

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Come let us worry together about the ice crop!

If bachelors are to be taxed how can they be expected to save enough money to get married?

Mr. Gompers says just as good men as he have been in jail. Sure enough! John Bunyan, not to speak of others.

Queen Lil thinks her claim against the government will be paid. Anyway, it won't hurt her to feel optimistic about it.

European courts hold that the man who owns land also owns the air over it. This looks like trouble for the aeronauts.

It is reported that a German professor has concussion of the brain. Probably caused by a collision between two trains of thought.

An Oklahoma woman has 301 ways to cook corn. But mother will go on soaking them in hot water and applying father's best razor.

There is no good and sufficient reason why you should mind your own business if other people will pay you more for minding theirs.

More school children are made sick by improper eating than by anything else. The cooks' union should inspect the food of all school children.

Mrs. William E. Annis asks: "Is there no unwritten law for broken-hearted widows or fatherless children?" A very pertinent question.

Had a woman's club been in existence in Mark Antony's time we should not have had to wait till now to learn that he married Cleopatra for her money.

China now owns its telegraph system—which makes us wonder if it isn't quicker to send the Chinese language by freight than try to strain the wires with it.

An Eskimo, with a scientific education and the proper outfit, is going after the north pole in deadly earnest. The Eskimos believe that the pole should be kept at home.

"All children are liars," said a Wisconsin professor. A well-known biblical personage who made the same statement concerning all men admitted afterward that he spoke in haste.

One of the preachers says Adam was a loafer. This decision has probably been arrived at because we have no proof that Adam ever got up in the morning and put on the coffee pot for Eve.

Mr. Rockefeller has given another million to the University of Chicago. At the rate of a million a year it will take him twenty-eight years more to give away the \$29,000,000 saved by not having to pay the fine assessed by Judge Landis.

Massachusetts has a law to prevent recklessness and speeding in automobiles, which law may be rendered ridiculous by its wrong punctuation, as it forbids driving over roads "laid out under the authority of the law recklessly or while under the influence of liquor." Boston, in consequence, is in rhetorical spasms.

An extraordinary demand has arisen in the eastern counties of England for second-hand Bibles—the older and dirtier the better. Copies which formerly realized four pence are now readily bought for half a crown. They are being used to manufacture evidence of age in the case of old-age pensions. A woman who produced a Bible to prove her age as 76 from an entry on the flyleaf had, unfortunately, omitted to tear out the title page, which showed that the Bible was printed in 1805.

In the advertising columns of the newspapers are found the business cards of countless seers and clairvoyants, who promise for a small sum to read the veil of the future and tell their patrons what is going to happen to them. That palmists, card readers and clairvoyants are able to pay for the advertisements which appear in the same place day after day is evidence that they find enough credulous persons to keep the prediction business on a paying basis. Their victims are beyond reason, or they would reflect that the forecaster of future events, such as the condition of the stock market six months ahead, would make more money by using his knowledge for his own benefit than by selling it for two dollars. Besides the prophets who are in the business for the profit there is in it, the world is blessed with gen-

erous philanthropic seers, who publish free of charge predictions, always of some disaster, as great storms, earthquakes, wars, and the end of the world. Sometimes an event obligingly falls out on somebody's prediction, and a reputation is made. If seers in all parts of the world keep on foreseeing earthquakes every day or two, an earthquake, when it comes, will be likely to find a prophecy awaiting it. The room is so taken up with predictions that an event must alight on one of them. A prophet destroys the world every day or so. But the world obstinately refuses to be destroyed, and when it comes to an end, only one prophet will be entitled to gasp, "I told you so!" A year ago Mme. de Thebes of France predicted war between Japan and America in November, 1908. Instead, a little later, there was the exchange of peaceful notes. Nothing daunted, madame predicts terrible wars between next August and February, 1910. So look out for a "red year."

An interesting study of "College Entrance Requirements in Theory and Practice" which appeared in The Independent presented a long list of universities and colleges at which a very large percentage of the students were admitted with conditions. One of these institutions, which took in more than 50 per cent on these terms, formerly insisted that all conditions should be worked off before the student could enter the freshman class. The applicants had to pass examinations, no matter what school they came from. If they took the examinations early in the summer and failed in certain studies they worked on those studies through the summer vacation and tried again at the opening of the college in the fall. If they failed this time in whole or in part they were kept out until they could make good. With the system changed, entering with conditions has become the rule, and such a history emphasizes, we think, some of the points that are made by John G. Bowman, the writer of the article in The Independent. If the purpose of the colleges is to increase the student roll it is no doubt successful, but the question naturally arises: "What significance have the requirements?" They are, as Mr. Bowman says, not a real minimum, "they are at best an ostensible minimum, any part of which is liable in most colleges to temporary suspension and occasionally to complete abrogation." There is no standard worthy of the name, but merely a pretense at a standard. The requirements look big in the catalogue, but the discretion that is used takes all the fervor out of them and reduces them to an absurdity. There is no real co-operation between the secondary school and the college, but an excellent opportunity is offered for passing along the unfit. If numbers alone is the object Mr. Bowman is right in saying that "the college has embarked upon a dangerous course which threatens its sincerity and its efficiency." On the other hand, if the printed requirements are unreasonable, "it is time not to make exceptions that confuse all standards and demoralize students, but seriously to face the problem of organizing preparatory education on a basis that is really vital and indispensable, and of devising machinery capable of enforcing it."

