

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

The head that wears the crown is doing some more uneasy lying.

One great trouble with flying is that the earth is such a solid thing to fall on.

Buffaloes are quoted at \$1,000 a head. Has the beef trust secured control of the buffalo market?

Canadian author has written a book called "The Dungeon," with the idea, perhaps, that it will be a good cellar.

If those three airships prove their ability to sail across the English Channel, where will Britain's "walls of oak" get off at?

King Edward, it has been announced, is out of debt. Like the village blacksmith, he can now look the whole world in the face.

A strong suspicion exists that the sick man of Europe never will be well until he packs up and goes over to Asia, where he properly belongs.

Americans, declares Prof. Zuehl, prefer the exclusive to the common life. The man who owns a motor car will be inclined to deny this assertion.

When the Englishmen hear that Chicago's smoke nuisance is greater than that of London they will put it down as nothing but another Yankee boast.

Mr. Edison may be taking a physical rest, but his imagination appears to be working overtime when he predicts that we will fly to the north pole in forty minutes.

A Chicago man is said to be afraid to inherit \$1,000,000. He should overcome his fears, for even when one has a million the ownership of an automobile is not compulsory.

It is said there are more blonde criminals than any other. Still, blondes who have managed for a lifetime to keep out of jail need not give themselves unnecessary worry.

Mr. Edison thinks the present type of aeroplane will not be the flying machine of the future. At the proper time Mr. Edison will drop a few guarded hints as to the future airship.

In a recent football game between teams representing two eastern colleges seventeen players were knocked unconscious. Yet there are people who become excited over the danger of war in the Balkans.

King Edward has paid off all the debts he incurred when he was the Prince of Wales. This is highly creditable to his majesty, but with a life-long job and a good salary how could he have done otherwise?

The publishers of John D. Rockefeller's forthcoming story of his life advertise that Mr. Rockefeller does not indulge in any moralizing or arguing. "He merely tells how it happened," says the advertisement, "and lets the reader draw his own conclusions." In view of the fact that the reader has his conclusions all drawn now, this is probably a sensible course for the autobiographer to take.

A year ago, when times were hard, eastward-bound steamers were crowded with foreigners who had lived for a time in this country, but were returning to their native land, many of them intending to stay there. When the big Cunarder, Lusitania, came into New York the other day, it had on board seven hundred Swedish immigrants, six hundred and thirty of whom had gone home last fall. Many of them had not intended to come back, but nearly all of them, when questioned, declared that they had returned because they found that they "could not live in the American way" on the other side; and they had become accustomed to the freedom and the luxuries of American life.

It will be thirty years in December since the death of the woman who is supposed to have founded the collar industry in Troy, New York. As twenty thousand persons are engaged in making collars and cuffs there, and as the city produces nearly nine-tenths of the collars and cuffs made in this country, it is evident that the distinction of starting the business is considerable. It seems that Orlando Montague, a Troy shoe manufacturer, was scrupulously neat, and that his wife found the labor of washing his shirts burdensome. The shirts of the time had the collars and cuffs attached, as have many fine shirts to-day. To avoid washing the whole shirt when only the collar was soiled, Mrs. Montague made detachable linen bands tied round the neck with tapes. Under this arrange-

ment her husband could put on a clean collar every morning and every evening without compelling her to spend too much time over the wash tub. Her neighbors followed her example, and the demand for such collars was so great that a Methodist minister, who kept a notion store in town, soon employed several women to make them, while he peddled them from house to house. Mr. Montague saw that the business might be profitable, and opened a collar factory, where his wife's invention was developed and exploited. Unlike many inventors, Mrs. Montague, through the prosperity of her husband, profited by her discovery.

