

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Now for the great war of the Arctic lecture platform.

The cross dog will soon be tasting the census-taker.

Some politicians have discarded the Golden Rule for one of steel.

Two men discovering the Pole couldn't have offered a finer line of conversation.

Wife—Sitting up with a sick friend, eh? Well, where are your diary, your observations and your witness?

To discover the North Pole is not all that an explorer must do. He has got to prove it to a lot of suspicious rivals.

Uncle Sam will not begin taking the next census till April 15, 1910; don't begin to worry yet about being overlooked.

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey, where farmers think wheat raising doesn't pay.—Goldsmith, revised by Hill.

The African Diamond Trust has put up prices. Here is where the heartless monopolies take advantage again of the necessity of the poor.

Some men are born tired, some are tired because they have to work, and some are trying to read the entire output of North Polar literature.

Dr. Cook expects to make \$500,000 lecturing on his dash to the pole. Peary probably expects to make twice that sum telling how Cook didn't dash.

The quickest way to start a calamity howl or to hear all about hard times is to sit down among a bunch of chronic loafers and make a remark about prosperity.

What do you think of this? Mr. Stickney states that the rebate evil, instead of being stamped out by the enforcement of the new law, flourishes now more than ever.

Dr. Murphy has discovered a way to make new joints. Perhaps this method will fix us up so we may scratch between our shoulder-blades without rubbing against a post.

The wife of a rich Pennsylvanian has, after an unexplained absence of six months, returned home and been forgiven by her husband. She may know something concerning his past which he doesn't want the public to find out.

For the first time the chancellor of the German Empire is a commoner. It is "Herr Doctor" von Bethmann-Hollweg, and not "count" nor "prince" nor even "baron." Eventually, no doubt, the German chancellor will become, like the premiers of England, or France, or Italy, the chief of a parliamentary majority, and not the personal representative of the Emperor himself.

"Gumdrops and science!" What a combination is here! Mr. Bradley says of all the sweetest things on earth the Eskimos' sweet tooth is the sweetest, and he adds that the envious denser of the North will travel thirty miles for one sweet gumdrop. Who knows but that these gumdrops were a great factor in the exploration of the unknown world. Who will doubt that they were not, after all, the lowly agents that brought about the much sought-for end?

One of the most perplexing features of the immigration problem is the tendency of the newly arrived aliens to settle down in the overcrowded tenement districts of the great coast cities. Comparatively few have the means or disposition to penetrate into the interior of the country, where workmen are more needed, and independence is more quickly and surely gained. Two years ago Congress authorized the Commissioner of Immigration to establish a division of information, which should give to immigrants the kind of advice that would help them to decide where to settle, and distribute those in search of work to quarters where their labor was needed. During the first year more than two thousand persons were thus directed to available homes or suitable places of employment, in thirty-five different States. Thirty-eight occupations and thirty-four nationalities were represented. Last summer more than three thousand were sent to the harvest-lands of the West. In comparison with the total immigration, these numbers seem small. But they represent a substantial amount of usefulness for the new institution. As the division of in-

formation becomes more and more familiar with its work, and employees in different parts of the country come to realize its existence, its opportunities for helpful service are certain to increase.

An anxious inquirer wants to know what has become of the man that used to carry a cabbage leaf in the crown of his hat to ward off sunstroke. We remember him well. He wore other things besides the cabbage leaf and a hat; items, bluejeans trousers, a brown jeans coat, a cotton shirt, woolen socks, and cowhide boots, the last named coming in a wooden box, big at one end and little at the other, beginning with No. twelves—men's size—and tapering down to the copper toes for the small fry. In the winter-time he greased the boots with mutton tallow to render them soft and pliable, but even then it required the combined efforts of a bootjack and the entire family to begin his undressing.

