

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON

After finishing Mr. Zelaya, fate probably will begin at the other end of the alphabet again.

Peaceful pugilists are justified in protesting against being classified with football players.

It will be a feather in the cap of Secretary Knox if he can bring about a safe and sane Nicaragua.

The fellow who was weighed in the balance and found wanting must have neglected to drop a cent in the slot.

What's in a name? The Indian desperado chased to his death by three armed possees was called "Willie Boy."

Wouldn't it be horrible if Germany should, while England is without a budget, decide to lay down a few more Dreadnoughts?

Doubtless it is the influence of international marriages manifesting itself in the unexpected spunk of the British House of Lords.

G. Bernard Shaw says if he came to America people would drop everything else and rush to look at him. What is that old story about the fly on the wheel?

The Kaiser read his own message to the Reichstag. Perhaps this habit is the reason why European documents of this character are so much shorter than they are here.

The new Chinese minister to this country brings sixty-seven servants with him. Astute man. Had he made it fifty-seven he would have been in a pickle with the paragraphs.

You can't work and worry at the same time, concludes the Atchison Globe philosopher. Men can't, but women can pile disaster on disaster, while cleaning up after the children or doing their hair.

Those so-called craters on the moon may be merely the marks of bumps received in collisions with other orbs, but that theory does not seem to explain the presence of a tall cone in the center of so many of them.

Because he married a show girl a New York man has been disinherited by his father, who intended to leave to him about \$3,000,000. The disinherited young husband thinks he will be able to live on love, but the show girl saith not.

Football is a game for men, no doubt, but let us suppose the girls were all to decide it to be too brutal to watch and were to refuse every invitation to attend the matches. How long would the game last do you think? Through one season?

Dolls have a human element in them which make it most unlikely that they will ever be supplanted permanently in the affections of children by the "Teddy Bear" or "Billy Possum" or "Kermit Lion." Such toys have their day, as novelties do with older people, but the Eskimo dolls, which have been highly popular since the discovery of the north pole, indicate a return to the simple, old-fashioned doll which little mothers have played with for countless generations.

There is no doubt that modern industrial development tends irresistibly to large corporate organizations and to affiliations which will reduce the friction of competition where powerful interests are liable to come into conflict with destructive effect. But the working of such a system cannot be safely left to the will of those who devise and direct its operation. It must be subject to regulation, to requirements and prohibitions of law, at once effective and enforceable. The adjustment of regulation has not kept pace with the development, and they must somehow be brought into harmony by adaptation to secure the benefit of development without an abuse of the power that accompanies it or the sacrifice of rights and interests that fall in its way.

John Stewart Kennedy's magnificent bequests to religion, education and philanthropy place him at once in the front rank of princely benefactors. His thirty millions compare favorably with the outpourings even of a Rockefeller or a Carnegie, especially when we take into account the charities of his lifetime. Mr. Kennedy gave quietly while he was alive, and probably kept back his final vast gifts because it is impossible to give away such a fortune and do it quietly. Thereby, it is true, he lost the chance of seeing his name in the newspapers every day and playing the much-quoted oracle on every

conceivable topic of the times. We do not say that a taste for such things is reprehensible. Possibly a man does well to bestow his benefaction while he is still on the spot to see that the right use is made of them. But it is impossible not to admire the older traditions which looked upon charity as a business involving only the giver and the taker and not the reporter and the camera man as well. There are still many more examples of the old type among us than the world suspects. The death of a Kennedy or a Jeanes reminds us of the fact.

Green hay, not an obstreperous cow, started the great Chicago fire. Mrs. O'Leary's momentous milking is a myth, as much so as William Tell and the apple, as Cleopatra and her fascination. And another great disillusionizer has appeared, one who dissolves the fables in corrosive sublimates quite as conclusively as does Guglielmo Ferrero or any German higher critic. The new historian is "Big Jim" O'Leary, stock yards politician and gambling king, son of the Mrs. O'Leary of famous memory, and by virtue of his sonship heir to her knowledge of exactly how the Chicago fire did start. He has felt moved in the interest of truth and of vindicating his parent in human history to attest the facts in the case and to exonerate the blameless bovine. Mrs. O'Leary, her son avers, believed in the big stick in the upbringing of her progeny, and tolerated no antics in her cattle. If little Jim, who is now "Big Jim," wasn't tucked in bed by 8 o'clock, he caught it sound and hard. Nor did the disciplined bovines in the O'Leary barn dare flick a tail in the milker's eyes or kick over a lamp lighting the lacteal operation. Neither Mrs. O'Leary's children nor her cows ventured to misbehave. It was green hay in the loft, over whose antics the lady could exercise no control, that by spontaneous combustion kindled the historic conflagration. All the little O'Learys were in their trundle beds, the cows were locked in the barn, Mrs. O'Leary herself was sleeping like the just, when the green hay developed fire that, before it was quenched, had burned three-fourths of Chicago over. The cow is cleared and the widow justified. Thus evaporates another fake in the interests of prosaic truth and the higher verities. Barbara Fritchle never wagged her "old gray head" above the "rebel horde" in Fredericton. Sherman never rode the twenty miles a-down the Shenandoah to save the day. But we had hoped that Mrs. O'Leary and her cow were real figures upon the historic stage. These hopes are now shattered irremediably.

