

## EUGENE CITY GUARD.

J. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Where He Was Going.

A southern clergyman having a "roving commission" and whose great forte was in his ability to address the children at Sunday schools commenced his remarks in Brooklyn by stating that on his way northward he had on previous Sundays addressed children at Baltimore. Then he went to Philadelphia, thence to New York, and from Brooklyn he should go to Boston.

After giving his hearers most excellent advice as to how they were to conduct themselves in this world in order to obtain an entrance into heaven, he added:

"But if—but if—my dear little boys and my dear little girls, you neglect the opportunities you now have you will go to hell."

Then, wishing to ascertain how attentive his audience had been, he tested their memories with the following questions:

"Where did I say I first commenced addressing Sunday school children?" A dozen voices answered, "In Baltimore."

"Where did I go next?"

"To Philadelphia," was the response.

"And then?"

"To New York."

"And where did I say I was going from Brooklyn?"

"To hell!" was the unexpected and unsatisfactory answer and anything but complimentary to our modern Athens.—Boston Times.

Colors and Insanity.

The influence of the various colors on the minds of human beings (especially in cases of mental diseases) has long been a subject of curious inquiry. In Italy, Germany and Austria the insanity experts have had some peculiar experience in this line. In the hospital for the insane at Alessandria, in the first of the above named countries, two special rooms have been arranged, one fitted up with windows of red glass and red paint on the walls, the other in blue throughout.

A violent patient is first taken to the "blue room" and left to see what effect that color will have on his nerves. One maniac was cured in less than an hour; another, raving and furious, was at perfect peace after passing a day in the calming shades of his cerulean surroundings.

The "red room" is used for the commonest forms of dementia, especially melancholia and refusal to take food. The first patient was one who had fasted seven days. After only a three hours stay in the red room he became quite cheerful and asked for food. The importance of a few general facts like these is obvious to all thinkers and should not be lightly overlooked, even though such treatment is of the "fad" class and "smacks of the marvelous."—St. Louis Republic.

A Cool Physician.

Dr. Schweninger, the trusted physician of Prince Bismarck, is a doctor who is unaffected by the rank of his patient. His specialty is obesity, which he treats with such success that his patients flock to Berlin from all parts of Europe. The chancellor tried mineral springs and other remedies to reduce his flesh, and having found them useless sent for Dr. Schweninger, then a young man of 34. The doctor, indifferent to his patient's rank and prestige, coolly put him through an exhaustive professional examination.

Bismarck is fond of asking questions, but does not like to answer them. He became impatient, then irritable, and finally declared he would not answer another question. "Very well," calmly replied the cool physician, "but if you do not want to be questioned you had better send for a veterinarian." The audacity of the young doctor caused the chancellor to remain dumb for a moment; then he grimly said, "If you are as skillful as you are impertinent, young man, you must be a great physician."—London Million.

Lines of the Hand Change.

Walter Besant, in the "Voice of the Flying Day," says: "From the number of The Palmist and Chronological Review before me I learn two or three things of interest. The first is that the lines of the hand alter. I had always thought them unchangeable as the fate which they represent. No; it seems that they alter from time to time. In one hand 'the line when first seen four years ago was not broken at all. Since then it has broken three times, twice closed, and some time afterward formed an island.' Should not the consideration that lines alter lead us to hope that fate may change her mind and give us unexpected good things?"

They Gave In.

At an assizes in the south of England the jury could not agree and were locked up. After a long discussion a division was taken. Ten were found to be for conviction and two for acquittal. Another long debate followed, and eventually a big, burly farmer, who was leading the majority, went over to the diminutive individual, who, with a companion, formed the minority, and assuming his most aggressive attitude said, "Now, then, are you two going to give in?" "No!" defiantly replied the small man. "Very well," was the answer, "then we'll wait." And they did.—Essex (England) Standard.

His Best Smoke.

