

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

R. E. COLLINS, Editor
F. N. HAYDEN, Manager

TOLEDO.....OREGON

Now that the pure food law is in effect, we can begin to live longer.

Mrs. Russell Sage is said to be tired of receiving suggestions as to what she should do with her money. How ungrateful!

The seismograph may know all about an earthquake, but we must depend on the telegraph for a list of the killed and injured.

A girl has publicly announced that she has no intention of marrying. Reason for making the announcement: She is worth \$100,000.

After a while the weather bureau may find some way of employing a force of aeronauts to push the clouds away when we get tired of them.

According to an Australian physician, sour milk is the elixir of life. Perhaps he has a grudge against some ice company and is trying to get even.

China is to be a constitutional monarchy from now on, but it is likely that it will be quite a long time before many of the Chinese people find it out.

And now a woman is called insane because she held three bright dollars in her hand and spoke to them. If money talks, why may not a woman converse with it?

Gertrude Atherton calmly announces that any woman can marry any man she wants. Massachusetts has a lot of school teachers who would like to get Gertrude's formula.

In reading over women's applications for divorce we occasionally run across a unique charge, which goes to show that some husbands are quite original in their meanness.

A Michigan man wrote a message on a toadstool stating he was about to commit suicide. But as he did not eat the toadstool his friends think he has eaten his words. Queer world.

A New York doctor says the great majority of alleged cases of hydrophobia are merely cases of bad scares. And the dogs who are involved were no doubt as badly scared as their victims.

A Pennsylvania man who tried to shoot out one of his teeth to save a dentist bill, succeeded in his purpose, but made it necessary for his family to pay the undertaker. Some people have no luck at all as economists.

A Pennsylvania murderer has been sentenced to prison for 155 years. If there had been a woman on the jury she would no doubt have made a plea for clemency by asking to have the term marked down to 149 years.

An American theatrical manager proposes to put a stage in the largest steamships, and relieve the tedium of the voyage by plays every night. To many travelers the pleasure of an ocean voyage consists largely in leaving behind as far as possible the labors and entertainments peculiar to the land.

It is reported that the chief cook of the Crown Princess of Germany has been in this country studying American cooking, that the princess likes American victuals, and that her chef has been paying especial attention to pies, cakes and flapjacks. The poor man may master the mysteries of mince-meat, but he will never learn the difference between a fried cake, a doughnut and a cruller.

The late Mr. Barnum had an elephant plowing on a Connecticut field, in view of passing railroad trains. To a farmer who asked if the elephant was a profitable beast of labor for this country, the showman replied that it was not unless one had a circus to advertise. Contractors in a New York town, engaged in extensive building, have imported two work elephants to pull dirt cars. It may be, however, that the contractors have caught Barnum's spirit, and have sent the story to the newspapers for purposes of advertisement.

What is probably the finest building in the world for the use of a collector of customs was turned over to the national government recently. The new custom house in New York, begun in 1900, has been completed at a cost of seven million two hundred thousand dollars. It covers the entire block between Whitehall street and State street, running from Bowling Green to Bridge street. Its street faces are adorned with splendid pieces of sculpture typifying commerce, and its main court, or rotunda, is one of the largest spanned by a single roof. The interior fittings

are ornate and dignified, as is befitting in a public building belonging to a rich and populous country. About two-thirds of the customs revenue of the country is paid over the desks of the collector of New York. The remaining one-third is collected in the more than one hundred and forty other collection districts. An elaborately equipped suite of offices has been provided in the building for the use of the Secretary of the Treasury on his official visits to New York. Other suites are set apart for the Weather Bureau, the Naval Bureau, the Civil Service Board, the Isthmian Canal Commission, the Secret Service Department and some other branches of the national government that have to use offices in New York. But they all together occupy much less space than that devoted to the use of the various branches of the tariff collection service.

