

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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TOLEDO.....OREGON.

Another war has broken out in South America, probably to prevent an interruption of the sequence.

If King Edward's coronation is anything like its prospectus it will at least add to the gayety of nations.

An old bachelor says there is nothing at all remarkable about the fact that only the female mosquitos annoy us.

The daughters of cabinet officers when their approaching marriages are announced get rather more prominence before the public than do their distinguished papas.

The injunction is a handy thing to have about the house. It has been invoked by a New Jersey girl to restrain a young man whom she says promised to marry her from marrying another girl.

German doctors may get excited because of the enormous increase of quacks, but they do not seem to rise to the profundity of truth that advertising pays. According to the regular school a "quack" is a doctor who is short on professional ethics and long on practice.

An editor whose types converted "spider web social" into "spindle leg social" has taken to the hills, a wanderer upon the face of the earth, not through fear of the ladies who attended the party, but because his amazonian wife is so unreasonable as to insist upon being shown how he secured the information.

From the settler's cabin may come a Clay. From the towpath of the canal may come a Garfield. From the woods may emerge a Lincoln. From the cornfields may rise a poet and a scholar. But who looks to the tenements of New York and Boston and Philadelphia for our future presidents and our future masters of literature and art and finance? Who looks to the slums of the great cities and to their fetid sweatshops for the world's leaders and torchbearers? Yet the drift of this country is steadily toward the tenement, and the drift from the tenement is toward the slum.

It appears that the punishment meted out to the reckless bicyclist is quite inadequate to impress upon the reckless automobilist the seriousness of his offense. To a man able to own an automobile valued at say \$2,000—what is a \$10 fine to him? A mere bagatelle. If for each violation of the speed limit law he should be mulcted in the sum of from \$200 to \$400 perhaps it might make some impression on him. A still more salutary effect would be secured by a brief term of imprisonment—for the lawbreaker theoretically stands in the same light before the bar of justice, be he millionaire or vagrant.

The successful utilization of waste products has been a large factor in the solution of the problem of production worked out by this generation. The meat-packing industry is a notable illustration. Should the packers only make expenses from the packing business the waste product would afford ample profit. However, the utilization of waste, the turning of refuse into profit is only in its infancy. It is no fancy, that story of the chemist who turned a pair of boots into a fine quality of jelly. In the Middle Ages such a man would have been a magician. He would have examined the entrails, watched the flight of birds or noticed which way the smoke blew ere he announced such a metamorphosis. Today the magician converts old skirts into glucose, makes ink from an old copper coffee pot and writing paper from old collars. The possibilities of the future transcend present belief. A New York physician says that good milk can be made from the sewage of the city. He could furnish as much from the present sewage volume as can be produced from a hundred thousand cows. It is simply a question of producing the milk more cheaply than from cows. When it is remembered that the smoke from smelters is carefully converted into white lead and the waste soapsuds from large woolen factories is now converted into pressed brick, some conception is afforded of the apparently fantastic, but really useful adaptations, of modern chemistry.

A peculiar phenomena is observable in the fact that while the nation, through the policy of expansion, is growing more cosmopolitan, in spots it is growing more provincial. It is true that certain districts in the United States are becoming more and more isolated because of certain conditions. Evidences may be discovered in the mountain districts of Kentucky where the feud of the middle ages is as strong as it was years ago. Regions in Tennes-

see, northern Georgia and West Virginia are untouched by the swift movement of modern thought. Peculiarities, customs and modes of thought bind communities of this sort into narrowness and isolation. Even our language is distorted into dialects, so that as in scriptural times, a man's speech betrayeth him. You can tell the down East Yankee by his omission of the "r," the Southerner by his concessions to negro dialect, and the rounder of the city by his patois. Communities are provincial in many things. Who would look for an unbiased opinion of the Chinese coolie on the Pacific coast? And yet what people more than the Californians admit the Chinese to their households? How many planters in the cotton states believe the negro has a soul? Note how aristocratic dwellers in "Athens" religiously stand by Bostonese as good English. "Can any good come out of Chicago?" asks the New York City provincial. The Missourian has to be "shown" when Iowa is concerned. We are coming to be a broad nation in many particulars, but we remain very narrow in spots.

