

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

If the people rule, this will be a mild winter.

Cuba ought not to forget that the next receivership will be a permanent one.

The saying, "There is no fool like an old fool," always pleases the young ones.

One way to become a martyr in sections where pistol-carrying is the regular thing, is to fail to shoot first.

The Grand Duke Alexis, uncle of the czar, succeeded the other day in dying a natural death—but not in Russia.

Maybe the woman who walked 1,100 miles to find her husband had something in mind she wanted to say to him.

Kaiser Wilhelm is familiar with several languages, and it is suspected that he has conversed too much in some of them.

According to Gov. Hughes' official statement his election expenses were only \$369.65, and his office is worth all of that.

You are asked to spell it "skyology" hereafter. When that is clearly fixed in your mind you will be ready for "dzyology."

Count Boni de Castellane has not been saying much recently, but we feel safe in assuring the public that he is not sawing wood.

Soulmates seem to be able to wield chairs and rolling pins with as much color effect as the old-fashioned variety of angered spouse.

Mr. Wu thinks one of the great needs is a universal language. The golfers and the baseball devotees are doing their best to build one.

A Baltimore man has won twenty-seven hats on the election. Let us hope the time may never come when women will get to betting hats on their favorite candidates.

The premier of England says there should be no talk of "isolation" among the great powers. Who has been boasting of the "splendid" variety of it for a great many years?

The French are going to reform their spelling, and, while they are about it, we wish that they would put a few of those irregular, not to say disorderly, verbs in straight-jackets.

A Chicago judge has decided that a baby-carriage must have lighted lamps if it is pushed on public ways after dark. This will reduce the terrible mortality caused by over-speeding baby-carriages.

Every school in the United States is asked to have Lincoln's Gettysburg address read aloud on Feb. 12, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great president. Every school in the United States cannot do less than comply.

Emperor William has raised his daughter-in-law, the crown princess, to the rank of colonel of the regiment of which her husband is only the major. Many a husband readily admits that at home he is the second in command, but what did the Kaiser mean when he gave the princess higher military rank than that of his son?

Light has dawned in the minds of some managers of the Pennsylvania anthracite companies, and they are said to be planning to open schools in which operatives can be taught by experts how to meet the technical and foreseeable exigencies of their dangerous calling. Better late than never. No discipline, however strict, can defeat the perfect works of ignorance. An ounce of prevention in mining, as in everything else, is worth a pound of remedy. State supervision of obedience to law is necessary, but can be diminished in cost and severity by such action as is now contemplated.

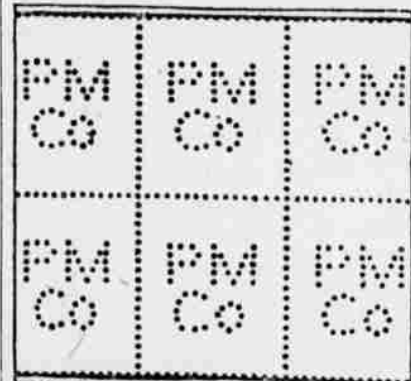
We have learned that the Cubans have a real national sentiment, not to be ignored either now or in our future relations with the island. They have no desire to be anything but a nation. They do not want to be a dependency, and annexation is viewed with abhorrence by the masses. What annexation sentiment exists is limited to the capitalistic element, which cannot exceed 10 per cent of Cuba's population. So pronounced is popular aversion to annexation that only conquest could bring it about, in the opinion of army officers on the island who, in the midst of present activities, have endeavored to store up information for the future. That there will be either closer commercial or political relations between

Cuba and the United States than now exist is not the teaching of their horoscope.

The second Cuban presidential election, conducted by Cubans, was tainted with fraud. The third, supervised by the American government, was fair and free. There was a reasonably full vote. The Conservatives went to the polls, though they did not look for success. They may have done so in order to get all the seats they could in the house of representatives under the proportional, or minority, representation plan. The supporters of Gen. Gomez were in the majority in every province. It is better that that should be so. There is no one part of the island which is likely to be the center of discontent with and opposition to the government which is soon to be installed. The American officials will step aside. The American troops will be withdrawn, with the exception of the marines at the naval station at Guantanamo. Cuba will again be ruled by Cubans, and possibly fairly well ruled, at least for the next few years. There hardly will be any trouble until the next presidential election. Four years hence, when Gen. Gomez may be anxious to succeed himself and resort to customary Latin-American methods to retain power, another crisis will be reached. Some disappointed rival may raise the cry of fraud and the standard of revolution. If the insurrection could not be put down promptly the United States would intervene—for the last time.

