

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON

Marrying for alimony means a lot of publicity.

The cotton and woolen schedules are looked upon more or less as a soft thing.

It is not the easiest thing in the world to convince a boy that work is good exercise.

The average man would be content if he could catch a fish for each mosquito bite he receives.

By giving away her money at the rate of \$25,000 a day Mrs. Russell Sage is establishing a grand record.

It is apparent that women should be careful not to fall in love with Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. He is a hoodoo.

Congratulations to Papa Alfonso of Spain! He is a lucky monarch. He wanted a girl baby this time, and a girl it is.

We now have a society to promote the travel of dogs in first-class cars. Thus does the race march onward and upward to its moral goal.

"Another monster comet with a tremendous tail is said to be menacing the earth." Suppose it wouldn't do any good to muzzle its tail?

Mrs. Belmont says that most women at the age of 18 hate them. Well, they marry them to reform their bad traits and gradually learn to like them.

Think of King Alfonso's growing family, and reflect upon the possibility that a third of a century hence he himself may be the father-in-law of Europe.

Yellow jackets invaded a Georgia church while services were in progress, but if any of the brethren prayed for deliverance they did it while running.

Mark Twain advises girls not to marry to excess. It is good advice, but many ladies will find it difficult, in the absence of specific instructions, to decide just where excessive marrying begins.

A judge recently asked a child witness, "Where do the liars go?" The child thought it was to a certain place, but others believe they go down to the assessor's office to return their personal taxes.

Professor Lefranc of the College of France says he saw no ugly houses while he was in America. He must have refrained from looking out while he was passing through the various railroad yards.

An automobile chauffeur, who recklessly ran over a child in New York and killed him, has been convicted of manslaughter and sent to jail on a long sentence. The possession of power—even when it is only applied horse-power—carries responsibilities.

United States assay offices will hereafter decline to buy gold without a full and complete history of its origin. It is suspected that burglars have melted watch cases, rings and other jewel settings, and sold them to the government. Whether the new rule foils the burglars or not, it relieves the Treasury Department from the accusation that it is a "fence" for thieves.

Franking privileges were greatly abused in days gone by. The government employee's friends shared in his opportunities. In a letter written by Wordsworth in 1815 the poet said: "By means of a friend in London I can have my letters free. His name is Lamb, and if you add an 'e' to his name he will not open the letters. Direct as below, without anything further, Mr. Lamb, India House, London." Coleridge, too, saw that a postage saved was a postage earned, and made use of the Mr. Lamb of the India House—Charles Lamb.

Patriotism has become the basis of a great American industry. Because of the amazing increase of patriotic sentiment in this country during the last decade the manufacture of American flags has quadrupled. More than three million star-spangled banners annually are made of silk and bunting, but these form only a small portion of the total number of United States flags that are born, that live and die between January and January. In remote farming districts, where ten years ago the national colors were rarely seen, every suitable occasion witnesses a flag display. The flag has been added to the household gods from Maine to California and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian line. So far as individual popularity is concerned, it ranks with the firecrackers

on Independence Day, and outranks all else on that day of national patriotic observance, May 30.

Work is begun on the Cape Cod Canal, an engineering project which has been discussed since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. At its narrowest point Cape Cod is eight miles across and the canal will save sixty-three miles around. The route almost follows an old Indian portage. An attempt is being made by the New Jersey railroads to have the old Morris and Essex Canal abandoned. Many of the old State canals have been abandoned. The main Pennsylvania Canal over the Alleghenies was abandoned years ago. There should be more water transportation. For all heavy freight like coal, lumber, grain and ore water transportation is more economical and suitable than rail transportation. Relieving the railroads of their heaviest freight, with low charges, would enable them to develop their higher-class freight business and their passenger facilities. It would do much to promote industry, as it has in Germany, France and England. The Cape Cod Canal should be the beginning of a protected salt-water route from New England to the land of cotton.

