

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON

The Sigel case shows that the Chinaman's name is still Ah Sin.

No, the average citizen would not object to a tax on all income of more than \$5,000 a year.

It may be set down as a general rule that the slums are not safe localities for the Elsie Sigels.

Mrs. Gould says she is very happy. What! Has she already learned to dress on less than \$40,000 a year?

Now it is claimed that only 10,000 Christians were killed in the recent massacres in Asia Minor. "Only!"

Robbers have held up the wrong train. The law in punishing them will hold up the right men, nevertheless.

Abdul Hamid has become a farmer. Look out for the seeds he is planting; he may be preparing whirlwinds for the constitutionalists.

It seems that Count Boni was not alone in being marked by destiny to keep the Gould millions from swelling to dangerous proportions.

Mr. Roosevelt should understand that when he encounters an African wild animal Dr. Long's sympathies are with the wild animal every time.

Cremation is declared unorthodox by Russian church authorities. To cremation of living constitutionalists there is no objection on the score of orthodoxy.

The new sultan of Turkey, Mehmed V., has but two wives. At the present price of Paris hats this change at the palace is an immense stroke of imperial economy.

It seems that Howard Gould will still have to settle a few outstanding debts contracted by his former wife. She couldn't possibly be expected to meet them on her meager income.

A San Francisco astronomer announces that the moon is not a detached portion of the earth, but is a captured planet. If this is true, it was a lucky capture for the earth.

"We have it from a reliable dentist," avers the Nebraska State Journal, "that some girls fail to get married because their teeth need fixing." We have it from an equal trustworthy barber that some men fail to marry because they don't get shaved often enough.

It ought not to be necessary for a man to cease to be religious while on a vacation, no matter how far he may wander from church or priest. The groves were God's first temples. The man with worship in his heart needs no pile of brick or stone in which to express it.

Six sections of the boundary between the United States and Canada are to be resurveyed and remarked this summer. The work will be under the direction of an astronomer, who will represent Canada, and an attaché of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, representing the United States. The young men attached to the surveying parties will pass a pleasant and profitable season in the open.

The rapid decrease in the numbers of the elder duck has caused a fear of its total extinction within a few years. The reservation of Old Man Island, off the Maine coast, for the breeding and protection of these ducks, with other wild life, will therefore be greeted with pleasure by all bird lovers. The warden who, by the authority of the Audubon Society, has charge of the island estimates that the colony of elders included thirty pairs last summer, which raised seventy-five young ones during the season.

It is, however, a plain fact that in this country women are more cultured than men; on the average are better educated. The boys quit school earlier to go to work and the unpleasant fact is that they too often cease studying so soon as their books are closed. Now there are many highly educated and cultured men and women in this country who have never attended college. There are many opportunities open for those who desire to improve themselves. The unpleasant fact is that so few use the opportunities open to them.

Times are not dull; there is abundance of news, and yet there creeps into the papers a rumor of impending crinoline. It comes from London, from Paris, from Chicago, from Pittsburg—that is, the rumor comes, but crinoline doesn't, and won't. The evil doers who invent fashions would be glad to distribute any new fashion that made

women's clothes cost more, and require more material, and that made all gowns now in use or in stock look hopelessly out of date. Fashions are changed in order to sell goods. They are changed just as much and just as often as the traffic will bear. The fashion mongers would doubtless be glad to impose crinoline on the Christian nations (the other nations don't bother much with fashions), but it can not be done.

People in these days speak and write very patronizingly of the old ages of superstition, rejoicing that they have passed, and that the world has entered on a wiser and saner era. But, if the truth be told, every age has had its pet superstitions, and if some have vanished, they have been replaced by others quite as irrational. In old pagan days, the Greeks and Romans before entering on any important business, consulted the Delphic oracle, the Cumean Sybil or Virgilian Lots. Now many persons consult the clairvoyants and the psychic mediums. In those old times certain days and numbers were supposed to be malevolent. The idea that Friday is a day of evil omen, comes from the fact that Christ was crucified on that day, and the superstition that thirteen is a malevolent number arises from the incident that at the Last Supper thirteen sat down at the table, and one of them was the arch-traitor, Judas. To-day many wise people decline to start on a journey or enter into any business enterprise on Friday. Our own President McKinley would never inaugurate any public affair or sign any important document on a Friday. There are kings and emperors who still cherish the same superstition. Great rulers have been noted for an absurd faith in omens. Napoleon regarded the breaking of a looking glass as a presage of death or dire calamity. The kaiser is not devoid of superstitions, which to people in general seem absurd. The czar possesses a ring set with a bit of the True Cross, which he always wears as a talisman against evil. Queen Victoria had an uncanny horror of cats; so also had Lord Roberts. The black cat is an object of morbid terror to many people both great and small. Bismarck had a superstitious reverence for the numeral three as his lucky number. The ancient regard for seven as a sacred and symbolic number still endures, and we see this idea carried out in church architecture and decorations. Many men, sailors and theatrical people are noted for their superstitions. Kipling is always careful to avoid seeing the new moon over his left shoulder. Zola was a victim of many petty superstitions. The use of the horseshoe as an emblem of good luck dates from that remote time when a device of this shape traced in blood was placed on the doors of the Israelites to ward off the murderous attacks upon their first born. Business men who believe Friday to be a day of evil omen still cite Jay Gould's "Black Friday" as a justification of their belief. Many other superstitions cherished not only by the ignorant masses but by the wisest people might be mentioned. Many poets, remancers and even scientists and philosophers have been addicted to absurd superstitions. People still see visions and dream dreams, and attempt to pry into matters not given unto men to know. But the great mysteries of life and death, and the hereafter, remain as unsolvable to-day as in the first days of man's existence upon the earth.

