

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO, OREGON

It's a wise wife who knows her own husband.

Do not put on style at the expense of your friends.

Usually the man who believes in paying as he goes stays at home.

People never help a man blow his horn because they like the music.

If love were intoxicating there would be fewer members of the W. C. T. U.

Most of the men behind the bars believed at one time that they were clever.

It keeps some people broke dressing well enough to make others think they are not.

Getting in touch with men of affairs is a good thing—if they will stand for the touch.

When the average woman has trouble with her head she consults a milliner instead of a doctor.

A good many men have the courage of their convictions simply because they have never been convicted.

As a rule the world doesn't pay much attention to a man whose wife claims to have made him what he is.

It is only a matter of five or six years from perambulator to roller skates. Thus do we sweetly go the pace.

If it is true that a woman must now be very slender to be fashionable, we see a great many every day who have gone out of style.

Another good thing about the weather is that if there weren't any, people would probably spend even more time talking about their neighbors.

To refer to the killing of one prize fighter by another in the ring as "an accident" brings to mind the fact that the English language is inadequate.

Brazil denies that she is building a navy for Japan, and Richmond Pearson Hobson will hereafter look upon Brazil as the destroyer of one of his most cherished fears.

From Maine comes word of the capture of a sea serpent "with a tale four feet long." Must be a mere infant, for most sea serpents' tales are several thousand words long.

The University of Chicago has secured the skeleton of a huge sea serpent which died in Kansas six million years ago. Can it be possible that the liquor question was an issue in the Sunflower State as far back as that?

Piano dealers have recently agreed no longer to accept square pianos in exchange for new ones. The square instrument has not been manufactured for several years, and it will soon be as completely obsolete as the high bicycle. Some of the old "square-grands" are fine instruments, and continue to make music in many homes. They have an honorable association, for many of the greatest composers lived when there was no other kind.

Manchuria proved to be the grave of military reputations, as far as the Russian army was concerned. Stoessel, who came out as the "hero of Port Arthur," is in disgrace and will never command again. Kuropatkin is old and in poor health; but, having failed to make a telling stroke against the Japanese, he would not in any event be trusted with high command again in case of war. Linvitch, the one leader of the conflict who held the confidence of his government and of the troops at the end, died recently at the age of 70. Had he lived he would not have taken the field as a leader, and Russia would have to trust her fortunes to new men. Perhaps some master soldier whose name has never come to the front was developed in the late war, for there was good fighting at Mukden. Linvitch believed that he had the Japanese practically whipped there. He repulsed several heavy attacks and suffered but little loss in doing so. It may be that among his subordinates on that hard-fought field there was a Stonewall Jackson or a Phil Sheridan competent to lead the army to victory when war comes again.

Loren Coburn, a poor old millionaire who is fighting for his estate and his reputation for sanity in the courts at Redwood City, Cal., says: "I am like many another man who, after acquiring property by his own efforts, finds his relatives sitting around him a lot of vultures waiting for him to pass away and, when he does not go soon enough

to suit them, trying some other way of putting him aside." Coburn is sane enough in saying that his case is not an uncommon one. Many a rich man does not die soon enough to suit either his relatives or a large part of the indirectly interested population at large. Why should riches—the power to do good and to make progress—be concentrated in an old man lacking in energy and enterprise and without anything else save those riches? Why shouldn't the rising generation covet a board that is useless and an obstacle to progress and development? Is it at all unnatural that the affection of even close relatives, as well as the regard of others, should weaken toward one who exclusively and selfishly possesses ten times more than all that old age requires in the way of necessities and comforts? Greed—the passion for great possessions—is largely an animal trait. Give one cow of a drove all the fodder and her very calves will assist in horning her over the fence. There is more than one millionaire in this country who will say that, while old Coburn may be as sane as Solomon on all other subjects, he has been crazy as a bedbug to believe that he could have his millions and the sincere love of those about him. While he was gathering those millions, Coburn was hatching those "vultures" by incubator heated by envy, and envy and love are deadly foes. But the very rich men of our times are learning that there are several severe penalties that go with the amassing of great fortunes. A man who has spent his life piling up one million on another, whether honestly or by craft of questionable character, very often wakes up, in his closing days, to find not only that loved ones have become "vultures" sitting on the fence gloating over his dying kicks, or giving him a peck to hasten his dying, but that he has done a deadly wrong to those nearest to him, his children. He has stunted his progeny. He has taught them that happiness lies in possession instead of effort, and that development consists in acquiring more millions instead of growth of brain, heart and character. He has given them no knowledge of true friendship and unselfish love, and their whole journey through life lies between two rows of "vultures" who are waiting for them to die, or for the wheel of Fate to make them helpless vagabonds. At 20 years of age, all luxuries have palled upon them, and there is nothing new, fresh, bright and interesting left in life. And they become "vultures" to kill him dead legally. If he doesn't physically die soon enough to suit. Poor, miserable old millionaire Coburn! Nothing but money, and his beloved "vultures" hot after that!