He built his barn on the crest of the hill and his house in the valley below, so as to be near the spring. Tradition and the almanac governed his farming methods. He planted his potatoes in the dark of the moon and his beans in the light of the moon, and split his cow's tail to cure her of the "holter horn." He rose at 4 in the morning, fed the stock by lantern light, and sat on the fence waiting for dawn to enable him to work in the field. His wants were simple. The farm products supplied the table with almost everything except sugar and coffee. These he traded for at the "store," giving in exchange spring chickens at 5 to 10 cents apiece and eggs at 10 to 15 cents a dozen. At hog-killing time he had fresh meat as long as the sausage and spareribs lasted. After that he went from bacon to ham, and then from ham to bacon, with a kit of salt mackerel added about twice a year. His social diversions were few. In summer he was too busy, and in winter the roads were too bad for much travel. In spite of that he got to the county seat occasionally and served on the jury two or three times. Once he went to the "city," as the nearest metropolis was vaguely designated. After that event he was wont to shake his head at unexpected moments and mutter, "Such a ripplin' and a rarin'!"

Readers of a certain class of magazines imagine that his favorite oath was "By heck," but this is a mistake. "I granny" and "plague take it" were his strongest expletives as a rule, the former indicative of a modified form of ancestry worship, while the latter bears evidence of a transmitted English oath, it in turn harking back to the days of London's pestilence. All in all, his was a drab-colored existence, broken but not brightened by hog cholera, quarterly interests, and annual taxes. Like as not, the whole thing ended by his getting caught in a cold rainstorm; then came a sudden chill and pneumonia, or, as they called it then, "the lung fever." He left the farm and the mortgage to his eldest son and told everybody he was "willin' to go," and no one seemed to doubt it. So that's what has become of him. Another reigns in his stead, but everything has changed. Other times, other manners. His successor has a house on the hill, with hot-water heat and electric lights and a bath tub. The mortgage has been replaced by a bank account. Macadam roads, tailor-cut clothes, an automobile, scientific farming, rural free delivery, cows milked with a suction pump, eggs 30 cents a dozen, butter 40 cents a pound—cash. Where is the man with the cabbage leaf? Non est, we tell you. He is as extinct as the dodo.

Without a Slip.

The prodigious memory of the late Constant Coquelin of the Comedie Francaise is the subject of a story in the Fortnightly Review: One evening in Brussels Coquelin was dining with the Vicomte de Lovenjoul. There were several guests, among whom were two or three actors, and they were talking about memory.

"How many parts do you know well enough to play to-night if need be?" somebody asked Coquelin.

He took a sheet of paper and wrote down the names of fifty-three plays in his repertoire. His friends laughed. "You are boasting, surely," said De Lovenjoul.

"You have every one of those plays in your library," Coquelin said, quietly. "Get them all out and put them on the table."

The vicomte did so.

"Now," said Coquelin, "let anybody select a cue from any of these plays at haphazard, and give it to me."

They tried him with sixteen plays out of the fifty-three, and he never missed a single cue or made one mistake.

Potato Crop.

The potato crop of the world is roughly 5,000,000,000 bushels a year. Most of it is raised in Europe.

It's some satisfaction to know that people can't draw a sight draft on you for a debt of gratitude.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WE ARE MEN ONLY AS WE BECOME MEN.

By Prof. George B. Foster.



Almost every language contains the equivalent of our old saying: "He's a chip of the old block." And then there is O. W. Holmes' bon mot: "Every man is an omnibus in which all his ancestors are riding."

More important still, the old church and the new science both know a law of heredity. Man is hereditarily burdened with predisposition to disease and vice, they both assert. Now, the old church had a plan of escape from this network of necessity. A divine decree of grace arranged for the salvation of a part of the race from the ruin of hereditary sin. But this sort of salvation does not satisfy the moral sense of the modern man. That a fixed number were arbitrarily selected to be saved from the curse under which our common humanity groaned—this conception has turned out to be offensive to the moral sense. No man wants that blessedness in which he must helplessly gaze upon the damnation of his brothers who were passed by in the decree of grace.

