

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

It is not always safe to gauge prosperity by the number of men one sees carrying fishpoles.

Austria is going to tax bachelors, childless couples and widows. We feel sorry for the widows.

They are all bad enough, but most people would prefer reading about the "distant earthquakes."

Behind nearly every sweet girl graduate is a tired woman who is pleased to respond to the name of mother.

Scientists have decided that the earth is at least 240,000,000 years old. Doesn't seem half that old, does it?

Some women have the happy faculty of getting pretty hats, no matter how homely the styles they have to select from.

The indications are that there will be an unusually large crabapple crop this year. Work up an appetite for crabapples. It may come in handy.

Announcement is made of the fact that George Meredith left no unpublished works. His publishers seem to have been guilty of a serious oversight.

E. H. Harriman thinks we are about to enter upon the most prosperous era in the history of the country. Even his bitterest foes will hope he is a good prophet.

It is announced that cigars may be made of alfalfa. They may be made of cabbage, too, but a majority of the people who use them prefer to have them made of tobacco.

Where once they took wood and vegetables on subscription, Kansas editors are now running their automobiles into telephone poles and flying to kingdom come on the wings of the morning.

One of the coal operators informs us that fire damp is positively not a dangerous thing where the profits of the operator might be interfered with if men were prevented from working in it.

A. Booth of the failed fish firm knew the business, from cleaning a fish up. His son, William Vernon Booth, was a fine polo player, and bright and shining social light. This will explain much.

The annual report of gold in the Adirondacks is again made. This time a deputy sheriff has found a rich lead near Lake Placid. There certainly ought to be gold in the Adirondacks, for there is nothing else of value in the soil.

English is to be taught hereafter in all the public schools of Guatemala. If the spread of a knowledge of English continues, it will not be many years before Americans can travel all over the world and talk with the natives without having to learn any language but their own.

Many wise men have made lists of the "hundred best books," but few of the lists are wise. Dr. S. M. Crothers discourses, in the Atlantic Monthly, on the "hundred worst books." He argues that for the guidance of the reader "the reefs and shoals should be properly marked." Then, like a true humorist, he refrains from giving the list of the "hundred worst." Each reader can make a list for himself.

Between ten and fifteen million dollars a year are required to pay for work on new public buildings erected by the national government, which is one of the largest builders in the world, and is therefore deeply interested in the strength of the materials used in its structures. Plans have been completed for a machine to be used at the Geological Survey station in Pittsburgh for testing steel, concrete, brick and stone columns to discover which are best adapted to use under differing circumstances. The machine, which will be the largest in America, will be capable of exercising a pressure of ten million pounds, or much more than any column is likely to be called upon to bear.

Science makes such quick work of theories nowadays that no wise parent dares dogmatize on anything but the rule of three. Therefore it is that when President Eliot is reported to have protested against the intermarriage of the races and given it as his opinion that Irish should not marry with Americans of English descent, Germans with Italians, the Jews with the French, we must swallow our ejaculations of dissent and wait until Johnny comes home from school with his newest text book. In our own unlearned day we had thought all great

racers were composite. Our simple midcentury notion was that the Norse mixed with the Gaul and the Norman with the Saxon-Dane of England to make the great English race. We had thought a blend of Teuton and Latin gave us the renaissance; while the mixture of races in the Saxon-Dutch-Swedish-French-Irish-German-American of colonial ancestry has not seemed within our knowledge of individual cases to have made for weakness. Certainly if the distinguished ex-president of Harvard is right we shall have to pitch overboard one of our most cherished illusions—if it is an illusion. Do we not all believe in the future American chiefly because he will be a blend of all the races under the happy condition of political freedom and social opportunity? Perhaps there are ethical differences not to be composed, as between negro, Caucasian, Indian, Mongol. But do not ask us to draw the racial line too narrowly. Intermarriage is an important factor in America's scheme.

A speaker at a public meeting in an Eastern city recently made a statement which fell with a shock of dismay upon many ears. He declared that the time-honored occupation of sawing wood is fast becoming obsolete. The speaker himself, he said, had been brought up at the wood-pile; he had sawed wood all through his boyhood—had, literally, sawed a large part of his way through college; but to-day his own boy could not saw wood if he wished to do so. There is in that city, as in many others, no wood to saw. An experiment made not long ago by a certain other city is an interesting commentary upon the speaker's declaration. The matter of public playgrounds was under debate, and it was finally decided, with a strange misapprehension of the significance and value of play, that it would be better to give its boys an opportunity for exercise than for recreation. It was therefore determined to give them the privilege of sawing wood. Whether the boys appreciated their opportunity, the record does not state, but the expense of securing and distributing the wood and supplying the implements wherewith to saw made the experiment too costly to be repeated. Current fiction, that most accurate mirror of any age, has already taken cognizance—although perhaps unconsciously—of the vanishing wood pile. No longer do we find a hero of to-day sawing his way to fame. The comic papers, equally sensitive in many ways, but still dominated by the ghosts of ancient jokes, have not yet divorced the wood pile and the tramp, but doubtless they will in time. It is a trifle bewildering, of course. So long have we associated the wood pile with greatness that we wonder perplexedly what substitute the new days can offer for its salutary discipline; how, without its stern friendliness, our heroes can achieve distinction. Yet somehow, after all, we still seem to have men among us, and every emergency reveals its master, steady-handed, at the helm. What the future will substitute for the wood pile none can yet foretell. It is ours, however, speeding the old with courage, to greet the new with cheerful hearts. The wood pile has gone. Yet somehow "discipline must be maintained," and life will not fail to furnish the means.

