

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Why not make "Woodman, Spare That Tree" the national hymn?

A harp 414 years old has been found in Iowa. Perhaps it is the one that came through Tara's halls.

We should like to rebuke those women of Dubuque who are forcing their husbands to learn to cueque.

"Lady Subscriber" is hereby informed that money which is carried in a woman's stocking cannot properly be called elastic currency.

The New York Tribune heads a hard-times story "Corset Factory Feels the Pinch." Fewer of its patrons, then, must be feeling the squeeze.

A South Norwalk (Conn.) man has just returned home from the civil war. His wife certainly is justified in suspecting that he stopped somewhere on the way.

G. Bernard Shaw sarcastically refers to us as a nation of villagers. If it is disgraceful to be a villager a good many of us have hitherto been unaware of the fact.

Miss Mary Money, an American girl, has applied for a jockey's license in France. If the theory that "money makes the mare go" is correct, Mary should be a success.

Judge Pettit urges that engaged couples should study the law of courtship. But that would not decide who is to get up and light the fire of a morning six months after the wedding.

What if the eagle on the new \$10 gold piece does look like a turkey? If the turkey wasn't such a big fool about some things, as a national bird he would be as appropriate as the eagle.

"Why do women cultivate a special voice for the telephone?" asks the Montgomery Advertiser. Doubtless because the one they use on their husbands would put the transmitter on the blink.

A New York bank teller complains that he finds it difficult to support a family on an income of \$1,800 a year. A good many people have supposed hitherto that only millionaires were in any way connected with New York banks.

John D. Rockefeller thinks the opportunities for young men are a thousandfold greater in this country than they ever have been in the past. It must be understood, of course, that Mr. Rockefeller does not include the opportunities for getting along without working.

Reports from the surveyors who have been marking the line between Canada and Alaska indicate that as originally fixed in 1898 it was six hundred feet too far west. The United States is to have a strip six hundred feet wide and many miles long, which, until the present survey, the Canadians supposed belonged to them. The proper boundary is the one hundred and forty-first meridian northward from Mount St. Elias.

Not long ago the manager of a fashionable London restaurant refused to allow an earl and his countess to eat in the dining-room because they were not attired in the regulation evening dress. Admission to certain parts of the fashionable London theaters is also denied to those not in evening clothes. Such rules are in accordance with the snobbish definition of a gentleman as one who "dresses for dinner," but most of us know that it takes more than that to make a man, to say nothing of a gentleman.

Liberia has lately lost nominal control of part of the territory over which the congress of the black republic was supposed to exercise sovereignty. A new treaty with France has been negotiated, delimiting the boundaries of the republic's country to the advantage of France. The French insist that in view of the ignorance of the natives in the interior of the existence of any independent government on the coast, it is not encroachment on an independent power for the French to push their boundaries seaward. As Liberia is an independent power, the protection of its territory is a matter for its government, and not for outsiders. American friends of the country may regret that the experiment of sitting up a negro republic has not been more successful, but they must face the facts.

Public confidence has been shaken by the excessive exploitation not of the proper business of certain corporations, but of their stocks and securities to advance the personal schemes of high officials. "Gentlemen's agreements" for

doubtful, perhaps sinister, purposes, securing possession of a chain of banks to further the ends of purely speculative pools and combinations, are among the abuses of "high finance" revealed during the depression from which we are recovering. The real property of the country is intact. The mines, the railroads, the mills, the flocks and herds still exist. The land is producing, and will produce, at a tremendous rate. All the elements of abounding and continuing prosperity in office, field and shop are with us. The one thing needful is the elimination of stock watering and stock jobbing directors and other officials to whom the organization of our industries and the conservatism of the wealth of the country is to a very great, to a commanding, extent committed. We shall have gathered good from our financial ills if the obligations of trusteeship are more religiously observed.

In 1905 the game of football cost the lives of 24 players and injured 200 others. That was the worst record the game has ever made in this country. Coming after several years of high fatality lists, it excited a movement for reform, which ended in a general agreement that if the rules could not be so revised as to eliminate the increasing perils of life and limb, and if the worst of the commercial evils of the game could not be removed, then the game itself would have to be banished from our colleges and high schools. Columbia University put forth an edict of banishment, but most other institutions contented themselves with a revision of the rules, from which much improvement was hoped. That there has been an improvement in the moral tone of the business management of the game is certain, but the statistics of casualties for this year have been the cause of great disappointment over the working of the new rules of playing. Last year the deaths were 14 and the injured 160, and this year the deaths number 13 and the injured 152. Meantime Columbia is giving the colleges an object lesson in the possibility of prospering without the game. A committee of the faculty investigated last spring the effects of the retirement from the field of sports, and reported that attendance at the university had grown, that students took more interest in their studies and that no loss was observable. Recently the students have worked up enough interest in a mock political campaign, with primaries, conventions and the full machinery of genuine politics, to compensate them for the loss of the football excitement. It is certainly incumbent on the people who still believe in the future of football to meet the present situation and show that it can be played with reasonable safety. It is true that the most fatalities are among high school pupils and other boys not in fit physical condition, but the colleges cannot escape some of the responsibility for these deaths, since they furnish the incentive to the noncollegiate players and since their rules are the rules the others follow.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

"Tongue" in business is at a discount. The modern salesman is the man who knows when not to speak. So of advertising, silence is often golden.

