

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

It was a marriage for love, of course, but a bank in Budapest has \$5,000,000 of the money.

A Pullman car is said to pay for itself in two years. This is probably a misprint for two months.

If Eddie Foy's voice is worth insuring for \$50,000 he ought to take out a policy of \$1,000,000 on his grin.

It must be quite a constant strain on candidates for office to keep from saying something foolish now and then.

A lawyer argued recently that ice cream is a luxury. Any man who has not forgotten his courting days knows better than that.

After a day of study the federal food experts have decided what a sausage is, but it is too late in the year to begin the study of hash.

An American missionary in the Philippines uses a motorcycle in his preaching tours. Still, if his heart is right, he may be doing good.

A New York woman's club has \$8,000 in its treasury. Members of a good many men's clubs will wonder how such a thing can be possible.

If the governor accepts the Peter Cooper Hewitt offer of an air ship free, a physician who is an expert in setting bones should be placed in command.

While the price of meat remains as high as ever, no doubt the poor and unemployed will be gratified to see that diamonds are down another 10 per cent.

"Dorothy Dix says the busiest man has plenty of time to talk to his wife every day." But wouldn't it be better for him to listen to what his wife has to say?

A mild winter also has a decided effect on the young man who has been fighting shy of matrimony on account of the cost of fuel and his dislike of furnaces in general.

A farmer living within the limits of Greater New York has almost asphyxiated recently because he blew out the gas when he found it necessary to stay all night in the city. It appears that New York continues to be rather provincial.

The simple faith of those Englishmen who have been thinking they might induce the powers that be to give up some of the royal parks and shooting preserves for use as farms on which honest people could have a chance to earn their living is very beautiful. 'Tis a pity to rudely destroy it.

The production of sugar in Mexico is on the increase and the sugar planters in Southern Mexico are rapidly learning that increased cultivation means a larger stand of cane and consequently a greater production of sugar. J. M. Parker, superintendent of the Onaqueca plantation, in the State of Vera Cruz, gives his opinion of the sugar outlook in Mexico to this effect: He states that the cane crop now being moved is an extremely heavy one, and will be one of the largest for many years. This, he states, is largely due to better cultivation. The planters of tropical Mexico have apparently neglected this important item in past years and only recently have commenced to cultivate by stumping and plowing and keeping well cultivated with mules. This year, however, many of them devoted considerable attention to the cultivation of the sugar land, and the result has been a larger crop than for many years.

Encouraged by unexpected and more or less—generally less—public approval of the reforms previously recommended, the simplified spellers of the American branch of the movement has issued another list of seventy-five words that, in their judgment, imperatively need overhauling and surgical treatment. The board has heretofore posed as a conservative, evolutionary body whose sole desire was to accelerate the natural and inevitable. But its latest manifesto has taken the breath away of many lovers of English as she is written and known; it is radical to a degree, perhaps because radicalism is supposed to be in the air. Even editors and authors who are friendly to the purpose of the simplifiers stick at their latest assault as representing simplification with an ax. It may not cause pain, but it does cause amazement, to learn that the rational way to spell "ache" is "ake." And it is quite foreign to one's thought to adopt "foren" as the word signifying alien. It is extremely doubtful, too, whether many will consent to "dout" anything when

they are uncertain about it. Among other simplifications for which we are "indicted" to the board are these: Eg for egg, bild for build, leag for league, gost for ghost, lim for limb, num for numb, tisis for phthisis, sent for scent, siv for sieve, tung for tongue, and so on. Really, even among the 20,000 heroic men and women who, as we are assured by the circular of the board, have heartily indorsed the movement for simplified spelling there will be no little standing "agast" at the latest developments of the linguistic "campaign." There is such a thing as a "surfit" of enthusiasm and zeal, and the true evolutionists will advise less stress on the "fonetic" and more on the "sovereign" consideration of public sentiment, taste and aversion to "wierd" and "solem" changes. To "forfit" public sympathy is not to "succede," but to condemn the practical elements of the great reform to a perpetual "furio."

