

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO OREGON

The city that is satisfied with the census count is yet to be heard from.

The little busy bee of this country is not to be ignored. It makes \$2,000,000 worth of honey annually.

Possibly W. W. Astor is enough of a toady to feel that there is some satisfaction in being publicly snubbed by so exalted a person as the prince.

By abolishing the naval salutes we would save the powder as well as the feelings of those commanders who think they don't receive a sufficient amount of noise.

An Eastern preacher has become a tramp to gain new impressions. If some energetic railroad man ever catches him stealing a ride at least one of the impressions is likely to be that of a boot heel.

John D. Rockefeller's income is \$104,883 per day. The odd cents are not given. These odd cents represent what Mr. Rockefeller eats—crackers and milk. He has a bad stomach and confines himself to that diet. Money cannot buy health.

A Philadelphia clergyman says he has observed that persons who go to sleep in church are always very wide awake at a baseball game. Very true, good dominie, but you must not lose sight of the fact that the crazy rooters keep up such a racket at a ball game that it is utterly impossible for a humble Christian to enjoy a nap during services.

A Western railroad is said to be about to change the name "brakeman" on its passenger trains to "assistant conductor," since in these days of pneumatic brakes the new term more properly describes the duties to be performed. However this may turn out, the fact remains that many positions in life retain a name long after it has ceased to describe the real work of its occupant. For example, we call a man who sells meat a butcher, although he may never have been inside a slaughter-house, nor slain so much as a chicken.

The first census returns to come in show that the most rapid growth of the last ten years has been in the borderland about the big cities—just outside the heart of the town, but not far enough to be in the country. The trolley car is probably responsible for this development. It has made possible the thick peopling of land which was formerly too far out for the homes of persons whose daily work was in the city. Anything that reduces the pressure upon land in the great cities is to be welcomed, for fresh air and sunlight are the prime necessities of life.

This settles it. The woman nail driver has arrived. Let all men stand back and do her reverence. Pottstown, Pa., has the honor of claiming this prodigy of the ages. Her name is Mrs. Forest C. E. Mehlhous. But that is unimportant. The important thing, of course, is that she is undoubtedly the forerunner of the finished new woman. Mrs. Mehlhous drove six eight-penny nails into a two-inch plank in fifteen seconds, without bending one or whacking her thumb. What man could do better? How many men could do as well? Nothing but this sign was wanting that the new woman is to be an unqualified success. Let the joke-makers be silent. Hail to the woman driver of nails and everything else.

To shorten labor and save time is to lengthen life. When, therefore, our contemporary, the Haberdasher, proposes to reduce the burden of business correspondence by abolishing "Dear Sir" and "Yours Very Truly" it is proposing a reform in the interest of longevity. Actual experiment has shown that it takes a typewriter one hour to write the formal words with which they are opened and closed in a batch of 500 letters. The Haberdasher finds that on the estimated total annual letter mail of the world, which is eight thousand million pieces, the "Dear Sirs" and "Yours Very Trulys" even if all written by machine, would take the time of one typewriter 6,700 years, counting 300 days to the working year. The cost of the typewriting thus needlessly done every year, allowing \$10 per week as the typewriter's wages, is \$3,350,000. Why not, it asks, drop these meaningless phrases and begin right off, "John Smith & Co." Say what you have to say and sign it "T. Brown & Co." Why not, indeed? Is a telegram less courteous or effective than a letter? But we never use any more words in telegrams than are needed to convey our meaning.

The American athletes carried off most of the honors in the international championships at Paris in connection with the exposition. Out of twenty-one open championship events, they won seventeen. They won in the hur-

die-races, in the various kinds of jumps, and in throwing the hammer and putting the shot. They beat the world's record in the standing high jump, and in the one hundred meters' race. In the long-distance runs the English athletes led; and in the twenty-five-mile Marathon race a Frenchman came in ahead, and was borne about on the shoulders of his enthusiastic countrymen in recognition of his prowess. This was the first time that many of the European spectators had seen American college boys at play; and the college yells with which the American contestants were stimulated to do their best, or rewarded for doing it, occasioned great amusement, being mistaken, apparently, for some kind of Indian whoops. The American contestants introduced another innovation of more importance. They stood out strongly against having any of the contests take place on Sunday, and when the agreement which was supposed to have been reached on this point with the French managers was broken, most of the Americans refused to enter for any Sunday contest.

