

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Psychic research sometimes takes you right straight back to indigestion.

That \$200,000,000 cement combination should hold together once it gets set.

As we take it, C. Q. D. is first cousin to P. D. Q.; both suggest the necessity for haste.

"Had no wireless" will now take its place with that old fatality cause, the unloaded gun.

Upton Sinclair states that marriage is a tragedy. For the lady in the Sinclair case, it is an Ibsen play.

And now watch the haughty, disdainful air with which Dr. Wiley continues to speak of benzoate of soda.

E. H. Harriman seems to have acquired the habit of getting nearly everything he wants when he wants it.

Lillian Bell rises to announce that women are never half as bad as they are painted. But why should they be painted?

Word comes from Germany that Castro is cured. If the man who is officiating as president of Venezuela is wise he will run.

The pity of it is that oxybenzyl-methylenglycol-anhydride was not in the dictionary when Mr. Willett was hunting for epithets.

We're getting so used to the flavor of cold storage eggs that we're half afraid that fresh eggs will seem tasteless when we get 'em.

Does the fact that there are more than 100,000 bachelors in Texas prove that Texas girls are getting more critical, or that the bachelors are getting wiser?

More prophets predict the end of the world than foretell the coming of the millennium. General derangement of the liver must have something to do with it.

Men do not always give up their seats in the street car to the ladies, but when it comes to the rescue of the passengers of a wrecked steamer the dear ones are given first chance.

Roosevelt has advised girls to marry. Mr. Taft says their marriage is not necessary to success. Such distinguished advice will keep the girls guessing, until the right man happens along.

Chorus girls got after Jack Binns and proposed to kiss him, but the hero of the Republic, remembering the Hobson, said that he would take a few long distance kisses sent by wireless. Otherwise, nothing doing. Foiled!

Plans are making to bring twenty thousand Italian earthquake-sufferers to America and put them on a tract of land in Manatee County, Florida, owned in part by an Italian duke. This is a splendid way to give relief to the sufferers, if the immigration laws make it possible.

Reports of death and injuries on last Fourth of July have been collected by the Journal of the American Medical Association. The figures, which nevertheless are not complete, show a hundred and sixty-three deaths in the country and more than five thousand injuries from explosives. Remind yourself of this fact on July 1, 1909.

A part of the money appropriated by Congress for the relief of Italy is to be used to build houses with American timber, and already the materials for several hundred frame buildings have been shipped to Sicily. Food and clothing bring relief and comfort for the moment. Houses are a permanent necessity, and the two or three thousand which it is proposed to send will start the rebuilding of the fallen towns.

But in the wreck of the Maine there are—there were—the bodies of more than three-score American sailors. That they should for all these years be thus abandoned and apparently forgotten by the government and people of the United States is indeed, as Mr. Magoon bluntly declares, "a national reproach and an international scandal." Every sentiment of respect for the dead, of gratitude for their service and their sacrifice, and of regard for our national honor, demands that we shall "Remember the Maine" at this belated date as much as we did in the hot blood of 1898.

A movement is on foot to abolish capital punishment in Illinois, and its advocates insist that fear of the death penalty is no deterrent to crime. For years the presidents of France have commuted every death warrant to life

imprisonment. As a result murder has grown so common that the recent gullotining of the four Pollet murderers and the slayer of Mr. and Mrs. Donal in public was witnessed by vast crowds, which applauded the executions. That abolition of the death penalty removes a check on would-be slayers is nowhere more evident than in the United States, where maudlin sentiment has made murder the one crime for which a man is least likely to be convicted, even when he commits it. France and Germany have only 12 per cent as many murders as the United States. Germany convicts nine out of ten accused, France two out of three, England more than 50 per cent, and Italy, with the highest murder record in Europe, convicted last year 2,805 out of 3,006. The United States executes barely 1 per cent of its slayers, and not 10 per cent are even imprisoned. The unwritten law and other causes have apparently made murder one of our protected industries; although there seems no equivocation or opening for misconception in the simple words of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." This hardly seems a time for Illinois to remove any penalty that may influence the would-be murderer to withhold his hand.

