

## LINGOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON

San Francisco is to have a \$20,000,000 railway station. No city can hope to be great without one.

Several persons have recently been overcome with gas, while others have been overcome by gas bills.

It might be possible to find a widow here and there who takes advantage of leap year, but we very much doubt it.

King Edward's cigars cost \$3.20 each. We hope not many of them are permitted to crumble in the regal vest pocket.

A Boston man drinks three gallons of water every day. In his engagement with the water wagon he must be a long way in arrears.

James Wilson has been Secretary of Agriculture for eleven years, largely on account of the fact that he is a very good man for the job.

A man in Kansas fell off a wagon and bit his tongue in two. That's nothing. We know a man who fell off the water wagon and became speechless.

A Mexican judge is reported to have sentenced a woman to "six months' silence." The assertion that Mexicans are cruel by nature seems to have some foundation.

Over in Germany our skyscrapers are referred to as cloud scratchers. Will the time ever come when jealous Europeans will quit trying to belittle our institutions?

The other day a colored prize fighter who died of alcoholism was reported to be "lying in state" in New York. There are some kinds of fame that even an inglorious end cannot dim.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale has the rare gift of putting a familiar idea in a new and forcible way. He said recently: "Real democracy demands that every man lifts where he stands."

Mr. Rockefeller has made the Chicago university another present. This time it is \$2,191,000. The fact that Chicago university professors say foolish things now and then has no effect on Mr. Rockefeller.

A New York Congressman wrote to his 40,000 constituents asking what he could do for them in the way of a government job. Strange as it may seem, 46,000 of them did not want anything in that line.

According to the biological survey, rats, squirrels and birds consumed grain valued at \$110,000,000 last year. The only way out of this difficulty appears to be to induce the squirrels to eat the rats, the rats to eat the birds and the birds to eat the squirrels.

The Dowager Empress of China, in the edict creating provincial assemblies, orders that "under no circumstances shall men of evil reputation, or local bosses who seek only their own advancement, be chosen." This sounds like a good rule, which might be followed in every country with great profit.

One by one the lesser and younger members of the great group of nineteenth century American literary men are dying. Edmund Clarence Stedman dropped dead of heart failure in January, less than a year after Thomas Bailey Aldrich had uttered his last words, "Turn down the light. I am going to sleep at last." Mr. Stedman was probably more widely known as a critic and anthologist than as a poet. It was not generally known that literature was his avocation and banking and broking his business. He had a seat on the New York Stock Exchange for many years.

Whenever any reform is advocated which will cause a loss to any "interest," or entail expense, some one is sure to raise an alarm. Nothing is more wholesome than to have the objector answered as was a representative of the dairy interests of Maine by the chairman of the State board of health. The dairyman declared that the efforts to maintain the desired standard of purity in milk would cost the farmers eight million dollars. "There is another business in this State," was the answer, "which in value far transcends all the products of the cow. It is the rearing of children. The value of this output of Maine has been recognized far and wide. If the calves of the State are worth eight million dollars, the babies are worth twenty millions. In Maine more than two thousand infants under two years of age die every year, and in Massachusetts more than twelve thousand; and it is known that a very large part of this appalling

slaughter is due to impure milk." There is the whole thing—in a milk-can.

