

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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TOLEDO.....OREGON.

It had to come. Togo Jensen was born in South Dakota the other day.

It frequently happens that a man who pays as he goes doesn't go very far.

Consider also the grass—how every spire of it that grows has to hustle for a living.

Now that rubber ribs have proved successful awful possibilities threaten in the literal adaptation of rubber necks.

In Korea widows are not permitted to remarry. Homely widows needn't feel that they ought to offer excuses over there.

By the time a man thoroughly understands the ways of a woman he is so old that he doesn't care anything about them.

London has a hospital where women are trained as nurses for dogs. This is throwing physic to the dogs literally as well as figuratively.

In fighting desperately in a snowstorm the British and Tibetans showed how it is possible to have a hot time under adverse conditions.

The mumps germ has been definitely "isolated." Won't somebody please gun for the microbe which causes that swelling a little higher up?

A Texas man has been sentenced to the penitentiary for an accumulative term of 396 years. He hopes to get the ninety-six years off for good behavior.

The winnings of the bank of Monte Carlo are said to average \$25 a minute. This may account for the fact that there are so many poor fools in the world.

In the sweet sisterhood of states Utah excels in plural marriages, South Dakota in plural divorces, New Jersey in plural corporations, and New York in plural politics.

Is it possible that in giving a brilliant description of how he escaped and what he did when the Petropavlovsk went down Grand Duke Cyril hopes to butt into the Carnegie hero fund?

The lady who is suing a gentleman for breach of promise because he did not make good on the ten million-million-million kisses he promised her ought to have suspected that he was overestimating his capacity.

The Princess of Wales is one of the most expert typewriters in England. She can rattle off 100 words a minute. If anything ever happens to make the British people quit supporting their royal family the Princess needn't worry.

During the progress of a breach of promise suit at Wichita, Kan., it was brought out that the defendant sent to the plaintiff ten million-million-million kisses, and all that it cost him for their shipment was a 2-cent postage stamp. Still we have to pay about the same old rates on coal and furniture.

Boys who, when they are "speaking their pieces," suddenly discover that they have forgotten what they were going to say, may comfort themselves with the knowledge that they are in distinguished company. So experienced a debater as Winston Churchill was lately obliged to sit down in the midst of a speech in the House of Commons because his memory failed him. The boy may be sure that his audience will treat him as the House treated Mr. Churchill—with sympathy and consideration.

The Pacific slope has flowers of its own, but Eastern people there sometimes long for even the weeds of their old home. A Pennsylvania-bred woman, visiting in New England in the spring, said she wished that she had some goldenrod at her home in Washington. Amid all the luxuriance of that Western State, where they raise roses by the bushel and cherries by the ton, she missed the yellow plume of the wayside weed of the other side of the Rocky Mountains. So when the frost was out of the ground her host dug up a clump of goldenrod roots and sent them to her, and now they are sprouting near the shore of Puget Sound, the first plant of the kind in that part of the world. It was in just this way that many of the common garden flowers were introduced into America—the seeds were sent by friends in the Old World.

A prince across the water was recently tried and found guilty of murder. The account which tells of his crime tells also of his childhood. What would you expect to find was the story of that prince's life? Would you ex-

pect to be told that when a child he was playing in the forest where he found a bird with a broken wing, and tended it until it could fly away? Would you expect that when a child this murderer washed the blood from a dog's crushed foot and nursed the little fellow back to health? Would you expect that one who could drive a knife through a man's heart spent his early days caring for his dumb pets and doctoring their bruises? The child that is tender and thoughtful and humane does not coolly commit murder when he grows to be a man. The child that mends a broken wing does not grow to torture prisoners and mutilate their living bodies. What the unhappy prince did when he was a boy was to burn cats alive, tear the toe nails from dogs, cut off their tails and inflict other exquisite tortures. Small wonder that he grew to be a murderer. It was but the natural outcome of those sports of his childhood in which he took delight. Look to the little boy that finds pleasure in abusing dumb animals! Watch the child that watches pain and suffering with eager eyes. Those children are learning to be murderers. Break up the habit of cruelty before it is too late.

