

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

The Japanese do not like to be called Japs, but it is not likely they will care to go to war about it.

Dr. Osler's mother is still alive at the age of 100, and seems destined to outlive her son's foolish talk.

When the Chinese authorities capture a pirate they separate him into two parts, and he goes out of business.

It has been discovered that a rat has a sixth sense. Even with that, however, it frequently fails to discover the proximity of a designing cat.

One of the learned scientists says that man is made of soap. Perhaps that is why he so often cleans out the treasury when he gets into office.

That Adamless Eden that is being established in Texas will do well to nail up a "no hunting" sign if it is expected to keep Cupid off the premises.

"A traveler dropped a bomb in a Russian railway station yesterday." He may have been a polite bomb salesman, who considered it no trouble to show goods.

Mark Twain thinks the United States will eventually become a monarchy. Well, a humorist who is 71 years old has the right to think queer thoughts.

Dr. Dwight Hillis says we need more poetry. There is danger in making such a statement too public. A lot of would-be poets are likely to take the doctor seriously.

An Amityville, N. Y., man has inherited \$1,000,000 because he went for thirteen years without drinking a drop of whisky. It ought to be hard after this to convince him that thirteen is an unlucky number.

Some scientist has discovered that the north pole is moving southward at the rate of twenty miles a year. Now if he has the courage of his convictions let him go up to Winnipeg and open a fur store.

"Blondes will be only history six hundred years from now," says the scientists. In the meantime they are poetry, romance, fiction—delightful, fascinating fiction. Feel sorry for the men of six hundred years hence.

There is a man in Philadelphia who claims to have invented a smoke consumer which in two years will save enough coal to pay for itself. The coal dealers can hardly be expected to encourage the use of such a contrivance.

All Americans of the future, according to one of the scientists, are to be like John D. Rockefeller. In other words, we are all to become bald, and probably there will be a chance for all of us to get rich selling stuff that we are to claim will make the hair grow.

Tradition says that the first locks were made in England during the reign of Alfred the Great, but it was not until civilization had progressed to the middle of the fourteenth century that their use became general, and only at the highly civilized period of the nineteenth century that steel vaults, burglar-proof safes and such things became necessary.

The immediate and all-important question is not why the frequent wrecks are so destructive, but why they should be allowed to occur in the first place. Steel cars, of course, are better than wooden, but there would be no complaint of danger from the latter if the number of wrecks could be reduced in this country to what experience abroad shows to be the unavoidable minimum. The mere prospect of collision-proof cars in the dim future will hardly divert public attention from the task in hand, which is to prevent the consequences of collision by abolishing collisions.

Young men of an adventurous turn of mind who lament that there is no longer any real excitement to be had in the Southwest need only to cross the Mexican boundary line in the neighborhood of Nogales, Ariz., and go after the Yaqui Indians. They will not have to hunt very long for all the excitement that they need. The Yaquis are brave, fierce and perfect gluttons for fighting, as the Mexican government knows to its cost. Indeed, if there are any soldiers of fortune out of work they can secure the contract of exterminating the Yaquis. They may not complete the job, but they will have the time of their lives attempting it.

Keep your thoughts on pure air in the home. Don't be afraid if it is a

little cold. None of Peary's party caught cold all the time they were in regions away below zero. Pure, unadulterated cold is healthful. It is not all the time pleasant, but one can wrap up sufficiently to provide against the discomfort of it. That is easy. That is what they do with consumptives—wrap them up warmly and put them out into the fresh, cold air. It is not the cold that hurts; it is the draft which disturbs the temperature of the body and consequently the equilibrium of the circulation, which in turn stuffs up the capillaries, and there you are—sneezing, wheezing, coughing, hawking, grunting and making yourself a public calamity.

A respected business man killed himself recently because his wife's affections had been stolen. What of it? Nothing out of the ordinary, perhaps, save that the suicide left a note to the coroner, in which he recommended the passage of laws making home-wreckers criminals amenable to a punishment of thirty years' imprisonment. There's something to think about in that. Of course, the self-murderer was a coward. But that does not alter the fact that the man who entered his home and filched the wife's affections was worse than a coward. The innocent child who steals a loaf of bread from a bakery to keep her brothers and sisters from starvation is a criminal in the eyes of the law. The crawling thing that betrays friendship and squirms into a good man's home, stealing all that is best and purest in his life—what is he? Criminal? In the eyes of the law, no. Scoundrel? In the eyes of his fellow creatures—perhaps. A loaf of bread. A good woman's love. An innocent child. A cowardly scoundrel. The law. The suicide was right. There is something wrong somewhere.

