

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Getting a quick and easy divorce is merely a matter of rhino and Reno.

Let them make the tariff on toy drums and toot horns as high as they please.

To be caught napping is bad enough, but to be caught kidnapping is extra-hazardous.

The census is to cost \$14,000,000, and will be issued in 14,000 volumes, which 14 persons will read.

Sir Thomas Lipton is said to be getting interested in airships. Water boats have been a distinct disappointment to him.

Prof. Starr falls to include in the perils of the Roosevelt expedition the fact that the ex-President will shave himself.

Hen-pecked husbands, to judge from the frequency with which they are mentioned, are much more numerous than henpecked roosters.

The open season for kidnapers should be arranged to last from the first day of January until midnight of the 31st of December annually.

Discovery of the fact that Kidnaper Boyle is a plumber gives the affair a different aspect. His time may have been worth fully \$10,000.

An English paper says women "would be such bores if they were logical." Possibly true. We know some logical men who are terrific bores.

We can never believe that Lieutenant Shackleton found it very cold, because we are all instinctively certain that the farther south one gets the warmer it is.

The Crown Prince of Serbia has resigned his right of succession to the throne and offered to leave the country, but he does not promise to earn his own living.

The ex-Crown Prince of Serbia has received enough advertising to make it certain that he could get a place with some musical show if he were to come over to this country.

Prof. Munsterburg of Harvard says that he has invented a psychological machine that tells whether a man is lying or not. This is no contrivance to have around during the fishing season.

A Russian woman who has been arrested for killing 300 men explains that she did it for the purpose of freeing their wives of tyrants. It appears that it is possible to go too far even in fighting tyranny.

There is something uncanny in the experience of that South Chicago man who had a "funny feeling" that his house was on fire and hurried home in time to save it. Hamlin Garland would be glad to meet him. There is material enough in that man for a good magazine article.

One hundred orphans who lost their parents in the Sicilian earthquake will be cared for in a home which is to be built with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars given by the American Red Cross Society. This is one of ten orphanages which the international committee has decided to found.

Strict speed laws are becoming common and their enforcement is rigidly demanded by public opinion. It is all because of a few harebrained scorchers who were divinely designed to run wheelbarrows instead of automobiles! The governor-valve of the intellect of automobile scorchers was never designed to be attached to machinery. Against the fool in an auto the war ought to be one of extermination. It would be cheaper and pleasanter for the public to exterminate the auto fool than to permit him to continue exterminating the public.

It is a common delusion that in overcoats weight and warmth go together. The London Lancet points out the fact that not only is this not so, but within certain limits the opposite is true. The material and the weave which produce the greatest weight are also those which make good conductors of heat, and therefore poor preservers of it. The looser, lighter weaves are not only warmer than the heavy, stiff cloth, like the old-fashioned meltons and lereves, but they permit more freedom of motion, which, in turn, produces heat. The Lancet also declares that we make a mistake in using dark cloths for our winter overcoats; that light-colored ones would at once be warmer and more cheerful in a gloomy season.

To enter into the detail of the causes that contribute to a high death rate

among infants is to indict about every city in the land and all of the States for complicity in a murderous conspiracy. When a municipal legislature declines to pass any law honestly and scientifically designed to increase the purity of the milk supply, it becomes a party to this murderous conspiracy. If it fails to enact suitable building laws, it is guilty of a crime of omission. It is similarly derelict when it fails to provide for the medical inspection of school children or to compel the taking of any and all the precautions which science has devised and experience has proved to be beneficial. We may hold opinion with certain men of science, commonly designated as cranks, that disease is a crime, but we may not hope to see the people attain to universal heights of right living. But, because individuals habitually and often intentionally abuse or neglect their bodies, the State is not absolved from exercising to the limit of tolerance its duty of safeguarding life and health. As it is now, the State sins as the individuals do and, presumably, because they do.

