

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

The tornado season is "on," and countless roofs are off, in several Western states.

No doubt there are a lot of men who think a great deal of the theory that laziness is a disease.

Mrs. Hetty Green's face may require beauty treatment, but the face value of her notes needs no pomade.

A clergyman has placed a ban on woman's big hats. Everything else was placed there by the makers.

Let nobody say the cottonwood is a useless tree. It has been tapped and found to contain natural gas.

The man who swallowed a check for \$150 must have some personal knowledge of undigested securities.

Those night riders have been in the saddle long enough by this time to be bow-legged, so that detection should be an easy matter.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt admits that his income has been reduced to \$800,000 a year, but he is keeping a stiff upper lip and hoping for the best.

The man who led a double life on a salary of \$16 a week must seem like a wizard to the men who find it hard to live a single life on double that.

The "Rev." Billy Sunday makes a proper protest against the man who guzzles champagne. Down with the man who guzzles anything, especially soup!

The New York Evening Post quotes an article by Dr. Otto Frelherr von der Pforden from the Naturwissenschaftliche Wochenschrift. It is enough to stagger humanity.

There is nothing new in the announcement that war has been declared against the house flies. Our grandmothers used to fight them from morning till night.

After the country's standing timber has been exhausted by a wasteful people the Missouri river will furnish a practically inexhaustible supply of snags for the use of the wood pulp trust.

The story is told of a Texas couple who walked ten miles through rain and mud to get married. Until some couple walks that far, under similar conditions, to get a divorce, we're going to remain optimistic on the subject of marriage.

Between the birth of the famous General John A. Dix, in 1798, and the death of his noted son, the Rev. Morgan Dix, this spring, every President of the United States has lived. Washington did not die till 1799, when the elder Dix was more than a year old. These two men, father and son, lived in three centuries, and were ornaments of two.

American national songs have been frequently criticized severely. The music has been objected to as having been borrowed, the words as not poetic. On the other hand, Dr. Walsh, the Scottish preacher, who lately visited the United States, remarks that "America" has one noble merit: "It is the least bellcose of national hymns."

America has offended some of its profoundest European critics by its chronic optimism. What an American philosopher calls the religion of healthy-mindedness flourishes in this country more than in any other; our determined good cheer and faith in prosperity make the sad-eyed world shake its wise head. The same critics will no doubt find another example of our incurable shallowness in the National Prosperity Association, recently formed in St. Louis, and will think its motto, "Give us a rest and sunshine," hopelessly silly. But underneath this campaign of optimism is some hard American business sense, and boards of trade and other business organizations all over the country have joined in an application of mind-cure to the financial depression.

Poor, blind, foolish creatures that we are, we seek through the whole world for remedies, and seek in vain, forgetting that God in His goodness has placed them right before us. The city man, sick and tired of the noise, the confusion, the dirt, the smoke, the unending bustle and rush and roar and rattle, yearns for surcease and for balm. If he will follow the true dictates of his soul he will cut out the trip to Europe, or to a watering place, and go to the good green country. It will save him much money, and maybe his life. Here may his weary heart

find peace complete in miracles of color, in splay, subtle odors, in sounds, firm, deep, tumultuous. Here may he be waked, fresh and bright, by the Bob White's whistle on the dewy dawn, to dream through days that are long-spun threads of gold linked by starry nights of silver. Here may he drink, through every quickened sense, the cup that Nature fills for us—a happy, draught, un-mixed with pain. Solitude, plain food, pure water, fresh air, clear sunshine and the good old earth, all roofed in by the sky—the best sanitarium that ever was! All the learned specialists, with all their intricate formulas, may fail to help you, and a brief clasp by mother nature, close to her heart, may make a new man of you. All the medicinal baths, even at the furthest end of the earth, cannot equal a plunge at dawn into an ice-cold pool direct from a hillside spring. All the dieticians cannot prescribe a more healthful breakfast than eggs and milk fresh from the farmyard. All the physical directors cannot devise a better exercise than a brisk walk in the bright sunshine along a country road.

