

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

A negro in Manitoba is turning white. Perhaps he has been feeling a little off color.

It makes a young man crazy mad to be called a boy and an old man not to be.

Every time the clock ticks Rockefeller gets \$1.00. He can afford to watch the clock."

Goldwin Smith says there is money in literature. There is. But the trouble is to get it out.

Only a mother can distinguish between the mischievousness of her boy and the badness of the boy next door.

Bret Harte's Yuba dam has been destroyed by fire. It might be mentioned that Yuba dam isn't reformed spelling.

Any samples of simplified spelling that slip into Uncle Joe Cannon's correspondence he credits to his stenographer.

Lieutenant Peary says seeking the North Pole compels hunger and hardship. And that's why those who keep on trying to find it are heroes.

A turtle 4,000 years old was recently captured off the Galapagos Islands. The name of the man who cut his initials on its back is not revealed.

Chicago is still sending Milwaukee Avenue Bank officials to the penitentiary, notwithstanding the bankers' ward at Joliet is already crowded.

President Elliot, of Harvard, recently said that rowing and tennis are the only honorable college sports. He must have overlooked mumblepeg and pinchle.

Mark Twain is 71, and announces that he expects to live "many more years to enjoy the beauty and hospitality of this world." There's the optimism of youth for you.

When a fellow gets mixed up in a scandal he is always "a well-known club man," even if the only club he belongs to is a back-alley society for the promotion of crap-shooting.

William Dean Howells insists that genius is merely another name for hard work. Somehow this does not harmonize with the theory that genius always wears patches on the seat of its trousers.

A Lancaster (Pa.) hotelkeeper is troubled with a strange affliction, that deprives him of the power of speech for months at a time. As it is not contagious, the women in the neighborhood are not unduly excited over it.

A Cumberland, Md., woman has married a man because he paid her fare when she got on a street car without her pocketbook. There are men who will be likely to hesitate a long time, after this, before daring to help ladies in such distress.

Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, the British ambassador to this country, has resigned, and intends to retire from the diplomatic service. He has represented his country in Washington for three years, and has ably assisted in the preservation of the friendly relations between the two great English-speaking nations.

Occasionally there is a strong movement among Christians throughout the world against any further degradation of the guileless Hindu by selling him factory made gods. The present agitation followed the discovery that manufacturers in America were selling a superior god for less money than the British god factories could turn out. The excitement is peculiarly intense among the orthodox in England.

We are educating our young men for idle gentlemen, trying to make lawyers, preachers, doctors and clerks out of material that is needed for blacksmiths, carpenters, merchants and other honest "hewers of wood and drawers of water." It is a mistake and a big one to teach boys and girls to believe that labor is disgraceful and to do nothing for a living is more becoming to society. There are sons and daughters who are now being educated to play the "leading lady" and "walking gentleman" in the great drama of life who will fight out for the poor house or the penitentiary before the curtain drops on the last sad act of toe play to which they have been educated by their indulgent parents.

The index expurgatorius of food, so to speak, has so vastly enlarged itself with the advance of science that there is little left we can eat. It has come

to pass that if we are properly careful of our health we will starve to death. Science has lent itself to the adulteration of food so generously and has invented cheap substitutes with such skill that nothing is what it seems to be. The marvel of it all is that any human life remains. And still more marvelous is it that the man who eats what is set before him, asking no questions, is the one who generally enjoys the most robust health. Some men convey food to their stomachs with no more questioning and with no more consultation of that high organ than of their carpetbags as to what they shall pack into them for a journey on the steam cars. And, singular as it may appear, these misguided men contribute about as little to the support of doctors and undertakers as others.

