

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Being an absolute monarch is becoming absolutely foolish.

The beef trust is facing a new suit. We wish we were facing a new suit.

Women's hats are to be eighteen inches high. Why not just stand the old ones on edge?

Dr. Elliot's new religion appears to have fallen into the channel less than two miles from shore.

A discouraging thing about the pre-tending business is that it so seldom leads to any sort of a promotion.

It is only natural to think that Spain ought by this time to be pretty well cured of the habit of going to war.

The best way to put down the so-called white slave traffic is for every mother to safeguard her daughters in her home.

The woman's page of a contemporary tells us that kerosene will not make the hair grow. Mr. Rockefeller found this out long ago.

It seems to have been all a mistake about the Japanese having become civilized. They are sending large numbers of grafters to jail.

Longfellow's bridge over the Charles river has been declared unsafe. It is dangerous to stand "on the bridge at midnight" or any other hour.

We are not in favor of the present method of killing umpires. It savors too much of butchery. An umpire should be given a start of at least 100 yards.

Even if King Alfonso should lose his present position his Uncle Ed could undoubtedly find some kind of a job for him where he could get good wages without doing much.

Perhaps the West would get more of those 50,000 men that she wants to help harvest the crops if she could promise profitable occupation for them after the crops are harvested.

A man who gave \$100,000 to the church now has only \$7 between him and poverty. In casting your bread upon the waters it is sometimes as well to watch which way the current goes.

A financial expert has written a magazine article on "Who Owns the Wealth of the United States?" If he had just finished a stay with a summer resort keeper he would not have any doubts.

Back of the enforced restoration to federal ownership of the lands that Western corporations are now surrendering lies the deeper issue of whether there has been penitence for the deeds practiced and the greed shown, or is it simply a case of might at last getting on the side of the right, and compelling a surrender of the "goods," without any recognition by the officials who have been caught that they have been guilty of anything save the eleventh commandment, which is, "Thou shalt not be found out."

Don Carlos, the pretender to the throne of Spain, is dead. His claim was based on the old Salic law, which forbade the royal succession through female lines—a law which King Ferdinand VII caused to be abrogated when he failed of male issue. Except for that abrogation the grandfather of the late pretender would have succeeded to the throne on King Ferdinand's death in 1833. More than one attempt has been made to overthrow the existing regime by force of arms; and if Don Carlos himself had not proudly refused to consent to a constitutional form of monarchy, he might have had the crown forty years ago. His reactionary course at that time made his cause hopeless. He leaves a son, Don Jaime, who becomes in his turn the Spanish pretender.

When the world is so wide and there is so much of fertile and unoccupied territory, why does the population insist in huddling in crowded communities and into places of misery, shame, starvation and death? Three hundred thousand Londoners live in one-room tenements with three or more occupants. The death rate of the London districts where a million of people are housed not so well as horses, is four times higher than normal. In Scotland 23 per cent of the families live in one room and in Glasgow one-third of the population are families that have no more than one room to huddle in. Conditions are no better in the smaller cities. Thirty-five per cent of the families of Kilmarnock, having only 23,000 popula-

tion dwell in single room tenements. One-eighth of the total population of Scotland does not know the beauty of a two roomed home. There seems to be a strange idea that number of population dignify cities. A growing town is a great boast, though as a matter of fact the larger it grows the more sin and misery it contains and the more quality deteriorates. It is quality that counts. The most beneficial world movement that could be inaugurated would be the scattering of the populations of great cities.

The policy of barring gypsies, which the new immigration commissioner at Ellis Island is enforcing, is likely to meet with general public approval. There is no conceivable respect in which they can be a benefit to our society. While not likely to be a charge on our communities in the ordinary sense, they are suspected of being so in another. They are hardly desirable neighbors even for a short time, and it has become the custom in most communities to refuse them a place to fix their camps. Picturesque, no doubt they are, and reminders of certain phases of the days of romance and chivalry, but we measure our human accretions these days by the standard of utility, and according to that they are invariably found wanting.