What would Dr. Johnson have said if he could have foreseen that within two hundred years of his time those whom he aptly characterized as "wretched unidea'd girls" would develop to the point where they could gather in a single city nearly a thousand of their sex, each of whom bore the time-honored degree of bachelor of arts? If the gruff old critic could have been in Boston at the recent assembly of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, he must have amended his savage comparison of a woman's preaching to a dog's walking on its hind legs—not well done, but surprising in that it should be done at all. For these learned ladies spoke well, presided with dignity and fairness, debated with courtesy, and got through a vast deal of business and pleasure in the week of their meeting. The association comprises the women graduates of twenty-five selected colleges. It numbers thirty-six branches and about thirty-five hundred members. It has an interest in every problem of education and sociology, and is full of a warm good-fellowship. The subjects of discussion at this twenty-fifth anniversary of the association were numerous; but two facts in regard to the meetings struck an impartial observer. First, the women were not anxious to do all the talking themselves. They called to their platform a large number of men wise in counsel, who gave of their very best to the large audiences, of whom certainly nine-tenths were alumnae. In the second place, the note of the meeting was in great contrast to the radicalism which marked similar conferences ten years ago. The conservative woman had her say and won her praise. The educated wife and mother was recognized as the finest product of civilization. The teacher—the foster-mother of society—was given the glory too often denied her. In short, there was good cheer in these alumnae meetings for every girl who wants discipline and knowledge just that she may use them to make herself a better daughter, friend, wife and mother, and an uplifting and regenerating social force, in whatever station it has pleased God to call her.

Tennis Rackets.

What most affects the life of the girl in a lawn tennis racket is dampness, says the New York Sun. Nowadays rackets are strung so tight that the strings break with even greater frequency than before. The idea is that tight gut sends the ball with greater force from the very tense surface. The dampness gets right after these very taut strings. A lawn tennis man was explaining recently what precautions have to be taken in sending rackets abroad:

"When first we began to send them to Bermuda, for instance," he said, "we put them merely in waterproof covers. Greatly to our surprise we learned that the entire first shipment had arrived with strings broken. We tried the same packing again, with the same result.

"Then we realized what was the trouble and packed the rackets in tin boxes. Each box was carefully soldered up and that made them airtight and damp proof."

The lawn tennis man explained a new wrinkle of players. At the end of a season some of them have all the gut cut out of a favorite racket. This is done because if the gut were left in a string might break in the winter and put the strain all on the side of the frame, warping it.

"With a favorite racket they think it better to pay for restringing them than to run those chances," said he. "It doesn't hurt a racket to restring it; really it helps and improves it."

A Hold-Up.

"This perfume, sir, is \$4 an ounce." "No wonder you fellows make money, getting \$4 for a scent."—Kansas City Times.

What has become of the married woman who looked in a superior way at the old maids?

MANAGING A NATIONAL POLITICAL CONVENTION

Slight Variation in the Procedure Between Republicans and Democrats.

Great Power Wielded Vigorously by the National Committee Preliminary to the Gathering—Handful of Leaders Control Machinery, Nominations and Platform.

National conventions are very expensive affairs. Their cost to the party holding them is estimated at not less than \$150,000, and perhaps more. In each great party is a body of wise men known as the "National Committee." This body is the acme of political ascension. A man may be a proud member of a division committee, which is the first step in the ladder. But when he reaches the dizzy heights of national committeeman from his State and appears at the convention with a badge as big as an ancient breastplate, so that there can be no mistake in his standing, the height of ambition is reached. There is one national committeeman from each State. This august body meets in December preceding a national convention, examines the claims of the different cities that desire the gathering, and critically looks into the size of the "guarantee," as it is called. This latter form means that the city paying the most money usually gets the convention. The guarantee is accepted by the committeemen, and they then proceed to spend it lavishly. Apartments at the most expensive hotels are secured, a host of employes is retained and business begins in real form. The hotel bills of the National Committees are something enormous.

Machinery of a Convention.

While the preliminaries are being arranged the delegates are arriving. The delegate to the National Convention is generally a person of importance at his home. The Democrats require a two-thirds vote of all the delegates present and voting to make a nomination. The Republicans require a majority of those present and voting. At a national convention each State has its own headquarters, where the delegates gather. They do a lot of "conferring" with each other and with delegates from other States. They hold meetings and elect chairmen and honorary vice presidents. The honorary vice president has a seat on the platform and an extra ticket, but little else. The chairman does the dicker in some cases; in some cases the position is a sinecure. Usually the "conferring" and the dicker begin days before the convention is to be called to order.