In spite of the long term of study and great expense incident upon a medical education in Germany, the number of doctors is increasing so rapidly that the profession is becoming alarmed. The German Association of Physicians is co-operating with the foreign office to find remunerative places in other countries for German doctors. In other words, a foreign market is sought for the excessive medical product of the home industry. There are 29,000 doctors in Germany, or about one to every 1,900 people. In larger cities statistics show one doctor for every 800 inhabitants. This, together with the fact that in Berlin 50 per cent of the medical practitioners have a taxable income below \$714, inspires the government with grave alarm. Incidentally it may be remarked that the estimate for the total expense of securing a medical education and getting fairly established in practice is between \$6,000 and \$7,000. If there is any cause for alarm over the plethora of doctors in Germany, what shall be said of this country? Here there is a doctor for every 550 people approximately. With better sanitation and a greater knowledge of hygiene among all classes, with an effectual check upon the ravages of infectious diseases due to the great strides taken by medical science in recent years, why is it that the medical schools turn out 50 per cent more students in 1901 than in 1892? There would seem to be but one answer, and that is not complimentary to the American people. There must be a greater fondness for being doctored, due either to physical degeneracy or a morbid growth of imaginary complaints. It is doubtful if the first supposition will hold in view of the uniformly flattering returns of the health statistics. There would, consequently, appear to be good foundation for the latter hypothesis. As a modifying argument, it may be said with some truth that doctors are, to an extent, a luxury, the demand for which grows with civilization and greater wealth per capita. At the same time too many luxuries tend to enervate the race. There is little doubt the profession is overworked, and the example set by Germany may be a valuable suggestion to America. Let this country start an export trade in doctors and get rid of the surplus stock.

NO DUSTY ROADS IN FRANCE.

Tar Coating Has Proved Successful in Abating a Crying Evil.

How to obtain dustless highways has long been a problem to which municipal supervisors in all parts of the world have been devoting a great deal of attention. An official report of the department of bridges and roads in France shows the continuance of the good results obtained in rendering roads free from dust by coating the surface with tar.

The engineer for the Seine and Marne departments reports that after an unsuccessful trial of a mixture of oil and petroleum a coating of tar was in the summer of 1902 laid down on seven different lengths of road. After carefully observing these during a period of twelve months, he finds that dust and mud have wholly disappeared and the cost of maintenance of the roads has been considerably reduced. Further comparing the previous outlay on the roads with that of those with tarred surface, he says:

"It appears that the tarring method requires no greater outlay and at the same time very considerably improves the condition of the roadway. In La Cher two lengths of the Chaussee Nationales were coated with tar in June and August of 1902. Both these experiments have been entirely successful, the road now being covered with an elastic skin, while the sound of foot passengers' tread is muffled and horses and draught oxen require only one-half the effort they put forth before. The noise and vibration caused by vehicular traffic is much reduced and neither dust nor mud is formed on the tarred surface.

BLUE-EYED GRASS.

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow
And yellow-blossoms on the hill,
Cattails that rustle and whisper,
And winds that are never still;

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow,
A lullaby's nest near by,
Blackbirds caroling clearly
Somewhere between earth and sky;

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow,
And the laden her's low hum,
Milkweeds all by the roadside,
To tell us summer is come.
—St. Nicholas.

A CASE OF TRAINING.

I SUPPOSE you intend to go to the ball over at the Flat, Reuben?" Mrs. Butler observed to her son, as he rose from the breakfast table. "I was calculating to, mother," he answered, turning with the quick look of one who expects to be found fault with.

"I don't want to dictate at all," she observed, smoothly, "but merely to suggest that it would be an act of courtesy for you to take Matilda Springer."

"Matilda Springer?" "Yes, Matilda Springer; you needn't exclaim so. She is as nice a girl as you could find, and she seldom gets an invitation. I am sure it would be quite a treat to her. A young man should pass around his attentions, not go too much with the same girl; it becomes too marked. Of course I'm only suggesting; you can do as you please."