"'Troth," said Mr. McGuck, "O! I think this cigar that me boss give me is the very best I ever smoked. It's called a Kay Wist. Now, Pomey, that is the best cigar I ever smoked!"

"Sure," replied Pomey, "the best cigar I ever smoked was a pipe."—Life.

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE MODERN WOMAN IN HER RELATIONS WITH MAN.

Women Wage Earners.—Florence Nightingale.—The Novel Heroine Today.—Annie Rivers Chandler.—Woman's Advanced Position.—The Noonday Club.

The New York Press is decidedly of the opinion that a lot of nonsense has been promulgated in the public prints on the subject of the "up-to-date" woman. We have been told in manifold measures that the intellectual woman is taking the place of the loving woman; that women are devising a kingdom which excludes man from the system of civilization. Nothing is more untrue. Man is very much more humble than he used to be, but he is still in evidence. He has been forced to admit that he is not the unlimited lord of the universe, but he still recognizes the fact that woman cannot get along without him. This has resulted, however, in checking his propensity to boast and in chastening his spirit to a point where he admits that a worthy woman must be loved. The man who wants to be loved must first qualify himself to be loved. Once it was enough to be a man. Now he must be a deserving man. But are women less lovable because they discriminate?

The age is full of novelties, and perhaps the most significant is the emancipated woman. She was born a woman without her own consent, but that does not prevent her from taking a rational view of life. She has just as much energy, ambition and intelligence as her brother, and she proposes to be quite as independent. Unless she gives him a full equivalent as a wife and a mother she will owe her living to no man. She can think and feel and speak and act for herself. She does.

Superficial observers, commenting upon her manifestations, profess to believe her unlovable and unsexed because she is untrammelled by traditions of docility, humility and obedience. Such criticism complains that the "emancipated" woman cannot love as sincerely and devotedly as her grandmother because the grandmother loved blindly whether the object of her affection deserved or did not deserve to be loved. The modern woman pauses, weighs, meditates and reasons. But does all that imply heartlessness? Is not an intelligent and discriminating regard better, higher and more durable than a sudden, unreasoning and submissive fancy?

The modern woman is better worth loving than her grandmother. The man who wins her love has reason to be proud of himself. He is sensible of the fact that he must be a pretty good sort of a man, or she wouldn't love him. His character has been strengthened by his efforts to justify his esteem. Having won her love, he will be assiduous to keep it. The reciprocal obligation of good behavior will be established. Human nature is weak, but an affection based upon genuine knowledge and mutual respect is not lightly lost. The modern woman knows enough to forgive, and the modern man can appreciate all that is involved in the overlooking by such a woman of his delinquencies. No, the modern woman is not unlovable, and she is better worth loving than ever woman was before.

Women Wage Earners.

"Women have taken possession of some occupations and are being paid, as a rule, in accordance with the skill, talent or genius required properly to fill the positions. If men should perform the same work in the same occupations, they would probably be paid, if not the same rates of wages, very nearly the same rates that are paid to women. In many cases where compensation is by the piece the rates are the same whether men or women perform the work, the earnings being in accordance with the skill and application of the worker."

As women have occupied the positions of bookkeepers, telegraphers and many of what might be called semiprofessional callings, men have entered engineering, electrical, mechanical and other spheres of life that were not known when women first stepped into the industrial field. As they have progressed from entire want of employment to employment which pays a few dollars per week, men, too, have progressed in their employment and occupied new fields not known before. It is not quite true, therefore, to say that in such occupations women are not paid equal wages with men for the same work equally well done.

Notwithstanding these statements, the very low pay of women in very many directions excites sympathy and discussion, and I thoroughly join in the sympathy and the effort to bring woman's wages up to a higher level. The chief causes or logical reasons why women are employed at so low a rate are such as cannot be overcome by any present considerations, either social or economic or legislative, and they must be considered in relation to the cause or causes of her long subjection in the past. She is now stepping out of industrial subjection and comes into the industrial system of the present as an entirely new economic factor. If there were no other reason, this alone would be sufficient to keep her wages low and prevent their very rapid increase.—Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Labor Commissioner, on the "Industrial Emancipation of Woman."