### His Rivals.

In Turkey it often happens that marriages are arranged affairs—arranged by the parents of the man and the woman. Such was the case, says "Demetra Vaka" in "Haremlik," with Halli Bey and his bride. They had never seen each other, and at first it did not look as if the match would be a good one, since the lady was buried deep in German philosophies in which the gentleman had little interest.

By the time I parted from Halli Bey's fiancée I was so filled up with high ideals that I kept thinking "Poor Halli Bey!"

The next morning I found Halli Bey in the garden, very impatient to hear all about his fiancée.

"Tell me," he cried out, as soon as we had shaken hands, "is she beautiful?"

"Very," I answered; "but, my poor boy, she is crazy over Kant and Schopenhauer."

"Who are they?" he bellowed, thunder in his voice and fire in his eyes. "Tell me quick and I will draw every drop of blood from their veins."

"I have no doubt," I said, "that in a fist-to-fist encounter you would have the best of them, but they are both dead and gone, and only their miserable books are left to fight against."

"Oh," he laughed, "is that all? I think I can take care of that."

As events turned out, he did.

### In the Air.

Tom—Just saw Miss Welloph on the street and lifted his hat.

Dick—And did she respond?

Tom—Yes. She lifted her nose.—Boston Transcript

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## CIVILIZATION MARKS DOOM OF STIMULANTS.

By Ada May Kreckler.



There needs no argument to press home the proof of a decline in the use of liquors. It is perfectly evident throughout the country. And in narcotics a similar change of heart is coming about. John J. Hayes, winner of the Marathon race in London, confesses in a magazine article that "No long distance runner can smoke either cigars or cigarettes and run. One thing is essential, abstinence from tobacco in any form. I suggest running as a certain cure for the tobacco habit to anyone who wishes to break himself of it."

Go where we will among the savages and we find drugs powerful and plentiful employed for setting into action men's powers. It is only among the finest types of the most advanced races that we see them discarded in favor of subtler stimuli. Prof. James, the Harvard psychologist, urges the superior claims, as excitants, of morning air and sunlight and fine skies and mountain walks and dewy flowers and great thoughts and sweet aspirations above the frothy hopes of the foaming glass. They are the natural stimulants of refined organisms.

These need no other. No, not even coffee and tea. An Englishman, E. Baron Russel by name, has been making predictions for the year 2000 A. D., and he has it that by that time the human system will have been so refined that tea and coffee will be placed in the same category that alcoholic stimulants occupy nowadays. The prohibitionists of that remote hour will be campaigning against tea and coffee and teetotalers will sign their pledges in favor of coffeeless breakfasts and afternoon teas without "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate."

## QUESTION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By Cesare Lombroso.



In spite of prison, deportation and forced labor, I argue that the criminals will go on repeating their crimes for the third or fourth time. There is nothing left, therefore, for society to do but to inflict the extreme but effective punishment of death. Assuredly for barbarous men whom prisons do not inspire with dread the death penalty is the only thing feasible. Still, this cold-blooded execution ordered by judges and not infrequently accompanied by the gaping of crowds, is repulsive to the delicate senses of civilized peoples. It even may frequently be followed by similar crimes inspired by the law of imitation and the executed victim may become the founder of a criminal cult, so to speak.

Of course, if we place upon life and living things the most rigorous and most sacred rights, we who are not God's emissaries have no right or authority over the life of human beings of our kind. But, then,

neither have we the right to deprive them of their liberty nor to inflict upon them any punishment whatever. To pretend that the death penalty is contrary to nature means to feign ignorance of the fact which is written in nature's books in large letters, the fact that organized society is based upon a struggle for existence followed by the most fearful hecatombs.

The fact that there are born criminals, organized for destruction, criminals who are living reproductions not only of the most savage men, but also of the most ferocious animals, far from rendering us compassionate towards them, only hardens and deprives us of all pity towards them.

