

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

The people with the most cheek don't  
to the most blushing.

Many men make the mistake of let-  
ting their reputation influence their  
character.

In seeking the ballot via airships  
the suffragettes may be said to have  
taken the Wright way.

The Russian Government refers to  
Maxim Gorky as "a house painter." He  
is a rough house painter.

Noted clergyman says "the stage is  
worse than in the days of paganism."  
Must be thinking of Salome.

"War is knocking at our doors," says  
Hobson. Gertrude, please go to the  
door and tell War that we are not at  
home.

A Cleveland man was arrested in  
Toronto, charged with using a hatchet  
on his wife. He claims it was ac-  
cidental.

How many members of the Nevada  
Legislature would be ready to fight in  
the event Uncle Sam should have a war  
with Japan?

The United States now owns the  
largest war vessel afloat, and yet it is  
not quite as large as the State of  
Rhode Island.

Wilbur Wright gets \$600 a lesson for  
instructions in aeronautics. He doesn't,  
however, undertake to teach pupils to  
fly by correspondence.

In demonstrating that agriculture is  
all the better for having a good sec-  
retary and keeping him steadily at the  
job, Mr. Wilson has scored a great  
success.

One of the churches is to have a "sil-  
ence room." It should be immedi-  
ately sought by people who have just re-  
membered that they left their umbrel-  
las in the cars.

No matter whether he continues to  
be first in peace and first in war or not,  
Washington will be first in the heart  
of every schoolboy as long as the anni-  
versary of his birth is a legal holi-  
day.

In excitement even sane persons do  
curious things. It is related that a  
bald-headed man was accosted on the  
deck of the sinking Republic by a  
woman with streaming hair, who, in  
distress, wanted a comb. "I looked  
at her sadly," the man reports, "then  
I took off my hat."

Give the farmer good roads, good  
mail service, speedy communications  
with the outside world, and he will do  
the rest. The Government can help  
him, has already helped him in many  
ways, but the farmer has a large voice  
in the Government, too. He will take  
care of that part of the problem him-  
self.

Despite all the well-meant talk about  
it, actual church unity is probably im-  
possible, and, if possible, would be of  
doubtful desirability. There are now  
among the principal denominations few,  
if any, essential differences of faith.  
There are minor differences of creed  
and of practice, organization and dis-  
cipline. But these are inevitable and  
not altogether undesirable accompan-  
iments of those differences of temper-  
ament and taste which are inseparable  
from human nature itself.

Viewed in the aggregate, the lynch-  
ing phenomena are an appalling fea-  
ture of American social life, and just-  
ify in some measure the strictures  
passed upon us by foreign critics and  
observers. Whether the recurrence of  
this form of violence is to be attrib-  
uted to the faults in the administration  
of criminal law in this country, or  
whether it is a result of the peculiar  
nature of the race problem presented  
by the presence of the negroes in the  
midst of a white population occupying  
a different plane of civilization, it re-  
mains a stain upon the fair name of  
the United States which every patriotic  
citizen would see eliminated.

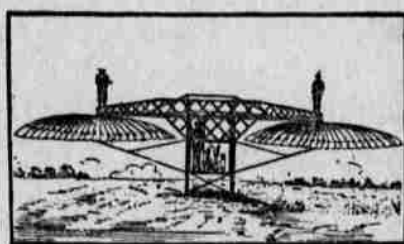
Elizabethan drama seems to show  
that three hundred years ago the pub-  
lic laughed at insanity and madness.  
Since then we have come to such a  
sympathetic understanding of the in-  
sane mind that we cannot laugh at its  
incongruities. It may be that by sim-  
ilar growth we shall cease to laugh at  
the temporary insanity of drunken  
men. Mr. Rider Haggard, who has  
made a scientific study of inebriety in  
England, suggests that one way to en-  
courage temperance is to cease regard-  
ing drunkenness as a joke. The two  
things will be parallel manifestations  
of a general improvement; a right-  
minded attitude toward all aspects of  
drunkenness and a finer sense of hu-

mor will be characteristic of the same  
stage of civilization.

