

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

A merry widower, Imogene, is one who does not have to pay for a Merry Widow hat.

Even if they were to live 120 years, some men wouldn't succeed in getting out of debt.

Alfred, it will be remembered, is the Vanderbilt whom Cornelius II. selected as the head of the family.

Japan may be able to get just as much excitement out of Korea as Uncle Sam ever got in the Philippines.

Love may laugh at locksmiths before marriage, but it never even giggles at plumbers after starting housekeeping.

Some of the conspicuous members of New York City's smart set have curious ideas of what constitutes comfort in life.

We never hear persons who have to celebrate their golden wedding saying that they have had enough of married life.

Another English war ship has been sunk during maneuvers. It is reported that Emperor William intends to try to prove an alibi.

"Single women should pray for husbands," says the bishop of Buffalo. And wouldn't it be well, also, for married women to pray for their husbands?

A poet was beheaded in Hayti a few days ago. It should be explained, however, that he was executed on account of his political affiliations and not because of his poetry.

A Texas woman has forfeited an estate worth \$500,000 in order to marry the man she loves. And he will probably be reminded of the fact for the rest of his life.

A man of the name of Scarlet is acting as prosecutor of the Pennsylvania statehouse grafters. It is, perhaps, only natural that he should catch some of them red-handed.

A number of Chinese experts are coming to the United States to study the financial system. When they find out all about it they might enlighten the people of this country.

A burglar who "masqueraded as a yachtsman" has been sentenced to twenty-seven years in the penitentiary. If the "masquerade" included the wearing of a yachting cap the sentence was too light.

A New York policeman explains that anyone can stop a runaway horse by pinching his nose. Perhaps this policeman is the promulgator of the theory that one may capture a bird by sprinkling salt on its tail.

Rather a cheerful outlook, that of a Boston social reformer and settlement-house worker! "I believe," he said, recently, "that I shall live to see five hours a day's work, five days a week's work, and five dollars a day's pay." The attractiveness of the prospect depends, however, upon whether one is employer or employed.

Objections to the long cruise of the battleship fleet have never been numerous, but if any patriot needs to hear ardent applause of it he should consult the parents who have been accustomed to help the children at their home lessons. Thanks to the voyage and the consequent publicity, these fathers and mothers now know almost as much about geography as their boys and girls do.

The Cotton Chapel, connected with St. Botolph's Church, in the little old Lincolnshire town of Boston, England, was restored some years ago, largely through subscriptions from members of the Episcopal church in Boston, Mass. It is now in need of some further repairs, and the mayor of the town has written to the mayor of Boston to call attention to the matter and solicit aid. There is something very human in the relationship of such places, one the aged mother in the old country, the other the strong, prosperous daughter in the new. Certainly the form of address was beyond reproach. It was: "To the Right Worshipful, the Mayor of Boston."

Though it is being done quietly, so quietly that few people who are in the immediate vicinity where it is going on do not realize it, Cuba is losing a great wealth of valuable timber lands, says the Havana (Cuba) Post, and no measures whatever are taken to prevent the impoverishing of the island in this respect. This matter has become of such importance in the United States that a conference of governors is to be held to

consider the matter. In Europe forestry has become a science. Many centuries ago these countries were menaced by just what Cuba is menaced by today. A Northern colleague says that as a result the protection of the woodlands and the planting of trees have become as much a governmental activity as the levying of taxes or the carrying of the mails. All non-tillable areas are set out in forests, care is exercised in the cutting of timber and as far as possible waste is eliminated. America has now reached the point where similar measures must be adopted, and that speedily. This is necessary, not only to avert a lumber famine in the near future, but for its effects on the climate.