That is rather a bold and sweeping proposition made by the author of a recent book, "Civics and Health," to hitch what might be called free health to our free schools. The tendency for many years past has been to burden the schools with all kinds of collateral issues, which some people call fads, some of which are highly useful and some plainly beyond the scope of such institutions. The danger has seemed to be a breakdown of the public school system from attempting too much; but the zeal of the enthusiastic educator has its praiseworthy side. It is possibly better for the children that the public and the taxpayers should have to restrain him than that they should have to prod him. Secretary William H. Allen, of the bureau of municipal research, contends that the physical basis of effective citizenship has been too much neglected, and thinks that the health of the country may be brought up to a higher standard by a system of school examination and basing promotion from grade to grade upon tests of physical hygiene as well as of scholarship. If the children are found suffering from malnutrition, this must be corrected in some way. If they are tuberculous, proper treatment must be prescribed and enforced; if eyes are defective, the defects must be promptly remedied; if teeth are bad, the mouth must be made clean and sound by adequate dentistry. The plan would include also the enforcement of proper exercise and recreation. Who is to pay for this, Mr. Allen does not say, but it is manifest that some, if not all, of the cost would have to be provided by taxation. The end to be attained is unquestionably desirable. A sound body is as important as a sound mind. But the successful working out of the details of such a plan would seem to be beset by great difficulties.

Artful Young Barney Kehoe.
Will ye be for the Gap o' Dunloe,
I dunno?
Oh! I'm glad o' that same!
All the tourists think shame
To be missin' the Gap o' Dunloe—
They do so.
Now, then, whisper! Mayhap
When ye come on the Gap
Ye'll be seein' a lass
On this side o' the pass
That'll ax for the toll.
She's a dacent good soul,
Though the eyes of her twinkle so
drol,
Well, ye'll pay her the tax
An' ye'll wink an' ye'll ax:
"Would ye marry young Barney Kehoe?"
"Tis a bit of a joke
That the folk love to poke
At the lass o' the Gap o' Dunloe.
An' it's where, whin ye've done wid
Dunloe,
Will ye go?
Ye'll be wise to come back
By this very same thrack,
Fur there's little that's back o' Dun-
loe—
There is so.
Sure, the hills are so bare
There's no scenery there
Like the kind that ye find
On this side, d'ye mind?
So, I'll watch for the day
Whin ye're passin' this way
Jist to hear what the lass had to say,
Whin she made her reply
To the wink o' yer eye
An' yer joke at the Gap o' Dunloe—
Is it who may I be?
Ye'll find me, d'ye see,
If ye'll ax for young Barney Kehoe.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

English Plea for Cities Beautiful.
What England wants just now is a man, or several, of infinite ability and ample means, who, purely for the sake of their art alone, will prepare imaginary schemes showing how and in what way our cities ought to grow if they are to be healthy dwelling places and beauty spots instead of blots upon our land.—English Building News.
A male gossip is nearly always looking for a job.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PAINTING'S APPEAL TO THE DILETTANT.

By Marcel Prevost.



Painting, I believe, is getting to be the most tempting art for the dilettant, more tempting even than music. There are more painters than there are musicians, writers, than everything else, almost. There are infinite numbers of them. The most modest banquet of painters reunites hundreds of guests. At every exposition modern paintings cover a large area of space. And what does honor to these volunteers of art is the fact that no financial bait induces the greater part of these painters to follow this vocation.

In justice to these dilettant of the brush it must be said that many of them do not pretend that they will gain either glory or fortune by their paintings. Less presumptuous than poets, less chimerical than musicians, many men of talent who hang up their pictures in salons from time to time admit that they paint for the pleasure of painting only.

The pleasure of painting is complex. While giving an occupation for the painter's fingers, painting is not exactly a thing to stir the soul of the amateur. The amateur is not required to undertake a number of compositions and to pick out the most difficult. A faithful reproduction of a house at the edge of a stream, and the amateur has gained the name of an artist. Painting within the limits in which the dilettant exercises it is one of those arts where invention and originality have been greatly reduced. A successful copy of a picture of a great master with them passes for a work of art. The most mediocre painting has a thousand times more of a chance to be seen than a literary masterpiece has the chance to be read. It is for these reasons that canvas and brush stand in no danger of remaining idle. But will art gain by it? That is another question.