There remains, therefore, but one excuse for the death penalty, and that is that of radical elimination of a dangerous element. But here we must not forget that in order to attain this desired elimination of a dangerous class one must kill, not ten or twenty criminals a year, but 3,000 criminals in Italy and 2,000 in France. This would be a veritable butchery. And I believe that in our age, in an age so thoroughly imbued with a spirit of humanity, not even the most ardent partisan of the death penalty will suggest such a course.

## WHY SHOULD MAN HOLD SUPREME POWER?

By H. C. De Beer.



Ethically there is no such thing as the sex question. Why manufacture one? Are not man and woman alike, yet different; each equal, each distinct, absolutely necessary to each other? Why any antagonism, with increasing distrust, disdain, even disgust? One may understand antagonism from the household tyrant, the pompous bully, the master of the old school, who will woo a maiden on his knees, promising all things, and promptly relegate her to a position of domestic servility once she has surrendered herself. But this antagonism is not understandable and cannot really exist among a great majority of thinking good men, who regard woman as man's helpmate and companion, the friend in all need.

In France apparently woman has not been subjected to the position of servility. She is a factor. Frenchmen recognize in her their natural companion and the source of their happiness. The Frenchwoman has not been forced to descend from her pedestal of womanhood to enter into the arena against man. In France woman's influence is permanent, and the Frenchmen, who consider woman a more interesting study than dogs or cricket averages, realize and appreciate it. The French mother is respected, complimented, revered. There are no jokes at the expense of the French mother, the higher mentality, more natural humanity of the Frenchman revolts at that being a subject for lampoons.

What has man to show for his undisputed possession of power during countless ages? Besides certain medical blessings his science has given us many interesting, perhaps noble discoveries. But what of beauty and happiness? Oh, that is woman's province.

## GRAND OLD MAN GONE.

The Venerable Doctor Hale, Distinguished Clergyman and Writer.

One of the "grand old men" of the nation passed away in Roxbury, Mass., in the death of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, one of the leading Congregational ministers of the country and since 1903 chaplain of the United States Senate. Distinguished on two conti-

tion of war has been noted. In Washington he was as deeply beloved as in Boston, where practically all of his life had been spent and where he was held in veneration. The world is the richer that he has lived and is much the poorer that death has claimed him, after a useful, upright and honorable life of 87 years!

Dr. Hale was born in Boston in 1822 and graduated from Harvard in 1839.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

nents as a clergyman, he was also famous as a story writer and philanthropist, and some of his stories, notably, "A Man Without a Country," have been read throughout the world and stand as classic in the English language. His contributions to historical literature have been valuable and varied, and his efforts in behalf of international peace and of the aboli-

In 1842 he was licensed to preach by the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers, after which he spent several years in ministering to various congregations, passing the winter of 1844-45 in Washington. His first regular settlement was in 1846 as pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, Mass., where he remained until 1856. In that year he was called to

the South Unitarian Church in Boston, where he was pastor for 30 years.

Early in life Dr. Hale engaged in journalistic work and before he had attained his majority contributed regularly to the Monthly Chronicle and Boston Miscellany. While connected with the Advertiser he began historical studies. For six years he was the paper's South American editor and was regarded as an authority on Spanish American affairs.

Dr. Hale's influence was extensively felt in all philanthropic movements. His book, "Ten Times One Is Ten," published in Boston in 1870, led to the establishment of clubs devoted to charity, which became scattered throughout the United States, with chapters in Europe, Asia, Africa and islands of the Pacific. He also took a great interest in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, of which he was one of the counselors and frequent contributor to the Chautauquan. In later years he edited the Christian Examiner and the Sunday School Gazette. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Emily B. Perkins, a granddaughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher; and four children.

### An Unofficial Visit.

One should always distinguish between the private and the official capacity of a person. The way of the policeman may thus be made hard because he is forced to arrest his friends, sometimes his former comrades. Nevertheless, stern necessity demands that the distinction should be kept. A writer in the New York Times tells how the Russian novelist, Tolstol, is wont to act when occasion demands.

Tolstol abominates sneaks and spies of all kinds. Melkoff, a sneak and a spy, he especially abominates.

One day Melkoff, suspecting that a good deal of revolutionary work was going on at Tolstol's estate, dropped in unexpectedly.

"Do you come," said Tolstol to him, "officially, or as a private person? If you come officially, here are my keys. Search. Examine everything. You are quite free to do so."

"But, count," said Melkoff, "believe me, I come to you as a private person."

Tolstol looked at him in silence. Then, calling two stalwart muzhiks he said:

"Here, pitch this man out of the house!"

Notice your average day's work; how much of it is devoted to actual work, and how much of it to needless worry