The Judge who sustained a ruling of the Treasury Department that immigrants afflicted with tuberculosis had no right to enter the country did not go into the merits of the case. He simply held that the matter was one for the Treasury officials to decide. But it is clear that the Treasury decided wisely, that it is doing no more than it should to protect the health of the country. Tuberculosis is the most destructive disease known. In Europe, as well as in the United States, it is the cause of more deaths than any other. Epidemics of plague and fever are responsible for more scares and sensations, and occasionally produce a high death rate and a large mortality list, but tuberculosis works steadily year in and year out with the persistence of fate. It cannot be cured like the epidemics, and though new and promising remedies are announced every little while the one thing of a remedial nature upon which the best medical minds agree and insist is that the greatest care should be taken to prevent its inception and spread. There is no doubt that it is communicable; that the agent for its dissemination is the sputum of patients; that without strict regulations this agent is apt to be found everywhere. The seed of the disease is in the street of every town and city, in the workshop and on the farm. Hence the recommendations for the segregation of consumptives and the erection of public hospitals for their special care. When the dread of the disease is so great and such extraordinary precautions are urged against it within the country it is certainly reasonable that official precautions should be taken to prevent its importation. They are fully as justifiable as the measures which are taken to keep the sufferers from contagious diseases in quarantine.

Prof. Georgeson, who has been representing the Department of Agriculture in Alaska, has prepared a pleasant surprise for the American people. It appears that the current notion of Alaska as a bleak and somewhat terrifying wilderness, abounding chiefly in gold deposits and rigorous winters, is not altogether accurate. Alaska can be made the home of the farmer as well as that of the miner. There are at least four strips of territory, says Prof. Georgeson, where for about 400 miles the harder grains can be cultivated with success. It is true these strips are not so spacious as the Mississippi Valley, being only thirty or forty miles wide at most. But, small as they are, they are fertile, and on their 10,000,000 acres it is thought that a population of 3,000,000 people might find a comfortable subsistence. Besides the cereals, vegetables are found to thrive in the Alaskan climate, and during the past year the town of Dawson was fully supplied with green vegetables grown at home. It was also proved that grazing is a prospective Alaskan industry. Horses, sheep and cattle can find excellent pasture and can get through the winter even when turned out to find their own food. What with cereals, therefore, and vegetables and stock, the farmer of the Yukon valley will be able to settle down in that part of the world as a permanent resident. It is to be understood, of course, that the hardships of Alaskan life are undeniable. While the country is by no means the gigantic iceberg which some people suppose it to be, yet the climate is a little bit more than bracing, and the farms, though good, can never be of the kind called bonanza. Alaskan agriculture, as Prof. Georgeson remarks, is for the small farmer, who shall own his own land and who shall support himself largely by what he himself produces. To such a man, intelligent and industrious, Alaska offers great opportunities, for, like the "Great American desert" and much of the Canadian Northwest Territory, it has outlived its reputation for sterility and hopelessness, and is now ready to be exploited.

All Surprised.

Bessie—I was surprised when Mr. Dashleigh asked me to marry him.
Tessie—Everybody else was!—Ohio State Journal.

QUAINT KOREAN CEREMONY.

Weird Rites of Releasing a Soul from the Pangs of Purgatory.
The ceremony in the old South Gate was held to release a spirit from hell, says the author of a delightful paper on Korea.

In the middle of the dense crowd filling the pavilion was a rectangular space. At each end stood a man with a big fold of loose cloth in his arms. Beside each of them a woman stood. Around them ran the folds of the cloth, which also crossed the rectangle diagonally. On the folds were Chinese characters, and in the midst of them, in the open space, stood the sorceress, wearing a red shirt with red bands over her shoulders, and long, loose sleeves flopping in the air. With her was an old woman beating big cymbals together. Before them were the widow and son of the man whose spirit was by this ceremony to be released from hell. At one side a woman beat a drum resembling two hour glasses, and behind her were three great tissue paper figures suspended in the air and waving wildly. These represented spirits. The crowd shunned them awesomely. On the floor before the sorceress was a little table holding two peeled melons, one red, one yellow, some wine in a green bottle and three green apples, which it was pleasant to think would surely give the little devils cholera morbus. The widow, an ugly, scarred-faced woman, poured out some wine and prostrated herself before the table several times. The son, a well-dressed fellow, did the same, while the sorceress, kneeling down, beat the cymbals to call the devils to the offering. A native told me that the man had been dead four years, that the devil had presumptuous rights for three years, but that the deceased could now be got off, provided, of course, the mourning woman was satisfied with her remuneration. When the performance lasted three days it would often cost \$100. The pieces of cloth would be burned, the native said, to make a ladder for the spirit from hell to heaven. The surplus folds in the men's arms went to the sorceress.—Leslie's Magazine.



