

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

CHAS. F. & ADA E. SOULE, Pubs.

TOLEDO OREGON

Advice is cheap, but it sometimes costs you pretty dear to follow it.

Kansas has fifty-one daily papers, or more than Austria, Germany and Italy.

Speech is silver, silence is golden, giggling is brazen, and laughing is often ironical.

There is no place like Nome—Cape Nome—for which many of those who have returned are thankful.

All this modern idolatry of a rich young husband is but another form of bowing down to a golden calf.

Ordinary reason should teach that when two men are about to fall out that is the time to hold themselves in.

With the cigarette prohibited in the Signal Service offices there will be less danger of cloudy weather predictions.

More than one explosion over family expenses has begun with a woman's curiosity in meddling with a new fashion magazine.

Clearly it was a dog-in-the-manger spirit which prompted a New York woman to hug the man from whom she had just got a divorce.

A man named G. Whiz committed suicide a few days ago. This shows that even he whose name is a household word is not always happy.

The minister who publicly announces his belief that woman is a menace to civilization deserves to hear harder things than we can say about him.

The New York chorus girls are now engaged in horse-whipping their way into publicity. It is hard on the victims, but brings the girls engagements every time.

Another thing about the gold statue of "The American Girl" to be exhibited at the Paris Exposition that is unfair to the real American girl is that it is worth only \$187,000.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is the only honest potentate living, because he feels honored in being called the "prince of liars." Such royal frankness deserves recognition.

Having earned a million-dollar fee in settling the dispute between Messrs. Carnegie and Frick, James B. Hill, of New York, may be said to have made a very good start in his legal career.

The mob that undertakes to administer the law is guilty of an insupportable insolence, and its members should be made to feel the heaviest penalty for their violation of the law.

A thief attempted to rob an American girl visiting in Naples. She grasped him by the throat and almost strangled him. He finally escaped. The thief made a mistake when he did not pretend to be a policeman and propose to her.

There is practically a coal famine in Europe, mainly due to labor troubles in France, Germany, Saxony and Austria. The consequent stoppage of mining has resulted in an increased importation from America. The London Statist, in calling attention to the immense coal area of the United States, having a production practically equal to that of Great Britain, declares that America is destined to be the greatest coal-exporting country in the world.

The name of Timothy Bennet, shoemaker, of Hampton Wick, is little known to popular fame. Yet it was he who resisted successfully, at his own expense, an attempt of the British Government, or of the crown, in 1750, to close Bushey Park, near London, against the common people. His victory set a precedent which has ever since been of great value in maintaining popular rights on lands belonging to the realm. A monument to his memory is now to be erected, and worthily.

The country is aging noticeably. This is testified to in the closer calculations as to price between the retail merchant and his customers and the demand that has arisen for a half-cent coin. The department stores of the large cities are already putting a five-mill coin into use, and the Treasury officials at Washington have become so impressed that a popular demand and need for such a coin exists that a bill has been prepared for introduction in Congress authorizing its mintage. As the bargain counter has evidently become a settled institution, the coin would fall into general use.

The tenement-house committee of the good government clubs, having effected great improvements in the housing of the New York poor, now

presents some figures which must appeal even to the greediest of capitalists. Buildings erected on sanitary principles, with plenty of light and air, water, heating facilities and other conveniences, are paying dividends of from 12 to 15 per cent., while the squalid and unhealthy dwellings beside them can hardly be forced to yield 5 and 6 per cent. In one tenement house the average rent of rooms is 85 cents a week, and the room has at least one window with clear sunlight. For every tenant there is running water and steam heat, together with free baths and laundry privileges in the basement. This building has never paid less than 10 per cent., while the dilapidated and uncomfortable houses which adjoin it pay only 7 per cent. Here is something for the landlords to think about.