Florence Nightingale.

Florence Nightingale, who is now 74 years of age, is in very poor health. She lives in a quiet spot in the west of London, but even her neighbors do not know her. To an American who recently visited her she expressed her thanks for the many kind letters that she is constantly receiving from America, and she mentioned especially the testimonial presented to her by the American government in return for her advice with regard to improving our hospital service at the time of the civil war. She has a similar testimonial from France and has tributes from individuals all over the world.

Her rooms are fairly filled with pictures, books, medals and bits of bric-a-brac that have been presented to her from time to time. "I am constantly being remembered by kind friends who are personally unknown to me, but whose kindness touches me more than I can say. I wish you would thank my American friends for their kind words that are constantly coming to me. If I have done good in my life, I am being

fully rewarded now. What gratifies me above all is that all my hopes have been fulfilled. But it still horrifies me when I think of how our men were treated when they were ill or wounded at the time of the Crimean war. Today, what with improved hospital service, with trained nurses, with such organizations as the Red Cross and others, our system is well nigh perfect."—New York Tribune.

The Novel Heroine Today.

There here is no greater indication of the advancement of the day than the woman one meets in the novels he reads. To be sure, one meets with many women in novels who are coarse beyond description and undoubtedly belong to a class to which he would not introduce his mother or sister, and from contact with whom he would decidedly prefer to keep his wife; but, then, one encounters these are not the true heroines. They are merely creatures who have been raised to a fictitious value for the moment by reason of some prevailing fad and have managed to foist themselves upon respectable society, just as it not uncommonly happens in real life.

But the woman we mean is strong and true and good. She is by no means the natty puffy creature of half a century ago. She does not sit and fold her hands, disdainful to lift so much as her handkerchief, nor does she faint at the sight of blood like "a broken lily on the stem," nor have to be helped over every stone that is more than two inches in diameter. And her appetite! If she had no other virtue, she eats three good square meals a day and enjoys them, and if necessary she devours a fourth without a tinge of shame rising to her cheek.

A few years ago our heroines were all slender and languid, pale and ethereal, delicate and helpless. A spider would throw them into a fit, a cut finger cause them to faint. And these are the women we were supposed to admire, with their "long yellow curls" and sweet, "amiable" faces. All this indicates most clearly a decided change in the opinions of men. Men may deny it, and women may flout the idea, but the fact remains that men form the characters of the women around them far more than the reverse.—Philadelphia Call.

Annie Rivers Chandler.

Mrs. Annie Rivers Chandler, who is staying in London, naturally gets more or less mention in the various English prints. One writer asserts that this dreamy-eyed southerner still holds the palm for "extreme, not to say sublime, unconventionality" in authorship over the most audacious of the English women novelists. "Not even," goes on this critic, "the bold 'Iola,' the original Sarah Grand, the robaust John Oliver Hobbes, the severe Lynn Linton, the keen Sara Jeannette Duncan or the daring Hepworth Dixon has yet given us a hero whose heart gives 'a hot leap along his breast to his throat, leaving a dry track behind it, as of sparks,' and whose eyes go 'so deep' into those of the heroine that 'the almost felt moisture of that divine gaze.'"

"Neither, too, has the pluckiest of our novelists created a heroine who can 'catch a fold of her inner lip between her teeth,' although others than Barbara Pometry may be said to possess an 'elastic' cheek."

"But let us hope that one detail at least in Mrs. Rivers Chandler's creation is peculiar to American widows—namely, a way of speculating in regard to their dead husbands as to whether 'if he was a skeleton now one could see his tailor's name in gilt through his spinal column.' But, in justice to the fair Annie, I must own that her expressions are often as beautiful as they are bizarre and as suggestive as they are original. We can forgive much to a writer who can give us such exquisite phrases as the 'gold barred silence' of a lonely world, the 'gray thoughts,' 'ragged, uneven breaths' and winter woods 'full of lean shadows.'"

