

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Among the "income" taxes that hurt the worst is the grocer's bill.

There are only four letters in love, but there are thousands of love letters.

A girl is pretty safe in marrying a young man whose mother can't cook.

With whalebone at \$15,000 a ton the anti-corset crusader enters the fray with renewed zest.

Sometimes the popularity of a fad depends upon the amount of foolishness there is back of it.

Yale university has raised the salaries of its professors. Some of them make almost as much now as a football player.

London reports the sale of an odontoglossum crispum pietanum for \$5,750. They've gone up since we bought ours.

A private soldier stationed at Havana is to be court martialed for rhyming. Would that all the rhymsters were regulars.

A London man played the piano 48 hours consecutively, proving his physical endurance, his idiosyncrasy and the patience of his neighbors.

Some judge has gravely decided that chickens are hatched, not born. At least one of the differences between chickens and poets has now been made plain.

"Father's cigar" may be responsible for Johnny's coffin nail in frequent instances, but many a smokeless father is shocked by the discovery that he has a smoking son.

Perhaps that English professor who referred to "the joyless American face" had been making a study of the faces of some of our citizens as they are seen in their automobiling outfits.

Cleveland's Y. M. C. A. has decided that a multi-millionaire cannot be an honest man. Evidently the Cleveland Y. M. C. A. has no reason to expect large donations from H. H. Rogers.

One of Washington's body servants died at Alexandria, Va., a few days ago. It must have been a long and tedious job for Washington to call the roll of his body servants when that was necessary.

It is estimated that the apple crop in the United States this year will amount to more than 33,000,000 barrels. But this fact doesn't afford much comfort to the consumer who inquires the price in the retail market.

The price of artificial diamonds is going up very rapidly. This is probably due to the fact that most of the society ladies now wear artificial diamonds and keep their real gems in safety deposit vaults. What will they do when the artificial gems become so valuable that it will not be safe to wear them?

Knowledge of human nature is shown in the recent order of the Post-office Department, that for minor derelictions of duty not serious enough to warrant discharge, fines shall be no longer imposed. Instead, the salaries of the less worthy employes will be decreased, and the reductions will be added to the salaries of the deserving. Of course serious offense brings discharge, as heretofore. The new system encourages good service and discourages service which is not good.

Scarless surgery is one of the latest achievements in medical science. The London surgeon who conceived the idea and successfully put it in practice is unable to meet the demands for his services. The idea is a simple one. In making the incision the scalpel does not cut the skin at right angles with the surface but passes through it at a slant. After the operation is over the skin is joined with the greatest nicety, a magnifying glass being used to see that the contact is perfect. Then a rigid dressing of wool and glass is applied to prevent contraction and as much pressure is applied as is safe. Naturally much depends upon the skill of the operator. The surgeon who perfected the process devotes himself entirely to making incisions in the skin and treating them afterward, leaving the operations proper to others.

There is some extenuation for Fourth of July riot because it is, nominally at least, in celebration of a patriotic anniversary. It is, too, only incidentally vicious. So much cannot be said of the Halloween lawlessness, which is increasing in volume and recklessness yearly. There was a time when Hal-

loween pranks were confined to the ringing of doorbells, the operation of "tick-tacks" and the occasional carrying off of a gate or some other portable object. The modern celebrators have got far past that stage of diversion. They deliberately destroy property in some instances and in others they deliberately steal it. The "celebration," in other words, has become a combination of malicious mischief and larceny. There is no longer any pretense of prankishness about it. The situation, of course, arises from the fact—invariably in such matters—that a certain degree of Halloween license is permitted in deference to tradition and custom. This license is seized upon by the vicious and larcenous as an excuse for their operations. The result is seen in wholesale damage to property and in serious losses by theft. It is probably too much to expect any reform in the matter, since the excuse that Halloween, like Christmas, comes but once a year will be deemed sufficient answer to the complaints of those who have had their property destroyed or stolen. It may be said, nevertheless, that if it became known that the law against malicious mischief and larceny would be enforced on Halloween as on all other nights of the year, there would be a stop to the annoyances and outrages which many people now suffer. It is simply a question of executing the laws.