Murder is murder. Fine-spun sociological theories cannot affect the fact. The man who, being sane, deliberately kills another man is a murderer. Miss Irene Ashby came out of England to enlighten us respecting social conditions and the best way to improve them. She begins by finding a partial justification for Bresci, the man who assassinated King Humbert. "We cannot," she says, "but divorce the terrible idea of blood and assassination from his underlying purpose of trying to help his fellow men." And again: "We cannot help but feel some pity for the man and express our utter detestation for a sociological condition that made the tragedy possible." This is in part an affirmation, more or less explicit, of the doctrine that the end justifies the means, and it necessarily assumes that the killing of Humbert was desirable. Otherwise sympathy could not be asked for Bresci "because he tried to help his fellow men." It is substantially the same excuse that has been offered by anarchists everywhere, including those of Haymarket Square, Chicago. It assumes, first, the unfitness to live of certain persons, and, second, the right of certain other persons summarily to inflict capital punishment. Both assumptions are, of course, monstrous. The moment either proposition is admitted we relinquish all idea of the orderly operation of law and make each man the sole judge of his neighbor's right to live. We revert to the stone age, might instead of right constituting the sole argument. Miss Irene Ashby might be in better business than that of promulgating such dangerous nonsense.

Fifty years ago boys and young men in the wooded districts of the West secured pocket money through the sale of ginseng root. Stories were told of how the demand for ginseng came from China, and that this steady demand enabled the local dealers to pay a good price for the product that grew wild in the woods. As early as 1822 the United States shipped 753,000 pounds of ginseng yearly to China. This had a value then of \$313,000. The 179,000 pounds shipped from this country to China in 1897 had a value of \$810,000, and the 125,000 pounds shipped in 1899 had a value of \$600,000. In the early years of the trade American physicians scorned the idea of ginseng's having any great therapeutic value. The physicians of this day take the same position, and yet the ginseng root, worth in its green state from 40 to 50 cents a pound in this country, and from \$1.75 to \$3.50 a pound dried, sells in China at prices ranging from \$8 to \$25 a pound. The rapid settlement of the West and the destruction of forests curtailed the production of ginseng, but it is estimated that since a shrewd old African sea captain opened the trade with China 100 years ago we have sold to the Chinese ginseng to the value of \$25,000,000. This is so much clear gain, because there is a demand for the root neither in this country nor in any foreign country except China. The present disturbances in China have interfered with the occupation of the ginseng diggers in the mountains and wooded districts of Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia and North Carolina. As no other country will buy their "sang," these diggers are in favor of an early settlement of the Chinese troubles.

Preferences.

Business men who are accustomed to write standing before a high desk will appreciate the following story:

Prof. Simon J. Brown, the astronomical director of the naval observatory at Washington, was standing, as usual, before his desk, when a colleague came into his office.

"Is it possible," said he, "that you work in that way? I can't stand standing."

"That's odd," replied the professor; "it's different with me. I can't stand sitting."

The difference between raising boys and raising girls is that the mother of boys doesn't stop being scared to death when they have cut their teeth.

Nothing in the world looks easier or more prosperous than another man's business.

CARD PLAYERS' LUCK.

INFLUENCED BY ALL SORTS OF TRIVIAL THINGS.

Every One Who "Sits In" a Poker Game Has His Pet Superstition—Social Play that in Its Intensity Closely Approaches Gambling.

"Card players are a most superstitious set," said a business man who will occasionally "sit" in a little game when the limit is to his liking and the company of exceptional quality.

"There was a new one on me the other night," he continued, "for one of the men when we were taking seats shifted his position because he wanted to play with the grain of the table. That is, he wanted the cards to come to him with the grain of the round table, and not crossways. This was a new one, as I said, but it recalled the fact that all of them have a weakness. For instance, where is the card player who will play cards while some outsider has a foot on the rung of his chair? Then there is the other fellow who will get up and walk around his chair to change his luck, and the other who will never lend a chip if he is winning. Why, I saw a man the other night who refused a chip or two to a neighbor in the game, but he went down in his trousers, pulled a roll, handed his friend an X, and told him to buy a few from the banker.

"Poker, too, has given the country some of the richest slang. Take the word 'bluff,' and where can you find a better word? It is completely accepted now by the best of writers everywhere, in this country and England, too.

