

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Many a good turn that deserves another never gets it in this world.

The man who invented cranberries must have been a great friend of the sugar trust.

The Standard Oil has annexed Greece, but then they have no Sherman law in Greece.

Scientists who insist that there is no life on Mars have no respect for the feelings of some popular novelists.

Some men's idea of a good wife is one who doesn't object to their tobacco being counted as a household necessity.

A Paris physician declares that jealousy is a disease, just as much as measles. But one can't have measles more than once.

Consider Missouri; it sells more mules and corn-cob pipes than any other State in the Union—and yet wears its laurels with modesty.

It must be really awkward for a bride whose husband was careless about the staying qualities of his divorce to discover that she never was really married.

A man whose heart was found to be on the right side has been deported, but the immigration authorities are still admitting too many who appear to have no heart.

The suggestion is made that the north pole be turned into a weather bureau station. This would be all right if they manage so that its brand of weather could be utilized in July or August.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has invented a baby caravan in which the little princess may take her outing in all kinds of weather. Naturally, as a queen's invention, it ought to draw a large royalty.

The average man is ready to wilt when he is confronted with a woman suffrage petition. The women, if they go about it in the right way, should find it easy to get two or three thousand miles of signatures.

"A Parisian dress designer says within twenty years both men and women will wear garments that do not reach below the knees." Don't believe it. Fashion may be cruel, but she must have some feeling for bowlegged patriots.

Why not turn the disputed question of Mount McKinley over to the Duke of the Abruzzi? So successful and famous a mountain climber as he ought to jump at the chance of adding another leaf to his laurels, and incidentally settling half of an annoying and unfortunate controversy.

A wreath was placed on the tomb of Commodore Perry in Newport, R. I., by representatives of the commercial delegation from Japan, who have been visiting this country. Their tribute to the man who opened Japan to the Western world and the Western world to Japan was as graceful as it was deserved.

No doubt former Secretary Shaw is right in saying that grafting in the federal service is widespread. No doubt Secretary MacVeagh is right in describing the New York customs house as "a nest of corruption." But all this is largely so because of the inefficiency and incompetency of high department officials and because of the sloth, negligence, or worse, of Congress. An aroused public sentiment could do much to bring about a better condition in the federal public service.

"Why is it," asked a writer in the *Flying Blade*, "that when a man discovers that he is a genius he allows his hair to grow long, and that when a woman becomes similarly conscious, she has her hair cut short?" It probably grows out of the fact that, learning that they are different from others, they wish to emphasize the fact by some outward distinguishing mark. The woman who merely keeps house, raises children, supports the church, toils for missions, and gives home entertainments, will wear her hair in coils, puffs or otherwise piled upon her head. The female genius goes to the other extreme. She cuts hers off at the nape of the neck. So also the ordinary man, who merely works for a living, votes and tramps with a musket if his country calls, wears his hair short to have it out of the way. But the genius, thinking more about himself, sees the value of an external sign that he is not ordinary. Prophets, artists, musicians

have long hair, affect velvet coats, and, now, velvet hats. But we do not see that college professors, the geniuses of the laboratory, the conquerors of the stars or the deep miners of research clothe or rig themselves differently from their fellows. There is genius and genius, evidently.

