

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Raise a big family and uphold President's hands.

There are two sides to every question. Your side and the wrong side.

Numerous financial rubbernecks are making anxious inquiries as to this proposed elastic currency.

It is extremely doubtful whether Count Boni would prove a success as a head waiter if the job calls for any head work.

The London writers have started a movement to put a stop to the practice of tipping. The fear of dying rich must be spreading rapidly.

Spain is building a new navy. As Spain has no more colonies on her hands the chances are that the new navy will prove a durable one.

Mr. Eckels has hit the nail fairly on the head. What we all need is a "responsive currency," one that will come when we whistle or call it by name.

A Connecticut judge has decided that a turtle is not an animal. The Treasury Department would probably rule, for purposes of duty, that it is canned salmon.

The scramble among Oklahoma towns to become county seats promises to equal the mad rush for claims when the territory was thrown open to settlement.

A woman's magazine asks: "What implement can equal a hairpin in the deft hands of woman?" Well, in some cases a hatpin in the deft hands of another woman.

"There are some things," notes the Richmond Times-Democrat, "that you can't say even to a Pittsburger." For instance, you can't ask him to be proud of his idle millionaires.

An English astronomer, after years of careful work, ventures the opinion that there are 64,184,757 stars. Some people are sure they saw more than that the first time they put on roller skates.

Andrew Carnegie wishes to have it understood that Skibo, the name of his place in Scotland, is pronounced Skeebow. If Andrew doesn't watch out now irreverent people may get to calling it Skidoo.

At Dresden, Germany, a public bathing house for dogs has been opened. If Dresden is one of the places where dogs are utilized in the sausage business, it is no more than right that they should be kept as clean as possible.

The number of women who kill men unfortunate enough to have incurred their displeasure and then invoke the unwritten law is getting uncomfortably large. Perhaps there may yet be necessity for going to the extreme of seeing if the other kind of law doesn't fit.

In view of the trouble in Europe the people of this country may well congratulate themselves that the fathers settled the relations of church and state at the very beginning of our existence as a nation, and settled it for all time, for no one wishes to interfere with the conclusion reached.

Happily the horse has a faculty for upsetting the gloomy predictions that he is fated to be put out of business by the automobile. The horse business has kept right on developing in spite of the fact that the automobile industry has been engaged in a similar undertaking. The demand for horses is still great. The supply of some classes of them is inadequate. The prices are high. The automobile may scare the horse into the ditch, but it isn't likely to crowd him to the wall. There will always be a field for the horse, as there will always be a field for the automobile.

Reports from places which used voting machines in the recent State elections show the superiority of the machine over the lead-pencil-and-ballot method. In no place where the machines were used were returns later than one-half hour after the closing of the polls. In most places where the old-fashioned way of voting prevailed there was seldom a complete and accurate return within twenty-four hours. Machines are now in use in more than 600 cities, towns and villages in the United States. Buffalo, Syracuse, San Francisco, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Cleveland and Omaha are among the larger cities where they have been adopted.

It is not sufficiently recognized that agriculture is a scientific pursuit and

that in order to get the very best returns out of it a man could to advantage utilize a special scientific education as truly as does the doctor or lawyer or the engineer. It is not merely because of the increased material return that such education for the farmer is of value. The intellectual and moral dividends would by means of such training be equally increased. It is a great loss in human power and happiness that thousands of men engaged in one of the most scientific of pursuits should go about it without getting the same moral and intellectual satisfaction that comes to men in other callings in which the professional element has been more consciously recognized.

Herculaneum, the rich and splendid city that was buried, along with Pompeii and Stabia, by the eruption of Vesuvius in A. D. 79, is to be dug from the mass of tufa which covered it, and its buildings are to be disclosed to view. Professor Waldstein of Cambridge University has induced the Italian government to consent to the work, on condition that it be officially directed by Italians, and that the assistance of foreigners, financially and otherwise, shall be unofficial. Should the enterprise be carried out, we shall soon have much light thrown on the manner of life of the Romans of the first century. Herculaneum, far more than Pompeii, was the residence of wealthy and cultivated citizens. Their houses were filled with artistic objects and their libraries contained the best literature of the period. In a partial excavation nearly two thousand manuscript rolls were found in one house. Pompeii was covered with small stones and soft ashes from the volcano. Herculaneum was buried beneath a torrent of mud to the depth of from thirty to a hundred and twenty feet. On top of it two large modern villages have been built. General excavation has not been undertaken, lest the stability of the villages should be threatened. Plans now making provide for tearing down these villages, so far as necessary, to get at the city beneath. In the comparatively near future we may expect to hear reports of the uncovering of fine bronze and marble statuary, of beautiful mansions, of libraries filled with ancient books, some of them for centuries known by tradition only. In short, it will be as if we were taken back more than eighteen hundred years, and were able to look upon the city as its inhabitants suddenly left it when Vesuvius poured forth the flood of mud, molten rock and scalding water upon the towns of its seaward slope.

