

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Mark Twain, at the age of 71, is in favor of peek-a-boo waists.

Some men are able to bear misfortunes and some others have sense enough to avoid them.

The greatest advantage of the rich man would seem to be that he doesn't have to put up a front.

Italy proposes to fight the Standard Oil Company. Hasn't Italy learned that suicide is a crime?

Japan says she would not take the Philippines as a gift. Then it will really be safe to leave them out after night?

New York's population has increased by 375,000 souls in the last year. Judging from accounts, nearly all of them were chorus girls.

A youth of 19 killed himself because he was a "failure in civilized life." Poor fellow, he hadn't even got through the a b c of trying it.

It is reported that a German professor is able to make artificial rubies that are genuine. But how about the profits in the business?

Another man has arisen who says that neither Shakespeare nor Bacon wrote the plays. They will be charging it up to George Ade next.

A woman is said to have contracted diphtheria from clothing twenty years old. Anyone who wears clothing that old is apt to have most anything.

Mr. Carnegie declares that an income tax makes liars. If other taxes don't do the same thing they at least cause liars to give their talents exercise.

The advance in the price of peanuts is out of all proportion with the increase of wages; still, it is in keeping with the augmented general cost of living.

Pedro Alvarado, Mexico's richest man, is busy giving \$10,000,000 to his needy fellow citizens. It probably isn't hard for Alvarado to draw a crowd wherever he appears.

Peary is going to make another dash for the pole just as soon as he gets through reading the proofs of the book which deals with the recent dash that wasn't quite long enough.

Confectioners who sell short-weight candy might set up the plea that they consider their goods so bad for people as to make it advisable to give them as little for their money as possible.

On each day in the year there is an average of twenty-one aliens debarred from entering the port of New York. If Congress carries out its threat this number may soon be greatly increased.

Even if the salary of the speaker of the House of Representatives is increased to \$12,000 a year it will be a good deal less than an ordinary middle weight prize fighter gets for staying fifteen rounds.

Mention has been made of the fact that Mr. Rockefeller is able now, for the first time in thirty years, to eat and digest mince pie. Thirty years more of popular disfavor should enable him to make a meal of fishhooks.

The American college professor who has been telling the Germans that the Monroe doctrine is obsolete may be an authority on mathematics, but the Germans should be a bit chary about taking his judgment on matters of international politics.

Many large employers of labor—textile manufacturers, steel-mills and railroad companies—have raised the wages of their workmen without pressure on the part of labor. This is one of the signs of prosperity. Since a dollar does not buy as much as it did, the increase of wages gives a share of the prosperity to labor.

The kickers on the farm are not so hard to get along with as the kickers in town. On the farm there is the kicking cow and our long-eared friend, the mule, while in town there is the old nossock, who wants all the municipal improvements without paying for them. The cow may be sold for beef, the mule traded for a shotgun, but nothing but a funeral will get rid of the town kicker.

An excellent lesson in finance is set by the experience of the government with the silver peso, coined for use in the Philippine Islands. When first coined its face and bullion value were 50 cents, but silver has increased in

value, and the peso is worth 56 cents to-day as silver bullion. Consequently speculators in the islands are sending the coins to Hongkong to be melted, making a profit of 12 per cent on the transaction. The approaching disappearance of the coin from circulation illustrates what economists know as Gresham's law. Sir Thomas Gresham first called the attention of Queen Elizabeth to the fact that a superior kind of currency has a tendency to disappear as soon as an inferior kind which will do the same work is introduced, or when the bullion value of the coin is more than its face value. To keep the peso in circulation the government is considering a reduction of its weight.