Increase your effort as your field narrows. It is easier to sell \$10 worth of goods among a thousand people than to sell that amount among one hundred. If you have only a hundred prospects, then work them hard.

Good advertising cannot be called an expense, for it is only an investment, just as you place your money in a shoe stock or a line of furnishings, and you get your money out of it just as surely, and with possibly a better margin on the investment.

No door is thick enough to keep out the newspaper and its advertising; no chamber is too remote, or too quiet, for the favorite family paper; no surveillance is so strict but the newspaper is admitted, and it brings its message of wars, of elections, accidents, marriages, births and deaths—and advertisements.

A Fool Might Say
That the glitter of gold is better than the gray garb of brotherly love.

That it does not pay to be forgiving in a world which so rarely forgives.

That the one to whom the laurel is given necessarily deserves it.

That the plaudits of the mob are better than the appreciation of those who see most clearly.

That a million dollars is more to be chosen than a humble and happy home.

But what would you expect of a fool?—Success Magazine.

It doesn't take the average woman one-third as long to mix up a cake and bake it, as it took her to run next door and borrow the egg

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

JAIL FOR TRUST OFFENDERS.

By Attorney General Bonaparte.



I have noticed a good many complaints that criminal prosecutions against trust magnates and sentences of imprisonment for them have been very infrequent, and, in fact, for practical purposes, unknown. It is perfectly true that, in my opinion, at least, a better moral effect would be produced by sending a few prominent men to jail than by a great deal of litigation, however successful, against the corporations they controlled. But it must be remembered that it is only successful prosecutions which would have a good effect. Some time since two corporations and their respective presidents were indicted jointly for violation of the criminal provisions of the anti-trust law. If the corporations were guilty of such, it would be hard for the lay mind at least to understand how their presidents could be innocent. Nevertheless the jury convicted the corporations and acquitted the presidents. It is the avowed purpose of the Department of Justice to prosecute criminally anyone who is really responsible for violations of the anti-trust law wherever it can do so with any reasonable probability of success. It does not care to prosecute mere underlings who are known to everyone to have acted under the direct authority of their superiors.

KINDNESS IN WEDLOCK MAKES HAPPINESS.

By Helen Oldfield.



The man who has hung upon his sweetheart's words and craved her kisses does not realize the pain which he inflicts when he leaves her day after day without a caress, or at most bestows upon her a perfunctory kiss as he starts out in the morning for his business. The question is bound to suggest itself to her: "Is he getting tired of me?" Poor woman! She may worry herself for many an hour with that and similar tormenting queries. He was so gentle and tender when they were engaged; now he bangs the doors all over the house, apparently careless of the fact that her head is aching and her nerves are on edge. He always is too busy to attend to her, too tired to go out with her in the evening. At one time he could not spend hours enough at her side. Most people who have any strength of character are obliged to have a temper of some sort, even though it be well controlled. The wife who nags is a curse to her husband; the man of whom the utmost which can be expected is that he shall not grumble nor find fault is

scarcely a blessing to his family. There are refinements of irritation which are quite as hard to endure as are blows and curses. Social, professional and business intercourse all demand self-control and courtesy alike from men and women; but there are unfortunately those who wholly fail to recognize a similar claim in the family circle.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By Elizabeth C. Baldwin.

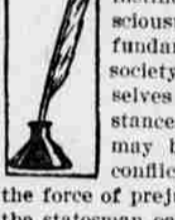


Step by step, slowly perhaps but certainly, the public library is following the path already trodden by the public school. The experience of the one is almost identical with that of the other. The place now assigned the public library, by general consent, is that of an integral part of our system of public and free education. On no other theory has it sure and lasting foundation; on no other theory may it be supported by general taxation; on no other theory can it be administered wisely and consistently. A public tax can be levied for the maintenance of a public library only upon the principle which underlies all righteous public taxation; not that the taxpayer wants something and will receive it in proportion to the amount of his contribution, but that the public wants something of such general interest and value that all property owners may be asked and required to contribute toward its cost.

Casting about for a satisfactory supplement and complement for the public schools, we find the public library ready to make it possible for the adult to continue through life the growth begun in childhood in the public school. Only in this way and by this means can we hope to continue the common American people as the most uncommon common people which the world has yet known.

EVILS OF POLITICAL PREJUDICE.

By Prof. Jeremiah W. Jenks.



Some writers on sociology take as the basal instinct on which society is founded the "consciousness of kind." It is apparently this fundamental instinct which leads members of society to distrust others different from themselves and which brings about in many instances conflicts of races, even though there may be no cause often, or reason for these conflicts. In politics, however, we need to study the force of prejudice as well as the force of reason, and the statesman cannot ignore prejudice as a motive force. Political speeches, as a rule, appeal to self-interest. Men who have sacrificed for the party expect their reward, but even most of those who are corrupt in political life would be influenced if they saw clearly the evil effects of their corrupt action.

