

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Doubtless not half of those savage anti-kiss advocates know what a kiss tastes like.

Marriage is not a failure in the mind of the man who knows a widow with \$8,000,000.

London does not mind a little fog, but is keenly sensitive to anything that resembles a war cloud.

Congressmen are planning to make money elastic. Most people would be satisfied to make it fast.

"A Boston woman wants a divorce because her husband is too good to live with." The poor fellow!

There is no scarcity of cows in this broad land of ours. There are other reasons for the high price of butter.

Persons who expect to follow Professor Metchnikoff's suggestion and live 150 years should begin right now.

We are waiting for that Italian professor who announced that Nero merely operated on a mouth organ while Rome burned.

We would like to see a group picture of all the anti-kissing advocates, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

According to a scientist the soul is an "aggregation of psychomeres." It is rather strange that nobody ever thought of that before.

In the light of reformed history, a young man will take desperate chances hereafter when he refers to a damsel as being "as beautiful as Cleopatra."

Locusts are plaguing Panama. We are glad to send word to our friends in Panama that we have for the present succeeded in getting entirely rid of mosquitoes.

A young woman in New Jersey fell dead from excitement and terror caused by the sight of a mouse in her path. Now say that a mouse is not a terrible beast, will you?

Chicago's traction interests contemplate a two-hundred-and-forty-six-million-dollar merger. A man with only \$1,000,000 must feel pretty small when he tries to talk business these days.

"Parcels post" is what everybody has been calling it, but President Roosevelt in his message simplified it to "parcel post." This answers just as well and saves one "s" for use in another word.

"In Maine a hunter was shot for a squirrel, in Wisconsin for a deer and in Montana for a bear," says the Philadelphia Inquirer. By and by the hunter will begin to imagine he's a whole zoo.

Pu-yi, the baby Emperor of China, has been taken from his immediate family, and is cared for within the royal palace. According to the cable despatches from Peking, he was popularly reported as crying day and night for his old nurse. It is evident that even if he is Chinese and an emperor, he is still quite a human baby.

Cuba to-day is a large plantation. Sugar is king. Between crops there is little doing. Great numbers of people are idle, and, while so, are pinched and discontented. But in the day when Cuba has mines and manufactories this will be changed. Then the happiness and prosperity of the people will not depend solely on sugar and tobacco. With a stable government that day should soon come, and the Cuban problem be solved.

of "signs" to tell whether the wedding of "signs" to tell whether the wedding day is "lucky," but a brave young woman can wrestle with adverse omens and get the better of all. When an English girl arrived at the church in which she was to be married she found it on fire, with four engines deluging it. The firemen said she could not go in; yet in she went, by way of the vestry; and although the flames were sweeping up from the other end and smoke and sparks were in the air, she held her party steadfast until the ceremony was concluded. The church was destroyed; but if this marriage falls it will not be because the young matron lacks courage and determination.

All the old romance of the ocean is passing away. In this day of fast-scooting vessels, when danger is remote and the unsafe voyage the very occasional exception, we must come down to the practical side of the business and banish every time-honored old story and ancient superstition. Gone long ago is the "Flying Dutchman," gone more

recently, but none the less completely, is our acquaintance of youthful days, the gulf stream; gone is the sea serpent and his kith and kin. Indeed, we are not sure but that the very kindly and benign "trade winds" of antiquated repute are vanished along with the rest of it. Life on the ocean wave is intensely matter of fact nowadays. All the glamour, the weirdness, the danger and the thrill of it are passed away. Journeys over the bounding main that once meant months now mean days, and few at that. A very small percentage of people go aboard a ship in this twentieth century with any sort of misgivings or thoughts of "Davy Jones' locker." The truth is, one probably feels much surer of getting to the end of one's trip safe and sound when occupying a stateroom on a modern vessel than one does when occupying a berth aboard an up-to-date Pullman train.

