

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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A sheath stocking? Shocking!

Love at first sight often proves a slight case after the second meeting.

The only thing wrong with money is that there isn't enough of it to go round.

An expert in drawing need not necessarily be an artist—he may be a dentist instead.

You can't judge the brutality of some people by the horsepower of their automobiles.

A Grand Army veteran has married. We hope it will not prove a case of re-enlistment.

Twenty thousand dollars was paid yesterday for a collection of butterflies. Verily riches have wings.

There are few chances of becoming a hero nowadays unless you get into the fire department, or marry a chorus lady.

A New Jersey court decides that it is not unlawful for a man to swear at his wife. Perhaps not, but many find it dangerous.

The man who prides himself on always saying what he thinks, seldom succeeds in saying anything any one else wants to hear.

Some day, perhaps, science will evolve the perfected automobile tire. Up to date it still lacks several thousand miles of having done so.

You may have observed that an office-seeker is a man who shakes the voter's hand before the election and shakes the voter afterward.

A discharged laborer caused some German contractors to lose \$875,000. As this does not get him another job, it is hard to figure where his joy comes in.

Necessity being the mother of invention, it is likely that the woman who invented the "hookless waist" has a husband who rebelled and "yumped his job."

That's a wise doctor who says that it's the comfortable old shoes, not the tight, new ones, which hurt women's feet. He ought to do a rushing business.

"Asthma and society" drove an old man West to begin life over again among strangers. Of course asthma sometimes demands heroic treatment, but he could have escaped from society by merely disposing of his automobile.

It is said that there is enough coal in Alaska to put off the fuel famine from the exhaustion of coal which had been predicted at the end of the present century. This news will be a great relief to present coal consumers who have been alarmed over what they had to expect in about ninety years.

It was from New York that Horace Greeley advised the young man to "Go West!" The advice now comes from three thousand miles farther eastward, and is addressed by Israel Zangwill to an audience of Jews in London. He told his fellow religionists the other day that they ought to migrate to the Western States of America, where there is room for them.

German interests in Argentina and Brazil are so great that German capitalists have decided it is worth while investing six and a half million dollars in a new telegraph cable connecting the fatherland with South America. The imperial government will protect the investors from loss. This is one of the ways by which the ties between the Germans abroad and those at home are preserved, as well as one of the methods adopted for fostering the expansion of German commerce.

During the current fiscal year, which began with July, the Department of Agriculture will expend fifteen million dollars. When one compares this sum with four million dollars which was spent in 1902, one gets an idea of the rate at which this department is growing. With the possible exception of the Postoffice Department, no other department comes so near to the people, and none touches the ordinary citizen on so many sides. The forestry service, the bureau of animal industry, the testing of foods, the study and prediction of the weather, the development of new plants, the building of roads, the crop reports—these are only a few of the many ways in which this department is helping the people of the whole country. One item of ten thousand dollars to be spent this year may result in the saving of millions. It will be used

for testing plants believed to be suitable for paper-making.

The Wall street evils of which the public complains are not in morals, but in economics. If the stock exchange were simply a place where 1,100 brokers matched dollars among themselves the community at large would not be affected. But what the stock exchange does is to gamble with the capital and resources of the United States, to fix, as at present, rates of interest artificially low in order to boom stock prices, and at other times to bid interest rates to absurd heights, to the injury of commerce and industry. Its demoralizing effects come from the fluid capital of the United States being used for gambling purposes and taken from legitimate industry. The morals of Wall street, whether by day or night, are matters of little more public interest than the personal habits of book-makers.

Bishop Frank M. Bristol declared at the Rock River Methodist conference in Chicago that the superannuates fund is the easiest one to get money for. Undoubtedly this is true, at a gathering of preachers. It is to be hoped that Bishop Bristol's assertion is becoming generally true of the Methodist laity. There are signs that it is. There are reasons for the indifference toward the claims of the worn-out preachers which has been largely complained of, and for the awakening from that indifference which is now becoming manifest. Many laymen have not realized that, while there are in this country as wide opportunities as there ever were for young men, and wider, there is not the chance there once was for men past middle life to attain material success in a new calling. This change comes inevitably when the wilderness is conquered and the land really populated. Then, again, many laymen have had their interest, not in religion, but in the church and its condition, cooled by the attitude of some conspicuous preachers, and their numerous imitators, toward themselves and their business. When the preacher becomes a lecturer, apparently striving to preach everything but the gospel, denying the authority of his office, and asking to be taken simply as a man in his profession, others cannot be blamed for judging him on his individual merits, just as they do men in other professions, and losing respect for the divine calling which the preacher has virtually repudiated. There is an increasing public consciousness of the change in material conditions which makes it almost impossible for a man past middle life who has not achieved reasonable success in his calling to change it for a new one. And there is a growing public awakening to the truth that the Christian ministry, to be worth while, must be not merely a profession chosen like the lawyer's or the engineer's, but a response to a divine call to deliver a message which its bearer cannot know and be silent about. With the purging of the ministry that is slowly but surely going on—with its increasing restriction to men who know they have the message, as evidenced by that very decline of candidates for it so much lamented—there should come a new birth of respect for the real preacher of the gospel—for the man who must and does preach the gospel because he cannot be silent without feeling himself a traitor to himself and to God. And so the claims of the worn-out preacher, whose devotion to his mission and his message has led him to live for his faith, and that alone, through all the years until old age comes and he can do no more, are pressing home to the hearts and souls of men as they never did before.