### Beasts Fond of Tobacco.

We have all heard of how to tame a lion or tiger by steadily keeping the eye fixed on him. According to an expert animal trainer a more effective method is a cigar or cigarette, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Nearly every wild beast that I have ever come across," said this man, "is fond of tobacco in some shape or form. I made this discovery quite accidentally. One of the visitors who was smoking a cigar puffed some of the smoke into the lion's face as he lay asleep in the cage.

"I expected to see a real riot, but instead of that the lion, after giving a couple of sneezes, moved quietly up to the bars and raised his nose sniffingly, as if asking for a second dose. I have tried the experiment on all sorts of wild animals since and I have found that most of them enjoy thoroughly a big sniff of tobacco.

"We used to spJadhaktyu.lk-Ing soo "We had a bear here once that used to rub his nose and back against the bars of his cage just like a cat asking to be stroked whenever any one smoking a cigar came near him. Antelopes and wild goats aren't satisfied with the mere whiff. If you give them a cigar or a cigarette they will swallow it eagerly and, what is more, seem to suffer no bad effects from their meal."

### Responsibility.

First Little Girl (conversing at the school gate)—I can hemstitch and feather stitch and my mother lets me make things for baby.

Second Little Girl—That's nothing. I'm let go by myself to draw beer.—Manchester Guardian.

We heard it remarked to-day that carelessness is the first step toward stealing.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## CHILD LIFE SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL.

By Sir Oliver Lodge.



The ultimate object of religious training must be to encourage such ideas and habits as shall result in a happy childhood and a sound and useful life.

The first real gods of a child are his parents, however ungodlike they may be. And hence arises that feeling of security and nearness of protection and law which is one of the luxuries of childhood, and, I may add, one of the responsibilities of parenthood. That nation or colony which could insure that its children should spend their short and vital early years among healthy, happy surroundings suited to their time of life and state of development, and leading to a good, robust, serviceable manhood and womanhood—that nation would in a few generations stand out from amongst the rest of the world as something almost superhuman.

From my experience of the innate goodness of unspoiled humanity I have an idea that if children could be planted amidst favorable surroundings they would nearly all flourish and grow beautiful as plants do under right conditions.

No fraction of the world or of the individual can be thoroughly healthy and happy while any member of it is degraded and wretched.

## BLUFF AND NOISE MODERN WEAPONS.

By G. K. Chesterton.



On most political platforms, in most newspapers and magazines, I observe that there are at present only two ideas, either to avoid controversy or to conduct it by mere bluff and noise. Evasion and violence are the only expedients. A man must be deaf to his opponents' arguments; he may be deaf and silent, and this is called dignity; or he may be deaf and noisy, and this is called "slashing journalism." But both these things are equally remote from the fighting spirit, which involves an interest in the enemy's movements in order to parry or to pierce them.

It is part of that unchivalrous and even unmilitary idea of bluffing, of using bombastic terrors in order to avoid a conflict which is at this moment the highest turret of the tall hypocrisies of Europe. Europe is full of the idea of bluff, the idea of cowering the human spirit with a painted panorama of physical force. We see it in the huge armaments which we dare to accumulate, but should hardly dare to use.

I do not like hovering and lingering threats of armaments nor do I like hovering and lingering threats of riot. If people want to have a revolution let them have it and let it have the advantage of a revolution, that of being drastic and decisive. But a mere parade of pos-

## SONG OF THE BY-AND-BY.

It seems so far to the happy day  
When the clouds will leave the sky,  
But 'tis sweet to hear, when the world  
is gray,  
The song of the By-and-By!

The hills and rills—they are shining  
bright,  
And our cares like phantoms fly;  
An echo sweet in the lonesome night  
Is the song of the By-and-By!

It seems so far to the happy day,  
But its rest they'll not deny;  
We hear what the angels sing and say  
In the song of the By-and-By!  
—Frank L. Stanton.

## Clarence and the Code

Clarence had looked forward to the two weeks of holiday time through all the school months. But when Christmas had come, his brother, who was the messenger for the firm of Walwick & Waldon, suddenly became ill. "He'll be on his feet in a week," the doctor said, but in the meantime the poor lad was worrying about his place in the office.

"Can't I take your place?" asked Clarence.

Thus it was arranged and for the two days before New Year's Clarence ran errands and did everything that was asked of him. Just as the office was being closed the night before New Year's, Mr. Walwick called him and said that he expected to come down town the next morning although the office would be closed, and he wished Clarence to be sure and get the mail and place it on his desk and wait for him.

It was quite early when Clarence found his way inside the silent building. He had brought his skates with him, as there was to be a hockey game later, and there was to be the family dinner and the usual good time on New Year's afternoon. He carefully put the mail on Mr. Walwick's desk and sat down to wait. The janitor came and swept, but Mr. Walwick did not come. There was still plenty of time before the game, but the clock hands were slowly turning. Finally he picked up a magazine and turned over

the pages. The hour when he should be playing came.

