

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

R. COLLINS, Editor
F. N. HAYDEN, Manager

TOLEDO.....OREGON

A good many distinguished people are becoming parents this year.

We don't hear much about appendicitis any more. Have the appendices all been removed?

Three people are walking across this continent. Most of us prefer to stay at home and work.

The Detroit Evening News accuses the ex-president of shooting "rhinoceri." This is worse than nature faking.

King Edward is now 67 years of age and should be allowed whatever creases in his trousers he is pleased to wear.

A \$6,000,000 judgment against a Cincinnati man has been sold for \$150. Such a transaction must make a man feel terribly unimportant.

The American men unanimously confirm Mrs. Elinor Glyn's statement that they didn't try to flirt with her while she was in this country.

When shooting a giraffe always aim at the heart of the beast. If it is shot in the head it may not find out for a day or two that it is dead.

"There is nothing like babies," says Mme. Schumann-Heink. "To improve the voice." Yea, and there is nothing like babies to increase the number of voices.

Whiskers may well be dispensed with, but as long as most men's mouths are what nature made them, it is as well to hang on to the mustache in some instances.

The canned beef of Chicago is to displace the roast beef of old England in feeding the British soldiers. A Chicago beef packer has lately secured a contract to supply the army for three years.

The deaths of Algernon Charles Swinburne and George Meredith within a month have deprived England of her greatest modern poet and novelist, but Alfred Austin and Hall Caine will hardly be willing to believe it.

A girl who arrived at New York from Europe a few days ago refused to land until she could be assured that she would not become a white slave. A fine reputation our police forces are establishing for us abroad!

A New York man has recovered \$650 for the loss of a little toe. He proved to the satisfaction of the jury that it was the only little toe he had on his right foot and that the loss of it imposed too much work on the other toes.

A question which has puzzled a good many persons has at last been settled. A prominent woman's rights advocate says that a suffragist is one who tries to convert women, and a suffragette one who tries to convert men. Evidently it is not, as some had thought, a national or racial matter.

The national House of Representatives has decided to remodel the chamber in which it sits. The hall will be reduced in size and chairs will be substituted for the desks. The hall is so large that members have difficulty in making themselves heard, and the speaker finds it hard to keep his scattered flock in order.

American missionaries have been accused of encouraging the Koreans to rebel against the Japanese government. Prince Ito, in answer to a letter of the American ambassador, Mr. O'Brien, says that there is no truth in the charge, and that the missionaries are co-operating with the government in its work of educating the people. Missionaries have no motive for meddling in politics in countries where the government does not hinder but assists their efforts.

It is said that one of the depositors in an American savings bank will accept no interest, for he is a Mohammedan, and his religion forbids it. It is a part of other ancient religions, the Jewish among the rest, that interest is not right. "Usury" has come down to us with a bad sense, not because it originally meant excessive interest, as it does now, but because our ancestors disapproved all payment of premium for money lent. Antonio, in "The Merchant of Venice," was not an exceptionally generous man in lending money without interest, but merely followed the custom of his time; Shylock, on the other hand, even if he had exacted only a low rate for his loans, would have been regarded from the point of view of an Elizabethan as a social outcast. The business of banking was chiefly in the hands of

the Jews in the olden times, until the whole Western world came to what we regard as a more businesslike and rational view.

On the sixteenth day of the eleventh month—which was January by "old style"—of the year 1636 there was presented to the town of Salem, Mass., a petition by Debora Holmes that she might have a piece of land allotted to her in that town. The record of what answer was made to her request runs as follows: "Debora Holmes refused Land (being a maid) but hath four bushels of Corn granted her, one by Mr. Endecot, one by Mr. Stilleman, one by John Woodbury, and one by Mr. Verrin, and would be a bad president to keep house alone." The precedent has fared hardly at the hands of posterity. What large, empty places would be left to-day in the life of village and town if the maids—old and young—who keep house alone were "warned out" after the fashion of our stern forefathers! The saint of the town is almost sure to be a spinster. She is the dispenser of cookies and maple-sugar to her youthful admirers. She does up the hurt fingers and wipes away the tears of disappointment from childish eyes. She is the first to be told of the lovers' happiness, and is the most desired consoler in the house of mourning. We cannot know exactly what Debora Holmes did with her four bushels of corn, which must have been a poor substitute for a home of her own. But one might guess that she planted it on some sunny New England hillside, and that it sprang up in a rich crop of kind deeds and wise words and loving thoughts, which Debora passed on to all her maiden sisters for the cheer and comfort of mankind.