Apparently the New Hampshire Commissioner of Labor is the first to recognize the taking of summer boarders as an industry with a body of statistics all its own. He finds this to be the chief source of revenue for the inhabitants of 204 out of the 235 towns in New Hampshire, representing an invested capital of \$10,442,352—a figure that is also increasing at the rate of nearly \$1,000,000 a year. He reports that his State entertains 174,280 summer boarders each year, and does it so badly that only one-third of them stay longer than a week. Yet perhaps it is not the badness but the cost of the entertainment that drives away the boarders so soon, for they annually leave with their entertainers \$4,947,935, besides parting with \$725,000 each summer in the form of railroad and steamship boat fares. This may seem like reducing the beauties of White Mountain scenery to dollars and cents, but the multitudinous summer boarder is not to be pitied. He gets his money's worth in fresh air and a new inspiration for the dull routine of city life.

A medical journal calls attention to the general neglect of sanitary and hygienic methods in the management of sleeping-cars. There are stringent regulations about the transportation of dead bodies in baggage-cars, but there is no adequate and systematic provision for protecting living travelers from exposure to infection, although many passengers must leave disease-producing germs in the bedding or upholstery. It is customary to cleanse the blankets and cushions of dry dust and cinders by subjecting them to powerful currents of air, driven by steam, but it is said that they are seldom so thoroughly treated as to remove the danger of infection. Unless railroad authorities take prompt measures, it seems to be the duty of State boards of health to interfere for the safety of the traveling public. This is only one case among many in which "new occasions teach new duties." Almost every invention or advance in modern life creates situations which require the fresh application of old, eternal principles. It requires the strong pressure of law or of public opinion to secure the adoption of new and needed methods, even when health, comfort and life are at risk. Only the nimble-minded can keep up with the incessant demands for readjustment.

Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather service bureau, has issued a general order forbidding persons connected with the service from smoking cigarettes during office hours. That Chief Moore is not opposed to the use of tobacco by the men under his control is evidenced by his permission granted them to smoke pipes or cigars while on duty. It is stated that the order was carefully considered before it was issued, and was the result of extended investigation. Speaking of this matter, Chief Moore is reported as saying: "In this service we are compelled to maintain a very strict discipline, in order to secure a satisfactory service. Some of our men, who are regarded as the most thorough and competent, doing every detail of their work with the utmost promptness and accuracy, gradually become careless and lax. I sent inspectors to investigate, and in a number of cases it was found directly attributable to the use of cigarettes. I am not prudish, nor do I wish to assume any authority whatever over any privilege which the employees of the service should have, but as a public servant I feel that it is my duty to correct any evil which may exist, even if in attempting to make this they claim I am overstepping my authority. I can state most emphatically that the order will stand, and that it applies to the entire force of the bureau throughout the entire service. Cigars and pipes are not barred." This order will doubtless create a great deal of discussion, and those addicted to the use of cigarettes will look upon it as an infringement of personal liberty. But the order is simply in line with a rule generally enforced on railroads prohibiting employees when on duty from drinking spirituous liquors. If cigarette smoking results in a neglect of duty there can be no question as to Chief Moore's right to issue the order in question, and those who decline to obey it can maintain their independence by quitting a service the rules of which they consider oppressive.

HAWAII

Now, do believe me, in this lovely land, Bewitching beauty smiles on every hand, And soothing fragrance from the balmy air Invites a languor, dispossessing care; While from the torrid sunshine of the day, We seek seclusion from the fearful ray, And dreamingly await with fond delight, Approaching shadows of most welcome night.

Hawaii.

How
The
Whe
And
The
The
The v
Attr
The o
With
The
The p
All, a
And t

—Lest

J

M

cottag
The
was i
dress.
Her l
dead
turne
Peo
much
Wh
ty sel
aire C
The
barely
Paule
nounc
She
sparkl
"Oh,
ously.

"Oh, indeed!" she cried, "you forget I am no longer a schoolgirl. You must not do such a thing again."