"OLD MAN" PROBLEM FOR YOUNG MAN.

By John A. Howland.



Young men, middle-aged men and old men have been interested alike in the problem of the "old man" in business. That specific complaint of the old man is that he is not wanted. Modern business admits the fact. But young men and men in the prime of their lives must grow old. What are the young men and the men of middle age going to do about it? It is not likely that in any near future the methods of modern business will so change that the old man, per se, will be more in demand than he is now. Economic philosophies are to the effect that in general the man who has grown old ought to have a competence upon which to retire. Cold, hard facts that are indisputable show how impossible this is.

Probably in the vast majority of cases where earnest, honest men have worked at a chosen work that old age problem is met if, until the end, the worker is privileged to work. To die in the harness is by thousands considered an ideal ending of an ideal life. Accumulated money and idle ease have shortened thousands of lives at the expense of contentment. For this

type of man it is a certainty that ability and opportunity to work until the end must satisfy. What, then, shall the young man choose—if he can—promising him that longest independent usefulness?

Every day in the great cities no keen observer is needed to see thousands of young men risking their whole future in actions that can be only ruinous to them. Not all these actions are positive. The negative stand may be as menacing in a hundred ways. This working capital is working capital, not idling, careless, time-serving routine, with dissipation sandwiched between in the off hours from duty. But even work itself may be blind work. It may be honest work, with only the next pay day in the mind of the worker. Or it may be clear-eyed, conscientious work that involves a future more than it contemplates the results of yesterday or of last year.

"Am I a better worker than I was last year?" is the specific question. "Why am I not better?" is the further question which may need following up and forcing a definite answer. Your working capital has been impaired if you are forced to answer this second query. What has done the mischief? Your employer, making such a discovery as to his working capital, probably would employ an expert accountant firm to show him the source of such damage. What are you going to do about your own case?

MAN'S MIND PART OF UNIVERSAL MIND.

By E. E. Fournier d'Aube.



We are gradually and inevitably drawn to the conclusion that mind is everything and matter but an expression of the universal mind. A table, a house or a machine is the embodiment of some human mind. A stone is the embodiment of some mind at present inaccessible to us, of some will at present inscrutable.

Of one thing we may be certain—no universe exists which is entirely unconnected with this of ours. We know that the fruit of our slightest act goes thundering down the ages, that nothing is ever effaced, that everything is of infinite and eternal consequence. And if it leaves a permanent mark on the material universe it will affect also all invisible universes. This reflection may give a new zest to our present form of existence. To pierce into the innermost recesses of nature, to mold natural forces to our will, to make life happy and glorious for ourselves and our kind, to assert our supremacy over disease and death, to conquer and rule this universe in virtue of the infinite power within us, such is our task here and now.

The individual is withdrawn towards that center of sentient life where all souls are one with the great over-soul. What this future fate may be we need not now inquire. Should it ever become necessary to enter upon and pursue such inquiry we may be sure that a full acquaintance with the laws of our present visible universe will form the best preparation for it. And these laws we shall apply with the greater confidence when we know that they suffice to interpret not only our own universe, but the other worlds just discernible on the horizon of our present faculties.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR



Fever.

A clinical thermometer is probably as matter-of-course a household convenience in most families as is a step-ladder or a broom; and it is well that its use and the general significance of its disclosures should be understood by those in authority; but fussiness and constant resort to it and continual discussion of temperatures are to be deplored.

The old-fashioned way of placing the hand upon the child's body and announcing that it "felt feverish" or "had a fever," without any regard to mathematical accuracy as to degrees and fractions, worked just as well and perhaps better than the new-fashioned way, carried to a nervous extreme. At the same time a rise of temperature always means something, and it most decidedly means the calling in of a physician if it does not go down of itself or yield to simple remedies.

