

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO, OREGON

A "good fellow" is usually a man with a lot of bad habits.

The safest automobile races are those that don't happen.

A man's failure is always due to the fact that he didn't succeed.

According to late reports, Mr. Hariman's wealth amounted to only \$85,000,000.

A Kentucky negro is reported to have eaten five watermelons and died—happy.

When a man starts out to make a fool of himself, he invariably works overtime on the job.

How can any one believe either explorer since they both failed to send home souvenir post cards?

The average workingman would like to be rich enough to enable him to tell his boss just what he really thinks of him.

A decade or two hence we may be visiting to another quarrel between aviators claiming to have been first on Mars.

Los Angeles wants California cut in two, thus making two States. She thinks it can be done without injuring the climate.

You who live in glass houses may be interested in learning that the manufacturers of window glass have boosted the prices.

Speaking of King Edward, Maxine Elliott says: "His majesty is really delightful." We are glad she didn't call him sweet or cute.

A Louisiana judge has ruled that women do not own their clothes. He is probably a very young and inexperienced judge, however.

The next expeditions won't be able to see the aurora borealis because of the number of American flags about the pole. But the show will be a good deal more beautiful.

Fashionable women are to wear "simple" gowns during the coming winter. The men will now have an opportunity to become convinced that simplicity also may be expensive.

A love letter written 4,000 years ago has been discovered in Egypt. We understand that it reads very much like the love letters written at the present time. Lovers have no originality.

A justice of the Supreme Court of New York declares that a wife is not entitled to more than half what her husband earns, but bless your heart, what account does the average woman take of the things a mere judge may say?

Instead of throwing old shoes or scattering rice, society in New York has decided to speed the wedding journey of a newly married pair hereafter with a shower of rose petals. Not to speak of the fact that flowers are more poetical than the other things, they make less dangerous missiles.

Census-taking is a difficult business in Mexico, where the masses are in fear that the enumeration means compulsory military service or more taxes. Consequently, the coming census in that country will be taken by high officials, priests and men of the greatest local prominence, in order that it may be more accurate than in the past. In the City of Mexico President Diaz himself, as well as his cabinet members and the archbishop, will personally assist in the work.

There were contentions over primacy of discovery before Cook and Peary. Hardly any great discoverer of history, from Columbus down, established his fame without debate that has left plain marks upon carefully written and authentic history. Henry Hudson, the tercentenary of whose discovery of the river named for him was recently celebrated, is no exception. Historians decided long ago that he was not the first white man to enter New York harbor. New York City is honoring him as discoverer of the river instead of the bay and the city's site. But the debate incident to the celebration throws doubt about even his primacy in that respect, though it is certain that he explored it farther up than any predecessor. The real discoverer of the mouth of the Hudson was undoubtedly Giovanni da Verrazano, an interesting Italian adventurer, half explorer, half pirate, who was employed by Francis I. to harry the Spaniards in the new world

as the gallant servants and lovers of Queen Elizabeth harried them afterwards. Verrazano coasted the whole North America continent from Carolina to Nova Scotia, making doubtful discoveries in Chesapeake Bay and other places, but certainly entering New York harbor in 1524, 65 years before Hudson came in the Half Moon. The authenticity of this event is recognized by American historians like Fiske and Winsor and the Hudson river and adjacent lands appear on a copper globe preserved in New York made in 1547, labeled "Verrazano or New Gallia." The only question is how far up the Hudson the Italian sailed and whether he recognized it fully as a river and not a tidal inlet. This is not important enough to prevent the Italians of New York from setting up a monument to his memory in Battery Park with the permission of the city authorities. Here is encouragement to Dr. Cook that posterity at least will do him justice.