FIRST SCHOOL-DAY IN ALSACE

A glimpse of the strenuous and sustained battle against ignorance fought by the pioneer teachers of the Old World in the days preceding the French Revolution is given by Rev. E. Gilliat, in a recent book, "Heroes of Modern Crusades." It seems almost incredible that conditions so hopeless should need to have been righted in times so near to ours.

When Monsieur Stouber undertook the pastorate of Ban de la Roche, a territory in the Vosges which belonged to Protestant noblemen, as feudal lords of the soil, he found the people very wild and ignorant. When he first went there he visited the only school. A number of children were gathered together in a miserable cottage. As he entered he heard an appalling noise of scuffling, quarreling and shouting.

"Silence, children, silence!" he cried.

"Where is your master?"

One of the children pointed to a little old man who was lying on a bed in the corner of the room.

"Are you the master of the school?" asked the pastor, in some dismay.

"Yes, I be the master, sir—I be."

"Humph! But don't you teach the children anything?"

"No! I don't teach the children nothing—for a good reason."

"It must be a very good reason indeed. What is it, my friend?"

"Well, I don't know nothing myself, sir, so how am I to teach?"

"But, my good friend, why did they send you here, then?"

"Because, sir, I be too old to take care of the pigs."

Trusting the Dog's Judgment.

Friend—What on earth are you doing to that painting of yours? Daughter—Can't you see? I'm rubbing a piece of raw meat over the rabbit in the foreground. Mrs. Alshodde will be here to-day, and when she sees her pet dog smell of that rabbit she'll buy it.—Judge.

Snappy.

Housekeeper (to beggar) — You, wife sick! Didn't you tell me last week she was dead?

Beggar—Yes, mum, but I've married again.—Boston Transcript.

ADD WATER TO BUTTER

Emulsion Invented by Which Two Pounds May Be Manufactured from One.

IS DIFFICULT OF DETECTION.

Takes an Expert to Locate the Adulteration—A Boom for Down-trodden Farmer.

Dr. S. J. Crumblin, secretary of the state board of health, and some of the pure food inspectors have unearthed a new scheme whereby the down-trodden farmer can double his money on butter, a Topeka (Kans.) correspondent of the Kansas City Times says. A Kansas City firm is selling a preparation that makes it possible to add 100 per cent of water to butter and still make such good butter that only experts can tell that it is watered stock. A pound of real butter, a pound of ordinary water and ten drops of this emulsion churned together make two pounds of butter. The emulsion appears something like glue. It is sticky and rather thick, but transparent. It is harmless and has no deleterious effect except to add to the weight of the butter.

Four ounces of the emulsion cost a quarter. A pound of butter in Topeka is worth 30 to 35 cents. A pound of water purchased from a distilling plant might cost 2 mills. The housewife who has all sorts of trouble making her allowances go a week could invest half a dollar in the crockery churn, put in a pound of butter, a pound of water and ten drops of this emulsion and produce 70 cents' worth of butter. Any woman with a churn and the emulsion can cut her butter bills in two. Any one who knows how to work a churn can do this.

The farmer who cannot raise enough cows and hogs and grain to buy a motor car would not have much trouble doubling his income from the butter. With ten pounds of well water that did not cost a cent he could produce twenty pounds of butter.

The firm that is making the emulsion is making the best play to the hotels. They show the hotel manager how the butter bills can be reduced fully one-half by the investment of a dollar. What is more, the firm is able to prove its contention. The wife of one of the inspectors took some of the emulsion purchased by her husband, a pound of butter and a pound of water and turned out two pounds of butter recently. Samples were sent to half a dozen persons who are supposed to know first class butter and every one of them pronounced the watered butter to be extra high class.

