

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

The bear that is always in season is the cinnamon bear.

The woman who wears the widest hat isn't necessarily broad minded.

A southern professor says Mark Twain writes "rot." The professor is talking rubbish.

Another pressing problem: What shall we do with all our ex-candidates for the presidency?

A scientist tells us that "metals get tired." Now you know why the gold gave out before it got to you.

They're going to have a "ladies' day" in a New York police court. Fines marked down to \$9.99 and costs?

Certain magazine publishers think they have found a satisfactory answer to the conundrum: "What shall we do with our ex-presidents?"

"Women plunges three stories into the arms of a policeman." We know a certain cook who can make it in a much shorter jump than that.

Such persistence as that shown by the British suffragettes seldom fails. Within a few years we are likely to hear them discussing the fall styles in ballots.

"British Columbia never felt better," says a banker. At the same time, we are inclined to believe the report that the mountains out there are feeling a little Rocky.

The postal authorities have ruled that registered letters may be delivered only to the addressee. This does not protect husbands who leave letters in the pockets of their old coats.

A Kansas school teacher pasted a strip of court plaster over the mouth of a boy to keep him from whispering. It would take a lot of court plaster to shut off the mouths of the politicians.

Hundreds of thousands of men are out of work in England, but the London newspapers have been unable to find any evidence tending to show that Emperor William of Germany is to blame.

John D. Rockefeller says that in his earlier years he was always a great borrower. Is he willing to encourage young men who go to him explaining that they would like to become great borrowers?

The fact that the street railways of Chicago are trying to prevent women getting off the cars backwards should rouse a protest from every thinking member of the sex. It is an infringement of a petticoated right that has been acknowledged ever since street cars were.

It has been said that there are no baldheaded men in the asylums for the insane. We suspect this is true; at least, save for rare and unimportant exceptions. This is an important thing for the anti-baldheads to speculate on; it may well furnish them food for serious and earnest thought.

The president of the first international congress to discuss moral education in the schools, which was held in London recently, said that the world was deeply indebted to the educational thought and experiment of the United States. It has been a national boast that the American schools strive to teach good morals as well as correct history and arithmetic, and it is pleasant to have their efforts thus recognized.

The house in Verona which the guides in that city have pointed out to tourists as the home of Juliet's parents and the place where Romeo wooed her was burned recently. Although the house was marked with a tablet setting forth its relation to the famous story which Shakespeare has immortalized, scholars have long doubted the Veronese legend. About all that could be said of it is that the building belonged to the right period. Now that the house has disappeared curious travelers will have to be content with looking at the reputed grave of Juliet in the Franciscan monastery.

Many estimates have been made of what the population of the United States will be in 1950. They vary all the way from one hundred and seventy-five millions to two hundred millions. The latest person to make an estimate, however, takes quite a different view. In the Atlantic Monthly, W. S. Rossiter, a census expert, shows that the rate of increase in population is steadily declining. From 1870 to 1880 the increase was thirty-one per cent. From 1880 to 1890, twenty-four per cent, and

from that date to 1900, twenty-one per cent. In view of this steady decrease in the rate, Mr. Rossiter estimates that the population in 1950 will not be over one hundred and thirty millions, and after that date will tend to become stationary.

The apples that are the easier to pick are the ones that lie on the ground. You have only to gather them up, without taking the time or trouble to climb the tree. Unless you are familiar with perfect apples, those on the ground seem as sweet and sound as those which are harder to get. You can quickly fill your pockets with them and imagine you have struck something easy—and so you have. But you haven't got good apples. Bite into one of them, and you may find that your teeth have cut a worm in two. Put them away for the winter, and in a week they will be rotten. What you have got by merely stooping and picking it up wasn't worth the mere stooping. And all this is true of many other things besides apples. It is true of almost everything in life. If you would fill your pockets with the good things of this world, don't waste time on the windfalls. The apple that falls at your feet has a worm at its core and a bruise on its face. Both will develop in the eating. To patiently cut them out takes more time and trouble than to climb the tree and get apples that are sound. True, there is a lot of talk about luck, but it is all talk and no luck. He who only picks up the windfalls of life never knows luck, and he who climbs the tree never needs luck. There is no lazy way to true achievement in any line of endeavor.

