformer who hopes, without work, to get some of his neighbors' property, are very few. We should not encourage this number or lead our people, who are nearly all comparatively well off, to think that there is any class in this country trying to oppress another.

Above all, the Sherman law, so-called, should be changed. I have repeatedly stated, and I think my construction of that law has been agreed to by the highest in the land, that under the present terms, and if strictly construed, no man can honestly engage in business without danger of violating it. Any agreement, almost, between two parties is a conspiracy. This spirit has been enlarged and re-enacted in State Legislatures until it has produced even worse conditions. In my own State legislation is so strict that if two butchers on opposite corners of the street should agree upon the price of beef-steak it would be a penitentiary offense, and conspiracy can be proved without the usual form of evidence.

## WHY THE MEDICINE MAN IS PASSING.

By Frederick Treves.



I am afraid that a long time will elapse before people break off the extraordinary habit of taking medicine when they are sick. It is a prejudice deep down in the hearts of the people. Why it exists it is hard to say, but there it is, and I suppose it must continue some little time longer.

If you picture the environment of a doctor, you see a room with a multitude of shelves covered with bottles from floor to ceiling. These bottles rapidly are vanishing, and the time is not far distant when they will be reduced to an extremely small number. The empty shelves will be replaced by simple living, suitable diet, plenty of sun and plenty of fresh air. The astonishing history of certain infectious maladies surpasses in interest every romance that ever has been written. The tubercle at this moment is killing 50,000 people per annum. Not one of those people need die—the disease is preventable.

Take consumption. In the years 1861-5, the mortality from consumption in Great Britain was twenty-five per 10,000, but it has dropped until now it is less than twelve per 10,000. This compels us to ask what is going to happen if this sort of thing goes on. It means this—it will be impossible to find deaths from scarlet fever, typhoid, cholera, diphtheria and the like. There used to be 200 leper houses in England. There is not one in existence now, except as a curiosity, and leprosy has left England since the eighteenth century. In 1065, in the short period of six months, if Macaulay is to be trusted, 100,000 people died of the black death. Where is it now? It has vanished. Did anyone at that time ever dream of suggesting that the day could possibly come when death

## HAMLIN, THE BAKER.

When Cyrus Hamlin was a student at Bowdoin College he added something to his studies which was not a part of the curriculum, a providential elective, as was proved many years later when he became president of Robert College in Constantinople, and when the necessity for good bread for the soldiers of the Crimea was brought to his notice. In "Cyrus Hamlin, Missionary, Statesman, Inventor," the story is given:

One day at Bowdoin, Professor Smith delivered a lecture on the steam engine to Hamlin's class, not one of whom, perhaps, had ever seen a steam engine. Those were the days of the stage-coach and the ox team.

After the lecture he said to Professor Smith, "I believe I could make an engine."

The professor replied, "I think you can make anything you undertake, Hamlin, and I wish you would try."

He did try, and succeeded. By working twelve and sometimes fifteen hours each day, he built a steam engine sufficiently large to be of real service as a part of the philosophical apparatus of the college.

During the Crimean War there was great need of good bread, and not a steam flour mill in Constantinople. The memory of his steam engine encouraged President Hamlin to think that he could establish a flour mill and a bakery, and cast good wheat bread upon the troubled waters of that Eastern war.

He imported a steam engine from the United States, and by the help of Ure's "Dictionary of the Arts," and after labors which surpassed the legendary labors of Hercules, he was ready to grind flour.

Might not a chemist make good bread? He had the theory in his head; the next thing was to have the art at

his finger ends. This is the way he speaks of the result:

"My bread came out as flat as a pancake, and too sour for mortal man to eat. But the next was better, and the third was eatable."

He was soon selling bread so sweet, so palatable, and in loaves so much above the legal weight that "Hamlin's Bread" became famous.

One day he was invited to visit the military hospital at Scutari then filled with sick and wounded soldiers. The chief physician said to him, "Are you Hamlin, the baker?"

"No, sir," replied Doctor Hamlin, "I am the Reverend Mr. Hamlin, an American missionary."

"That is about as correct as anything I get in this country," said Doctor Mapleton. "I send for a baker and get a missionary."

Before the misunderstanding went farther Doctor Hamlin explained that he was both a missionary and a maker of bread. The result of the conference was that the English secured good bread at one-half less than the price they had been paying for sour bread, which the soldiers could hardly eat.