Woman's Advanced Position.

The new position of woman in the industrial world, her entrance into fields of work and spheres of duty hitherto appropriated by man and her claim to the right of the ballot, a claim which grows stronger from year to year as her outlook broadens and her affiliations with varied social activities increase—this is one of the most significant and encouraging symptoms of the evolution of that industrial regime which shall substitute the methods of peace for the roll call of war. But must we wait for the full consummation of this regime before woman's claim to equality of political rights can be conceded? That is a very illogical and unphilosophic condition to impose.

Granted that the present is a period of transition from a militant to an industrial regime and granted that one of the indications of this change is the new position of woman in industrial life, it follows that this larger activity of woman, with its consequent claim to all the rights and privileges that go therewith, is itself one of the productive factors in the evolution of the industrial regime. And it may be said that the further evolution of this higher social state is conditional upon the granting to woman that civic equality which shall enable her to incorporate therein the distinctive quality of womanhood the very conception of the industrial regime implying an equal alliance of the masculine and the feminine nature, every phase and taint of servitude being expunged.—New York Home Journal.

The Noonday Club.

In Cleveland there is a club which is doing worlds of good among the self supporting young women of that city. It is appropriately called the Noonday club. It has two cool, shady rooms in one of Cleveland's business blocks. These rooms are the rendezvous daily between the hours of 11 and 2 of some 30 young women who come there to rest and refresh themselves from the strain of the morning and prepare for the fatigues of the afternoon. The club is composed both of young women who are self supporting and of others who have more leisure. Upon the latter the work of the club chiefly devolves.

One of the two rooms is fitted up with small tables covered with white cloths, and upon them are served simple but appetizing lunches in pretty dishes and at prices that are just high enough to cover the expense of the original cost and of serving. Tea, coffee and milk are served for 3 cents, meats, cake and pie for 5 cents and the other things at correspondingly low prices. The room adjoining is fitted up coily with divans,

upholstering, a writing desk, bookshelves and a piano. It is known as the library and is as much prized by the girls as the luncheon room. The privileges of the club cost 10 cents a month in addition to the voluntary expenses. Though only members are permitted the habitual use of the rooms, visitors are made cordially welcome, and are, more than that, especially invited.—New York Evening Sun.

The Vanderbilt Women.

Mrs. Maria Vanderbilt, widow of William H. Vanderbilt, is a quiet, retiring woman, who allows her son to attend to her financial affairs. Her daughters are more self assertive. These women are each worth at least \$15,000,000. Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Seward Webb and Mrs. McK. Twombly each received \$10,000,000 from their father and have grown steadily richer. Each is possessed of strength of character and marked individuality. They manage their own money and spend it in their own way. Mrs. Shepard has built several houses and has endowed beds in hospitals and scholarships in women's colleges. Since her husband's death she has taken in hand the fitting of her son for business life, and this will be done thoroughly. Mrs. Shepard's sisters are like her. All are liberal, but all use their great wealth with the skill and discrimination that have characterized the Vanderbilts men and women.

Women as Pallbearers.

The custom of having women pallbearers at funerals will probably soon be permanently established here. There have been several funerals of that kind in the past year. The pallbearers who bore the remains of Miss Haber to the grave were eight young girls, dressed from head to foot in white. Miss Haber lived at Preston and Broadway and died last Wednesday. The funeral took place Friday afternoon from the residence. The young ladies wore white caps, gloves, dresses and shoes, the emblems of purity. Naturally they attracted a good deal of attention, it being so unusual for females to act in the capacity of pallbearers, but many were heard to commend it as a beautiful departure from the old custom, particularly in the case of the death of young women.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Women as Telegraphers.