Training Him

The girl's face wore an expression of tender commiseration and she leaned forward and touched the young man's bowed head with a light, caressing motion, in which there was something almost maternal. "I'm so sorry," she said. "I'm very, very sorry." "You'll spoil the part in my hair if you do that," said the young man, looking up. He said it in quite a matter-of-fact tone. The girl seemed a little surprised and hurt by his rejection of her sympathy, so that when he asked her if there was absolutely no hope her negative reply bordered on snappishness.

"I know you said so," remarked the young man, leaning back a little in his chair and crossing his legs. "I wanted to be perfectly sure, that's all. If you've quite made up your mind that I won't do I've got to kind of readjust myself. You see, I've been reckoning on your taking me. Of course, I didn't expect you to unless you thought a great deal of me, but I got the idea that you might somehow. Well, I suppose that I mustn't take up your time."

"Sit down," said the girl. "I don't want you to go away thinking that I have been trifling with you and purposely misleading you. I do like you, very much indeed—as a friend. I want to keep you for a friend always, and I'm sure that when you get over this fancy, as you will in a little while, we shall be as good friends as we ever were. If you feel a little bitter now—"

"Oh, no," said the young man. "I'm not feeling bitter. Why should I? Nobody can get just what he wants in this vale of sin and sorrow. All a man can do when he can't get what he wants is to get the best he can and make the most of it. As far as being friends is concerned, that's all right."

"You'll come and see me just the same, then?"

"Well, hardly. Why, no, that wouldn't do. I don't say anything about myself, but you aren't going to be the last rose of summer left blooming alone. You'll go with the rest of the bunch and before most of 'em, or I miss my guess. What would the real candy boy say if he came around and saw me holding down a chair here ten evenings in the week? He'd say, 'Hello! Who's this Johnny?' and he'd go away

and think long, long thoughts. I know I would. When I first began coming here and saw the kindergarten on the front stoop I didn't have any idea of joining. It was only after they did the fading act that I came in and began to string beads. You know that. I certainly would never want to queer you."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so much slang," said the girl.

"It was a relapse," said the young man. "I suppose I'll go right back to it, now that you've given up the job of training me."

"You'll find some one else to undertake it."

"Maybe. I don't know who it will be, though."

"Margaret Swoop would be glad to, I know."

"She's competent," admitted the young man. "Still, I don't think it will



"I'M NOT LOOKING MAD," PROTESTED THE GIRL.

be Margaret. You're probably mistaken about her being willing, anyway. I know it isn't everybody that would be. I don't undervalue myself, but know my bluff at being a good fellow doesn't deceive everybody. You can't fool all the people quite all the time, you remember. I couldn't fool you, for instance."

"You wouldn't fool anybody, as you call it. Any girl in town might be proud to have you."

"I'll give 'em a chance to be proud, of course," said the young man. "I don't think they are going to fall all over each other to gather me in, myself. But I need training badly enough and I've really got to have it."

"Try Margaret, then."

"I will, if you say so, of course, but I kind of had an idea she didn't like me any too well."

The girl laughed queerly. "You certainly don't intend to lose any time about it," she said.

"Why should I?" asked the young man. "Here I've been reforming my

evil ways and saving money and using nice language for the last six or eight months, and I don't want to take any chances of going back to what I was before you took me in hand. But what are you looking so mad about?"

"I'm not looking mad," protested the girl, indignantly. "I don't think you are worth being mad at. To come up here and coolly talk to me about proposing to other girls after all you've told me, and—"

"But I didn't start the talk. You began it."

"Of course you would blame it on to me. I should be sorry for any girl who would be foolish enough to let herself care for you. I don't believe you ever cared for me a particle and I wish I'd never seen you. Go away this minute!"

The young man arose from his chair and bent over the lounge. "What do you suppose I asked you to marry me for if I didn't care for you?" he asked.

"To train you," answered the girl in a voice muffled by a sofa cushion. "Go and get Margaret to train you. I don't care, I'm sure."

The young man laid his hand gently on her shoulder, but she shook herself violently and he drew back.

"Be-sides," said the girl, "I don't believe you meant even to propose to me. If I hadn't—"

The young man took something from a little case and, possessing himself of her hand, slipped it on a certain finger. "What do you suppose I bought that for, then?" he said. "Now, take your head out of those cushions and look at me."

The hand was unresisting, but there was no emergence.

"P-p-perhaps you were going to see Margaret. You d-didn't want me to rumple your hair."

"Are you coming out?"

Nothing more was said for about three minutes.

Then what was said was nobody's business. But before the young man went away his hair was beautifully parted with a side comb.—Chicago Daily News.

The Parting the Ways.

"Cut out that crying!" cried the desperate husband. "We are at the parting of the ways. Make your choice. Which shall go in the ash-barrel—your picture post card collection or your Teddy bears?"

But the problem being too much for the wife, she promptly fainted.—Puck.

How quickly we forget the things that have made us laugh, and how long we remember the things that have made us cry.