Reuben did not reply; he put on his hat and started downtown. There was a rebellious look in his brown eyes, and he said something under his breath his mother would have been shocked to hear.

At the foot of the hill he half stopped and looked back from force of habit. How often when a lad on his way to school his mother had called him back, when he reached this point where the road went out of sight, and when he rushed home again, hot and impatient, he would be told "to hang up his coat, or put a book on the shelf that he had left on a chair."

Mrs. Butler was a managing woman, and her husband and son felt her hand in every detail of their lives.

"It is easier to let your mother have her way," John Butler would say; and the only time he dared to disobey her was when, without saying aught, he lay down and died.

"I wonder what possessed mother to get it into her head to have me take that old maid! Just when I'd got my new buggy, too, and wanted Clarissa to ride in it first. It will be the biggest ball ever given in these parts, and I know Clarissa will expect to go with me. Hang it all! What do I care if it is 'marked'? I'd be tickled to death if folks knew I was going to marry Clarissa Brown, and I'd been thinking that during this long ride in the moonlight I might get the courage to ask her to marry me. But mother's made up her mind, and I suppose I've got to take Matilda, or the dickens will be to pay. I wonder I haven't cut it long ago and run away. I guess it's because she's mother, after all," and Reuben stroked his rather weak chin perplexedly. "I'll talk it over with her to-night."

Talk it over he did, with the result that the next evening he was going up the steps to the rickety photograph gallery, behind which Matilda lived, to ask her to go to the party with him.

Pretty Clarissa Brown, bending over the sewing machine, hemming blue dimity ruffles for her new dress, was wondering even then why Reuben hadn't been around to arrange about going to the party. She wondered more as the days went by, and when the evening came and the gayly decorated coaches and buggies began to go by, and she saw Miss Matilda seated by Reuben, a linen duster covering her freshly laundered yellow cambric dress, a mutinous expression came into her eyes.

"Madam Mother again," she said, under her breath.

After that Clarissa found it convenient to see very little of Reuben; if he called, she was busy or out, and she passed him on the street with the slightest nod.

Reuben was miserable, and as the weeks went on, with no change in Clarissa, he began to think she had given him up for good. A change came over the lad; he grew reckless, and did not heed his mother's displeasure. He went out evenings, and came back careless and uncommunicative. To her angry expostulations he replied that he was going to choose his own company.

"I'm going to see Fannie West; she's a right lively girl, and is teaching me card games, and to-night we had tamales and beer," and Reuben took his candle and marched off to bed.

Mr. Butler felt cold all over. Fannie West, that little frazzle-headed thing, always giggling, and Reuben turned so independent. What if he set out to marry her?

Of course she wanted him to have Clarissa, only she had meant to show

JAPANESE COUNCIL OF WAR IN THE FIELD.



During the advance of the Japanese armies in Korea, a straw tent afforded the only shelter for their leaders gathered in council. We see them in the sketch squatting on the ground under this fragile structure solemnly discussing the momentous issues of the campaign. It is night, and in the dim light of lanterns, against the background of darkness, the immobile faces of the Japanese might be mistaken for sculptured josses in some Shinto temple, so devoid are they of the expressions which the business in hand is supposed to awaken. The little yellow-skinned conquerors are in deadly earnest, but they make no fuss about it. It is amusing to compare them to the British and French invaders of the Orient during the crusades, when, according to good authorities, Coeur de Leon, the leader of the invading armies, spent his time carousing with his nobles in silken tents on the eve of battle.

the girl that she needn't be too sure of him, and so she made him take Matilda Springer to the party. Why, Clarissa was a queen compared to Fannie West; she was so pretty and dainty, and her folks come from the East, while the Wests were nothing but trash.

No doubt the silly girl was bound to do all she could to get her Reuben; he was the handsomest boy in town.

Who would have thought Clarissa would have been so resentful, but it must be made up, and that right quickly.