More than sixty years have passed since Elias Howe took out his patent on a sewing machine, and nearly fifty since he received the French cross of the Legion of Honor for his achievement. To-day sewing machines are used almost universally. The expiration of patents has brought them within the reach of even the humblest. The first fear regarding the sewing machine was that it would drive seamstresses out of business. This is always the fear about inventions that overcome the use of hand-work. But it was not realized with reference to the sewing machine. The very first effect was to stimulate fashion. The invention was followed by a perfect outburst of new gewgaws on women's clothes. The simple skirts of former times gave way almost immediately to a bewildering array of ruffles, flounces, braids, tucks, rows of stitching and trimming. The invention temporarily freed womankind from the grinding labor described by Hood in "The Song of the Shirt." But it introduced the sweat shop, which, under conditions of commercialism, imposed another frightful kind of slavery. The hope of the inventor that he would emancipate woman from the thralldom of the needle was thus defeated. But the labor of the machine is incomparably less exacting than that of handsewing, and enlightened altruism is gradually overcoming the shameful conditions under which women work at it. It is hard to overcome the cupidity of mankind, but it must be admitted that every great invention tends toward beneficence, no matter how hard avarice may struggle to nullify it. The many labor-saving machines introduced upon the farm have not only made the food supply of the world greater, but have lessened the grinding manual labor of the farm. The sewing machine has done something for womankind, though not all it might have done. The shoemaking machines of America have shod the race better than it ever could have been otherwise, but unfortunately they have brought the boy and the girl into the factory, when they should be in school or on the playground. With every gain there has been some loss. But every great invention has brought the race to a little higher level.

RUNNING AN OYSTER FARM.

Territory Weeded and Seeded and Conducted on Scientific Basis.

When the oysterman plants a bed he weeds out the ground, just as a farmer does, freeing it as far as possible from the lurking enemy. Then he puts in some good shells and some sturdy, big oysters as breeders. His crop is like a farmer's crop, depending largely on the season and affected in a considerable degree by luck. Although the oystermen who rent or own their beds get spawn from the Sound, they have had little trouble in past years in keeping down the starfish, sea spiders and drills.

Starfish and drill operate differently on their oyster food, but both are equally destructive. The former closes about the oyster and suffocates it, while the drill, with its sharp little cone of shell, bores through the shell of the oyster and sucks it hollow. If no attempt is made each season to clean out the oyster beds, these two creatures are capable of destroying from one-fourth to one-half of the product.

Oyster farming is now conducted on highly scientific principles, but although one object of the society's visit was to teach the latest lessons of science, it may be doubted if the members could instruct the Oakers and the Beebes and other large proprietors in their art. The Long Islander is a philosopher in his way, and never shows impatience while the lesson is in progress. It may be that he has his quiet laugh after the fisheries men have lectured and departed.

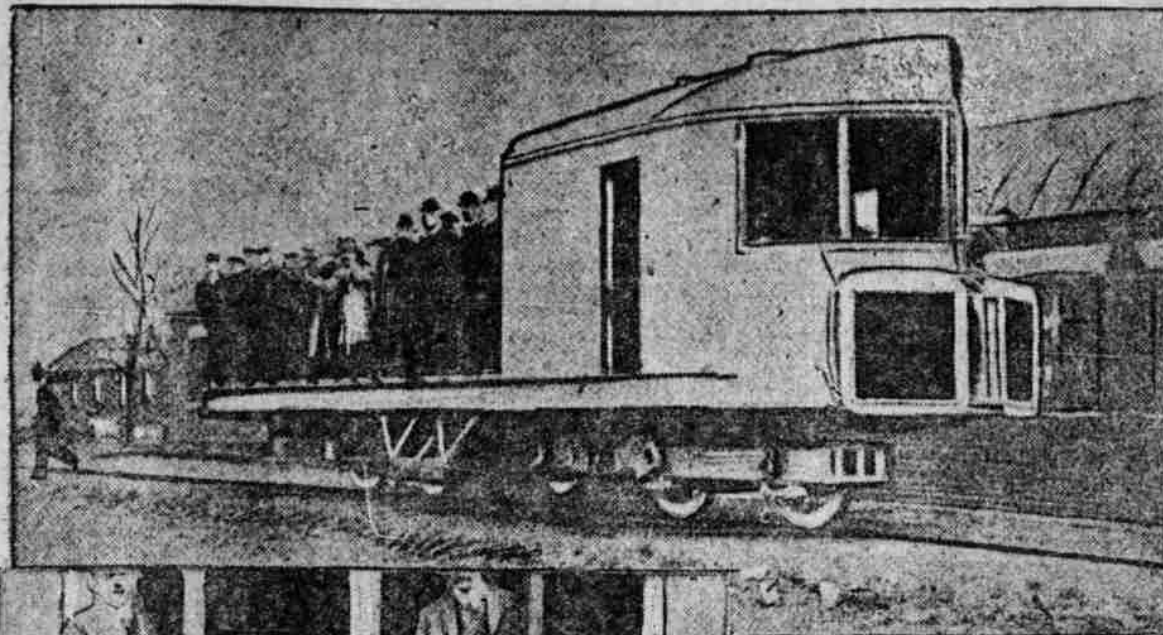
It was the practical oysterman who found out nearly a decade ago that the oyster beds of the Great South Bay, which were getting exhausted, could be replenished by spawn taken from the southern waters of the Sound. Their spawn, after transportation and rebedding in the bay develop into the firm, small, slightly coppery flavored Blue Point.

