

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON

Have they given up trying to swim the channel since Blieriot flew it?

There will be no war in Crete. The photographers and correspondents were too busy on airships.

Probably when the north pole is really discovered it will be by a congressional committee investigating the ice supply.

The men of Australia outnumber the women by 247,000. Here is a show for the 100,000 superfluous women in Massachusetts.

No American style has been as bad as that peach basket affair the former shah used to wear while he was still on the job.

If the latest fashion edict among women that "hats and shoes must match" is carried out, where will mere man walk?

In war there is a reasonable chance that some of the participants will escape death or injury. In automobile racing, it seems, there isn't.

According to the statement of a New York burglar, there is no money in burglary. Another of the pernicious effects of the high cost of living.

They had an earthquake down in Panama, but the Gatun dam did not slide, and no man with a good position was shaken loose from his job.

Young Cudahy, of Omaha, has been kidnapped again, and the expense to his father is likely to be greater than in the first instance. The young man is engaged to be married.

Fruit, it is said, retards the hardening of the tissues and thus conduces to the preservation of youthfulness. Yet age is itself a lemon handed out by life to youth and beauty.

The inmates of Sing Sing make public their need of more tenor voices to assist in the church services. Sing Sing's dearth of singers suggests the proper disposal of the next grand opera star that murders his notes.

A novel law point has been raised by a man in Connecticut who has sued one of his neighbors for a sting administered by the latter's bees. Curiosity is now rampant to see if the bee-owners will also be stung.

According to recent advices from the Thaw camp, Evelyn is playing a game for a stake of \$500,000, which she expects Harry's people to put up. In little Evelyn's case the business instinct and the artistic temperament seem to go together.

Surgeons as well as spectators and players are interested in modern football. A report from two doctors who have had medical charge of a university team for three years says that more serious injuries are received in practice than during the actual game. One remedy would be to make a rule forbidding practice.

Grand Army veterans are interested in the organization of a post of their order at Oldham, in Lancashire, England, where twenty former Union soldiers have petitioned for a charter. This will be the first G. A. R. post in Europe, although there are six outside the limits of the United States—four in Canada, one in Peru and one in Honolulu. According to the latest report of the Pension Commissioner, about five thousand pensioners, or about half of one per cent, reside in foreign countries.

The Chicago husband who hid his wife's clothes in order to prevent her spending his hard-earned savings in a vacation tour must be a brave man. Few husbands would dare take such extreme measures in such a case. Of course the fact that he was supporting a \$30-a-month apartment on an \$18-a-week salary somewhat justifies him, but still he is daring to the point of boloness. What is a husband for, anyway, but to earn money for the purpose of supporting a wife in comfort and providing her with any fool thing she happens to desire.

Certain astronomers have lately been talking and writing with much seriousness of the possibility of communicating with the inhabitants of Mars. They have no doubt that the planet is inhabited. An American in Germany has lately indulged in some admirable "fooling" on the subject in a communication to Science. He writes that "it is well known, even among astronomers," that as the orbit of the earth passes between the sun and Mars, the dark side of the earth must at regular intervals be turned toward

Mars. He suggests that as a hole through the earth would permit the passage of the light of the sun at such times, messages might be sent to Mars by the Morse code, if proper apparatus were adjusted for interrupting the rays of light. The correspondent admits that such a hole would have to be several miles in diameter, but says that many of the details are already settled, "including the spot where such an opening might best be made in the interests of mankind generally." He leaves us to conjecture whether the spot is under the residence of the Kaiser or the Sultan, or under the observatories of the sensational astronomers.