The present period is distinguished for two things—prosperity and discontent. Despite many glaring inequalities or inequities in the distribution of its results, great prosperity has prevailed in the United States for eight or nine years, and there are no visible signs of its interruption. Yet it is a matter of common remark that only in a few trying times of great industrial depression, when millions of working people were deprived of opportunities to earn a living, has there been so much discontent as is seen and heard and felt in these times of amazing prosperity. Never before were attacks on the great trusts made with such determination and effect. Never before were the people so united and so zealous in warfare upon political graft in all sections. The discontent of the period is not mere grumbling. It is enlightened desire for better conditions. Such discontent is the parent of all progress. If the American people were more content with a full stomach they would be less energetic and progressive. To an individual, a tribe, or a people who are contented, who have all they desire, progress is impossible. But for those whose ideals are higher than any present attainment, the longing for better things, who have shown up here and there in all the ages and who have become more numerous and more insistent as one after another their aims and longings have been gratified, the progress of the human family would never have advanced beyond naked barbarism. We are a discontented people—there's no denying it, and no reason for trying to deny it. Because we are discontented we hustle and "get there." The discontent is not at all due to the prosperity, but the prosperity is very largely due to the discontent. We have not reached perfection yet, and the fact that we know it and kick about it is the best possible assurance that affairs will steadily grow better.

Sponge Farms in Mediterranean.
Several sponge farms, all of which are paying concerns, are to be found in the Mediterranean. Until recently sponges have been simply collected from the sea floor, where they have flourished in a wild state, but of late years they have, like oysters, been cultivated.

A Natural Explanation.
"There is always so much gossip about the flirtations which go on in Mrs. Noritch's conservatory."
"Possibly because it contains so many rubber plants." — Baltimore American.

A VOICE WORTH \$3,500,000



Patti having earned this vast sum will really retire

When announcement is made that Patti, whom her admirers acclaim as "the Diva of the world," is about to retire, to take her farewell of the concert room, it is instantly met with an incredulous smile. There is an inclination also to illustrate the smile by retelling the fable of the boy and the wolf. But this time, assurance comes from England, the great soprano really intends to retire from public life. Thousands of persons in both hemispheres have heard the Diva sing, and they have paid millions of dollars for the privilege. A rough and perhaps inadequate estimate of Patti's earnings during the last half century credits her with having realized about \$3,500,000. In this connection it is significant to note that the soprano has not been heard in public every year, and in the

conceive of a singer actually acquiring by her voice so great a sum as \$3,500,000. He would have felt it an exaggeration so obvious as to be impossible, even to a fictionist.

Patti made her first regular appearance on the stage as Lucia in Donizetti's opera, in New York, on Nov. 24, 1853. She was then only 16 years old. Her voice at that time was described as a flute-like, flexible soprano, which she delivered with purity and managed with great skill and taste. Her capabilities were at once recognized, and the great future promised her by her critics has been amply fulfilled.

King Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, always one of her most devoted admirers, first heard her sing in the Academy of Music in this city, in the fall of 1860. The opera was "Martha" and the young Prince was charmed. The next year she went to England and made her London debut as Amina in "La Sonnambula," at Covent Garden Theater. After that metropolitan appearance the young soprano's fame was assured. The next morning all Europe rang with praises for the new prima donna from America. For the next twenty years she remained abroad, singing in England, France and Russia.

While abroad Patti made her first matrimonial venture. In 1868 she was married to the Marquis de Caux, but continued her operatic career. She took St. Petersburg by storm, and the Rus-

HONEYMOON WHITE HORSES.

Romantic Style in Which a Bride and Bridegroom Rode Away.

After their marriage the other day a bride and bridegroom mounted white horses and rode away from Ingleby, Arncliffe, Yorkshire, to the lake district, where their honeymoon is being spent.

Attired in a gray habit with a black velvet collar, a cutaway coat and white waistcoat, with a white straw three-cornered hat upon her head and on her hands white gauntlet gloves, the bride looked extremely picturesque. She was Miss Phoebe Johnson, daughter of Walter Johnson, of Arncliffe hall, and niece of the late Sir Lowthian Bell. The bridegroom is William Astell Kaye, of Gloucester mansions, London.

By reviving this form of honeymoon journey Mr. and Mrs. Astell Kaye add one to many picturesque modern modes of honeymoon travel. An opportunity was given also for a demonstration of good will on the part of friends, for the couple were attended through the village by three of the bridesmaids and three cavaliers.

It will be remembered that the Marquis of Bute took his bride away from Ireland, her native land, last year to Scotland in his yacht, and the yacht was reached by a boat rowed by men in quaint historic costume. Several summer river weddings have been rendered very picturesque by the departure of the happy pair in the boat, the bridegroom at the oars and the bride at the rudder and motor boats and steam launches are in request for the same romantic purpose.

The obvious chance for a bride and bridegroom to make who desire to pioneer the latest form of locomotion is a balloon, especially as the uncertainty of the destination would lead to the journey an added zest.—Leeds Mercury.

A Capful of Wind.