"Standing pat" was used in a courtroom a short time ago. Some lawyer was asked by the judge what he intended to do after a certain decision had been rendered on a motion. He said he guessed he would 'stand pat.' It wasn't strange that the judge comprehended the situation, and without a word went on after the other lawyer said that his opponent would do well to draw cards, as standing pat had no terrors for him. More than that, every reference was thoroughly understood by every lawyer within the railing. It was just at this time that the judge added to the confusion by ordering one of the bailiffs to turn on the steam, as his feet were cold. For the benefit of the uninitiated it is worth saying that the cold feet refers to a habit of some small gamblers who play for the money that is in it, saying as an excuse, 'My feet are cold,' and getting out of the game when they are ahead.

"That reminds me that women as well as men are natural gamblers, and in consequence there have been many friendships of long standing among women ruined forever by progressive euchre. Why, I have played in games where the cheating of some of the women was as palpable to a man who is accustomed to card-playing as the nose on your face. But I said nothing, as the woman would have been mad and denied everything and placed me in the hole. Look at the prizes they play for now.

"There's the head prize for men and women, and the booby or consolation prize for men. Then there are second and third prizes, and the prize for making the greatest number of points, and the prize for the least number, and a prize for the greatest number of mistakes, and the Lord knows how many others. It is a regular gambling game, but those who indulge in that kind of sport will jump on a man who plays a little quiet game of poker at home.

"Nor is the gambling spirit obliterated from the progressive social games entirely, for there was a game I heard of where the head prize was made up of five \$5 gold pieces all tied up with blue ribbon, and you bet the men in that game were working hard for the head prize, for some of them wanted that twenty-five with a want that must be filled. I expect some of them cheated, but as a lady, who was a guest at the home of the hostess, got all the mon, and the hostess did the punching of the tickets, there was a faint suspicion that a few extra holes got into the young lady's card by mistake—on purpose. But, of course, I don't make a charge like that; I'm only thinking."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SMOKERS' CANCER FALLACIES.

General Grant's Illness Said to Be Not Due to Tobacco.

Notwithstanding all the good arguments that have been offered against the evils of excessive smoking it can hardly be claimed that the habit is entirely responsible for the production of cancer of the lips, mouth or throat. Since the illness of General Grant it has been the popular belief that the dreaded disease from which he suffered was caused by his overindulgence in tobacco.

The facts, however, do not by any means confirm the theory. It was well settled in General Grant's case that tobacco in itself was not the initiative cause of his throat trouble, but merely induced a subsequent aggravation of symptoms by the extra irritation of the smoke passing over the already diseased surface.

It is quite true that cancer of the lip is very common among pipe smokers, but the real factor of harm is not the

tobacco or any special poison it may contain, but the persistent, localized irritation of the pipe stem. Clay pipes, above all others, are particularly harmful, as they are most easily heated, have a rough surface for the lip, are mostly used by persistent smokers, and are usually held stationary on one side of the mouth, all of which tends to focalize and intensify the irritation which determines the malignant growth. The first indication of the disease is a warty patch on the lip at the usual point of contact with the pipe stem. When discovered early it is perfectly amenable to surgical treatment, the percentage of cures being larger than that of any other form of cancer.—New York Herald.



Botanists and entomologists know that a dead swamp, or dead tree, standing near living trees is a source of peril to them, by furnishing a refuge and breeding-place for timber-borers and other injurious insects. Trees, as well as men, need hygienic surroundings.

In Mexico and our Southwestern States the dreaded tarantula has a relentless enemy in the form of a large wasp, called the "tarantula hawk." Swooping down upon the huge spider, the wasp paralyzes him with a single puncture from its sting, and then drags its helpless victim off to be buried, and to serve as food for a new generation of wasps. The wasp will even open the trap-door of a tarantula's nest and slay its enemy in his den.

Two writers in the National Geographic Magazine, Messrs. Garrett and Leberg, offer evidence that there is a progressive drying of the climate on the Pacific coast. At no very remote period some of the arid plains of eastern Oregon were evidently covered with forests of trees resembling existing species nearer the coast. Mr. Garrett thinks that with the clearing away of the present forests the end of the redwood as a source of lumber will be at hand, because existing conditions do not favor its growth.

The London Optician reproduces the views of Dr. Kotz, a Russian physician, on fatigue of the eye. Whether muscular or retinal, fatigue of the eye, says Dr. Kotz, may be approximately measured by the number of eyelid movements, or involuntary blinks in a specified period. By this system, more than three movements per minute indicate a thoroughly unsuitable illumination. The experimental results obtained by this somewhat crude method are given as: Candlelight, 6.8 movements per minute; gas, 2.8; sunlight, 2.2; electric light, 1.8.