Much has been said of late of the danger of having flies around and of the best ways of poisoning them or otherwise of disposing of them. A writer in McClure's contributes to the discussion by some very pertinent remarks on the shame of having flies. What he says applies both to the country as a whole and to individual households. England, he tells us, is now almost without flies, and that because of the clean-up work of the last fifty years. "If we had no decaying organic matter we should have no flies," he says, and as England has systematically undertaken to remove and destroy such matter the fly problem for her is solved. As for the households, it is almost an identical proposition to say that a house has many flies or that it has many smells. "The fly has one supreme motive in life, and that is to move toward the strongest smell. He enters the house because there are more smells inside the kitchen than out, and once in, he frequents the kitchen because there are more smells there than in the parlor." A number of devices for getting rid of flies, based either on their attraction toward smells or their attraction toward light of certain intensities, are described in this article, and prospective home builders would do well to consider them and have provision made for some of them in their kitchens or other rooms. A useful hint as to killing flies with no other apparatus than the human hand is also given. Most people who have hit at flies know that a slow approach is successful where a swift blow is not. If one brings the hand slowly above the fly he will stay, and if one then drops the middle finger quietly upon him he will not be able to detect it coming. The work of keeping the fly from hatching is partly a civic and partly a private duty, in both cases being a work of cleansing. The work of getting the flies, when once hatched, away from the homes is a private duty. Apparently methods for all these tasks are available, and have but to be applied to succeed. Every time we are reminded that a fly can easily carry six million germs, most of them gathered in the barnyard or the garbage bucket, we get a fresh hint to busy ourselves at once.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

"Did you ever know a fat woman who didn't say: 'Why, when I was married I only weighed 110 pounds?'"

The tie that binds a good many married couples is thus summed up by themselves: "Oh, I'm used to having him (or her) around."

Few of the new school suffragettes get it so bad that they refuse to listen when you murmur pretty things about their eyes or their hats.

Another unflattering sign of a "touch" is when she tells you that she considers you better looking now than in that photograph you had taken before you were married.

A lot of married men are holding their breaths and waiting to see how their wives are going to look when they get their hair fixed to wear those new foot and a half shakos.

There's a certain type of woman who, having not much of anything else to do, likes to imagine herself the martyred party of what the spinster lady writers call a "loveless marriage."

The male bully is classified and tabbed; but when a woman is habitually rude, brusque and downright insulting, it's said of her that "she has such a candid way with her, don't you think?"

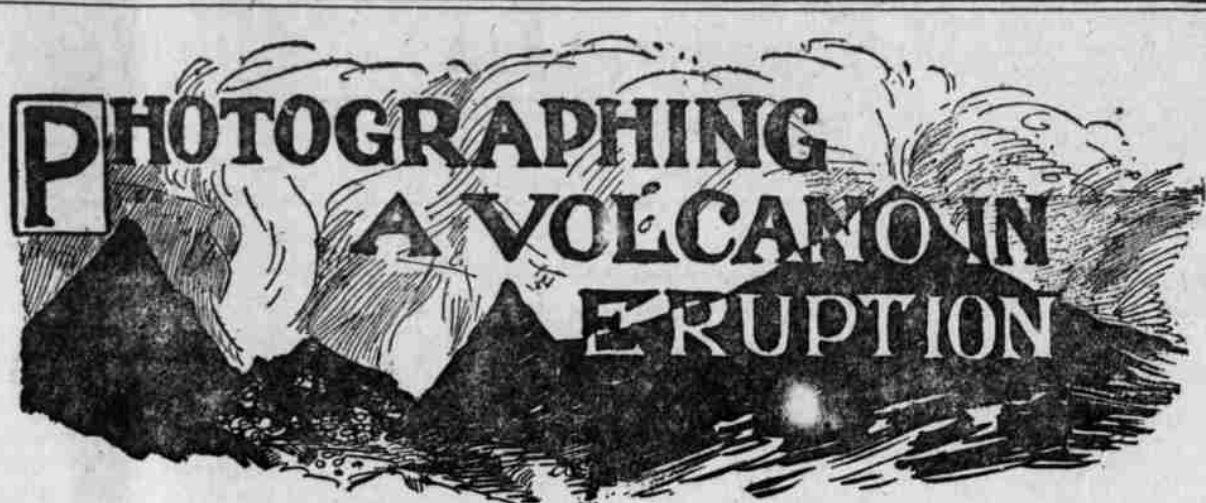
Did you ever feel sort of wistful with yourself when you picked up an English novel and read how the husbands and wives of the nifty class over there only meet occasionally at the week-end parties and the like?