The Detroit River and the Sault canals are the two chief points for the enumeration of the vessels and cargoes which carry and make up the enormous traffic of the American lakes, the largest water-borne traffic in an equal area in the world. Statistics taken at these two points, pending the tabulation and summing up of the figures by ports, give a fairly accurate view of the magnitude of that traffic. A preliminary bulletin on that basis issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor shows that in total bulk and in all important divisions save one the lake traffic of the season of 1907 breaks all records. The exception is, of course, the lumber traffic, which is dwindling because of the reckless way in which the great pine forests of the old Northwest have been exploited for the last quarter century. No less than 28,883,106 tons of iron ore were taken from the Lake Superior mines this year to feed the furnaces of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois. This was nearly 3,500,000 tons more than in 1906 and 5,000,000 tons more than in 1905. Most of the wheat also passes the Sault, although some goes eastward from Lake Michigan ports and a smaller amount from Lake Erie. The department's bulletin shows that 56,153,551 bushels passed the Sault and only 32,101,873 bushels passed Detroit, giving increases at the two checking points, respectively, of 46 and 47 per cent over 1906. These figures, unless there is an error in the department's printed bulletin, raise an interesting question. It is: What became of that 24,000,000 bushels of wheat? The obvious answer is that most of it went to Europe over the Canadian railways. However, that amount of wheat would require for its handling about 35,000 cars, a capacity not credited to the Canadian railways reaching the lake from Sarnia northward to the Sault, and which is denied to them by all railway men. The department must be left to explain its figures, which, if correct, show a most astonishing and unsuspected growth of Canadian railway capacity. The corn figures are clear enough. Chicago is the great shipper of corn, and 35,770,712 bushels of it passed Detroit, over a million bushels more than in 1906. The soft coal movement over the lakes is chiefly from Lake Erie ports north and west. Nearly 11,000,000 tons passed Detroit, as against 8,484,861 tons in 1906. The total freight traffic of the great lakes passing Detroit for the seven months ending with September was 49,526,478 tons, as against 44,125,782 tons for the same months in 1906.

Mexico's Potato King.

Out on the Chihuahua and Pacific railroad is the greatest potato-growing region yet developed in Mexico, says the Mexican Herald. A large market is rapidly being opened up, the potatoes, which are fine in quality and of large size, resembling the famous Greeley product, having a reputation throughout northern Mexico. Already during the present season one Mexican farmer alone has shipped two carloads to Monterey.

The leading potato farmer of the State, in fact, of the republic, is Oje Coayem, a Chinaman of modern progressive ideas, from whose farm, 7,500 feet above sea level, at Pedernales, right on the continental divide, some seventy carloads of potatoes will be shipped this season. Joe came from China some years ago bent upon making his way up in the world. He has mastered both English and Spanish thoroughly and subscribes for and reads the papers in both languages. Five years ago he bought two acres at Pedernales "for a song" and on time. He paid for them out of his first year's crop and his holdings now comprise several thousand acres.

Safe.

Mrs. Smith—Yes, my little five-year-old girl is a great help in my house-keeping. Mrs. Randall—Why, what can such a child do to help? Mrs. Smith—She goes down and tells the cook for me whenever we're going to have company.—Harper's Bazar.

Nothing makes a woman who does house work quite so furious as to have anyone even intimate that she does not have to work much harder than the women who work down town.

GOTHAM'S PALACE OF FINANCE AND FIGURES IN CRASH THAT LED TO SUICIDE OF CHARLES T. BARNEY.