Sometimes it helps and sometimes it hurts a man in public life to acquire a reputation as one who can make others laugh. It depends largely upon what manner of man he is and the way in which he starts the laugh. If his associates and the public laugh at him rather than with him, his usefulness in high station is at an end, and his prospects of advancement are blighted. But the public man with a real sense of humor, along with a proper appreciation of the proportion of things, can often accomplish more in Congress or elsewhere by a quick retort or a bright story than a colleague can by an hour of sound and solemn argument. Proctor Knott of Kentucky, "Sunset" Cox of New York, Adam Bede of Minnesota, "Private" Allen of Mississippi and Mr. Cushman of Washington, who died not long ago, are recent instances of humorists in Congress whose wit increased, rather than crippled, their influence in that body. There is much virtue in the laugh which breaks the tension of heated debate and clears the atmosphere when men, in the earnestness of their feeling, are in danger of losing their tempers. Lincoln saved many a trying situation by an apt story. The late Speaker Reed's keen wit pierced many a fallacy in the argument of an opponent, although it is to be admitted that its caustic nature occasionally left a sting behind which made its victim his enemy. The smile of President Taft, which newspaper pictures have made familiar to everybody in the country, is so infectious and so indicative of boyish spirit and the wholesome joy of living, that it has added immeasurably to his popularity. Although the public likes to laugh and likes to see the laughter-loving side developed in men of eminence, it has small use for the buffoon and the clown. The man who is a comedian and nothing more may be a success on the stump, but he will fail in public life. Unless the man who can make others laugh can also make them take him seriously, the only sphere of public life in which he can do well is that which includes the circus and the vaudeville stage.

Indiana Simplicity at Home.
Nowhere is the Indian's simple-mindedness more apparent than in the homes. They are either devoid of furniture or crowded with incumbrances. The occupants possess iron and brass bedsteads or display as their chief treasure a highly polished, elaborately carved folding bed, never used. Rolling themselves in blankets, they seek repose on the floor.

One home boasts as its principal furniture four opera chairs of upholstered leather, with movable seats, such as are to be found in any theater.

A Spokane Indian was the proud possessor of a shining black hearse, bearing four huge ornamental saole plumes. Riding his cayuse into town one day he encountered a funeral. The hearse caught his fancy; he followed the procession, awestruck, to the cemetery. Nothing would do but that he must have the grand chariot for his own. Disposing of some land, he purchased the hearse and was wont to take his wife and numerous children out for a drive sitting on the floor of the hearse bouncing from glass side to glass side as the road became rough, trying to appear dignified and nonchalant, but grinning from ear to ear, the brave on the box outside the proudest man in America.—Delineator.

A Serious Proposition.
"Why don't you enjoy life more?"
"My good sir," answered the pessimistic man, "life wasn't made to enjoy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ever occur to you that there is as much scandal in a little country town as there is in a little country city?

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

NATURES LAWS CONSTRUCTED BY MAN.

By Charles R. Gibson.



One sometimes finds people who consider theory to be a useless sort of thing, a sort of wild guess, without which we should be none the poorer. It must be clear that a theory is more than a mere speculation. If I suggest that the moon is made of green cheese my speculation is not entitled to be called a theory. I cannot bring forward any observed facts to support my suggestion.

There is a good story told of a well known professor examining three raw students. He asked the first, "Does the earth go round the sun or the sun go round the earth?"

"The earth goes round the sun, sir."
"You," said the professor, quickly turning to the second student.

"O, the sun goes round the earth."
"You," demanded the professor of the third student.

"O, it's sometimes the one way and sometimes the other."
Our position then is this: We gather a number of carefully observed facts and we then try to explain them. We then look out for new facts and see if our theory can explain these also. If it cannot we must be willing to alter our theory.

When we are quite satisfied that a theory is correct we then raise the theory to a higher platform and call it a law of nature. It is well to remember that with all other knowledge these laws of nature are of man's own making. It is amusing how some people think that certain things happen because of these "laws of nature." As if the universe were controlled by these laws which man has constructed! The laws of nature are only theories which seem to be correct. They are not facts, but merely our views or ideas of facts.

FEMININE BEAUTY AS NOW INTERPRETED.

By Marcel Prevost.



Mrs. Howard Gould testified recently to the effect that a truly elegant woman ought not to wear the same gown twice, no matter how beautiful or expensive a gown it may be. The tendency towards almost inconceivable extravagance in dress is not surprising in view of the fact that society lays so much stress upon appearance rather than upon accomplishments. One of our first ultra-modern principles is that woman's attraction resides not so much in her spiritual and intellectual qualities, not in her beauty, but in her elegance. And by elegance is not meant the politeness and the harmony of her bearing and manners, but simply the way in which she "appears," the manner in which she is dressed.

To be beautiful in our day and age no longer means to possess beautiful features. Modern language and modern logic have changed the meaning and notion of this. Beauty to our modern notions is a thing not internal, inherent, God given, but an external thing, dependent upon the purse, the tailor, and the milliner.

The artists who devote their lives to making new fashions and styles for the beautiful sex are racking their brains now to make up gowns for which they are to charge \$500, or hats for \$300. They do not plan such high priced gowns because of their own great cupidity, but because of their patrons' extravagance. Their best patrons demand such high priced gowns and hats.

PROPER TIME TO LAUGH.

Some Vaudeville Jokelets Which Age Cannot Wither.

