

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

The social circle must be squared before one can get into it.

The mosquito is the original back-biter, but it has some strong imitators.

Strangely enough, the bandit of the Yellowstone is not engaged in keeping a hotel there.

The man who just loafs around is never in any danger of being run down by prosperity.

Even money that Abdul Hamid, when he mingles with his people, will keep his boiler-plate shirt on.

A Chicago railway section hand is a claimant for the Serrian throne. Probably his story will Peter out.

Maybe the railroads would find their business more profitable if they would do more newspaper advertising—at regular cash rates.

Chicago may have a fourteen-story school building. Perhaps it will be superfluous to add that the intention is to make it a high school.

A Wisconsin man has by fasting cured himself of appendicitis. It is not likely that this treatment will be generally recommended by the doctors.

A hotel for the accommodation of chorus girls only is to be built in New York. It is perhaps but fair to suspect that Pittsburg capital is behind it.

A dressmaking expert asserts that a "good figure is a mighty fine asset." Any figure less than \$1,000,000 probably would be considered too petite these days.

No, Ferdinand, the fact that you rode in a horseless carriage in your extreme infancy does not necessarily mean that you will have an automobile when you are old.

Some scientist has found that there are 5,200 ways in which death may come. We wonder whether he has included being mistaken for deer by reckless hunters?

A St. Louis woman the other day refused to spend \$5 for the purpose of locating her missing husband. Some women would be willing to spend twice that amount to lose theirs.

John D. has had his family traced back to 950 A. D., when the Rockefellers were barons in southern France. It is rather strange that he did not, while he was having the tracing done, discover some connection between the Rockefeller and Montmerency families.

It is no organ of monopolists but an agricultural paper which declares that the high price of meat is due, not to any trust, but to the demands of young married women, who, dreading the hackneyed jokes about the culinary attempts of novices, have taken to serving their husbands with steaks, "which anybody can cook."

"Away with all this superfluous scribble," wrote the Crown Prince of Germany on a bundle of government reports submitted by the minister of the interior. This idea if enforced in the United States would be equivalent to saying "Off with their heads" to a lot of government employes, and a good part of the business of government as practiced is to provide patronage for the politicians.

To fill orders promptly, as do Americans by sudden and sensational increases in the number of employes in times of rushing business, is not the European habit. Experience there leads the newly arrived immigrant to expect, on finding a job in this country, that it will be his so long as he performs his part properly. When he is suddenly dropped from it, often in poverty and destitution, he promptly becomes an enemy of all government and authority. The borderland between such state of mind and criminality is exceedingly vague.

How many Americans enunciate distinctly the name of the town in which they live—or of any other town? The heroine of a recent linguistic accident had the excuse, at least, of being strange to the English language. She was German, and lived in Pittsburg, Pa. She wished to go to Norwalk, Ohio. The agent gave her a ticket to Norfolk, Va., and she was taken there. She returned to Pittsburg and tried again. This time she got a ticket to Newark, N. J., and had to go back home again. With her money gone and no friends, she would have had a hard time but for the kindness of a German painter. When she finally reached Norwalk she

had spent sixty dollars in railway tickets, when but for indistinct enunciation she would have had to spend only seven dollars.

The 30,000 employes of a great Chicago manufacturing company are given an opportunity to retire on a pension after they shall have been twenty years in its employ and have reached the age of 65. Herein is an assurance that a considerable number of workers will have something to depend on after their days of productive labor shall have come to an end. Either through the agency of the labor organizations to which they belong or of the corporations by which they are employed the number of such workers is constantly increasing, and a grave social question is a little nearer a settlement. The recent British legislation for old age pensions does not appeal to Americans. Neither does the German compulsory system. They recognize the importance of a provision for superannuated workers, but they are inclined to believe that time will bring with it a solution more satisfactory than any which has been worked out elsewhere. There is as yet no demand for legislation on the subject. Powerful labor organizations can establish pension systems of their own, as the typographical union has done. The great corporations will gradually make provision for the pensioning of aged employes. There will still be a host of workers not included in either of these categories. To them the combined industrial insurance and annuity plan recently put in operation in Massachusetts ought to commend itself. The State branch of the American Federation of Labor has strongly advised the workers to avail themselves of it, and the indications are that they will do so. A wage earner may make his own provision for old age by setting aside a small sum out of his weekly wages. If he shall also get a pension from an employer or a union, so much the better.