When the temperature is taken by the mouth the thermometer should register about ninety-eight and seven-tenths degrees, although this may vary at different times during the day in perfectly well people. When it registers ninety-nine degrees, or ninety-nine and five-tenths degrees, the person is said to be feverish. Anything below ninety-eight degrees is subnormal, and anything over one hundred and five degrees is called hyperpyrexia, or high fever.

In many cases a fever is a sort of blessing in disguise. These are the fevers caused by the toxins of bacteria, of which typhoid is a type. The whole system is then engaged in a fight against the germs, and the battle is waged to more advantage, apparently, when "the blood is fighting hot." This is why, although the fever can be beaten down by the application of cold and the administration of drugs, it is often poor practice to suppress it in this way. Getting the fever down

may be a momentary satisfaction, but it does nothing to help cure the underlying cause. It is as if a general should insist upon silencing his own guns.

At the same time the fever must be watched and kept in check, because this sort of fight is calling for an immense outlay from the system, and a raging fever not only burns up bacteria, but it feeds upon tissue and blood and all it can find, as any one can testify who has watched or lived through a convalescence from one.

What is true of the fever of a germ disease is false altogether in the fever of sunstroke. In this case the fever is the disease. It is not a regiment of infantry, but a conflagration, and it must be put out as quickly as possible, and by all the means at one's disposal—cold baths, ice-packs, ice-water, anything that will beat it down.

The character of a fever is a great assistance to diagnosis in many cases, and this is why a physician should always be asked to sit in judgment on it.

Monkey and Goat.

Monkeys are more renowned for mischief than for kindness, but even monkeys can be benevolent. M. Mouton records the doings of one in Guadeloupe that surely seemed to merit that reputation. The monkey had a friend in a goat that went daily to the pasture. Every night the monkey would pick out the burs and thorns, sometimes to the number of 2,000 or 3,000, from that goat's fleece, in order that the animal might lie down in peace. On coming in from the pasture the goat regularly went in search of his light-handed friend and submitted himself to the operation. Strange to say, the tricky instincts of the monkey reasserted themselves after the pricks were removed. He would tease the poor goat unmercifully, plucking his beard, poking him in the eyes and pulling out his hairs. The goat bore it all with patience, perhaps regarding it as only a fair price to be paid for the removal of the thorns.—London Standard.

No man ever fell in love with a suffragist; when you find a man married to a suffragist, he fell in love with her before she became one.

Tobacco heart probably kills more people than broken heart.

BULL CHARGES AN AUTO.



An automobile running along the turnpike near Mill City, Pa., was charged and damaged by a plucky Guernsey bull which had broken from his pasture and was browsing by the roadside. In the machine were District Attorney O. Smith Kinner of Wyoming County, James Dersheimer of Tunkhannock, William Skinner of Washington, N. J., and Leon D. Decker of Binghamton, N. Y. They saw the bull, but never suspected its belligerent intentions. It watched the motor car curiously as it approached, and when it was thirty or forty feet away the bull bellowed, lowered its head and charged. The driver put on the brakes, but the bull and the machine met with a shock. The bull was sent sprawling backward. He picked himself up with a surprised air, limped to one side and gave the car undisputed right of way. The front of the radiator was somewhat damaged, but the machine was not put out of commission.

The Ruling Passion.

His clothes said he was a tramp, but his brow was high and his manner grand. "Madam, may I request the favor of a pair of your husband's cast-off trousers? These are somewhat passe." This, with a sweep of a tattered hat, brought results in the shape of a pair of hubby's oldest, which were just about two degrees better than those the tramp was wearing. After a critical survey of his acquisition, instead of the polite words of thanks the good woman was waiting for, the tramp volunteered, with a deep, long-drawn sigh of regret: "Madam, I see your husband discards from weakness."—Puck.