

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO, OREGON

The Gomezes seem to be the Smiths of tropical America.

A London paper publishes an article entitled: "Why Clever Girls Don't Marry." They frequently do.

A Michigan man has been sent to jail for stealing a 2-cent stamp. How that man must be despised in Pittsburg!

The girls who get married this year will be able to hold their heads up proudly, knowing that they are free from suspicion.

A Pittsburg girl who eloped took her mother along. This is what the headline artist might call a "double tragedy" for father.

Champ Clark says the average price of a woman's hat is \$5. And yet it would never do to refer to any woman's hat as an average one.

Now that Mark Twain is a trust he should have himself investigated and show Henry Rogers what a real humorist can do on the witness stand.

Count Boni de Castellane declares that he doesn't want any more Gould money. Can it be possible that he had the foresight to save up some of it for the rainy day?

A Pullman official says it is the selfish who tip the porter. Then it must be the unselfish who pay him \$25 a month, one-half of which must go for meals on the road.

It's all right for Boni to withdraw his demand for \$80,000, but if he gets the custody of his sons without an allowance we're afraid there will be a new child-labor scandal in France.

Another county has gone dry and Emperor William announces he will never drink again during the remainder of his life. The temperance movement is making some mighty strides.

Some of the prophets are predicting that the Atlantic will be crossed by balloon during the present year. If John W. Gates can be induced to bet a million on it the matter will be settled.

An organization has been formed to teach farmers' wives how to cook. What farmers' wives would really like to know is how they can get rid of about half of the cooking they have to do now.

A married couple in Montclair, N. J., separated because of incompatibility. He was an inveterate tobacco chewer and she had a habit of kissing the cat. Cautious persons will be careful in bestowing their sympathy in this case.

The girl who has neglected to propose during leap year and finds herself still alone and unsought may be expected to begin agreeing with the poet that "of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

Can the proposition that the minimum salary for an unmarried Episcopalian clergyman in the diocese of New York should be \$1,200 and for a married clergyman \$1,200, with a suitable place to live in, or \$1,500 in money, be taken as an official statement of the exact cost of a wife?

Mme. Curie, co-discoverer with her husband of radium, has been promoted to full professorship in the University of Paris. A woman who can discover new truth is certainly qualified to teach it, and the young men in the university can afford to sit with respect at the feet of this remarkable woman of science.

The general express business of the country is controlled by six companies, although the Bureau of the Census reports thirty-four such companies in operation. This is largely owing to the fact that the six big companies are all that do business in more than ten States. Nineteen companies do business in one State only. The companies operate on friendly terms with the railroads, and agree to charge at least 50 per cent more than the freight rate on all articles. Indeed, the railroads are part owners of some of the independent express companies. This partnership arrangement may ultimately result in the absorption of the express companies by the railroads themselves.

There is more and more recognition among enterprising church denominations of the fact that mere doctrinal abstractions or dogmatic discussions do not deeply interest young folks. The imaginative and luminous mind of youth needs the poetry of things, some-

what of its own flavor and kindred. The kernel none the less still continues to be the truth though enveloped in attractive guise. What should be the exact limit of such attractiveness will always be a matter of discussion. That it may—and very readily—be carried to excess is obvious. Among preachers, as among laymen, there will all ways be those inclined to the spectacular and the eccentric. Latitude, with these, means occasional wide flights of fancy, excessive intermixture of sentiment, display and moral principle, and insufficient devotional exercise.

In view of the excessive severity of the arraignment of the modern home to which the American Sociological Society was treated by Mrs. Charlott Perkins Gilman, one almost expects some judge to ask the poor home whether it has anything to say before sentence is pronounced against it. As a matter of fact, the modern home need not hang its head in shame and sorrow, and is in no danger of condemnation. It has done very well considering its prehistoric and even its toric past, and it goes on improving. With all its imperfections—and these it shares with other human institutions and with human nature itself—it manages to put to the front millions of tolerably healthy, tolerably moral and tolerably intelligent men and women to do the work and carry on the civilization of the known world. It is true that extreme poverty, like idleness in luxury and parasitism, is bad for materiality, and it is true that in too many homes the provisions for child culture are still sadly inadequate. But it is not true that we have reached the parlous state where "the woman refuses to go back, the home refuses to go forward, and marriage waits." Few of us would send woman back to slavery and abject dependence if we could and most of us understand that we couldn't if we would. Revolutions do not go backward, and the progress of woman is assured. As to the home it never has been so unreasonable as to refuse to advance. It advances slowly, to be sure, but this shows wise conservatism and a due realization of its solemn responsibilities. The home knows that not everything is advanced which is so described in formidable volumes and at sociological meetings and it wishes to be certain of the next step before taking it. Industrial, educational and social conditions are reacting on the home as on other basic institutions. Our various problems are interdependent, and no sovereign remedy for all our ills is in sight. Society is struggling, developing, making experiments, accumulating knowledge. It cannot give its entire time and attention to the future, for the simple reason that man does not live by high thinking alone. We must use such high as we have to make the modern home a fit place for all who dwell in it. To improve education, to eliminate unnecessary poverty, to remove unjust inequalities, to disseminate intellectual and aesthetic culture is directly and indirectly to raise the morale and ennoble the atmosphere of the home.

