

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Recipe for foiling a burglar: Keep nothing in your house worth stealing.

The next man who invites Tillman to look at a corner lot is likely to get himself severely scolded.

Nowhere but in Kansas could prison officials have selected such a fitting name as "alakazam" for punishment.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman says the modern American wife is a slave. Frequently a very domineering sort of slave.

Already the craze in some parts of the country for telling the truth on all occasions is dying a rapid natural death.

Mr. Harriman's stenographer says she never knew him to tell a lie. If you don't believe it you can ask her yourself.

As a compromise Canada should be willing to be called "Our Lady of the Snows" during the hot, sultry months of summer.

The census of 1910 will be incomplete if it does not show the increase in the waffle and buckwheat cake capacity of the Northwest.

It is difficult sometimes to keep from believing that old Mr. Fahrenheit made a serious mistake in not locating his zero mark several notches lower.

The Baltimore policeman who reported that an "injured child died without the aid of a physician" probably was trying to prove an alibi for the doctors.

Some of the illustrious born in 1890 were Lincoln, Gladstone, Tennyson, Poe, Darwin, Chopin and Mendelssohn. This is going to be a great year for essayists.

If Nat Goodwin has succeeded in getting his new wife to be satisfied with half of his income it will have to be admitted that he has great managerial powers.

A Kansas City girl has been put in jail on a charge of being responsible for a shortage of \$4,270 in the accounts of a packing firm. She must have an inferior lawyer.

Dr. Clara Scott of Los Angeles states that "in the days to come nobody with brains will kiss because of microbes." Dr. Clara must have a face like a church choir dispute.

King Edward is preparing to go to Germany for the purpose of paying a visit to Emperor William. It may be that Edward desires to inform William how to be happy while reigning but not ruling.

The next census, if the Senate passes the census bill as amended by the House of Representatives, will show the number of survivors of the Union and Confederate armies and navies. There will be several hundred thousand of them, a number that would have been much smaller had not the war been fought by the youth of the nation.

King Manuel of Portugal is reported to be growing pale and thin, and his uncle, the heir apparent to the Portuguese throne, declares he will not consent to become king in case the young ruler dies. We hope the Portuguese people will not worry. In case they find it impossible to get any of their own people to take office we can ship them a boatload of willing officeholders at a moment's notice.

Corn-stalks have hitherto been used chiefly for fodder and fiddles. The farmers' boys have made the fiddles and the cattle have eaten the fodder. The Department of Agriculture, which has already made paper from the stalks as a laboratory experiment, is planning to go into the business extensively enough to test the commercial value of this new paper material. It thus hopes by encouraging the raising of corn to prevent the razing of the forests.

In all the history of the human race the conduct of this nation in its relation to Cuba is a unique example of fostering good will. One may look in vain for a parallel instance where a power having once taken possession of a country by force of arms has deliberately planned the education of its inhabitants for self-government and their establishment as a free and independent people; nor can another such an instance of generous forbearance be found where, upon one signal failure of these inhabitants to rule themselves, the power which liberated them from medieval monarchical oppression has set itself patiently

to the work of retrieving the ruin they brought upon themselves, and of proceeding a second time to fit them for self-rule.

That which stands out bright and shining above all the tragedy of the Italian earthquake is the world-wide and instant response to the need of the suffering survivors. The calamity itself was neither new nor strange, unless, perhaps, in its magnitude. Sicily and Calabria have been often visited by disastrous earthquakes, both in ancient times and recently. Since the beginning of the present century, still less than ten years old, the great cities of San Francisco and Valparaiso, in the western hemisphere, have been destroyed by seismic upheavals, to say nothing of the wiping out of St. Pierre, with all its population, by the eruption of Mont Pelee, in the Island of Martinique. At the time of each of these great cataclysms the rest of the world contributed to the relief of the sufferers, and once again the draft on human sympathy has been honored. Not only did Italian war ships and the Italian King and Queen start for the scene of the earthquake as soon as news of it reached Rome, but British, French and Russian squadrons in the Mediterranean headed at full speed for the help of the stricken country. This was government aid. The people, the men and women, in Europe, Asia, Africa and both Americas, were equally prompt in offering their money for the purchase of food, clothing and shelter, that the widowed and the orphaned might not go unprovided. The human heart is wondrous kind, and there is no surer way to make it beat with helpful sympathy than to disclose to it the existence of suffering. It has answered the old question of the lawyer, "And who is my neighbor?" by including within that intimate and friendly fellowship all those in need the world over.