### Hardly Negotiable.

Stories have been told of buttons, trunks and various extraneous substances found in contribution boxes, but it is seldom that a church member strikes a blow so severe as was that delivered by Amos Budd, of Potteryville, on one occasion.

It was at the close of a missionary memory of his steam engine encouraged it was to contribute ten cents to each of the charities to the support of which the church subscribed, was seen to take a blue slip from his pocket and look at it keenly and affectionately.

When, after a slight but evident hesitation, he dropped the slip, carefully folded, into the box, Deacon Lane, who was passing it, could hardly refrain from an exclamation of joy.

"The Lord will bless you, Brother Budd," he said, when the sermon was

from leprosy and plague would be unknown? Yet black death has now no place in the British Isles. As an Irishman would say: "Black death has found that England is no place to live in."

## FINANCIERS AS MONEY MANIACS.

By Rev. Dr. Charles E. Locke.



Americans are manifesting an itching for money beyond all reason. Money has its good sides as well as its evil. It can purchase privileges and multiply chances and annihilate distance. Money makes possible the greatest philanthropic schemes and generousities. Money makes the world go, and it can be made humanity's supremest blessing.

Alas, that riches so often prove to be pitfalls to those who seek and to those who possess them! Men become money mad. They want money, not for the privileges which it will afford, but to endeavor to satisfy an insatiable greed. Our age is sadly afflicted with this inglorious mania, and men are endeavoring to get money, honestly if it is convenient, but they must get money.

What instance of this uncontrollable passion of greed have been seen recently in the diabolical system of rebates by which great corporations have grown richer and respectable smaller dealers have been crushed to the wall, and the high-handed robberies and vulgar criminal extravagances of insurance officials!

Somebody has been recently insisting that the very rich are insane, that the acquisition of the power which great wealth brings unsettles men's minds. It is true, however, that selfishness and arrogance and vulgar extravagance, and foolishness and utter defiance of all laws of safety and society characterize some men who become suddenly rich. The awful slaughter of the automobile mania illustrates this tendency among prosperous people.

## WHY WOMEN DO NOT MARRY.

By Henry S. Pritchett.



There is the general supposition that college women do not marry; that higher education is leading them away from the home. This is true, but it also applies to women outside of colleges—women who have mastered an art or a profession. Marriage with them is not a necessity from the point of support; they have their liberty and independence and self-support in their own hands, and they weigh well the advantages they might gain by marrying.

It cannot be questioned that woman's independence as to marriage makes for her happiness, not only as an individual, but as a sex. If the financial question could be eliminated, matrimony would be as nearly ideal a thing as we possibly could conceive, and it seems to be a proved fact that there is little domestic unhappiness among the women who marry from wise choice rather than conventional necessity. Love then becomes the ruling element, as it should be always.

The whole situation is simply this: In the past there was but one future for the girl—matrimony. To-day woman regards herself as an individual. She looks at man from a higher viewpoint, and she weighs his powers of making her happy with her own ability to do the same thing. Marriage is no longer a necessity, and when she has mastered an art she can take the same attitude that man does—of choosing the one she wants. If she does not find what she likes, she has the same prerogative as the bachelor.

over, hurrying down the aisle to overtake the prosperous grocer.

"I hope so," returned Mr. Budd, dryly, "but I'm afraid you call late on that being a check that I dropped in the box. It wasn't. 'Twas a receipted bill for kerosene the church owed me last year, and it had been overlooked. Of course it's jest the same as money, though, when you come to that."

### Couldn't Light Them on Him.

An old woman from the country bought three boxes of matches from her grocer in town. It rained when she was going home, and the matches became so damp that not one of them would strike. On the following Saturday she took the matches back to the grocer, and upbraided him for selling such useless stuff. The grocer took out one or two, and struck them quite easily on the leg of his trousers, for by this time the matches had become perfectly dry. But the old woman did not think of this explanation, and exclaimed: "Tut, tut! that's not good enough for me. I can't tramp six miles to your trousers every time I want to strike a match. Give me three boxes of a kind that I can light at home."

### The Age of Discretion.

Senator Dillingham, discussing immigration in New York, made use of the phrase, "the age of discretion."

"What is the 'age of discretion,' senator?" asked one of his auditors.

"I should say," returned Senator Dillingham, smiling, "that the age of discretion is reached when a young man removes from his mantel the rich collection of actresses' and dancing girls' photographs, and substitutes the portrait of his rich bachelor uncle."

Humility is one of the ingredients a self-made man occasionally forgets to mix with his material.

A man should remind his wife occasionally that a little credit is a dangerous thing.