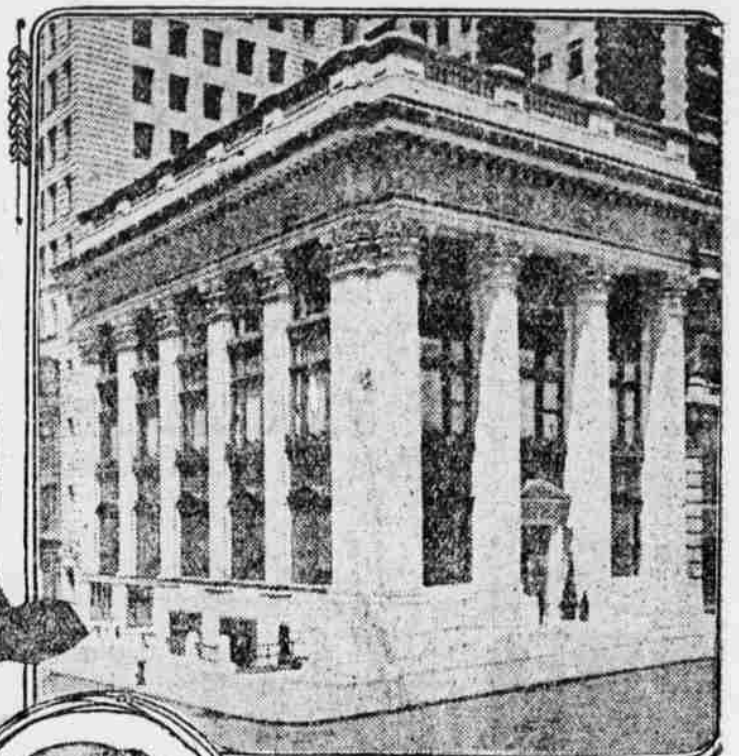
CHARLES T. BARNEY.



W. C. WHITNEY, CHAS. W. MORSE.

Deposed bank president, palatial quarters of wrecked institution and partner and brother-in-law of dead financier.

Charles Tracy Barney, deposed president of the Knickerbocker Trust Com-



KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.

pany, millionaire promoter, social leader, clubman and one of the best known men in New York City, shot himself because of his inability to endure the blot upon his business reputation which he feared would result from the suspension of the company. He had been at the head of the trust company for many years and had seen it grow from a comparatively obscure concern to one of the leading financial institutions of the city. Then, almost without warning, came the crash. The resignation of Mr. Barney as president of the Knickerbocker was accepted by the directors and the next day the great trust company, with obligations to its depositors amounting to nearly \$7,000,000, was forced to suspend payment. In the run, which lasted less than a day, the enormous total of \$8,000,000 was paid across the counters.



Marriage Arranged

Oh! my darling Mona, is it really you? How delicious! I had no idea you were in town yet. And I've such heaps to tell you. Only I've really no time now, because I have an appointment with Madame Cellme, and you know she won't wait. But I must tell you a little about it. Come in here and have an ice, and I'll tell you how it all happened.

I met him in Rome, you know. It was very hard work at first, because he would have been much more interested in me if I had been an old stone in the Forum. However, I had lots of patience, and a lovely chiffon hat I bought in Paris, and so, finally, when we all moved on to Naples, he, Terence, you know, came too.

We had a lovely time in Naples with the volcanoes and things, and soon I saw he meant it all right, only he was frightfully shy about coming to the point, and he had not many opportunities, because Mr. Carstairs and Jack Congleton were with us, and you know what they are!

Well! our last day arrived and nothing had happened, and I got awfully anxious, because he isn't the sort of man to propose by letter; and, besides, I knew if he went back to Rome, unattached, that Kitty Singleton would—Oh! she is a cat, Mona!

So on the last afternoon, when we all drove up to San Martino to see a museum or a monastery, I am not quite sure which it was meant to be, I made up my mind to be a mother to myself, and said I should walk back to the hotel, and wouldn't he, Terence, you know, come with me.

Of course, he jumped at it. Jack Congleton and Mr. Carstairs said they wanted to walk, too, but I marched on ahead, very firmly, with Terence, and asked him about stones and inscriptions and things they couldn't talk about, and soon they grew tired of walking behind together (because they don't like each other much), and so they took one of those funny little carriages and drove home after all.

Then I stopped talking about stones, because I was afraid if Terence got too interested he might not notice his opportunity, so I began to talk about going away, and that sort of thing, and at last he got husky and fidgety, like they do, you know, and I saw it was coming; and then, when he had just begun:

"Miss Cleveland, I—"

We suddenly heard "Poverivich," or something like that, just behind us, and there was a wretched old beggarman!