It is not whether we have inherited bane or blessing. It is what we do with our heritage that counts in the world of values. And we can convert our curse into a blessing, our blessing into a curse, both into character. The law of heredity which at the beginning of my career blinds me to its network can in the end free me from its network. I may be saved by the law from the law. Instead of thus denying the law we fulfill it.

AMERICA NO LONGER MERE SPECTATOR.

By Sidney Brooks.



It is difficult for Europeans, who live in a powder magazine and rarely have the fear of an explosion out of their minds, to realize the simplicity, spaciousness, and unhampered self-absorption of American life. Foreign politics is minimized by them at least as much as it is exaggerated by Europeans. Americans can hardly be got to take them seriously. A diplomatic dispute with another power, conducted on either side upon the implication of force, is of all experiences the one most foreign to their normal routine of existence. When you have mentioned the Monroe doctrine you have pretty well indicated the sum of the average citizen's interest in external affairs.

During several years in the United States I do not recall a single well informed debate in Congress on the foreign policy of the republic or a single member who ever treated his constituents to an address on such a topic. The operative opinion of the commonwealth still desires to have as few dealings as possible with foreign powers, still quotes and abides by Washington's warning against "entangling alliances," still shrinks from any course that threatens "complications," still clings to the policy of isolation as the one that most adequately squares with the needs of American conditions.

This is so even though facts and necessity have out-

run many of the formulas, prejudices, and traditions that a decade and a half ago were all but omnipotent. The peculiarity of America's position in the general scheme of world politics is indeed precisely this, that her people are unconsciously engaged in adapting their mental outlook to their achievements. The Spanish war landed them on a stream of tendencies that has already carried them far beyond their old confines, and is inexorably destined to carry them farther still.

UNITED STATES, PRECEPTOR OF JAPAN.

By Louis Ichige Ogata.



A visitor to Japan is at once impressed with the evident desire for education among the Japanese people that shows itself on every hand. The governmental regulation that makes education compulsory is really little needed, for the parents themselves show the greatest eagerness to give their children the best school advantages they can afford. In spite of the multitude of children who swarm the streets and the vast number who work in the fields and in various industries where the cheap labor of children can be used to advantage, school statistics in Japan show a much better percentage of children of school age in attendance than is shown in some States in America.

Recent reports show that there are about 30,000 public and private schools, nearly 120,000 professors and teachers, and about 5,295,000 students in Japan. There is hardly an incorporated city in the empire that has not at least one kindergarten. Many colleges and universities, public and private, furnish opportunity for higher learning to thousands of Japanese young men as well as women, but the crown of them all is the imperial university.

MARRIAGE AND GOOD LOOKS.

By Betty Vincent.



Girls, do you marry a man because he dresses well or because you love him? Do you love him because he is 6 feet tall and broad-shouldered or because he is honorable and a gentleman? From some of the letters I receive from young girls I cannot help inferring that their ideal is a combination of a clothing house poster and a showman in a musical production.

If the heart of the man is tender and kind, what can it matter if every feature on his face is hopelessly crooked? The doll-faced man is as bad as, and worse than, the doll-faced girl. The rugged man of sterling worth is the man to guard a woman's future and happiness. If you are impressed with a man's smartness of dress stop and think, girls, how that same man would look in rough and simple working clothes. Ask yourself, too, if you would be willing to give up many of your own little vanities that your husband might gratify his own fastidious sense of adornment.



On the Orient Express an enigmatic gentleman with a mauve ribbon in his buttonhole hastens to Paris, writes a correspondent from the French capital. The Cologne Express carries another, the Sud Express a third. A fourth comes by the English packet. From Lisbon and St. Petersburg two start; from Rome and Constantinople two arrive. All wear the pale mauve ribbon.

They are the cooks of four great kings.

Without the best butters, vinegars, wines, truffles, mushrooms, herbs, cream, spices and raw materials of all kinds, there is no grand cookery. The pantry chef hands out the ingredients of every dish completely garnished to his colleagues. He has one specialty. All cold dishes are his particular care.