The emulsion makes it possible to whip water into the butter and also makes it impossible of detection except by an expert.

GIRL WHO NEVER GOT THERE.

It Took a Severe Jolt to Accomplish Her Reform.

Mrs. Kent was standing by the library table, pulling on her gloves and looking anxiously at Rose.

"Are you writing to accept Mrs. Lange's invitation for the piazza tea?" she asked, at last.

"I am," answered Rose, with a final flourish. Then she patted the stamp in place with energetic little thumps, and handed the letter to her sister.

"Just drop that as you go by the box, please."

"But," urged Mrs. Kent, "it's not only are you going to accept, but are you going to be on time? No, you needn't smile fascinatingly at me, Rose. You know you never are anything but 'the last, belated guest.' People are beginning to call you 'the girl who never got there,' and I'm at the end of my apologies. Do be early!" she urged. "I should so like to put the finishing touches to your pretty frock. I'm sure you can't manage it yourself."

"Dear old Philippa!" said Rose, giving her a hug. "Still mothering me, although you've a baby of your own now. And how is my beloved 'Peaches'? I think I'll have to start early so I can stop in and play with her for an hour or two."

"Peaches," answered her mother from the doorway, "is invited, too. So you'd better come early, you see. She's the main attraction," added Mrs. Kent, modestly, as she left the room.

After her sister had gone, Rose sank back in her chair and yawned.

"Why are people always hurrying me?" she demanded, plaintively. "Now I always say, 'We dine at 7, and please be late.' It simplifies things so."

But somehow, when the day came, an easy chain of circumstances, duties that slipped quickly by, unconsciously hurried Rose forward, and she found

herself dressed and ready with quarter of an hour to spare. "I'll be in time," she said, with a laugh. "I'll be the first person there, and I only trust my friends won't faint from the suddenness of the shock."

Once started, Rose, for all her shilly-shallying, was impetuous. Now, as she swung up the box-edged path, she thought, "I'll jump out and grab Peaches when she comes. Won't she be surprised to see her aunty?"

No hostess was waiting for her on the long veranda, but beyond, among the vines, there was the flutter of a child's frock, the glimpse of chubby bare arms and a fluffy golden head.

"It must be Peaches. Peaches in the dress 'I made her,' thought Rose. "But what is she carrying? Oh!" The girl ran forward just as the lighted Chinese lantern fell and flamed against the muslin ruffles. Her long coat was off in an instant and flung around the struggling, screaming child. Another moment, and the veranda seemed crowded with excited people, but just that one first little minute, and that only, had been enough to save Peaches.

Rose lay awake that night a long, long while. Somehow all would not come straight in her mind. She seemed to see Peaches there, burning, burning, and no one to help her.

"Suppose I hadn't come early," she thought, shuddering. "But I did."

Then a suspicion of her old whimsical smile curved her mouth.

"I do hope it won't seriously inconvenience them," she said, aloud, "but really, people will have to stop calling me 'the girl who never got there,' because after this I'm going to be 'the girl who is always on time.'"

—Youth's Companion.

SEEING DOUBLE.

A well-known oculist of New York City tells a story of one of his patients who proved rather more than a match for him. The patient was a quaint old fellow from one of the rural counties of the State, fifty years of age or more, who strolled leisurely into the doctor's office, and after taking an optical inventory of the place, including the doctor himself, remarked that he was afraid that his eyes were "gitting a leetle out o' kilter," and he guessed the doctor had better "take a peek at them."

He was seated and, as a preliminary, was invited to look through a prism at a photograph.

"Why, now," said he, after squinting a while, "this is curious. I see two photographs. What makes me see like that?"

The doctor, who is something of a humorist and inclined to be jocose with certain of his patients, replied that this phenomenon was certainly very interesting, and that while possibly it indicated some slight abnormality, it yet had its compensating advantages.

"With double vision you have a great advantage over me, for example," he continued, smiling, "for you will be able to see twice as many beautiful things in the world as I can. You will have twice as many friends. Your family will be doubled. You will have twice as much real estate and two pocketbooks instead of one, and when you hitch up your horse to drive out, you will have a span."

The old fellow did not say much in reply, but seemed to be pondering it; and meantime the doctor completed his examination, and having made the appropriate prescription, it came time to receive his fee, which in this case was ten dollars.

