

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

R. COLLINS, Editor
F. N. HAYDEN, Manager

TOLEDO.....OREGON

Philosophizing is a padding to soften the world's hard knocks.

An energetic man makes lazy people uncomfortable, which is often the only basis for their criticism.

"Conversation is a lost art," says a New York essayist. Yes, the best we get now is common talk.

What has become of the old-fashioned open faced apple butter pie that used to wear galluses made of dough?

Patten has reached that stage where he shudders every time he sees shredded wheat biscuits on the bill of fare.

New York waiters are thinking of refusing tips. They are perhaps thinking of taking what a man has with him.

Chickens may come home to roost, but their conduct would be despicable, if they should lay eggs during their visit.

A Boston woman is said "to have embraced 23 different religions," but it is not known how many of them she has practiced.

Perhaps it should be explained that the order to remove the figureheads from the battleships does not apply to the merely ornamental officers.

Kidnaper Boyle complains that he is not getting a square deal. He should consider himself mighty lucky to be allowed to sit in the game at all.

There is a man hunt on in Sulu. If they're looking for the Sultan, we would recall the fact that George Ade imported him into this country some years ago.

Mrs. Carrie Nation has purchased a farm and is going to raise "poultry, pigs, pigeons and peas." That will be quite a change from what Aunt Carrie has been raising.

A girl in a New York town, whom a young man of the place flitted, lost her speech too late for the false lover to realize what he had missed in chances for a happy marriage.

It would be annoying, if, after we people of the earth had spent \$10,000,000 on apparatus with which to signal Mars, the highly cultured inhabitants of that planet should decline to speak to us without an introduction.

Antoine Henri Bacquerel, the French physicist, reports "that seeds which he dried in a vacuum at a temperature of 253 below zero retained their germinating force." We don't know how you feel about it, but we are glad to know this.

A correspondent (male and married) writes to complain that in all the fuss made over "Mother's Day" nothing is said about Father's Day. It isn't necessary. Every day is Father's Day, and there is an awful kick in he occasionally wants a night out.

Two Italians, ignorant of what was inside, pasted a target on a dynamite and nitroglycerine magazine at Washington, Pa., and shot at it with their revolvers. Houses a mile and a half away shook. One of the shooters may recover. There are many people, literary and otherwise, who do not know what they are shooting into.

If Diogenes had attended a suit in a New York court recently, he would have gasped with amazement, fainted with delight and then doused the glim of his lantern for all time, for that suit developed an honest man, the kind for whom Diogenes looked in vain and who, Shakespeare declared, was one picked out of 10,000. He was a plumber, who testified that after giving an estimate on work he cut down the bill because he found the work less than the estimate called for.

Ardent reformers sometimes act as if they think the use of all conceivable means to secure their ends is justifiable. When they disregard the rights for which men have fought, the courts usually remind them of their error. This happened the other day, when, in an attempt to enforce a State law, officers invaded the houses and business places of citizens in search of forbidden articles. The court told them that no such invasion could be permitted until reasonable evidence had been obtained to show that the forbidden property was concealed in the house, and until a search-warrant had been issued describing the property with some degree of accuracy. This decision is based on the Sixth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and applies to all the States and territories. The amendment is an attempt

to embody in the fundamental law the old English theory that every man's house is his castle.

Health officers do well at this season to draw public attention to the importance of protection against flies. The careful housewife was always inimical to flies, but she regarded them as an annoyance rather than a peril, just as we used to think the mosquito unpleasant but not dangerous. We have learned much in recent years of the part played by some mosquitoes in the conveyance of disease, so that the war against this pest has become a matter of sanitary concern as well as of comfort and repose. We need to be reminded that the common house fly also is not a mere disturber of the morning rest, but is often the carrier of contagion. It has not been shown that the fly, like the fever bearing mosquitoes, harbors pathogenic parasites. His mode of operation is more simple. He simply picks up disease germs on his busy feet and transfers them to our food. His habits are nasty, and the places he frequents may be infected with we know not what. So when the fly comes buzzing from the nearest stable to wander over the meat and vegetables and fruit spread out in the market, or upon the kitchen table, he is to be looked upon as an enemy. It is established by observation that epidemics of typhoid fever in camps, for example, have been due to the infection of food by flies, and while this particular danger may not be frequently present in town, it is one to be remembered—at least as a reminder that the warfare against flies is a serious matter. The careful screening of windows and doors is probably the most effective means of immediate protection, but the same persistent care against whatever will attract or harbor insect life of any kind is called for by this most persistent visitor. The summer is his season, and this is the time to put up the bars on him.