Reluctant English Courtesy.

That gifted publicity man, A. Toxin Worm, made the preposterous claim in London last winter that he would see to it that there was no "booing" of the actors at the opening performance by E. H. Sothern. This popular English diversion consists of bellowing through the hands and no "first night" is supposed to be complete without vocal interruptions. On the night of Mr. Sothern's first performance some forty-five evil-looking men, bearing blackjacks in their sleeves were distributed throughout the gallery and pit. There was no interruption from the audience that night, but only the occasional dull thud of blackjacks upon knuckles. Every hand that was raised as a preliminary to the "booing" process received a quick blow. Mr. Worm says that he never saw so many limp hands and so many bewildered faces assembled in any one place as he saw that first night among the crowd that left the theater.

At the close of the week that dignified journal, the Times, commented gravely upon the growing courtesy of English audiences toward American actors, and witnessed the case of six productions by Mr. Sothern without a single "boo."—Success Magazine.

It is as bad to give a compliment with a "but" attachment, as it is to give a present and grumble about the cost of it.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IMPROVED LABOR CONDITIONS.

By Vice President Fairbanks.



C. W. FAIRBANKS.

There has been during the past few years a very noticeable improvement in labor conditions. This has been due in a large degree to the perfection and influence of labor organizations and to the cooperation of many thousands who have believed that the improvement of the conditions of labor was a matter of the very first importance to the great body of our citizenship. Such gratifying improvement is due to a wide discussion of labor's interests and to the education of the people as to its condition and as to its real and just needs.

In the earlier days those who advocated an improvement of the conditions of labor and sought to enact laws for its protection were regarded by many as agitators, as encroaching upon certain vested or natural rights of employers. Much progress has been made since then. The reforms which have been effected and which are now generally regarded as just, the improvement of conditions in many hazardous undertakings for the protection of the persons and lives of operatives, the improvement of insanitary conditions which surround many places of labor and other improvements, are proof of the wisdom of organized effort and of discussion.

SCOPE OF MAN'S WORK.

By Prof. Kenyon L. Butterfield.



The sharp distinction sometimes drawn between vocational studies and culture studies is already being modified. Some time it may be obliterated. Probably we shall have a new definition of culture. At any rate, vocation hereafter is to be glorified not only for what it contributes to national and individual prosperity, but for its educational possibilities. Vocation is not merely technique. It is not merely breadwinning. At its best it is a form of social service in which the whole man is engaged. It relates itself to most of the individual demands for growth and even more vitally to the social demands of family and of state and of civil society. Hence we shall discover a way of making vocational training also a liberal training.

THE DAISY-FIELD.

Man looked upon the sky by night,
And loved its tender azure, bright
With many a softly beaming light;
And sang his Maker's praises.

"The sun declares Thee in Thy dread;
But from the stars Thy peace is shed:
Would that by day they comforted!"
God heard; and made the daisies.

All in a firmament of green
Their golden orbs now float, serene,
Twinkling with rays of silvery sheen,
To comfort him who gazes.

Back Home

When Alzora Dunn had shaken the dust of Brattleville from her feet—literally, for it was a hot, dry summer—and departed for Chicago, Gus Mitchell of course had been at the railroad station to see her off.

Brattleville boasted only 700 inhabitants and the celluloid collar was still regarded with favor in its society circles. Around his celluloid collar Gus wore a narrow black string tie with crumpled ends and there was a photograph button of Alzora in the lapel of his coat. He also had abalone shell cuff links. In spite of this he had a good, square jaw and a look in his eyes that a woman could trust. He had a heroic smile on his face as he crushed Alzora's fingers at parting.

"You're sure, Zory?" he asked, a trifle tremulously. "There isn't any hope for me? You don't care?" For an instant Alzora Dunn, her yellow hair shining in the sun, her pretty, frivolous face pink with the excitement of her departure, felt a sudden qualm. Ever since she could remember Gus had tagged around after her. Of course she liked him—but marry him, never!