Very slowly the old man, still pondering, drew forth a roll of bills, and carefully selecting a five, looked hard at it for some moments, then proffering it, said quietly, "Here's your ten dollars, doctor."

Logical Gardening.

A lady who had never owned a garden at last had the opportunity to have one, in which she could do just as she wished. Accordingly, a careful study of the seed catalogues was in order. Her husband one day, says the Louisville Times, came home to find her poring over its "profusely illustrated" pages. She had a long list of seeds written on a sheet of paper.

"This is a list, my dear," she said, "that I want you to buy for me to-morrow at the seed man's."

Her husband looked at the list. Then he laughed.

"You want these flowers to bloom this summer, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, of course."

"Well, those you have put down here don't bloom till the second summer."

"Oh, that's all right," said his wife, easily. "I am making up my list from a last year's catalogue."

So often we hear it said: "He is a good talker. He will 'make good.' Is talk so necessary for success?"

A woman isn't necessarily homely because she is fond of her home.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The smokers of England consume 3,000,000,000 cigarettes every month.

The Swiss watchmaking industry has shrunk to half of its one-time size.

The oldest waiter in Germany, aged 77, recently retired from his work at Elbing.

In 1908 the American merchant marine carried only 1 1/2 per cent of the freight between the United States and Uruguay.

New Mexico produced 2,467,937 short tons of coal last year, a decrease of a trifle more than 6 per cent from the output of 1907.

France has followed the lead of the United States in the establishment of a laboratory for the investigation of mine accidents.

The cruiser battleship Invincible of the British navy maintained a speed of 33 1/4 miles an hour for eight hours in a recent test.

About 2,000,000,000 barrels of oil, or enough to fill the Panama canal twice, was produced in the United States during the last fifty years.

Brazilian scientists have succeeded in developing a new variety of coffee, with unusually large, fine berries, which ripen very early.

English was spoken by 22,000,000 people at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Now more than 100,000,000 people speak it.

Asbestos is being used now in the construction of warships to a considerable extent, to replace the inflammable wood and the heavy iron.

There are 240,000 different species of insects on the earth. Some are so small that 4,000 of them are only equal in size to a grain of sand.

The pineapple is proving the most important and valuable of all the fruits in Formosa. A single firm had an output of 350,000 tons last year.

If some holes are punched through a coal shovel from the back, dust and slack will drift through and the roughened places will prevent coal sliding off.

In Australia there are ants which build their nests along a north and south line so accurately that a traveler may direct his courses by their aid.

There are in Great Britain 510,000 holdings of over one acre, of which 67 per cent are under fifty acres, whereas only 3 1/2 per cent are over 300 acres.

The project of linking India and Ceylon by a thirty-eight-mile railroad bridge that will have coral reefs to support its piers is again being agitated.

In Massachusetts tree planting is systematically conducted along the public highways. Fifteen thousand trees have been planted in a few years.

A cigar lighter and incandescent lamp, mounted on the same handle and operated by the current from ignition batteries, is a convenience for automobilists.

Of late there has been an extraordinary development of service in fine, new modern fast ships between South America and ports in England, Germany and Italy.

Work has begun in Germany on a university professor's airship, of the general plan of Count Zeppelin's, but larger and having wooden instead of aluminum frames.

Twelve geologists, seven topographers and three engineers, divided among fourteen field parties, are exploring the mysteries of Alaska for the geological survey.

A wire screen, supported at the ends by curved metal springs, has been patented by an Illinois man as a pillow, which he claimed to be cool and comfortable and sanitary.

Motor boat service has been introduced on the Viga Canal from Mexico City to Lake Xochimilco, the trip being made in about three hours. S. Malo is the head of the concern.

There is a telephone line over the Alps, but the record elevation in this respect belongs to the United States, there being a line at Camp Bird, Col., which is 13,000 feet above the sea level.

According to the census of 1905 the population of the five principal cities in Saxony was as follows: Dresden, 516,296; Leipzig, 503,627; Chemnitz, 244,927; Plauen, 106,381, and Zwickau, 68,502.

A patent was recently issued for an arc lamp in which use is made of a mantle similar to that of a Welsbach gas mantle, which surrounds the arc and is heated to incandescence thereby.

No matter at what time of the year the Japanese child is born, whether in May, the middle of summer, or late in December, it is always said to be one year old on the January 1 following its birth.