

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

A pencil is often hard pushed to tell the truth.

Man grumbles most where he is treated best—at home.

Styles sometimes make a handsome woman look otherwise.

A man who makes a political speech isn't necessarily expected to tell the truth.

Often a benedick is but an ex-bachelor who was overtaken by misfortune and a widow.

There is at least one thing that may be said in favor of football. Nobody has to play it.

Any man can take a day off, but when it comes to putting it back—well that is different.

Grover Cleveland's word to the American historian doubtless would be: "Tell the Truth."

Because the average man just has to make some sort of a fool of himself he might as well be in love.

It must be awfully hard on the fussy old bachelor who has to live in the same house with a clever child.

A married man says the comforts of home would be more enjoyable if they didn't include the discomfort of paying for them.

The horror story from Laporte, Ind., will make little old New York and other great centers of crime take a back seat for a while at least.

An injunction has been issued in Brooklyn to restrain the goats from eating cherry trees. Yet some people want the injunction abolished.

Worcester, Mass., is to have a church where people will be asked to pay as they enter. It is announced, however, that there will be no extra charges for visiting concessions inside.

Baseball is being introduced into Germany. When the umpire makes an unpopular decision, the staid Germans will wonder why they ever considered a debate in the Reichstag exciting.

"Really great men," says the Salt Lake Tribune, "are those who feel their own smallness." But mighty few men have any use for friends who make them feel small, nevertheless and notwithstanding.

One of the magazines publishes an article in which it is declared that every married woman should have an income of at least \$5,000 a year. A large majority of the married men will agree to the proposition.

The passion for traveling, whether alone or with the family or in the company of flag-waving citizens from the Panhandle and Great Lakes, has done the American people a world of good. The intelligent observation of foreign life has a leveling effect that is good for the observer himself, and for the world in general. It dulls conceit and sharpens sympathy. The Japanese have taken a leaf out of the American book in this respect, and in the last few years have begun to travel fast and far. Americans spend millions of dollars in Europe; but it is hardly open to a question that the extravagance which some people deprecate is not more than offset by the inestimably beneficial impressions received by the thousands who keep their eyes and ears rather than their purses open, and who bring these impressions back to improve the stay-at-homes.

In an editorial upon farming methods the Electrical Review says that the advances made in transporting and manufacturing since the adaptation of electricity to motors should be repeated on the farm. Says the Review: "It will be strange if before long the spirit of advance does not infuse a new life into farming methods. May we not expect that our newer power agencies will extend their influence to the work of the farm, relieving it of much of the drudgery that still exists and making the work as attractive and pleasant as any other pursuit? When this comes about we may expect to see farming take on a new life and flourish again in places where it has long languished. Deserted farms may then be reclaimed and a profitable field of work offered to many who now crowd into the manufacturing towns in search of a surer means of livelihood." An instance is cited where a small waterfall on an abandoned mill site was harnessed and made to do the work of two horses and light the buildings on two farms. The total cost of installation was about equal

to the value of two good horses, and the cost of running the plant is practically nothing. It requires but little expert knowledge to handle electricity, mysterious as this agent is. Many of the successful electricians of to-day knew nothing of the subject a few years ago. The knowledge of machinery required for a farm plant is possessed by the average farmer already. Given the power, which is simple and cheap if drawn from a stream, the application of it to the machine can be made by an amateur, and this being the case the farm should not be the last and least to profit by this wonderful agent. Capitalists are reaching out for the great waterfall energy of the country with a view to setting it to turning wheels. An idea that is good for them in a large way may be good for the agriculturist in a small way.

All classes of thinkers, realizing that education is the nation's first problem, have contributed to the discussion of the school question. The physician has made his plea for the child's health, the clergyman has put in his word for religious instruction, the employer has asked for schools to send him graduates trained in the rudiments of business. All this interest in education stimulates teachers and keeps the schools abundantly equipped and progressive. But under all the varied questions, the fundamental purpose of education is sometimes buried from sight. Prof. Friedrich Paulsen, a German teacher and philosopher, has recently summoned his countrymen to remember the old moral roots of education. His article, translated in the Educational Review, bids us hold fast to the principles that education means training in obedience, application and the subjection of the young will to the older disciplined will. This philosopher and teacher of ethics knows that the civilized human being is he who can drive a controlled mind to a definite goal, and that schools and parental discipline and churches have as their object the making of civilized men and women out of raw material. So that when a devotee of "child-psychology" advocates the study of the child-bent and adaptation of educational methods to the young individual soul, the old-fashioned teacher agrees, provided the teacher and not the child is to do the adapting. When the preacher of health and nature shows the beautiful development of free childhood running wild in the open fields, the old-fashioned teacher admits the poetry of the idea, but insists that the child will never enjoy freedom until he has learned methodically to do as he is told, indoors and out. And when the pedagogical expert devises a course in manual training, French, music and nature-study, the same old-fashioned teacher accepts the combination, provided the pupil be required to do his work thoroughly in each subject, whether he likes it or not.