GOING TO SCHOOL IN BURMA.

Shortly after the native college was opened at Rangoon, the head, the Rev. Dr. Marks, says in the Church Family Paper, that the King of Burma came to him and asked if he would teach some of his sons. When he agreed, the king asked, "What ages do you like them at?"

"From twelve to fourteen."

The king turned to one of his assistants, and commanded:

"Bring all my sons between twelve and fourteen to me."

Nine princes came in.

Four came to school the next day, each riding on an elephant, and with two golden umbrellas. Each also was escorted by forty soldiers. Afterward the whole nine came. So there were nine princes, nine elephants, eighteen golden umbrellas, and three hundred and sixty soldiers.

Unlike Mary's lamb, Dr. Marks says, the elephants stayed outside, but when the princes came into the schoolroom all the other boys threw themselves flat down with their faces to the ground—it was forbidden for any one to stand or sit in the presence of princes.

Dr. Marks found this state of things very inconvenient, and put the matter to the princes. They talked the situation over, and made up their minds what to do.

"You fellows may get up," one of the princes said. "You need not be frightened."

"After that," says Dr. Marks, "we had very little difficulty on the score of etiquette."

"The king took the greatest interest in the education of his sons, and they were among the most diligent and affectionate pupils I ever had."

IT TOOK EVERYTHING.

Naybor—Sorry to hear you had scarlet fever at your house. That's a bad disease. They say it usually leaves you with something.

Popley—Huh! It isn't likely to leave me with anything, judging from the doctor's bill.—Philadelphia Press.

OPPOSITES OFTEN WED.

"Miss, you are a maiden. Nobody will ever care to marry a boisterous girl."

"Don't worry, mother. I'll find some nice, girlsterous boy."—Kansas City Journal.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WOMEN AND COLLEGE EDUCATION.

By President Eliot of Harvard.



PRESIDENT ELIOT.

It is woman to whom falls in greater part the training of the population in the sense of beauty and in appreciation of the worth of beauty.

Who keeps the flowers blooming in the average house lot? Who fills the one southern window with plants in tin cans and broken pieces of crockery? Who engages the florist to keep the rich house filled with flowers through all the seasons? For whom are the beautiful objects in the rich home produced and set forth? Always by and for the woman. Who teaches the little children to enjoy the beauties of nature and of art? Always, or almost always, the woman.

I look forward, therefore, to the future of the higher education for women as a great influence in the perfecting of family life, of civic life, of household joy and good.—Harper's Bazar.

ADVANTAGES OF BEING RICH.

By Ada May Krecker.



If riches have worth at all it is in relieving the mind of thoughts of money. It is in letting soul and sense freely flower unimpeded by paltry pennies. The ignominy of poverty is the barbarous necessity of interpreting all one's experience in terms of dimes and dollars; of counting pennies over food, shelter, amusements, charities, everything; of choosing evil things for lack of pennies to get the good. It is vulgar thus to do violence to one's taste, to one's delicacy, elegance, ease. It is vulgar to solace us with soft sentiments instead of expressing ourselves with art and beauty. It is vulgar to starve our souls by denying them what they require, to chain them to earth when they are winged to fly to heaven. For piteous as are poverty's deformities of the body, her ravages on the life of the soul are sadder. By ugliness and squalor the heart is brutalized, the soul scarred. Millions of men and women are crippled, stultified, diseased of mind and morals by reason of their beggary.

