

LINGOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON

What the Russian revolution seems to be in need of is a peerless leader.

Dresden, it is said, eats 2,500 dogs every week. It may be well to add that the dogs are not canned.

The Czar is reported to be troubled with insomnia. Perhaps something that he has been eating caused it.

Another New York woman has killed a man. Why not? She disliked him and just had to express her feelings.

Times have changed since the poet wrote "man wants but little here below." Nowadays he wants the earth.

The U. S. canal at Panama is going to be a lock canal, and will be ready in forty years. Sort of a time-lock, so to speak.

The donna, during its existence, appropriated only \$7,000,000, but feels certain that it could have done better had it been given more time.

Several of the heirs of Russell Sage have made up their minds that \$25,000 a piece isn't enough to pay them for the long wait they have had.

Canada and the States spend \$70,000,000 a year in automobiles. So you can figure up for yourself what the doctors and hospitals get out of the deal.

"Are the honest men all dead?" asks a Buffalo paper. Certainly not. There is quite a bunch of us left. The honest men are usually left, you know.

Two golf players were knocked senseless by lightning. The lightning didn't know the rules of the links or it would have yelled "Fore" before it let drive.

A Toronto couple have lived together sixty years without ever having a spat. It is not often that a married man is so completely under subjection from the very start.

There are only about a dozen Americans now in St. Petersburg. Americans are beginning to have a pretty fair conception of the folly of innocent bystanding.

H. H. Rogers says this country is no place for a man who is inclined to be enterprising. Isn't Mr. Rogers mistaken in using the word enterprising as a synonym for hogishness?

Some persons are cranky enough to think that the money which is to be used in building a lot of new battle-ships might be spent more wisely and patriotically in fighting the gypsy moth.

"Rockefeller," according to a statement recently handed down by his physician, "hasn't had anything to do with the Standard Oil Company for years." What lucky man is getting the 35 per cent dividends?

A Louisville paper declares that "expert" witnesses, as a rule, are the worst kind of frauds. But do they not always testify for the side that hires them? They certainly don't defraud their employers.

Somebody claims to have discovered how to manufacture liquid air so cheaply that it may come into general use for cooling purposes. The ice trusts will probably want strong proof that the story is true before they decide to dissolve.

Japan has imported from this country something really worth while, for a tourist reports that the Japanese boys and men are showing a greater fondness for baseball than for any other Occidental game. On a fair day in Tokyo schoolboys and college students can be seen batting, throwing and catching. After all, is not the real test of civilized skill the ability to knock a home run when there are three men on bases?

Much the meanest and most despicable of the "tricks of trade" in adulteration to cheapen the cost of the product is that which makes big profits on the cheap candles and sweet stuffs sold to the children. Fully three-fourths of 300 samples examined by the Pennsylvania authorities recently was found to contain adulterations, many of them poisonous, all of them dangerous when eaten in quantity. Not only are adulterants and poisonous chemical flavorings used in these goods but many of them are made amid filthy surroundings and under disgusting conditions. Deaths have been traced to the stuff and it is responsible for many illnesses the source of which has appeared a mystery.

All comparative immigration statistics in this country begin with the year 1820, when the first comprehensive col-

lection was made. Hereafter comparative statistics of crime in the United States will begin with the year 1906, for experts from the census department—for the first time in the history of the union—are making a compilation of criminal-judicial statistics. They will take the records of the courts in 2,800 counties, excluding misdemeanors and confining their tables to felonies. The standard of crime they establish will be followed in future compilations by the census department. It is a singular fact that the United States have been behind the other great nations of the world in this respect, for in every other important country crime statistics have been kept, sometimes for a long period.

Whether it may be called progress or not, the tendency in this country of late years has been to obliterate the line that used to be drawn between the ruralite and the city dweller. Free mail delivery, rural telephone systems and fast mail daily newspapers have rendered the agriculturist quite as acute and up to date as his metropolitan cousin. The "jay," the "rube," the "hayseed," is a vanished type. Like the stage Irishman and the stage Dutchman, he persists on the boards of the vaudeville theaters, but he is seen nowhere else. The farmer of to-day is the product of evolution. He may some time revert to the old species, but for the present there is little to distinguish him from the resident of urban communities. We may doubt, however, whether the change or the evolution is altogether desirable. There were those who affected a certain plying contempt for the guileless farmer and there were others who sought to plunder him, but among sensible people there was always a feeling of affectionate respect for the sturdy tiller of the soil, who typified most that was wholesome and honest in the life of the nation. It is impossible to feel that way toward the modern farmer, because he has lost all the distinguishing characteristics of the traditional agriculturist. So far from going about with his trousers in his boots, chewing a straw, he is more likely to wear Oxford ties and openwork socks. He has become sophisticated and his charm has vanished. We used to picture him, and with truth, as redolent of the soil. We saw him coming to town on a load of hay or with a lot of garden truck. He leaves that to his hired man nowadays and instead of jolting along the roads in a farm wagon he now rides in a rubber-tired buggy or perhaps even in an automobile. Not even the most sentimental of souls can surround with a halo of tradition a farmer who chugs along in a high-power motor car at the rate of perhaps thirty or forty miles an hour. And so it is in many other matters. The modern farmer knows something about watering both kinds of stock, the barnyard variety and the kind that is herded in Wall street. He sells not only the wheat that he raises but some that he never saw, if he deems it advisable to "go short" on the Board of Trade. He is up to all the sinful games of wicked men, and if a gold brick man should open negotiations with him the swindler would have to walk back to —. All this has been beneficial to the farmer himself in some ways, but it is a loss and a disappointment to those who loved him in his overalls and hickory shirt and with the hayseed in his hair. He is a vanished ideal and his passing leaves a void.