He was a tall, handsome fellow. He and Mrs. Weston (Constance Keith) were born and bred in the old town of Lynne, and although he was the son of an earl and she only a vicar's daughter they had always had a very friendly feeling toward each other. She often recalled the many happy times they had together, when he in boyish admiration told her she was the most beautiful girl under the sun and the only girl he could make his wife. But when he was sent to college, and old Colonel Weston, who had always admired her, asked her to become his wife, she forgot all about Walter and accepted the Colonel. But Walter did not appear to fret much, for it soon became known that he was engaged to "Fifi Clark," a star opera singer. So there was still that friendly feeling between them.

"Pardon me, Connie," he said, seating himself in a cozy rocker, "but I was so delighted to see you I could not help it. It's about a year since I last saw you, I think."

"A year and two months," corrected Connie. "Do you think I have changed?"

"You are prettier, if possible."

"Silly as ever; tell me about yourself and everyone. You are my first visitor since I returned home. Are you married to Fifi yet?"

"No; let us change the subject. Do you think I look well?"

"To tell the truth you don't look well."

"Nor I don't feel well either. You see, Connie, I—"

His voice quivered, his face flushed.

She took both his hands in hers and said gently: "Come now, Walter, you must tell me all. You know you can trust your old schoolmate, your truest friend."

"Oh, it's nothing, Con, only—well—heart trouble."

"Yes," said Connie, smiling. "I understand—a woman."

"Oh, hang it! If you must know, the fact is I've been jilted."

"By Fifi?"

"Yes."

"How did it happen?"

"She found out I had little money and threw me over for a millionaire Chicago pork packer. My folks are delighted, but I shall not survive it," he said mournfully.

"You really loved her?"

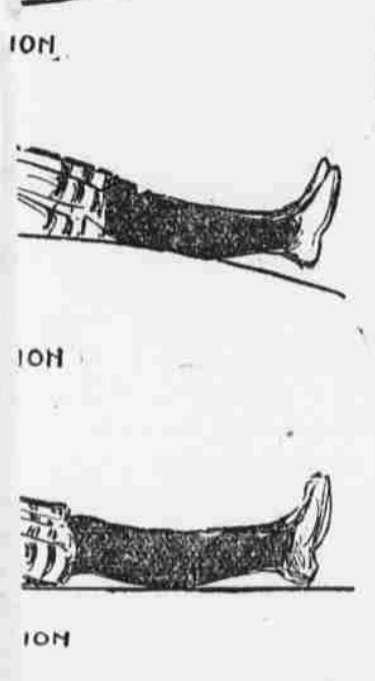
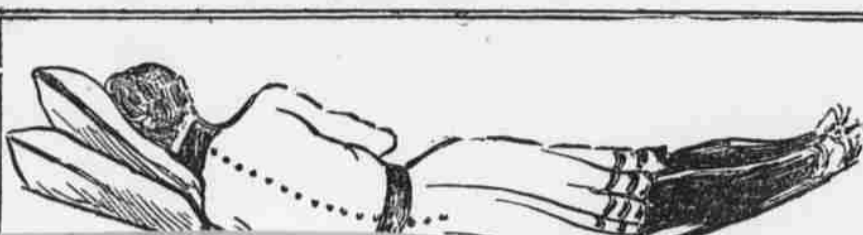
"I adore her."

"Still?" said Constance.

"Yes, and always will. The light is all gone out of my life now. I shall never be happy again."

"Is there no one else you could ever

THEY ARE TRYING TO PROVE THAT SLEEP IS A MATTER OF HABIT.



might be almost indefinitely ex-

d. theory upon which the members of association are working is that it yet be possible for them to gain complete control over the body as one part of the system at rest while the other part is engaged in its work. In this way any unnecessary expenditure of vital energy would be avoided.

They are also trying to discover how sleep may be made most advantageous. They believe that people do not sleep well because in ignorance they pass long hours in slumber and yet extract from that sleep the minimum of rest. For instance, it has been found that a bed is not constructed properly cannot get the best results from their hours of repose. It is, of course, better to sleep upon the back, but it is worse to sleep in such a position that the stomach is as high as the head and the feet lower than both. In the same way if the spring of the bed yields to the weight of the body too readily, the sleeper will be in a kind of hollow whether he lies on his back or his side. If he lies on his back his feet are too high, and if he lies on his side the spine is so badly curved that the sleep is actually a detriment to the health rather than an advantage.