Doctoring by the Contract.
Suppose we pay the doctor by the week. To doctor us however great or slight is our ailment—health insurance, so to speak.
We'd probably have less appendicitis.
Likewise if things could just be thus fixed up.
So we on the installment plan could buy a
Good bunch of health 'tis likely that our cup
Would not be bitter from neurasthenia.
It certainly's a most attractive scheme.
Thus to avoid the periodic shakedown from bills that break us, so we'd never dream
Of suffering again from general breakdown.
The joy of living it would color so
"T'would seem that we saw life's light through a prism,
And yet we have some dire doubts, don't you know,
About our darned old chronic rheumatism.

But let us pay the doctor by the week.
As we pay for our furniture and fixtures,
And maybe we the druggist need not seek
So often, for those queer prescription mixtures.
—Indianapolis News.

Millions, But—
Markley-Skinner has been trying to get me interested in a land boom in New Jersey.
Wiseman—Pshaw! that tract of his is practically worthless. I don't believe anything could ever live there but mosquitoes.
Markley—Ah! I guess that's what he meant; he told me there were "millions in it."—Philadelphia Press.

There is not much falling in love lately; and those that are in are falling out.

EUROPEAN ARMIES STARVING THE SCHOOLS.



WHAT EUROPEAN POWERS SPEND FOR MILITARISM AND FOR EDUCATION.

When the Turkish soldiers in Asia Minor sack and burn the schools people are horrified at their lack of civilization, but a French writer comes forward to remind us just at this time that the so-called civilized nations are robbing the schools to support their soldiers, which comes to about the same thing. If a man spent five times as much for guns as for his children's schooling he would be considered a lunatic or a desperado, yet it appears that this is precisely what the powers of Europe are doing. The Paris review, Mon Dimanche, says:

"France spends about five times as much on her army

as she does on the intellectual training of her children. Germany gives to educational purposes one-third of the amount she devotes to military purposes. In Austria and Russia the proportion between school and caserne expenditure is as two to nine. Italy spends upon her army nine times as much as she devotes to public education. Belgium is exemplary in that her military and education budget stand as eight to four. The only exception to this rule of priority in military expenditure is Switzerland, which devotes twice as much to the education of her children as she lays out on the purchase of powder and shot and the pay of her defenders.

THE STRUGGLE.

Say not, the struggle naught, availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain

If hopes were dopes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.
—Arthur Hugh Clough.

Humble Pie

"I overheard the offer my father made you. You think the device is worth more?"

"Very much more."
"I have some money lying idle, Mr. Andrus, money I would be glad to invest. It is my own, left me by my Grandfather Atwood. Will you—wait, please—let me buy an interest in your device?"

The young man's face flushed. He stared at her.
"You are quite in earnest about this?" he murmured.
"Your question is not complimentary," said the girl. "I am in earnest, however, and assure you that the investigation conducted by my lawyer will be a painstaking one. Does that meet with your approval?"
"Thoroughly," he quickly answered.
"But is it possible that you really mean all this?"

"At 10 o'clock to-morrow morning you will be at the law office of John Delafield, in the Cranston building. Mr. Delafield is my adviser and holds my legacy in trust for me. I will notify him of your coming. Is that understood?"

She watched him narrowly.
"Yes," he answered, "unless I wake up and find this is all a dream."
"I trust," she gravely said, "that you will not forget our verbal understanding. If your device can be shown up to the full satisfaction of my adviser you are to sell me a half interest in the Andrus transmitter for \$20,000 cash. Is this your understanding?"

He was quite overwhelmed by her directness.

"That is my understanding," he answered. "Shall I put it on paper?"
She shook her pretty head.
"This is a test transaction," she said. "You have faith in your device and I have faith in you."

It was a year later and Everett Carter sat before the blazing hearth log. But the rheumatic leg was no longer resting on the cushioned stool.

A soft footfall drew his attention.
"Come in, Florence," he called.
The girl came and sat by his side on the low stool.

"Hullo, daddy," she said.
She rested her brown head against his arm.

"Well, dearie?"
His hand lovingly stroked the brown hair.

"Feeling pretty good, daddy?"
"Yes, dearie?"
"No twinges?"