Possibly in order to correct an impression fostered by explosive orators and public speakers, and emphasized by occasional developments, Alfred Vanderbilt has ventured to speak in defense of the conjugal harmony of men of large wealth. Himself a multi-millionaire, he has the courage to assume that rich men love their families quite as well as poor men, and that the emotions of love, and constancy, and devotion are not necessarily completely suppressed because a man has had the fortune to add to his income and accumulate wealth beyond that of the average citizen. The special point of his argument is that only the people of wealth and distinction are singled out for opprobrium or ridicule when the marriage bells are a little out of tune. Nobody cares how often or how violently Mr. and Mrs. Pauper quarrel or how quickly they betake themselves to the divorce court, but let the slightest cloud appear in the matrimonial sky of Mr. and Mrs. Dives and the whole country is profoundly agitated. All the details of the dreadful affair are eagerly sought, and many are the improving morals deduced in eloquent discourses from the pulpit or at the fireside. The habit of generalizing from specific instances is not a safe one. All millionaires do not divorce their loyal wives to marry chorus girls, and all women of wealth do not suspect their husbands of losing every tie of family love and obligation. Even in Pittsburg great riches are not synonymous with marital infelicity, and the proportion of rich men who quarrel noisily with their wives and finally divorce them is extremely small. It is undoubtedly true that the married life of the rich is spiced with differences of opinion, but it is probably equally true that the proportion of divorces is much larger among the poorer than among the wealthier classes, though the tumult excited thereby may be nothing. For people who reason intelligently it was not necessary that Mr. Vanderbilt should explain the human and praiseworthy emotions of the rich or try to demonstrate that they are controlled by passions which govern those in less opulent circumstances. But it was natural enough, perhaps, that he should feel the injustice of the arraignment of all millionaires as enemies to marriage propriety and that he should speak as a representative of the class so arraigned.

Now an Anti-Expansionist.

A Virginia mountaineer, who had strayed to Richmond on an excursion, and who, as his holiday progressed, became rather hilarious, grew overconfident of his own greatness.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I kin lick any man in Richmond."

No one tried to dispute the assertion, and he tried again.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I kin lick any man in the whole State of Virginia."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a tall, sinewy man from his own part of the State entered the game and gave the boaster a good thrashing.

The mountaineer had a sense of humor. He slowly picked himself and faced the group to which he had boasted.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am now ready to acknowledge that I kivered too much territory in that last statement."

—Baltimore Sun.

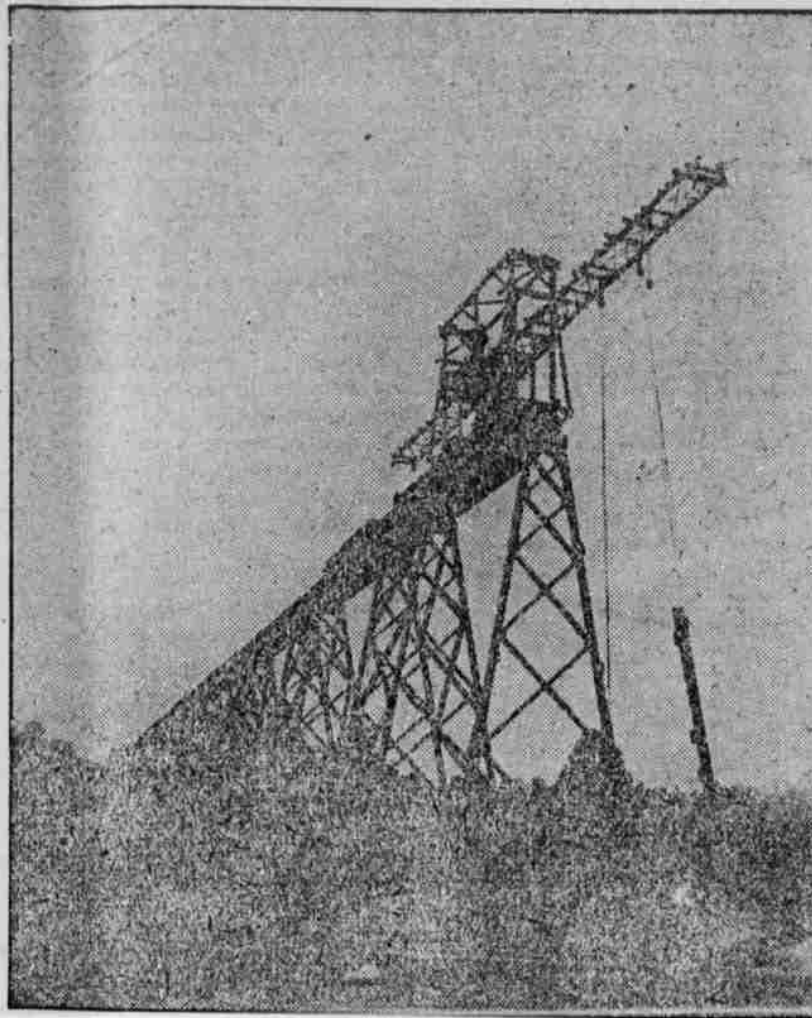
Penalty?

Redd—I see in Germany the Kaiser's chief chauffeur must motor through life under the imposing title of "oberhofwagenfuhrer."