Here's to the men and women who never pass up a chance to make somebody happier. There are a good many of them in the world, and there should be more of them. Some men have a way of shaking hands that makes you forget your troubles in a flash. Others wear a smile that never fails to cheer. Others have cultivated a beautiful manner of greeting, and when the first utterance leaves their lips, the cloud that has oppressed your soul leaves also. Some people beget sunshine. The mere presence of such a person means good-bye to the clouds that oppress and darken. Your mind is heavy with vexatious thoughts, but the Begetter of Happiness draws nigh, and in a moment you are light and gay in spite of yourself. "Wouldn't I give anything in the world to have his disposition?" you exclaim. Sure you wouldn't. You can't buy that kind of a disposition. But you can cultivate one. There is no copy-right on these Smile Begetters. These people who make everybody else feel good practice their art. They are happy because they understand that happiness comes of making others happy. The other day a fellow reached down to pet a dog, the outline of whose ribs was very apparent through his cockleburred hide. The dog drew his tail between his hind legs and side-stepped. Presumably feeling his position in the world, the dog hesitated before running away, suspecting that it would be a crime not to stand still and take his kicking. When the man attempted to pet the animal the dog elevated his tail an inch or so, but still was not sure and held back. But he did know the meaning of soft strokes back and forth over his back, and at this the yellow cur leaped about in joy. Now the fellow that did that kind act went on down the street feeling better. It is always thus, after a kind act. Kindness and happiness are contagious diseases, and the whole world ought to be exposed. No one is immune from happiness. Anybody will take the disease if forced into contact with the germ, and the vaccination of selfishness is never permanent.

Alliterative Absurdities.

If you caught a capacious curate killing kippers for the cook
In the cloisters with a club yecept a cleek,
Would you say he was as wily
As a cunning crocodile
Catching cockles with a corkscrew in a creek?

If you beheld a battleboat bombarding Biscany Bay
While the big guns bellowed bold from brazen throat,
Would you say it was as funny
As a bouncing blue-backed bunny
Blowing bubbles with a bobby in a boat?

If you saw a driving dreamer drowning ducklings in a ditch,
And deducting data dry as dust to see,
Would you say that this death dealer
Was of ducks and drakes a stealer,
Or of Darwin's dead ideas a devotee?

—Vanity Fair.

Shows More Wear.

Mrs. Styles—See how gray your hair is and how black mine is.
Mr. Styles—Well, dear, you know I've worn my hair oftener than you have.—Yonkers Statesman.

The housemaid's wages come under the head of sweeping charges.

FIVE TIMES IN THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS.



Herman Billik, the Chicago fortune-teller and alleged poisoner or the Vrzal family, who five times was sentenced to hang, was finally rescued from the gallows when Governor Deneen, on recommendation of the Board of Pardons, commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life. Commutation of Billik's sentence was due to the testimony and subsequent confession of perjury of Jerry Vrzal, who, with his sisters, Emma Niemann and Bertha Vrzal, were the only members of the Vrzal family to escape death by poisoning. To Father P. J. O'Callaghan of the Paulist Fathers more than any other single person Billik owes the commutation of his sentence. The priest became convinced of the innocence of the condemned man, and his efforts brought out the evidence which spared his life. Edna Billik, the ten-year-old daughter, made a personal appeal to Governor Deneen. Billik, who is 42 years old and was born in Volfort of Bohemian parents, was indicted for having poisoned five members of the Vrzal family. He denied his guilt and blamed Mrs. Emma Vrzal Niemann for his prosecution because he had incurred her enmity.

Science AND INVENTION

The nation's annual consumption of paper would make a roll 850 feet high by 357 in diameter, weighing about 2,700,000 tons and costing \$36,200,000.

Ferrosilicon and other alloys of the latter metal have remarkable resisting powers, nitro, hydrochloric and other powerful acids having no effect upon them.

To perfect the process of the Oxford paper used for Bibles required twenty years of steady work. The syndicate owning the formula values it at over \$1,000,000.

A six-weeks-old baby at Jersey City, N. J., whose legs have turned to stone, is said to be only the eighth case of infantile ossification in the history of medical science.

The fullers' earth industry in Great Britain is practically controlled by a combine, which entrusts the secret of its final preparation to less than half a dozen persons.

A Connecticut inventor has patented a spigot which he says prevents splashing in a sink by directing the flow so that it strikes at an obtuse instead of a vertical angle.

A British consular report shows that Madagascar produced 73,097 ounces of gold in 1905, 64,344 in 1906, and 72,100 in 1907, practically all from alluvial or placer workings.

The immense hydro-electric plant of the Canadian-American Company which has a light and power monopoly at Rio Janeiro was recently completed and put into service.

Sweden's royal forestry commission last year supplied forest products worth \$13,250,000, yet accumulated timber resources equal to twice the amount of timber felled.

A bronze tablet in memory of Andre Marie Ampere, founder of the science of electric dynamics, has been erected in the railroad station of the New Jersey town bearing his name.

Experiments are under way at Calcutta with a gasoline automobile, driven by an air propeller. A speed of 15 miles an hour has been made with a marked absence of wear on the tires.

Herr Schner of the Geneva, Switzerland, Observatory reports the discovery, in October, of a new dusky ring surrounding the outer border of the bright rings of Saturn. Other observ-

ers have since failed to see the alleged new ring, which its discoverer says appeared in the form of two narrow brownish bands projected against the planet, and visible beyond its edge. He thinks it is similar to the interior crape ring, which borders the bright rings on their inner edge.