Why the wives and husbands of loafers and drunkards sentenced to terms in correctional institutions should suffer for the sins of their "lords and masters" is a question that has often been discussed at penological and reform conferences. Occasionally it is suggested that when the State sentences a man to hard labor or to labor of any profitable kind part of his supposed earnings should be paid to those dependent on him for support. In the District of Columbia, under a new statute against family desertion and non-support, the payment of "wages" to families of prisoners has been very successfully tried. The amount is fixed by the statute at 50 cents a day, and the prisoners are supposed to earn it and more by taking care of Rock Creek Park and rendering other service to the district. It is the testimony of the judge who has been administering the law that the provision in question has worked admirably as a preventive of unmerited misery, a form of discipline and a deterrent of vice and shiftlessness. Offenders are punished promptly, whereas under the ordinary plan courts are greatly tempted to take chances and give prisoners opportunities which they neglect or abuse. Moreover, any man with a little home sense, when he realizes that he could earn three times as much for his family and home in free industry as is paid to his dependents by the community which keeps him a prisoner, makes an effort to mend his ways, and under the law the court has the power to release him when satisfied that he would "stay reformed" and go to work in peace and decency. These facts were brought to the attention of a House committee which was about to strike out an item appropriating a small sum for the wages fund of prisoners' families. The committee had taken the view that the law was enabling dead beats to shirk their duties and saddle the cost of family maintenance on the community. As a matter of fact, where wages are not paid the public and private relief agencies bear the burden of pauperism and dependence created by imprisonment for non-support, habitual drunkenness and other offenses, and there is no economy in the plan. And under proper administration prisoners can easily be made to earn the wages paid to their families, plus the cost of their own board, shelter and other necessities or conveniences.

The Use of False Hair.

False hair was first regularly worn in England by Queen Elizabeth, who had upward of 50 wigs of different kinds for her private use. After her death a few women adopted the French fashion of wearing wigs; but it was not until the restoration that wigs, or, more correctly speaking, periwigs, came to be extensively worn by the sterner sex. These were introduced in the court of Louis XIV., where a natural head of hair was not considered sufficiently luxuriant for the artificial tastes of the times. The term "periwig" is a corruption of the French *perruque*.

Wigs were originally adopted, not as a remedy for baldness, but in the interest of personal cleanliness. The laws of ancient Egypt compelled all males to shave the head and beard. This explains why turbans were not worn by the Egyptians, the bushy artificial hair being regarded as a sufficient protection against the heat of the sun. The Romans, on the contrary, wore wigs because they were naturally bald.

Just Stories.

"Do you like hair-raising stories?"
"No, my barber tells me one every day or two about some new preparation he has got."—Detroit Free Press.

One of the things a man has to wonder about is how so much company gets into the house when he so rarely sends an invitation.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PUBLIC OFFICE NEEDS EXPERTS.

By Prof. A. Lawrence Lowell.



The administration of a great city cannot be conducted efficiently and at the same time be kept in touch with public needs without a combination of the expert and the representative of outside opinion, and the relation that ought to exist between these two is plain. The current management and the initiative in the main ought to lie with the expert, but he ought to work under the constant oversight and control of non-professional men.

Such a relation has grown up spontaneously in our great commercial and educational bodies, in the president and directors of a railroad or a bank, in the president and trustees of a university or college, for example, and it could be introduced into almost any form of city government, for it is not inconsistent either with the plan of boards of commissioners or with that of a mayor's cabinet.

In order to set up the proper relation between the expert and the non-professional representative of the public it is not necessary to prescribe their duties by law, but to make the distinction between them perfectly clear, and that distinction must be based upon the essential difference in the functions to be performed.

The expert is expected to make his public work his career. He should devote his whole time to it, receive a liberal salary and be protected from removal except for cause. The non-professional is not to manage his department, but to see that it is properly managed. He ought not to be expected to give a great deal of his time to it, ought to be paid nothing, or a much lower salary than the expert, and ought to give an account of his stewardship by coming up for reappointment or election at fixed intervals.

MEN SLAVES TO THEIR WIVES.

By Lillian Bell.



Slavery has not been entirely abolished in the United States. There are slaves in plenty who cannot be rescued by any federal or State law relative to peonage. We even know these slaves, you and I, yet possibly we do not recognize them as such until we know their home life. Then we know that these slaves, all big, strong men, are the slaves of little, round, soft, pink-and-white women, their wives, who hold their husbands in bondage by an assumed helplessness which causes men who are its victims to wriggle with delight, and women who are compelled to observe it, to go out and hit something.

But before you get too irritated at the spectacle of the abject slavery to which a small, stuffy woman can reduce a 300-pound man, who bullies his clerks and swears at his office boy, stop and think how she does it

and why, and you will soon calm down. She weeps if he crosses her, pretends sickness if he reproves her, plays dead if he scolds her; she can't do a thing for herself; she runs him into debt, flatters him into a way of life beyond his means and keeps him her slave by making him believe he is the whole thing and that she couldn't live without him. So that, far from being an object of universal pity, the husband who is a slave is often the most glib creature in existence with a vanity it is a sin not to subvert and a conceit which it becomes a crime not to utilize.