A great fortune has been held, per se, to be conclusive of double-dealing and fraud. To be oppressive and dishonest has been declared the only way to attain great financial success. This we claim to be untrue as a statement of fact, says Leslie's Weekly, and at the same time a dangerous doctrine by a plain law of psychology. Young men want success spelled with a big "S," and the ambitious are not satisfied short of a fair degree of material reward. For this there is no moral blame. But already the harm has been done in making the false suggestion that in order to be successful one has only to be "slick," overshrewd, dishonest. In the far-reaching influence of simple suggestion we have one of the most valuable contributions of modern psychology. The smallest word of suggestion can reshape a career. Thus the erroneous preaching of many a sincere moral leader has worked we know not how much harm. With a true conception of what constitutes the highest aim of life, there has been coupled a false suggestion of how to obtain what may be called a lower form of success—the material. On the contrary, the lesson always to be driven home is that real success—moral, intellectual, or economic—comes only as the reward of honest effort on the part of every man. No other thought should ever be suggested. The surest way to any lasting pre-eminence, even though it be financial, is the way of old-fashioned honesty and integrity. These qualities were never more valued than to-day, and now, as always, they pave the road to fortune.

### A Conqueror of Circumstance.

Matthew H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, who entered the Senate in 1869, was a hard student, but never indulged in desultory reading. When investigating a subject, writes H. G. Howard in "Civil War Echoes," he would never abandon the work until it was thoroughly mastered. It was this habit that gave him such fluency of speech. His skill in grouping facts before a jury, before a court or in the Senate, he always maintained, was due to his study of the style of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

A friend who knew him intimately and who finished the study of law with him, says:

"He was a wild, rollicking boy, full of good humor and practical jokes, but of the kind which are harmless. He was appointed a cadet at West Point, but after a year or two he could stand the discipline and restraint no longer. He obtained a furlough, and never returned.

"He had a most determined character concealed under a very jovial, free, and easy exterior. After he began the study of law he became totally blind, and for two years and a half did not see the light of day.

"Although it was believed that he was hopelessly blind, he never faltered in his determination to master the great principles of the law. He had a supreme contempt for a mere case lawyer, and would never read a second time any case that was not decided upon principle."

### Not So Resourceful as Most Girls.

Evelyn—Some of our proverbs are so ridiculous. For instance, "Where ignorance is bliss—"

Ethel—What's the matter now?

Evelyn—Why, you know, Fred gave me my engagement ring last week, and I simply can't find out how much it cost him.—Judge's Library.

## BANK BURGLARS.

Cracksmen Got \$130,000 in This Country During the Past Year.

The accompanying map, prepared as part of the annual report of Pinkerton's Agency to the American Bankers' Association, during its recent convention in Denver, gives an accurate record in its black discs of the number of bank robberies in the United States in the year ended Aug. 31, 1908.

What the yeggman is to a metropolitan neighborhood the outlaws and professional thieves are to the vast regions of the Middle and Far West. That they should find a centre of activity in the Mississippi Valley is in itself a curious fact. Their absence from the East and glimpses into the lives of lawbreakers past and present are also afforded by the map and the report of which it is a part.

During the year there were 89 burglaries of banks in the United States. The loot was worth \$129,004.49, or an average of \$1,450 for each robbery. The largest loss was \$23,000, stolen from the Farmers and Manufacturers' Bank of Rock Hill, Mo. The \$6.55 stolen from the State Bank of Hewitt, Minn., represented the smallest profit of the lawbreakers. Some of the largest bank thefts were \$7,700, in Adair, Ill.; \$8,200, in Hanover, S. D.; \$6,431, in Church's Ferry, N. D.; \$6,000, in Quenomo, Kan.; \$5,500, in Mounds, Okla.; \$4,200, in Carney, Okla.; \$4,000, in New Franklin, Mo.; \$3,349, in Huron, Kan., and \$5,100, in Stephen, Minn.

In addition there were ten hold-up robberies in the year, the outlaws escaping with \$25,027.45 in loot. The largest was in Texola, Okla., \$5,000 being stolen. Others of the more serious losses were \$3,640, stolen in Aldrich, Mo.; \$3,317, in Chautauqua, Kan.; \$2,700, in Granite Falls, Mo.; \$2,561, in Tyrone, Kan., and \$2,200, in Clinton, Ill.