The preaching of the gospel of fresh air as a panacea for 90 per cent of the superficial ills to which humanity falls victim continues a serious and helpful habit with those who have proved its efficacy. Still, the majority of people read the advice of authorities on the subject, admit the logic of their conclusions, determine to heed the list of "don'ts" included, and immediately thereafter revert to their old careless habits. In a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post appears an article satirically headed "Colds and How to Catch Them," written by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, and illustrated suggestively with views of a monkey in the throes of an attack of the grip and a parrot enjoying the relief and discomfort of a racking sneeze. In these pictures the artist has cleverly caught the spirit of Dr. Hutchinson's between-the-line criticism of the public intelligence. The physician plainly intimates that he believes any person who permits himself to become a prey to the grip falls thereby to establish a denial of his simian ancestry, while those who woefully confess a weakness for colds are as certainly emulating the shallowness of the imitative parrot. According to Dr. Hutchinson an epidemic of the grip is an artificial creation and "catching cold" is supremely foolish. He would have us understand that our systems, while the happy hunting grounds of swarms of savage bacilli, are provided by nature with a mighty force of defenders, a guard of protective substances in the blood known to their professional acquaintances as anti-bodies. Upon the invading germs the anti-bodies make constant war, and the failure of the former to harm us depends upon the strength and fighting quality of the latter to keep them in subjection and put them to rout. Now, the anti-bodies feed on fresh air and grow strong and vigorous on cold baths. Exercise of the body in the open puts them in the pink of condition, but they weaken and finally fade away once we try to coddle them. Steam heat and chest protectors are their sworn foes, and so it happens that when the first chill days of fall appear and we begin cultivating the hissing radiator and the snug but insanitary living room we are killing our friends, the anti-bodies, and helping the bacilli enemy to a sweeping victory. We do not "catch cold" by sitting in drafts, but by avoiding them. It does not follow that because the air of the sleeping room is kept cold by the absence of heat that it is also kept pure, and the more clothing we pile on our bodies the more sensitive we make them. In a word, this authority again sounds the warning that fresh air and plenty of it, pure water and plenty of that, used externally and internally, open windows, open lungs, and open pores—with these things sensibly considered the anti-bodies will do the rest and there will be no more colds or epidemics of influenza.

### A Hard Knock.

Railroad claim agents have little faith in their fellow creatures. One said recently: "Every time I settle a claim with one of these hard headed rural residents who wants the railroad to pay twice what he would charge the butcher if he gets a sheep killed, I think of this story, illustrative of the way some people want to hold the railroad responsible for every accident, of whatever kind, that happens. Two Irishmen were driving home from town one night when their buggy ran into a ditch, overturned, and they were both stunned. When a rescuer came along and revived them the first thing one of them said was, 'Where's the train?' 'Why, there's no train around,' he was told. 'Then where's the railroad?' 'The nearest railroad is three miles away,' he learned. 'Well, well,' he commented, 'I knew it hit us pretty hard, but I didn't suppose it knocked us three miles from the track!'—Argonaut.

### Great Success.



George—What do you think of these leap year proposals?

Grace—I think they're just fine. Why, I've landed four already this season, and it has hardly started.

A man who owns an automobile is as sure to lie as a man who goes fishing.



### New Skin for Cuts.

One of the handiest things to have about in case of cuts or gashed flesh is a bottle of collodion or liquid sticking plaster, as it is often called. It is put up in a 10-cent bottle with a tiny brush attached. As it is extremely volatile, it must be kept carefully corked. Cover the cut, blood and all, with a brushing of the collodion. It coats the cut from the air and infection and will come off only by soaking in hot water. Another effective remedy which is nearly always at hand is to lay half-chewed tobacco, dampened with the saliva on the cut, blood and all, and wrap a soft cloth around it. Leave on at least twenty-four hours and dampen in warm water as soon as the tobacco shows signs of drying. This takes all soreness out and seems to absorb such poison as may have entered the cut. It does not sound nice, but it is a fine remedy.

### Visiting Sick-Rooms.

Never enter a sick-room in a state of perspiration (to remain for any time), for when the body becomes cold it is in a state likely to absorb the infection. Nor visit a sick person—if the complaint be of a contagious nature—with an empty stomach. In attending a sick person, do not stand between the sick person and any fire that may be in the room, as the heat of the fire will draw the infectious vapor in that direction.

### Flatulence.

Flatulence or wind is a sign that in some way the digestive organs are being taxed too severely. Sometimes it is caused by the giving of too much food; or it may be because, for some reason or other, the little one is not digesting his food. The diet should be carefully regulated, and a few drops of peppermint given in a little hot water several times a day.

### Fumigating a Room.

It should always be remembered that in fumigating a room by means of burning sulphur, water should be kept boiling in the room at the same time, as sulphur vapor is less effective in a dry atmosphere than in a moist one.

### THE STAFF OF LIFE.

#### A Brief History of Bread—Variety of Ingredients.

Probably the earliest form of bread was simply the whole grain moistened and exposed to heat. Later the grains were roasted and ground or pounded, between stones, while unleavened bread was made by mixing this crude flour with water and baking in the form of cakes. Among the many ingenious arrangements used for baking this bread was a sort of portable oven similar in shape to a pitcher, within which a fire was made. After the oven had been well heated a paste of meal and water was applied to the outside.