Owing to the reopening of many factories, the labor situation has shown further improvement in our great cities. There is still exceptional need, and such appeals for relief funds as are being made by responsible bodies should be generously heeded; but it is reassuring to know that the situation is steadily growing better. One of the results of the industrial emergency is likely to be the establishment in the State of New York of a permanent agency of relief and employment for jobless men who are able and willing to work. The United Charity Organization Societies of the Eastern metropolises have considered and approved a plan for State agricultural colonies. The idea is to make these farm colonies entirely self-supporting. They might, for example, produce and prepare supplies for the State's charitable and penal institutions, provided the consent of the farmers and kitchen gardeners could be secured. In France, Germany, Holland and Switzerland farm colonies have long been in existence, not so much to provide the honest workmen who are temporarily idle with fairly remunerative employment, although that object is by no means neglected, as to rid the cities of vagrants and loafers of the really unemployable class. In the United States "potato patches" were tried in several cities in the panic year of 1893 and later, and they served their purpose remarkably well, considering the circumstances under which the experiment was resorted to and carried out. Cleveland, however, has not unsuccessfully endeavored to extend and develop the farm colony scheme, and the best students of the problem of social relief and unemployment believe that the example of that municipality is a good one to follow. It is recognized, however, that it will be necessary to exercise great care in separating the tramps from the worthy and respectable laborers. Compulsory work for the former is excellent treatment, but any colony which assumes the character of a semi-penal institution is necessarily avoided and shunned by the deserving whom severe necessity alone drives to apply for relief. Two kinds of farm colonies may prove to be needful, to avoid humiliation of the class just mentioned. The question is to be discussed in the New York Legislature in connection with a bill already drawn.

First Aid.

Mr. Figgins, the head of the family, observing that the eaves over his kitchen had become clogged by autumn leaves, climbed a tree standing near the house, with the intention of removing the obstruction. Just as he was about to scoop out a handful of the leaves the dead limb on which he was standing gave way, and he started to fall. Instinctively grasping at other limbs, and managing to get his legs round the trunk of the tree, he checked his fall, and hung there, head downward, holding on with all his might.

"Sophia!" he yelled. "Come out here, quick!"

Mrs. Figgins, terribly alarmed, came hurrying out.

"O Arthur!" she exclaimed. "How did that happen?"

"Never mind how it happened!" he shouted. "Get a chair!"

The chair was brought.

"Now stand up on it!"

"Arthur, I'm not strong enough to help you down!"

"I'll get down all right," he panted, "as soon as I can get right end upward. What I want you to do is to take this fountain pen out of the holder in my vest pocket. It's leaking like anything."

Why Not?

"Yes, ma'am," said the paying taker. "I know your husband has an account here, but if he had wanted you to have any money he should have given you a check."

"But, my goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Youngwife, "if he's got an account here can't you charge it?" — Philadelphia Press.

When you remember that you have to try to be nice, and can be mean without trying, the wonder is that the people are as nice as they are.

night his wife is apt to rejoice because it gives her a chance to

NEXT EXPOSITION TO BE HELD IN ENGLAND

France and Its Colonies Aid in Making Exhibition a Success—143 Acres Are Used.

2,000 ATHLETES TO TAKE PART.

Seventy-Six Buildings in Grounds and Lagoons Add to Beauty of the Surroundings.

Millions of dollars are being spent in preparations for the Franco-British exposition, to be held in north London. London, Paris, the British colonies and the French dependencies, are adding in the exhibition. Its object is twofold—to cement the existing friendship between Great Britain and France and to stand as a monument to the peace of Europe.

The location of the fair is at Shepherd's Bush, a suburb of North London, but so situated that it is easy of access by train, tube, or car from almost any point of the great metropolis. It covers an area of 143 acres. The famous international exhibition of 1841 occupied only twenty-one acres, and the recent exhibition in Glasgow, Scotland, sixty-nine acres. In all, there will be twenty huge palaces which will be dedicated to science, art and industry of the two nations—Britain and France—for on no account will any other country be allowed to exhibit. Then there are fifty-six other fine buildings.

The buildings are spacious and artistic structures, of steel, iron, concrete and plaster. Wood is conspicuous by

its absence, and did feats that evidenced hitherto unsuspected grit and brawn. The fat rode to reduce, the lean to build up, the old to get young and the young to get muscle. For one reason or another every one gripped the handlebar with both hands, pawed at the pedals with both feet and rode with all of his—or her—heart and soul and strength. Not to ride was to miss something like seven-eighths of life and live the other eighth in solitude. Where is the wheel of yesterday? Early in the morning, when all men are abed save those who are forced by hard taskmasters to be upon their way to work, the bicycle is seen threading its way to mill and factory. Throughout the day and night it may be seen conveying the messenger boy upon his leisurely way. There is an occasional "old-timer" who still wheels for health and pleasure—a lonely figure upon a highway made noisy if not musical by the honk of the motor car. The statisticians of the census bureau tell a melancholy tale of the decline and fall of the bicycle as a pleasure vehicle.

In 1900 the bicycle industry paid \$10,000,000 in wages and salaries, bought \$17,000,000 worth of materials and employed 20,000 Americans. Since then the business has slumped until about 250,000 machines a year are manufactured now, as against 1,200,000 in 1900. The 1,200,000 persons who bought bicycles in 1900 are not motoring. Most of them are walking or riding upon street cars. From the standpoint of the consumer nothing has filled the gap caused by the death of the bicycle craze. And yet bicyclists were never offered such opportunities for good sport as they are to-day.

