

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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TOLEDO.....OREGON.

Danger of catching "craw craw" from kissing? Pshaw pshaw!

Isn't it about time to say less and dig more on the Panama Canal?

Russia's losses have been terrible, but soldiers are the cheapest raw material she has.

Begins to look as if the Russian fly had walked into the parlor of the Japanese spider.

The Kaiser has a new war problem on hand. He is trying to get the rival art schools together.

Chess is taught in the Russian schools. Is it any wonder that the people of that country move forward slowly?

It sometimes happens that a girl gets mad because a young man is unable to explain why he loves her more than other girls.

To each Wagner his own accomplishment. One to leave us "Parsifal" and the Ring; the other to lead the National League in batting.

Kissing is coming once more to the fore of public discussion. But what's the use of making such a noise about it? There is only one proper way to discuss a kiss.

Another cure for dyspepsia is announced. All you have to do is to eat chalk. Thus there still is hope for those unfortunates who have tried the sanu cure in vain.

Young Mr. Rockefeller, as we gather from an occasional utterance of his that finds its way into print, is not engaged in the acquisition of money for its own sake.

An heiress who has succeeded in capturing a foreigner with a title had herself married to him by a justice of the peace, by an Italian consul and by a clergyman. She must be out for the worth of her money.

William Rockefeller has been compelled to pay over \$100,000 for a side yard about forty feet wide in New York. At that rate even a Rockefeller might run out of cash before he succeeded in getting the earth.

John Bull wants Tibet to pay him an indemnity of \$3,750,000 for the trouble he has had in sending his boys to Lhasa. Tibet didn't urge the necessity of the expedition, but Mr. Bull, being a funny old fellow in some respects, will not permit that to bother him now.

It is found that the highly developed sense of touch in the blind makes them particularly successful in administering massage treatment. In London sanatoriums the result of employing blind masseuses has been so good that it is proposed to introduce the art of massage in New York schools for the sightless.

If the Russians who were killed in the battle below Mookden had met death on the Siberian railway what a lot the American people would have had to say about the incompetence and graft of the Russian bureaucracy. Yet last year, according to official statistics, there were 9,840 persons killed on American railways and 76,553 others injured.

Many are the uses of a beard. It is useful to diplomatists as a mask, and it protects the throat in stormy weather; but a Kansas man has discovered that as a bee-catcher it has merits worthy of consideration. He was working in a field when a swarm of bees approached and began to settle in his beard. With remarkable presence of mind he sat down and waited until the whole swarm had gathered; then he rose and walked slowly home and hived his catch.

The convention that makes the opal the "birth stone" for October, and an appropriate gift for persons born in this month, seems to be getting the better of the superstition that opals are "unlucky." Sir Walter Scott popularized the notion by introducing it to help out a plot, and credulous persons have based upon it more and more dreadful tales than ever novelists invented. But the world grows wiser. Nowadays, when her opal grows dull, my lady does not languish in expectation of ill fortune; she takes it to the jeweler to be repolished.

It is admitted and deplored by prominent clergymen that religion has lost much of its effect as an active force in society during recent years in Europe and America. Who or what is responsible for this apparent decline of popularity of religion? Is it the clergy or the laity?—or does the fault

and weakness lie in some principle of Christianity itself? There is a spirit of broad charity on all sides among Christian people. Sect tolerates sect, while Christian nations bear with the beliefs of pagan nations. This loosening of the lines may or may not account for the seeming weakness of churches now as compared with the past, but it affords no sufficient explanation of the waning of the religious spirit.

Harry Lehr, leader of Newport society, has again given a jar to the jaded who imagine life scarcely worth the while. The function through which he created an oasis of gladness and put some of his money into circulation was a birthday party to his wife's doggy. There were seven canine pets present and they were attended by five liveried butlers. The mistresses of the doggies were there too, and after the dinner they, with Mr. Lehr, romped with the pets until all were tired out. The dinner to the doggies and dog-gesses was served in courses and was supplemented by a birthday cake. There is but one Harry Lehr. No other example of splendid endeavor and unmistakable genius approaches him. He has money and puts it to the noble use of making a fool of himself and his associates. Seven dogs attended by five butlers, and the function presided over by a near relative dressed in a man's clothes. What a spectacle!