A living death is a life without incentive. The man or woman who is purposeless, has no responsibility, is producing nothing, is merely feeding the physical senses, is missing the meaning of existence and forfeiting the real joy of living. The quickest and surest way of tiring of the world is to concentrate thought on self. Those who have nothing to think of but self carry a wearisome burden. In the news columns daily we read of the disasters that befall purposeless people. Every city every day has its quota of suicides from this cause. The burden of mere self becomes so heavy men and women take their lives to escape it. To temporarily free their minds of the stress of irresponsibility others drink themselves into the gutter. There is a deal of wretchedness from this cause. "The world is full of such a number of things that I am sure we should all be happy as kings," the poet sang, and very truly. For one has only to look about with seeing eyes to find things to do that are worth while doing. Evasion of responsibility is rank cowardice, and makes for an empty life. If time weighs heavily upon you, get busy! Adopt a baby. Go conservatively into debt. Interest yourself in the struggle of some fellow worse off than you are. Get married. Devise some means of affecting an equitable tariff. Discover a new star. Find a cure for cancer. Scheme a plan by which the graft danger may be eliminated from municipal ownership of public utilities. Discover a substance which will prevent teeth from decaying. Write something which will make men think less of selfish gain and more of brotherly love. These are suggestions—and "the world is full of such a number of things" that one need not think long before discovering an agreeable hobby. Do something and be happy.

Hard to Kill.

A distinguished entomologist, J. C. Warburg, writes: "When I was still new to collecting, in the south of France I discovered one day, to my great joy, a large female of *Saturnia pyri* hidden away in some bushes. The specimen was the first I had ever caught, and I decided, on account of its large body, to stuff it (a quite unnecessary operation; I have kept dozens since unstuffed). The moth was first apparently killed by being forced into a cyanide bottle, where it was left about an hour. The abdomen was then emptied and the cavity filled with cotton wool soaked in a saturated solution of mercuric chloride. The insect, pinned and set, was discovered next day attempting to fly away from the setting board."

Professional Pride.

"I should regret very much to hear that anybody has ever offered money for political influence." "Yes," answered Mr. Graftwell, "your hearing of it would indicate very crude work on somebody's part."—Washington Star.

The Law of Gravity.

"Silence in the court!" thundered the judge, and the laughter died away. "Mr. Bailiff," continued the instructions from the bench, "eject the next man who defies the law of gravity."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Occasionally a dressmaker gives her husband fits.

HEALTH AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS: VIEWS OF VETERAN EDUCATOR.



HAT are termed by the author "some rather sweeping generalizations" on the subject of medical inspection of school children are contained in an article entitled "A Lesson From Medical Inspection of Schools," published in the Psychological Clinic, a journal edited by Professor Lightner Witmer of the University of Pennsylvania and published in Philadelphia. The author of the article is George H. Martin, who has been an educator for forty-four years, supervisor of the schools of Boston and since 1904 secretary of the Massachusetts board of education.

The medical inspection of children in schools has been so beneficial, according to Mr. Martin, that "a community which has not provided through its proper authorities for a thorough-going inspection of its schools is guilty of criminal negligence." He points to the discovery that out of more than 400,000 children examined in Massachusetts 81,000 were found defective in vision and 22,000 in hearing, and to the results of other examinations as throwing much light on the subject of backward and perhaps delinquent children.

Concerning the immediate results of the examinations he writes:

"Then we consign the unfortunates to the care of the family physician, send them to the public dispensary or the public clinic, or send the school nurse to look after the cases in the home, and by these means we patch up a few. Some glasses are provided, some teeth cleaned and filled, some adenoids removed, and many children begin to know the joy of living. "All this is good. It is worth many times what it has cost. But is it

enough? Have school people done all their duty when they have admitted the school physician and the school nurse to the sacred precincts of the schoolroom, when they have sent out the warning notices to the parents?