Extremists in action often have an important work to accomplish in social evolution. They never can accomplish the particular things they aim to accomplish, but they jar society loose from some of its ingrained habits which with the course of time have become harmful and bad. It is the same with extremists in belief or creed. They are all wrong in their absolute proclamations of what is the truth, and they are often very offensive in their bigotry, but they nevertheless are real contributors to progress. Not the extremists themselves, however, but the moderates who follow them mark the real entrance of progress. And the appearance of the moderate views, which embody the good in the rival creeds while discarding only the elements of rash assertiveness, is always welcome. It is in this way that the views of a speaker at the conference of the American Hospital Association in Washington are to be welcomed. He gave statistics showing the decreased use of drugs in American hospitals, a really remarkable showing, and went on to discuss the methods of hygiene, sanitation and mental healing which were now accomplishing much of what drugs were formerly asked to accomplish. The extremists in the use of drugs were as bad in their way as any extreme denouncers of drugs are today. Because some drugs have marked specific beneficial effects, it does not follow that drugs should be used indiscriminately, any more than it follows that because there has been a great abuse of drugs all drugs should be abandoned forever. Without the extremists in the use of drugs the many extremists in faith and mental healing would probably never have appeared. To-day we are seeing a movement of reconciliation from both sides. It is apparent in the recognition which the family practitioner gets, the man who helps the health of a family as much from his good qualities as a man as from his ability as a physician. It is apparent in the organizations to combine faith healing with medical attention, each where it is most fitting. It is apparent in such testimony from doctors as that which has just been quoted. America has had a whirlwind of extreme creeds and fads in food and health matters during the last decade or two. The world has wondered at them. Perhaps the result will be an all the quicker appearance of sanity and wisdom in the care of health which the world will unqualifiedly admire.

Quite Absurd!

We are so accustomed to having things "out of season," and especially to the cutting and storing of ice for use in the summer, that it is hard to put ourselves in the place of the simple old farmer told of by a writer in the Toledo Blade.

In the summer of 1900 a party of surveyors was working through the State of Arkansas, surveying and locating the Midland Valley road. One day the surveying corps stopped at a farm house and shouted for the farmer.

The Arkansan came out, and the surveyors asked him if they could get a drink.

"Certainly, boys," he said. "I'll give you the best I've got, and the best I've got is buttermilk."

"That will be fine," the surveyors said, and the old farmer gave each of the gang a glass of buttermilk.

"It's mighty good," said one of the surveyors to McLoud.

"Yes, indeed," McLoud replied, "but it would be better if we had some ice to put in it."

Turning to the farmer, McLoud said, "Have you any ice?"

"Ice!" shouted the farmer, tugging at his whiskers. "Ice! Who ever heard of ice in July?"

Applause.

A friend having declared in Mrs. Siddons' hearing that applause was necessary to actors, that it gave them confidence, "More," interposed she, "it gives us breath."

The records show that but few vegetarians marry grass widows.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PURITY OF HEART ELIXIR OF STRENGTH.

By Ada May Kreeker.



That the mental influences the physical we long have known. We have known without the doctor's dictum that we grow pallid with fear, flush with shame, laugh with delight, shed strange little drops of briny water because we are grieved. If frail little women we may pine away with unrequited passion, and, albeit the stoutest of men, we wear to a shadow under severe mental stress.

Dr. Elmer E. Gates finds that the baser emotions breed poisons in the blood, and that the higher emotions, such as love, hope, and happiness, are elixirs. He avows that the ptomaines yielded by a two hours' passion of violent hatred injected into the veins are fatal. He terms hatred the deadliest poison known to science. Anger is a poison. Fear is a poison. Despair and sorrow and sadness all instill their deadly toxins into the blood.

But if we laugh we grow fat. If we hope we have bright eyes. If we love we are strong. If we are suffused with some vast idea, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, we become conquerors. "The Union," the "Stars and Stripes forever" are words, are ideas which Prof. James mentions as having inspired men to supreme pitches of valor, hardihood, sacrifice, honor, effort, accomplishment.

Thus the pure in heart, those whose hearts are pure of thought poisons, pure of hatred, wrath, despair, those whose hearts are cleanly nourished with the elixirs of love, peace, hope, joy, courage, are strong not only with their own strength. They are invigorated with the power attracted to them by their own purity. And their strength is made manifoldly stronger.