Tricks with the Map.



The Map of North and South America turned on its side makes a queer looking bird.

Turn the Map of North America on its side so that Alaska will be at the top and you will see the Shaggy Cow.



—New York News.

No Wedding Bells.

Jack—Will you be my wife and make me the happiest of men?
Iris—I'm sorry, but I'm selfish enough to want to be happy myself.

A Tour of Europe

Paris to the American tourist is often a disappointment on the first view. Little accustomed conveniences are missing. Manners of living which our forefathers knew continue to prevail. Candles and smoky lamps are used. At some places the bath tub is hauled to a house on a cart, the owner waits on the curbstone till his client is through with his ablutions, and carts it away. The grand hotels are extortionate, and the "tip" system is in full swing. The boulevards change their names every time they make a change in direction.

In the middle of everything on an island in the river in the oldest part of Paris, retaining its importance on account of the Church of Notre Dame. Upon it the episcopal palace, the oldest hospital, the law courts and the police headquarters are located. The right bank of the river is the center of moneyed luxury and of every fad and folly which wealth produces. Here are the principal boulevards, the majority of the theaters, magnificent avenues, palatial houses and handsome squares. The national library is here, and the city's great centers of commerce and finance. The parks are beautiful, and each has its distinctive charm. The gardens of the Tuileries have their innumerable statues, the Bois de Boulogne is exquisite with the natural beauties of foliage and long woodland vistas, and the park of the Buttes, Chaumont on its hilly site above the town, has its especial attraction of cascades and a fine stalactite grotto. As to the Louvre, its masterpieces represent almost every school of painting, and this famous structure contains more art treasures than any building north of the Alps.

The prefecture of police occupies a great square, alongside of which runs the Rue de Lutèce. This name reminds of the spot wherein the city of Lutetia stood in Caesar's time, the germ of Paris. There is no great difficulty in getting a permit from the director of prisons to visit the conciergerie. The conciergerie is part of the palace of justice, and is interesting as the place of confinement of the victims of the revolution. The place of chief interest is the cell in which Marie Antoinette was imprisoned for two months and a half. The tiled floor is the same, and the door is the same, with the upper part barred that she might in going out be forced to bend her head. She had said she would never bow before them, and so they made her do so literally.

Near by in the graveyard where her

body lay for many years till it was finally taken to St. Denis, there to rest among the kings of France. In this little cemetery lie the 1,000 Swiss guards who died at the Tuileries, and there are roses blooming above them "in memory of the queen, for she loved roses."

The Pantheon is one of the notable buildings of Paris, and Notre Dame a chief point of interest. This great church is a marvel of architectural grandeur. It has one eighteen ton bell which requires eight men to ring it. It is a perfect miracle of stained glass and innumerable statues of kings and saints. Its gorgoyles, representing various large animals, are unique and striking features of the general architecture.

The shops of Paris are an interesting feature of the great city, especially the small ones, and the people passed on the street the tourist always remembers. Two-wheeled carts are seen everywhere, some pushed by men in blue blouses, some by bareheaded women, crowned each by a stiff white muslin cap. The carts contain fish, fruits and vegetables. The purchaser can buy a handful of strawberries, and carry them home either in a brown paper cornucopia or a big green leaf. A garlic seller cries his wares as he proceeds along. Here is a vendor who has dry twigs for sale. Here is a man who polishes floors. He carries a little velvet bag. In it are his slippers, with the brushes on the bottom of them, also a piece of yellow wax, and screwed into a ferruled stick which he carries is a claw like saddlers use.

Most Parisian barbers are hair dressers, and do not have separate rooms for women. The entrances of buildings are put to commercial uses. At one is a milk stand with two or three weather beaten benches holding bowls and measures of different sizes. Great cans of milk and cream stand on the sidewalk. A big flat basket of rolls and bread is fastened to the wall.

Pere Lachaise is the great city cemetery. The tourist reads some famous names here—Rachel, Rosa Bonheur, Felix Faure, Alfred de Musset, the poet. There are many great musicians, Chopin and Cherubini among them. Here is the name of Hahnemann, founder of homeopathy. It is interesting also to observe that there is a Jewish cemetery, and far to one side a Mohammedan cemetery, containing a small mosque wherein lie the queen of Oudh and her son.

A BETTER GAME.