Parental Approval.

"Do you think your daughter will develop fine musical taste?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "The way she objects to playing those 'Easy Pieces for Beginners' encourages me to hope that she will."—Washington Star.

What is there more hopeless looking than a church social before the patrons have begun to arrive?



TUESDAY, July 1, 1899, reports reached Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, that the volcano of Makuaewee, situated at the summit of Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet high, on the island of Hawaii, had burst forth with all the fury of years gone by. I left with the intention of reaching the scene of action, writes Frank Davey, by the most difficult route of all—right over the great mountain from the Kona side. The obstacles to be overcome may perhaps be imagined when I state that Mauna Loa is a volcanic mountain, nearly 14,000 feet high.

It was with great difficulty that I managed to get horses and mules from the natives, who knew the condition of the country, for the animals inevitably get badly knocked about, their legs being terribly cut by the lava. A number of gentlemen arrived and expressed their desire to join me in the expedition. The first part of the journey was one of the most delightful rides I ever had. We rode for hours through magnificent tropical growths. There were giant ferns, some of which must have been thirty or forty feet high and three feet in diameter, groves of guavas, coco-nuts and other fruits, miles of wild mint and bright-colored flowers, and orchids of most delicate shapes. At dusk we reached the edge of the timber line, in a drenching rain.

We resumed our journey at daybreak, over the most terrible country that can be imagined. We reached the summit just as it was getting dark. Near the center of the mountain top an area of about four square miles sinks to a depth of 1,000 feet. This is the great crater of Makuaewee.

We found that the worst outbreak was about 5,000 feet further down the mountain side. Walking across the congealed masses of lava, one began to think that at any moment one was liable to drop through to the most horrible of deaths. Underneath one was a bottomless abyss of mud, sulphur and rock; and to contemplate being cast into that fearsome-looking lake of fire and brimstone was not at all comfortable. Presently we reached a cone where the lava had piled up to the height of about 100 feet, then, bursting out at the side, disappeared into the ground, to reappear about a quarter of a mile farther down and repeat its action. These cones averaged 200 feet in height, and we passed five, "dead" ones. A sixth was still smoking, but was not active. No. 7 was belching forth huge volumes of steam and sulphur. Boulders that must have weighed a ton were being hurled high into the air as if shot from a cannon. Others followed to meet those coming down, and as they met they burst like explosive shells, scattering molten matter on all sides. This flowed down the incline in cascades like water, showing red, yellow, blue and all the colors of the rainbow.

It is impossible to describe the grandeur of the effect, and a knowledge of the force that was causing the display made one feel very small indeed. Some of the ejected masses were as large as a horse, and when they

were belched forth were at a white heat. They went so high that they had time to cool and return to the vortex black.

The wind changed, and to our consternation we saw a cloud of sulphur blowing right across our path. These masses of vapor are so impregnated with sulphur and poisonous gases that it is impossible for any living thing to exist among them, and to get caught in their midst means death. Alarmed, we started to go around on the other side, but found the lava was too hot. We kept on until the lava began to move under our feet, and then made a number of attempts to pass that deadly barrier of vapor, but were forced to return each time, nearly suffocated. Just at this critical moment I happened to turn round and saw an arch, as it were, in the sulphur smoke, where the wind was blowing it up from the ground. We had scarcely got through that arch of clear air when down came the cloud again.

Once past the danger point, we crawled along at our best pace. It was now night, and the only light we had was the lurid glare from the volcano. If it had not been for this we should undoubtedly have perished of cold and thirst, as we should have been compelled to stop walking. As it was, we dared not halt for any length of time, or we should not have had warmth enough to keep the blood circulating. All that night we crawled over the terrible lava. We fell down at intervals of about twenty feet, often breaking through the black crust, sometimes up to our waists, cutting ourselves on the sharp projection until our hands and legs were woefully lacerated. Almost as soon as we fell we dropped asleep; then, as we got colder, we would wake up and force ourselves on again for a few dozen yards or so, only to fall asleep, wake and struggle up once more.