Old age does not seem to incapacitate  
the English clergyman. The Rev. W.  
W. Wingfield, vicar of the established  
church in Guilval, Penzance, recently  
celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday and  
the seventy-fifth anniversary of his ap-  
pointment to his present living. He is  
still able to preach and write with  
much vigor. There are half a dozen  
other clergymen who have been in  
charge of their churches for more than  
sixty years, and a tenure of forty  
years is quite common. The longest  
service on record is that of a vicar of  
Rickmansworth, who held the living for  
eighty-one years, from 1580 to 1870.  
Perhaps if the churches chose their  
vicars as the American churches choose  
their pastors there would be more fre-  
quent changes.

Wordsworth, in one of his finest po-  
ems, laments that the days of plain  
living and high thinking are no more.  
This poem was written many years  
ago, when according to modern stand-  
ards, plain living was the rule, even  
among the wealthy classes. It has one  
notable example in Count Tolstoy, the  
wealthy and famous Russian, who has  
adopted the peasant's dress and food,  
and shares his labors. This, he fan-  
cies, is to live as Christ lived. The  
only educated American who has lived  
this life, to its utmost limit, when  
not driven to do so by stern necessity,  
was Henry D. Thoreau. He built  
himself a hut on the edge of Walden  
Pond, and lived there for two and a  
half years at an expenditure of 27  
cents a week. This small sum paid  
for food, clothing and all other neces-  
saries. Emerson says of Thoreau:  
"He was bred to no profession, he  
never married, he lived alone, he never  
went to church, he never voted, he  
refused to pay a tax to the state, he  
ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he  
never knew the use of tobacco; and  
though a naturalist, he used neither  
trap nor gun." Thoreau was once in  
prison for disobedience to a law which  
he considered infamous. On visiting  
him in Concord jail, Emerson said:  
"Henry, I am sorry to see you here."  
"Waldo, I am sorry not to see you  
here," was Thoreau's reply. The vil-  
lage of Concord was renowned for its  
plain living and high thinking, as the  
abode of Emerson, Hawthorne, the Al-  
cotts the poet Channing, Thoreau and  
others of local, but not national, fame.  
It was a noted seat of literary cul-  
ture. Emerson, the greatest of its in-  
tellectual lights, was no epicure. His  
one luxury was pie for breakfast. This  
was a reminiscence of that New En-  
gland pie habit, which had come down  
from the Puritans and which Kipling  
satirizes as prevalent in that part  
of Vermont which for a time was his  
home. "My family don't care for  
bread any more, and so I give them  
pie instead," remarked an old-fash-  
ioned New England wife and mother.  
So far as the simple life is concerned,  
it has no fixed standards. What some  
regard as luxurious living is beggarly  
economy for others. Dr. Holmes in  
one of his humorous poems, says, that  
his wants are very small. He only  
wishes a brown stone hut. This "hut"  
must front on a sunny and select  
street, and everything else must be in  
keeping. That is the average Ameri-  
can idea of the simple life.

### AN EARLY FLYING MACHINE.



A SCOTCHMAN'S INVENTION.

Some twenty years ago a Scotch in-  
ventor devised the flying machine now  
being built, as shown in this illustra-  
tion. At that time aerial navigation  
was considered nothing more than a  
wild dream of crazy inventors. It is  
known as a gyropter, and has two um-  
brella-like lifters or propellers which  
whirl. The skeleton of the body, and  
framework which supports the lifters,  
have yet to be covered in.—Popular  
Mechanics.

### No Work for a Lady.

"Boss, ah's lookin' foh work."  
"All right, there's a ton of coal on  
the sidewalk that must be brought  
up."

"But, boss, dat's no work foh a  
lady; mah wife does washin'."—Hous-  
ton (Texas) Post.