Less idle, as the world is now ordered, are the consolations of philosophy and religion. There is no lot, however base and paltry, but yields fantastically lavish compensation to an heroic heart. And there is no soul so mean but buds and flowers in some beauty peculiar to itself, be its environs as they will. When the civilized man so attunes his life to his surroundings, so har-

monizes organism to environment that each responds perfectly to the other, his pitiful battles for existence will come to an end. Wealth will abound. Trivial toil will supply all the gentle luxuries he needs, and his superb mental and spiritual forces will be set at leisure to engage in those noble exercises which are their proper and worthy employment.

MISSION OF ART TO UPLIFT MAN.

By Jean Delville.



There perhaps never has been a period in the history of man or in the annals of art when nature was more beloved and more appreciatively studied than by the poets and men of science and artists of our own time. And unquestionably this has had a fruitful influence in many ways upon the modern mind and the sensibilities of mankind as a whole. But we are too greatly fascinated by the visible, too easily led away by their immediate and objective side of things, and thus lose sight of their inner meaning, mysterious and divine.

The beautiful, the good and the true are harmonious in nature, and the glory of art consists in making this harmony apparent. Left to themselves, the uncultivated grasp only what strikes their grosser senses; they see nature under its ugliest and most illusory aspect. It is the mission of art to make them feel the indwelling beauty which, like truth, always has existed. Art is so profoundly related to humanity that before knowing what the art of to-morrow will be we must know what will be its science and philosophy.

If art does not aim at spiritualization of thought one well may ask the reason for its existence. The average picture has no inspiration for us. Unimaginative landscape is one of the illegitimate forms of art, but the imaginative landscape which suggests the cosmic beauty with which the artist's soul has communed enters truly into the domain of art and gives us no mere physical impression, but a mental vision of nature.

THE THEATER AND THE PUBLIC.

By Otis Skinner.



As is the character of the community and the age, so is its theater. It cannot lead; it must follow, for it reflects life and tendencies—"the very age and body of the time." If the public selects the trashy play or exposition on which to lavish its favor, it is because that portion of the public possesses cheap and trashy minds and uncultured tastes.

Find the man who prefers the educated dogs, the burlesque Hebrew and the impossible Irishman of vaudeville to a well-sustained, well-acted play, and you have found one who cannot discriminate between the merits of Raphael's "Madonna" and the "Newlyweds" and "Happy Hooligan" of the Sunday supplement.

We cannot blame them, but we can educate them. Begin at the beginning—in the home, in the schoolroom, give the men and women of the future a start in the right direction—the result will follow.

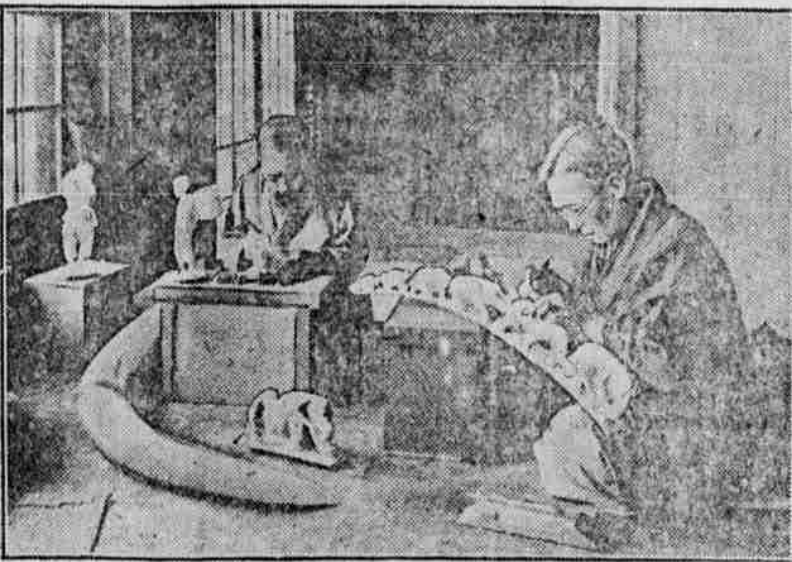
ELEPHANTS' TUSKS.