America has 28,000 druggists.
New York has 40,000 night workers.
In Japan there are less than 450 men who have \$250,000 apiece.
Canada's forests are found to be equal to supplying the world with pulp wood alone for 840 years, on the basis of 1,500,000 tons of manufactured pulp a year.

There are 80,000 persons, men and women, employed in what the law describes as gainful occupation—working for others for compensation—in New York City.

The employees of the Grand Trunk railway at Port Huron, Mich., have raised a fund of \$3,000 to establish a co-operative store where they can purchase the things they need at lower prices.

The total value of the manufacture of bricks and tiles in the United States in 1900 was \$76,336,871 and of pottery \$19,768,670.

Locomotives to burn oil are appearing in the Pacific States. They are built with the cab and furnace in front and the smokestack behind. The tender is discarded, and the oil and water are conducted in pipes.

Circulars issued by the Carpenters' Council of St. Louis, have been received in Chicago, stating that St. Louis is flooded with carpenters, and that work on the World's Fair buildings will not begin until next spring.

William B. Eckert, one of the oldest members of the printers' craft, died at the Union Printers' Home in Colorado Springs. The cause was old age, the deceased being 84. Mr. Eckert was the first member admitted to the home at the time of its opening, 10 years ago. He came from the Philadelphia union and was a worthy and respected member. He had the distinction of being one of the original founders of the Typographical Union of North America in 1852, and always had been one of the strongest and most upright members.

Symbolic.

The Cheerful Idiot—I notice our landlady is up on foot-ball.
The Gloomy Sage—How so?
The Cheerful Idiot—Why, she serves her pie in "hollow wedges."—Brooklyn Eagle.

False Pretense.

We're all often forced to rob Peter in order to settle with Paul.
But some of us merely rob Peter and Paul never sees us at all.
—Philadelphia Press.

Indians in Alaska.

The native Indians of Alaska number 29,536, a gain of 4,182 in ten years.

You just naturally hate to have some people "sell" you.

THE STORY OF A STEW.

AL HARLOW works in a downtown book concern and makes a pretty fair salary weekly. The trouble with Harlow has been that for something over a year past he spent more than the stipend which the big publishers' bookkeeper poked into his envelope every Saturday night. Al was born with several generous streaks in him, and as he approached adolescence he developed an inclination to go generosity one better or worse, and actually to throw money away. Harlow is good-looking and there never was a generous man who lacked friends. The girls in young Harlow's set all thought—it's a question what they're thinking now, though—that he was just about right. They gauged him perhaps by the candy, flower and theater ticket standard. If it be not ungallant even to hint such a thing it may be put down right here that the young women in Al Harlow's set played the young fellow for literally more than the young fellow was worth.

It must not be supposed for a minute that there were not many matrons who were ready to declare that Al was going at too swift a pace, although not one of them was found ready to tell her daughter that it were wise that a hint be thrown out to young Harlow that American beauty roses in December were too costly a gift to be sent to one young woman twice a week. There was only one of Al's set, and she was only in the set on occasion—for the other girls declared her rather prim and finicky—who had the courage born of a conviction that Al was developing spendthrift habits, to tell him frankly one day that neither she nor her mother thought it right for him to send as he did occasionally the expensive hot-house blossoms and the equally expensive bonbons.

Al took this in good part and way down in his heart he thought that Mary Johnson was saying just about the right thing, and that the saying of it was prompted by a delicate consideration for his own good, as well as by an equally delicate understanding of the propriety of things.

If Harlow did spend more than his salary he stuck close to business in the book establishment, and one day he was promoted to a better position and to more pay, an advancement that gave him a very comfortable income. Al sat down one night to figure it up. His debts scared him. He thought to himself that by rigid economy for a year he could square up, but he was not of the kind to settle down of his own free will and accord to any economy, let alone that of the rigid kind. All the girls in the set knew of Al's advancement, and most of them thought of it as meaning just so many more chrysanthemums and so many more chocolate caramels. There were many of them, too, it must be said, to whom this advancement gave to Al a new value. As a matter of fact, the majority of them began to set their cap for Al. It must not be supposed, however, that a great burden of sense lay with the majority. It could not bring itself to forego the pleasures of the sweets of candy and the scents of flowers simply because one of its members hoped to lead the spendthrift to the altar. "Let him spend," said the girls. "When he does get married he can save money, pay his debts and become a model for the community."