Greene—What's the matter? Had he been speeding?—Yonkers Statesman.

There's nothing quite so foolish as an angry fool.

LARGEST RAILWAY VIADUCT IN THE WORLD.



BUILDING THE RICHLAND CREEK VIADUCT.

The largest transportation structure in the world—the Richland Creek viaduct, on the Indianapolis Southern Railroad, near Bloomington—has just been completed. The total length of the structure is 2,215 feet, and the greatest height from the water level is 158 feet. Viaducts exist that are higher, and some that are longer, but none equal the Richland Creek structure in height and length combined. The Indianapolis Southern is the new line that has been constructed from Indianapolis to a connection with the main line of the Illinois Central and will be operated by the latter company.

A REMARKABLE ACCIDENT.

Motorcycle's Wild Run Along a Vertical Surface.

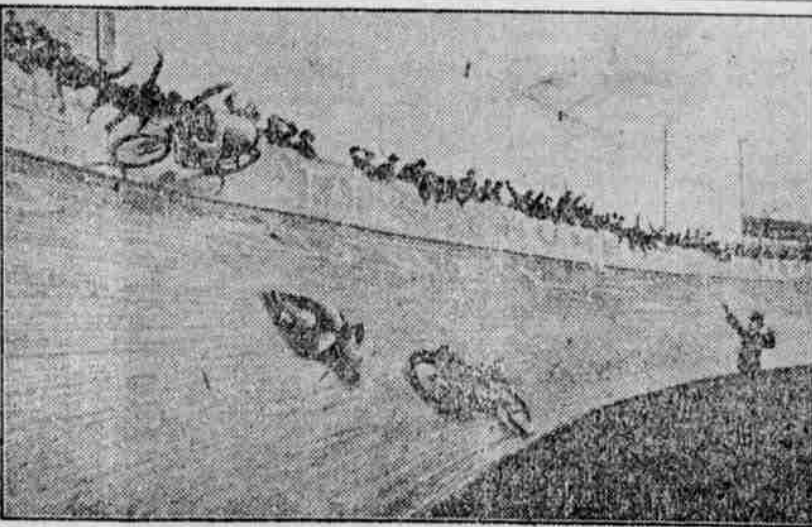
One of the most peculiar incidents of the kind ever known occurred recently in Paris in the course of a motor cycle race. By means of the skillful joining of photographs taken especially for the purpose the incident is clearly set forth in the accompanying illustration, taken from the Illustrated London News.

The race was run by two competitors, Pernette and Contant. Pernette fell, and his body and his motor cycle occupied nearly all the track. Contant, in his endeavor to avoid his comrade's body, took the outside course and was swept up to the palisade, which his machine climbed until it reached the top of the "u" in the word "Humber." At a speed of fifty miles an hour he continued his course upon the vertical plane until he reached the top of the second "e" in the word "Eadie." At that point the machine leaped above the barrier and swept along literally on the breasts and heads of the spectators until the front wheel struck a post, and

"Some write (but their ground I see not) that Sunday's thunder should bring the death of learned men, Judges and others; Mondays, the death of women; Tuesday's, plenty of grain; Wednesday's, bloodshed; Thursday's, plenty of sheep and corn; Friday's, the slaughter of a great man and other horrible murders; Saturday's, a general pestilence and great dearth." After this the gay and lightsome manner shown by Lord Northampton toward these grave matters in his "Defensive" is, most cheering. "It chaunceth sometimes," he writes, "to thunder about that time and season of the year when swannes hatch their young, and yet no doubt it is a paradox of simple men to think that a swanne can not hatch without a cracke of thunder."

Trollope at Work.

It was the customary habit of Anthony Trollope, perhaps the most methodical of well-known English novelists, to always write with his watch open on his desk. When at work he drilled himself into the practice of



ONE OF THE MOST WONDERFUL ACCIDENTS ON RECORD.

was smashed. Contant had only slight wounds—a black eye and his right ear slightly torn; and Pernette was not hurt at all. Both were ready to recommence their dangerous exercise. Two persons were killed, and four were injured.

THUNDER LORE.

Ancient Beliefs as to the Meaning of Noises of the Sky.

Thunder, just because it is a noise for which there is no visible cause, has always excited the imagination of the unscientific; so it is natural, says the London Chronicle, that the most outrageous superstitions about storms should date back to the time when everybody, more or less, was unscientific. One old writer explains the belief of his day—that a "storm is said to follow presently when a company of hogges runne crying home," on the ground that "a hogge is most dull and of a melancholy nature, and so by reason doth foresee the raine that cometh." Leonard Digges, in his "Prognostication Everlasting" (1556) mentions that "thunder in the morning signifies wind; about noon, rain, and in the evening a great tempest." The same writer goes on to say:

writing 250 words every quarter of an hour and placed his watch before him to make sure of completing his thousand words an hour. He pooh-poohed the idea of waiting for inspiration and punctually produced his copy with the regularity of clockwork whatever his mood at the moment. He made a calculation to show that in this way, by working at his desk only three hours daily, he could write ten pages of an ordinary novel a day and finish three novels comfortably each year. Trollope could also write as easily in railway carriages while traveling as at his desk, and, as a matter of fact, composed most of "Barchester Towers," generally considered to be his best novel, in this way.