There is a shadow of romance over the past that leads many people to speak of the "good times of long ago." It is wise of beneficent nature to let the man of 70 years forget the cares and anxieties that beset the earlier years of his life, and permit him to live happily in the memory of "good old times." He forgets the monotony of the nightly meal and only remembers "the delicious cornmeal mush that mother used to make," till the housekeeper of to-day wonders if she knows anything at all about cornmeal mush. The fact is, the laborer of to-day has luxuries that Queen Elizabeth never dreamed of—daily mail, telephone, street cars, electricity for domestic purposes, homes well lighted well plumbed, and well heated, to say nothing of the thousand and one articles that we daily use, and do not regard as luxuries—matches, for example. Nowadays contagious diseases do not devastate our cities, because State and municipal laws unite to enforce protective sanitation, and never were homes so clean and well cared for as by the housekeepers of to-day. The society or business woman is tired—has no time to go home and rest, so she goes to the parlors of a professional masseuse, and in an hour emerges a new woman, rested and happy and ready for a strenuous evening. Are your feet tired? In ten minutes the chiropodist will fix you up so you can dance till 1 a. m. The manicurist will attend to your hands, and the hair specialist will dress your hair and adjust your complexion for you, and men are just as well cared for as are the women. How inconvenient it must have been to have been alive even fifty years ago! The good old times? Think of a trip to Europe then and now, and each coming year brings us new luxuries. Just as much as automobiles are ahead of ox-carts, just so much will airships excel automobiles, and through new devices, the luxuries of tomorrow will exceed those of to-day. A few years will find stoves and furnaces but cumbersome nuisances of the past, and the ash gentleman will be forgotten. Good old times? To-day is the best day the world ever saw, and tomorrow will be better.

Inflated Book Prices.

Hall Calne is bringing out a 50-cent book in London in order to prove that it would pay the publishers better to issue new books at that price instead of at the usual \$1.12.

"Mr. Hall Calne," said a New York editor the other day, "has felt for some time that books should come down. On his last visit here he insisted that the present price, in view of the cheapness of modern publishing methods, was too high. He said that the publishers were like the druggists.

"And he illustrated his meaning with a story. "There was a druggist in a certain town who was famous for an ointment of his own manufacture. He sold this ointment at \$1.05 a box. A customer came to him one day, took a box of the ointment and asked if he wouldn't throw off the odd money for a poor man.

"Well," said the druggist, 'you look like a deserving case, so I will.'

"The customer grabbed up the ointment, threw down a nickel and bolted.

"The dollar's the odd money I meant," he explained hastily, as he shot out of the door.

"The druggist rushed out just in time to see him turning the corner.

"Go on, you beggar!" he shouted. 'I've made three cents out of you as it is.'"

Quaker Reflections.

A warm friend is the kind to freeze on to.

Next to cold cash a valuable asset seems to be hot air.

A fellow can't do two things well if being in love is one of them.

The things that are lied about are not always too good to be true.

Some people seem to give the impression that it is too much trouble to have fun.

You can't always tell how much a man thinks of himself from the size of his head the next morning.—Philadelphia Press.

Make the stories you tell on a rainy day as short as possible, especially if you tell them under an umbrella.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

FACTS ABOUT PNEUMONIA.

By Dr. Ella K. Dearborn.



Pneumonia is classed among the infectious diseases, but more likely the diplococcus-pneumonia is the result of disease, instead of the cause of it. Childhood and old age, those of lowered vitality, and those much exposed to inclement weather and alcoholic devotees are especially liable to pneumonia, and, having had it once, are predisposed to the second attack.

The death rate in the United States for pneumonia averages about 25 per cent and stands next to consumption (tuberculosis) in frequency as cause of death. It usually begins with a hard chill, and is followed by a high fever, with pain in the lungs and a short, catchy respiration and a peculiar flushing of the face on the same side of the afflicted lung, for, fortunately, it more often involves but one lung, and should it be the left side, heart involvement seriously complicates the case.

When taken with a chill it is always best to call in your physician, for a chill usually means trouble ahead, and it is unwise to waste time in home experiments. Put the patient in bed, in a well ventilated room, preferably an upstairs room with southern exposure, and keep an even temperature of 65 degrees. Oil the chest, both back and front, and cover with a layer of lamb's wool. Avoid cold compress and ice packs. The food should be light and easily digested, as broths, soups, milk, whey, or well beaten eggs, given raw, and not much of anything at a time, save cold water ad libitum.

Visitors should not be admitted to the sick room; it is bad enough to be sick, without being critically inspected by curious friends, who usually tell doleful stories or maintain a hopeless silence and wear woe-begone countenances that would strike terror to a burglar. If the patient is able to care, whether you do or do not call, a card expressing sympathy and good wishes, or a flower, will bear your message, and will not injure the patient.

FARMERS' SHARE IN PROSPERITY.

By Maj. Edwin C. Hardy.



To-day the American farmer occupies a position of pre-eminence in the realm of industry and commerce. He is the largest contributor to the wealth of the nation. He does more than any other agency for the general welfare. He is the chief factor in the country's prosperity, of which he is enjoying, and most deservedly, a liberal share.