A bill which at first excited only amusement and derision, but has since received serious consideration, has been passed upon favorably by a standing committee of the British House of Commons, although it is not likely to become law. It is known as the "day-light-saving bill." The purpose of it is to make it easier for the general public to get up early in the morning, and therefore to finish his day's work in time to enjoy a reasonable amount of outdoor recreation by daylight. The bill as amended provides that at two o'clock the morning of the second Sunday in April, standard time shall be advanced one hour, and set back an hour on the second Sunday in September. It is an attempt by legislation to induce or compel a new recognition of the old adage:

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.
London office hours are late, ten o'clock being the usual time of beginning business, instead of half-past eight or nine, as in American cities. The new plan would therefore fix the beginning of office hours at nine o'clock, which does not seem unreasonable. Since it is not proposed to change the length of the working day, closing time would come an hour earlier during the months which are best adapted to outdoor sport. It has been urged on behalf of the bill that this would have a considerable moral effect, since it would tempt young men away from theaters and other modern evening amusements, and send them to the golf links, the cricket field and the river. Interesting as the plan is, there are serious objections to it which will occur to every one. Chief among them are international obligations in regard to mails, and the difficulty of keeping domestic railway schedules in accord with the changing standard of time.

Blinks.

Blinks, after inviting his friend Jinks, who has just returned from abroad, to dinner, is telling him what a fine memory his little son Bobby has. "And do you suppose he will remember me?" said Jinks. "Remember you? Why, he remembers every face that he ever saw." An hour later they enter the house and after Jinks has shaken hands with Mrs. Blinks he calls Bobby over to him. "And do you remember me, my little man?" "Course I do. You're the same feller that pa brought home last summer and ma was so wild about it that she didn't speak to pa for a whole week."—Human Life.

A Berliner.

On the theory that might goes before right the Berliner fights his way past old ladies and tired women into crowded tram cars and ruthlessly jostles from his path the passerby in the streets with an obstinate insolence that goads the visitor accustomed to the higher civilization of other capitals to impotent fury.—Berlin Cor. London Outlook.

After a country town gets the idea that it is a city, the people stop calling the old people "Grandma" and "Grandpa."

HAZARDOUS EMPLOYMENTS

"I'm goin' to live anyhow till I die," was the rather terse way in which a popular song of a few years past expressed a bit of sound philosophy. It furnishes an explanation of the happy-go-lucky air that characterizes most men engaged in dangerous lines of business; and a cursory examination of the employments that many men choose apparently of their own free wills leads one to believe that it is really a widespread sentiment.

On what other grounds, for instance, can one explain the extreme nonchalance with which the circus performer follows his profession? He endangers life and limb continually—in billboard "thrillers," which grow every year more nerve-racking. The loop the loop is already a thing of the past, by far too tame for the up-to-date circus; and it is no longer sufficient to have men place their lives in the balance, but young women must needs be impressed also. Take Miss Isabel Butler, for instance, who day in and day out looped the gap in an automobile, turning upside down in midair.

Modern psychologists declare that violent contrasts and great nervous shocks are craved by a large proportion of the people. It is to satisfy this craving that the circus managers search the wide world over for men and women of daring, to introduce the "thrillers." One of the latest has been a Norwegian, who travels the country exhibiting in "a leap for life on slender skoes." From a platform more than 100 feet above the ground, he coasts on narrow wooden runners, eight feet in length, down a long slippery runway tilted at an angle of 45 degrees, to within hardly a yard of the level of the arena, and then shoots out one hundred feet through space, describing in his flight an arc 35 feet high at the center.

The high diver who plunges from an elevation of 50 or 60 feet into a tank of water as shallow and as narrow, it would seem, as can be built and still allow one chance for life to remain, is of course a constant attraction. Few of those who follow this mild pastime live to make use of an accident in quite the same way as did one Edward L. Pape. After receiving an injury to the fifth vertebra which raised a lump on the back of his neck, he toured the big cities with two confederates to serve as witnesses and mulcted street railway companies for large amounts in damages by falling off their cars and simulating the actions of a man whose spine had just been injured.