GIGANTIC OFFICE BUILDINGS; STEEL CONSTRUCTION'S CLIMAX.

With the announcement from New York that the Equitable Life Assurance Society intends to erect the tallest building in the world arises the question how far architects and builders will go before reaching the limit of their efforts to pierce the clouds. A few years ago the Masonic Temple in Chicago and the World building in New York were looked upon as miracles. They are commonplace to-day.

The projected Equitable Life building is to be sixty-two stories high and its top will be 909 feet above the sidewalk. The flagstaff crowning this stupendous structure will be 150 feet above the roof, making the height to the tip of the pole 1,059 feet, or about one-fifth of a mile. The Eiffel tower in Paris is seventy-five feet lower, being 984 feet above the ground.

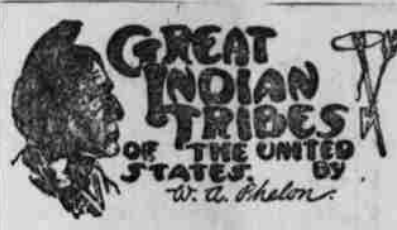
Following are the tallest buildings and other structures in the world:

	Stories.	Feet.
Eiffel Tower.....	81	984
Equitable building (proposed).....	62	909
Metropolitan building.....	50	693
Singer building.....	41	612
Washington Monument.....	555	555
Pyramid of Cheops.....	451	451
St. Peter's, Rome.....	448	448
St. Paul's, London.....	384	384
*Top of cross.		

An Uncanny Plant.

On the shores of Lake Nicaragua is to be found an uncanny product of the vegetable kingdom known among the natives by the expressive name of "the devil's nose." Dunstan, the naturalist, discovered it while wandering on the shores of the lake. Attracted by cries of pain and terror from his dog, he found the animal held by black, sticky bands, which had chafed the skin to the bleeding point. These bands were branches of a newly discovered carnivorous plant, which has been aptly named the "land octopus." The branches are flexible, black, polished, without leaves, and secrete a viscid fluid.

The trouble with these good long talks is that they are seldom good and are always too long.



The Choctaws and Chickasaws.

Together when history dawned upon the continent, together when the white man drove them past the Mississippi, and together in the twilight of the tribes, the Choctaws and the Chickasaws are passing into the body politic and the citizenship of Oklahoma side by side. These two tribes—now 70 per cent of mixed blood, and nearly all as capable a set of citizens as their white neighbors—can hardly be dealt with in separate stories.

The Chickasaws and Choctaws, both of Mobillian stock, lived in Mississippi when De Soto marched across the land, and the Chickasaws gave him some terrific battles. When the French rose into power in Louisiana, the twin tribes disagreed. The Choctaws fought for the French and the Chickasaws boldly withstood the invaders. Several French expeditions were defeated, a number of French officers were burned at the stake, and the Chickasaws, allied with the Natchez, threatened New Orleans. Only the courage of the colonists and the assistance of the Choctaws saved Louisiana.

In later years the tribes grew friendly again, refrained from trouble with the whites, and even fought the Creek and Seminole for the paleface intruder. This did not save them from exile, and, about seventy years ago, the two tribes totaling about 20,000, were taken to Indian territory. There they flourished and grew rich, only to lose lands, wealth and slaves during the Civil War. Since that time they have climbed steadily up again, and have intermixed continually with the whites.

When the rolls were prepared for allotment last year, the Choctaws had about 19,000 full and mixed-blood members, and the Chickasaws about 6,000. These rolls must have been gloriously swelled somehow, for the State census of Oklahoma shows only about 17,000 Indians in the counties that once composed the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations. Nearly 10,000 negroes and 2,200 intermarried whites were also included in the allotments. With the Chickasaws, and it is said, retaining to the last their sun worship and other strange Aztec rites, live the remnant of the Natchez, perhaps 300 souls.

It has been repeatedly asserted by army officers who have served in both Indian territory and the Philippines that the language of the Igorrotes is identical with that of the Mobillian Indians, which would indicate that these tribes came from the orient countless ages gone by. There are many tribes on the Pacific coast bearing the unmistakable stamp of Chinese and Japanese extraction, and others which have customs, totems and tattooing methods similar to the tribes of the Pacific Isles.