Life imprisonment for the man, twenty-five years besides a fine for the woman—such penalties will be universally regarded as none too heavy for the kidnapers of Willie Whittle, or, indeed, for any kidnapers who try to gain money in this cruellest of ways. The woman tries to gain sympathy by pointing to the withering of her youth in the grim walls of the prison. No withering of strong life is pleasant to contemplate, but it is better that this woman wither in confinement than that mothers and fathers, deprived of their children, should suffer worse pains, and the children themselves should be exposed to the evils which too often follow such crimes. The man tries to gain sympathy by pointing to an instigator of the crime in the very family of the victim. He only succeeds in making one fact sure, and that is that he himself was a blackmailer before he became a kidnaper. He puts himself in all the worse light. If some other person was accessory or principal in this crime the full penalty for him is also desirable, but that does not affect the justice of the present convictions. The effective work of the police in catching the criminals and the speedy administration of justice by the Pennsylvania courts are both deserving of praise. The police are the more to be praised because they acted not in co-operation with but against the efforts of a father whose love for his boy explains but does not excuse his disregard for the interests of all other children in his haste to compound with crime. The result of the Whittle case should be not an incentive to other crimes of the sort, as appeared probable before the criminals were captured, but a distinct discouragement to would-be emulators. In so far it has been a social benefit.

Father's Job.

It is customary in many public schools for a teacher to ask a pupil his father's occupation. The following is the result of such questioning in a school in New England:

Teacher—What is your father's occupation?

Little Boy—I can't tell you.

Teacher—But you must.

Little Boy—My father doesn't want me to tell.

Teacher—I insist on your telling me. I have to know.

Little Boy (tearfully)—He's—he's the fat lady at the dime museum.

The Spirit of the Law.

Judge—You are charged with being the leader of an organized band of pickpockets!

Prisoner—Well, yer'll have to impose a fine on de corporation, den, yer know; yer can't punish me personally. —Puck.

Couldn't Whisper.

"I never whispered soft nothings to my wife."

"What, never?"

"No. She was a bit deaf, even when I first met her."—Kansas City Times.

People who try to stand prosperity are foolish. They should sit down and take it easy.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IRRIGATION IN OLDEN MEXICO.

By President Diaz.



With a view of benefiting properties that are susceptible of irrigation, the National Geographical Exploration Company made a survey of the Santigallo lake, in the valley of the Guatimape river, of which the waters can be diverted to the rich Nazas region, and made reconnoissances of the Tunal, Conchos and other rivers looking to the use of their waters for the encouragement of agriculture by irrigation. Increased interest is constantly being manifested in the utilization of water courses subject to federal jurisdiction, stimulated during the last six months by the ample resources which the important financial institution known as the Bank for Loans to Irrigation Works and for the Encouragement of Agriculture has been able to furnish to our agriculturists and by the sums assigned out of the treasury reserves for the promotion of irrigation works wherever they are possible.

As a consequence of these new facilities concessions have been granted, such as that to the San Diego River Company, the Sautena Company and the Chapala Company and others with subsidies, which it is hoped will accelerate the progress of our agriculture and make it the basis of our national wealth. In the first half of the current fiscal year 142 applications were received for the utilization in different ways of federal water courses.

GROWTH OF THE DIVORCE EVIL.

By Edward Alsworth Ross.