It may be noted that not so many young women are engaged as telegraph operators as in former years. While women have shown their ability in this field of work, it has been found that they do not stand the strain and are not equal to emergencies as well as men. Professor Ewald of Berlin claims that nervous diseases are increasing among female telegraph operators, and he declares his opinion that it is an employment in which women should not engage.—Chicago Tribune.

Titled Ladies in the Bath Club.

In different parts of London there are being established bath clubs, where girls have certain days set apart for them and hundreds of women are learning to swim. It has become very fashionable, and such titled ladies as the Duchess of Portland, Duchess of Sutherland, Marchioness of Londonderry and the Countess of Gosford form the ladies' committee of the new and swell bath club in Berkeley street.

Miss Margaret Stokes, the distinguished Irish lady antiquarian, is busily engaged upon an illustrated work on the sculptured crosses of ancient Ireland. Miss Stokes is a well known authority on early Irish art, and she is an honorary member of several learned societies.

A new chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has just been formed in Los Angeles, with the peculiar and Spanish—or is it Polish?—name, the Eschscholtz. The venerable Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont is the president.

Mrs. Florence Walker of Le Roy, N. Y., who has taken her degree of bachelor of literature this year at Chicago university, has been offered a fellowship in the university worth \$800 annually.

Signora Teresina Labriola, a daughter of Professor Homonymy of Rome, has received the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Rome.

Afternoon tea table covers are now made with a valance about 11 inches deep. It is gathered moderately full and put on with a cord.

A newly established ticket office on the New York Central's Harlem division has been put in charge of a young woman.

There is now in full running order in Chicago an "exchange" where women can deal in stocks, etc.

An Unprecedented Joke.

Among the sanitary regulations drawn up by the school board at The Hague is the following: "Thoroughly clean the shell of each ear and the outer ear canal as far as you can look down into it." This is likely to cause a good deal of useless twisting and turning of people's heads.—Gleesener Anzeiger.

On one occasion a well to do cobbler, who in the course of his long wedded life had buried three wives, above whose graves he had erected a handsome headstone, on resolving not to marry a fourth, instructed the sculptor to engrave under the name of the third the brief but appropriate inscription, "A Shoemaker's Last."

For many years after his death Victor Hugo's house in Paris was kept just as it was when he lived in it, and visitors could go through it, even visiting the bedroom where he died and the den in which he wrote some of his wonderful books.

A farmer, who thought he knew the answer to everything, was asked one day by his little daughter, "Father, when you have finished milking a cow, how do you turn it off?" He has not answered yet.

The Roman legionary troops wore a sort of knee breeches. The signs of tunic and breeches makers have been found in Pompeii.

A railroad to Jerusalem and an elevator to lift pilgrims to the top of Mount Calvary are peculiar signs of the times.

## CORN IN ABUNDANCE.

ENOUGH IN BUSHEL BASKETS TO CIRCLE THE EARTH 27 TIMES.

This Enormous Yield Will Act as a Rejuvenating Force Throughout the Land. Not Only the Farmers but All Classes to Be Benefited.



VERYBODY seems to be agreed that the corn crop of 1895 will be the biggest the United States has been blessed with for many years, far exceeding anything since the crop of 1891 and outstripping even that by about 300,000,000 bushels. According to the sharps who make estimates of crops, it would require 2,350,000,000 bushel baskets to hold the enormous crop expected this year, while that of 1891, though much more bountiful than any that had been harvested, for a long time previously, amounted to only 2,060,154,000 bushels. It may be that the reader fancies he understands what these figures mean, but the chances are against it. Suppose that all the corn to be harvested in 1895 were put into bushel baskets, and then suppose the baskets were ranged in a straight row. Each basket would take up about 18 inches, so that 3,520 baskets could be set along a line a mile in length. It would then require a straight stretch of 667,613 miles upon which to set all these bushel baskets in line. Possibly that looks like a big story, but you can prove it for yourself by dividing the total number of bushels by the number of bushels that can be set in a mile.