In order to obviate this it should be seen that the springs are so constructed that they are stronger at the center than at the head or foot. Then, the mattress should be moderately hard and the pillow should not be too high. If these conditions are obtained it will be possible for a person to obtain the greatest amount of benefit from the hours devoted to repose.

snatch an hour or two of sleep when exhausted nature proves too strong for him. Humboldt, the great German philosopher, rarely spent more than four hours in bed, and Littré, who lived to be 80, thought that to spend more than five hours a day in sleep was shameful self-indulgence. Jules Verne is another believer in the virtues of little slumber. Although he reads until late into the night, he is at his desk at dawn in summer and by 6 o'clock in winter. Lord Wolseyley, like Bismarck and Von Moltke, has always got along very nicely with little sleep and the list of men who have made a name in the world in spite of the fact that they have been almost strangers to their

learn to love?" she asked, hopefully.

"No, there is no one else."

She swallowed the lump that arose in her throat, and said: "It was real cruel of Fifi."

"She's like all other women; it's money they are after," he said gloomily.

"Oh, indeed!" said Constance, with a pout.

"Forgive me, Connie; I mean all excepting you."

"I wish I could comfort you, Walter. But are you sure this love you speak of is naught but a temporary infatuation, and when the girl who loves you for your own true self comes along you'll forget all about Fifi?"

"I think not, Connie; but no such girl will ever come along."

"Why, there are lots of girls, Walter."

"Name some."

"No, I sha'n't, but I have one in mind who loves you for your own true self."

"You're joking, Con."

"You know I never joke, Walter. I shall tell you her name in a month."

"A month!" cried Walter.

"Yes, a month from to-day. I shall give you that time to think what girl of all your friends has seemed to think very highly of you; one who has known you many years; one who is not 'after money.' Of course you will think of the one I have in mind, then go and propose to her, and I'll wager she'll tell you she has loved you many months."

"Has she ever spoken well of me to you?" asked the unsuspecting young man. "She has told me that she loved you; that you were her ideal of perfection in man, and the only person she could ever make her husband."

"Then my happiness is not a thing of the past," he said.

"The future will tell," she answered.

"Is she rich, Con?"

"She is far from being a beggar."

"Young?"

"Comparatively."

"Pretty?"

"People call her very pretty."

"Then my happiness is complete."

Only for you, Connie, I'm afraid I'd become a rusty old bachelor." And as he bade her "good-afternoon," he was so happy he looked as if he would have liked to repeat his former offense of kissing her, but he dared not—yet.

When he had gone Mrs. Weston leaned back in her chair and laughed merrily. "It's not leap year, but then I had to give him a hint or two," she told herself.

A month later Constance sits in her luxurious drawing-room waiting to receive him. She wears a pale-blue dress and a single Jack rose (his favorite flower) in her hair.

She hears his step up the pathway; the bell rings, and he stands before her. "Well," she exclaims after a minute.

"I give it up, Con. I find there is no one I can ever learn to love as I did Fifi unless—don't laugh at me, Con—it's you yourself."

"Of course it's me, you dear old goose."

And it was not for hours afterward that Courtenay discovered what a fool he had been.—Boston Post.

Not a Burning Question.

Bobbie (entertaining Mr. Vincent while sister Ethel dresses)—I say, Mr. Vincent, how did you feel when you were in the oven?

Mr. Vincent—In the oven! What do you mean, Bobbie? I never was in any oven.

Bobbie—You weren't! Why, only just this minute, when Norah took your card upstairs, mamma said "that Mr. Vincent is only just about half baked."

Glad She's Still Alive.

"Is it true that Mrs. Dragger reads such exhaustive club papers?"

"Exhaustive? Of course, nobody ever says anything, but when she gets through every woman in the club breathes as if she had crawled through a tunnel a mile long."—Indianapolis Journal.

A good business man never makes useless acquaintances or tells business lies.