### The Reason.

Mr. Jawback—This gown is not be-  
coming to you, and it is expensive.  
Why did you buy it?

Mrs. Jawback—Because the clerk  
looked as if he thought I thought I  
couldn't afford it.—Cleveland Leader.

"It worries me terribly," we heard  
a very neat woman say recently, "to  
think that, after fighting dirt all my  
life, I have to turn to dirt when I  
die."

## OLD CHIEF GERONIMO DIED HATING WHITES

War Commander of Apaches, After  
Twenty-one Years Did Not For-  
give Pale-Faced Captors.

### LAST OF THE REDSKIN LEADERS

Only Relenting Warrior Showed Was  
When He Sought Some Favor  
from Custodians.

The recent death of Geronimo, the  
famous war chief of the Apaches,  
which occurred at the Fort Sill mili-  
tary reservation in Oklahoma, where  
he had been held a prisoner for many  
years, removed one of the most cruel  
and most subtle red-skinned savages  
that the United States Government has  
ever fought. Gen. Miles, to whom he  
surrendered after his last great out-  
break in 1885, called him the "hu-  
man tiger," and the characterization  
was not too severe. He revealed in  
blood and died untamed and unrecon-  
structed.

The famous Apache, who came to  
public notice four years ago when he  
was permitted to take his band of  
warriors to Washington for the inaugu-  
ration of President Roosevelt, was one  
of the few really great fighters that



CHIEF GERONIMO.

survived of the host of Indian lead-  
ers of the last two generations. Time  
after time during this long period he  
outgeneraled, outmarched and out-  
fought dozens of regimental leaders of  
the United States army, and was per-  
sonally responsible for the deliberate  
murder of thousands of helpless set-  
tlers and the horrible torture of hun-  
dreds of captured enemies. For the  
last nineteen years this old chief had  
been a prisoner of war.

He had never forgiven the white  
men, and up to the time of his death  
he never spoke of the whites as "broth-  
ers" except at times when the wily old  
redskin covered his hatred to pray for  
some favor. He had made many at-  
tempts to get permission to go back to  
Arizona, where he said he desired to  
die.

Early in 1908 Geronimo made a trip  
to Washington with a number of his  
followers in an effort to interest Pres-  
ident Roosevelt in his case. The old  
Indian was unsuccessful, however, and  
to the last Geronimo was full of bit-  
ter hatred for the white man. At the  
time of his death Geronimo was 86  
years old. One daughter, Lola, who  
lives in Oklahoma, survives the old  
warrior.

From the early '60s until Gen. Law-  
ton, then serving under Gen. Miles,  
rounded him up in 1886, Geronimo was  
a living terror to the settlers of Ariz-  
ona, New Mexico and Sonora, Mexico.  
Time after time in those days he  
swept down upon lonely ranches with a  
band of well-horsed, well-armed sav-  
ages, murdering and burning, then with  
the cunning of a snake wriggled back  
into the mountains, where the little  
companies of cavalry found it impos-  
sible to snare him.

### Preferred Death to Capture.

The country first began to hear of  
Geronimo 50 years ago, when he was  
comparatively a young man. In those  
days Cochise was war chief of the  
Chiricahua Apaches, an old man of  
bestial cruelty. Geronimo himself was  
the son of Mangus Colorado, or Chal-  
e-row, who as war chief of the Warm  
Spring Chiricahuas made life a bur-  
den to the settlers of Arizona and New  
Mexico. Cochise died in 1875 after a  
career of rapine and plunder that  
couldn't be matched except by the re-  
cord Geronimo made later. Natchez suc-  
ceeded Cochise and Geronimo very  
shortly succeeded Natchez.