Even a cursory glance at the lists



MAP SHOWING BANK ROBBERIES FOR THE PAST YEAR.

brings out one of the curious facts in connection with the bank robberies. They were all committed in small towns, even the names of which are unfamiliar to the average American. No city of any size figures in the records.

"Big bank robberies in cities are a thing of the past," remarked a detective, referring to these figures. "For one thing, the banks in the great cities have more money at stake. They must make their vaults impregnable. A bank in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago, for instance, did not keep more than \$250,000 in cash and securities in its vaults ten or fifteen years ago. Now the great banks frequently carry from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. With such sums, no walls can be too thick, no vaults too strong.

With the exception of \$1,226 taken from a bank in Truxton, N. Y., on Dec. 30 last, none of the burglaries was committed east of the Allegheny Mountains. None of the ten hold-up robberies in banks occurred nearer New York than Granite Falls, N. C., on the south and Clinton, Ill., to the west ward.

### West Stamping Ground.

A glance at the discs on the map indicates the center of the burglaries. The report shows that the largest number of bank burglaries in any one State was 12, in Minnesota. Then came Oklahoma, with 8, Missouri and Kansas, with 6, and North Dakota and South Dakota, each with 4. Of the hold-up robberies, there were two each in Kansas and Oklahoma, and one each in Colorado, Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska and North Carolina. When asked why the burglaries and hold-ups were thus confined to a comparatively small section of the country the detective replied:

"The Middle West is a stamping ground for thieves, because, for one thing, the distances are so long and the areas so vast that it is difficult for the police and sheriffs to give effective service. Twenty-five miles of comparatively open country between even small towns gives the thieves many chances to escape."

### TOOK UP HUSBAND'S BUSINESS.

Success of Widow Who Runs Blacksmith, Carriage and Wagon Shop.

Mrs. C. L. Orrick is the name of a woman who owns one of the largest blacksmith, carriage and wagon shops in the city, says the Denver Post. In

the midst of glowing forges, paint pots and numberless wagons, she was found. Although small and slight in figure, she has a determination in her gray eyes that commands instant respect, and her mass of silver-threaded hair gives one the impression that she has endured much in the last few years.

"Tell about myself and all this—these wheels and wagons? Why, there is nothing so very interesting about them, is there? This factory is dirty and grimy and a queer place for a woman to spend her life, but it means everything to me. Seven years ago I had a kind, good husband, two dear little babies and a lovely home. Within nine days my husband was dead, my house and everything I owned gone, and I was left with a heavy mortgage and with only a little insurance money.

"You see, this is the way it happened. My husband was the kind of a man who does everything to make his family happy, but who never said anything about his work or how much we had. We had a beautiful home and I never thought of the business. I hardly knew a horse-shoe from a wagon wheel; in fact, when he was suddenly taken ill, and only lived nine days, and after we were settling things, I found that both our home and the shop were heavily mortgaged.

"The shock was dreadful for a time, but I saw that I had to act quickly and decided to let the house go and try to save the factory. I took the little insurance money left me and started right in. At the time my husband died he had just been given the contract to make thirty-five sprinkling wagons for the city, and, with positively no knowledge at all of such things, I had to see that it was fulfilled.

"Well, I don't know just how I managed to do it, but I did, and now I keep about fifteen men working for me. We have the contracts from all the express

companies, and in the spring have almost more than we can do.

"This experience has shown me one great thing a man should do, however, and that is that he never should keep his affairs from his wife. Although at the time he thinks he is being thoughtful by keeping his business affairs from her, he is in reality doing the worst thing he could possibly do, for if something should happen and his wife was left as I was, she would not know what to do. Woman was made to be a companion to man, and he should consider her as such, and not as a child."

### Casualties Expected.

During one of Speaker Cannon's bitter political fights in his district in Illinois, the opposition resorted to desperate tactics. Among other things, friends of Uncle Joe were summarily dismissed from positions they held in the public service. Some of his friends became alarmed at this, and one of them called on the Speaker at his residence, and said somewhat excitedly:

"Joe, Smith and Jones have lost their positions in the postoffice. What are we going to do about it?"

Uncle Joe took another puff at his cigar and then answered, with a benevolent smile. "Nothing. If you go into a battle, you have got to expect to have some dead and wounded."

### An Omission.

Magistrate—What is the charge against you this time?

