

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

A raise of salary is the sincerest flattery.

Between China's disastrous floods and Canada's forest fires there is not much to choose.

While the Duma cheered the Czar the other day, it did not attempt to break any records.

If Peary doesn't find the north pole, the next thing anybody knows Roosevelt will be going in search of it.

A Russian grand duke has lost his job. It is probable, however, that his income will suffer no diminution.

A man may return from his vacation pretty "short," but as a rule you can't get him to cut his yarns that way.

"Changeless Change" is the title of a recently published sonnet. It sounds suspiciously like a counterfeit 10-cent piece.

A man in Trenton, N. J., it is said, sheds his skin yearly, after the manner of a snake. No cause is assigned for the rash act.

A New York woman claims that she is haunted by the ghost of her mother-in-law. Another usurpation of the rights of man.

A Connecticut farmer tried to fly with paper wings. The result was just the same as if he had taken a flyer in Wall street—he's broke.

Men who never thought much of King Alfonso may change their minds and regard him as a brother, since he has had a quarrel with his mother-in-law.

Merely because Santo Domingo has sold its navy for \$1,750 it is not to be inferred that the country is hard up. That may have been a big price for the navy.

One of George Gould's boys is going to don overalls and hob-nail shoes and go to work in a Colorado mine. We hope he has the approval of Uncle Helle.

A Pennsylvania man wants a divorce because his wife pulled him out of bed by his whiskers. Some husbands are entirely too sensitive for their own happiness.

A Pittsburg man recently married the young woman with whom he became acquainted when he returned her lost dog. Moral for bachelors: Be kind to lost dogs.

Cuba has a surplus of \$5,000,000. How provoking this must be to a lot of Spanish grandees who are compelled to sit around home and live on restricted incomes.

Congress is expected to follow the precedent established when a pension was granted to the widow of President Garfield by granting a pension to Mrs. Cleveland. It is fitting that those ladies who have presided over the White House when it was occupied by their husbands should be wards of the nation.

The Pope is credited with the remark that if the Roman Catholic Church could be as highly respected in other countries as in the United States he would be in favor of the separation of church and state everywhere. The church is respected here because communities of the United States all began with a policy of religious freedom, and have never tolerated a state church. In the other countries, where the supremacy of one church was established by law, it is not easy to hold respect when the preference is withdrawn.

One of the whimsical characters in a story by Miss Alice Brown conceived the idea of a "patent dog-barker," which could be put in the front yard by unprotected women to frighten tramps away by mechanical imitation of a dog. Paris has outdone this comic idea in sober earnest. Some people try to escape the dog tax by concealing their animals. The police have secured the service of professional barkers, who "make a noise like a dog" outside suspected houses. The dog inside replies, and the barker reports to the tax-collector.

Those who are sure that the soil of New England is hopelessly barren may be surprised to learn some facts that are brought out in two recent bulletins of the Department of Agriculture. There were only eight States of the Union in 1906 that had a larger acreage planted to potatoes than Maine. Only four produced a larger crop. Not one even approached Maine in the number of bushels to the acre. The average yield was two hundred and

ten bushels to the acre, and no other State raised more than one hundred and seventy-five bushels. The average for the whole country was only one hundred and two. Nor was it an exceptional year, for the average crop of Maine has been the largest in every year since 1903. Buckwheat is not a very important crop, but it is raised in twenty-four of the States. In this, too, Maine stands at the head in average crop per acre; New Hampshire is second, Vermont third, and Massachusetts fourth. Since 1900 the lowest average yield of buckwheat in Maine was twenty-eight bushels to the acre. In 1906, the highest yield in those seven years in any State outside of New England was twenty-two and a half bushels.