Some men are so supreme in their own estimation that not only their own wives but even the wayfaring woman, hurrying to get home, cannot resist the temptation to pluck him in passing. It is so easy to snatch a perquisite by an inevitable tribute to what he knows is true of himself. In other words, many of the so-called easy marks among men are not merely big-hearted, good-natured brothers. They are often men of such sublime egotism that a 600-pound woman could faint in the arms of one such, and he would half kill himself trying to carry her all alone because she had often told him his touch was so gentle and so different from that of most men.

OUR NATIONAL LOSS FROM FIRE.

By Samuel H. Adams.



We hear much, in this peaceful country, about Germany's burden of militarism. Well, our national bonfire would pay for the Kaiser's whole army maintenance and leave a surplus annually of twenty millions for a fireworks fund wherewith to appease our pyromaniac appetite. If Germany is oppressed by wars and the rumor of wars, how much more sorely is the United States oppressed by fire and the evils that attend it! And the worst of it is that this loss, in great part, is needless and superfluous; incredibly and idiotically stupid and short-sighted.

Europe proves much. No nation there but would be appalled at such a fire bill as ours. In the forty-five principal cities of Europe there is less than one fire annually (\$86, to be exact) to every thousand inhabitants. In this country we maintain a general average of four and a half fires per thousand persons. The per capita loss by flames in Italy is 12 cents yearly; in Germany, 49 cents; in thirty of the largest European cities, 61 cents, and in 252 American cities the per capita destruction averages \$3.10. Boston, in many respects the most scientifically administered and municipally progressive city in this country, has a yearly bill of a million and a half dollars from loss by burning. The European city of equal size gets along with one-tenth of that sacrifice. Our debit side of the fire ledger sums up a heavier total than the combined losses of any other six civilized nations in the world. Nothing this side of the sun equals us for combustion.—Everybody's.

SEALING IN GREENLAND.

Icebergs Lend Picturesqueness as Hunters Go Forth in Kayaks.

Sealing in Greenland is both arduous and sportive, the latter compensating the hunters for the hardships which they endure year in and year out, for that is their principal industry. Men of several nations, mostly northern and including the Japanese, are regularly in the chase for seals in Greenland and other arctic waters. The Greenland hunters take to the waters

sort of sag or twist or something in the way which I sit in a chair that makes me, even when I think I am sitting nicely and quietly, break or start something.

"Of course, I never think of sitting down at all in a Chippendale or Louis XVI. or any other sort of slender, spider-legged chair, because for me such a chair might as well be mounted on broom splints. Men heavier than I could sit in such chairs and maybe tip back in them without doing damage; but if I should so much as

a leg or two so that the rungs may drop out at that end.

"Honest Injun, I don't know why it is, but I certainly do seem to be hard on chairs."

They Were Discreet.

In the course of an interview Cardinal Manning, a short time before his death, referred to his boyhood days as follows: "Well, if you want me to talk nonsense I will say that it is a long way back to remember, for I am 83, but I spent my childhood at Tot-



FLEET OF KAYAKS IN ARCTIC WATERS.

in kayaks and as a fleet of these odd little canoes strikes out from the barren shores they present a stirring appearance.

Lending to the picturesqueness of the sight are the icebergs of various shapes and sizes, more or less a menace to the hunters.

BREAKS ALL HIS CHAIRS.

Mr. Throggleton Just Can't Help It, Though He Tries.

"Some men are hard on clothes. It is my misfortune," said Mr. Throggleton, "to be hard on chairs."

"And I am not so heavy either. I only weigh about 175, but somehow I always wreck sooner or later all the chairs I sit in. I seem to have some

stir in a chair like that its legs would creak and groan and it would go down with me on it in a heap.

"Why is this, do you suppose? I am not a restless person. I don't twist and turn and fidget in a chair, and yet no chair seems to stay together if I once begin to use. I soon sit through a cane seated chair, and I have in time splintered seats of veneer.

"If I use any particular rocking chair for long I start the back away from the arms, and if I sit in an armchair I work the arms loose; and any sort of a chair that I sit in for any length of time I am sure to start it at all its points so that it gets weary and wiggly; and I am likely to spread

teridge. A boy at Combe Bank, Christopher Wadsworth, late bishop of Lincoln, and Charles Wadsworth, bishop of St. Andrews, were my playfellows. I frankly admit I was very mischievous.

"The two Wadsworths and I conceived the wicked intention of robbing the vinery. The door was always kept locked, and there was nothing for it but to enter through the roof. There was a dinner party that day, but there were no grapes. This is probably the only case on record where three future bishops were guilty of larceny. Were we punished? No. We were discreet. We gave ourselves up and were forgiven."

When a man becomes bald, he is old, no matter what his age may be.