There died recently in Chicago a successful merchant, who in the long course of a busy life never forgot that he had been a boy. "In the whole world," he often said, "there is no one else equal to a fine, strong, clean young man—except a fine, strong, clean young woman." He not only believed that, but he acted on his belief. So it happened that no business was ever so pressing that he had not time, when he found a youth of the kind described, to seek employment for him in his own office or with some acquaintance. "Business is a little slack just now," the acquaintance would sometimes say. "I'm afraid I cannot find room for another man—one who has no experience." "Don't tell me you are going to let this opportunity go by," the other would interrupt. "Why, you can't afford to. Room for him? Who asked you to 'make room' for him? Give him a chance. He'll make his own room. Here's a young man—do you realize what that means? One of the noblest creatures in the world. Not only a man like you and me, but young, with all the world before him. He offers to give you his whole power, to come into your business and use his God-given intelligence in mastering and improving it. You are asked to accept a favor—and if you don't some more enterprising rival will. Take him while you can get him; you may not have another chance." Boys who deserve such introductions are not so rare as is sometimes thought. This man had a faculty for finding them and for bringing out by stimulating words the very best in them. And he brought home to many employers besides himself the fact that a boy seeking work, if he be the right kind of a boy, is offering in his manly ambition something for which the money paid is in no sense a return.

Happy is the woman who has an innate sense of harmony, who knows not only one tint from another, but knows what colors will blend and what colors will quarrel. Happy the woman who does not spend her strength and her money trying to have an attractive home or pleasing wardrobe and all to no purpose. The woman who has an eye for color can work the happiest effects and often with very small means. Her home is restful and inviting, with an indefinable charm which money alone can never buy. She would no more think of compelling purple to stand with blue or scarlet with crimson than she would think of inviting into her parlor two persons who were sworn enemies to each other. She would avoid loud colors in her furnishings as she would a loud-mouthed individual full of self-assertion and overbearing ways. Instead of envying and aping the rich, the woman who will study the nature of colors and the laws of harmony and make her selections in accordance with them will be gratified with a beautiful home, simple, perhaps, but wonderfully pleasing in its air of cheerful comfort and expression of refined feeling. The woman who has a sense of harmony, either native or acquired, will not make the mistake of overloading her rooms or her garments. True art demands the absence of whatever is superfluous, meaningless or contradictory and fretting. It may not be easy to give up what vulgarly and coarseness have so long exacted, but refined taste once acquired has no use for the tawdry, the worthless and the oppressive weight of decoration. Simplicity does not signify any form of puritanism, but it does mean a harmony that produces peace on all who come under its influence.

No man ever loved his family so much that he claimed he prefers the backbone of the chicken.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HOW QUACKS PERFORM "MIRACLES."

By T. P. O'Connor.



Quacks have two advantages over regular practitioners. In the first place, all the quack's successes are trumpeted abroad by his grateful patients, while of his failures the world hears nothing, since no one likes to confess the silliness of having had recourse to a charlatan. Few events in history are so well attested as the miracles wrought upon the tombstone of Deacon Francois de Paris in the churchyard of St. Meard, and yet they were derided by the Jesuits, because they were Jansenist miracles; by the Protestants, because they were Catholic miracles; by the doctors, because they were quackery; and by the scientific, because they were assumed to be supernatural. Yet medical men and men of science, Protestant, Catholic, and Jesuit, would one and all have admitted the evidence for some of the most startling of these miracles to be overwhelming if their creed, or calling, or training had not prejudiced them against all evidence. The tombstone not only cured neurotics but inspired the convulsionnaires that stood or lay upon it with supernatural eloquence, or knowledge, or endurance.

Imagination is quite as effective to kill as to cure. Two physicians walking together in the outskirts of Edinburgh stopped to experiment upon a laborer. The senior doctor thus addressed him: "My good man, you've no business to be at work, or to be out, or to be anywhere but in bed. Allow me to examine you." Having looked at his tongue, felt his pulse, and sounded with a stethoscope his lungs, the doctor shook his head ominously and ordered the man to go home and to bed forthwith. The man, who was in perfect health, went home and to bed—from which he never rose. He was dead within a week.

The fear of death is more to be dreaded than death itself. It is one of the wise maxims of Publilius Syrus; or, as Isabella puts it, "the sense of death is most in apprehension." Only the other day George Meredith said that doctors and parsons fostered an artificial fear of death; and this was also the opinion of Montaigne, Bacon and Jeremy Taylor. Here, too, imagination plays a great part, sometimes in hastening, and always in misrepresenting death.