No Matter.

Young Playwright—There's only one trouble with my play; it falls down at the end.

Critic—Oh, that won't make any difference.

"Won't?"

"No. By the time it gets to the end there wouldn't be anybody left in the audience."—Detroit Free Press.

If the shoe fits it's a sure sign a woman will ask for a smaller size.

INTELLECTUAL NEW YORK.

More Reading Done There Than in Any Other City.

Boston may claim the palm for intellectuality and real blue-blooded "baked in the bean" cleverness, but there are few persons who dwell more upon letters or read more in a lifetime than the average New Yorker, says the New York Press.

The New Yorker never stops reading, from the moment he shuts his flat door behind him in the morning until he comes back and shuts it behind him again at night. The moment he gets downstairs the bellboy hands him his mail or he takes it out of his own letter box as the case may be. It may not contain a personal letter, but there is never a day that he does not receive from one to three or four advertisements, booklets, pamphlets or circulars. He always glances over these at least once, and by the time he has finished he has reached the corner and is buying his morning newspaper.

As there is a newspaper issued about every hour of the day in New York City and many men try to devour them all the New Yorker spends a good many hours over his pink, yellow or burnt orange sheet. If he happens to finish one of these while on a street car or elevated train he cannot glance up without seeing a dozen advertisements along the line above the windows waiting to be read. These glare at him so steadfastly and furiously that he cannot fail to read them sooner or later. But, if one's eyes are tired and he shuts them to the street car ads, or turns them toward the street, the spell is still upon him. Signs, big and little; quick-lunch signs, hotel signs, tailor shop signs; bootblacks, barbers, theaters—all have their signs; millions of them, like microbes.

Then there are the names of the streets on the lamp posts as he flashes by. There is an almost uncontrollable desire to read them as well as the numbers on the automobiles which glare at you and the newsstand signs teeming with vari-colored ads and the billboards and the rubber-neck coaches and the sandwich men. By the time the New Yorker reaches his office and begins to open his mail his eyes and brain are tired; but he goes on all day long, reading, reading, reading about baby powder and fancy preserves and canned soups and health foods and cold cream and hair renewers, etc., and then the Bostonian sneers because we have no time or inclination left for reading mere books.

QUEER WAY OF SMOKING.

West Indians Put Lighted End of Cigar in Mouth.

Visitors to the West Indies and the Spanish main have often noticed the native negro carrying a thin, dark object, like a very long cigarette or slender cigar, in his mouth, and if these visitors look long enough they would see smoke issuing occasionally from between the full, red lips of a buxom matron or a dried-up granny, says the New York Herald. But even the most observant could see no light on the end of the cigar smoked by the natives of the tropics.

That is not to be wondered at, however, for the reason that it is the custom of the natives in that part of the country to smoke with the lighted end inside the mouth. That is curious, of course, but not as remarkable as it sounds. Most of the women, who are all great smokers, work very hard. They coal ships, load bananas and do the kind of work usually done by men.

When on the docks, where they make hundreds of trips a day from the ship to the coal yard or fruit cars, there is generally a strong breeze blowing and it would be almost impossible to keep a cigar lighted in the teeth of a stiff trade wind. Besides, these hard toilers, who earn a few pence or a shilling a day, according to the amount of coal or fruit they carry, could not afford to take the time to keep their tobacco lighted, so they hit upon the scheme of protecting the light by keeping it in the mouth and thus enjoying a smoke without trouble or loss of time. They have been doing this for so many years that the older ones are experts and never burn their tongues or the inside of their mouths and the younger women soon get the hang of it.

The cigars they smoke are usually made of native tobacco and fashioned very rudely. They are about the size of a lead pencil.

The Brass Knocker.

An editor looked up from his dog-eared copy of "Lorna Doone."

"I've read this book about eight times," he said. "What first attracted me to it was a remark of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In England, some years ago, I saw the archbishop distribute some prize books to school-boys. One of the books was 'Lorna Doone,' and as he handed it out the archbishop said:

"I went to school with the writer of this book. As he was a little younger than me, when he misbehaved I used to knock him on the head with a brass hammer."—Washington Star.

The act of forgiving doesn't always take away the power of memory.