"Fret not thy gizzard." There was once a good old grandmother who gave this advice to everybody. She declared, and firmly believed, that it came from the Bible, though she did not know just where it could be found. But she insisted that it was somewhere between the covers of the Good Book. The old woman was right. It is in the Good Book, not only in one place, but in many, and though she did not have the exact language in which the advice is given, she had its sense, which is of vastly greater importance. The world is full of men and women who are constantly fretting their gizzards, and with what result? None, except to increase the income of the doctor and the undertaker and to fill the hospitals for the insane, and the cemeteries. Ask any doctor what causes the majority of the mental breakdowns and the most of the cases of nervous troubles, and he will tell you it is fretting. Some people blame work, but work never hurt anybody. On the contrary, it keeps men and women alive. Overwork, though, claims thousands, but overwork is altogether another thing; and the overworkers are generally fretters. Each leads to the other. The human gizzard was not designed by nature to bear the strain of fretting, and the man who frets it much is sure to break it. The old woman's advice does not mean that man should refuse to take his work or anything else seriously. It does not mean that he should view with unconcern or treat lightly any of his problems. But it does mean that he should not fret over them when he has applied his best efforts to them. It means that if you have something to do, do it; and with your whole energy. When you have done all you can do, don't fret your gizzard over the result. All the fretting in the world will have no effect upon the outcome. Await it without stewing and worrying, and if it is against you, tackle it again. Fret your gizzard and you will lack the strength to renew the fight with the vigor that is necessary to win. It means you are not to fret over things beyond your control. It does not mean that you should not view them in seriousness and with proper regard of importance and consequences. But don't worry over them until you fret your gizzard. We are traveling at a fast race in this country. The spirit of the day is one that calls for speed. The man who can keep it up must look after his gizzard. Fret it not.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

It is very unfortunate that the retailer, speaking generally, does not appreciate the value of local advertising. It would seem as though ambition should dictate the enlargement of one's business, and to many merchants such a result is easily attained. The way to do it is quite simple.

It is well known that women are the best buyers and, as a rule, the goods they buy are the most profitable. To attract them your store must be magnetic—i. e., clean, neat, stocks well arranged and the goods appealing to them prominently displayed.

Doing this is properly classed as advertising, but it must be backed by intelligent, well-informed and courteous clerks to make the sales. After having accomplished this reform then, by all means, contract for a regular space in your local papers and place your advertisement in advance. Arrange the copy for frequent changes, make the matter and makeup attractive, and be sure to refer to the seasonable goods at the proper time.

If such a simple course is followed the result will be a pleasant surprise to any merchant who has not been a believer in publicity. The good merchant realizes that he does not have to cut prices to make sales. There is an easier way to make business and keep profits in these times. The rule is as simple as can be—advertise and support your announcements with an attractive store and courteous treatment of customers.—Hardware

WHEN A WOMAN WRITES A CHECK



Why is it that the average woman cannot be taught to write or indorse a bank check? It is regarded by bank officials and employes as the eighth wonder of the world and a never to be solved mystery why it cannot be done, but it is generally admitted that it is one of the impossible things comparable only to the riddle of the sphinx or squaring the circle.

The numerical amount on the date line, no date at all, the written amount where the name of the pages should be written (and the written and printed amount to disagree at least 50 cents), any signature in any place—the back of the check is just as good as anywhere else—and a sniff or a fuff if the prematurely gray paying teller dares to make a correction! That's the way the average woman banks, except that she can ring in a dozen changes in as many minutes. "And the ladies, God bless 'em," said the president of one of the big trust companies, "all love to bank and they are all at it. The generality of them would rather have a bank account and have it overdrawn 7 cents than sport a solid silver purse full of shining gold coin. 'My bank' are words that they linger over lovingly and their elation knows no bounds when a type-written letter from the cashier requests Mrs. X. to call at the bank in regard to her account, which is overdrawn \$3.33.

"Only recently a prominent Chicago woman, upon receiving one of these notices from our bank, rushed in breathlessly and confided to the cashier that she did not know any money was coming to her, for she thought she had drawn it all out, and she asked sweetly how she could get it. Should she make a check for it or would the teller give it to her if she presented the slip the bank had sent her.

"But it is not always the women who show ignorance of the forms of handling checking accounts, and at the end of a week will go over them and make them balance to a cent. But a business man with a savings account very frequently gets himself sadly tangled up. The savings bank book always seems to him to be a Chinese puzzle, and many are the breaks he will make. He will sometimes write out an order for his account on the bank book itself, and send some one to collect it."