Mary Johnson did not like it when Al showed a tendency to keep on running along the road which has a big finger post marked "Ruin" standing all along the way. There wasn't a grain of selfishness in Mary Johnson's nature. She liked the young fellow and she hated to see him go the way that leads to a great big precipice.

All the set, Al and a lot of other young fellows included, went to St. Dives' Church. Most of the members of St. Dives were so rich that they could have each chipped in enough without missing it to make unnecessary the holding of a church fair for the benefit of the poor of the outlying districts of the parish. They gave a church fair, however, and the young women prepared to play, as sadly enough they always do at church fairs, the parts of harpies.

The girls held a meeting before the fair and planned a campaign. Each one had a little book in which the victims were to put down their names, pay a quarter for the privilege and thus secure one chance in 4,000 of winning a tidy or an impossible whisk broom holder. One of the girls said that it should be a matter of conscience with them all to make as much as they could, and then she added: "Every girl in this bunch must make Al Harlow pay 50 cents a chance, because he'll do it and never wink. It's in a good cause, you know, and he's easy, and we must get all we can. The other boys will stand for quarters, but they are not in the easy class with Al."

In that meeting they laid plans that if carried out would come pretty near completing the financial undoing of Albert Harlow, book publishers' man.

Mary Johnson was there and she denounced the scheme as "a shame." The other girls looked at each other as much as to say "O, but isn't she artful?"

The fair was on. Al Harlow had bought tickets for all sorts of things and he paid three prices therefor. He had paid \$1 postage each on letters in the postoffice and had paid 50 cents each for a dozen attempts to hook a penny whistle from out the "fish pond." Now it happened that Al had been obliged to work late at the book shop and he had gone to the fair without having taken as much as a bite of food. He was young, active and healthy and he was as hungry as a bear. After he had parted with a large part of his financial substance he said within the hearing half a dozen of the girls and somewhat thoughtlessly: "I'd give \$5 for something to eat."

"You shall have it," they said in chorus; "sit down."

They pushed him into a chair by a table which was close to the door of the fair kitchen. Al had seen his young men friends eating for an hour past. He knew that they had paid only a dollar a head for their dinners and that they were having each a substantial meal. He hoped that his five dollars would bring him something solid, yet appetizing. The six girls to whom he had imparted knowledge of his hunger disappeared into the kitchen. There they talked louder than they knew and Al heard every word.

"We'll just give him the regulation church fair oyster stew," said one



THEY TALKED LOUDER THAN THEY KNEW.

voice. "It'll be a good joke and he's too easy to say anything, and there'll be just \$4.95 clear profit."

"Splendid," sang a chorus. Then Al heard another voice. He recognized it as that of Mary Johnson. It was a voice softer and with a better modulation than any he had heard. Perhaps it was that she said that made him think this but he thought it nevertheless. "That's not only a shame, girls," said Mary, "but it's mean. Because Al tries to be good-natured and does things for us all is no reason why he should be imposed upon and made to go hungry."

"Mary," said another voice, "you are always spoiling our fun."

Then there was silence. In a few minutes six young women escorted in a watery oyster stew and put it down with not even so much as a cracker on the side. It was indeed a regulation church fair stew. It had one oyster, a miserable, attenuated, pale little thing like all oysters that are sacrificed for charity. Mary Johnson was not among the onlookers as Al ate. When he rose from the table he said: "Good night," and left. Not all the importunities to buy a carnation for only \$4 succeeded in holding him longer.

Two weeks later the young women met in the parish house to make the final accounting of the financial end of the fair. They had made a lot of money. As Mary Johnson held out her paper of accounts to the treasurer the girls saw something on her hand and with one accord they screamed: "Mary, where did you get it?"

On the engagement finger of Mary's hand was a heavy gold circle holding in a golden clasp a magnificent pearl. Mary blushed a moment and then with a glad look that betrayed something of triumph, replied: "It's my engagement ring. Al Harlow gave it to me yesterday. The pearl is a beauty, is it not? Partridge & Co., to whom Al showed it, appraised its value at \$2,000. Al found the pearl in that plate of oyster stew, for which you charged him \$5."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Define it.

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, what is conscience?
Professor Broadhead—Conscience, my son, is the name usually given to the fear we feel that other people will find us out.—Harper's Bazar.

To Select From.

She—The angels sent me ma two twin babies last night.
He—Has she picked out the one she wants yet?

Some people always look disappointed.