Rural free delivery was inaugurated about ten years ago with a service of eighty-three carriers and an appropriation of \$40,000. During the last fiscal year the number of carriers was 35,666, the appropriation came to \$25,878,300, and the expenditures were but little below that amount. We note, however, in the report of P. V. De Graw, the fourth assistant postmaster general, a statement to the effect that the climax of development was reached in 1904, when the service was installed on 9,447 roads. "At that time the average number of petitions filed per month was 700. This average was maintained during the fiscal year 1905, but during the last fiscal year the number of petitions filed was 4,687, a monthly average of 390. Of this number 3,720 were accepted for investigation." Contrary to the old practice, the department will not now accept petitions for investigation until there has been a preliminary inquiry to show whether or not the petitioners are residents along the proposed routes. Schemes of interested postmasters and would-be carriers are thus defeated. It must appear also, before service is installed, that three-fourths of the possible patrons have provided themselves with mail boxes. An inspector is sent to the locality for an investigation of conditions and when they are favorable he lays out the route. Describing favorable conditions the report says that the roads must be good and unobstructed by gates; there must be no unbridged creeks or streams not fordable at all times of the year; there must be a possible patronage of 100 families or more on each route of twenty-four or more miles in length, or a proportionate number of families where it is necessary to make routes less than standard length. Of a possible patronage per route of 124 families in 1903 the average actual patronage was only 70, and in order to insure the service a pledge of patronage from three-fourths of the families on a route is required. Though there has been some intriguing for the job of carrier, there were 3,441 resignations last year, the largest in the history of the service, and the report indicates why. The routes are long, the carrier has to be out in all kinds of weather, he has to supply his own equipment, the maximum pay is \$720 per annum, the net rewards of his labor from \$380 to \$420. A suggestion is made that the pay be increased to \$900 for routes of twenty-five miles or more. In spite of the provision as to good roads, many carriers have to travel bad ones, and the relation of the service to the good roads movement is interesting. Carriers report on conditions for the information of State and local authorities, who thus receive the co-operation of the department. In Indiana, when a rural delivery route is established, it is the duty of the proper officials to keep the road in good repair, and under the law they are subject to a fine for neglect of this duty. Legislation like that of Indiana has also been passed in Pennsylvania, but in many parts of the country there is urgent need of effective help from the States.

One Kind of Man.

At a dinner at Newport Rear Admiral Evans spoke with scorn of a young man who had married an old woman for her money.

"That chap calls himself a man, I suppose," said the great sea fighter, "but there are various definitions of the word man, and one definition that would fit our friend best is the Peebles one."

"A Scot of Peebles said to his friend MacAndrew:

"Mac, I hear we have fallen in love w' bonny Kate McAllister."

"Weel, Sanders, Mac replied, 'I was near—verra near—daein' it; but the bit lassie has nae siller, so I said to myself, 'Mac, be a mon.' And I was a mon, and noo I pass her by w' silent contempt.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Ill-Managed Applause.

"The applause in this theater doesn't seem to be as loud and spontaneous as it used to," said the theatre star. "Is the audience cold?"

"No," answered the manager; "we have had to employ some new and inexperienced ushers."—Washington Star.

The under dog gets a lot of sympathy, but the upper canine collars most of the gate receipts.

COLLECTING UNCLE SAM'S REVENUE IN THE FROZEN NORTH



The popular idea that all government employes lead a life of ease is justifiable to some extent, but now and then one rises up and lives the strenuous way, and one of these is John A. Cameron, deputy collector of internal revenue at Nome, Alaska.

Mr. Cameron is a deputy of the district of Washington and serves under B. D. Crocker of Tacoma, the collector of the district. He is a "sour dough"—that is, he has seen the ice jam up and freeze Alaska off from any intercourse with water with the outside world, seen it rot beneath the climb of the sun and wash out from the harbors long locked by Jack Frost. And more; he is an old-time "dog musher," familiar with the winter ways and trails of all Alaska. His duty demands that he travel far and wide. There are taxes that must be collected, and until he was detailed to his present place there was much of "hooch making," as illicit distilling of ardent spirits is designated in that land of snow.

The drift of men into Alaska in search of gold brought bits of human fotsam of all types and from all quarters of the world. At first each man was a law unto himself, and all the justice that existed lay in the right of might. The strong prevailed all over Alaska, and until John A. Cameron outfitted and started to collect the taxes due the government he serves, there was no one to see that all the laws were honored and the tithes paid in.

Collector Crocker knew his man and Cameron knew the country. Their conference was brief, for both are of the West that was—few-wordsed, quick to act and slow to speak—and when they separated Cameron was a deputy collector of internal revenue, with all Alaska, from the bleak north shore washed by the Arctic Ocean to the pleasant waters of Chatham Sound; from where Siberia lifts across the Behring Sea to Rampart House in England's northwest territory. The land was his to travel over and control. There was no way to go except by dogs and Klondike sled; no way from town to town save half-seen trails where

windblown snow sifted back and forth as dry as sand.