The women have a very satisfactory way to themselves, if not to the bank officials, of adding sufficient funds to their account to meet an overdraft. Only a few days ago a lady who had been notified that her account was badly overdrawn presented herself to the cashier and asked just what she must do to rectify the mistake. He courteously explained that she must deposit enough money in the bank or a check large enough to cover the amount due. Her face brightened and she sighed as if a great load were taken off her mind, sat calmly down and wrote a check for the amount due and she drew it upon the same account and the same bank. She does not understand to this day why the bank would not accept it. Just give a woman a check book and there is no telling to what lengths she can and will go.

Many amusing tales of women's banking methods are told. An official of a Chicago banking company said a lady walked into his bank recently and requested a loan of \$500. She was asked for her security—whether she owned property or land in the city. She replied in the negative, whereupon the official said that he was sorry, but they did not do business on such terms. The lady was more than indignant and insisted that he go out and look at the sign on his building and then he would very plainly see the word "trust." She guessed what that meant because her grocer trusted her and she never had to give him any security.

"New money," not the sound article, is the cry of the female financier, and woe to the bank that is not prepared to hand out fresh, crisp bills and newly minted coin in return for a mixed up, badly written, ink bedaubed check. Women object strenuously to making

out their own deposit slips and cannot or will not understand that the bank requests them to do it for their own protection. A great many women require the teller to make out their checks. Not long ago a bank had an amusing experience with a new depositor. She confessed to the teller that she did not know how to make a check, and he made it out for her, explaining as he went along. Then he handed it to her, saying: "Sign, madam, lower line, please." She took the check and delivered the goods all right, for when she returned it for payment the check was signed "Lower line" in a dainty hand.

At one of the big national banks some months ago a perfumed, crested note of a depositor of the bank read: "Please stop payment on check No. 197, as I have accidentally burned the same." A depositor at the same bank was notified that her account was overdrawn, but still her checks continued to pour in. When they did not cease for four or five days an official called her up on the telephone and told her that payment would be stopped on her checks unless she made her account good. She puffed right up and said she would show him that he was wrong and that she had money in the bank. Half an hour later she came down to the bank with her check book and the explanation that "she knew she was right, for there were at least half a dozen blank checks left in the book!"

Another peculiarity is the way they make out checks to themselves. Where a man makes it out to "cash" a woman makes it to the order of Mary Brown, signs it Mary Brown, and turns it over and indorses it "Mary Brown." Thus far have women progressed in the last ten years, since it became common for them to do general banking business. It remains to be seen how much they will develop in the next ten years.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

MAY SAVE MANY LIVES.

Stickers on Bottle Warning It Contains Poison.

As long as people, through carelessness or otherwise, will continue to administer poison in mistake for medicine, in many cases causing death to the patient, radical measures must be adopted to prevent such accidents. A California man, in working on the problem, devised a scheme which should undoubtedly prove effective. Accordingly he patented the idea. The poison is sold only in bottles of peculiar form, the surface consisting of numerous projecting points. If a person in haste picks up the poison bottle in mistake for another potion he will be quickly apprised of the fact by the stickers on the bottle. These stickers will naturally inform him at once that he has the wrong bottle, causing him to drop it hastily and continue his search.

Straight From the Animal.

A London gentleman, having taken a small farm in the country as being the correct thing to do, as well as to get a little fresh air, had invited some of his friends down to see his new possession.

Having viewed the domain and noting the absence of creature life about the place, one of his friends remarked: "With a nice, open place like this, I wonder you don't have some animals about, as is usual on a farm. Some cows, for instance, so as to have your own butter and cream."

"No-o," drawled his host, "don't care about butter or cream."

Some chickens or ducks, then. You surely like fresh eggs?"

"No-o, don't care for eggs. But I've sometimes thought I'd like a sheep. I rather like kidneys for breakfast."—Liverpool Mercury.

Very Sagacious.

A farmer had a very sagacious dog which he had trained to count his sheep as they passed through a particular opened gate, against which a pile of stones were placed for the dog's use. As each sheep passed through the dog placed one of the stones aside. One day, much to the farmer's surprise, he found the dog trying to break a stone in half, and on himself counting the flock he found there had been an addition in the night of a lamb.