In these days wealth getting is so frequently spoken of in connection with success that the two terms have about come to be accepted as synonymous, and conviction is forced that this is essentially a mammon-worshipping generation. There probably never was a time in the history of this nation when the desire and determination to get wealth were so universal, and when the popular estimate of a man's worth was so largely made up on the score of his bank account. The poor man has a very pronounced feeling in these times of "not being in it." Outside of the president himself, there is not a statesman in America to-day who is half so important in the popular mind as John D. Rockefeller or J. Pierpont Morgan. And except it be the presidency itself, nine-tenths of the eager young men now pushing forward to the firing line of the zestful battle of life would prefer to be such men rather than have any political office the nation could give them. In other countries the men of wealth feel and acknowledge inferiority to the great statesmen, but in this country our rich captains of industry look rather contemptuously down upon mere mayors and governors, judges and Congressmen. We have need of a broader meaning to the word success. We may keep on producing the greatest aggregation of money makers the world ever knew, but if we do not learn better to appreciate the achievements of scholarship, of science, of great work in every department of intellectual activity, we shall not produce the world's greatest writers, its greatest scientists and its greatest scholars. We need to learn, too, the old, old story that wealth has its limitations, and that there are countless desirable things it cannot buy.

TO IDENTIFY POSTAGE STAMPS



The Postoffice Department has issued an order under which users of large quantities of postage stamps may have them perforated with letters to identify their ownership and prevent pilfering. The perforation must not be over 1-32 inch in diameter, and the perforated letters must not occupy space more than one-half inch square. Such a privilege, if taken advantage of, will make it impossible for office employees to steal stamps and sell them to stamp brokers, or dispose of them in other ways.—Popular Mechanics.

Not Modesty.

"Sometimes," said the press humorist, "I think my jokes are rotten. I s'pose that's my modesty."
"No," explained a friend, "that's your common sense."—Louisville Courier Journal.

They Certainly Keep It Dusted.
Women in all lands are the custodians of speech. They preserve its purity. To them must go much of the credit of the improvement in American English.—New York World.

Brides soon admit their husbands have faults. "We all have," they explain; "none of us are perfect."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

DO PLANTS HAVE CONSCIOUSNESS?

By Prof. Francis Darwin.



If a sleeping plant is placed in a dark room after it has gone to sleep at night it will be found next morning in the light position, and will again assume the nocturnal position as evening comes on. We have, in fact, what seems to be a habit built by the alteration of day and night. The plant normally drops its leaves at the stimulus of darkness and raises them at the stimulus of light. But here we see the leaves rising and falling in the absence of the accustomed stimulation. Since this change of position is not due to external conditions, it must be the result of the internal conditions which habitually accompany the movement. This is the characteristic, par excellence, of habit—namely, a capacity, acquired by repetition, of reacting to a fraction of the original environment.

We are indebted to Keeble for an interesting case of apparent habit among the lower animals. A minute, work-like creature found on the coast of Brittany leads a life dependent upon the ebb and flow of the sea. When the tide is out these little creatures come to the surface, showing themselves in large green patches. As the rising tide begins to cover them they sink down into safer quarters. The remarkable fact is that when kept in an aquarium, and therefore removed from tidal action, they continue for a short time to perform rhythmic movements in time with the tide.

It is impossible to know whether or not plants are conscious; but it is consistent with the doctrine of continuity that in all living things there is something psychic, and if we accept this point of view we must believe that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we know as consciousness in ourselves.

ENDURING LOVE NOT EXACTING.

By Helen Oldfield.



The true philosophy of content is to make the best of what we have, which usually is better than we deserve. Instead of arraigning fate because the gods have not been more lavish of their gifts; to live in the sunshine rather than in the shadow, and in faith and patience to labor and to wait expectantly instead of making the gray day grayer by tears and repining. It is an error to be too exacting with those who love us; the better way is to accept them as they are and endeavor to find and to strengthen the divinity which the Hindoo vedas teach us dwells in all men. The coat too straightly cut by our

SATISFIED.

My days have all been sunny.
My nights all full of dreams;
My gardens sweet with honey;
My groves with singing streams;
My house, from floor to rafters,
Delight forever fills;
My life is joy and—after—
It shall be if God wills.

My friends have all been true ones—
And many have I had;
My thoughts—both old and new ones—
Have evermore been glad;
My heart is light with laughter
And song that never stills;
My life is joy and—after—
It shall be if God wills.
—New York Sun.

After the Wedding

The maid of honor settled herself in the carriage with a great flutter of laces and chiffon and gave a long sigh. "Wasn't Cora just the loveliest bride you ever saw?" she demanded breathlessly of the tall young man who climbed in after her.

"She was certainly a winner," admitted the young man. "It made me kind of blue, though, ushering for Tom's wedding. I tell you! He's the best ever and I hate to lose him!"

"Lose him!" cried the maid of honor. "I think it's perfectly hateful for a man's friends to act as if he had been snatched from them eternally by a cruel fate, just because he marries a nice girl and settles down. It's—"

"Oh, I don't mean it that way," protested the tall young man. "I'm not down on matrimony. I think I was blue because it wasn't my wedding."

"Aren't you frightfully tired?" broke in the maid of honor hurriedly. "I am—standing up at that reception for three hours straight! I can't imagine why Aunt Mattie went home without me!"

"I hope," said the young man, stiffly, "you don't think I forced myself on you! Cora's mother asked me to take you safely home."

"Oh," said the bridesmaid, with equal haughtiness, "I knew of course it was something like that! I knew you never would condemn yourself to an hour's ride with me unless you simply couldn't get out of it. I'm very sorry you should be so bored!"