Another expedition in search of treasure lost in the Spanish main in the days of the galleon and the free-booter has come to grief. This time it was a party of five old Harvard men who blithely set forth in the former cup defender Mayflower, with divers and all the paraphernalia necessary to penetrate the hold of a sunken treasure ship and recover enough doubloons and bullion to place the gold reserve on an impregnable basis. About the time the treasure seekers set sail it was reported that a swarthy crew of Jolly Rogers who wore the blue of old Yale had chartered a low, rakish craft to trail the Mayflower. With cutlasses and pikes, and not forgetting the barrel of rum, these bold pirates planned to let the sons of Harvard perform the hard and dangerous work of recovering the fabulous treasure; then a shot across the bows, boarders over the side with cutlasses in teeth, five wearers of the crimson walking the plank, a scuttled Mayflower, and then a scoot to the fastnesses of some West Indian coral bay to divide the booty. But there will be no chance for the amateur Captain Kidds and Morgans to carry out their part of the joke; it has been far from a joke with the original treasure seekers. A hurricane came up, and the Mayflower is now a dismantled derelict somewhere in the gulf stream, while the party of five, together with the seven members of the crew who were rescued from the battered hulk, to which they had clung for forty-eight hours, have been landed at the port of Baltimore by an unromantic Norwegian tramp steamer. Treasure trove has a seemingly irresistible fascination for the adventurous. It also excites the cupidity of those who are not adventurous, and a promoter, it was announced a few days ago, proposes to capitalize that fact by floating a million dollars of stock in a corporation to recover about \$50,000,000 worth of gold from a vessel that foundered some hundred years ago at a spot that has been "exactly located." Every school boy knows that the ghost of the lamented Captain Kidd stalks to protect his ill-gotten hidden wealth, for which vain search has been made. Now, it's just as certain that the spooks of other free-booters and mariners who sailed the Spanish main are on guard. They resent the penetration of their sentimental past in this day of steam and gasoline, except by the delvers of the pen, who find fiction's most thrilling field in that romantic era; and they make the hurricanes blow as a warning to those who would disturb the mysteries of Davy Jones' locker. If you are not superstitious enough to believe it just ponder the net results of last treasure seeking in real life.

### New Hawaiian College.

The Hawaii Territorial College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts begins work this year, according to the New York Tribune. The institution will start with eleven departments of instruction, and it is expected that President Gilmore, who goes to the institution from Cornell University, will take with him upward of thirty professors in various branches.

The new college is supported both by the territory and by the federal government, being on exactly the same footing as the schools of similar name in each of the states and territories of the Union, which under an act of Congress are this year drawing \$35,000 for maintenance, which will be increased by \$5,000 each succeeding year until a maximum of \$50,000 a year is reached, which amount will remain fixed.

Hawaii's college will this year be in temporary quarters, but a site has already been secured for the permanent location, and it is expected that by next year a portion at least of the new buildings will have been completed. Hawaii is just beginning to realize the wonderful possibilities of agriculture which her soil and climate promise, and results are looked for from the scientifically trained young men and women whom the new institution will turn out.

### Unenthusiastic.

"Some of the greatest minds in the country are now at work on the problem of improving farm conditions." "Yes," answered Farmer Cornstall, "that's one trouble 'bout farmin'. Too many of us want to be workin' our minds 'stid o' workin' our land."—Washington Star.

Never look backward—unless you can profit by the mistakes you have made.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS LACK INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

By Andrew S. Draper.



The length of the school period and the productive value of the citizen are closely related. Industrialism is the great basis of a nation's true strength and real culture.

Knowing this, we have seen that there is not sufficient articulation between the educational and the industrial systems of the country. We have seen the indefinite expansion of instruction and the unlimited multiplication of appliances leading to literary and professional and managing occupations without any real solicitude about the vital industrial foundations of the nation's happiness and power. A situation manifestly unjust to the greater number, even unjust to those for whom it has done the most, has resulted.

Notwithstanding our boasted universality of educational opportunity, there has grown up an absurd hiatus in the educational system which denies the just rights of the wage-earning masses and grievously menaces the industrial efficiency and the material prosperity of the country. There should be an open chance for every American child. The influences of the schools must not lead boys who might become excellent cabinetmakers into being no-account lawyers and girls who might be first-class breadmakers into being fourth-class music teachers. The school system has grown deformed; it is one-sided and not broad enough at the base.

## A GOOD HUSBAND'S HARD LOT.

By Louise Satterthwalthe.



Sometimes, it seems to me, that worn and worried wives and mothers forget, or at least neglect to remember, that good husbands bear their equal half of the burden. A woman who runs a house and cares for children has no sinecure; this is the truth; but the man who has to find every cent to pay for it all has no easy snap of it, either. A woman's work is never done, the old saying runs, and where there are children it truly is, never done; night as well as day the mother forever has the yoke upon her neck; a thousand trifling duties and exasperations pursue her like a cloud of midges. So, if she sometimes complains, who can blame her? Though there are thousands who never utter one word, but do their best always and cheerfully, so long as they live. But to the woman who believes that all that husband does is to go downtown and there while the hours away till 6 o'clock in joyous freedom I would say that I would like her to really know what it means.