In France, Mons. Leboyer, trying to solve the problem of how to make photographs permanent and free from all change, has resorted to the plan of "firing" them in a furnace upon enameled stone. He finds that the best stone for the purpose is the basalt found in prisons in the extinct volcanic district of central France. This rock, which is extremely hard and fine-grained, receives the enamel without cracks. The photographic film is deposited on the enameled surface, and after the photograph has been made it is fired until the image becomes unalterably incorporated in the enamel.

At the latest annual meeting of the Geological Society of America Prof. L. C. Russell called attention to the recent discovery that many of the swamps, and lakes in the southern peninsula of Michigan are rich in calcareous marl, suitable for making Portland cement. Although partly composed of shells, the Michigan marl is principally a chemical precipitate which is still being formed. The precise method of its formation is not yet understood. The supply is practically inexhaustible. Large cement works have lately been constructed, others are in contemplation, and Prof. Russell says that Michigan can easily take a leading place in that industry.

Paderewski's Hand Exercise.

How any great pianoforte player keeps his hands supple has often been a matter for wonder, but Paderewski, the king of pianists, has revealed the whole secret. "The night before I play I turn my hands over to my valet, and he rubs my fingers until they tingle," declares Paderewski. "Then he takes one finger after the other and turns and twists it in the palm of his hand, always turning the one way. That makes the fingers supple and keeps the knuckles in good working order. Last he rubs the palm of each hand very hard—as hard as I can stand it. Just before I go on the platform to play I have a basin of hot water brought to my dressing room. In this I immerse my hands. Hot! I should say so; just about as hot as it is possible for a man to stand it." So this is the way it is done.

A Gigantic Flower.

A five-petaled flower, nearly a yard in diameter, is found in the Philippine Islands. The buds at a distance look like gigantic cabbage heads. A single flower has been known to weigh more than twenty-two pounds.

LET HUNTINGTON'S MILLIONS.



H. E. Huntington is the favorite nephew of Collis P. Huntington, the dead railway magnate, and will continue the latter's many projects. He is now vice president of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Archer Huntington and Princess Hatzfeldt are Huntington's adopted children. The husband of the Princess was at one time attached to the German embassy at Washington. Archer Huntington is one of the wealthiest authors in the world. C. P. Huntington leaves an estate valued at \$57,000,000.

VICTIM OF A SHOOTING.



Mrs. Natalie Havemeyer Myers was the eldest daughter of the late Theo. A. Havemeyer, the sugar king, and died from a pistol wound, which, it is said, was accidentally inflicted. Her death adds another to the list of tragedies in the Havemeyer family.

Fish Preserved in Ice.

State Fish and Game Commissioner Johnson is one of the oldest cowboys in the State. He is an exceptionally entertaining talker and a man who in past years has been considered modest, truthful and kind to those easily induced to believe stories concerning the beasts of the field and the fishes of the sea.

But he has apparently changed. This morning he claims to have seen a man who saw a fish frozen in the ice in the perpetual glacier on the north side of Long's Peak.

"The story is a true one," said Mr. Johnson, "for the man who told it to me is a scientist and one of the most prominent men in the country." His discovery will be announced to the department at Washington and a scientific investigation may follow. He tells me the fish appears to be about eighteen feet in length, as nearly as one could estimate looking through a field glass.

"But there are no fresh-water fish of such proportions," was ventured.

"Isn't a fresh-water fish. It's a salt-water fish."

"But how did it get there?"

"Easily enough to a fish man. That fish has been frozen in the ice glacier there ever since the time of the flood, when all this land was inundated. That is the reason the find is an important one."—Denver Times.

Silencing the Boaster.

A certain man was very much given to bragging about grand relations and connections, though he was not at all quite convincing.

On one occasion he was particularly tiresome, holding forth about "Lady Blank, whom I met yesterday, a connection of mine through Lord So-and-So and the Earl of Nobody," and so on.

A Scotsman present, said, quietly: "That reminds me of a man I knew, who said he was a relation of the Duke of Argyll, and explained it this way: 'The duke's piper's sister's wee laddie has a wee doggie that's an brother to my aunt's wee laddie's doggie.'"

The boaster was silent about his grand relations for the rest of the evening.—London Tit-Bits.

It is all very well to say that a woman should curl her hair, and try to entertain her husband in the evenings, but who would put the children to bed?