The newspaper may be depressing reading for the young woman whose ambitions outstrip her conditions. In a single issue she may perhaps see the picture of a woman who has climbed several of the world's highest mountains; may read of another woman who has achieved success in musical composition, and of a third who has written a popular play; and may read the report of an address by a woman who is a dairy commissioner, and who is ready to throw the light of modern science on the chemical problems of butter and cheese making. These varied occupations with their rewards may make "the trivial round, the common task" seem flat and dull to the village girl whose activities are bounded by her horizon. She counts over her day's tasks. She has been up betimes to help with the breakfast, has made an ovenful of delicious pumpkin pies, and has swept halls and stairs. Then she has gone through the week's mending, and has ended the day by sitting for two hours with a sick neighbor, and by attending a choir rehearsal. But mountains and music, drama and chemistry—these are all out of her line. Are they really better than her cheerful housewifeliness and kindly service? In the largest view of life, hers is the nobler task. Music, drama, athletics and even applied science are the luxuries—the frills and furbelows of existence. Wholesome food, household cheer and neighborliness are the essentials of civilization. Without them we revert to barbarism. If we must choose between the woman who composes a symphony and the woman who makes a tempting lamb stew, the musician shall go. Fortunately, there is room in modern society for all talents. But as accomplishments grow more numerous and alluring, we must beware lest we turn the whole fabric of life upside down by setting its luxuries above its essentials.

Man Who Is Ahead.

In almost every newspaper you pick up you are pretty sure to find a lot of gush about the man behind the counter and the man behind the gun; the man behind the buzzsaw and the man behind the sun; the man behind the times and the man behind his rents; the man behind the plowshare and the man behind the fence; the man behind the whistle and the man behind the cars; the man behind the kodak and the man behind the bars; the man behind his whiskers and the man behind his fists; and everything is entered on the list.

But they've skipped another fellow of whom nothing has been said—the fellow who is even, or a little way ahead; who pays for what he gets, whose bills are always signed. He's a blamed sight more important than the man who is behind. All the editors and merchants, and the whole commercial clan, are indebted for existence to this honest fellowman. He keeps us all in business, and his town is never dead, and so we take off our hats to the man who is ahead.—Judge.

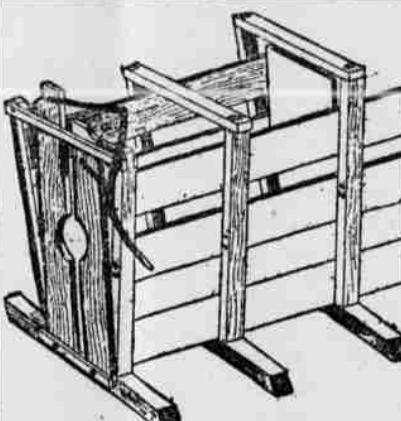
The Bitter Truth.

"After all, I guess it doesn't cost much to live in New York."
"It may not cost much to live," replied the man who had tried it, "but it costs a lot to make people believe you are living."—Philadelphia Ledger.



Rack for Dehoring.

The illustration shows a rack to be used either for dehoring cattle or ringing hogs. For sills use three pieces 4 feet long and 4 inches by 4 inches mortised for bottom of posts 8 inches each side of center to allow the sides and bottom boards to drop into place. Four posts 4 inches by 4 inches and 5 feet 4 inches long and two posts 4 inches by 4 inches, and 5 feet 8 inches long are tenoned to the sills. Three cap pieces 2 inches by 4 inches and 4 feet 2 inches long are mortised at the ends to receive tops of posts. The caps are of oak. One oak piece in front of the cap, which holds the stanchion, is 2 inches by 2 inches, and 4 feet 2 inches long. The lower oak piece in front of the stanchion is 2 inches by 4 inches and 2 feet long. The lumber is 2 inches thick and 7 feet long for sides. One board 2 inches by 17 inches and 7 feet



RACK FOR DEHORNING.

long is used for the bottom. For stanchions in front use one board 2 inches by 10 inches, 5 feet 6 inches long; one board 2 inches by 10 inches, 5 feet 2 inches long. For back gate use two pieces 2 inches by 12 inches, 4 feet 4 inches long, cut sloping to fit the frame. It is put on with hinges. The stanchions in front are bolted at the bottom between a 2 inches by 4 inch piece, and the sill, leaving a space up and down in front 5 inches wide. Two and a half feet from the bottom of the stanchion slope, cut a place for the animal's neck. The 2 inches by 2 inch oak piece is bolted to the side of the cap with blocks to allow the top of the stanchions to open and close and work with a lever. The lever, which can be made of wagon tire, is 5 feet 6 inches long. A 3/4-inch hole is punched in the top of the lever, a second hole 13 1/4 inches from top hole, and the third hole 11 inches from second hole. The upper hole is for attachment of two iron straps, one on each side, which are fastened to the left hand stanchion. From the lower hole two pieces of iron 14 inches long go to the right hand stanchion. When the stanchions are closed bore one or two half-inch holes in post back of lever, in which to use an iron pin to hold the stanchions in place.—Montreal Star.