"No you can't sell me no patent rights, lightning' rods nor earthquake insurance, but if you want a job in the harvest field I'll pay you more wages than you can make out of any old fake."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Bird in the Hand.

In a certain Western town there was a political office to be filled last spring, paying the munificent salary of \$250 per year. The opposing political parties were about evenly balanced, and there was keen opposition and a lively campaign for this small plum. One of the candidates was a shrewd old fellow and was well liked. It looked as though he would be successful, as a neat little sum had been subscribed and turned over to him as a campaign fund. But to the astonishment of every one, however, he was defeated.

"I can't account for it," said one of the political leaders, gloomily. "With that money we should have won. By the way, how did you lay it out?"

"Well, it was this way," replied the

defeated candidate, slowly, pulling his whiskers, "you see, that office only pays \$250 a year salary, an' I didn't see no sense in payin' \$850 out to get the job, so I jst bought meself a little truck farm instead."

Bound to Be Comfortable.

A Philadelphia man went to Maine on his vacation and he found the nights very cold and bedclothes scarce.

"Are these all the bedclothes you give?" he inquired of the chambermaid.

"This is all that goes with one room," she replied.

"Then give me a couple of rooms," said he.

It takes more fortitude to listen to the average man's jokes than it does to listen to his troubles.

Popular Science

Superstitious people formerly regarded with awe the turning red at long intervals of Lake Moret in Switzerland. Botanists have now shown that the phenomenon is due to a plant which propagates every tenth year, and which, though very minute, grows so rapidly that the whole lake is soon turned crimson.

While George W. Stevens, many years ago, was repairing the road in front of his house in Bolton, Vt., he hung a hoe in a tree and forgot it. A few days ago the tree was cut down and, when sawed up, the blade of the hoe, with the exception of a part of the crook and the handle, was found embedded in the body of the tree, having been covered by the wood and bark by natural growth.

The motor cultivator of Prof. T. Hudson Beare, a Scottish mechanician, is designed to do all the work of preparing the ground for seed at one operation. It can be driven at three times the speed of the ordinary plow, and each trip covers three times the breadth of the usual furrow, and well pulverizes the ground. By a simple attachment the sowing also can be done at the same time.

Of thirty accidents from electric shock in Switzerland last year, twenty-one were fatal, while Austria had but six fatalities in fifty-six cases. A fifth of the accidents were from currents of 250 volts or less, and a mason was killed by a 120-volt three-wire supply, while in another case a shock from twenty-six thousand volts did not kill. Of fifteen attempts at resuscitation, only one was successful.

A remarkable hair ball from the stomach of a young girl has been brought to notice by Prof. von Brannmann of Halle. She had a habit of swallowing ends bitten from her long hair, forming in time a bulky accumulation, though felt only as a slight pressure, and when the mass was removed by an operation it was found to have shaped itself to the cavity, like a cast in a mold. Iron tonics had changed the light color to black.

Prof. Ellhu Thomson says that experiment has proved that alcohol, provided it can be made cheap enough, is entirely suitable as a fuel for internal combustion engines. Although the heating value of alcohol is much less than that of gasoline, yet a gallon of alcohol will develop substantially the same power as a gallon of gasoline, because of the greater efficiency of operation. Less heat is thrown off in waste gases from the alcohol, and a mixture of alcohol vapor with air stands a much higher compression without premature explosion than does a mixture of gasoline and air. In fact, Professor Thomson says, the efficiency, or the ratio of the conversion of heat units into power, is probably higher in the alcohol engine than in engines operated with any other combustible.

The principle of the rifled gun has recently been applied to pipes for pumping oil. The crude oil of California is mostly thick, viscous, and difficult to pump through long lines. Heating cannot be successfully applied to a long pipe, and mixing with water results in an emulsion from which the oil cannot be readily separated. The latest scheme for dealing with these viscous oils comprises a pipe rifled on the inside, so that the oil, mixed with about 10 per cent of water, is caused to whirl rapidly. The water, being heavier than the oil, seeks the outside, and forms a thin film, which lubricates the pipe for the passage of the oil. The friction is thus so far reduced that the oil has been easily pumped through a line thirty-one miles long. The water and the oil come out entirely separate at the end of the line.

The Other Side.

Mr. Umore crept out of bed, groped his way to the telephone, and called up the central office.

"Hello!" he said, in a low voice. "Please send word to the nearest police station that there is a burglar in my house. If they will make a quick run they can catch him. My house is No. 243—"

There was a pause of half a minute, and then a gruff voice finished the message in this wise:

"Hello, central! Youse needn't call up de cops. De burglar has got de guy wot owns dis shebang covered wit' de gun, an' he'll be out o' here wit' de swag in about 'leven seconds. By, by, sis."—Home Magazine.

Translated.

"Habillments for Infants" is a sign in a clothing store in Boston. A western visitor, seeing it, stopped in amazement.

"What does that mean?" he asked his better-acquainted fellow westerner.

"That?" said the other. "Oh, that is Boston dialect for kids' duds."

When a man is satisfied with himself, it is a sure thing that others are not satisfied with him.