The main obstacle to an effective social control of the sale and use of firearms lies in the bourbonism of police officials, who think revolvers so much a part of the normal life of mankind that the very idea of suppressing them is set down at once for foolish idealism. Nevertheless, the more highly perfected the various kinds of life destroyers become the more important will it be for society to bring them under rigorous control. The invention of the Maxim silencer will unquestionably give impetus to the movement. The Scientific American says of the silencer, as now perfected for use on rifles, that a man could now be shot "on a crowded thoroughfare and in broad daylight without there being any evidence of smoke or report to show whence the bullet came." Doubtless in the course of time a silencer for use on pistols will be perfected, and then the possibility which now exists of untraceable assassination from a window opening or other place of concealment will be greatly extended. Already there is a bill under consideration in the New York Legislature to prohibit the manufacture or sale of the instrument except for the use of military or civic organizations, duly licensed by the State, and to punish similarly anyone who may carry it concealed on his person. Simultaneously there is an ordinance pending before the New York City board of aldermen for a detailed registration of all sales of weapons, with full information about the purchasers. This latter ordinance, however, even though adopted in an effective form, will doubtless be nullified by police neglect in administration. The time will certainly come when firearms will be chased out of civilized communities with the same diligence with which snakes are now hunted down.

THE MEASLES CANNIBAL.

Method of Vancouver Island Tribes to Drive Away Disease.

A few years ago an epidemic of measles broke out among the Indian tribes living on Vancouver Island, in British Columbia, not far from Fort Rupert, and the shamans or medicine men came to the conclusion that a cannibal sorcerer, whom they termed the "hamatsu" (measles cannibal), was slaying their children to eat them and that he would continue to do so until he was killed.

As they could not slay a ghost in his own person they arranged a ceremony in which one of their number posed as the cannibal and was treated as they would have liked to treat the real foe. This fact of a substitute was, of course, not made public, only the medicine men knowing the truth of the matter.

Against a wall of rock was painted an imitation opening, in the center of which the "cannibal" was fastened. At the proper time, after going through various incantations, a covering was jerked away, exposing the cannibal apparently springing through the solid rock. He was promptly grasped by two of the priests, who dragged him out and rushed him through a fire which was burning in front of the place and which was surrounded by all the members of the tribe beating drums and singing at the top of their voices. By some jugglery the cannibal was got rid of, and the people were told that he had flown away through the air and would not come back.

After this ceremony had been repeated several times to put an end to other epidemics, which were only too prevalent among the Indians, it grew into a sort of annual affair, managed by the members of a secret society whose members know that the supposed "hamatsu" was only a man.—Scientific American.

Could Pawn It.

There once was a fellow named Crockett who gave a young woman a locket. Said she, "That's fine, Joe. For now, don't you know, whenever I'm hard up I can hock it."—Kansas City Times.

There is one thing the fathers of today can't do as well as the fathers of thirty years ago: They can't spank.

MODJESKA'S CAREER IS ENDED.



HELENA MODJESKA IN ONE OF HER FAMOUS ROLES AND IN PRIVATE LIFE

Mme. Modjeska, the famous actress, who died recently at her home near Los Angeles, Cal., was born Helena Marie Benda, at Cracow, Poland, Oct. 12, 1844. Her father was a musician of high standing, and two of her brothers have distinguished themselves on the stage. She was married at 16 and went on the stage a year later. Her success was marked.

In 1862 she became manager of a theater at Czernowce. Her next removal was to Warsaw, where her husband died, and where, a year afterward, she married Count Charles Bozenta Chlapowski, a young Polish patriot of noble family. In 1875 they came to America, escaping the ignoble censorship of Russia. At San Francisco, in 1879, Modjeska made her debut on the American stage and gave her first performance in the English tongue. In 1879 Modjeska returned to Europe and played in the principal cities of Poland, going thence to play over a year's continuous engagement in London. She delighted cosmopolitan audiences with her Marie Stuart, Rosalind, Helen, Thora, Magda, Camille and Adrienne.