Why it is so the lay mind cannot tell. To him mud is mud and salt water is salt water. But the "eel-skin" fisherman of Long Island, who saw his livelihood departing, made experiments and saved his oyster beds. Now, when the men appointed by the governors of state tell him to keep on renewing his beds, as he has been doing for ten years, he listens respectfully, but it may be with his tongue coiled up in his mouth.

When a woman goes so far as to tell you she has a secret, it is a sign she wants to tell it

MONORAIL GYROSCOPE CAR STIRS U. S. RAIL MEN

Test in England Proves It a Success—Speed of 150 Miles an Hour Predicted for Trains Using This Principle—Spinning Wheels Keep Equilibrium.



THE BRENNAN GYROSCOPIC MONORAIL CAR



FRONT OF GYROSCOPE CAR

Great interest has been manifested among American railroad men lately in the monorail car tried out by Louis Brennan, C. B., before the Royal Society of England. Many believe that the principle of the gyroscope thus

adapted to a full-sized car for the first time is about to revolutionize railroad construction.

Mr. Brennan first demonstrated the idea with a small model before the society in the spring of 1907. Recent-

ly he exhibited, on the war office grounds near Chatham, a 22-ton car, 40 feet long, 13 feet high and 10 feet wide, mounted on a single line of four wheels, without other support than those wheels.

Two gyroscopes were used, weighing three-quarters of a ton each and making 3,000 revolutions a minute in a vacuum. A gasoline engine furnished the power. The gyroscope wheels are 3 feet 6 inches in diameter and are placed in a cab at the front of the car. A speed of only seven miles an hour was attained on trial.

It was found that the big car was even more successful than the model. It showed no tendency to leave the track or to tip. Sudden shifting of weights in no way endangered the equilibrium.

It is expected that this type of car will do away with the dangerous and uncomfortable side thrust which leads to spreading rails and excessive jolt and jar, and limits the safe speed of the ordinary two-rail train to about seventy miles an hour.

Moreover, the power of this engine can be more economically applied, and it is predicted that a safe speed of 150 miles an hour can be attained.

The gyroscope employed is on the same principle as the toy of that name and of the ordinary spinning top. It lends stability to the supporting car through the fact that a revolving wheel tends to remain in one place.

SPORT THAT SAVED A NATION.

Skeeing Freed Norway from Foes Ready to Overwhelm Her.

Surely Norwegians should know what's what in skeeing. Have they not made history with their skee? Would they be the united, free and independent little country they are today had it not been for the skee and their army's ability to use them? Would they not be merely a succession of ice-free ports maintained for the convenience of England, Germany, and, most of all, Russia? They had a pretty hot little war all their own in 1807-08, and if it was short they have only their commander, Prince Christian Augustus and their infantry on skee to thank, says Charles F. Peters in *Outing*.

