

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

R. C. COLLINS, Editor
F. N. HAYDEN, Manager

TOLEDO.....OREGON

A "lamb" has escaped from Wall street with \$3,000,000. In what?

If some one would import about three million cooks and maids the most serious market stringency would be relieved.

Yes, money talks, and its talk is mighty pleasant music, except occasionally when it says in a hoarse whisper, "I'm scared!"

King Menelik of Abyssinia proposes to give his people a constitution. The Czar of Russia can see a large batch of trouble ahead of Menelik.

Colonel George Harvey, of Harper's Weekly, has taken a firm stand against sweetmeats and cookies. The colonel is bound to save us, somehow.

If they are going to have a row in the British navy every time the German emperor visits England it may be expected that William will go over often.

A woman wants a divorce because her husband limited her to six new hats in four years. He must have been trying to beat the record for inhuman cruelty.

Every once in a while the blessings of poverty are made patent to all. A lot of men should be thankful that they didn't have any money to loan to Mrs. Chadwick.

The discovery that Japan is eating 2,000,000 pounds of whale meat every year may start Hobson talking again about her intention of whaling us in the near future.

"In every meeting I have ever held," says Evangelist Torrey, "some one has heard me and has died the next day." He is indeed a bold preacher who will throw a scare like that into his audience.

The young ladies of a church in Chicago pray twice daily that they may get good husbands. After they have waited a reasonable time they may amend their supplication by striking out the word "good."

Heirs of George Washington claim that they own the land on which the city of Cincinnati stands. Is there a city in this country which doesn't stand on land which is claimed by the heirs of somebody?

The governor of Minnesota says \$10,000 a year should be enough for any man. Most of the men who are getting many times that amount can no doubt recall the time when they thought the same thing.

With its sharp prow an Atlantic steamer cut a large whale in two the other day and went on its way as if nothing unusual had happened. If the denizens of the mighty deep expect to hold their own in the struggle for existence they will have to adapt themselves to the exigencies of modern life and learn how to dodge ocean grey-bounds.

In the commercial treaty recently made between Canada and France, the Dominion for the first time negotiated directly with a foreign power through its own officials without the intervention of British diplomats. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian prime minister, went himself to Paris and arranged the terms of the treaty. Although of course the treaty is actually concluded by the British government, yet the fact that the home government practically allowed the colonial authority to make the arrangement independently marks an important advance in the power of the Canadian government.

When river commerce was developed by private capital the railroads protected their business by methods which did not commend themselves at all. They will be at a disadvantage in competition with the nation's investment, and there will be born a new sectional question in the rivalry between the East and the Middle West. But there is no possibility of standing still. Rivalry among ourselves should not obscure the fact that this improvement is one means of keeping for ourselves the trade within our "sphere," which otherwise is offered for competition to Europe and even to Japan. The West, which long has been restless under improvement of our harbors, may easily think it has a fair case for asking the development of its river ways.

A Chicago professor wants to lecture to school children on the law of chance. He wants to educate the child so that it will see the folly in the prize package, the slot machine, and so that when it grows up it will be armed against the allurements of the bookmaker, the lottery and the roulette wheel. He

wants to make it clear to the child that the odds are the wrong way. He wants to demonstrate to the child's positive conviction that the only man who wins is the man who runs the game. Most men don't believe this. Or, if they do believe it, they take a chance. We show a young fellow who watched the play of a roulette table for the first time, and figured a sure system in five minutes. Ten minutes later his \$60 was gone. This wheel was crooked. But even if it had been straight, and the young man had kept on playing in the end he would have lost his \$60 just the same. If the Chicago professor is not given his youthful audience, he ought to be able to get a fairly large class of grown-ups in this city.

