

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

R. E. COLLINS, Editor
F. N. HAYDEN, Manager

TOLEDO, OREGON

The tongue of a gossip never grows weary.

Most of the things we do for fun are anything but funny.

What a lot of lying we all do when our guests start away.

And it's sometimes easier to earn a living than it is to get it.

It's easier to be a college graduate than it is to earn a living.

Be careful when it comes to lending money or borrowing trouble.

Lots of men are unable to reform because they haven't the necessary material.

"Chew your steak longer," says one doctor, who has a friend who is a dentist.

No, Alonzo, a girl isn't necessarily a manicurist just because she likes to hold hands.

No poverty-stricken aristocrat ever considered a plutocratic helmsman too rich for his blood.

Somehow the average girl just can't help loving a young man whom her mother doesn't like.

Commander Peary has started on another of his justly celebrated trips almost to the north pole.

There is something wrong with the girl who would rather read about love-making in a novel than try it herself.

Every time a young man sees a pretty girl purse her lips he wonders if there is anything in the purse for him.

A new book, advocating starvation as a cure for all human ailments, is out. We assume that it was written by the author of prunes.

"I Take This Man" is the title of a new play. The author is probably anxiously waiting to learn whether it is to be for better or for worse.

The Mayor of Timpson, Tex., receives a salary of \$1 a year. Even with the most rigid economy no public man can lay up much money on that.

Possibly Minister Wu has determined to live 200 years in order to read that Chinese history about to be issued in 432 volumes. Or is it 642 volumes?

"Have you figured out why a man wears suspenders with a belt?" asks the Pittsburg Press. No; but we can imagine why he wears them with his trousers.

The New York Tribune is disturbed because of the discovery of a flying variety of emex lectularius. Let us go on bravely hoping. Perhaps we can have screened-in beds.

"Mother Eve at any rate never wore a sheath gown," says the Birmingham Age-Herald. No; nor a Mother Hubbard, nor a bustle, nor hoopskirts, nor a long list of other things peevish man has been finding fault with.

The Czar is learning how to get along with his parliament. He told the president of the Duma the other day that he approved its action in rejecting the naval program of the ministry, and sympathized with its championship of the cause of the university students. Not only does the Czar seem to understand the Duma, but the Duma itself is doing the business for which it was established with remarkable success for a body composed of men without previous legislative experience.

"Blind Tom," noted a generation ago as a musical prodigy, died recently in the home of the daughter-in-law of his old master, for he was born a slave near Columbus, Ga. When a boy he amused the household by imitating the cries of birds and the sound of the wind and rain. He had a marvelous memory, and could play any musical composition which he heard. It is said that he could play one melody with his right hand, another with his left, and whistle a third at the same time. Yet with all his musical gifts, he was intellectually a child, and lived in the care of guardians.

Although men as they run are perhaps muscularly stronger than women, their inability to withstand the elements and their reliance upon clothes places them considerably below the so-called weaker sex in the matter of unclothed toughness. Women wear clothes for ornament; men use them as a protective covering. A group of men marooned clothesless on an island in the temperate zone might be expect-

ed to die off in a month from draughts and colds and rheumatism. The health of women similarly placed would suffer little from the enforced exposure. The fact appears to be, therefore, that in everything but muscle—in vitality, ruggedness, character, disposition, brain power, etc.—woman is the tougher, not the weaker, sex.

When railroad trains first smoked across the plains, the Indians used to shoot at them. More recently a farmer here and there has taken the old shotgun down from the hook to welcome the inconsiderate motor-car. There was a little excuse for the Indian and for the farmer whose chickens lay dead in the road; but it is hard to see what led a man to shoot at a balloon, and narrowly miss sending the balloonist to death. The judge made an example of the offender, on the ground that aerial navigation is becoming more common, and that news of the sentence will spread abroad and protect aeronauts, who do no one any harm, and run risks enough without additional danger from rifle-shots.