Hooch making was rife throughout the country. Illicit stills, scarce hid from view, made moonshine for those who had the price. It was a fiery stuff, throat burning, with a strength of alcohol that bit into the blood. The Indians of Alaska quickly found it out and under its influence sold the furs that they had trapped with utter disregard of real value. Distilled from anything that would ferment, it finally became a menace to the whites, and many a brawl and murder was traceable to it.

To put an end to this condition of affairs was the intention of Collector Crocker when he appointed Cameron, and to-day, throughout the length and breadth of all Alaska, while one hears whisperings of stills close hid and dripping hooch, there is no open breaking of the law. When he had outfitted, Cameron set out at once upon his travels, and mysteriously, as word flies in the wild, news went the length and breadth of Alaska that the government must have its own. Men made returns and paid taxes that had slumbered lightly upon their conscience for years, and hooch makers hid their stills underneath the snows. The government, personified by Cameron, went far afield. Men who had forgot that law can penetrate behind the blind of ice grew to remember it and obey.

Fifty-mile journeys across wastes of snow are only little trips for Cameron, and sometimes his day's travel covers a hundred miles, from one tiny group of winter-prisoned houses to the next. His is a life of hardship and bitter work. Camping at night, sometimes in solitude of snow that reaches endlessly, he cooks his food, cares for his dogs and then seeks rest in his small tent, a man alone in an eternity of snow. Often when the time comes for him to travel on again—there is no morning there—he finds that wind-blown snow piles high above his tent and to his call sees his dogs plunge out from banks of snow, where they have slept away their rest time in snow caverns hollowed by the warmth of their bodies. Once, when the drop of mercury had caught him unprepared, frost mastered him out and a drowse crept upon him that presaged death by freezing. Scarce knowing what he did, or caring, for the luxury of numbness was upon him strong, he lined his dogs out for

the nearest settlement, wrapped himself up as best he could, told the dogs wearily to start up and went to sleep. When he woke up the fires of a thousand white-hot needles pricked in his veins, and he found that his team, true to the trust that he had placed in it, had followed the guidance of the wolfish leader and brought him to where rough-handed rescue waited him.

Some of Mr. Cameron's trips circling from Nome up along the bleak north shore and back down the Yukon figure up 2,500 miles, and among the experiences that have been his is a 2,000-mile chase after the worst hoochmaker who ever distilled illicit spirits for the sodden Indians or the reckless whites. Charles Williams, the man's name was, and his photograph is one of the ornaments of the rogues' gallery of the Northwest mounted police at Dawson.

Cameron had heard of him, and found some of the hooch distilled by him. With patient carefulness, he traced it to its source, found and destroyed the still, then set to work to track the man down. Williams fled toward the British possessions in the Northwest. The mounted police, warned by Cameron, were watching for him and captured him at once. On his release from imprisonment last year Williams decided to stay away from Alaska, for there was the old charge of illicit distilling against him, and a man who never forgot awaiting him with eagerness.

Cameron sees to it that all the laws and all the regulations promulgated by the Treasury Department that he serves are observed to the letter, and in the farthest mining camps the United States dog team is well known. The winter's zero weather does not hinder him. Snow, blown before cold winds, that piles in drifts and changes all the face of nature in a night, delays perhaps, but through the hardships that are part and parcel of winter travel in Alaska he mashes on, sleeps out in wastes of snow where there is not the slightest trace of life.

His journeyings are ceaseless. The end of one trip sees but the beginning of the next, and while the winter binds the land with ice and zero temperature is pleasant warmth, he travels east and west and north and south, beating the path before his dogs where snows are light and travel hindering, thinking perhaps of his cozy house at Nome, but bound by his oath of office and duty driven across unending seas of snow.

FLOATING A STRANDED OCEAN LINER BY PUMPING HER FULL OF AIR.