WHY SHOULD MAN FEAR DEATH.

By Dr. Andrew Wilson.



For the first time in history, we have a nation which combines the oriental disdain of death with a perfect mastery of the means which the Western world has contrived for inflicting it on others. We see a whole people apparently without a nervous system. A wounded Japanese soldier waiting for an operation will calmly look on while the patient who has the first turn is cut and carved. The death roll is received in Japan with Spartan calm. Hitches, emergencies, reverses find officers and officials serenely imperturbable. It is magnificent, and also undeniably most formidable, as other nations than Russia may possibly discover before the end of the chapter is reached.

What of the great mass of working class men and women who are still the backbone of every nation? Let any one test it who will in the wards of a great hospital. Here least of all do you hear of the fear of death. Fear of disablement, fear for wife or family left without breadwinner, fear for the berth or the job which may be lost if the discharge is delayed—all this you may hear freely poured out, but fear of death never. The stoicism is mass-

ive, and simple, and profoundly touching. Perhaps there is something bracing and sustaining in the atmosphere of the place, with its constant reminder that death and pain are the common lot, to be borne with fortitude, that each may help the other at the last. It is a place, according to general testimony, of peace and happiness, and, in spite of pain and death, we feel the presence of the Giver of Life.

Many a man or woman who can face death stanchly for themselves quail and turn coward at the thought of the death of others. The slaughter of affection—that is, or seems to be, the great tragedy, and if faith decays it may operate more powerfully than any fear that the individual entertains for himself. Faith alone can exorcise this terror. To think of death as of "passing from one room to another"—to think thus for oneself and for others, is to have peace at last.

WHY TEETH DECAY.

By R. B. Tuller, D. D. S.



Nature made teeth perfect in the beginning, and no doubt they were intended to serve a full lifetime. Relatively few people have any idea how a tooth is developed. From the germ deep in the jaw a bit of enamel begins to form. If it is to be a grinding tooth from two to five bits begin to form separately, or one for every cone shaped prominence the completed tooth will have. The building up and broadening out of these cones is from the under side, and the completed part pushes towards the surface. Eventually these several parts come together, unite, and fill in the intervening spaces, forming the top, or grinding, surface of the tooth.

Now, the influences that cause decay of teeth are due to micro-organisms, or bacteria, and the mouth, much as we may abhor the idea, is a hotbed for their culture and development. They are there in endless variety; some good, some bad, and possibly some indifferent. The air we breathe is full of them, and some—the good ones, no doubt—are essential to our health.

If we comprehend the microbe we will understand that he does not attack a tooth, singly or collectively, as a rat gnaws into wood, for they have no designs on the teeth. They, however, feed and thrive and multiply enormously on the films of food that will cling somewhere about the teeth despite our best care. In doing that they give out an acid that has a corrosive action upon tooth structure; and also a glutinous substance that covers and protects them to a certain extent against their enemies, or the saliva that might in the right condition render the acid inert. This glutinous patch, or plaque, forms anywhere on a tooth, and especially in recesses and on surfaces not readily kept free by the action of tongue and lips and the use of the teeth in masticating. If not dislodged by these means or by the brush, or if not rendered inert by other conditions of the mouth, corrosion of the tooth substance begins. Once begun, films of food will attach themselves more readily. The pits and fissures referred to are exceedingly favorable places for food accumulation, and next to them come the places where teeth are in contact with each other. Once acidity is formed it fills with food and the consequent multiplicity of microbes.

Personal efforts will do much to keep the teeth free from injurious agencies, but it is futile as concerns deep pits and caverns. When decay has once started it is a mistake to neglect it. Decaying teeth, taken in time, may not only be put in good repair and saved, but a menace to their fellows is removed.

Mary and the Hero.

THERE was no question as to hero of the Huntville cadets' annual ball, Maurice Haworth, lieutenant in the United States army, stationed at West Point and detailed to inspect the Huntville military school, looked the part and played it, too.

If Lieutenant Haworth were the hero, Mary Morris was at least the belle of the ball. She had always been the most popular girl in the town.