As to how many lives Geronimo end-  
ed within the next 10 years there is  
no record. His favorite amusement  
was to send in assurances of peace to

the soldiers, retire for a few months  
to the mountains, and then when the  
settlers believed they were in most  
security to swoop down on them,  
scalping every man, woman and child  
who hadn't had time to flee, and there  
was seldom much warning before Ger-  
onimo's raids. Endless stories have  
been told of the almost unimaginable  
cruelty Geronimo displayed toward the  
few prisoners he ever troubled himself  
to take. More than once ranchers who  
knew they were doomed to capture or  
death saw to it that their women were  
dead before they fell into the hands  
of Geronimo's Apaches.

Geronimo never fought when he  
could help it. A woman on a ranch  
or a mail carrier on his pony carried  
as good a scalp as a soldier and was  
much safer to slay. When the soldiers  
caught up—as they sometimes did—the  
Indians fought back with every  
device they knew. When the pursuit  
was too hot their picked men dropped  
in their blankets and waited until the  
soldiers came upon them, and sought to  
shoot the officers.

### A Typical Raid.

The story of one of Geronimo's raids,  
is practically the story of all, and  
the biggest of them was in 1881, when  
Geronimo led 500 warriors on the war-  
path down as far as Chihuahua. They  
had many diversions along the road.  
On Eagle river they found a herder  
with 3,000 sheep. The herder they  
threw over a cliff, and as he lay there  
broken-legged they buried him with  
stones. They punched the eyes out of  
the sheep until that grew tiresome.

In Gold Gulch a half dozen capital-  
ists were on their way to examine a  
prospect. A small detachment of the  
Indians lay in the tall grass alongside  
the trail and shot five of the six out  
of their saddles. The sixth man got  
away. He had retained his rifle, and  
they did not follow him.

They crossed the Gila river with a  
lot of horses, killing freighters as they  
found them, and swept across the mesa  
near Shakespeare, where they encoun-  
tered Judge McComa of Silver City,  
his wife and their 6-year-old son. They  
shot the judge, felled his wife with a  
stone, tortured her to death, and car-  
ried off the boy—to what fate nobody  
ever has been able to make the  
Apaches tell.

When Geronimo was at the height of  
his power as an outlaw his face was  
one of demoniacal ferocity. His fury  
knew no bounds. His temper was so  
terrible that he frothed at the mouth  
when enraged. If a horse did not do  
as he wished he killed it, and squaws  
who displeased him were put to  
death.

The last death trail in which he was  
engaged was in 1885, and in that raid  
he killed 76 white settlers. Gen. Miles  
conducted the campaign against him  
and, aided by the late Gen. Lawton, he  
succeeded in snaring the wily chief in  
1886. Geronimo and his fighters were  
run to earth at the junction of the San  
Bernardino and Bavispe rivers, near  
the Mexican border, and surrendered  
unconditionally. They were sent to  
Fort Pickens, Fla., and later to Mount  
Vernon Barracks, in Alabama, and  
then in 1894 were transferred to Fort  
Sill. It is said that the various cam-  
paigns waged by the United States  
against this murderous redskin cost the  
lives of nearly 1,000 soldiers and  
\$5,000,000 in money.

At one time, to curry favor with the  
President that he might be permitted  
to return to his native Arizona, Ger-  
onimo joined the Dutch Reformed  
church. But his habits were so bad  
that he was dropped from the church,  
and he died without acknowledging the  
white man's God.

### A SENATORIAL SEAT.



(When the Suffragists Get In.)

### Increased Length of Life.

The statistics of life insurance peo-  
ple show that in the last twenty-five  
years the average length of a man's  
life has increased 5 per cent, or two  
whole years—from 41.9 to 43.9 years.

It is another sign you are growing  
old if you feel grateful to those who  
live for you.

Better a fool friend than a wise  
enemy.