Water and Salt for Cows.

Eight gallons of water a day is the average quantity required for a cow, and the milk given is about 87 per cent water. In some pastures there is no water, the cows being supplied night and morning, which forces such cow to drink four gallons at a time in order to be supplied. As the cow does not know that she must drink four gallons, she may use less, and she will reduce her milk supply accordingly.

Extensive tests and investigations have been made by the experiment stations to determine the advisability of adding salt to the ration of dairy cows. As a result of these trials, it is recommended that dairy cows be given at least one ounce of salt per day. Exceptionally heavy milkers will require more than this. The uniform results obtained with all cows employed in these trials indicate that salt in addition to that obtained in their food is absolutely essential to the continued health of a dairy cow, while producing milk. It is evident, moreover, that the amount of salt which must be supplied directly will greatly vary in different localities, it being more at high elevations and at places remote from the sea.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Preventing Blackleg.

If the stock raiser will get and keep before his stock all the time, sulphur one pound and saltpeter one pound and mix with ten pounds salt, he will never have blackleg in his herd, says a writer in Dakota Farmer. I had it in my herd several years ago, and was told of this remedy and never lost an animal after the use of it. The sulphur cleanses the blood and regulates the bowels and the saltpeter acts on the kidneys, so carrying out of the system the poison of blackleg. At least that is the way I reason it out.

Treatment of the Soil.

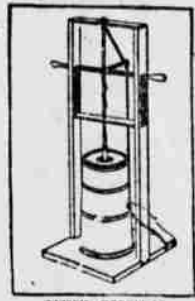
We have but little more definite knowledge of the soil and the principles involved in its treatment than we had sixty years ago, says the Scientific American. Fertility is not nitrogen, phosphorus, and potassium alone, though the potential value of any field, or State, or country, from the agricultural standpoint, is measured by these constituent elements in its soil; yet it has been demonstrated that soils which contain an abundance of these elements, and which are potentially capable of producing crops for centuries perhaps, are not capable of producing profitable crops without the addition of further amounts of these constituents. The chemical investigator is, therefore, compelled to take into consideration other facts than this. He must, if he would cover the whole field, know something of geology, of botany, of physics, of biology, of bacteriology, and of the other natural sciences, because chemistry alone is not capable of fully comprehending the problem; thus, the opportunity for specializing in any branch has been very great, and it is because of the broadness of the subject, and the opportunity, as already pointed out, and the necessity, also, for giving immediate help from the knowledge that we have that has prevented in a degree a broad study of the fundamentals essential for enabling genuine progress to be made.

Food for the Team.

A good teamster will seldom have a team out of condition if he has a reasonable amount of food supplied to him. A horse weighing 1,000 to 1,200 pounds should do good, hard work on twelve quarts of good, sound, heavy oats daily, with from 10 to 12 pounds of good, bright timothy hay. For teaming or farm work a mixture of equal parts by weight of wheat bran and corn meal can take the place of from one-third to one-half the oats, and will ordinarily be somewhat cheaper. Larger horses will require proportionately more. During the winter the ration may be decreased, so that the horse will maintain himself without gain or loss of weight. He should do this on one-half to two-thirds the amount given above. The grain may be reduced proportionately more than the hay. A horse with good digestive powers will often maintain himself on hay alone; or straw, with some grain, may be used in place of the hay, if that is cheaper.—Country Gentleman.

Improved Butter Churn.

The old-fashioned hand butter churn, so long associated with fresh air and country life, seems destined to be overtaken by other up to date churns and which require less labor to operate. The old-fashioned churn was a clumsy affair, and not a little "elbow grease" was required to manipulate it. In the illustration is shown one of newer hand churns, which nevertheless contains most of the principles of the older churns. The only change is in the application of the power mechanism. In this machine the power is so placed that little effort is required to operate it. A foot pedal is added, and the hand power is entirely different from the old method. Instead of forcing the paddle up from the churn after every descent with the hands, springs are placed beneath the hand grips which do the forcing automatically. It would be possible to operate this churn and at the same time read a book or newspaper.



NEW CHURN.

Young Farmers Going to Cities.

A recent news telegram from York, Pa., says: "With the return to the county commissioners to-day of the last registry assessor's book it was shown by the totals that the population of voters in the county has decreased in six months nearly 400. The shrinkage in the male population is attributed by the commissioners to the desertion of the farms by young men, most of whom have been lured to Philadelphia and other cities under the impression that they can speedily make fortunes.