About twenty-five years ago Modjeska and her literary husband, Count Bozenta, went with a colony of literary, musical and artistic young men and women to live on a co-operative ranch at Anaheim, in the vicinity of Los Angeles. In two years the colony broke up. The countess then resolved to go on the American stage and retrieve her heavy losses in the colony. By extraordinary work and study almost day and night for ten months the countess was able to play in English the roles she had formerly played in Polish and French. She adopted the name of Mme. Modjeska. The second year of her American success she built an architectural gem of a home for herself and husband among the mountains overlooking the scene of the colony that she and the count had worked and planned for. Mme. Modjeska had one son, Ralph Modjeska, a civil engineer of Chicago.

AN OVERWHELMING SALARY

Makuba and Oblanga were two Africans, the one the captain of a boat crew and the other subordinate to him. Oblanga was an independent fellow, not in the least lazy, who rather resented "bossing" in a book entitled "The Jungle Folk of Africa," R. H. Milligan tells of an altercation between the two men. Makuba, the diplomatic, came out of it with flying colors.

The worst disputes between Makuba and Oblanga took place when they supposed that I was asleep. The native, when he lies down anywhere, sleeps immediately. Whenever I was lying in the bottom of the boat they always thought I was unconscious, and that no conceivable noise could waken me. Captain Makuba orders Oblanga to "haul away on the peak halyards," to which Oblanga promptly replies: "Do it yourself."

"I won't do it; you will do it!" says Makuba, in a threatening tone: "Are you my father?" says Oblanga. "No," answers Makuba, with infinite scorn. "How could a Kombi man be the father of a creature like you?" "Then stop giving me orders!" says Oblanga, with rising wrath. "It is not the first time you have tried it, and one of these days you will find out that it won't do."

"One of these days you will find out that I am captain of this boat, and that you will have to obey me," says Makuba.

"Not as long as I can carry a gun," answers Oblanga.

By this time they are standing up and locking hard at each other. But Makuba would not think of striking a man in a mission boat. He therefore becomes diplomatic. Suddenly, in a tone altogether different, he says:

"Oblanga, the trouble with you is that you are just a bushman; you don't know anything about civilization. On every big ocean steamer there is a captain, and every man on board, no matter what tribe he belongs to, obeys the captain."

Oblanga becomes instantly curious, and asks: "Is he rich?"

"Yes," says Makuba, "he gets big pay, and so do I get big pay."

"How much do you get, Makuba?"

"How much do you think?"

Oblanga thinks, as well as he knows how, his countenance distorted with the effort, and at length answers reflectively: "Two dollars a month." He himself gets a dollar and a half.

A broad smile engages Makuba's fea-

tures as he slowly answers: "Five dollars a month."

Oblanga gives expression to his surprise in a long, low whistle. It is quite evident to him that no ordinary person could command such wages; and in a tone of utmost compliance he says: "What was it you told me to do, Makuba? I forget."

"I forget, too," says Makuba. "Oh, yes," he adds, "I told you to haul on the peak halyards."

Lost in a Moving Bog.

A peculiar catastrophe in the shape of a moving bog recently occurred in Galway.

No one who has not visited the scene can have any idea of its horror and misery. The district is at all times subject to floods, but when these floods are accompanied by tons upon tons of moving bog traveling at the rate of about five miles an hour the consequences cannot fail to be terrible and disastrous beyond all conception.

Unlike most of the former bog slides, there were in the present instance absolutely no premonitory signs of the dreadful upheaval, the recent heavy rains being generally regarded as the cause of the calamity. No one seems to have seen the actual bursting of the bounds within which the peat had been confined, the first intimation of what was happening being the strange and alarming sounds which roused the farmer Martin from sleep, only to find his cottage partially surrounded by the oncoming torrent of water and peat.

He succeeded in warning most of his neighbors, with the exception of one poor old widow, whose cottage was almost instantly swallowed up. Mercifully no other lives have been lost, but many families have been left homeless and destitute.—Queen.

Trade Terms.

"How much," began the lady to Baxter, in temporary charge of the coal yard; "how much is stove coal now?"

