

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO, OREGON

Pay as you go, but try to save enough to get back on.

Somehow, the majority of our good habits never get found out.

Can you name the seven candidates for Vice President without going to the newspaper files?

Nine thousand tailors go on strike in New York, thereby adding 1,000 men to the army of the unemployed.

When a girl is not sure whether she loves a fellow or not it means that there is another one hovering near.

Nothing has been heard lately concerning Mrs. Hetty Green. The probability is that she has gone to saving her money again.

Few sea serpents have been seen this year. This may be due to the prohibition movement which has been spreading across the land.

Caruso says he is glad his wife has eloped, as she was not "up to expectations." He is evidently a convert to the trial marriage idea.

Add highly technical decisions to technical statutes, and the way of the transgressor becomes a path of pleasantness and comfort.

It is idle talk of coming trouble between England and Germany. Don't King Edward and the Kaiser kiss each other whenever they meet?

Castro regrets that there are not more nations to quarrel with. That day is dull which does not bring him a new complication with the powers.

The rule forbidding tourists in the Yellowstone Park the right to carry weapons ought to be broadened and extended so that it shall apply to bandits.

Mrs. Jack Gardner surely is old enough to know that the makers of rare old tapestries in this country should be protected from the ruinous competition of old world artisans.

Richard Harding Davis has started a campaign to keep waste paper from littering up the streets. Which shows that some authors, at least, have a proper sense of their responsibility to the public.

A London shop girl crossed the Atlantic, remained in New York thirty minutes and then hurried back to London. Probably she did not like to keep the customer waiting any longer for the change.

A New York waiter has refused a liberal tip on the ground that he did not need the money. His fellow waiters threaten to expel him from his local for unethical conduct. He might have given the money to charity or started a fund for an old waiter's home.

"Vodka" bottles in Russia carry the imperial eagle on the labels—the "vodka" trade is a government monopoly—but a commission of the Duma, appointed to consider the drink evil, has lately recommended that the eagle be removed from the label, and a skull and crossbones be put in its place, with appropriate warnings against the use of the poison.

Israel Zangwill, the British novelist, has added a novel problem to the woman suffrage question. Mrs. Humphrey Ward opposes votes for women. Mr. Zangwill finds that the reason for this is that as a novelist she has discovered and analyzed the weakness of her sex, and he replies that as a male novelist he has learned the "boundless vanity, selfishness, and hysterical emotionalism" of men. He concludes that his sex is utterly unfitted to be trusted with power. A question is raised here which readers of novels may answer for themselves. Do male writers idealize women, and do women fictionists idealize men? Did not Thackeray expound the vanity of woman as well as worship his saints in music? And did not George Eliot make Maggie Tulliver more of a hero than Tom?

From the days of Herodotus and Marco Polo, travel has been recognized as an educative and civilizing experience. A year on the Continent of Europe is considered the best possible "finishing" course for English and American youth whose parents can afford it; but it is not so commonly perceived that a great and valuable advance is steadily going on in this country by virtue of the interchange of visitors between North and South and East and West. It is a commonplace that the United States presents great diversity of climate, and that it has

been peopled from many different nations, of widely varying habits of life and thought. Such a diversity of elements united in one national entity would be a great source of weakness were it not for the constant travel for which Americans are noted. Much of this is due to the annual conventions of national organizations. The Christian Endeavor Society, the National Educational Association, the Grand Army, and many other bodies meet once a year, each time in a new place; and special railroad rates induce large numbers to visit cities which they might otherwise never see. The local pride of those who act as hosts insures a full appreciation of whatever is of interest in the surroundings; and the interchange of hospitality draws people from the different sections more closely together, and gives them an opportunity to broaden their outlook and get new points of view. In a smaller way, hundreds of trade associations and fraternal orders are doing the same thing for their members. The influence of it is probably greater than any one can see. It has demonstrated the fact that hospitality is not the exclusive possession of any one section; that communities which differ widely in their views on many matters may each have good reasons for the faith that is in them; and in the end it will greatly help to form and foster a feeling of national solidarity. Even the gain in mere geographical knowledge is something. "I have seen wonderful crops of corn and wheat in my country," said a recent Western visitor to the New England coast, "but this is the first time I have ever seen rocks growing out of the water."