Reuben arose after his night's rebellion, expecting to find a few cold scraps for breakfast, and his mother complaining and cross; but instead there was fresh coffee, beefsteak and eggs, and hot waffles. Dinner, too, was perfect, and his mother the soul of good nature.

"Reuben," she said, "will you step round to Mrs. Brown's with me after you come home this evening? Of course, I mean if it won't inconvenience you. It's dark, and rough walking, and I'll be glad of your arm."

"Why, of course, mother."

She made other occasions. Mrs. Brown wanted some slips; would Reuben take them around as he went to the post office?

Perhaps Clarissa, too, had heard of Fannie West; anyway, she was friendly, and before they knew it they were lovers again, with the wedding day set.

"I shall have them live right here with me," the old lady thought, complacently, "and I shall train Clarissa in my ways. Everything must be done as I do it; then I can be sure of Reuben's comfort. Of course I shall be mistress."

"I know what it will be living there," Clarissa was thinking, "but I love Reuben, and I am willing."

The night they came home from the wedding journey Mrs. Butler had a beautifully prepared supper.

"It is time old people like me had a rest," she said. "I shall give everything into your charge."

"Then I'll begin by presiding over the teapot," replied Clarissa, gayly, sitting down as she spoke before the tray.

"Of course," said Mrs. Butler, rather blankly, and she moved stiffly toward the seat she had designed for Clarissa.

"I know your preference, Reuben, dear," went on the young wife, her pretty hand toying with the sugar spoon; "mother, do you take one lump or two?"

"I always sweeten my own tea," responded the elder lady, frigidly.

"Oh, certainly!" answered Clarissa, sweetly, passing the sugar bowl.

Was this Clarissa Brown, this self-possessed woman, already assuming her place?

That evening a friend of Reuben's dropped in, and addressed Clarissa as

"Mrs. Butler." The old woman commented on it when he left.

"Of course," she said, "we will be Mrs. Butler and Clarissa. I seriously object to being old Mrs. Butler."

"No, indeed," laughed Reuben's wife. "I am too proud of my new name to resign it. Mrs. Butler, Senior, if you please, and Mrs. Butler, Junior; but Mrs. Butler I intend to be."

So it went on. If the mother-in-law wanted the cleaning done with sand instead of sapolio, Clarissa had some gay little excuse, but she did it her way. To suggestions that she should employ her spare time piecing quilts, Clarissa reminded her of the dozens already in the house, and said she preferred to read and know what was going on in the world, that her husband might not be ashamed of her.

Mrs. Butler, the elder, by and by threw off her elaborate politeness, and used the old tactics that had been so effective with her husband and son, but she found an antagonist worthy of her steel. Clarissa would not quarrel, neither would she yield. It was not pleasant to be always on the defensive, and sometimes not spoken to for a week at a time, or to have her little dinners and parties spoiled by a well-timed illness of the old lady.

The second time she tried that was when the Whist Club met there, and Clarissa wanted to have everything particularly nice; and, much to the old lady's astonishment, a nurse walked into her darkened bedroom.

"Why, what are you here for, Mrs. Todd?" she asked, sitting up in her surprise.

"Your daughter sent me to take care of you; she couldn't leave her party, and she said she'd be worried."

"You go out of that door, Jane Todd. When I want a nurse I'll send for one. I'm going to get up."

"Clarissa's done her a sight of good," thought Mrs. Todd. "She's getting to be a different woman, and Reuben's actually growing fat. Clarissa is very kind to her, but she says she's going to keep her own individuality, whatever that is. I rather guess the training's been turned around, and it's the old lady herself that's trained."—Waverley Magazine.

Easily Disposed Of.

"The man who called here this morning," said the secretary, "said that you promised him something."

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "find out what it was and then assume the responsibility of promising it over again."—Washington Star.

Chance to Moralize.

"I heard a feller say dat he wasn't happy unless he was workin'," said Plodding Pete.

"Well," responded Meandering Mike, "dat shows what a terrible ting it is to git into habits."—Washington Star.

A wise girl is known by the company she doesn't keep.