Commander Peary is off for the North Pole again. He may not reach it, but he is more likely to do so than ever before. Each failure has had its useful lesson for him. If he were to retain his physical vigor for a few decades there would be little question of his ultimate success, but if he does not get to the goal this trip it is not likely that he ever will make another. Some other man, profiting by his experience, and probably following in his footsteps, will gain eternal fame as the discoverer of the North Pole. There are many who do not care whether it is discovered or not, who can see nothing practical in these journeys to the frozen North, and who think it folly for men to risk their lives there, but who at the same time would like to see Peary win. They admire his pluck and pertinacity and think them deserving of the reward he covets. So, indeed, they are. Even if Peary shall not achieve success, he is entitled to it. Other men have gone out on the same errand, but none of them has stuck to his work as Peary has. If he does reach the pole, it will not be owing to luck, but will be the result of intelligent persistence. If there be any possible route to the pole the one he has selected probably is it. In a few weeks Peary will be lost to the world for a long time. If no news shall come from him within three years there will be no alarm. He has learned how to live in reasonable comfort on the shores of the Arctic ocean. That knowledge eliminates much of the suffering which was the lot of the early explorers. The only real danger to which he will be exposed will be in traversing the drifting ice fields between his point of departure and his destination. If he can escape those dangers he and his companions should be able to get back home in safety, to be welcomed with unbounded enthusiasm if they shall have succeeded. Even the Americans who look on the search for the North Pole as a waste of effort would be delighted to have one of their countrymen get there first.

Marshal Your Forces.

No mind, no intellect, is powerful or great enough to attract wealth while the mental attitude is turned away from it—facing in the other direction.

One of the greatest problems of modern science is to discover means by which the great energies or forces which are going to waste all about us may be utilized. It is a well-known fact that the finest locomotive yet made has succeeded in utilizing only about 15 per cent of the energy of its fuel. Eighty-five per cent of the sun's force stored up in the coal is lost. Great forces of nature are everywhere going to waste because man does not know how to control them, to marshal them, to harness them to his uses.

On every hand we see great human ability doing the work of mediocrity or running to waste; splendid possibilities in rags and hovels; men of quality and talent living shiftlessly in narrowness and squalor; thousands of men and women, who have reached their gray-hair period, having still seventy-five, eighty, or ninety per cent of their ability undeveloped, untouched. They are small, mean, and pinched, when, had they discovered themselves and demanded the best of themselves, they might have been large, broad, full, and complete.—Orison Swett Marden, in Success Magazine.

Not Up in Art.

"Did you ever see the Venus of Milo?"
"Eh?"
"The Venus without arms, you know?"

"Oh, the armless wonder? Yes, I seen her in th' side show when I was a boy. She was gold'n' under another name then, but I s'pose it's th' same one."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The wedding presents you give are usually worth more than those you receive.

Some people derive a lot of satisfaction from thinking that they are thinking.

GARDEN OF THE GODS

Colorado Wonderland, Where Nature Displays Her Most Fantastic Moods.

One of the world's greatest natural wonders, the famous Garden of the Gods in Colorado, has been presented by C. B. Perkins, who has been its owner for a quarter of a century, to Colorado Springs to become a part of the city's 3,000-acre park system. It is a notable acquisition and the people of Colorado Springs are to be congratulated in thus securing a feature that has called forth the admiration of tourists from all over the world, who have invariably grown enthusiastic in their praises when beholding the scenic beauties and quaint conceits of form with

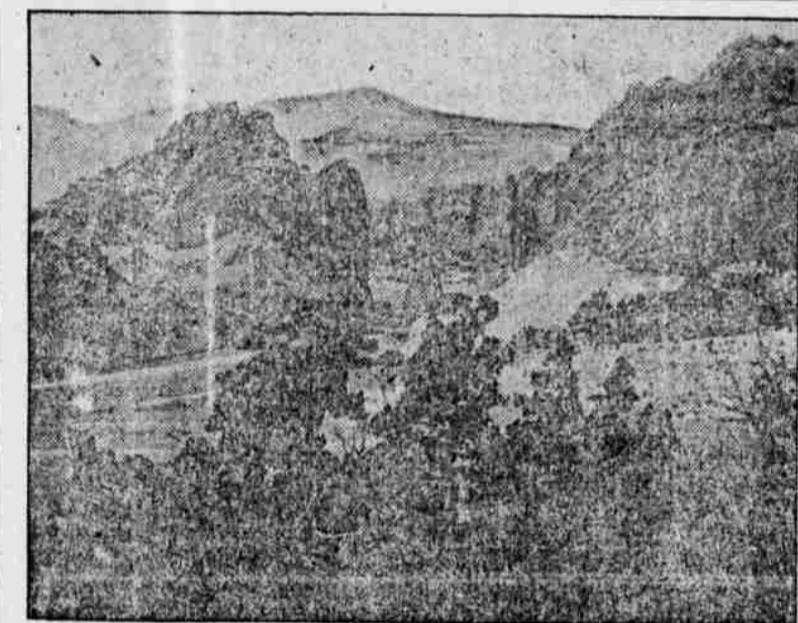


THE SIAMESE TWINS.