"Now, Genevieve," said the young man, "don't be so foolish! You know perfectly well I'm not bored—"

"I suppose," said the maid of honor, icily, "that was the real trouble—my constitutional foolishness! That was why you discovered it was all a mistake."

"I!" cried the usher. "If it wasn't you who broke off our engagement fair and square I'd like to have some one point out to me what really happened."

"I thought you wanted it broken off!" said the maid of honor. "I'm glad it wasn't announced and nobody knew it. I'd hate so to put you to any trouble or annoyance. As it is, nobody is the wiser. I don't suppose Cora's mother realized she was picking out the one girl in all the world you disliked most for you to escort home. Isn't it funny?"

"Perfectly killing," said the young man. "It makes me feel about as much like laughing as a funeral would. It's a shame, too, when the best man obviously was yearning for my chance!"

"Why didn't you give it to him, then?" inquired the maid of honor, smoothly.

"Great guns!" breathed the usher.



"THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT IT."

"You don't really care anything about Tad Kirby, do you? He hasn't enough brains to put in a peanut shell, for all his money. He—"

"Your temper certainly hasn't improved any," broke in the maid of honor. "You haven't a particle of right to object to Tad's paying me attentions if I choose to let him."

pattern may cramp and chafe the wearer overmuch, and sympathy, love, faith and patience are the surest keys to thorough understanding of our fellow man and woman.

Beyond doubt there would be fewer matrimonial disappointments if all who marry would resolve to see only good in one another and steadfastly live up to that resolve. People usually find that for which they diligently seek, and the fundamental doctrine of the new thought is that we invite what we expect; to look for good is to receive it. It is an older thought that courtesy and consideration for others are flowers which have their roots in charity and good will to all men.

Nowhere is charity, the love which "thinketh no evil, which is not easily provoked, which suffereth long and is kind," more urgently called for than in the marriage relation; nowhere is there greater need of faith and hope as well as of love. There is nothing which so draws us to people as the effort to do good to them, and thus love unconsciously begets love. To expect the best of people, if there be any good in them, is to bring out that good; and, thank heaven, there is much good in even the worst of us.

WHAT ARE THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE?

By John A. Hobson.



Good air, large, sanitary houses, plenty of wholesome, well-cooked food, adequate changes of clothing for the climate, ample opportunities of recreation—is there any one of these things that does not sensibly assist to lengthen the term of physical life? Yet most, if not all, of these things would be classed among comforts or even luxuries for laborers, though numbers of the well-to-do classes would readily admit that they were necessities for them.

In tracing the historical process of development of wants and satisfactions each earlier element seems more important than each succeeding one, the need of food and physical protection being more pressing and essential than the needs of "the higher nature." Logically, however, or in the order of nature, considered as a complete system, not as a process—each subsequent need or satisfaction is more important and more valuable than the preceding one in time, because it represents a higher type of life. From this latter standpoint the early functions are valued chiefly as the means or material basis of a higher spiritual life.

The higher need and its satisfaction—the soul-saving or intellectual education—only seems important when viewed by itself, torn away from relations and conditions which attach it to other aspects of life.

"I'm quite well aware of that!" said the young man, stormily.

"Well," said the maid of honor, "it doesn't make any difference to you, so it can't worry you much."

"That's all you know about it," said the usher. "Why—if things hadn't gone to smash we—you and I—would be having our wedding just about now!"

"Think of it!" cried the maid of honor, interestedly. "Think what you've escaped and thank fate! Why, all your best friends might be sighing over you as you just sighed over Tom, and mourning because they had lost you! As it is, you are safe and rescued and entirely free!"

"I'm glad you can be so philosophical," said the young man. "It shows you really didn't care much if you can consider the affair so lightly. Not that I expected your heart would be broken, but I thought possibly you might have a little tender feeling for what is past—and for what might have been." There was a little silence as they rolled along. Then the maid of honor spoke casually.

"Neither Tom nor Cora seemed a bit scared at the wedding," she said. "I never saw people beam as they did. They really seemed happy!"

When the young man spoke his voice was gruff. "Not half," he said, "as happy as you and I would have been if things hadn't gone wrong! Oh, Genevieve—I can't stand it any longer! Isn't there a chance for us to go back to the beginning and start all over again?"

The maid of honor was crying into her ridiculous handkerchief. "I thought," she gasped, "I'd just d-die all evening. I was so miserable. Do you really care?"

"Thank heaven, Cora's mother happened to send me home with you," murmured the young man, somewhat indistinctly.

For the first time the maid of honor laughed, a choked, hysterical little laugh. "She—she didn't happen to," she confessed. "I asked her to!"—Chicago News.

A Friendly Tip.

"My dear boy," said Enpeck, who happened to be in a somewhat confidential mood, "you will never know what real happiness is until you get married."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Singleton, astonished at such a remark from such an unexpected source.

"It's a fact," rejoined Enpeck, "but then it will be too late for you to appreciate it."—Chicago News.

We have longed all our lives to see some one shoot off a sky rocket in the day time, to see what it would look like.