Unless things change, and very radically, the old heartrending cry, "Oh, save us from our friends!" will have to be amended so as to read, "Oh, save us from those who love us!" At first blush this may seem like nonsense, but just think: Almost every morning we read of some young man killing some young woman because he loves her so. It has got to the point in some parts of the country where the fathers of marriageable young women will not permit the young men who love them to enter the house until they are searched for concealed weapons. However, there has always been more or less of this, so that it will not be worth while to worry over it. But we should take some cognizance of the fact that the trouble is not confined altogether to young lovers, nor does it always result in shooting, but sometimes manifests itself in ways which are equally disagreeable and more humiliating. Take, for instance, the man who was so fond of a woman that when his admiration was at its height, when he was gazing at her with rapt enrapture, just at the very moment when he seemed to be given completely up to adoration of the one woman he loved, he gave her a black eye, sluply because she smiled when another man was looking. Now, this is not good social form. It is as bad almost as that observed by the women who loved her husband so intensely as he was that when he had his hair cut by the barber she refused to allow him to enter his home, and has commenced suit against him for divorce. She loved him, alas, not wisely but too well. But the worst example of all is the case of another husband. He was so devoted to his wife that he was always anxious about the condition of her health. If she looked a trifle pale in the morning he would go to his work with a heavy heart and be unhappy all day. He was constantly feeling her pulse and looking at her tongue. Such a solicitous husband nobody ever did see, and the neighbor's wives all used to point him out to their husbands as a husband to pattern after. The other day he came home and thought that she was looking rather poorly. She protested that she never had felt better in her life. He denied this emphatically, went down to the drug store, bought some pills which he believed would do her good, and, returning, attempted to force her to take them. She resisted, and so fearful was he that she should be sick and suffer pain that he lost his temper and threw her down a flight of stairs. It is a wonder that she escaped with only slight injuries. Now, when those who love us and are anxious about us, and solicitous with regard to us, and admire us, and would do anything for us, do these things to us, what are we to expect from those who do not care anything about us? Really, it is hard to say.

Gov. Hughes.

I believe that the moral standards of the American people were never more sound than they are to-day. Considering the tremendous increase in the opportunities for wrongdoing, the seductive and refined temptation and the materialistic appeals that are incident to our mode of life and the material comforts which invention and commerce have made possible, I believe that the manner in which the ethical development of the people has kept pace with their progress in other directions may fairly be called extraordinary. We have disclosure of shocking infidelity to trust and to public obligation, but more important than the evil disclosed was the attitude of the people toward it. Devotion to duty and strict discharge of honorable obligation to both individual and public are not hypocritically preached, but are the sincere and insistent demand of the American people from one end of the land to the other. Individual shortcomings are many, but the

Crab Has 2,000,000 Joints.

The crab known as the scale-tailed apus was believed to have become extinct in Great Britain 50 years ago, the last recorded specimens being taken in the ponds on Hampstead Heath. But now it has turned up again in some numbers in two ponds on Preston Merse, near Southwick, in Kirkcudbrightshire. About two and a half inches long, the apus bears a very striking likeness to that remarkable creature, the king crab, and this because the fore part of the body is covered by a great semi-circular shield, or carapace, while, as in the king crab, it swims on its back. In the great number of its legs the scale-tailed apus has few rivals, while in the number of the joints which these share between them no other creature can compare. The naturalist Schaffer once essayed the task of counting them and made the magnificent total of 1,802,604. Latreille put down the number at a round 2,000,000.—London Daily Graphic.

An Exactng Trainer.

"Who won the long-distance walking match?"
"Spriggins."
"He did? Who was his trainer?"
"His ten-months-old baby."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Note Was Final.

The proprietor of a large drug store recently received this curt and haughty note, written in an angular feminine hand: "I do not want vasoline, but glisserine. Is that plain enough? I persoon you can spell."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

NO BROTHERLY LOVE IN BUSINESS.

By A. B. Stickney.



I have never seen much of an exhibition of the effects of brotherly love in commercial affairs, and my opinion is that if the president of a railway should attempt to run it on brotherly love, the road would be scalped bareheaded in thirty minutes, and at the end of the month there would be no money in the treasury with which to pay wages.

Probably the largest fortune which has ever been amassed in this or any other country by one man in a single life has been produced in the last forty years in the iron trade. It has been the direct result of a law of Congress, enacted to benefit labor. Under this law, during the years in which this enormous fortune was accumulating, the government has enforced the collection of a tax from the other industries of the country, ranging from \$27.50 down to \$7.50 per ton on his entire output, not one dollar of which was intended or ever did go into the treasury of the government, but every dollar of which was paid to this ironmaster. In dealing with wages, he stood firmly by the natural laws, never paying a penny more than the law of supply and demand compelled. The law enriched the employer instead of the employe. The employer has built palaces and bought castles. The employes live in the same miserable shanties as before.