"In the borough of Red Lion sixty voters have gone to the city within six months. The decrease in population is greater than in the boroughs. The total registration in the boroughs and townships of the county last spring was 22,802. The present registration shows 388 less."

Splitting of Citrus Fruit.

Splitting of citrus fruit frequently follows heavy rains when these occur just about the ripening season, especially during the latter portion of October, says P. H. Rolfs, of the Florida experiment station. When splitting is due to purely physical conditions the fruit splits open from the bloom end, usually, and leaves a very sharp and well defined edge on sides of the wound. As the conditions which cause this splitting are beyond our control the remedy for it likewise seems to be beyond our ability.



"How many children have you?"
"Two living and one writing jokes for a daily paper."—Cleveland Leader.

"Is Maude taking a day off to celebrate her birthday?" "No; she's taking a year off."—Boston Transcript.

"You surely don't meet them socially." "Oh, no; only to have a good time, you know."—Los Angeles News.

Redd—I see they have a new dance, called the automobile dance. Greene—Is it a breakdown?—Yonkers Statesman.

"That handsome Jack Savage kissed me last night." "I thought he would. He told me he felt awfully sorry for you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What are you taking for your cold?" "Nothing." "Nothing?" "But my dear fellow—" "Nothing, I say, not even advice. Fine day, isn't it?"—Cleveland Leader.

Upson—Do you get that "run-down feeling" every spring? Downs—Every spring! Why, I've been hit by an auto once a week for the last two months!—Detroit Free Press.

Neighbor—Herr Huber, come home immediately. Your wife has suffocated herself with gas. Huber—Heavens! There'll be a nice gas bill to pay.—Wiener Salonwitschiatt.

"Did you say your new doctor's name was Steed?" "Yes; Doctor Steed." "My! I'd be afraid to engage him; sounds as if he were a great charger."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mr. Jawback (savagely)—I wish you were somewhere I'd never be able to see you again. Mrs. Jawback (sweetly)—Well, at any rate, it's nice of you to wish me in heaven.—Cleveland Leader.

She—Did you ever see the Homer twins? He—Yes. She—Don't you think the boy is the picture of his father? He—Yes—and I also think the girl is the phonograph of her mother.—Chicago News.

Nervous Porter (in a single breath, to hotel doorkeeper)—I s'pose yer don't 'appen ter know nobody wot ain't stoppin' 'ere wot ain't sent for no one not to move no luggage nor nothink, do yer?—Sketch.

First Millionaire—Hard lines these days. Second Millionaire—Yes; our relatives are waiting for us to die to get our money, and the rest of the world doesn't want to wait that long.—New York Sun.

Jack—Some of the greatest bachelors of the age tell us that marriage is a flat failure. Eva (evasively)—Well—er—all married couples don't have to live in flats. Some can live in cottages.—Illustrated Bits.

Hubby—My pet, you will pardon me, but aren't these griddle cakes a little burnt? Wifey (almost in tears)—O, Tom! And I tried to make them so pretty for you with that pyrograph set you gave me.—Boston Transcript.

Legal Repartee—Lawyer—I say, doctor, why are you always running us lawyers down? Doctor (dryly)—Well, your profession doesn't make angels of men, does it? Lawyer—Why, no; you certainly have the advantage of us there, doctor.

The Just Judge—"Judge," said Mrs. Starven to the magistrate who had recently come to board with her, "I'm particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup." "I have tried it," replied the magistrate, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi."

"What, fishing on the Sabbath?" exclaimed the clergyman, reprovingly. "Don't you know that little boys who fish on the Sabbath go to the bad place?" "Huh, I guess dat's right," replied the bad boy, disgustedly. "I couldn't a struck no worse place dan dis."—Philadelphia Press.

"There is no sport in a cumbersome machine," he bantered. "Give me the blooded horse. Why, with a horse I can take the fence every time." The motorist laughed. "Take the fence, eh? Why, that is nothing. With an automobile you can take the fence, the gate, the tree, the pump, and the barn all in two or three seconds."—Chicago Daily News.

Progressing Finely.

Lovett—I suppose a fellow ought to have a great deal of money saved up before he thinks of marrying.

Marryat—Nonsense! I didn't have a cent when I married, and I'm getting along fine now.

Lovett—That so? Installment plan? Marryat—Yes, and we've only been married and keeping house for a year now, and I've got the engagement ring all paid for now.—Philadelphia Press.

Her Useful Accomplishments.

"So your new maid used to be a ballet dancer? How do you like her?" "She saved our lives the other night. The evergreen on the chandelier caught fire and she kicked it out in an instant."—Detroit Free Press.