"Supposing that all defects have been discovered and remedied, so that school life goes on without its aches and pains. Must we go all over it next year and the next and forever? The Massachusetts law says that every child shall be examined annually for defects and disabilities. There is no statute of limitations. Is there any hope of limitation? Is there any mode of limitation? Or is the social mill to go on grinding out diseased and enfeebled children by the thousands indefinitely?"

Dealing in the advance in personal and domestic hygiene, Mr. Martin records signs of hopeful progress. He finds "that the ignorance of the laws of health and conditions of health is less dense than it once was is undoubtedly true." The educational forces that have brought about this change are many—the medical profession, the press, discussion in women's clubs and the influence of the public schools. The teaching of physiology and hygiene in many schools he thinks is good.

"To-day the physicians, general and special, are more alive to the needs of the times than are the school people. No permanent results of the present agitation for better sanitary conditions, domestic and public, can be hoped for unless the schools co-operate with all the other agencies. The universal need is for the higher order of intelligence respecting the things that make for health, and the foundation of such intelligence must be laid in the schools."



Hardening of the Arteries.

"A man is as old as his arteries," was said some time ago by a French physician; and the saying, like so many others of the phrase-loving French, has a good deal of truth in it and not a little error.

There is many a man, old in years but young in spirit, whose arteries are like pipe-stems. So brittle do they seem, indeed, that the physician hardly dares feel the pulse, lest he crush the friable artery under his finger; yet these old people are active in mind and body, and seem often much younger than men of but two-thirds their years.

Again, one meets old and feeble folk whose lives seem to flicker dangerously, like a candle flame in a draft, whose arteries are as soft and compressive as those of a child.

In general, however, the saying is true, and especially in premature old age it will usually be found that the arteries are hard, with fibrous thickening, if not already more or less calcified. Hardening of the blood-vessels—arteriosclerosis is the accepted medical term—consists in a fibrous overgrowth of the walls of the arteries, usually following more or less degeneration of the normal tissues of the vessels. As to just how this comes about, physicians are not entirely agreed. It is probable that the change occurs first in the very minute vessels, those that run through the walls of the larger vessels supplying them with blood for their nourishment. When these are hardened by the deposit of fibrous tissue they carry less blood and carry it more slowly, and so the nutrition of the walls of the larger vessels is reduced. This leads to softening, and then Nature tries to repair the damage by the only new tissue at her hand—namely, fibrous tissue.

Later, these fibrous and thickened walls of the larger arteries may be hardened still more by a deposit of lime salts from the blood.

The arteriosclerosis so common in old age is the result of "wear and tear." An elastic tube dilated by hydraulic pressure and then contracting ten thousand times a day will have done much work by the end of seventy years. In younger life arteriosclerosis is most commonly caused by intemperance—not in drinking only, but in eating, especially meat-eating, without enough exercise to consume the excess of nutrient material. Overwork,

worry and chronic poisoning, such as lead-poisoning, are also factors.

The best thing for arteriosclerosis is not to get it, and the best way not to get it is to be moderate in everything. People growing old should be examined medically every six months, and then incipient arteriosclerosis may be detected and perhaps arrested by proper diet, drugs and regimen.—Youth's Companion.

BAD PARROT A PRISONER.

Profane Bird Hauled Out of a Tree by a Policeman and Arrested.

Charged with resisting an officer, using profane language, being a disorderly person, causing a crowd to collect, trespassing on park lands prohibited by law, and being disrespectful to a policeman without cause, a parrot is a prisoner in the offices of the Essex County Park Commission in Newark waiting for its owner to square things with the authorities, according to the New York Times.

When Sergeant Wilson passed a tree in Branch Brook Park he noticed a crowd gathered around the foot of it. He hastened to the spot and was informed by a boy that some one was up in the branches "swearin' awful."

"Here, you, come down out of that," yelled Wilson. "You're violating the law."

"Oh, you bonehead! You hamfat!" came the answer from the new and thick foliage.

"I'll give you a minute to come down. Then I'll pull you down," said the angry sergeant!

"Robber! Help! Take him out! Bonehead! Strike one!" said the voice from the tree.