Prior to the calling of the convention to order the National Committee is virtually in command of the situation. With it lies the arranging of the details, the "framing up" of the procedure of the first session, the selection of the temporary chairman, and, in great many cases, though not always the program making of the whole convention, temporary and permanent organizations, nominating and platform building.

Convention Is in Order.

Now for the convention, the great meeting that the country has looked forward to for so many weeks. The chairman of the National Committee calls the convention to order, usually about noon upon the day set.

The convention called to order, the proceedings are opened with prayer. The chairman requests the secretary to read the call for the convention, which is done. Then the rollcall is gone through, and this takes a lot of time. The next step is the announcement by the chairman that the committee offers to the convention as its temporary chairman the name of So-and-So. There are loud and prolonged cheers, and by a viva voce vote Mr. So-and-So is unanimously elected. There is usually little trouble over the election of a temporary chairman. The chairman then appoints a committee to escort the temporary chairman to the platform; the band plays, the delegation from Mr. So-and-So's State makes a lot of noise, and all is merry.

It is incumbent on the temporary chairman to make a speech. He invariably takes advantage of the opportunity. He "sounds a keynote." It is a sustained note. It is invariably a tribute to the "party of Abraham Lincoln" at the Republican convention, and a glorification of the "party of Thomas Jefferson" at the Democratic. It lasts a very long time.

After the speech various resolutions are offered. Usually these have been arranged for in advance, and the temporary chairman works according to a

printed schedule, calling on John Doe and Richard Roe at the right time, so that there may be no hitch. Committees are appointed; one on resolutions, which will have the drafting of the platform; one on credentials or contested seats; one on permanent organization. These are the important ones. When they are all chosen, and there has been a lot of hand-clapping and cheering, as well-known men are appointed to this or that committee, the temporary chairman announces an adjournment, usually until the next day.

Pulling Wires in Committee.

At last the machinery is in motion and the district delegate begins to wonder what he is on hand for. A big man at home, he is lost in the hurly burly and roar of the convention. He may be assigned to a committee, but he had nothing to do with that. The State boss decided that so-and-so should be a member of the Permanent Organization Committee; that Mr. Brown, who is a political economist, should be honored by a seat in the Resolutions Committee, and that the Boss himself or one of his most trusted lieutenants should be a member of the Credentials Committee. These bodies all meet separately. All the contests that were handled by the National Committee the week previous go to the Committee on Credentials unless pressure has been brought to have the contestants withdraw their fight. The Credentials Committee wires are pulled the same as was the National Committee, and the result is usually nearly the same.

Framing the Platform.

It is when the district delegate sits in the Committee on Resolutions to draft the platform that he begins to realize that he is only a small "I" compared with the bosses. The genial Mr. Doe, who has been coming to the national conventions since 1868, is elected chairman with a hurrah. He assumes his position and draws from his pocket a carefully prepared document, which the secretary proceeds to read. The district delegate might have had an idea some time previously that he would be consulted as to the platform. But the party leaders saved him all the trouble and worry. They had skilled men at work on the platform weeks before, and it is built according to their ideas. The committee usually adopts the platform with a rush. Sometimes there is a fight on particular topics. But party expediency usually rules.

Real Work Now Begins.

The Credentials Committee frequently sits for three days and the convention must wait until its labors are finished. The Committee on Permanent Organization is usually a cut and dried affair. Finally the Credentials Committee reports and the new roll is made up. Then the Committee on Permanent Organization makes its report. It recommends that the "Honorable Senator or Mr. So-and-So" be called upon to preside. Cheers greet the name, and the gentleman is escorted to the platform. After he has been elected he makes a profound speech, the other officers are chosen and, like race horses, the meet is on.

If the Committee on Platform is ready to report it reports after the permanent chairman has made his speech. On the report there must be a roll call. There is always, too, the possibility of a fight. Certain "planks" that please Maine may be abhorrent to Texas. When the matter of the platform is disposed of, either by the committee reporting or by the announcement that it is not ready to report, the permanent chairman announces another recess; maybe until the next day, possibly until later in the same day.