To many a man it means being virtually a slave. The mother, at least, while she may be slave to her work, can order it as it suits her; but the man who is servant of another must take what is said to him, obey orders and put pride—and in many cases principle—in his pocket. On such a husband rests always the haunting responsibility of maintaining the home. He can never forget that mother and children look to him and to him alone for bread and shelter and food. This burden is no slight one. He must stay for every day in the week in one room at one place, be it bright or dark, clean or

grimy; he must there put in his days and never be found away from there; and let him try ever so hard and work with his best might, always and forever, he is in that jeopardy that the next day may bring him the words, "Your services are no longer required." His job may be wanted by the boss for a friend, or it may be decided that what he does is not paying right. He is at the mercy of any trivial circumstance, and he knows it. Does he succeed in holding it down for many years, still when gray hairs come upon him he may get his walking papers and at last his lifelong fear be realized. Such is the part and lot of the hard-working, good husband whose only hope is to provide for his family so long as he lives; and while his wife has it hard, she must also remember that he is bearing his equal share.

## THE SENSATIONS OF YOUTH.

By G. Stanley Hall.



Young people need to tingle with sentiments, and the appetite for excitement and sensation is at its height in the teens. Here is where the principle of vicariousness gives the teacher one of his chief opportunities and resources. Excitement the young must have, for feelings are now their life. If they cannot find it in the worthy, they are strongly predisposed to seek it in the grosser forms of pleasure. Hence, every glow of esthetic appreciation, every thrill aroused by heroism, every pulse of religious aspiration weakens by just so much the potential energy of passion, because it has found its kinetic equivalent in a higher form of expression. It is from this point of view that some of our German co-laborers have even gone so far as to advocate a carefully-selected course of love stories, chosen so as to bring out the most chivalric side of the tender passion at this age, when it is most plastic and capable of idealization; while others have advocated theater-going to selected plays, palpitating with life, action and adventure, that emotional tension may be discharged not merely harmlessly, but in an elevating way.—American Magazine.

## VOTERS RESPONSIBLE FOR POLITICAL GRAFT.

By H. C. Loudenslager.



We will never have really pure politics in America until we devise some means for compelling voters to perform their duties. At the present time the percentage of men who shirk their responsibility, particularly at the primaries, is enormous. The result is that the political game in America is played too often only by an inferior class of citizens, who could easily be outvoted by good men. These defaulting good citizens who neglect their duty to the community are responsible for graft in public life, for bossism in States and cities and for practically every iniquity of American politics. This is a fact which is known to every practical politician and to every man who has ever run for public office. If they would do their duty we would have clean politics. We never will have clean politics until the exercise of the right of voting is made compulsory by every person who is entitled to cast a ballot.

## AIDS THOUSANDS OF MUTES.

London Rector Talks to 2,000 in His Church and Gives Needy Help. London has 2,000 deaf and dumb persons who attend St. Saviour's Episcopal Church in Oxford street, the rector of

to his congregation, but enables the clergyman to give more impressiveness to words and passages than could be obtained from the simple spelling of words on the fingers.

Many young men and women are helped to positions by their rector.



READING THE SERVICE IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

which is the Rev. F. W. Gibly, who, although not a deaf mute, is a son of parents thus afflicted. His congregation is mixed, including aristocrats and even bootblacks. He makes his signs as picturesque as possible, which action not only quickens the process of "speaking"

They become proficient and are well paid. The late Sir John Blundell Maple made it a point to employ as many as he could and always paid such apprentices regular wages from the start. In that way he indulged in a form of practical charity, but it was a bit of phil-

anthropy which inflicted no wound upon the pride of the beneficiary.

## POINT IN TYPEWRITING.

Why in Some Work the Periods and Commas Show So Black and Deep. "When in anything typewritten you see the periods and commas punched black and deep," said an experienced typewriter to a New York Sun man, "you may know that the work was done by a beginner or by one who had not yet done sufficient work to have acquired a perfect touch."

"The reason for the deep punching of the punctuation points is very simple. Naturally enough the beginner at typewriting plays upon all the keys with equal force, but as the types attached to the keys present unequal amounts of printing surface it follows that equal force applied to all the keys results in more or less unequal printing on the paper."

"For instance, a certain amount of force applied to the B key might produce of that type a fair impression on the paper, but the same force applied to a period might drive that, a mere point, clean through the paper. In fact, it is not unusual for beginners on the typewriter to punch holes in the paper with their periods."

"But as the learner progresses in her art she comes to realize that some types must be touched more lightly than others and gradually her periods become less black and deep, and with further practice she comes instinctively, automatically, to grade her touch on all the letters and signs until at last she is able to produce typewriting that is nothing less than artistic in effect, true and uniform and beautiful."

"It is something fine to see, the good work of the intelligent, sensitive and truly competent typewriter."

### The Bitter Bit.

Hewitt—Who was that fellow who in a fit of absent mindedness tried to light his cigar from the electric light? Jewett—He's a joke writer who makes a specialty of jokes about countrymen blowing out the gas.—New York Press.

One trouble with the man who starts out to kill time is that he kills a lot of time belonging to busy people.

Time may wait for no man, yet it manages to get him in the end.