Terence broke off very crossly, and

told the man to go away; but he wouldn't go, but followed us, bothering, till at last we gave him some money to go, and he went.

That put Terence off for a bit, but in a minute or two he recovered, and began again:

"Miss Cleveland, can—"

And then we heard another "Pover!" something or other, and there was a man with a broken arm!

Well! we gave him something, and then two more came, and a woman with a baby, and a lot of little boys, some singly and some in crowds, and they wouldn't leave us till we gave them money, and the more we gave money the more came, and we couldn't get clear of them. And Terence got so angry, because whenever he tried to speak to me they interrupted him.

Well! I knew he would never get anything done in that crowd, so I "mothered" myself again and said I was tired, and wanted to drive home after all. He looked awfully pleased at that, so we hailed one of those carriage things, and after we had fought



"I MET HIM IN ROME."

our way through all the drivers we hadn't hailed we climbed in and drove off in peace.

Terence heaved a great sigh of relief, and I sat quite silent, so as not to put him off by any ill-advised remark, and in a few minutes he pulled himself together, and took hold of my hand (I had left it lying near him in case he wanted it), and he began:

"Miss Cleveland, may—"

And then the driver turned round on his seat and pointed out Capri to us!

Well! of course, Terence took his hand away very quickly, and pretended he had been pulling up the cover, and got very red; and I smiled sweetly and thanked the driver.

But that stupid Italian had no tact; he just let his horse drive itself, and sat sideways, looking at us and telling us stupid stories about the places we passed. Of course, it wasn't for me to tell him to look the other way and not interrupt us, and Terence just sat still, muttering sort of Greek words to himself. However, we were nearly home, and I felt something must be done, and I saw I should have to do it, so I said the others would laugh at us if they found out that we had driven home, after all, and that as we

were near the hotel we had better get out and walk the rest of the way.

Terence brightened up wonderfully at that, and we stopped the carriage and jumped out. He paid the driver and we turned to walk on. I think he saw he hadn't much time to spare, so he began at once:

"Miss Cleveland, do—"

And then we heard loud shouts behind us, and the driver came hurrying after us to say we hadn't paid him enough:

Terence said another sort of Greek word to himself, and told the man to be off; but of course he wouldn't go, and marched along beside us, arguing. I couldn't understand why Terence would not give the man more money and send him off, but he has since told me that he hadn't a penny left in his pockets, he had given all to the beggars.

Well! of course it is impossible to propose to any one while a Neapolitan cab driver man is walking along beside you, arguing about his fare; and the hotel was in sight!

Then three beggars and the old man who sells oranges outside the door came clamoring round us, and I was hopeless, because, you know, besides the title and estate, Terence is a dear.

And then I saw Jack Congleton come out of the hotel and turn along to meet us, and I was so desperate that I cried out aloud accidentally:

"Oh, dear! here is Jack, and now we shan't be alone again."

When Terence heard that he just stopped dead and looked at me, and then he looked at Jack coming toward us, and round at all the clamoring beggars, and then he stuck both hands savagely in his pockets and turned his back on the cab driver, and just burst out desperately:

"D— it all! Miss Cleveland, will you marry me?"

I laughed so much that I couldn't answer till Jack reached us, and he must have thought me quite mad, because I laughed all the way up to the hotel door, and then I turned to Terence and said:

"Oh! yes, yes, yes!" and ran into the hotel, and up to my room, and lay on my bed and laughed till I felt quite ill, because I was so happy.

And ten minutes later they brought me up a lovely bouquet, and the dearest sort of apologizing note from Terence, and so it was all settled.

But we won't go to Naples for our honeymoon!—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Careful Mr. Smith.

Dr. Pill (meeting former patient)—Ah, good morning, Mr. Smith! How are you feeling this morning?

Mr. Smith—Doctor, does it cost anything if I tell you?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

When a young woman tells a clerk in a shoe store that she is not prepared to try on shoes, it means she has a hole in her stocking.