What the agricultural producers of the United States have done is graphically set forth in the annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture. What the possibilities of the future are may be conjectured from what has been achieved. The product of American farms this year was more than \$2,000,000,000 greater

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

There's the laugh of the dawn in the waking east,
And the laugh of the noonday sky;
The laugh of the breeze, the delirious laugh
Of the flame when the night-winds sigh.

There's the laugh of the stars, and the meadow brook,
Of the sea, and the festal wine,
The frivolous laugh, and the wonderful laugh
Of the heart at affection's shrine.

There's the laugh of the rose at the setting moon,
When the night has flown away,
But the happiest laugh, the ineffable laugh,
Is the laugh of the child at play.
—Boston Transcript.

Saving the Flyer

CRUISING beside the crackling camp fire Danny shivered miserably as the damp fog penetrated his thin clothing and chilled him to the bone. He drew his knees up stiffly, and huddled himself in his ragged blanket.

He was alone in the camp, for the men had gone to do some work up the road.

He had been dreaming of home just before he awoke—the dear old home back in Missouri, where he and his mother had kept house together after father had gone to seek a fortune for them all farther West. But that was a long time ago, when Danny was quite a little chap, and since then many sad things had happened. First, father's letters had ceased to come, and then after a while the home had been given up, and Danny and mother had entered upon dark and troubled days. And now there was no mother any more, and Danny, left alone in the world, was manfully trying to make his way out to San Francisco, where he vaguely hoped he might find his lost father. Danny had fallen in with a repair gang of railroad men, and agreed to do odd jobs about the camp for a little money he would need when he reached San Francisco.

But though Danny was a brave little lad, there was a big lump in his throat as he tried to roll himself more snugly in his blanket. And somehow the strange, solemn stillness frightened

him. There was no sound of life anywhere.

And just then happened the strangest thing that Danny had ever known. Without a warning of any sort, the earth suddenly heaved and rocked beneath him, flinging him violently over. There was a crashing sound, as of rocks falling and breaking close by, and the same instant the burning pine logs from the camp fire were scattered all around.

Danny was too terrified to scream. The thought crossed his mind that this was perhaps the end of the world, and he felt sick and faint, as well as frightened, but he managed somehow to scramble to his feet, and tried to think what had happened. Then, recalling the strange stories he had heard over the evening camp fires, it flashed across him that this must be one of the mighty "tremblers" old Morgan, the foreman, had often told him of. Danny had thought he would not know what it was.

"Don't you fear but what you'll reckonize a trembler when you feel it, boy," Morgan had said to him grimly. "Ain't nothin' else in all creation kin do the stunts an earthquake kin, once it gits agoin'." Earth just opens her mouth good an' wide, an' swallows up ever'thin' in sight."

From somewhere far to the east-



wooden ties stood on end in a jumbled heap, and the rails, wrenched from their fastenings, were twisted and broken.

With a great terror clutching at his heart Danny sprang up hastily and rushed back to the camp, stumbling as he went. He thought of nothing but the train, with its precious load of humanity, speeding on to destruction. He must save the train or die trying.

Snatching a blazing brand from the fire he ran with it up the track. The splintered ties tore his bare feet, and several times he stumbled over the wreckage, but he stopped for nothing. The hope began to die away in his heart. And then, suddenly, the engineer leaped out of his cab and caught sight, through the gray blanket of fog, of Danny's waving torch. Throwing on the brakes and shutting off the steam, he brought his great throbbing engine to a standstill the train's length beyond the boy.

When some of the passengers and trainmen went back to look for Danny, they found him sitting at the side of the track, looking very white. The train had swept him off his feet.

"Mighty brave little chap!" said some one near the door. "There are three miles of track sunk clean out of sight just ahead of us. If it hadn't been for him—"

But just then another face, that Danny somehow seemed to know, smiled tenderly down on him; and the next thing he knew a big man was on his knees beside him, and all at once everybody's eyes seemed to be filled with tears.

"My boy! my boy!" the big man sobbed, brokenly. "To find you here, like this, after going back to the old place to look for you!"

And then Danny knew just what the wonderful thing was that had happened. He had found his father at last!—Pennsylvania Grit.

The Man for the Job.

"I sent for you," said the man of the house, "to fix a key in my daughter's piano."

"But," protested the man, "I don't know anything about pianos. I'm a locksmith."

"Exactly. I want you to make it possible for me to lock the blamed thing up."—Philadelphia Press.

We wonder that it never occurs to a drunkard that he could attract a lot of favorable attention by remaining sober. Every man in town would congratulate him, and speak well of him, and help him in every way possible.



HE HELD HIS TORCH.