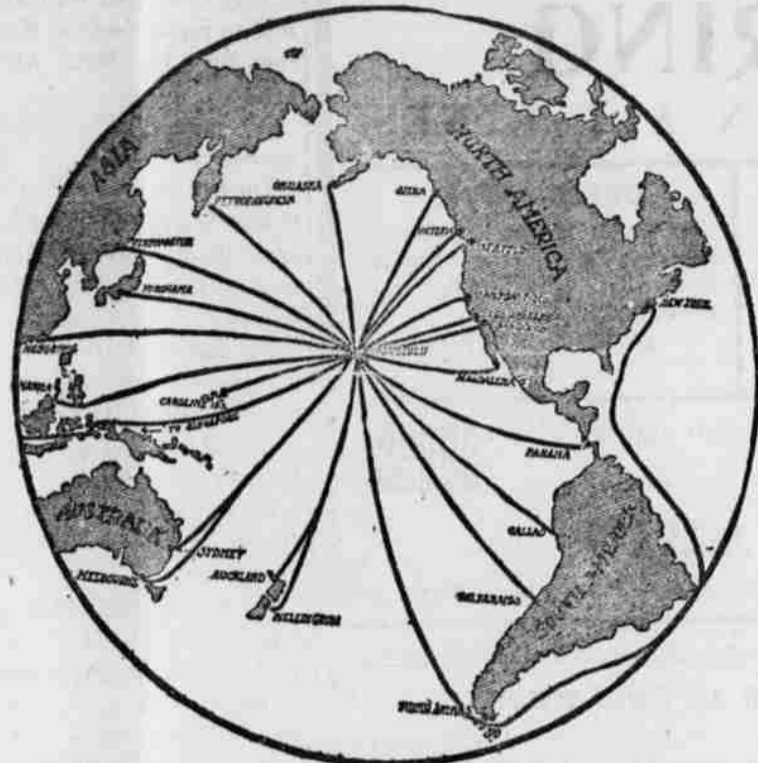
A routine news item recently recorded the appointment of Thomas E. McDonnell to succeed the late Alonzo Wygant as general superintendent of the fifth division of the United States Express company. That is, Mr. McDonnell has charge of the company's large business in and about Chicago and on all the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The fact is also noted that the man who has reached this important and responsible post at the age of 35 entered the same service twenty years ago as a wagon boy who was paid a few dollars a week to carry parcels in and out of houses and stores and run other little errands. He has been promoted gradually to his present place simply because he did his work faithfully and well in every position. The case of Mr. McDonnell is cited simply as an illustration of the folly of the assumption, somewhat general of late in "sociological" treatises, that the conditions of American life have somehow so changed that the boy who must begin life at the bottom of the ladder has not the "chance" he once had of material success. There never was a sillier assumption than this or one so contrary to the visible facts. There is not a business house of any size in any of our cities where there are not men in the highest and most responsible positions, or plainly progressing toward them, who began at the very bottom and have risen by their industry and fidelity to economic independence and conspicuous success. The "chance" of the poor boy is so large and numerous and frequent that he does not need to look for it as a "chance" at all. In every line of endeavor the "chance" is looking for him. There is not a head of a business house in this or any other community who is not compelled to spend a large share of his time in looking for assistants, and whose days are not a constant effort to find or make helpers who can be relied on to do their work with intelligence and fidelity. If this were not so the conduct of any business would be a mere pastime, a happy dream, instead of the hard and continuous work that it is. Industry, frugality, fidelity, zeal to understand what is to be done, readiness to do it, patience to wait the call to the larger task, cultivation of knowledge how to deal rightly with emergencies, and courage in dealing with them when they arise—these are the qualities that give the poor boy his "chance" to-day as in the past—these are the qualities that win material success. And because the tasks are larger and the wealth to be won or lost in them greater than ever before, the poor boy's chance was never bigger than it is to-day. All he has to do is to be worthy of it and take it when it comes.

What He Wanted to Say.

"Hello!"
"Hello!"
"Hello, confound you! What do you want?"
"Is this 6445?"
"Of course! Why don't you go ahead and talk?"
"Oh, you needn't get mad about nothing."
"Well, my time's worth money! I can't stand here all day jabbering 'hello' to somebody!"
"This is about the first time I ever used a telephone, and—"
"Did you call me up just for practice?"
"No, of course not."
"Did you call me up to tell a funny story?"
"No, I—"
"Well, why don't you go ahead then with your business?"
"You don't give me a chance. As I was saying—"
"There you go again! Say, how long are you going to keep me standing here?"
"You can sit down if you want to!"
"I'll sit down on you if this is supposed to be a joke! Who are you, sir?"
"My name is Brown. I moved in directly opposite you a few weeks ago."
"Well, Brown, I'm sorry I have spoken so harshly to you, but I'm not feeling just up to the mark to-day. Hope you will pardon me."
"Oh, certainly."
"What was it you wished to say to me?"
"Why, I wanted to tell you that your house is on fire."—Success Magazine.

It's queer how people will sit up and take notice when one man begins to abuse another.

CROSSROADS OF THE PACIFIC.