According to a New York literary journal, a leading American publisher who has always had a fair number of first-rate and successful novels on his lists of new books has this year decided to exclude fiction altogether from his plans for the coming season. He holds that as an art fiction is nearing exhaustion and death, and that not only the discriminating public but the novelists themselves are conscious of this remarkable fact. The publisher is quoted as saying that the trouble is not, as some have thought, with the material available. Life is rich and full of possible plots, and, as a matter of fact, novelists never had as much to say as they have just now. Only, "they have never said it so dully" and "inartistically, and, therefore, readers will weary of sociological treatises in the form of novels, of psychological analysis, of clinical realism and minute description, and give up the modern novel entirely. In other words, fiction as an "art form" is in a decadent state and doomed to extinction. This agrees with an equally gloomy and semi-philosophical, "evolutionary" view which a French critic put forward some time ago. No art form, he said, was permanent. The essay is practically dead, although futile attempts are occasionally made to revive it; the sonnet is dead; the poetic drama is dead. What reason is there, then, for assuming that fiction is eternal? For his own part, he did not hesitate to predict its early disappearance. He contends that method, restraint, form, beauty, respect for tradition have been discarded by the novelists, and that their work, with few exceptions, is chaotic and nondescript, containing a little of everything but hardly anything that can be called art. In such pessimistic and sweeping talk much depends on the definition of "art" or "form." We have heard that modern music is not art, and it is not strange to hear that political, social, psychological, analytical novels are not "art." But is not the conception of fiction, of art in fiction, undergoing a change? Was not Shakespeare called a barbarian by the strict artists of his day? Was not Ibsen told that his poetry was not really poetry? If novelists claim greater freedom, are they not justified by the world's interest in their treatment of the questions that earlier novelists considered alien to art? As to the alleged dullness of modern fiction, what will the admirers of Mrs. Ward, of Mrs. Wharton, of James, of Howells, of Conrad, of Hewlett, of Miss Sinclair, of a score of others, say of the change? The general reader finds plenty of charm, of interest, of stimulation in the higher branches of contemporary fiction, and is not he the court of last resort? It is a safe guess that a generation hence fiction will be as vital and popular as it now is—which is saying a good deal.

Just Like the Rich Folks.
"Marshall Field, Jay Gould and Potter Palmer habitually carried only small amounts in their pockets," said the man who has a taste for the odd.
"Well," responded his friend, "when I am gone you can truthfully say the same about me."—Washington Herald.

The Lesser Evil.
"Of course," the tragedian was saying, "in the theatrical business a short run is bad."
"But," interrupted the critic, "a good long walk is worse, isn't it?"—Exchange.

When a man walks along the street between two women, he has every appearance of being under arrest.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PLENTY OF WORK ON THE FARMS.

By Secretary James Wilson.



SECRETARY WILSON.

The productiveness of the United States along agricultural lines is not keeping pace with the growth of our population. Meats are dear because the slaughtering animals are falling behind the population in relative numbers. Labor is scarce on the farm, and labor is dear on the farm because the factory, the forest, the mine and the railroad are taking away the farmer's workers through wages fixed at rates which the farmer cannot afford to pay.

The population of the United States is growing both by reason of the natural increase of the families domiciled in America and by accretions through immigration from abroad. But the immigrants do not reach to the farm. The farmers who do come to us from foreign countries do not find their way to the farms of the country; and the immigration laws prevent American farmers from going to foreign countries and selecting there the prospective immigrants whose services could aid them.

At no period of our history has the American farmer needed help so much as he needs it this year. There are said to be hundreds of thousands of idle men in the United States, all of whom could secure employment on the farms—employment affording food, shelter and living wages.

UNREASONABLE DELAYS OF OUR COURTS.

By William H. Taft.