"Not for a long time."
They watched the crackling blaze.

"You didn't eat much dinner, daddy."

"Didn't I?"

"I'm quite sure you didn't."
He laughed.

"Perhaps the humble pie I ate to-day spoiled my appetite."

"Humble pie, daddy?"

"I guess that's what they call it."

"Tell me about it."

He laughed again.

"It doesn't put your daddy in a very flattering light. But I'll tell you about it. I had an appointment this afternoon with a certain party at your old friend Delafield's. I was a little early in getting there—I wanted to ask Delafield some questions."

"Yes, daddy."

"Well, the certain party—"

"The man you were to meet?"

"Yes. He's a young man. His name is Andrus."

"Andrus?"

"That's it, Robert Andrus. He wasn't there when I arrived, and that gave Delafield an opportunity to tell me about him. If Delafield is right, he's a remarkable worthy young fellow—straight, honest and fine as silk. What's the matter, dearie?"

"The fire makes my face burn, daddy. I'll move a little back."

"Perhaps you don't care for the story?"

"Oh, yes, daddy, go on."

"Well, the funny part of it is that I once turned this same young fellow down cold. It happened one day when I was home here with the misery in my leg. And there I was in



"TELL ME ABOUT IT."

Delafield's office, keeping an appointment with the very same youngster."

"Go on, daddy."

"The boy had perfected a valuable device, a transmitter of a remarkably ingenious type. He brought it to me. He thought the Carter Motor Company could use it. I knew it was a good thing the instant I looked at it. But you know, daddy isn't exactly himself when the rheumatism nips him."

"I know, daddy."

"Well, I gave him to understand that we didn't want his device. But I offered to buy it from him and destroy it. He wouldn't sell. Somehow I felt sure he would come back and accept my offer. I was positive he couldn't get the capital he needed to start a plant and manufacture the thing—and that's where I was wrong. Somebody let him have the money."

"Who was it, daddy?"

"I don't know. But the plant was built and proved a good thing from the very start. The boy found a market for his invention almost immediately, and the little factory has been working right up to its limit. It got me scared some time ago. And I was still more scared when I heard that the National Engine Company wanted the factory's entire output. The Carter Motor Company couldn't

stand by and let that happen. And so I was there in your old friend's office, prepared to arrange a deal with this gifted youngster. Well, he came in presently—a fine looking lad, manly and scrupulously polite. He really seemed glad to see me—which might be wondered at. Well, I made up my mind in less than no time that there was nothing to be gained by beating about the bush, and so I came right out and offered him \$200,000 for his plant and his patents, and, in addition to this, the position of manager of our works with a \$10,000 salary."

The girl suddenly laughed.

"Why, that was fine, daddy. And what did the gifted young man do?"

"The gifted young man never turned a hair. If he was surprised at my offer he carefully concealed the fact. He thanked me, but added that he would be guided entirely by his partner, who owns a half interest in the factory and patents. He promised to let me know his partner's decision very soon, and I had to be satisfied with this promise. And that, dearie, is what I call eating humble pie—and lots of it."

There was a little silence.

"Daddy," said the girl, "I want your advice."

"But I know nothing about hats or gowns."

She softly laughed.

"It's a money matter this time, daddy. I bought a half interest in a manufacturing plant a year ago and I've been offered 400 per cent profit on my investment if I sell out."

The old man stared down at her.

"That sounds good. What's the plant called?"

The girl hesitated.

"It's the Andrus Transmitter Company, daddy."

"What?"

"Yes, daddy. I'm the partner who must be consulted."

"You!"

"Yes, daddy. What do you advise me to do?"

"Let me get my breath, you rascal!"

"All right, daddy. Take your time."

She looked toward the door. "Robert!" she called. And Robert Andrus entered the room. "Here is my partner, daddy."

The old man stared at the newcomer.

"Well, well," he muttered.

"And, daddy, Robert's price has gone up. I—I found it out this afternoon. He wants me, too!"

The old man stared from Robert to the girl. Her arm stole around his neck.

"Say it all right, daddy."

He sank back with a sigh of resignation.

"More humble pie," he murmured.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Model.

Many a youth is taken with the desire to write. Often he does not know exactly what he wishes to compose, but the itch for the pen is strong. The Bellman tells the story of an ambitious young man who called upon a Chicago publisher.

He informed the publisher that he had decided to write a book.

"May I venture to inquire as to the nature of the book you propose to write?" asked the publisher, very politely.

"Oh," came in an offhand way from the aspirant to literary fame, "I think of doing something on the line of 'Les Miserables,' only livelier, you know."

Never Say Dye.

"Yes," he chattered, "I will love you just as much when you are old and gray!"

"Well," said she, decisively, "I may live to be old, but I'll never be gray!"
—Detroit Free Press.

Plenty of people can stand adversity, but only a few can stand prosperity.