which nature has so lavishly adorned this Colorado museum.

The garden comprises an area of 940 acres. The titanic forces of nature conspired to make it one of the ruggedest yet most beautiful spots on earth. It has attracted tourists by hundreds of thousands from all parts of the world, rivaling in this respect the Yellowstone National Park itself, and its fame has done much to build up that region as the playground of the republic.

The Garden of the Gods is remarkable for the strange forms which the red and white sandstone rocks here assume. Besides grotesque shapes, to



GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

which various names have been given, there are spires, minarets, cones and cathedral towers, and masses of a stalactite form.

Transcontinental tourists always include the Garden of the Gods in their itinerary and it is safe to say that several millions of visitors have been attracted to the spot since the railroads made it easy of reach. Colorado, originally famous for Pike's Peak, has gathered more fame from the Garden of the Gods than any other single feature. The State has profited in large measure from the possession of the place, and Colorado Springs would not to-day be the city it is were it not near this spot.

At the entrance of the Garden of the Gods one begins to see marvelous things—indeed, before entering. The so-called Gateway is an imposing formation, being two great masses of red and white sandstone rocks rising 900 feet with a narrow passageway between. From a distance, the Gateway is not particularly imposing but on nearer approach, it is seen that nature has here performed a miracle. After passing through, the tourist is prepared in a measure for any further wonders that may confront him.

All through the Garden of the Gods, red and white sandstone formations abound in the most curious shape. Grotesqueries are everywhere. There are most peculiar rocks resembling birds and animals, some of them so closely that the visitor may doubt the evidence of his own eyes and expect the titanic monsters to awaken out of their sleep and spring at him. There are minarets and spires, cones, towers, overhanging fret work, flagpole in rocks, beautifully colored veining and strata, balancing stones, tables, and everything conceivable and some things that are not. Imagination

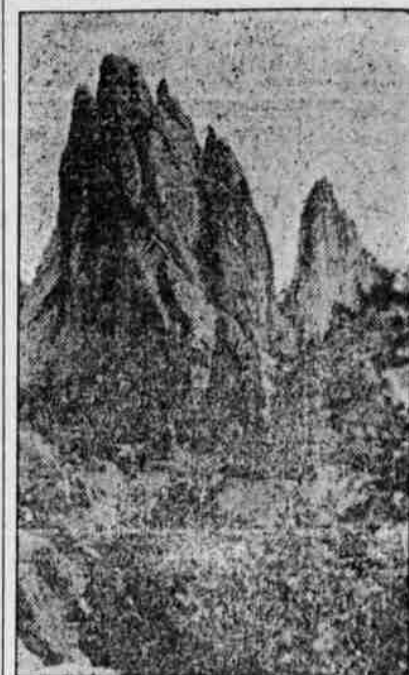
could not run wilder riot than is here seen in reality.

The photographs shown with this story give the reader a fairly good idea of some of the formations. Cathedral Spires, one of the most peculiar group of rocks in the entire Garden, is so-called from its resemblance to a church. At near view, the resemblance is lost, but from a distance, at certain angles, one may readily believe, if he did not know to the contrary, that he is looking at a beautiful cathedral and would expect to hear the echoes of the chimes borne faintly to him on the breeze. Near to the Cathedral Spires is Eagle Rock. The rock itself has no resemblance to the bird after which it is named, but if you look at the very summit you will see a formation which is an exact duplicate of an eagle. This is one of the most remarkable sights in the whole section. The stone bird perches himself at the very top of the rock and there he sits as he has set for ages, looking out over the other wonderful things that were created at the same time he was. The Flying Dutchman is a grotesque pile of stones nearly 400 feet high which bear a decided resemblance to the Dutchman of the stage with his funny cap on his head. The Siamese Twins are so named because they are close together, each being practically a duplicate of the other.