DEGENERATION THE PENALTY FOR SLOTH.

By Andrew Wilson.



There is no understanding the ways and works of living nature, unless we take into account the influence of degeneration.

First, there are advance and development, which tend toward the raising of the animal or plant in the scale of life. In the second place, we may find a state of stability in which the organism rests in statu quo ante. It neither progresses nor recedes, but remains unchanged and unchanging through long periods of time. Finally, there is degeneration, which operates toward producing a state of greater simplicity in place of the complexity which attends evolution, viewed as advance. This degeneration may be called biological backsliding. The animal or plant tends to lose the normal features of its race and to lapse backward to a condition in which it may, indeed, part with even all the essential features of its structure, and exhibit the

wholesale effects of a literal sinking into the slums of existence.

Thus regarded, a species is either progressing or standing still or declining. The influence of degeneration has left its mark on whole groups of animals and plants. It is, in truth, only through our recognition of physical backsliding that we can explain the origin of many typical states and conditions of animal and plant species. Take, for example, the case of "parasites." A parasite everybody recognizes as an animal or plant which lives at the expense of another living being, animal, or plant, as the case may be. Some animal parasites infest neighbor animals; others sponge upon plants, to use the schoolboy's expression; while plants, in turn, may be parasitic either on other plants or upon animals.

The moment an animal or plant takes to parasitism, degeneration sets in. It has to pay the penalty of an easy and inglorious life, for the parasite has ever been regarded as the type of all that is mean and low. Nature exacts the penalty of idleness and indolence in depriving the parasite in time of its structures essential to a healthy existence. If it has no need to forage for food it will have no need of organs to procure nutriment. Hence feelers and jaws will disappear, and as it may feed on the food prepared by its host for the latter's own use—being a boarder as well as lodger—its digestive organs will similarly decline. Being fixed on its host, its legs or other locomotor organs will degenerate; and, as it has no need of sense organs, eyes and ears will vanish away.

TRAINING THE CHAUFFEUR.

By Lewis L. Davenport.



With the gigantic growth of the automobile industry in America and its attendant increase in the army of "chauffeurs," the automobile school has sprung into existence. And from it now go many of the late recruits to "the men behind the wheels." Approximately six weeks are required to convert a tyro into a driver. All depends on the student's ability. A new day class is formed every Monday morning; also a night one. Thus the beginner advances as rapidly as skill allows. Any one with machine shop experience will doubtless finish the course in a much shorter period, though being a mechanic is, of course, not necessary, as the repairs a chauffeur is required to make are minor ones usually.

The pay for this new trade is excellent, depending entirely on the employer. Seventy-five dollars a month is about the minimum wage, while the best of chauffeurs command as much as \$2,000 a year, besides having house rent and traveling expenses. Many are taken to Europe in the summer, or Florida in the winter. So they are much better paid and have a pleasanter life than the ordinary worker.

Flowers for Paula

Paula sat straight up in the porch hammock, her hands clasping its edge, her toes tapping the floor. The autumn wind, blowing from behind her, was doing things to her gold-colored crown. A fringe of ringlets stood out like a glorified sun-bonnet brim all round her rosebud face. Uncle Jim removed the cigar from his lips and looked at her.

He was not a flesh and blood uncle. Paula had adopted him six years earlier when he came home from college with her big brother, and he had been her mentor ever since. It had occurred to Jim frequently of late that he was growing young for the part.

"It was such a mess, Uncle Jim!" Paula was remarking with emphasis. "It was like taking friendships and tossing them into the lake. I won't tell you real names. Call them X, Y, Z."

"What! So many?"
"Well, one was a girl. But X is a man and I had promised him to go to a dance. It's no time of year for dancing, anyway. Perfectly ridiculous! When I came to dress I remembered that awful spot on the front of my gown—and not another thing ready to wear! It came from pinning on a bunch of violets when they were wet and I've had to have flowers to cover the place ever since."