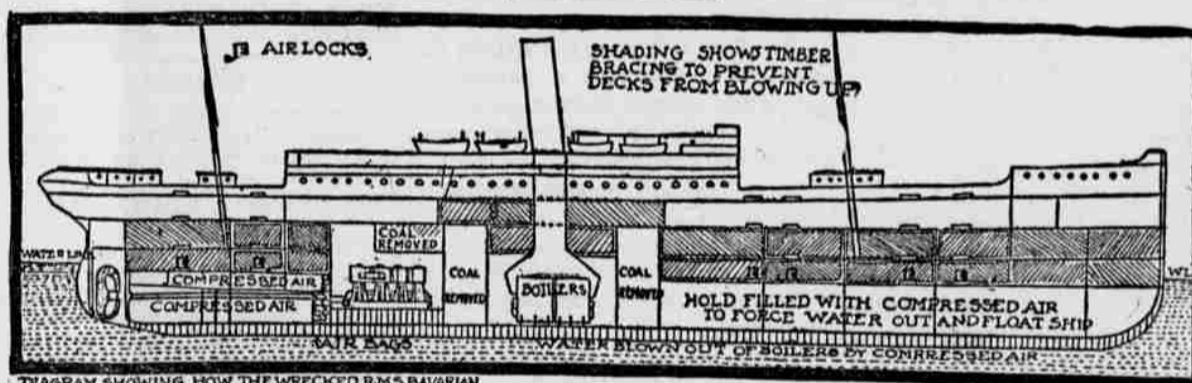


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE WRECKED RMS BAVARIAN WAS FLOATED BY COMPRESSED AIR.

To turn a 12,000-ton steamship into a huge steel bubble by pumping her full of compressed air, and float her off rocks on which she had been impaled for more than a year, is a feat which has been accomplished in the wrecked Allan liner Bavarian, at the suggestion of Captain Leslie, the well-known wrecking expert of Kingston, Ont.

With a full passenger list and valuable cargo, the Bavarian ran on Wye Rock, thirty-eight miles below Quebec, on the night of Nov. 3, 1905. Many of the Bavarian's compartments filled with water, and the ship settled down on the rocks. The ship's bottom plates were badly torn, and when the wreckers made an examination it was declared that the floating of the vessel would be a most difficult job.

After the Allans had worked for several weeks to get the vessel off she was turned over to Lloyds, and the underwriters set to work to save their money. All the old methods for raising vessels were employed, and failed. At last the underwriters gave it up.

The big liner lay on the rocks throughout the whole of the winter, and when spring came, and it was seen that the vessel had not suffered from the winter storms, hopes began to revive that perhaps she might yet be saved. Captain Leslie visited the wreck and after a careful examination gave it as his opinion that the big vessel could be successfully floated. He

proposed to employ compressed air to do the work. Such a thing had never been done before, but Captain Leslie succeeded in interesting Canadian and United States capitalists and engineers in the enterprise.

All the ship's compartments were made as nearly air tight as possible. Hatch after hatch was closed by plating, which was simply laid under the hatch combing, so that when the air pressure was applied the covers would be held in place. Air locks were placed on the compartments which had filled with water, and the "sand hogs" as the tunnel workers are called, felt as much at home as if they were in their New York tunnels. As the air was forced in, the water rapidly receded and the workmen were able to stop the leaks with temporary plating.

As the tide rose the air compressors were set to work and the full power of the plant used in forcing air into the hold of the ship. Suddenly there was a movement of the great hulk and as she lifted herself from her rocky bed a cheer went up from those on board. Five minutes later the Bavarian was in possession of her own again and floated clear of Wye Rock in sixty feet of water.

Fish in Inclosed Waters.
Many, not without education and a general knowledge of natural history, are mystified by the presence of fish

in inclosed waters. For many years there was open-mouthed wonder over the perch, bream and crayfish found in the newly cut dams near the Markuarle river in New South Wales. In some cases the water had scarcely settled after the rain had filled the dam when the fish were observed and the Australian farmers started a theory of spontaneous production. This obtained and gained wide credence until a Sydney professor chanced to pick up a wild duck and found its breast feathers and webbed feet well dotted with fertile and almost hatched fish ova, on which the "spontaneous production" theory was promptly withdrawn.

Mustn't Smell Postes.

Hay fever has been found to be a form of pollen poisoning, and 114 plants—including wheat, rye and other grains—are now known to have toxic pollen. The toxins, which vary greatly, can be used for producing anti-toxins. Late experience has been that a mixture of sugar, and anti-toxin from one of the principal pollens generally cures hay fever and confers a certain immunity, 222 cases having been treated with success in 127, improvements in seventy-one and failure in twenty-four.

Many young folks can't find anything to talk about until the old folks have gone to bed.