Balance rock is a stone nearly 300 feet in height which stands on its point almost like an egg. It is so perfectly balanced on another stone that it sometimes sways in a heavy gale, but apparently there is no power on earth that can bring it to the ground. How many thousands of years it has stood there cannot be told; neither can any one know how it was made to assume its peculiar position.

It is the opinion of geologists that the masses of rocks, in their strangely garish colors, the sedimentary strata that once lay horizontally upon the mountain's breast, but that some gigantic convulsion of nature threw them into their present perpendicular attitude, with their roots, as it were, extending hundreds of feet underground. The erosion by water, when the region was part of the Gulf of Mexico, is believed to account for the quaint and astonishing shapes of the various formations, though since that remote period there has been such a change of

to charm or impress the beholder. Of these there may be mentioned the red sentinel that guards the north portals of the Garden, flanked on either side by cathedrals and fortresses of amazing size, and aflame with brilliant coloring. There are thin slabs of sandstone standing on edge and lifting their heads hundreds of feet high, on which the gods or witches have sculptured images of birds and animals; and many strange shapes such as needle rocks. Several



CATHEDRAL SPIRES.

other localities in the mountains near the Garden of the Gods afford similar wonders.

SOME STATISTICS OF CRIME.

Figures of Prison Population that Furnish Food for Thought.

A bulletin issued by the Census Bureau contains some statistics of the prison population of the country that are startlingly suggestive, says the Indianapolis News. The statistics are of June 20, 1904, when the total population of the country was estimated to be 81,301,848. At that time the country had 1,337 penal institutions, including four United States civil prisons, sixty-seven State prisons and State and county penitentiaries, fourteen reformatories for adults, seventy-one municipal prisons and workhouses and 1,181 county jails. At the date named these various prisons contained 81,772 inmates, an average of 100.6 per 100,000 of population. The average seems appallingly large, but it shows an improvement over 1890, when it was 131.5 per 100,000 of population.

There is some consolation in the fact that, appalling as the aggregate of crime appears, the percentage of criminals to population is not increasing. This might be due to remissness in the enforcement of law, but we are at least permitted to hope that it is not the case, the moral trend of the times being toward stricter instead of laxer enforcement of law.

It appears that of the total number of prison inmates on June 30, 1904, 77,269, or 94 1/2 per cent, were males, and 4,503, or 5 1/2 per cent, were females. As there is no great difference in the number of males and females in the country, the figures indicate clearly that crime is much more prevalent among men than among women.

On June 24, 1904, there were in the United States ninety-three institutions for juvenile delinquents between the ages of 7 and 21 years. These institutions, included reformatories, reform schools, truant schools—in fact, all kinds of prisons, places of detention and religious agencies for juvenile delinquents. At the date named they contained 23,034 inmates, of whom 2,566 were in the Catholic protectorate at Westchester, N. Y.

The number of inmates in all kinds of institutions for juvenile delinquents increased from 14,846 on June 1, 1890, to 23,034 on June 30, 1904. This was a gain of 8,188, or 55.2 per cent. On its face, this is not encouraging, though it may be due to the fact that there were more institutions for juvenile delinquents in 1904 than there were in 1890, and more activity in arresting and confining them.

Speech and Action.

"Which is better?" inquired the young patriot. "To be a silver-tongued orator or a practical politician?"

"It depends," answered Senator Sorghum, "on your personal ambitions. Some people desire the last word and others are concerned solely about the first ballot."—Washington Star.

Thanks for His Money.

Weekle—So Silpsey is a defaulter, eh?
Deekle—So they say.

Weekle—By George! I always wondered why he said "Thank you" so pleasantly every time I made a deposit.—Bohemian Magazine.

Tell of a man who has done a good deed, and few show curiosity to know who he is.

How much farther money would go if it didn't travel so fast.



MUSHROOM TOPS.

mure as though about to finish the hatching of a brood of ducklings. Then comes an alligator stretched out at full length and so natural that one involuntarily wonders if the gigantic saurian is not waiting for a meal—a small one—off the duck. Further advance into this museum of wonders reveals new sights