This act of Congress is still in force, enriching the greatest organization of capital which the world has ever known. My judgment throws to the wind all the theories of equitable distribution by brotherly love or by legislation. I believe that in economic affairs the only way to get a fair share is to be prepared always to fight, and when necessary to fight for it.

OUR SOUND MORAL STANDARDS.

By Gov. Charles E. Hughes.



I believe that the moral standards of the American people were never more sound than they are to-day. Considering the tremendous increase in the opportunities for wrongdoing, the seductive and refined temptation and the materialistic appeals that are incident to our mode of life and the material comforts which invention and commerce have made possible, I believe that the manner in which the ethical development of the people has kept pace with their progress in other directions may fairly be called extraordinary. We have disclosure of shocking infidelity to trust and to public obligation, but more important than the evil disclosed was the attitude of the people toward it. Devotion to duty and strict discharge of honorable obligation to both individual and public are not hypocritically preached, but are the sincere and insistent demand of the American people from one end of the land to the other. Individual shortcomings are many, but the

moral judgment of the community is keen and severe. In this we find just cause for satisfaction.

In a democracy stability depends upon the reign of reason, and it is the fact that we are a common people that gives us assurance for the future. Democracy has constantly to struggle against three abuses. This is illustrated by concerted attempts on the part of those who find themselves in a strong position to put others at a disadvantage by unfair means. It is the business of a free government, desiring so far as possible to give each individual a fair chance, to put a stop to improper practices designed to restrict the area of opportunity. Then there is the abuse of privileges received from the government itself—the misuse of public franchises granted upon condition that they shall be used to benefit the public. It is the business of a free government to secure the just use of such franchises for the public benefit. There is also the abuse of the system of government itself by prostituting representative powers to selfish advantage. To guard against these abuses and put an end to them where they exist the people must be constantly alert.

DIVINE LAW MAN'S ONLY GUIDE.

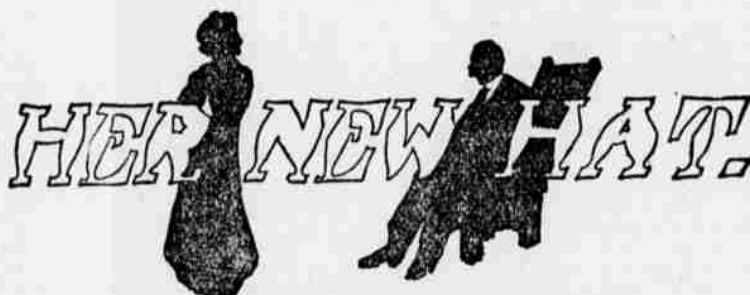
By Francis B. Moore.



In the popular philosophy of our times a fundamental doctrine has been evolved which teaches that it is a trivial matter what one believes; for "we shall all arrive safe in the better land, though we may have traveled by any one of many different roads." This is an enchanting notion, and it would be quite soothing if it were true; but if it is not, the sooner we discover its falsity the better for us. So far from there being many different roads leading to heaven, there is in fact only one—viz.: obedience to the divine revealed law. No man may think himself excused from obeying it, and if anyone loses heaven, he alone is to blame.

A divine rule of conduct involving life and death must be the same for all men, it must be unchangeable, and it must be known easily. God might have revealed or made known the divine law personally and directly to each individual man in a miraculous and unmistakable manner if He had wished to do so, but this was not necessary. What He actually did was to make it known to certain men through the teaching of Jesus Christ; these men were instructed by Him during three years, and organized into a teaching society called the church, and He commanded them to "go and teach all nations," promising to be with them in their teaching "until the end of the world."

Jesus Christ has taught that those who will not accept the teaching of the church are those who do not know what the divine revealed law is—in these plain and unmistakable words: "If any man will not hear the church, let him be to you as the heathen;" the heathen, of course, are those who have not yet learned the divine revealed law. But God will make it easy for anyone to learn what that law is, and to obey it, and thus reach salvation, if he sincerely and humbly begs the divine assistance.



"Would you wear your straw hat down to the office to-day?" asked the man's wife.

"By no means," replied the man. "That is different altogether. If I wore my straw hat I'd have a crowd following me. I'm wearing the same hat that I wore last winter, though."

"Because it isn't conspicuous. If it made you conspicuous you wouldn't. You know perfectly well that you wouldn't. You'd go straight to a hatter's and get something that was in style. But you want me to be conspicuous, and I am."