One reason for unreasonable delay in the lower courts is the disposition of the judges to wait an undue length of time in the writing of their opinions or judgments. I speak with confidence on this point, for I have sinned myself. In English courts the ordinary practice is for the judge to deliver his opinion immediately upon the close of the argument, and this is the practice which ought to be enforced as far as possible in our courts of first instance.

It is a great deal more important that the court of first instance should decide promptly than that it should decide right. Such practice of deciding cases at the close of the hearing makes the judge very much more attentive to the argument during its presentation, and much more likely to decide right when the evidence and the arguments are fresh in his mind.

In the Philippines the system has been adopted of refusing a judge his regular monthly stipend unless he can file certificate, with the receipt for the money, in which he certifies on honor that he had disposed of all the business submitted to him within the previous sixty days.



The Gratitude of a Squaw

"There, Bobby! There, Kitty! Papa has played long enough. Run away now, or we won't have any wood to burn next winter." And, clapping his hat on his head and seizing his axe, Mr. Joiner started for the forest, on the edge of which stood his little home, far down in the southern part of Alabama.

Bobby ran after him shouting: "Papa, papa, let me go wif you. I'll be a good boy."
"Come along then," answered his father, "but hurry now, I'm very late." And off they went, Bobby carrying his toy hatchet over his shoulder as his father carried his axe.

Bobby played about happily for a long time, now trying to cut down little trees with his hatchet, now hunting for wild grapes, and now peering into holes after rabbits; but at last, growing tired—for he was only four years old—he said:
"Papa, I reckon I'll go home now to see mamma and get something to eat. I'll carry her some fat lightwood to kindle her fire wif." And filling his arms with small sticks of pitch pine, Bobby started off.

His father watched him a moment; but, seeing that he was in the right path to the house, he went on with his work until the horn called him home to dinner. Kitty ran to meet him, but Bobby was nowhere to be seen.
A few questions and answers told the father that he had not been home, and, without waiting for his dinner, he turned back into the forest. He soon reached the spot where he had last seen the child as he trudged toward home, and he began a search among the trees on either side. After a time he discovered the tiny armful of lightwood which Bobby was carrying home to his mother flung on the ground, evidently by an older hand and longer arm than Bobby's; but no other track or trace could be found. The ground all about was covered thickly with soft pine needles, which would not only deaden the sound of footsteps, but would make no impression of them. He kept up the search, however, until darkness came upon him,

when he returned home, hastily snatched a little food, and started for the home of his nearest neighbor to obtain help in his search.

Days and weeks passed. Neighbors and friends for miles around had hunted for the lost boy, but could find not even a clue to his whereabouts, and hope of ever seeing him again was well-nigh abandoned. Cold weather was close at hand, and Mr. Joiner had gone to his wood-chopping.

Mrs. Joiner was busy in the kitchen one forenoon when a shadow darkened the window, and she glanced up to see an Indian squaw looking in upon her. She held a papoose in her arms instead of carrying it in the customary way upon her back, and her eyes wore such a troubled look that Mrs. Joiner went at once to the door and beckoned her in, first making sure that the door into the bedroom where Kitty and the baby were sleeping was closed.

"Me got sick papoose," said the squaw, stopping in the doorway. "You make her well?"

"I'll try," answered Mrs. Joiner. "Let me see the baby. What is the matter with him?" and she pulled aside the blanket covering the papoose.

"Him bery sick. Him choke. Him no bref," said the mother, anxiously.

Mrs. Joiner took the baby in her arms and listened to his labored breathing. "It's not croup," she said at last, "though it soon would have been if you had not brought him to me. May I put him into a warm bath?" For the poor little wretch was dirty to the last degree.

Gaining the mother's consent, she stripped the baby, put him into a hot bath, and, when his breathing seemed easier, she wrapped him in warm, clean flannels belonging to her own children, rubbed his chest with goose grease, and administered medicine and food.

The little papoose slept until nearly night, and when, on his waking, his mother would have taken him and departed, both Mr. and Mrs. Joiner insisted that she should remain all night and sleep on the kitchen floor.