A public which demands its Dickens, its Thackeray, or its Scott condensed to the limits of a newspaper page, which reads its Shakespeare largely through the medium of Lamb's "Tales," and to which Lamb himself is caviare, can hardly be expected to express more than a languid interest in the passing world of letters of Donald Grant Mitchell. But we venture to express the thought that there are still a number of old-fashioned curmudgeons, not partial to predigested literature, who, if they have not of late years renewed their acquaintance with this most genial of American writers, yet remember with keen pleasure his work in past generations and who accord to him a place in national literature which, if not the highest, is certainly one of the most honored and beloved. In his long life of more than four score years he saw Sydney Smith's question "Who reads an American book?" answered, and he himself contributed substantially to that answer. He saw the rise to fame of the greatest stars of the English literary firmament of the nineteenth century and beheld them set again, some of them in imperishable grandeur. He saw letters in his own land emerge from their crudest expression and develop until American scholarship began to be the boast, not the butt, of English reviewers. And in this evolution of literature he himself has played no inconspicuous part. He belonged, to the end, to the school which had its greatest popularity before the civil war. The writers of that day were of the leisurely class. They wrote without haste for a public which, while alert, yet was not in a hurry. Mr. Mitchell moved, a distinguished figure, among such men and women as Willis, Morris, Tuckerman, Margaret Fuller, Miss Sedgwick, Stedman, Stoddard, Mrs. Stowe, George William Curtis, Whitman, O'Connor, Fitz Greene Halleck, and Drake. His was the day of the essay, the descriptive article, the didactic poem, when men were not afraid of "fine writing," when the opera was an event for lovers of music and not a fashionable function, when the public was not deterred from reading a good book because it was a trifle long—a public which did not turn from a poem because it had something in it besides sensuous rhythm and which would have preferred Fanny Elssler to Maud Allen and Jenny Lind to the "broilers" of the modern stage. It was in this atmosphere and for this public that Ik Marvel wrote his "Reveries of a Bachelor," "Wet Days at Edgewood," his volumes of essays, and his books of travel. They partook of the genial, leisurely, on-looking spirit of the day. They are retrospective, and to an extent introspective, and as such are quite out of touch with the modern spirit of reading. There is nothing "snappy" about them and positively no action. Their tang which tickled in past days is lost on the palate of the present, and yet an old-fashioned publisher the other day had the courage to issue a definitive edition of Mitchell's complete works, so there must be a few readers of the old school left.

A Chance for All.

There was a little doubt in the minds of those who were invited to the wedding of Augustus Clay Johnson and Chloe Matilda Baker as to the cordiality of the invitation. It was clearly printed, and read as follows:

You are invited to attend the marriage of Mr. Augustus Clay Johnson and Miss Chloe Matilda Baker at the house of the bride's mother. All who cannot come may send.

An Idea of Business.

"Does your titled son-in-law know anything about business?"

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, doubtfully, "he has had a lot of experience with promissory notes, and he knows how to get a check cashed."—Washington Star.

He Doesn't Figure.

"The man behind" has been the theme of many poets' rhymes. But no one e'er felicitates the man behind the times.

Men who borrow trouble seldom get out of debt.

THE WONDER OF MOTHER LOVE.



"A Mother" can at no time recall any other than Your Mother, whose love, if she is still spared to you, is greater than any you could find should you seek the wide world over; whose love, if the Almighty in His wisdom has called her from you, you will never find in another or know again. No matter how you have fared with the world; whether you have succeeded or failed and been pushed aside in the great strife; whether, through mistake of yours, fellow men have turned against you—there is always mother. And if she be gone, there is no longer mother.

No matter where her boy or girl have been, though an ocean lay between, hers has been a constant vigil in thought and prayer by day and by night, ending only at the sound of the footstep coming along the walk, when restlessness is hers, like the watchman feels as he douses his lantern at the breaking of the day. Her nights and her days are measured as her boys and girls come home.

You left the old home for the city to make your fortune and name, and while you feel that there weren't the possibilities back in the country, you would give all you ever dreamed of possessing in the way of money or name if you could just have that old coal fire in your room in the city.

But it isn't the coal fire so much as the fact that it is Mother's coal fire. How you can eat when you are in your old place at the table and mother is there, too, in her old place. And sleep, tucked in the same old bed—she remembers the one you used to sleep in, and you are going to be tucked in, too, just as you used to be, notwithstanding what the boys in the city or the girls at school would think of it.

All honor to the man and woman who understand and who will never cease to understand the mother love, to cherish it and to live in respect of it. If she lives out in the country, do you make it a point to get home occasionally, or at least write?

While you live and she lives and the old home stands and there is money in the purse, you are never without a home; never without money, and never without, best of all, a mother's love. God bless every one of them.—Detroit Times.



Ireland devoted nearly one-fourth less land to flax raising this year than in 1907.

The largest wooden building in the world is the Parliament building at Wellington, New Zealand.