Of late she had felt that she was born to shine in higher circles. The letters of a girl friend who had gone to Chicago and was a clerk in the store where a position now awaited Alzora had caused her to look at Brattleville with scornful eyes. She shuddered to think that she might still be stupidly measuring ribbons in Gus Mitchell's father's general store had it not been for Carrie's letters.

When Alzora spoke to Gus at parting it was as from a great height, bending down to one in a lowly rut, one for whom she had a friendly, pitying regard.

"No, Gus," she said. "I like you and all that—but I don't love you!"

The train whistled long as it spun across the bridge. As Gus Mitchell stood watching it with a lump in his throat he thought of Alzora at picnics, at parties, in his buggy, laughing up

at him. He had felt she cared for him and it came hard. Alzora rarely thought of Gus the first few weeks in Chicago. The newness, the excitement, the rush dominated her entirely, and underneath ran the current of expectation. Hadn't a girl at the white goods counter upstairs married only the previous week a traveling man who made \$2,000 a year. There were six in Alzora's family and never had her father's income exceeded \$900. Only two—and \$1,000 each to spend! Not that Alzora was distinctly mercenary, but such things were like fairy tales to her.

It was not long before the floorwalker in her department began finding that the best vantage point for him was near Alzora's counter. At first it made her nervous, for the girls stood rather in awe of him. Then her coquetry asserted itself when she found nine times out of ten that if she looked up he was looking at her.

"Gee, Hatton's struck, isn't he?" Carrie said to her at last. "Never noticed a girl before—too stuck-up for us! He can't keep his eyes off you!" Alzora blushed. Hatton was very

stead of "you" no matter how many times it occurred in a sentence, and he called Alzora "dear child." He took her to the theater once a week and brought her candy.

"You're a perfect wonder," Carrie told her, enviously. "It's because you're so pretty! Copping out a swell one like that the first thing! Wouldn't he howl at Gus? Ah, my! Think of Gus and Mr. Hatton!"

Alzora laughed, but she felt ashamed of herself because she remembered that look in Gus' eyes, but she dreamed roseate dreams as to what she would do when she was Mrs. Hatton. It meant a six-room flat at least and a girl and a new tailor suit twice a year and gloves to match, always.

When Gus wrote she put his letters aside and neglected to answer them. She could think of nothing to say.

It was quite by accident one day that Alzora went into the stockroom just before closing time and across the room saw Mr. Hatton seize a small boy in overalls who had stumbled against him. He shook the boy violently, cuffed his ears and swore at him, then in his hurry stumbled over a box and swore some more. His face was black and ugly. He flushed as he met Alzora and then his countenance cleared magically. He was suave, polite and majestic as usual when he spoke to her.

"Are you going to be at home this evening?" he asked. His very presence dared her to remember him as he had been two minutes before.

"No, I—I shan't be home to-night," Alzora heard herself stammering as she turned and fled.

She felt of a sudden very homesick and afraid and disillusioned. What would it be to have one's husband look at one that way when he was annoyed—or speak that way?

For a long time Alzora sat in the dark at her window thinking that night and then she turned up the gas and, getting out Gus' letters, sat down and answered them. It was almost as good as talking to him.—Chicago Daily News.

Self-Evident.

Once when Chauncey Olcott was in Ireland he visited the wishing well at Killarney with two plain, elderly spinners. Beside the well sat an old Irish woman, who looked up into Mr. Olcott's handsome face and asked:

"What are you wishing for?"

"That do you think I wish for?" he good naturedly inquired.

"Och, thin, for a beautiful young swateheart, of course," she said.

He pointed to the two spinners, who stood at a little distance, and said:

"Don't you see that I have two with me?"

"Ah, thin it's the grace o' God you're wishin' for," replied the sympathetic old woman.—New York Times.

No doubt economy is a great virtue, but some people have a lot of money they never have any use for.

"PINK TEA" DIPLOMACY.

By Spencer Eddy, U. S. Minister to Argentina.



The old conception placed on diplomacy by Americans is fast disappearing. It has not been so many years back since the impression prevailed that a diplomatic post was nothing more than a medium through which our country maintained its social entente cordiale with other nations. And this interpretation of the functions of the office was held also by the men in the service themselves. But men of pink tea proclivities are no longer wanted in the service.

A school for instruction for those who wish to enter the service, conducted on the lines of some institution like West Point or Annapolis, would raise the standard of American diplomats still further. It is impossible for a youngster to jump into the field and compete with older heads, but with three years of hard training in such a school he would be fully qualified for the work cut out.

LACK OF POLICE SUPERVISION.

By President Eliot of Harvard.



PRESIDENT ELIOT.

has no strong arm.



HE HAD BEAUTIFUL PINK FINGER NAILS.