Where there was one mile of good roadway in and about the parks and approaching the country roads ten years ago there are ten to-day. Ten years ago a good bicycle cost \$100. A better one may be bought to-day for \$35. Both bicycling and the ownership of a bicycle present simpler problems than were presented to the cyclist in the days when "everybody" rode.

That the bicycle craze was a craze

ness that had lasted for several years, but to-morrow, by the decision of the family, these boards which he cut from the walnut tree will be used, not for the coffin, but for the box in which the casket will be inclosed.

A queer man was Ember Mason, who was 91 at the time of his death, and he took great delight in curling for his coffin tree and later from the boards cut therefrom.

"I reckon I'll take these boards to town an' have 'em made up pretty soon," he said to a visitor several years ago.

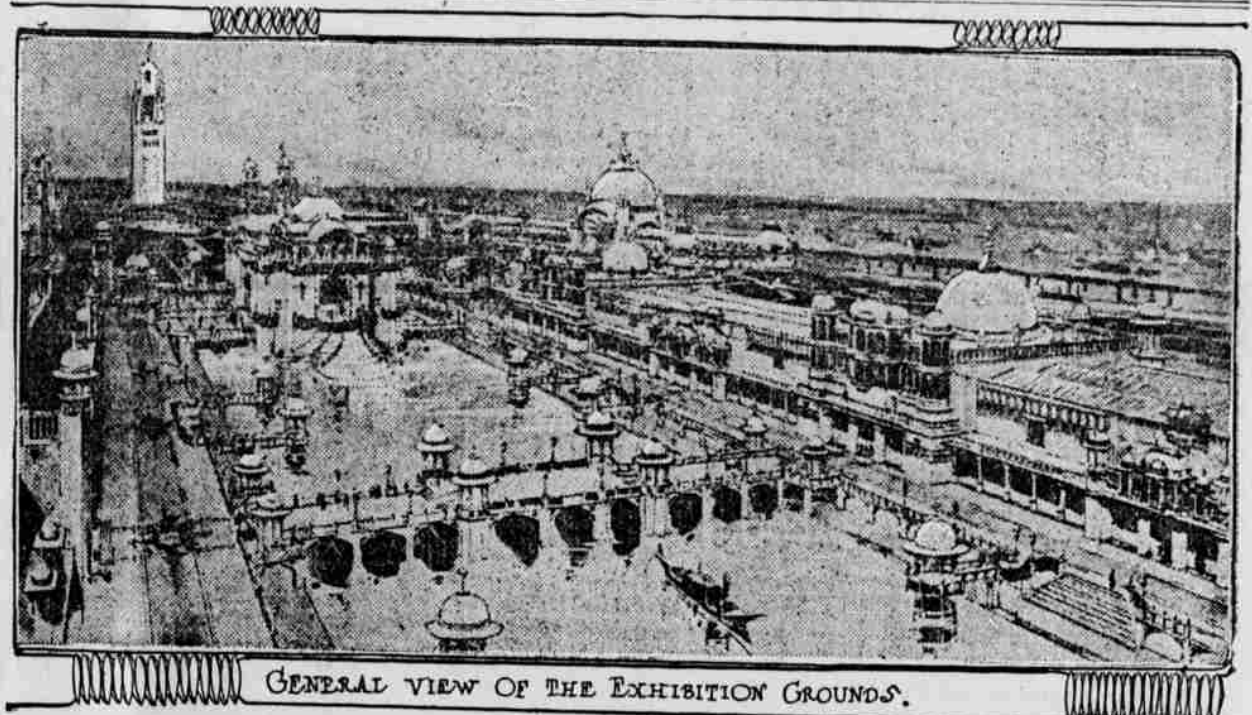
"I'm givin' out putty fast o' late an' I might need that coffin most any time." But "those boards" were never taken to town. The old man became weaker every day and never found the opportunity. For fifty-six years, with the exception of four years in the Civil War, Mr. Mason lived in his home, a quaint, old-styled structure on a hill overlooking the valley of the Blue River. He was born in Tennessee and used to remark often that he was a "Hick'ry Jackson" Democrat, a Rebel in the Civil War and besides all that a "hardshell Baptist."

"An' they didn't lick us in th' Civil War," he used to say. "We jes' got plum wo' out a killin' them Northerners."

For the last several years of his life Mr. Mason gave up work in the fields, but he kept several hives of bees, by which he used to sit all day watching over them.

Washington to Have Prince.