She was sympathetic, jolly, intelligent, generous and very sure of herself, whether discussing the cost of the gown she was graduated in, the ten commandments or the conduct of love affairs, she gave definite, assured and unchangeable opinions.

Mary, coming to the ball rather late, was immediately surrounded by a clamoring group of very young cadets and very old bachelors, men who had gathered around generations of Huntville girls.

From this masculine ambush, she eyed the lieutenant making himself agreeable on the other side of the room. His appearance impressed her—in fact, impressed her very deeply.

"Haworth wants to meet you," said her stout, unimaginative brother; "shall I bring him over?"

"Is he as good as he looks?" questioned Mary.

"First rate," returned Jim. "I met him at the school, last night." Then added with a grin, "Quite the sort you're always talking about—a 'girl's ideal'."

Under the influence of a moment's rash conviction, Mary whispered: "Jim, I believe you're right. I have a feeling I'll meet my fate when I meet him."

Even as she spoke the words she wished them unsaid, for Jim's eyes twinkled wickedly.

However, when the lieutenant stood before her, tall, broad-shouldered, brown-eyed; when she found his bow, his smile, his voice exactly what they should be, she realized she had met

the man of her dreams and promptly forgot her rash confidence to her brother.

He begged for all the dances she had left. She hesitated, knowing that every girl in the room would count them and hate her. Then he looked into her eyes and she let him write his name four times.

"How can you dance?" he exclaimed, after their first turn.

"It takes two to make poetry of motion," she replied.

"Why don't you and your brother come up to one of our balls? I always go, in spite of being an old stager."

"Singularly well preserved for an antique!" she exclaimed with sparkling eyes. "I wish we could come."

After the third dance they went out into the warm, clear night and strolled in silence through the dimly lighted grounds. When they reached the wall overlooking the river they stopped by mutual, unspoken consent.

"How beautiful the world is!" breathed Mary, after a long minute.

"Some one in a story I read somewhere wondered why it was that the people you loved best to talk to, you also loved best to be silent with."

"Yes, I remember," said Mary; "it's true, too, isn't it?"

"Why can't all life be like this?" questioned the lieutenant, "beautiful and harmonious."

"Because," replied Mary, with a quick, withdrawn breath, "it wouldn't be good for us. I must go back. The boy is young enough to be hurt if I cut his dance."

When their last dance was over they sought a cozy corner in the hall. "It has been a perfect evening to me," he began; then with a curious change in his voice, he went on: "It's a fine little town. Next time I come I mean to bring Mrs. Haworth with me. She visited here once in her childhood."

His wife! Had he struck her she could not have felt more repulsed and humiliated. He had thought her a flirt and trifled with her deliberately.

Staggering as the blow was to her self-esteem, she betrayed it only by a slight alteration in her voice as she replied:

"Indeed you must bring her. We

will do our best to make it pleasant for her."

He left her, and sinking back on the seat she covered her face with her hands. She could have liked him as much—in a different way—had she known. Many of her firmest men friends were married.

"Miss Morris," said Lieutenant Haworth in the doorway.

Mary rose, pride helping her to regain her self-control.

"I have done a most contemptible, most ungentlemanly thing. I am not a married man, By Mrs. Haworth I meant my stepmother."

"You assume," said Mary, her face flaming, "that it makes a difference to me what you are."

He flushed and bit his lip.

"You are quite justified in being angry," he said, "only please be charitable and see that I do not mean to be presumptuous."

"This is no question of charity," she retorted, "there is no need of explanation. Be good enough to let me pass."

"You shall listen to me," Haworth said quietly, blocking the doorway with his outstretched arms. Mary sank on the seat behind her helplessly.

"Your brother," he went on, "asked me to give the impression I was married. Since he thought that was a joke, I have been willing to oblige him—until now."

"I can see," interrupted Mary, coolly, "what this has to do with me or your keeping me here."

"But it has everything to do with me," he replied, "if I had a wife what I have felt toward you this evening would have been disloyalty to her. But, being free, it is my right to say that my admiration for you is the most honest, the most sincere, the deepest sentiment I have ever had for any woman."

He put out both his hands: "In memory of the walk in the garden won't you forgive me?"

Impelled by the pleading in his eyes, she laid her hands in his.

"Not for that," she said, "but for a lesson I shall never forget, I forgive you—everything!"—Indianapolis Sun.

Actions speak louder than words, but they do not speak as often.