Some of Norway's glaciers are so rapid in their movement that they advance twelve meters a year.

A Russian woman has invented a rudderless dirigible airship which experts declare is practicable.

Except for a small area in Missouri and Kansas there are no hardwood trees west of the Mississippi.

Columbia university, New York, hereafter will give degrees for students who complete a course in aeronautics.

German steel works are beginning to use electric furnaces on an extensive scale for handling large quantities of metal.

Pencil drawings may be rendered permanent by brushing them with a mixture of equal parts of skimmed milk and water.

Close observations by scientists for a number of years have proven that some of the Alpine glaciers are receding instead of advancing.

The Journal of the New York Zoological Society gives a census of the American bison, according to which, in place of all the hundreds of thousands of those animals which formerly roved the plains, only 2,047 were known to be in existence on Jan. 1, 1908. Of these, 969 were in captivity in the



Squash Biscuit.

To one egg, well beaten, add one cup of sweet milk. Then the following dry ingredients, mixed and sifted together: Three level tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, two cups of flour and a little salt. Stir in two-thirds cup of boiled and sifted squash, add a piece of butter size of an egg. Beat well and bake in gem pans half an hour.

Cheese Rice.

Cook one cup of rice in two quarts of slightly salted water. Drain through a puree strainer or a colander and set where it will keep hot and dry slightly for a few minutes. Mix with the hot rice a rounding tablespoonful of butter and one-half cup of grated cheese and a dash of cayenne pepper. Parmesan or any good flavored cheese may be used. Serve hot.

Cheap, Good Coffee Cake.

One cup suet, butter and lard mixed, and one-half cup sugar. Add a little water, melt, add one quart milk and one yeast cake. Put flour into bowl, add a little nutmeg and lemon flavoring, beat all together but not as stiff as bread dough. Let it rise, put in pans, and let rise again. Press in little lumps of butter and put on sugar and cinnamon.

Eggs with Melted Cheese.

Grate two ounces of a hard, biting cheese; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, a dusting of salt, nutmeg and pepper and half a glass of cooking wine. Stir over the fire until the cheese melts, then crack in five eggs and set in a hot oven until they are "set;" serve with croutones of bread or toasted rice.

A Winter Cake.

A cider cake that emanates from Vermont calls for two cupfuls of sweet cider, six ounces of butter, a cupful of granulated sugar, a pound of dried currants, half a nutmeg, grated; a teaspoonful of cinnamon, four eggs, ten ounces of flour and a tablespoonful of soda.

Pound Cake.

Cream half a pound of butter, add half a pound of sugar, beating constantly; then the yolks of five eggs beaten till thick and lemon colored, the whites whipped till stiff; a dash of mace and one tablespoonful of brandy. Beat hard for five minutes and bake in a slow oven.

Muffins and Eggs.

For a palatable luncheon dish take English muffins, divide them, butter and heat them, scoop out the center and add a poached egg. If desired, a little cream dressing may be added to the egg, with high seasoning. The whole should be served very hot.

Quince Honey.

Four large quinces, grated; three pounds of granulated sugar, one pint of water, alum the size of a pea. Put the water, sugar and alum in a kettle, boil and skim. Put in the quinces and boil for ten minutes, then turn into jars and seal.

Filling for Mocha Cake.

One tablespoon butter, creamed with one heaping cup confectioners' sugar, two teaspoons cocoa, two teaspns strong coffee, one teaspoon vanilla. Mix together and spread. If the mixture is too thick thin with a little water.

Onion Hearts a Delicacy.

After onions are boiled take from each the heart. It will slip out easily, and you will find that not only the part which leaves the odor on the breath is gone, but also that raw, green taste, which all boiled onions have more or less.

Artificial Butter.

An artificial butter is made by stirring coconut fat with a little salt and sugar at about 20 degrees Centigrade, then cooling and kneading with milk containing lactic acid bacteria, yolk of egg and a coloring substance.

Rye and Indian Pancakes.

One pint milk, one teaspoon soda, two eggs; a little salt. Mix firm enough to cut off of a spoon in boiling hard, with half rye and half Indian meal; molasses to sweeten.

Short Suggestions.

Clear soup or consommé should be strained through a folded towel laid on a colander. It must not be squeezed, or some of the small particles of egg used in clearing will be forced through and spoil the soup.

A clam shell in the inside of the kettle will prevent the formation of lime.