Bread of this kind was baked quickly and removed in small, wafer-like sheets. Most of the bread of olden times, writes Mrs. E. C. Kellogg in Good Health, was baked in the form of flat cakes, which, being too brittle to be cut with a knife, was commonly broken into pieces—hence the expression so common in Scripture, "breaking bread."

Various substances have been and are still used for making this useful article. Until within the last few decades barley was the grain most generally made into bread. In regions where nuts abound chestnuts ground into a flour are used.

The ancient Thracians made bread from flour prepared from the water coltran, a root; the Syrians, from flour made of dried mulberries. Rice, moss, palm-tree piths and starch-producing roots are utilized by different nationalities. In some parts of Sweden and Northern Europe, bread is made of one part barley meal and one part dried fish meal, to which in winter flour from the bark of trees is added.

Desiccated tomatoes, potatoes and other vegetables are frequently mixed with cereals for bread-making. In India the lower classes make their bread chiefly from millet. The Icelanders make their bread from the reindeer moss, which toward autumn becomes soft, tender and moist, and tastes like wheat bran. The flour is made by drying and finely pulverizing this moss.

The breadstuffs most generally used at the present time are the cereals—barley, rye, oats, maize, buckwheat, rice and wheat.

In Mexico the native bread is the tortilla, a flat cake, made of corn which has been hulled by steeping in lime water, then ground and reground on a metate until the product is a smooth, flexible dough. The cakes are shaped

by dextrous tossing of the dough from hand to hand, then baked on a hot earthenware plate over a charcoal fire. In much the same way as pancakes are baked on griddles. The tortilla is toothsome, having the flavor of freshly parched corn.

In Persia bread made of wheat is baked on heated stones. The cakes are three feet in length, a foot wide and about an inch in thickness. What is termed "pebble bread" is made into unleavened sheets of water-like thinness, which are also of great size. These are kept in stock for a long time, and when needed for use are first dampened.

In Northern Sweden the hard rye cakes which form the staff of life are baked but twice a year. Baking day for the housewives of Finland comes but once a season. The cakes each have a hole in the center, by which the whole baking is strung on cords or hung to poles to be used as needed.

One variety of bread in Norway is flavored with caraway seed. An unleavened bread made of coarse wheat-flour is boiled instead of baked, then sliced and toasted to make it ready for eating.

The black bread which forms the staple diet of the peasantry of Germany is always sour, because overfermented. After the dough is kneaded in the home the loaves are carried for baking to the one large oven of the village. The average baking consists of about forty loaves.

Beans and acorns are used as material for bread by the peasants of Provence. Acorns are also used for bread by the Digger and Pomo Indians.

The oat cakes for which Scotland is famous are made by mixing coarse oatmeal and salted water to a dough which, when well kneaded, is rolled very thin and baked on a heated sheet of iron. Scotch scones are made of wheat prepared in a similar manner.

In tropical America a vassava meal, obtained by grating the fleshy root of the manioc, is made into bread. The grated pulp is first washed and pressed, to force from it the poisonous juice. The dried pulp, pounded into a coarse meal, is made into large, flat loaves, three feet in diameter and a fourth of an inch in thickness. Such bread, when baked, may be kept in good condition for years.

Some of the digestibility of the various breadstuffs of the world may be judged from a test conducted some time ago at the University of Munich. This test showed that light wheat flour bread was most readily digested. Second in order was a mixed rye and wheat bread raised with yeast, then a rye bread made light with leaven, and last the pumpernickel of the Germans, a coarse, whole-wheat bread that was raised with yeast.

So universal an article of food ought always to be of the very best quality. Good bread does not cloy the appetite, as do many other kinds of food, while the simplest bill of fare that includes light, wholesome bread is far more satisfying than an elaborate meal without it. Were the tables of our land supplied with good, nutritious, well-baked bread, used with a plentiful supply of fresh fruits, there would be less desire for cake, pastry and other indigestible articles.