Rear Admiral A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., world-famous expert, author of "Influence of Sea Power on History" and other important works on naval strategy, says that to anyone viewing a map showing the full extent of the Pacific, two circumstances will be strikingly and immediately apparent. He will see at a glance that the Sandwich Islands stand by themselves in a state of comparative isolation, amid a vast expanse of sea; and, again, that they form the center of a large circle, whose radius is approximately the distance from Honolulu to San Francisco. This is substantially the same distance as from Honolulu to the Gilbert, Marshall, Samoan and Society Islands, all under European control except Samoa, in which we have a part influence.

To have a central position such as this, and to be alone, having no rival and admitting no rival, are conditions that at once fix the attention of the strategist. But to this striking combination is to be added the remarkable relations borne to the great commercial routes traversing this vast expanse.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the immense disadvantage to us of any maritime enemy having a coaling station well within 2,500 miles, as this is, of every point of our coast line from Puget sound to Mexico. Were there many others available we might find it difficult to exclude from all. There is, however, but the one. Shut out from the Sandwich Islands as a coal base, an enemy is thrown back for supplies of fuel to distances of 3,500 to 4,000 miles—or between 7,000 and 8,000 going and coming—an impediment to sustained maritime operations well-nigh prohibitive.



The Fretful Baby.

Fretfulness in an infant is a dangerous signal, and indicates that something is wrong with either the child or its mother, says the Youth's Companion. The child is sick or in pain or discomfort, or else it has been allowed, through poor management by the mother or nurse, to contract a peevish habit.

An infant which is manifestly ill is likely to be fretful, but in this case the fretfulness is obviously a symptom of the disease. But there are many other cases in which this condition is not so distinctly associated with disease, yet there must be some cause for it, which should be searched for and removed when found.

The most common causes for fretfulness are pain, discomfort and hunger. A great variety of conditions, some obvious, others obscure, may produce pain. It may be due to beginning disease of the spine or in the hip or some other joint. In such a case, which is very rare in a well-nourished infant, but does sometimes occur, besides the fretfulness and occasional screaming fits during the day, the baby is apt to give a scream now and then in its sleep at night. The child who does this repeatedly every night, or nearly every night, should be very carefully examined as to its spine and its joints, in order that disease, if present, may be detected early and treated promptly.

Another uncommon cause of pain in the young infant is inflammation of the ear. In this case the pain is usually very acute, and finds expression in screaming rather than mere fretfulness.

Infantile scurvy is accompanied by great soreness of the muscles, which causes the child to cry pitifully whenever it is taken up or handled in any way. Most commonly, however, the fretfulness of pain is due to indigestion, evidenced by vomiting, constipation, or diarrhea.

Discomfort from creases in the clothing, the rubbing of a frayed edge of cloth, or the scratching of a concealed pin will make the sweetest-tempered baby peevish.

Hunger will naturally make a baby peevish, but it is bad practice to stop the child's mouth with milk or give him a "comforter" to suck upon whenever he cries. The fretfulness itself should not be treated, but its cause should be sought for and removed.

To Ward Off Pneumonia.

One of the most active causes of death in cold weather is pneumonia,

says Good Health Magazine. This disease is directly due to the growth of a special germ in the lungs, but a still more important cause is the predisposition induced by wrong habits of life.

Lowered vital resistance resulting from chronic intestinal auto-intoxication, sedentary habits, feebleness of the heart from deficient exercise, living in overheated rooms, overeating, high-proteid diet, especially the free use of fresh foods, the use of tobacco, alcohol—these are the most potent and predisposing causes of pneumonia, and prepare the way for this great destroyer which in recent years has increased in frequency and fatality until it has come to be the most active of all causes of mortality in human beings.

For many years tuberculosis led the mortality list, but now pneumonia stands at the head, and the disease seems to be increasing every year. Pneumonia germs can not be exterminated, but it is easily possible to build up the resistance of the body so that pneumonia germs, even though constantly encountered, can do no harm.

A simple dietary, a clean alimentary canal, active exercise out of doors, sleeping in cold, pure air—these are the best safeguards against pneumonia.

Canaries Steamship Pets.

Few and far between are the steamships entering the port of Boston that cannot boast of a canary. No matter how battered and rusty the craft may be, one is pretty sure to find the canary somewhere in the rooms of the officers or crew. Its cage, as a rule, is a wonderful creation of brass wire and lace, and the canary itself usually is a singer whose trill and whistle are of the best.