POLITENESS IN WASHINGTON.

A City of Leisurely Ways and Proud Yet Courteous Manners.

Washington is bounded on the east by the Capitol and on the west by the White House. Between them flows a restless stream of sightseers. There may be other districts of the national capital worth seeing, but only a Washingtonian knows it. The tourist has time and strength only to hit the high places.

In New York there are probably as many tourists as in Washington, but with this difference, the New Yorker does not mind mixing with the tourist class. In fact, if the tourist have money and a fondness for Broadway and contiguous resorts, the New Yorker is more than willing, so Mr. Tourist emerges his identity with the New Yorker "push." Washingtonians never let you forget you are a tourist. Resident women slightly raise their skirts with an indescribable yet eloquent air when they happen to rub elbows with a mere tourist of the same sex in a hotel or department store elevator. A Washingtonian looks straight ahead at nothing; the tourist is known by the angle at which she crooks her neck.

Resident Washington is divided into three distinct sets—old families, people with money and people without money. Those without money work hard to keep up appearances with those who have money. Those with money work hard to secure social recognition from the old families. The old families are indifferent equally to those with money and those without. The hardest-worked class of all are those who, having accepted public office and removed their lares and penates to the national capital, find that the salary will not pay for the game. You know their women folk by the fact that they wear ready-made gowns. Your real Washingtonian considers the wearing of factory-made garments equivalent to sinking to the lowest sartorial depths.

Washingtonians do not hurry home from work. If you are anybody at all in Washington you must be leisurely.

Only as a tourist do you hurry, and after a conductor has held you at arm's length when you are too hasty to board or leaving a car you begin to slow down, too. There is no rush hour in Washington, and there are cars enough to go around. Likewise you can cross the street at any point along the block without danger of being run down, yelled at or told to "step lively."

Politeness seems really common in Washington, and courtesy possible ever in ten-dollar-a-week clerks. Drop into a real estate office. The young man behind the counter not only informs you how easily you could rent an apartment in the house occupied by Miss Hagner, Mrs. Roosevelt's social secretary, but he advises you as to employment agencies. And he stands up so long as you are in the office. In New York, the would-be tenant, man or woman, stands up—and the agent sits down—with his feet on a table if it is good renting weather; and it is much the same in other cities.



Accounts of twenty-two waterspouts noted on nine Swiss lakes have been collected by Prof. J. Fruh. That of June 19, 1905, on Lake Zug, was about 20 yards in diameter, and it stirred up the lake over a radius of perhaps 100 yards. Several photographs were secured. The whirling column—more than half a mile high—was hollow, had a left-handed motion and traveled eastward at the rate of a little more than seven miles an hour. No important evidence was found that any of these waterspouts were produced by the meeting of opposite winds.

C. G. Bates of the United States Forest Service has found in western Arkansas a species of hickory, locally known as "bull," or "alligator," hickory, which exhibits remarkable resistance to the effects of drought, as well as to forest fires. Its small, thick-skinned leaves are assigned as a principal cause of its drought-defying powers. Like other hickories, it also sends down into the soil a long, strong taproot. Mr. Bates suggests that this tree would be useful for planting in prairie States and in dry situations in other localities. When fires frequently occur, the alligator hickory is the sole survivor.

In a recent book on "The Evolution of Dress," W. M. Webb shows that many details of modern dress, generally regarded as products of caprice or accident, or of the invention of tailors and milliners, are traceable to primitive forms, and that fashion in costume is the result of a process of evolution in which early ideas continually crop out. The earliest form of dress seems to have been the shawl, or wrapper, and fringes date back to the first loom. The hatband is traced to the original fastening of the first cloth headdress. Puttees are as old as Mymene. A mystery yet unexplained is the sewing of the buttons on the right-hand side of a man's coat and the left-hand side of a woman's.

A bold and interesting generalization concerning the vast effects which malaria may have produced on the history of great and famous nations and peoples has recently appeared in England in the form of a book by W. H. S. Jones, supplemented with an introduction by Maj. Ronald Ross. It is suggested that the mosquito has been largely responsible for the decline of certain nations, as, for instance, Greece, in the character of whose people historians have recorded a great change during the fourth century before the Christian era. Major Ross's investigations suggest that malaria may have been introduced into Greece at that time. The conclusion is also drawn that malaria did not exist in Italy much before 200 B. C., and the suggestion is made that Hannibal's army introduced it: "Malaria," says M. Jones, "made the Greek weak and inefficient; it turned the sterner Roman into a bloodthirsty brute—atrabill made its victims man." The moral seems to be that nations, like individuals, should beware of mosquitoes.