### In a Nitroglycerin "Bill."

In the "danger area" the severest discipline is maintained. All entrances are carefully guarded by searchers, who rigorously examine every individual that desires to enter, relieving him of any metallic objects that may be carried upon his person, together with matches and other suspicious objects which upon coming into contact with the dangerous chemicals used in this zone might provoke serious trouble. No matter how often an employe engaged within the bill may pass in and out, every time he enters he must submit to this preliminary and essential operation. There are also some 500 girls employed, and these are under the charge of matrons. Hairpins, ordinary pins, shoe buttons, metal pegs within the soles of the shoes, knitting and other needles are all religiously barred. Their hair is tied with braid or ribbon, and, as with the male employes, every time they enter the "danger area" they are similarly searched by the matrons.—Scientific American.

### No Sport.

Mirandy—Si, what in earth is meant by this here Anglo-Saxon race the papers iz allus talkin' abeaout?"

Si Haymow—Neaonw, see, Mirandy, yew know mitey wall 'at it hain't in keepin' with no deacon to be up on them there sportin' events.—Toledo Blade.

### The Dreaded Nuisance.

"I wish you would give this office boy a trial. I am sure you will like him. He is such a cheery little chap—always whistling at his job."

"Humph! I guess that is the very reason he is now whistling for a job."—Baltimore American.

The chief fault of an etiquette book is that it makes a 16-year-old girl ashamed of her father.—Detroit Free Press.

### WINTER BUTTERFLIES.

#### A Hardy Brood for Which Frost and Snow Possess No Terrors.

Coming in one day from a walk in a heavy snowstorm, I dropped upon the evening table some triangular brownish bits that looked at first sight like flakes of dried bark.

"What are those—chips?"

"No. Butterflies."

Such a reply with a foot of snow on the ground and great probability of a foot more before morning was accepted as a pleasantry and not to be taken seriously. The idea of catching butterflies in a snowstorm seemed too "fishy" for serious consideration.

On the approach of winter most of the butterflies, those delicate little creatures of fair weather, naturally die. But among their number there is a whole hardy brood for which the rigors of winter possess no terrors. These are the angle wings, or vane-als. They are frequently called "thaw butterflies" from the fact that during the warm spells of winter they awake from their torpor and may frequently be seen sunning themselves near their place of hibernation or if the weather is mild and pleasant flitting lightly about in the open places.

These insects pass the winter both as chrysalis and as mature butterflies. Normally they remain in the chrysalis form only about two weeks, but it is probable that the severe cold overtakes some before they are fully developed, which may account for some of them hibernating as chrysalis.—St. Nicholas.

### COURTING DEATH.

#### The Work of the Mounted Police of Canada in the Northwest.

The Northwest policeman's first duty is to die if that should be necessary. He is not allowed to shoot a desperado, go up, sit on his carcass, roll a cigarette and then read the warrant. He must not shoot. At all events he must not shoot first, which is often fatal, for if there is a time when delay is dangerous it is when you are covering an outlaw, writes Cy Warman in the Sunday Magazine.

Numbers of the force have been known to ride or walk into the very mouth of a cocked .45 Colt and never flinch. In about ninety-eight cases out of every hundred the man behind the gun weakened. In the other two cases he extended his lease of life, but made his going doubly sure. When a mounted policeman falls, the open space he leaves is immediately closed, for back of him stands the Dominion government and back of that the British empire. So the desperado who thinks he can kill and get away has a hard time. If the police chase him out of the Dominion back to the islands, he is likely to fetch up at Scotland Yard. If his native village lies south of the forty-ninth, the Pinkertons take up his trail, and when all these forces are after a man his days are gliding swiftly by.

### BATTING EYES TO ORDER.



The University of Pennsylvania baseball team candidates are doing cage work daily. In addition to trying out the batterymen, the coach has a scheme to put an edge on batting eyes that is regarded as a wonder by all who have seen it.

The apparatus consists of an upright, with horizontal arms at top and bottom, between which, on an elastic cord, is a ball. The ball may be shifted to any desired height and considerable practice is needed to clout it squarely.

When hit true the ball springs straight ahead, but if struck below or above the center it jumps down or up. The men who have used the device claim it is the best ever for line drives.

### Forbidden on Telephone.

Patience—Did you ever let your parrot speak over the telephone?

Patrice—Or, yes; once.

"What was the result?"

"They took out the telephone the next day!"—Yonkers Statesman.

### Which?

It takes a woman to appreciate a woman at what she thinks is her true value.—Somerville Journal.

The stone and iron ages are things of the past, and it remained for the muck-rakers to discover that the steel age is now on.