All Europe was busy trying to keep Napoleon from smudging out the lines of the map, and nobody would help Norway, except the already besieged Denmark. She, although willing, was prevented from sending food and ammunition by the English war vessels that blockaded the Norse coast, and with Sweden battering them by land and England by sea, poor little Norway could only sit tight and wait for the approach of the season when Thor should throw the hammer and the frost giants of Jotunheim would fight her battles for her.

And lo! the Swedes allowed themselves to be outwitted. Just as their army of the west, which outnumbered the Norsemen ten to one, arrived at the frontier and brought up their heavy field artillery, the White Bear from the land east of the sun and west of the moon sent his feathery flakes and brought confusion and defeat to the invading forces.

Their fieldpieces were buried, their men could only flounder about in the deepening drifts, and, to add to their discomfort, little flocks of green dots began to appear upon the surrounding mountain crests, to skim down within range, fire carefully aimed rifles, and glide away again before resistance could be attempted by the demoralized Swedish hosts. Thus the entire war consisted of much starvation, but only three battles, in all of which Norway was completely victorious, and peace was made before the year ended.

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FAITH CURIST TESTS CREED.



J. C. Wilson declared that his faith in Christian Science had been strengthened by a test he made in stepping in front of a speeding New Orleans trolley car. Surgeons at the hospital, where the man was removed, say he has concussion of the brain, gashes and cuts about the head and face and that the left leg may have to be amputated if he recovers from the injury to his skull. Wilson affirms that he does not feel any pain. "I left my lodgings in the morning with the lines of true thought running through my brain," he said. "I saw the car coming and instantly resolved to put my belief to a test. As it drew within a few feet of me I stepped onto the tracks. I heard the clanging of gongs, the shouts of the motorman and the screaming of women as I sprang head first at the car. Then I woke up here."

Deduction.
"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I see a great deal of reference to cotton duck in the market reports."

"Well, you know what that is, don't you?"

"Of course I do. Any one could figure that out. It's what the duck hunters use for decoys."—*Washington Star*.

Whither Are We Drifting?

"Something recherche in weddings."

"How now?"

"A recent bride, instead of a shower bouquet, held her divorce decrees in her hand."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

RAGS, THE NAVY YARD DOG.

Able Seaman Jones Tells Some Large Stories of the Canine.

The battleship Massachusetts was floated out of dry dock at the New York navy yard in Brooklyn yesterday. Shortly afterward there came out of the pumped-out dock a little, lanky dog. A little fish dangled in his teeth. The dog was Rags, the canine Izaak Walton of the marine guard.

"Where away, sir? Didn't hear 'bout Rags, our dog, that fishes?" said "Toddy" Jones, able sailorman, to the inquisitive visitor. "Wallop me, yer pilot-house ain't got all the charts this cruise. Why, there are more real live fish in a dry dock when it is pumped out than there are in them there harbor craft that go out with a cargo of landlubbers and come back with all the ballast in their foretops. Them fish get shanghaied in the undertow when the dry dock is opened, and when she is pumped out and all closed they are left marooned on the bottom. This dog, he just goes down and gets 'em."

"Rags is all right. He's low in the freeboard, 'bout a foot of draught, and three feet in length, and his armor plate he must have swiped by jumping in a glue pot and then rolling in a rag yard. But he's cute. He got a job here on his face two years ago from the marine guard. And that dog can laugh, mister—leastwise he never stopped since he run afoul of government rations. He goes around the yard every time a picket is posted and sees them marines do their duty."

"When he was piped off that the Massy was being floated that dog full steamed down to the dock. He shinnies down the steps leading to the bottom and takes an observation between the keel blocks. Then he tooted his siren."

"Quick as falling off a yard Rags dove his bow in 'tween the keel blocks. Up he comes with a four-inch feller in his teeth. He flung it contemptuous-like on the dry floor. Then he dove again and flung a six-inch feller. Mister, he puts six of them in a row, and then he just turns around, and whacks them dead with his tail. Sure, he's a great dog. All the seacops will have fish for supper. Want an affidavit?"—*New York Times*.

Opinions and visits should never be forced upon people