It was an Englishman, Mr. Whymper, who conquered the heart-quaking Matterhorn when all the world believed its top to be inaccessible. Now it is the English branch of the League for the Preservation of Swiss Scenery which is doing the most effective work to preserve that marvelous peak from the threatened invasion of a mountain railway, with its insidious tunnels and chimneys, intended to make a road for tourists to a summit which has hitherto been a red ribbon for mountaineers. Nearly 70,000 signatures have been obtained to a petition against the desecration of the Matterhorn. Modern engineering could, of course, make the railway; but in the end would it pay?

Loophole of Escape.

During the week certain members of the flock had been paying overmuch attention to sampling the local whisky, and the minister took advantage of his position in the pulpit to administer gentle reproof. "An' I tell ye, one an' all, ye're on the way to perdition!" he cried.

At that moment a fly settled on the Bible before him. He raised his fist. "Ye're gaein' tae hell!" he shouted. "An' ye'll all get there, just sae sure as—sae sure as I ding the life out o' this flee!"

His fist crashed down as he uttered the words; then he looked to see the result of his handiwork. "Missed!" he ejaculated. "Ah! weel, maybe there's a chance for some o' ye yet!"

Why They Wanted George.

The young wife answered the phone. "That's another call for George," she said to her mother. "Somebody wants him to come somewhere and play bridge. It's the third invitation he's had this evening."

"That would seem to indicate," said the mother, "that George is very popular."

The young wife sniffed. "It unquestionably indicates," she said, "that George is an easy loser."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Silly Questions.

Him—Am I the first man you were ever engaged to?

Her—Don't insult me. You know perfectly well that I am 25 years old. Do I look like a lemon?—Cleveland Leader.

PAYING FOR A MEAL.

It Was Worth About a Shilling to Pick Those Bones.

Colonel Ebe Ebenezer Sproat of Revolutionary fame was born and bred in Middleboro, Mass. He was always fond of a joke and was quick to seize an opportunity to indulge his propensity, as the following incident illustrates. His father, also a Colonel Sproat, kept a tavern. One day while Ebenezer was at home on a furlough three private soldiers, on their return from the seat of war, called for a cold luncheon.

Mrs. Sproat set on the table some bread and cheese with the remnants of the family dinner, which her son thought rather scanty fare for hungry men. He felt a little vexed that the defenders of the country were not more bountifully supplied. The soldiers, after satisfying their appetites, asked him how much they should pay. Ebenezer said he would ask his mother. He found her in the kitchen.

"Mother," he said, "how much is it worth to pick those bones?"

"About a shilling, I guess," she answered.

The young officer returned to the soldiers and, taking from the barroom till 3 shillings and smiling genially upon them, gave each man one and with good wishes sent them on their way. Mrs. Sproat soon after came in and asked Ebenezer what he had done with the money for the soldiers' dinner.

In apparent amazement he exclaimed: "Money! Did I not ask you what it was worth to pick those bones, and you said a shilling? I thought it little enough, for the bones were pretty bare, and I handed the men the money from the till, and they are gone."

Mrs. Sproat could not find heart to reprove her favorite son for this misinterpretation of her words, and then she, too, loved a joke, and so, after an instant's glum look, she laughed and said it was all right.



Father—Well? Tommy—Why isn't there ever a navy of the unemployed?

Prospective Suitor—Sir, I love your daughter. Her Father—Well, don't come to me with your troubles.

Maud—Belle doesn't wear French heels any more. Her husband won't let her. Ethel—I said she would lower herself by marrying him.—Boston Transcript.

Suitor—Do you think, Edith, your father will accept me for a son-in-law? She—I wouldn't be at all surprised. Papa always goes contrary to my wishes.

Smith—I declare, Brown, your wife is the most charming conversationalist I have ever known. I could listen to her talk all night! Brown—I have to, very often.

Baldsen Tapes—Yes, I'm fired; discharged without any reason! Silksun Thredd—Well, you didn't have any when you took the job, did you?—Syracuse Herald.

"Mr. Chairman," began the man who is unaccustomed to public speaking. "I—er—I—er—I—er—" "Well," interrupted the chairman, kindly, "to err is human."—Washington Herald.

Curate—And so, Mrs. Howard, you come to church every Sunday? Mrs. Howard—Yes, Mr. Priestley, we're such strangers in town yet that we have no other engagements.—Brooklyn Life.

Mr. Highbrow—It was Michelet, I believe, who observed that "woman is the salt of a man's life." Miss Keen—Quite true! Young men aren't half so fresh after they get married.—Boston Transcript.

"I like to see a man take an interest in his work." "So do I. I once knew a policeman who was so enthusiastic that it positively pained him to see anybody out of jail."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Minister—Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh? The Deacon—No, sir, I don't. You've been preachin' on the subject o' resignation fur two years, an' ye hivna resigned yet.—Exchange.

"That man who, was here just now seemed to move you a great deal?" "He did." "By a touching story?" "No; by three loads in two wagons, and he broke nearly every piece."—Baltimore American.

"Which do you think affords greater pleasure, pursuit or possession?" "I don't know," answered the man with a motor car. "Possession is a fine thing. But I have sometimes suspected that the police get more fun out of my machine than I do."—Washington Star.