WAGE EARNERS' PROFIT.

More than 70 Great Corporations Have Adopted Pension Plans.

One of the most significant developments of the last ten years has been the adoption of pension plans by more than seventy great corporations. Burton J. Hendricks says in McClure's This is one of the most tangible ways in which wage-earners have profited from the country's recent industrial prosperity. In 1898 the pension idea was practically foreign to this country; now it is very much in the air. In that year only one railroad, the Baltimore & Ohio, systematically granted retirement allowances; since 1898, eighteen lines, representing one-third of the railway mileage of the country, have adopted automatic pension schemes. Ten years ago none of America's great industrial corporations regularly made provision for their old men; now the largest do so, or have at present plans under way to that end. Until 1900 pension endowment funds had not impressed our rich men as suitable subjects for philanthropy; since then, Andrew Carnegie alone has given nearly \$20,000,000 for this purpose.

The International Harvester Company, the latest to adopt the pension idea, is one of those corporate aggregations popularly referred to as trusts. As with most trusts, its management is a marvel of intelligence and enlightened self-interest. A survey of the field reveals one significant fact: among corporations and trusts it is chiefly the trusts and the railways that have most enthusiastically taken up the pension idea. Those corporations and those captains of industry that have figured in recent years most conspicuously as the exemplars of a pitiless commercialism have apparently developed the tenderest emotions toward their broken-down employes.

When a woman says to her husband, "You know I haven't a bit of jealousy in my nature, but I would like to know, etc.," look out for storms.

RULERS OF A STRICKEN COUNTRY.



QUEEN HELENA OF ITALY

KING VICTOR EMANUEL OF ITALY

THE CALAMITY IN ITALY.

The great earthquake zones of the earth lie generally in long lines of gradual curve, following mountain chains of volcanic rock. In the often-harassed Sicilian-Calabrian region the fanciful might trace upon the map a sickle of death, comparatively narrow, curving slowly from the east to the northeast. Its beginning is in the mountains of Central Sicily, its end in the narrow isthmus of the boot of lower Italy.

In this stricken region Sicily and Calabria are joined. The mountain rock merely dips under water at the Messina straits. Etna, two miles high, the greatest volcano of Italy, is in modern phrase the power-house of the un-governable force that kills men so pitilessly. The old fable held that Enceladus was here imprisoned, breathing flame and shaking the earth with his struggles to be free. Vesuvius to a slight extent only, Stromboli on its island between usually in a somewhat greater degree, sympathize with the giant's throes.

Messina is almost at the center of the earthquake zone, but its greater foe is the sea. Here are Scylla and Charybdis of the ancient navigators. The car ferry that connects Sicily with the mainland is often interrupted in winter. Three days of south wind, the dreaded "sirocco," and it must stop. The narrow funnel-like strait, that piles a winter storm into such dangerous waves, pinched up the tidal wave of the earthquake into the wall of water that overwhelmed Messina and Reggio. The water killed its scores where the earthquake had slain one; and fire and pillage followed, as if human men were merely making war.

Along the stricken eastern shore of Sicily and on the western shore of Calabria the railroad follows the sea at low level. At every station villages have huddled on the flat land at the foot of the hills, the fishermen's huts edging the very beach. In all these luckless places the tidal wave must have repeated upon a smaller scale the horrors of Messina and Catania.

As when Vesuvius last broke loose, people will wonder why men choose to dwell in such scenes of danger. But between the great disasters that make so portentous a printed list are long periods when the slopes are golden with lemons ripening and the rich soil smiles with double harvests. A volcano is not such a bad neighbor. It always gives warning, and in its worst fits enriches the soil. The earthquake in its appalling fury and unescapable suddenness is a different matter.

INLAND CITIES AS SEAPORTS.

A Proper Outlay on Internal Waters Would Bring Marvelous Returns.