Vaudeville is known as the "laugh trust," but not for the reason one might think. It gets the phrase because there are a certain definite number of devices in its category of acts that control the laughs of its audiences. The same old things are always good for a laugh in vaudeville. According to the Bohemian, a new device, a new bit of "business," a new joke are all regarded as dangerous by the performers. The following table details some of the times at which a vaudeville audience regularly laughs:

When a comedian walks with a mincing step and speaks in a falsetto voice.

When a German comedian opens his coat and discloses a green waistcoat.

When a comedy acrobat falls down repeatedly.

When a performer asks the orchestra leader if he is a married man.

When a black-face comedian says something about chicken.

When a performer starts to rise from a chair and the drummer pulls a resined piece of cord so that the performer thinks his clothes have ripped.

When the drummer suddenly beats the drum during a comedian's song and the latter stops and looks in his direction.

When a tramp comedian turns around and discloses a purple patch or several pearl buttons or a target sewed on the seat of his trousers.

When the funny member of the troupe of instrumentalists interrupts the progress of a melody by sounding a discordant note on his trombone.

When a clown of a team of acrobats poises himself to do a presumably difficult feat and suddenly changes his mind and walks away without doing it.

A Good Opportunity.

"Your pa's coming down on Saturday. I wonder if that would be a good time to speak to him."

"Yes. When ma tells him what she's spent down here he'll be glad to get rid of the lot of us!"—Comic Cuts.

They demand it because of the competition with which they meet from their sisters who are not as rich as themselves. They don't want these to equal them in splendor and in elegance.

Those who will hold out longest in this mad chase will some-day awaken to the fact that in spite of all their resplendent gowns they are not really elegant women, but imitations and no more. And then they will take their money, which they now waste on almost inconceivable luxuries to adorn themselves outwardly, and will spend it in travel and in other things which will enrich their intellect, and will make them more attractive as women and not mere lay figures.

TRAMPS AND BUMS ARE DISTINCT CLASSES.

By Terence V. Powderly.



There is a big difference between the man who is out of a job and cannot find one and the man who never had a job and would not take one if he could get it. A tramp is a man willing to work, but forced to go from place to place in search of it. A bum is a sot, a loafer and a drone who goes into hysteria at the mention of the word work. A hobo is an individual who goes on the theory that the world owes him a living and he is going to get it by hook or crook. The honest workman need take no offense at the criticism of the tramp class. The hobo or bum never worked and never will. He is the fellow whose motto is, "The world owes me a living." The honest workman knows that the world doesn't owe him a living unless he earns it.

The solution of the unemployed problem in the big cities is in the transportation of men who want to work to places where men are wanted for work. There is a crying demand for labor in this country. In the fields of the west and along the roads of the west there is a constant cry for more men. In Chicago, New York and the other large cities there are thousands of good, hard-working men who could fill this need if they had the chance. The trouble is they haven't the money to get to the field of employment.

EAST MUST NOT DOMINATE THE WEST.

By Gov. John A. Johnson.



It is time that the West threw off the shackles of the East. We as an integral part of the American people should cast our influence and our votes not only to advance the material interests of our own particular section, but we should be broad enough and big enough to labor for the common good of our common country.

We have in the States west of the Mississippi the undoubted balance of power, no matter under what name the national administration at Washington exists. In the years that have passed our population and our material wealth have not enjoyed that representation to which they are entitled, and, furthermore, our leaders have been content to follow in no small measure the leadership of men who represent relatively small constituencies and smaller commonwealths. It is time that the great northwest should come into its own and by the force of its energy, the ability of its sons and the co-operation of its various constituent parts exert an influence for good not only as to its own particular prosperity, but to that of the country at large, to which every element invites it.

HELPING MOTHER PUT UP THE JAM.



Mosquitoes Kill Cattle.

B. M. Foster and T. A. Dees returned home from Cheniere au Tigre, an island south of Abbeville, a Houston Post's Lake Charles (La.) correspondent says. Great myriads of large mosquitoes caused the party to return home at once. Mr. Foster is authority for the statement that many head of cattle are being killed by the pests, and that the people of the island would suffer a like fate if they ventured out. Day and night the inhabitants are compelled to fight constantly against the little pests, and what small farm work is done on the island has been sadly neglected.

Mr. Foster says that the cattle on the island can usually be found in herds of about 100 each, but the mosquitoes have caused the animals to

flock together for protection, and he saw one big herd with fully 10,000 animals bunched and bellowing with pain. The cattle, he says, keep moving to the windward to keep the pests off as much as possible. Occasionally one will become exhausted and fall behind, or a cow will stop to help its calf, only to meet a nasty death. Some animals Mr. Foster saw have actually been smothered to death by the great swarms of mosquitoes.

"No one who has not witnessed conditions on the island is able to form any idea of what the people and stock have suffered," concluded Mr. Foster.

A boy can make a little fish seem all right; he says you can eat the bones of a little fish and that the meat is sweeter.