Explained.

The Aged Angler—Oh, ay; the last fish I caught were a proper big 'un, an' no mistake.

The Inquiring Angler—Indeed? Why didn't you have it stuffed?

The Aged Angler—Well, you see, I weren't more nor a lad at the time.—The Sketch.

The Circumstances.

"That rich helress let me hold her hand last night."

"Don't tell me such yarns!"

"Fact! At the bridge table, while she answered a phone call."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Yes, Indeed.

"Yes, he is worth a million, and he made every penny of it honestly." "How old-fashioned!"—Houston Post.



Above the grave of a notorious lazy man in a Southern churchyard are the words: "Asleep (as usual)."

Prospective Sultor—Sir, I love your daughter. Her Father—Well, don't come to me with your troubles.

Stella—Can you dress within your income? Bella—Yes; but it is like dressing within a berth in a sleeping car.—Harper's Bazaar.

Mr. Volgarhelm (after the ball)—See, Josephine, a spoon; one of our guests must have had a hole in his pocket.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

"Now, don't deny it, Rose. You wore my shoes?" "Only once—my feet hurt me so, and I wanted something comfortable."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

"What do you expect to be when you come of age, my little man?" asked the visitor. "Twenty-one," was the little man's reply.—The Herald and Presbyter.

Barber—Try a bottle of this preparation, sir. Splendid thing for baldness. Customer—Don't doubt it, but I've got all the baldness I want, thank you.—Times.

Miss Lingerlong—You have been a widower for ten years, haven't you, Mr. Flint? Mr. Flint—Yes, and I am just as persistent in it as I ever was, thank you.—Smart Set.

Molly—When you spoke to father, did you tell him you had \$500 in the bank? George—Yes, Molly.—And what did he say? George—He borrowed it.—Sketchy Bits.

Teacher—If your father owed the butcher \$17.25, the baker \$13.23, and the grocer \$18.05, how much would he have to pay in all? Tommy Harlumin—Nothin'. He'd move.

"Could you bring yourself to live in a flat on \$20 a week?" "I could, Harold," answered the pampered yet unspoiled darling. "But I do not know just how it would suit my French maid."

"I wouldn't cry like that if I were you," said a lady to little Alice. "Well," said Alice, between her sobs, "you can cry any way you like, but this is my way."—The United Presbyterian.

Mrs. Newlywed—I want to buy a steak. Lumberman—Hickory, oak or ash? Mrs. Newlywed—Porterhouse, Lumberman—You'll find that in the butcher shop. This is a lumber yard.—Judge.

The Wife—During our courtship my husband declared I was too good for him. The Friend—Does he think so still? The Wife—Yes, especially when I want him to accompany me to church on Sundays.

"Have you decided, Miss Ethel, where you are going for the summer?" "It's between two places, Mr. Johnson." "Which two?" "Ma says it's to Switzerland and pa says it's to the poorhouse."—Tattler.

Kulcker—There are plenty of books telling how to save life while waiting for the doctor. Bocker—Yes. What we need is one telling the young doctor how to save life while waiting for the patient.—Transcript.

"What! going to leave us so soon, Thomas?" "Sorry, sir; but I must tell you as 'ow I can't put up with the missus any longer." "But, Thomas (appealingly), think how long I've put up with her!"—Judge.

"They tell me," said the new reporter, who was doing an interview, "that you have succeeded in forging your way to the front." "Sir," replied the self-made man, coldly, "you have been misinformed. I'm no forger."

Towne—Do you believe in dreams? Browne—I used to, but I don't any more. Towne—Not as superstitious as you were, eh? Browne—Oh, it wasn't a question of superstition. I was in love with one once, and she jilted me.

"Mrs. Jenks, if you were a kind lady with five cents she didn't need, an' I was a little boy that didn't know any better an' asked her for it, do you think she could maybe afford to lend it to him if I promised her faithfully that he'd pay you back?"—Exchange.

During the dinner hour on board a steamer the other day a passenger was much disturbed by the vulgar way in which the man who sat next to him ate his meat. At last, after watching him pick a bone in a very primitive fashion, he could control his feelings no longer, and, turning to the offending party, he said: "Don't you think you would be more comfortable if you took that out on the mat?"—Tit-Bits.

We hate to have a stranger come up to us, and say: "Guess who I am!"

A stitch in time may save a big surgeon's fee later.