"Billy tried to help me out like a good brother. He proposed to lie in wait for X and let me know the minute he got here whether he had brought flowers or not. If he hadn't, he was to be punished by having to wait while Billy dashed out through the alley after sweet peas."

"Billy has a great head," said Uncle Jim, with a caressing smile—not for Billy.

"Too great! Just as I was ready, Billy shot up stairs and told me X had arrived with a purple box, the kind violets come in. I wondered why he didn't send them up, but when I'd waited as long as I could I wrapped my pretty cape around me and went down. There was the purple box on the hall bench, but X apparently had forgotten all about it. He threw open the front door and started to usher me out!"

"I see you believe it was funny. It was not. Think of that horrible spot

on my dress! I couldn't have X see it—he's too exquisite. Yes, he is. Why should that make you cross?"

"I had to have those flowers; so I said, 'Pardon, but isn't that something of yours on the bench?'"

"Imagine my feelings when he drew the door together behind us, and answered: 'Yes; may I leave it till we come back? It's a package I have to drop at Prof. Black's.'"

"Now, Uncle Jim, stop laughing! You'd better, if you want me to tell you!"

"All the way over to the hotel I hardly spoke. When we passed the florist's on the corner it was all I could do to keep from breaking windows, and when X finally left me at the door of the dressing room I was planning to be taken suddenly ill and have to go right home."

"Just then I caught sight of—well, Y. No, I won't tell you his real name, either, you old tease! All you need



"I WON'T TELL YOU REAL NAMES."

know is that he'd have gone after the moon if I hinted for it. I beckoned him to the dressing-room door and told him to run out to the florist's and get me a bunch of sweet peas."

"Didn't he have a girl of his own?"

"Wait till you hear me. There were three girls in the dressing room, but they hadn't seen me speaking to Y, and one of them—Z, you know—pounced on me, first thing. She said she'd heard lots about a man that was crazy about me at the lake and how dreadfully I'd snubbed him, and who was he anyway, and what did I have against him?"

"I knew she'd heard about Y, but I was real noble, and didn't tell his name—just explained that when a man who was completely and entirely out of the question got serious I thought the kindest way was to show him there was no hope. That made her wilder than ever to know who he was, and at last, in a moment of weak-

ness, just as Y came back with my flowers, I said to her, 'If you must know, he's the one.'"

"And she—she gave one squeal, and said, 'Oh—ee! That's the man I came here with to-night!'"

"Ha!" exclaimed Uncle Jim, but he checked himself. "And X—where was he?" he asked judiciously.

"That's the worst. When Y handed me those flowers—he hadn't bought sweet peas but perfectly gorgeous roses X was glaring with all his eyes from outside the door, and Z, inside the door, was looking daggers at us! Don't laugh—it was awful!" Paula dropped her face into her hands.

Uncle Jim sobered down in a hurry. "Of course you explained?"

"Explain! Z wouldn't listen. Sailed off with Y and told him I'd said he was out of the question. Oh, I know from the way they acted afterward. And X just viewed me with haughty disdain from the minute he saw me taking those flowers. He and I parted icebergs."

"And you wouldn't explain to him, even?"

"Tell him there was a spot on my dress that had to be covered, when I'd gone to all that trouble to keep him from knowing?"

Without warning, Paula hid her face a second time.

Uncle Jim's chair came down on four legs. His cigar sailed over the lawn. Paula was crying.

"Paula," he began in a queer tone—not a bit like Uncle Jim, "do you—do you care—um—more for X or Y than—the rest of the alphabet?"

Her hands dropped from her eyes. She had never before heard a note like this in his voice.

"What do you mean?" she faltered.

"I mean—" Jim looked embarrassed, but he spoke up stoutly. "I mean Jim!"

Paula stared. Then the color swept up to her hair. "Why, Uncle—"

"Hang the uncle!"
There were two in the hammock now.

"Why—why—why, Jim!" she stammered, obediently.—Chicago News.

Change of Occupation.

"His wife was a high kicker when he married her."

"And now?"

"She's a high flyer."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

When it is said of a man that he is bull headed, it means that he is foolish.