Steeplejack and Iron Worker.

If their managers are to be believed, men and women that perform these feats receive proportionately high salaries, and are thus in a measure repaid. But the steeplejack and the structural ironworker labor in really useful fields for day wages which, to the ordinary prosaic mortal at least, seem not at all commensurate with the risks they run. Only a year or two ago a nonchalant steeplejack climbed up and down the face of the Flatiron building in New York City with no other aid than that of his hands and feet—for two dollars.

No less heedless of their lives are the ironworkers, who, in the every-day course of work, run around on narrow iron girders 100 feet and more above the level of the street, throwing red-hot rivets from one to another, and driving them home with giant swings of sledges that would cause the ordinary man to lose his balance even on terra firma. Not content with these risks they often ride through midair on the long iron beams that the derrick raises from the ground and lowers again into position ten, twenty, stories above. High in the air without visible means of support, they engage in mimic fights for the benefit of the open-mouthed bystanders. They have even been known to stand on their heads on the very highest upright of a skyscraper.

The Placid Well Shooter.

The business of well-shooting deserves mention. Here the perils center not so much about the men that do the actual work as about those who carry nitro-glycerin to the wells. With a few dozen cans of this extremely high explosive on his mule wagon, the driver sits placidly beside a catastrophe comparable only to the crack o' doom. Driving through mountainous country, he is in constant danger of being blown to atoms; for the slightest jar is likely to cause an explosion.

A few years ago, one of these muleteers approaching the town of Newton, Pa., along a straight road, halted his team and alighted, intending to be gone only a moment. Left without guiding hand, however, the mules became fright-

ened, and started toward the town at a wild pace.

Some one saw them coming, and recognizing the danger, turned back toward the village, shouting to the inhabitants to flee for their lives. In the very center of the town the road swerved in a curve, and it was impossible that the mules could make the turn without upsetting the wagon. The inhabitants, expecting every minute the destruction of their homes, fled in hopeless confusion toward the woods, forgetting that at the curve in the road, right in the path of the disaster, stood a schoolhouse filled with children too young to make their escape. The schoolmaster, who had been apprised of the danger, saw that it would be impossible to remove them in time, and seized the only alternative. Grasping his umbrella, he rushed down the road toward the advancing team, flapping it in their faces. It was one chance in a hundred—and it proved to be that one. The mules slackened their pace until one of those who had not yet left the



scene was able to catch them by the bridles and bring them to a standstill.

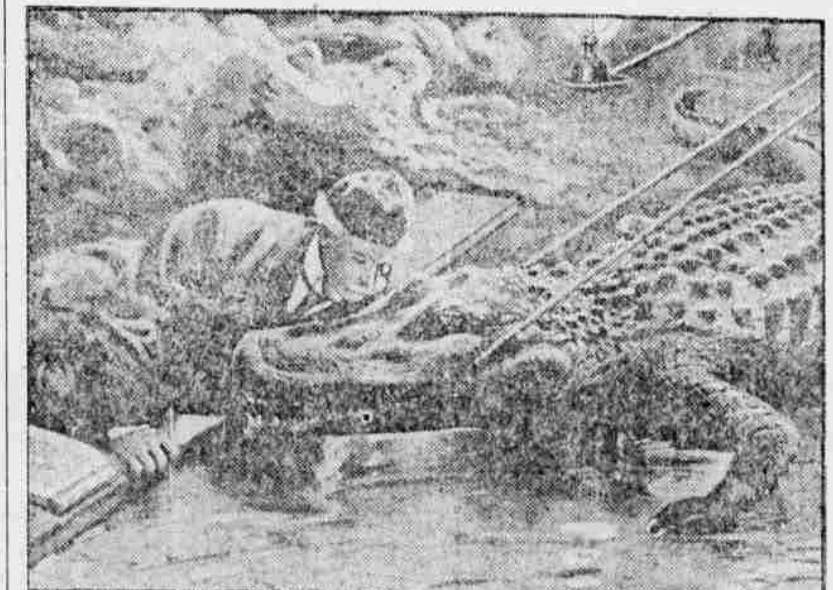
Risks Run by Loggers.