"He thinks he's at a baseball game," said one of the crowd. "I'll go up and bring him down," said Sergeant Wilson, who was convinced by that time that he was dealing with a crazy baseball crank. The crowd admiringly watched him climb the tree, and looked at the commotion in the branches, there being sounds of deep breathing, imprecations, and struggles. In a few minutes the policeman reached earth somewhat rumpled, but triumphant, with an angry, profane parrot in his hands. The park commission is waiting for a man with an extensive baseball vernacular to lay claim to the bird.

Highly Esteemed.

"Do you think that most people nowadays worship money?" "No; I won't go as far as that," answered the home grown philosopher, "but I will say that the love of money is seldom platonic."—Washington Herald.

The women regard it as nothing against a man if he has buried several wives, providing he keeps their graves looking trim.

Chicken-hearted people are always ready to hatch up an excuse.

STORY OF GENERAL GRANT.

Incident of Their Globe Tour Told by the Great Soldier's Wife.

Gen. Grant's birthday recalls to mind many characteristic anecdotes of the "silent man." One that Mrs. Grant used to delight in telling was an incident that happened when they made the famous trip around the world, as they were going through the Mediterranean, the Washington Post says. She told it apropos of a story that was widely published of how the general, during the Civil War, happening into the home of a unionist in the south, quelled a colicky baby by walking it up and down the floor and singing to it while the mother prepared some chicken for his luncheon. Now, Gen. Grant could neither sing nor whistle; in fact, he could not turn a tune, and the story, therefore, was made out of whole cloth. When they were sailing through the Mediterranean on the United States man-of-war *Vandalla* they passed the island celebrated in Homer's verse as the home of the sirens, whither Ulysses was decoyed by these seductive ladies.

As their ship neared the island a number of the officers abroad went to Mrs. Grant and told her that she should look to it that her husband's ears were stuffed with cotton, lest he, too, be enticed and led astray by the singing of those same beautiful creatures, whereupon Mrs. Grant laughingly informed the alarmists that the general was immune to the influence of singing, since he did not know one tune from another. But they insisted that these creatures were so beautiful that their faces, if not their voices, would win him. Mrs. Grant, however, with a brightness with which she was not always credited, replied that Homer's Ulysses had been deluded because he had left his wife, Penelope, at home, while she, on the contrary, taking warning from that old tale, had accompanied her Ulysses, whom she felt sure would be protected by her presence even from the allurers who ensnared the classic Ulysses.

COW ATTACKS AUTO.



Dr. Grant Chaney of Portland, Ind., will have a large bill to pay for repairs to his auto because of the unwillingness of a cow to move out of his way quickly. The doctor was returning from a country call and his machine was going at a good clip, when with a suddenness that almost threw the doctor from his seat, the machine struck the cow. The animal was not hurt physically, but her feelings must have received an awful jar. Regaining her usual stand, with a doubling up motion readily recognized by any one who has ever come in contact with cows, she unbent and did things in the way of bucking, horning and kicking to the automobile that must have brought delight subsequently to the heart of the repair man. She kicked the lamp, the dash—everything that was within reach. Every time she kicked she left a dent or a break. Finally she permitted the auto to proceed on its way. The doctor says he will in the future regard cows along the highway as certain danger signals.

A Terrible Threat.

"You say your titled son-in-law holds threats over you?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "He has us where we can't give him any argument at all. Mother and the girls say we must yield for the sake of the family honor."

"Is there—er—a skeleton in the closet?"

"Not at all. He simply announces that unless he has his own way he'll get naturalized and be a plain American citizen."—Washington Star.

Vicious Osculation.

He was having some words with her chaperon.

"I'll—I'll kiss her right under your nose!" he said defiantly.

"Oh, well," said that lady, "vicious kissing like that I can see no objection to."—Boston Transcript.

Plausible.

Irrascible Magistrate—Officer, why did you bring this prisoner up before me? Can't you see he's as deaf as a doornail? Policeman—Oh was told y'd give him a hearing, sor.—Judge.

It occasionally happens that a woman thinks she is looking soulful when she is really looking sour.

A kiss on the lips is worth 3,000,000 on paper.