"Your baby will be sick again if you take him out now," said Mrs. Joiner, "and he may die. Stay here to-night." And she stayed.

In the morning the little Indian was bright and lively, laughing and crowing like any healthy, happy baby. Mrs. Joiner cuddled and petted him until the squaw said:

"You like my boy? You got no boy?"

This has had a marvelously good effect in keeping the dockets of the court clear.

One of the great difficulties with the profession of the law, whether the members are judges or advocates, is the disposition to treat the litigants as made for the courts and the lawyers, and not the courts and lawyers as made for the litigants. And as it is lawyers who in judicial committees of the legislature draft the codes of procedure, there is too frequently not present in as strong impelling force as it might be the motive for simplifying the procedure and making the final disposition of cases as short as possible.

OUTRAGE OF CHILD LABOR.

By Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus.



The American hand is a very valuable item for industry and skilled achievement; you cannot have a good American hand by taking the little American child and overworking that child in handiwork or making him a part of a great machine where his hand is permitted to perform monotonous labor. The American hand is more important than the American hand for planning and adding thought to hand labor; and you cannot have a good American hand by taking the child from school and stunting mental growth by making the child a cog in even the finest machinery of what is called civilization. The American heart is still more important than the American head, and no State can ever prosper in the higher things—and the lower things always get their value from the higher things—which persistently permits the incursion of greed over the heart of childhood.

No federal interference is so terrible in my eyes as the permission upon the part of the nation that little children be practically enslaved to mere money making. The needs of the families of the poor must be relieved in some other way than compelling or allowing children to dispose of their childhood, with its freshness and dream, in order to maintain any system or institution or business whatsoever.

EXCLUDE CHINESE COOLIES ONLY.

By Seth Low, President of Columbia.



I am in favor of the purpose, but not the form, of the Chinese exclusion act. It is an insult to an old, wise and proud race such as the Chinese to exclude their students and great men from our shores. I am in sympathy with the great object of the Chinese exclusion act—to keep the Pacific coast free from the numerical preponderance of an Asiatic population. If there ever was a matter of public policy in which the "undesirable citizen" doctrine should be enforced to the limit, it is the immigration question.

"No," answered Mrs. Joiner. "I had one, but he got lost last summer, and we never could find him."

The woman started, then said: "How old you boy? What like him? Got blue eye? Curly on head? Walk straight—head up?"

"Oh, yes, yes," answered Mrs. Joiner. "Where is he? Do you know? Can you take me to him? Quick! Quick!"

"I find he. You make my boy well, I find yours. I go, but I come again soon. Trust me." And the squaw went swiftly into the forest, carrying her papoose on her back, and leaving Mrs. Joiner almost wild between hope and fear.

A week passed, and the squaw had not reappeared; but toward night, near the end of the second week, she came silently into the kitchen door, leading by the hand the lost boy. With a shout of joy he sprang into his mother's arms and buried his face in her neck.

In the joyful tumult which followed, the squaw turned and was stealing away as silently as she had come, when Mrs. Joiner ran after and detained her.

"Wait!" she said. "You must have food and stay the night with us, and you will tell us where you found our boy."

The woman shook her head. "Me no tell," she said. "Great chief kill me if he know I steal the boy. He like boy. He want make him big chief. Me no tell. You good to me and my papoose, and me thank you. Me get your boy, but—" and, shaking her head in a meaning way, she swiftly disappeared in the forest, and no one in the neighborhood ever saw or heard of her again.—Every Other Sunday.

Rubber in Hawaii.

The rubber in Hawaii is still in the experimental stage, but experts believe the opportunities for profit are going to be large. Preliminary experiments by the government indicate a high yield from even young trees. Over 400,000 rubber trees have been planted in the islands, and still other plantations are being established.

The Retort Courteous.

Miss Homely—His conversation was so ridiculous I could hardly keep my countenance.

Miss Flip—Why did you want to?—Baltimore American.

You can become quite popular with some people by letting them alone