Austria has come to the rescue of the American capital, says the New York Press. In the new year assignments to the embassy are a prince, a count and a baron, all bachelors and belonging to the old aristocracy. Counts and barons are rather common, but the prince may cause a flutter. He is known in the official records as Vincent Alfred Guillaume Marie Gabriel, Prince of Windisch-Graetz and Baron de Waldstein, and he will inherit from his father other high-sounding titles. The prince belongs to a mediatized family of Aus-



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

Its absence, with the result that all the edifices will be fireproof.

The giant of the palaces is the machinery hall. It is the largest building ever erected at any exhibition. It covers an area of six acres, and consists of a main building running northeast and southwest, joined together at the south end by a building of similar construction, the whole resembling in design the letter "u."

One of the most advanced structures is the palace of woman's work. Another structure that is nearing completion is the Fine Arts palace. The hanging space for pictures in this edifice is two and a half times greater than that at the British Royal Academy.

Stadium Like Rome's.

A striking feature is the great stadium, built after the design of the famous Coliseum at Rome. Here will be held the quadrennial Olympic games in which it is hoped all the civilized countries of the world will meet.

Upward of 2,000 representative athletes will take part in the varied contests, and the curves of the running track have been so delicately calculated that a runner will be able to get round a corner at full speed. Besides athletic games of every description, great angling and fly-casting tournaments will be held, and a week in October will be devoted to games of Rugby and association football, lacrosse and hockey, while in the stadium the Aero Club will conduct a number of flying machine contests and competitions. The attractions will be practically unlimited.

WHEEL OF YESTERDAY.

Statisticians of the Census Bureau Record Its Decline and Fall. Ten years ago even persons with cork legs rode bicycles, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. Not only did hot polloi buy "wheels" on the installment plan and tear down street and boulevard and pike and path in mad pursuit of pleasure, but society strad-

is indisputable. Many persons rode to excess. Many of the physically unfit, so physicians assert, rode despite their unfitness. More time and money and nerve force were wasted upon the sport than, in strict economy, should have been devoted to it. But in the main bicycling was a wholesome, healthful form of recreation when it was expensive and arduous. It is just as healthful since it has become inexpensive and less wearing. Its revival would be beneficial not only to manufacturers and wage earners but also to countless men and women who do not get out into the country because they have neither horses nor motor cars and who need the fresh air and the exercise that bicycling once gave them.

GREW TREE FOR HIS COFFIN.

Boards Cared for by Farmer Used for the Box Inclosing Casket.

The wish of Ember Mason, a farmer, made fifty years ago and carefully fostered through the long years following, that he be buried in a coffin made from a walnut tree which he had grown himself, is only to be partly granted. Mason died last night at his home near Leeds, says the Kansas City Star.

Fifty years ago Mason found a young walnut tree, particularly straight and pretty, while he was clearing some ground on his farm. He was a man of queer ideas and he decided to let that tree grow for the particular purpose of providing wood for his coffin. The tree grew in the center of a meadow from which all the other trees had been cleared. Fearing, however, that it might be struck by lightning and destroyed, and it was already grown large enough for the purpose for which he intended it, Mr. Mason about three years ago had it cut down and sawed up into lumber. The "butt cut," from which he took the lumber for his coffin, squared fourteen inches. The boards were placed in Mr. Mason's barn and were carefully kept.

Last night Mason died, after an ill-

tria, and, though he may marry royalty, he is not compelled to do so. It may be he would like a wife such as his friend, Count Szechenyi, has won.

Prince Vincent is 25 years old and is described as one of the representative aristocrats of his generation. He figures merely as an honorary attache on the Austro-Hungarian embassy staff, and that will leave him free to follow his social bent. The family owns a big estate in the Syrian mountains, long famous for game and for historic hunting parties. It has fine houses in Vienna and Prague and a superb chateau in Tachau.

Handsome Dogs Are Good Dogs.

In the most characteristic of English dogs, with the English bulldog as an unfortunate exception of a glaring sort, common sense principles in the canon of judging are distinctly marked. In the case of hounds any good eye can pick out the best animals. This was curiously illustrated not long since in private when an artist taken over one of the bigger kennels of foxhounds picked out the prize and pedigree dogs one after the other. He went purely by his own sense of what was strong and comely, of "strength and beauty met together," as Shelley says in a very different connection. — London Outlook.

The Marital Spirit.

"When you go into battle," said the human analyst, "do you feel your heart surge with hostility toward the foe, or anything like that?"

"Yes," answered the military expert. "In time of war we feel even more resentful toward the foe than we feel toward our rival associates in time of peace." — Washington Star.

An Admission.

Allice—I rather like that young Thompson. He has such a good, firm mouth and chin. Hazel—Goodness! Has he been kissing you, too? — Kansas City Independent.