The little songsters appear to enjoy life on the ocean. Seldom are they inconvenienced by the motion of the vessel, and the more the cage swings from its hook the more they warble. Sailors will tell you a canary is a mascot. Be that as it may, the canaries are great pets. Frequently one may see a sailor on the water front juggling his bird and cage to some new berth.

Bad Break.

Wife—Why did you give that phonograph away just before we were married? Didn't you think I could use it?

Husband—My dear, I gave it away to keep peace. Don't you know that no house is big enough for two talking machines?

And at the last report he was still trying to square himself.—Detroit Free Press.

Weighty Advice.

First Aeronaut—Hall is hover! Hall the ballast has gone and we are sinking. What shall we do?

Second Aeronaut—Co-couldn't we drop a few h's overboard?—The Tatler

In these busy times, when you have a story to tell, for heaven's sake make it short.

Among other pipe dreams are those of the church organist.

WOMEN KEEP RUSSIA RED.

Katheryne Brischkovsky Mars Her Beauty to Help Terrorists' Cause.

"The women of Russia are responsible for the reign of terror which is now in progress. Prisons are overflowing. And through the efforts of Russian women, many of them of the nobility, the hordes of the East have learned the value of the bomb and rifle."

This is a statement of M. Jaakoff Prelooker, a Russian who has been driven from his country. His accounts of the tortures and the heroism of the Russian women are stirring Europe. As the greatest of the revolutionary leaders he points to Mme. Katheryne Brischkovsky. She is fondly called the "grandmother of the revolution."

As a daughter of the nobility she taught peasants to read. Then she taught them what a vote would mean and gained the hatred of the government. She was branded as a dangerous agitator and warned to desist. Her husband refused to bear the sufferings for the cause. She was beautiful then, and only 26. But she sacrificed all. She sold her jewels, left her husband and donned the peasant garb.

In order to elude the police she used acid to mar her beauty. She scarred her face and hands with it and became so ugly that her former acquaintances could not recognize her. She went back to the villages and preached revolution secretly for three years. Then the police caught her. She was subjected to all the cruelties of despotism, including the tortures of the Black Hole, and finally sentenced to Siberia.

For twenty-three years she was an exiled prisoner. The few companions



MRS. KATHERYNE BRISCHKOVSKY.

of her miseries committed suicide and she was repeatedly subjected to barbarous floggings and solitary confinement. But her determination to fight for the cause held out through all, and now she is still carrying on the work.

Prelooker gives stories of other women almost as great in their sensational courage and daring. Among them is Vera Figner, who was released after twenty years from Schlusselberg prison. No other prisoner had ever come from this place alive.

Another heroine was Zimaida Kono-plinnikovia, the school teacher who assassinated Gen. Min and at her execution tied the noose about her own neck. Then there is Marie Spiridonova, who shot Vice Gov. Lujonovskuy four times and was so brutally treated by the soldiers that the civilized world gasped in horror and the czar was compelled to commute her death sentence to life imprisonment.

There are scores more, who are in prison and out of it, all heroines and willing to die for a free Russia—for liberty and justice.

An American Admirer.

In a small way, an American figure in the journal kept by Rosalie Lamorliere, during the revolutionary days of 1793 in France, and now published under the title, "The Last Days of Marie Antoinette."

Rosalie Lamorliere, a girl of Picardy, was servant to the queen in the Conciergerie. "One day," Rosalie has recorded, "Monsieur de Saint Leger, the American, who was coming from the registrar's office, noticed that I was carrying a glass half-filled with water. 'Did the queen drink the water that has gone from the glass?' he asked. 'I answered that she did.'

"With a quick gesture he uncovered his head and drank the water that remained, with every indication of respect and pleasure."

Exhaustion.

"I'm rather interested in young Mr. De Riter," said the customer, "and I want to get a copy of his novel. Have you got it?"

"We did have a small supply a few weeks ago," said the book salesman, "but I'm afraid it's exhausted."

"Really, I heard it was weak, but I didn't think it was that bad."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

One on Him.

Wandering over an old cemetery recently a young man came across a large stone inscribed:

"Turn me over."
After much difficulty he succeeded in turning it over, and found on the under side of the stone the words:

"Now turn me back again so that I can catch some other idiot."

It is better to trust to your faults than to be false to your trusts.