The origin of the phrase, "A capful of wind," can be traced to a Norse king, Eric VI., who died in 907 A. D. He was credited with the useful power of directing the wind to blow where he wished by the simple method of turning his cap to that point of the compass. His powers were much appreciated and trusted and resulted in his being known as "windy cap." There is no evidence as to whether he could regulate the force of the wind as well as the direction. Presumably he could, or his faithful believers would not have been so many. A "bagful of wind" is another common expression and indicates something like a gale. This has been traced down to the classical legend of Aeolus and his captive winds confined in bags.

Comfort at Any Cost.

The ways of the newly rich continue to afford amusement, both to those not yet rich and those who have long been so. There is a good story, says Mrs. John Lane, in a recent essay, which is an addition to the general fund of such humor.

A certain magnate was giving a dinner. After the ladies returned to the drawing-room the hostess, tinkling and glittering with diamonds, leaned back in a great tufted chair and shivered slightly. A footman went in search of her maid.

"Francoise," said the magnate's lady with languid magnificence, "I feel chilly; bring me another diamond necklace."

A Moderate Desire.

To have feet which require number fourteen-and-a-half shoes to enclose them, is to be a marked man, even in Missouri. So August Spielmann, who owns a last of that size, goes through life sadly but not unknown.

"Meester Hughes," he said to a neighbor one day, thoughtfully twisting an extensive member before reflective eyes, "do you know, sometimes my feet troubles me. Sometimes I wish I wore only a moderate size shoes—maybe twelve-and-a-halfs, or t'irteens."

A deathbed repentance is an apology everyone has to accept.



MADAME PATTI, BARON CEDERSTROM, As they appeared at the time of their marriage in 1868.

United States not at all during one stretch of two decades.

Adelina Patti is so truly a remarkable woman and artist that she actually rises superior to criticism. She is, in fact, a personage. There may have been greater sopranos in the last fifty years—indeed capable critics have said so—but the names of these great ones are known principally to the elect, while Patti remains "the queen of song." Singing at prices which would impoverish an Indian prince, Patti became a popular idol. Those who paid the money to hear her always insisted it was worth the money; those who could not afford to do so took their revenge in saying smart things about the Diva, even unfavorably criticising her.

Although she was born in Madrid and raised in New York, Patti has always been an Italian. She speaks with equal facility Italian, French, Spanish, German, Russian and English—no small accomplishment in itself. The Italian tongue is her favorite. Once in describing her cosmopolitan sympathies she remarked, "I love the Italian language, the American people, the English country and my Welsh home."

Born in 1843, Patti came, with her parents, her half-brothers and her sisters, to New York while she was still a very little girl. Even then she had a remarkable voice. It was about this time Richard Grant White first saw her. He described her as "a slender, swarthy, bright-eyed little girl in short skirts, who ran into the room and chirped at her mother, and ran out of it, carolling as she went through the passageway." He asked her mother, Madame Barilli-Patti, if the little girl promised to be a singer like her sisters, and for answer the child, sitting on the knee of the critic, sang a little Italian air with a naivete and charm which left an impression he never forgot. She was only 7 years old when, in 1850, she appeared before the public for the first time.

Received \$5,000 a Night.
After Patti returned, in 1882, from her European triumphs, owing to the competition of Henry Abbey, the American impresario, Mapleson was obliged to raise her salary from \$1,000 a night to \$4,000, and finally to \$5,000 a night, a sum previously unheard of in the annals of opera. It was also agreed that the diva should be paid at 2 o'clock of the day she was to sing.

During the last twenty-five years Patti has never sung in public for less than \$5,000 a night, paid in advance. One matinee concern in Boston netted her \$8,335, and her share for three performances in one week was \$20,895. No story of Patti's career is complete without reference to the financial side. Her story is one Balzac would have delighted to have written, because it deals so largely with vast sums of money. But in his day it would have been difficult for even his lively imagination to

sians took up a subscription of 100 rubles and presented her with a diamond necklace. She purchased her magnificent estate in Wales, Craig-y-Nos, in 1878, after she separated from the Marquis. She obtained a divorce in 1885 and the following year married Ernest Nicolini, the tenor singer whose very pleasant voice was much marred by an insistent tremolo. Nicolini died in January, 1898, and in January, 1899, Madame Patti made her third venture in matrimony, this time being united to the Baron Cederstrom, a young Swedish nobleman who had become a naturalized Englishman and whose years at that time were exactly half those of his bride.

Patti's castle at Craig-y-Nos is one of the show places in Wales. The house and grounds were fitted without reference to expense. A private theater is one of the interesting apartments in the castle, and there the great soprano has been heard sing even comic songs for the entertainment of her guests. To see Patti at home is to see the generous side of her character; to see her demanding \$5,000 for a public appearance is to see her undoubted business side.

Takes Care of Voice.

The great diva's voice has been kindly used by time. One reason for the fact that it has remained with her so long is her lifelong habit—not to sing when she is tired. Consequently, as she has aptly put it, she is never tired when she sings, and no abnormal strain is placed upon her vocal cords. She is no believer in diet, but never eats or drinks any food that is either too hot or too cold, and she has always been careful to avoid indigestion, which, she claims, has prematurely ruined many singing voices.