The Occasion for It.

"He says he never prayed in all his life."

"What a monotonous existence! Apparently he has never been in a tight place."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

If a man wishes to marry a woman forty years old, should he ask her father for her?



"There are a couple of awful bores at my club." "Indeed! Who is the other?"

Child—Cook, come quick, the nursery's afire! Cook—What goes on in the nursery is no affair of mine. Tell the governess.

Landlady—You make an awful noise with that flute. Boarder—Well, I'm sorry to hear it. Landlady—So's everybody else.

"I notice that you always sit at your wife's left, Mr. Meggs." "Yes," frankly replied Mr. Meggs; "that's the side her glass eye is on."

Candid Friend—You will have to work hard to win the heiress. Impetuous One—I'll have to work a jolly sight harder if I don't.

Poet—Well, the publishers have finally accepted one of my poems. Frank Friend—Out of gratitude you ought never to submit them another.

Nell—Love doesn't seem to agree with Maude. She is thinner by twenty pounds than she used to be. Belle—She has loved and lost, eh?—Tit-Bits.

"Suppose I lend you the money you want, how do I know that I shall ever see it again?" "Is the word of an honest man worth anything?" "Oh, of course! Bring him to me!"

Dawson—The facial features plainly indicate character and disposition. In selecting your wife, were you governed by her chin? Spenlow—No; but I have been ever since we married.

First Landlady—I manage to keep my boarders longer than you do. Second Landlady—O, I don't know. You keep them so thin that they look longer than they really are.—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Neybore—I bought a new piece of music for my daughter to play, and I think she'll master it soon. She was trying all afternoon. Miss Pepper—She was, very!—Pearson's Weekly.

"Miss Richly," pleaded the kneeling youth, "tell me, is there any hope for me?" "I can't say," replied the poetical girl; "you might consult an insanity expert, however."—Baltimore News.

The Gardener (tendering his resignation)—"No, sir, it's the missus I can't abide. She's got her the 'abit o' talkin' ter me jest wot she does ter you. She fergits I can leave when I wants ter."—Sketch.

Barnes—I hear your house was broken into the other night and lots of silver plate and jewelry stolen. Shedd—Yes; but the rascals entirely overlooked the ten tons of coal in the cellar.—Boston Transcript.

"Ah," he sighed, "I was happier when I was poor." "Well," they answered coldly, "it is always possible for a man to become poor again." But somehow the idea did not seem to impress him favorably.—Chicago Post.

Civil-service examiner (very sternly to Erastus Smith, colored, who aspires to the office of mail carrier)—"How far is it from the earth to the moon?" Erastus (in turn)—"Golly, boss, ef yo's gwine ter put me on dat route I don't want de job!"

"Paw, would it be ungrammatical to say, 'I seen you when you hid \$10 under the bureau?'" "Yes, son, both ungrammatical and dangerous. When you are in doubt on such points always come to me, and never go to your mother."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Who was the first man, Bobby?" she asked. "George Washington," answered the young patriot, promptly. "Why, no, Bobby; it was Adam." "Oh, well," said Bobby, who never fails to prove himself right, "I wasn't counting foreigners."—New York Press.

"I observe that you invariably praise your rivals," said one actress. "Yes," answered the other. "It's the wisest thing to do. It sounds magnanimous and also conveys the impression that you do not consider them worth being jealous of."—Washington Star.

Gayboy—A fellow can't be too careful about his letters to women. Henpeck—That's right. A woman got three letters from me once that have kept me in hot water ever since. Gayboy—You don't mean it? Henpeck—Fact they were Yes.—Philadelphia Press.

"What a nice little boy!" said the minister, who was making a call. "Won't you come and shake hands, my son?" "Naw!" snapped the nice little boy. "My gracious! Don't you like me?" "Naw! I had ter git me hands an' face washed jist because you come."—Philadelphia Press.

Her luck—"I met your wife yesterday. How well she is looking." "Yes. We have been expecting her rich aunt to visit us this summer." "Ah!" "Of course I don't mean t'at expecting her aunt has made my wife look so well, but it has kept her f rom going away anywhere for a rest."—Chicago Record Herald.