"Do you mean to say that sweet little hat you bought speck and span new only last fall would make you conspicuous?" demanded the man.

"When every woman is wearing a totally different style? Certainly I do," his wife replied, in nowise mollified by the implied flattery.

"Every woman?"

"Every woman."

"Every woman wearing those inverted, saucer-shaped abominations?"

"Yes, if you think to call them that."

"Then, I think I should want to be conspicuous," said the man, decidedly.

"You can wear your straw hat, then," retorted his wife. "Of course if you feel that you can't afford to have me dress as other women do I have nothing more to say. I'll wear a shawl over my head if you think it is absolutely necessary. But I think—"

"Now, don't get excited, my dear," said the man. "You know perfectly well that it isn't a question of money. I don't care anything at all about that. I was just arguing that it was absurd to go to the expense when it seemed to be entirely superfluous. When you get the worst of an argument that's the way you always are."

"I don't see that I have got the worst of it," said his wife.

"You never will see it," said the man. "I'll show you that you are quite illogical. You say that you don't want

to be conspicuous and yet you say that the trimming is going to cost \$15."

"If I get the plumes, but then I can use them on some other hat. You said just now that you weren't talking about the expense."

"Won't — you — please — wait — until — I've done — talking?" begged the man. "I was going to say that if you didn't want to make yourself conspicuous what do you want to stick plumes in your hat for? Tell me that."

"Oh, I'm not going to argue about it," said his wife. "I'll wear my old hat. I suppose that ought to be good enough for me."

"Don't you think I am right?"

"Oh, of course, you are always right."

"And that style will go out before the winter is over," said the man. "All these very marked fashions do. They get limited in the very cheapest kind of materials until the best people—the really fashionable people—throw them away. You know that is so. I've heard you say that myself."

"Yes, that is so," sighed his wife.

"Well, isn't it? And that last fall's hat is really as tasteful and becoming as it can be and it wouldn't be at all noticeable."

"It's lovely," agreed his wife. "And as far as being noticed is concerned nobody is likely to notice anything I wear. What does it matter?"

"Don't talk that way," pleaded the man. "You know I want you to have what you want and I don't grudge the expense. But you say yourself that I'm right."

"Yes, you're perfectly right," said his wife. "But I want the hat! I want the hat! I want the hat!"

"Then if it's like that," said the man, wisely, "you certainly will have to have it."

Great Things.

It's easy for the average man
To do great things, you'll find;
That is, it's easy quite for him
To do them—in his mind.

LUMBER JACKS' UNIQUE FAD.

Men from the Woods Wear Tintypes in Gilt Frames on Their Coats.

What does a lumber jack want of a little round tintype of himself in a near-gilt frame to pin on his coat? What does an elephant want of a military hair brush? In the latter case he doesn't, but in the former he thinks he does. Ask the man who is taking the tintypes down on Bridge square if you want to—he doesn't know. It isn't exactly wise to ask the lumber jacks, for they aren't feeling any too meek and mild these days, says the Minneapolis Journal.

When you have \$175 or \$200 to spend in two weeks and theaters and clothes and other things are not for you, when you are so constituted that you wouldn't think of wandering above Washington avenue—well, maybe that answers the question of what the lumber jack wants with a tintype of himself to pin on his coat. Whether they want them or not, they are buying them.

It seems to be part of this year's initiation ritual into the ranks of the lumber jacks to wear a tintype in a near-gilt frame pinned on your coat. In this case the spruce young man with the machine, which looks like a pocket edition telescope, and in which the pictures are turned out, is the initiator, and for his services the unorganized order of lumber jacks pays him on an average of 20 cents a minute. For fashion is fashion, even among lumber jacks, and with tintypes—gilt frame and all coming at 10 cents each—they line up and get through with it as fast as possible.

But even admitting that they want tintypes in gilt frames, what reason they have for holding their hands in front of their faces while the pictures are taken has got even the policemen on the beat puzzled.

Really Not Surprising.

"My goodness," exclaimed Mrs. Kilder, "I don't know anything more surprising than the way our gas bills run up."

"Oh, that's not so surprising," replied her husband, "when you consider how many thousand feet they have."—Philadelphia Press.

When a woman wears a hat for the first time, and her friends say: "It looks very pretty in the back," is that a compliment?