Twenty years ago an investigation by the Department of Labor showed that 328,716 divorces had been granted in the United States between 1867 and 1886, and that divorces were increasing two and one-half times as fast as population. The recent census for 1887-1906 brings to light 945,625 divorces, and demonstrates that the movement constantly gains in velocity. At present one marriage in ten is broken, and in some States the proportion may be as high as one in four. Forty years ago the broad contrast was between North and South; but the divorce rates of North and South have been converging, whereas those of East and West have diverged. The Central States have two and one-half times the rate of the Atlantic States, while for the Western States the proportion is three and one-half.

Although the tide of divorce is rising the world over, nowhere is it so high, nowhere is it rising so fast, as in

the United States. Our rate is twice that of Switzerland, thrice that of France and five times that of Germany.

The census figures dissipate many false impressions. It is often assumed that many couples separate precipitately before they have given marriage a fair trial; but the average interval before separation exceeds six and one-half years, and is not diminishing. Since more than half the couples lived together above four years, while in the majority of cases the duration of marriage exceeded seven years, it would be rash to surmise that people are forming risky and unstable unions in full view of their easy dissolution.

Nor is divorce usually sought in order to remarry. In Connecticut, during a period of years, the number of divorced persons married was about 40 per cent of the number divorced in the same time. In Rhode Island, from 1859 to 1896, the proportion was only 28 per cent. Remarriage is one of those cases in which, as Dr. Johnson put it, "hope triumphs over experience," and it is not at all certain that the rate for divorced persons much exceeds that for widows and widowers of the same age. Certainly the restrictions that many States are imposing on remarriage do not seem to affect appreciably the divorce rate.—The Century.

MODERN DRAMA REFLECTS LIFE.

By Prof. Archibald Henderson.



The drama typical of our day is bourgeois in character, dealing with the thoughts and passions, the loves and hates, the comedies and tragedies of the sort of people we meet every day on the street. They are people with like passions as ourselves, and the incidents of their lives are constantly being reproduced around us in real life.

The influence of the first truly realistic novels, dealing with the affairs of people quite commonplace in every respect, save that of human interest or moral passion, was gradually felt in the sphere of the drama. The pedestrian realism and middle-class preoccupations of Richardson, of Fielding, of Rousseau, set up a movement in fiction which first met acceptance in the drama at the hands of Diderot, and found further and higher development through the instrumentality of Dumas fils, Augier, Ibsen, Bjornsen and the modern school of playwrights.

The anecdotes and adventures which constitute the material of the earlier drama have lost their hold upon the modern world because they no longer furnish us that thrill of immediate actuality, that vital interest of contemporaneous circumstance, which live only in the atmosphere of to-day.—North American Review.

A REMARKABLE MONUMENT.



COMMEMORATES THE LOSS OF A SUBMARINE BOAT.

In memory of the flooding of the submarine "Stereogusthy." A remarkable group that is to be erected in St. Petersburg. This remarkable piece of sculpture, which is to be erected shortly in St. Petersburg, commemorates the disaster to the submarine "Stereogusthy."—Illustrated London News.

Used Telephone in Hunt.

Of all the thousands of ways in which the telephone contributes to the needs and luxuries of mankind, the most remarkable one so far recorded is its use as an auxiliary in hunting coyotes.

Leroy Moreland, says the Gridley (Colo.) Herald, of Gridley Colony No. 3 saw a coyote sneaking up toward his chicken inclosure. He procured his rifle and shot at the animal, breaking his leg. The coyote is fairly nimble in a get-away with only three legs and this one was making good progress out of the country, when Mr. Moreland went to his house and telephoned Harry Turner to pick up the "varmint," as it was going his way.

Mr. Turner had but one shell for his shotgun and he used it without effect. He then telephoned to W. L. Harkey that the animal was bound his way and for him to get him. Mr. Harkey shot the coyote and killed it.

The animal had evidently been driven out of the river bottom covers by the high water and was forced to foraging in the open. This is the first coyote seen by the settlers on the Colones in several years.

Corrected by His Wife.

Hubby (modestly)—I was taken by surprise when you accepted me.

Wife (sarcastically)—Is that so? You were taken by mistake, if anything.—Kansas City Journal.