At last it began to get light, but still we had come across no water, and that in our canteens had long since been exhausted. We hunted the depths and crevices of the lava, sometimes going down ten or fifteen feet, looking for water, only to be disappointed again and again.

Suddenly I saw a break in the lava nearly full of beautiful water. I leaned over the side, holding the canteen for a companion to fill. He went down a few feet, and then stopped. I motioned to him to fill the bottle, croaking, "Water." He did not look around, but mumbled, "I see no water," as if in a dream. Picking up a piece of lava, I tossed it down and cried, hoarsely, "There is the water!" But to my astonishment the pebble went down, down, out of sight, with no sound of a splash, into a fathomless abyss. The crevice was so deep that we could not see the bottom, and the shock of the discovery made me faint.

After a time we scrambled on again until we came upon a guide sitting upon the edge of a high crack, eating frozen snow; and tearing it with his teeth. We followed his example, not without pain, but the snow tasted good. The journey home was, comparatively speaking, easy, but the memory of that night amidst the lava will last me to my dying day.

HARRIMAN, THE BUILDER.

Some of the Great Achievements on the Roads He Controlled.

E. H. Harriman was one of the greatest railroad reconstructionists this country has known. When he took over the Union, Central and Southern Pacific he foresaw that the entire lines would have to be rebuilt. He put his whole energy into the task of expending many millions of dollars for that purpose; some say \$20,000,000.



E. H. HARRIMAN.

He straightened out crooks and curves; tunneled mountains at their bases, where the roads formerly went over them; put steel viaducts and bridges across ravines and streams; reduced grades, built excellent roadbeds and placed on them the heaviest steel rails.

Starting at the east end of the system, the new double structural steel bridge across the Missouri river between Council Bluffs and Omaha is considered one of the finest railway structures of its kind extant.

Greatest, perhaps, of all the achieve-

ments to which Mr. Harriman devoted his personal attention and effort is the Lucin cut-off, crossing Great Salt lake. This structure crosses the inland sea, with an average depth of thirty feet, cutting out forty-four miles of the former line around the lake and 1,515 feet of elevation, or grade. There were 3,000 men engaged day and night in building it. It required 38,256 trees, from 100 to 200 feet high, to create the piling of the trestlework, twenty-three miles long. Eleven miles of this trestle were filled in with several big hills, or small mountains, torn down by seven-ton scoops. One soft spot ate up \$200,000 in rocks before it solidified; that is, it cost that amount to blast, load and transport the rocks.

Four miles of solid earth bed constitute the approach to the west end of the trestle. The top of the cut-off is sixteen feet wide. The floor of the trestle makes it invisible from the trains. It is a cover of solid asphalt, overlaid with granite, resting on heavy beams. The structure is gradeless, and cost \$4,500,000.

Mr. Harriman was also engaged in many other tasks during the three years he was building the cut-off. He straightened the Central Pacific Railway by cutting out 360 miles of curves; knocked out 3,100 feet of altitudes, or grades; constructed thirty-six steel bridges across ravines, canyons and streams, and dug four tunnels two miles long, reducing the time seven hours on that line.

When Los Angeles needed a port on the Pacific, where steamships could connect with his trains, Mr. Harriman built a great rock wharf, curving far out into the ocean, to battle successfully with gigantic waves and afford a harbor of refuge. He also constructed a similar and even greater rock wharf at San Pedro, Cal.

And Lasts as Long.

The "greater than Washington" statesman is admirably discovered almost as frequently as the "greater than Shakespeare" playwright.

CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY.



A Question.

"Are the colors fast in that new tub suit I bought, Jane?"

"That depends on how you look at it, ma'am."

"What do you mean, Jane?"

"Well, when I went to wash it I'd call 'em fast the way them colors ran."—Baltimore American.

Suspicious.

"Your mother wired me this morning that she couldn't come for two weeks. She's been unavoidably delayed."

"Well, you needn't chuckle over it," snapped his wife, who was unreasonably suspicious.—Detroit Free Press.

Some men are natural born church members, while belonging goes hard with others.