### GREAT CIVIC NEED.

#### That of Interesting Children in Improvement Work.

What is needed along the line of im-  
provement work, a phase too often  
overlooked, is to educate and develop  
taste in the child regarding civic beau-  
tifying. When the growing generation  
is interested in civic improvement the  
results need not be feared. The present  
weakness lies in the fact that but  
few are interested, and the vast ma-  
jority are indifferent through igno-  
rance. Could the first principles of this  
grand work be taught to school chil-  
dren as a body the work of beautify-  
ing in the future would prove a simple  
and easy task. Had the children of  
the past generation been educated in  
improvement work there would be no  
need now of maintaining a constant,  
never ending fight for street trees and  
other features of the work without  
which beautiful cities cannot be had.  
In dealing with the subject at school  
it is not necessary to delve into detail,  
but the pupils should be instructed in  
the fundamentals.

This interest cannot be created by  
the stuffing process, which is the weak-  
ness of the present day common  
schools, but should be developed in the  
child, so that he can perceive, appre-  
ciate and discover beauty and excel-  
lence and the best means to such ends.  
The curriculum of the common school  
has not been of late years sufficiently  
changed to meet the demands of the  
present day development in regard to  
public improvement, and when reach-  
ing mature years or upon leaving  
school this phase of life is to him a  
closed book. School training should  
aim to impart somewhat of culture and  
taste, especially during the later years  
of attendance, and this in turn would  
be transferred to the home and public  
works, so that there would soon be an  
army of protestants against slovenly  
municipal housekeeping that would  
prove equally potent in public life with  
the improved methods and conditions  
brought about at home.



Knicker—Did Jones lose control of  
his auto? Bocker—Entirely; his chauff-  
eur won't let him use it at all.—New  
York Sun.

She (indignantly)—You had no busi-  
ness to kiss me! He—But it wasn't  
business; it was pleasure.—Detroit  
News-Tribune.

"Do you believe in the superhuman?"  
"I used to, but I don't any more."  
"Why?" "I married him."—Chicago  
Record-Herald.

"Flee!" cried the girl. "You mean  
fly," corrected the lover. "Never mind  
what insect I mean," she replied. "Just  
git! Pa's comin'."

"There goes the most talked about  
man in the community." "You surprise  
me. Who talks about him." "He does."  
—Chicago Tribune.

She—Yes, I admit I am very fond  
of dress. He—Huh! Then I should  
think you would wear more of it.—  
Philadelphia Press.

Knicker—What is the secret of suc-  
cess? Bocker—Be the fellow your wife  
could have married if it hadn't been  
for you.—New York Sun.

Him—How does she manage to keep  
her looks? Her—Keep her looks? Why,  
she can't get rid of 'em, or she would  
I suppose.—Cleveland Leader.

"What caused the separation?"  
"Oh, he thought as much of himself  
as she thought of herself and as little  
of her as she did of him."—Life.

Maisie—I'll only marry a man whose  
fortune has at least six ciphers in it.  
Morton—Then I've got a cinch. Mine  
is all ciphers.—Milwaukee News.

Old Lady (rather deaf)—Are you  
any relation to a Mr. Green? Green—  
I am Mr. Green. Old Lady—Ah! Then  
that explains the extraordinary resem-  
blance.

Scott—I suppose you are saving up  
something for a rainy day. Mott—I  
try to, but my wife mistakes every  
bargain sale for a shower.—Boston  
Transcript.

Colonel—What do army regulations  
make the first requisite in order that  
a man may be buried with military  
honors? Private Macshorty—Death,  
yer honor!

Blobbs—Tightwad claims that  
when charity is needed he is always  
the first to put his hand in his pocket.  
Slobbs—Yes, and he keeps it there.—  
Philadelphia Record.

"Now where did I lay my rat, I won-  
der-rat?" fretted Mrs. Trousseau. "Your-  
er-rat?" said her husband. "Do you  
mean that fluffy thing you put on your  
head?" "Of course!" "I'm sure I  
don't know, my dear; but why call it  
a rat? Rabbit would be better—it  
would sound more like real hare."—  
Lippincott's.