Some of Them Are Nine Feet Long and Weigh 200 Pounds.

Sixty-five thousand elephants were killed in Africa last year and more than a million and a half pounds of ivory were taken from them and shipped off to Europe, writes Frank G. Carpenter. Of this fully one-third came from Zanzibar, another third was from Portuguese East and West Africa, and a large part of the balance was from the valley of the Congo. Cape Colony furnished a hundred

are sometimes snapped off. Ivory tusks are always sold by weight, and the traders tell me that in buying them of the natives they have to be careful to see that pieces of iron or bits of stone have not been driven into the hollows of the horns to make them weigh more.

Many of you have been in the hands of a dentist and have seen how he almost breaks your jaw in pulling a molar with a long root. The tusks are really elephant's teeth and it is difficult to get them out of a dead elephant.



IN THE IVORY-CARVERS' WORKSHOP.

thousand pounds, Egypt 300,000 pounds, and a large part came from the Niger territories and Lagos.

African ivory brings the highest prices in the markets. It is superior to any other in the size of the tusks. I have seen some which are nine feet long, and there are some which weigh as much as 200 pounds each. The average weight of a tusk is much less than this and one of a hundred pounds is quite valuable.

In India the average tusk does not weigh fifty pounds, but that of the African elephant is much heavier. Many of the tusks are broken when they are brought into the market. The elephants use them for plowing up roots and tearing down trees and also for fighting their enemies.

The average tusk is strong and elastic; but it can be broken and the ends

They are fitted into a bony socket and the roots go almost up to the eyes.

A tusk eight feet long may have two feet of its roots imbedded in the skull, and if it is taken away at once the head has to be chopped to pieces to get it out.

In addition to the tusks, the elephant has six great teeth inside its mouth on each side its jaw above and below and these are almost as firmly imbedded as the tusks themselves.

The tusks are hollow about half way up. The smallest forms a big load for a man, while one weighing 150 pounds requires four porters to carry it. Such men are paid from three to five cents a day for their labor, so that the cost of transportation is not heavy.

Tell some men a secret, and they immediately hang out a sign.

TO DRAIN TREASURE LAKE.

Georgia Woman's Husband Owns Waters Hiding Boats of 2 Caesars.

Few Americans who come to Italy fall to see the famous Lake of Nemi, the "Mirror of Diana," as the ancients called it, says the Rome correspondent of the New York World. The splendid castle mirrored in its waters, once the property of the Colonnas, then the Frangipanis, the Cencis and the Orsinis, is now owned by Don Enrico Ruspoli, the second husband of an American woman, whom he married in Washington six years ago. Mrs. Brutons, whose maiden name was Eugenia Berry, and whose girlhood home was at Oak Hill, Ga.

On the borders of the lake, where now the strawberry beds cover the ruins, stood a temple of Diana, once renowned for magnificence. It was presided over by a priest, whose sole qualification was that he killed his predecessor and always carried a sword in his hand to prevent being served likewise.

Deep underneath the strawberry beds are the famous treasures. When the Orsinis owned the castle they dug up antique goblets and other treasures valued at \$100,000. But the list of the jeweled plate still exists, and it is known that not a little of these have been found. Still lying hidden there is a famous emerald cup, the goblet fashioned from one great stone.

In the lake, half imbedded in the mud, lie the two celebrated villa boats of Tiberius and Caligula, boats which contained hanging gardens, temples of marble, columns of porphyry, roofs of cedar, ornaments innumerable of bronze. The boats are still intact, and Education Minister Rava has appointed a committee of inquiry on which are Boni, the famous archaeologist, and Carrado Ricci. These gentlemen have come to the conclusion that two courses are open to the government, one to lower the lake till the level of the water touches the submerged boats, the other to drain the lake dry.

CONSIDERATE.

Bacon—And does your wife have specially prepared food for her dog?

Egbert—Oh, yes! She wouldn't think of giving him anything she cooked herself! Yonkers Statesman.

Every man thinks he treats his "help" better than any other employer in the world.