The game was on now, he knew. The office was getting chilly and he walked around from room to room. He looked at the clock. The game must have been over for some time and they would be expecting him for dinner. He was getting cold and hungry. Strange as it was, when he began to give up hope the time seemed to go faster. Finally he curled up on a couch and went to sleep.

Dream after dream tumbled over each other, and in the midst of a wonderful hockey game, where everybody skated about eating hot goose and cranberries, he heard a bell. He wondered what it could be and before he could ask he awoke with a start. Almost at his ear the telephone bell was ringing.

He jumped and took down the receiver. "Hello!" he shouted.

"Is this Walwick & Waldon?"  
"Yes, this is Walwick & Waldon's office."  
"Well, I hardly hoped to catch any



HELLO! HE SHOUTED.

one. Take down this cablegram and rush it through to Mr. Walwick.

"Calcutta, India, Jan. 2.

"Spike sugar Hardly new candle.

"Spegel, Hocker & Sons."

"There, have you got that? All right. Repeat it. All right. Good-by."

Clarence rubbed his eyes. There was the message written out, but what a message! It did not mean anything and it was dated a day ahead. He remembered hearing that Mr. Walwick lived in some hotel. He had seen the name some place. Oh, yes, it was on the

sible war seems merely a perpetual anarchy. Revolution creates government, but anarchy only creates more anarchy.

## SOCIETY MAKES "PROFESSION" OF CRIME.

By H. J. B. Montgomery.



Many penologists assert that the professional criminal is a man whom it is hopeless to reform. They say that he finds in crime not only a livelihood, but exhilaration, sport, fascination. He is a beast of prey, who must be not only muzzled but caged in the interests of society. I have no hesitation in stating as the result of my experience that the assumption which underlies the arguments of the penologists is not only not correct, but is absolutely fallacious. The criminal who finds a fascination in crime has no existence save in the imagination of the penologist. The professional criminal has been made such by society. He is a prison product in the first instance, and when he is released from prison society gives him clearly to understand that his place for the future is with his own class—the criminal class.

Out of the light of my own experience I declare that men, even criminals, are not so hopeless, so callous, so incorrigible, so devoid of human feelings as the penologists would have us suppose. In every human being there are principles of good and evil, and possibilities of either being evolved. The easiest way, I suggest, to abolish the professional criminal is to cease manufacturing him.

## HIGHEST FUNCTION OF THE CHURCH.

By Rev. A. H. Stephens.



The church must ever be the handmaid of law enforcement and stand aggressively for the suppression of vice and public immorality. The highest function of the church is to serve the community in which it is located, in its civic, social and religious life. It should feel its responsibility to present a higher type of life than is found elsewhere, less influenced by human prejudice and human passion, freer from compromising entanglements and questionable alliances, exhibiting the purest form of social circumspection and political and commercial probity.

The community has a right to expect something better from the church than it finds in itself—higher ideals and more unselfish endeavor at their realization. In these respects the church owes it to the community that it shall not be disappointed, but that it shall experience the thrill, if not the surprise, of entire fulfillment. The church must seek the co-operation and allegiance of the contiguous populations, not for its own good, but for the good of those sought, ever teaching the lesson by example that it is more noble to serve than to be served.

magazines. There it was, The Albero. Like a flash he ran downstairs and jumped on a street car.

In about twenty minutes he reached the hotel, and as he stepped in the door he saw Mr. Walwick just entering the dining room. He rushed up to him and Mr. Walwick looked at him in surprise and then remembered his face.

"Yes, what is it?"  
"It's a message telephoned in, sir," and he gave over the slip of paper.

Mr. Walwick looked it over and quickly took a book out of his pocket, went to the hotel office and wrote a half a dozen telegrams.

"That was a close shave," he said half aloud, and then noticed Clarence at his side.

"How under the sun did you happen to be at the office?"

"You told me to wait, sir, until you came."

Then he told the whole story, and when he had finished the head of the great firm of Walwick & Waldon took the messenger boy by the hand just as if he had been a grown man and said: "My lad, you've saved us a great deal of money, and now I think that I would better take you home in my automobile just as fast as I can. Your mother will be worrying about you."

When they were seated in the big machine and were wrapped in by the heavy robes, Mr. Walwick suddenly asked what the boy had thought by the peculiar message.

"I thought it was very funny, but how could it be dated January 2, when this is New Year's?"

"You will have to ask your school teacher to explain why, but you see the earth turns round the sun and it is the day after New Year's in India now. Each of the queer words in the message means a whole sentence when you look them up in a little book I carry. We call it a code."

When they came to Clarence's house, Mr. Walwick went into the warm parlor and told the story to his mother. Then he took a piece of paper and wrote something on it. "What do you think that means?" he said: "Waw heart wire Clarence Young desk apple."

"I might tell you, sir, if I had the code," said Clarence.

"Well, here is the code book. You and your mother can look it up."

And this was what they read by looking up the words:

"Walwick & Waldon hereby promise to give Clarence Young the best education possible at their expense."—The Housekeeper.