Nomination of a Candidate.

Frequently the time is taken up with speeches placing the candidates for President in nomination. These addresses are usually good in their way. Men noted for their eloquence, who can portray the virtues of the aspirant in language that will thrill their hearers, are selected for this work. The platform is usually accorded the speaker and his oration is hailed with deafening applause and cheers. Each candidate is brought to the front and his works painted in glowing colors. Then

comes the critical period. The district delegate believes now is the moment when he counts for something.

The roll call begins and proceeds monotonously. The chairmen of the different delegations alone do the talking. That is all there is to it. The first ballot in the convention is usually devoted to complimenting favorite sons. After that the real work begins. The district delegate learns that he is not to vote as he intended, but that he will vote for some one else on the second ballot.

Suddenly there is a roar in the convention. It is a mighty shout, louder than cannon. Somebody has been nominated for President. Amidst great disorder the rollcall is pushed to conclusion. The chairman tries to learn how the tellers agree in their count. But the crowd knows all about it. The chairman, powerless as Mrs. Partington with a broom against the waves of the ocean, tries to do his duty. The shouts and cheers keep up for ten or more minutes. Excited men parade the aisles, carrying their State banners, cheering and singing. Finally, when order is restored, the chairman announces formally the name of the nominee.

World Knows the News Quickly.

This is greeted by more cheering and everybody is happy except the friends of the defeated. They move to make the nomination unanimous with a formal grace that lacks enthusiasm. This is done and the band plays. In the meantime the click of the telegraph instrument shows that the news has been carried to every town and hamlet in the country. It has been cabled to foreign countries. The rulers of all nations know within a few minutes after the nomination who is the prospective President of the United States.

No matter how long it has taken to choose a nominee for the Presidency, the whole performance has to be gone through again when it comes to nominating a candidate for the second place on the ticket. There are not so many "favorite sons," however, and one ballot frequently suffices. More noise, more enthusiasm. The convention has nominated the ticket.

Each State delegation, at one of its conferences, has chosen its candidate for member of the National Committee. The election of this committee is now in order. It is put through quickly, as a rule, and without a hitch. Then resolutions of various sorts are passed.

The ticket is named, the convention passes into history and the battle for power and patronage begins. The district delegate goes home. His townsmen congratulate him on his good work. —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE "FIXER" OF GOTHAM.

New York East Side Character Has a Real Mission in Life.

You will not find him mentioned in the city's charter nor on the pay roll of Greater New York, but the east side "fixer" is an established institution and is as important in his way as the policeman who samples the wares of the pushcart peddler, or as the white-robed street cleaner.

When aliens come to this country, says the American Hebrew, and are enmeshed in a mountain of ordinances and regulations it is obvious that their lapses from the straight path marked out for the native must be viewed with an eye of softened by kindness.

"This eye of kindness is the 'fixer.' He is the man who rushes to the rescue of the unfortunate wight who has been caught in the wheels of the law and who needs a sponsor.

"Necessarily the 'fixer' is the intimate friend of the ward heeler, of the district leader and necessarily of the judges of the minor courts. He is usually bluff, hearty, good-natured and with a genuine love for his fellow citizens.

"When a pushcart peddler is suddenly made to realize that he is violating the law by standing on one spot for more than the regulation number of minutes, and he is arrested by the policeman who has been sampling his beans or his fruit, it is not a pleasant situation in which he would find himself if he had no means of communicating with friends who are friends of the 'fixer.'

"It is the 'fixer' who sees the district leader for him, who appears in court to say a good word for him, who sees the judge before the case is called, and who, if necessary, puts up the bail to take him out of jail for the night.

"It must not be supposed that the 'fixer' is a philanthropist. He disdains ethics and civic virtue as the fanatic mouthing of the silk-stocking folk. What he does is done for his own good.

"If he does not receive his fee in money he knows he may count upon the rescued individual for his vote, and a vote is easily converted into monetary value. As the friend of those in distress he becomes an influence in the neighborhood, and an army of such friends may lead to political preferment of lasting importance."

Ever bothered with insomnia? Piano players and dogs seem most frequently afflicted in this way. And the poor things make an awful fuss about it.