In all rural communities on the edge of civilization, life is a matter of chance; for the men that take upon themselves the upbuilding of the frontier are a brawny, hardy lot. They live and work only by the sufferance of their companions, and when one becomes in any way objectionable he had best make precipitate tracks for some other settlement if he does not care to take up his abode suddenly in a six-foot plot of ground. Their sports are rough, and their work is rough.

Few modes of life, for instance, are less gentle than is that of a logging camp, and few trades call for more nerve, strength and agility than that of the logger. In driving timber down steep and rapid streams he must be able to walk or run across a bobbing, shifting field of floating wood, many sticks of which are of themselves too small to carry his weight. He must often be ready to stand in swirling, eddying water almost on the brink of a cataract to free a log jam, with the knowledge that at any moment one of the logs is likely to break away and carry him with it down the stream. Once he loses his footing, the logger is lost. Yet so expert do they become that a man is considered incapable unless he can ride on a single log without getting wet.

Perhaps not quite so spectacular as logging, but certainly just as precari-

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.



NERVY SCIENTIST MAKES DRAWING OF ALLIGATOR'S EYE.

Mr. Head, who made a wonderful series of drawings of animals' eyes, ran a great risk when he examined the eyes of the Mississippi alligator. The officials of the Zoological Gardens drained the tank for him, and the alligator was held by a rope passed between his jaws in order to prevent him snapping at the investigator when he was using his ophthalmoscope.—London Graphic.

ous, is the life of the diver. In modern times this calling has been deprived of much of the romanticism that surrounded it in earlier days before the diving suit was brought to its present state of perfection, when sunken galleons in tropical waters were an attraction for the adventuresome. The diver usually finds his labor nowadays in busy harbors where he is no longer under the necessity of battling with sharks and cuttlefish; but he still has to undergo dangers enough to satisfy the most daring spirit. Once attired in his suit and below the surface of the water he is helpless and absolutely dependent upon his fellow workers above at the air pump. The slightest carelessness on their part, a failure to read his signals aright, a mistake in the supply of air, and his life hangs by a thread. Nevertheless, though loaded with almost two hundred pounds of lead and copper, with an air hose and a life line easily entangled dragging about after him wherever he goes, and with his head incased in a ponderous and impenetrable helmet, he goes about his work with all the gaiety of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker in the old rhyme.

Indeed, divers have been known who had such a distaste for work that after making a descent they would pick out a soft spot in the river bed, or wherever they happened to be, and lie down for a nap. Alone under the water, they were safe from the prying gaze of any employer, and could dispose of their time as they saw fit, until the invention of an electric system of signals.

If he wishes to sing or joke over his work, the diver must be his own audience; for from the moment the heavy helmet is fastened to his shoulders until it is taken off again, his loudest shouting are inaudible to his comrades. If an accident occurs, he can only pull at his life line, and then wait while his rescuers are at work, unable to offer the slightest suggestion.

Life Ebbes Slowly Away.

In 1904 a diver lost his life at the Boonton, N. J., reservoir, and though a single word spoken to his comrades might have been his salvation, the helmet effectually prevented its utterance. He had been laboring under seventy feet of water to close the opening of a large intake pipe with a huge ball of wood and lead weighing several tons, when in some manner his leg was caught between the ball and the flange of the pipe. The force exerted on the ball by the suction of water was so great that the divers who came to the rescue were unable to overcome it, and the unfortunate man could only lie there on his back hopelessly waiting, his life slowly ebbing away. For three days he lay imprisoned, and during that time until he died his only communication with the outside world was a handshake with the divers when they came down, or when they flitted into the green business above.

The sense of separation from human companionship that forces itself upon the diver in such a position is also a part of the experience of the aeronaut, and is even more complete. The world below him is only a miniature toy world; all familiar sounds have died away, and he is in the midst of a great silence. Round him are the uncontrollable forces of nature, and there is no hand to aid. He is at the absolute mercy of wind and weather, and can trust only to his lucky stars. What ever precautions he may take in the construction of his balloon, his parachute, or airship, there are always a thousand sources of unforeseen danger. Yet the aeronaut goes about his task with the greatest equanimity imaginable, denying that there is any danger, and insisting that his profession is the greatest of sports.—Montreal Star.

It looks as if fifty years from now children will be sung to sleep by some one turning on the phonograph, into which mother sang before going off to her bridge whistle.