We are spending hundreds of millions of dollars upon Panama, partly as a military measure, partly to enable ships to save two transfers and a rail-haul in carrying between the east and west coasts, partly in a spirit of idealism—desiring to give a great free roadway to the world, says John L. Matthews in Success. If we spent an equal sum or even less upon our internal waters under a systematic plan of conservation we would make virtual seaports of Sioux City, Omaha, Kansas City, Pittsburg, Minneapolis, St. Louis and Chicago; would save all the transfers and overland rail haul which now burden the grain of the northwest and the iron of Pittsburg; would make it possible for gunboats of considerable size to hasten to points nearly every-

where in the interior of the country and to defend with equal force the shores of the great lakes and those of the gulf; and in the end we would have, not from tolls, but from the by-products of our industry, a net return of more than the original capital every year to nation, state and individual.

We know from long and careful observations, at what times water will fall—a vast amount in spring and very little in autumn and winter. Our task is so to conduct it that there shall be at all times a fairly standard amount in the great rivers; that it shall do, in passing to the sea, all the good it is capable of to agriculture, forestry, commerce and in the development of power; and that it shall be prevented from doing any damage by soil wash or by any other means.

A man said to-day: "If I had the money I have paid out for cantaloupes that were worthless, I would be rich."

THE FARMER'S BOY.

In Many Instances He Has a Mistaken Idea of City Life.

The great trouble with country boys is that they are not aware of the circumstances under which the city boy is compelled to live and work if he has to earn his living by the sweat of his brow. The idea held up to the country boy is to go to town and get a nice, easy, soft snap such as So-and-so has. How many of them do it? Not one in a thousand. Far more go there to find work in some close, stagnant mill, to sweat amid the fumes of steam or tobacco smoke, or perhaps in some iron mill or foundry, surrounded by the curses of their fellow men, toll out a weary day of eleven or thirteen hours and after the day is over go home—and to such a home! Up some little back street in a handbox built of brick and named a house more than likely our workman has his home, there to pass away the weary hours of the night amid the heat and stagnation of probably a filthy street only a few feet wide, hot, close and dirty. In any large city on some sultry night one may see the workmen and their families in these little narrow city streets stretched about the steps and pavements in all conditions. These are not slums either, but fairly respectable neighborhoods.

To such a condition of life many of our country boys have gone, and many more are to-day preparing to go. Fat pay and big pay envelopes? Not in these times. If our city laborer averages \$12 a week he is a lucky man. Tens of thousands get less rather than more. Country boy, before you make the change, in the name of that country you have been taught to hold in reverence, look and do not leap! If you understand farming there are just as many chances on the land to be worked out as there are in the city.

This is a great country, and if you do not like the kind of farming you are working at there are many others. If you belong to a family that follows the grind, grind system of all work and no play, when you reach your majority and start for yourself follow up an easier system. Do not condemn country life just because you have been unfortunate enough to be brought up in the home of a man who knows nothing but grind. Do not overlook the fact that if such a man was your boss in the city he would grind your life away. Long, long before you were 21 years old you would be occupying some six feet of green turf, where at last you would not hear the dreaded call and curse of the boss.

Country life may not be and probably is not what many would like to color it; but, all things being equal, it is far preferable to city life. That is just where it comes in. City life is never compared with country life on an equal plane. Remember that if you must work in the country for a living you will have to work in the city for one, too, and if you possess the ability in yourself to rise above the ordinary workman in the city that same ability will carve out a home for you in the country. Look before you leap, consider all things, and if you are sure you can better yourself in the city go; if not, stay on the old farm.

One Use for "John."

It was the boast of the "Incomparable Laundry Company" that it employed no Chinamen, that it did better work than Chinese laundries did, and did not wear out the clothes so quickly in washing. One unlucky day, however, the company's building caught fire and was partially destroyed. By great exertion nearly all the contents were saved, but in a highly mixed and tangled-up condition.

Drivers of the company's wagons were sent round to the various customers to assure them that they would lose nothing; that their shirts, collars and cuffs were all safe, and would be delivered to them, properly laundered, with a delay of only a few days.

"Wasn't everything piled in a heap when you got things out of the building?" asked one of the customers.

"Yes," said the driver to whom the question was addressed.

"Well, how are ever going to separate them?"

"Oh, we've got a—er—Chinaman sorting them out," answered the driver, with some reluctance.

Beautiful Siberian Tribes.

A party of prospectors just returned from Anadair, Siberia, relates some gruesome tales of the habits of the natives in that section relative to the manner in which they dispose of their aged and infirm. During the stay of the party three men and one woman were done to death by their nearest relatives, and their bodies were laid on the tundra for the ravens to clean up.

Cause for Thanks.

When the burglar had bound the artist and put him in a chair he searched his studio.

"I don't see anything worth taking," he said by and by, "but this suit of clothes."

"Thank goodness!" said the artist; "it's not paid for."