"That depends," said Baxter, with whom language is often a vehicle of confusion. "A la carte, it's seven and a half. Cul-de-sac it'll cost you 60 cents extra."—Youth's Companion.

In the Same Boat.

"Boss, I'd like to go to me grandmother's funeral this afternoon."

"And I'd like to go to my mother-in-law's; now, get those envelopes stamped and don't bother me any more."—Houston Post.

The Difference.

"Pap, what's the difference between electrocution and elocution?"

"Electrocution is painless, son."—Houston Post.



Potato Snow.

Boil or steam three or four equal-sized potatoes. When done, dry well and sprinkle a little salt over them to make them floury. Rub through a sieve into a saucepan, add a little warm milk and a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Season with salt and pepper. Stir over the fire until the potato begins to look dry. Serve piled up in the center of a dish.

Entire Wheat Bread.

Disolve one tablespoon of butter in one cup warm water and add one cup milk. Let it become lukewarm and add one-half yeast cake, dissolved in one-fourth cup lukewarm water, scant teaspoon of salt and two tablespoons of sugar. To this add three pints of entire wheat flour; mix well and let rise overnight. In morning knead, form into loaves, and raise in pan.

When Cooking Vegetables.

Not every cook knows that all vegetables that grow under the ground should be put to cook in cold water. This includes potatoes, turnips, carrots and onions. Those that grow on top the ground, such as beans, peas, spinach and corn, should have boiling water poured over them. If left uncovered they will retain their fresh, green look.

Turnips.

A pleasant change from the ordinary boiled turnips is to peel and fry them to the size of marbles, then cut them with 2 ounces butter and 1 ounce sugar. When covered with glaze add white sauce. The juice of the sliced root of turnips mixed with brown sugar and baked in the oven is a good pectoral, and cures coughs and hoarseness.

Baked Eggs with Cheese.

Line a shallow dish with thin slices of Swiss (Gruyere) cheese. Mix carefully together one teaspoonful of made mustard to dash of cayenne, one-third teaspoonful of salt and two-thirds cup milk. Pour half of this over the cheese, break in five eggs, pour in the remainder of the liquid and bake in a hot oven until the eggs are set.

Vegetable Soup.

Four onions, three turnips, four carrots, one small head of cabbage, one pint of butter beans and a bunch of sweet herbs. Boil until done, add a quart of soup stock; take two tablespoonfuls butter and one of flour, beat to a cream; pepper and salt to taste; add a spoonful sugar. Serve with fried bread chips.

Wafers.

Cream together one-half cup of butter and one cup of sugar, add one-quarter cup of cold water, one teaspoonful of vanilla, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of soda and flour, to make a stiff dough. Roll out very thin, cut with a heart-shaped cutter, place half of a candied cherry on each wafer and bake in moderate oven.

Maple Candy.

Put into a saucepan a pint of hot milk and stir into this a pound of maple sugar that has been broken or rolled small. Boil hard as soon as the sugar is dissolved and stir constantly. When a little dropped into cold water is brittle, pour into buttered pans and cut into squares.

Baked Bananas.

Baked bananas are readily assimilated by the digestive organs, and are often well borne by patients to whom the raw banana proves indigestible. The bananas should be peeled and the stringy outside pulp scraped off, cut into halves, sprinkled with sugar and a little lemon juice, and baked in a shallow pan until soft.

Grange Shortcake.

Into a quart of flour sift a teaspoonful of baking powder and rub a piece of butter the size of an egg. Wet with sweet milk to a rather soft dough. Bake, then split and spread with peeled oranges, sliced, and cover these well with sugar and whipped cream.

Calves' Brains.

Wash the brains carefully and cut each pair into four pieces, taking away all bits of fiber and skin. Rinse well, wipe dry and dip each piece first in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, then in egg and again in cracker crumbs and fry in hot fat.

Corn Nuts.

To one quart of white corn meal add two tablespoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt and sift well. Add milk to form a stiff dough that can be formed into little cakes, and drop into smoking fat and cook until delicately browned.