Boggs—They coted me a-stealing oranges, yer worship.

Magistrate—Didn't I tell you when you were here before not to steal anything more?

Boggs—No, yer worship; you said not to steal any more lemons, but yer didn't say a word about oranges.—London Graphic.

### Wide Awake.

Fuddle—You know Stocks, don't you? Doctor—Yes, indeed. He is now a patient of mine.

Fuddle—Pretty wide-awake man, isn't he?

Doctor—I should say so. I am treating him for insomnia.—London Tit-Bits.

### Still She Was Loved.

"I can not sing the old songs—" Her promise short and terse She kept. But then she went and sang The new ones—which were worse.—Boston Traveler.



Landlady—You will either have to pay what you owe or leave. Slowpay —Thanks. The last place I was at they made me do both.—Stray Stories.

Mrs. Gallamer—Isn't Mr. Grabbenstacker a ladies' tailor? Mrs. Plummeram—Not exclusively. Mrs. Ruudam is one of his customers.—Brooklyn Life.

Pat—I hear yer wolfe is sick Molke? Mike—She is thot. Pat—Is it dangerous she is? Mike—Divil a bit. She's too weak to be dangerous any more!—New York Sun.

Mr. Howard—Isn't it wonderful what force Niagara has? Mrs. Talk-much—Marvelous! Do you know, when I first saw it for a full moment I couldn't speak.—Brooklyn Life.

Jasper—Whenever a great man dies, Longhair writes a poem about him. Rasper—Well, I must commend his consideration in not writing it before the great man dies.—Boston Globe.

Howell—Rowell thinks he is the whole thing. Powell—Yes, if he leans against a post for a few minutes he has the idea that the post couldn't stand without him.—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Where do you work, my good man?" "In a powder factory." "Mercy! What a hazardous occupation." Oh, no, mum. I seldom meets any automobiles on my way to or from work.—Puck.

"I say, do you think that Wiggins is a man to be trusted?" "Trusted? Yes; rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life!" "Yes; but with anything of value, I mean!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl. "I don't have to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happens to want me!"—Boston Globe.

Mayme—I hate these affectionate girls. Lucie—Why, I always thought you were one of them. Mayme—Well, anyway, I don't want Jane Jones to kiss me after she's been eating onions.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lady (after tendering a shilling for fare)—And here are two buns you may have, my man. Cabby—Thank you kindly, lady. I suppose you don't 'ppen to 'ave a wisp of 'ay for the 'orse?—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

The Angry Mother—You've got an awful nerve to ask me to give you back your ball when you nearly killed one of my children with it. The Boy—Well, ma'am, you've got ten children and we've got only one ball.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Daughter's Beau—I—er—er—want to ask you, sir, for your—er—er—daughter's hand, sir. Her Father—I'm not disposing of her in sections, but I'm willing to listen to any proposition involving all of her, sir.—Cleveland News.

Mississ—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week. Domestic—Well, mum, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable, you'd have as many friends as I have.—Boston Traveler.

"A public official must be unflinching about laying down the law." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "one of the great difficulties is that an official occasionally gets confused. Instead of laying down the law he starts in throwing down the law."—Washington Star.

"Say, Bill," said the burglar to his pal, "this paper says we overlooked a package of bills amounting to \$1,000." "Ain't the depravity of the rich something awful?" replied Bill. "Trying to deceive that way. I seen them bills. They wasn't ever receipted."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Ah," said the candidate, "this is Farmer Whiffletree's place, I believe. And you have just celebrated your golden wedding, I understand?" "Golden wedding nuthin'," was the response. "I've just been sued for \$10,000 wuth of breach of promise. You've got your card index mixed."—Washington Herald.

"I've walked many miles to see you, sir," because people told me you was very kind to poor chaps like me." "Indeed?" said the genial, white-haired old man. "Are you going back the same way?" "Yes, sir." "Ah. Well, just contradict that rumor as you go, will you? Good morning."—Milwaukee News.

"I tell you," went on the old lady at a hotel, getting quite angry. "I won't have this room. I ain't going to pay my money for a pigsty, and, as far as sleeping in one of them folding beds, I simply won't do it." The boy could stand it no longer. "Go on in, mum," said he, with a weary expression on his face. "This ain't your room; it's the elevator."—Philadelphia Inquirer.