The kitchens of Edward, the Czar, Alfonso and Leopold are to-day near perfection. Francis Joseph up to ten years ago kept the most princely table of them all. When age forced him to go slow he still invited the archdukes and their suites. Then finally the force was handed over to the Archduke Ferdinand, whose simple living is natural and whose enthusiasm did not last a year. For the first time in 1,000 years the court of the Holy Roman Empire (till 1809) had no longer the greatest kitchen of the world.

To-day Francis Joseph eats alone. When he goes on a gastronomic spree it is with frankfurters and horseradish, with "spatzle" cakes. But the kitchens of Nicholas, Edward, Alfonso and Leopold are run on the great old lines of:

1. A pantry chef.
 2. A chef of soups, entrees and hot desserts, including souffles, fritters (sweet or otherwise), hot fruit croutes, etc.
 3. A chef roaster, who also directs all grills and fries.
 4. A sauce chef, who rules over all that carries a sauce; fish, braised meats, etc., i. e., the majority of dishes.
 5. A pastry cook.
 6. A chef decorator. Do not think he decorates the table. He decorates the food. Be it the czar's bear chops, the baby bear with bright glass eyes is brought in holding his own chops on a silver plate garnished with smilax. When Edward eats his favorite turtle doves they come boned, wrapped in a chaud-froid sauce with cameo design in black truffles. They are ranged round a bed of Spanish chestnuts puree. But, above them, the beautiful birds spread their white wings.
- Such "presentations" of the dish are the chef decorator's work. He—almost a taxidermist—spreads the tail of the peacock in his gorgeous feathers over the roast peacock, whose breast meat only is eaten. Never will the sauce cook try to roast nor the roaster touch a sauce. Those turtle doves pass from chef to chef, each adding what the lilac ribbon orders.

Quellian, head chef of the old sultan, taken over by the new, quit the Cafe de Paris six years ago on \$2,000 per year salary and an admitted commission on purchases of \$6,000 to \$8,000. To-day he has a real dil-

tante to work for—the new sultan is a poet, rose grower and gourmet; but M. Quellian deplores the Turkish craze for stuffed meats of all kinds. They actually want the Rouen duck complicated with a stuffing—that terrible strangled "high" duck, whose sauce demands its liver festered in the sun!

M. Menager, head chef of Edward, and M. Peltier, head chef of Queen Alexandra, have fixed salaries of \$8,000, free lodgings and a rake-off of 3 per cent on all purchases accepted by them. Queen Alexandra has simple tastes—a breast of Bohemian pheasant, a slice of Danube sturgeon, or a saddle of Siberian young boar. On the contrary, King Edward probably knows more about great feeding than did Carlos himself. He delights in plovers' eggs. He adores little birds.

The art of these cooks is sublime. Each can give you a choice of 5,000 dishes. There are 125 ways of preparing eggs, 32 "on the plate" (not fried, but done in the bainmarie); 47 poached, 20 with cheese, 13 "en cocotte" (tiny earthen dish), 32 omelettes, not to mention any use of hard boiled eggs. Veal is cooked in 90 ways. There are 80 principal soups.

The nursing school of modern gastronomy is the Salon of Parisian Crefs. Here meet Paul de Amiel of the Quirinal kitchens, Bosompero of the Vatican, Quenon of Belgium; Borelli, with Prince Doria, and others.

A great catering combination it is, able to undertake the most brilliant gala dinners at a day's notice. Its center is Paris. It is run by business men who can offer many advantages that an artist chef, thoughtless of money details, might not think of. It is the beginning of the end of princely kitchens.

Pecan Culture.

Pecan nuts are grown successfully in several States, but mainly in those States south of parallel 40. Forty feet is generally the distance apart of the trees. If the triangular method of planting is adopted forty trees can be grown to the acre. Pecan trees may bear a few nuts at an early age, but paying crops cannot be expected under ten years and full crops under twenty. The annual yield of a tree in full bearing has been variously reported at from one to twenty bushels.

Hard Graves.

Before a grave can be dug in the churchyard of Llanbadoc, in South Wales, the rock has to be blasted away.