Assuming that you have gone through this little arithmetical calculation and found my figures to be correct, you might next consider with me where such a straight line could be found. If it were started at the earth and run off into space it would reach a good deal more than twice as far as from here to the moon, which is but 240,000 miles away, according to the astronomers. Of course the attempt to run the line into space would not be laid out on the little ball which we inhabit and on which all this corn has been raised, for its circumference is only 24,000 miles, perhaps a little less. To simplify the calculation we will assume the distance to be just that. If a lot of men were set to work ranging the baskets in a row at the equator, where the earth's circumference is greatest, they would find, after they had so ranged 84,480,000 of the baskets, that they had made a complete circuit of the globe. Then if they went on with the work, they could repeat this circuit 26 times, making 27 circles of bushels of corn in all, and still have enough surplus baskets to reach 19,613 miles on the twenty-eighth circuit. As each row of baskets would be 18 inches wide, the total width of the belt of bushels thus created would extend over 486 inches or 40½ feet, where there were only 27 rows. Along the 19,613 miles, where there would be 28 rows, the belt would be 42 feet wide. It will readily occur to the ingenious lover of figures that still other calculations might be made by which the magnitude of this enormous corn crop could be brought home to the mind of the reader. They need not be entered into here, though if any reader is desirous of exercising himself in this direction, the writer would suggest that a bushel of corn be shelled by hand, the time required noted and the number of centuries it would take a man to shell this crop unaided by machinery. Without having entered into the matter at all it seems quite likely to the writer that before the luckless individual who had undertaken this task had finished it, he would be of an age compared with that of Methuselah would be youthful in the extreme.

There are a number of other relations in which to consider this crop which require less tedious calculations. For instance, if the farmers receive on an average, 4¢ per bushel for the corn or the pork or beef into which it is transformed, cash amounting to 30 cents a bushel, the total amount of money to be turned over to them for this crop will yield the enormous sum of \$705,000,000—that is, about \$10 for each individual in the United States, reckoning the population

at 70,000,000. If there are five persons in each family, the sum received for the corn would amount to \$50 a family. Quite two-thirds as much money, or about 20 cents a bushel, will be spent for moving the crop from the farmer to the market. This will amount to \$470,000,000, of which perhaps 30 per cent, or \$141,000,000, will be net profit. This vast sum would be equal to a 5 per cent dividend on a capital of \$2,820,000,000. As a matter of fact, however, it cannot be treated as net profit by many of the roads, but will have to be used in many cases to offset losses sustained during the depression with which the country has been cursed during the last two or three years. Of course the corn crop earnings will largely help to lift some roads out of a condition closely approaching bankruptcy, and it will undoubtedly enable such thoroughfares of commerce as have successfully withstood the storm of hard times to add materially to their cash surplus and dividend paying ability. This means trips to Europe and seashore cottages for some moderate stockholders and steam yachts and marble palaces for some big ones. It also means salvation from utter



UNCLE SAM AND A PART OF HIS BIG CORN CROP.

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in for many whose holdings are not of much consequence in the financial world.

But the meaning of this crop to the wage earners of the country is far more interesting. It is assumed that 70 per cent, or \$329,000,000, of the \$470,000,000, 000 used in moving the corn will be swallowed up in the actual cost of transportation. Reduced to the last analysis, most of this enormous sum will be paid in wages to trainhands, locomotive engineers, trackmen, switchmen, section bosses, and so on. A large sum will also go for new cars, but most of the cost of cars even is finally paid out in wages, and the same is true of the other large sum which will be paid out for coal to make steam to run the engines.

In other words, the great corn crop of 1895 means more work and better wages to lumbermen, who cut the trees and saw them up into boards and timbers for cars; for men of all trades, including carpenters, painters, foundrymen, etc., who are employed in building cars, to miners of iron and miners of coal, to men who cut and get out ties to keep the railroad tracks in order and to many other sorts of workmen, not counting those who make clothes and shoes and hats and furnish food and other necessities and comforts of life to the handlers of the crop. In short, a great corn crop means increased prosperity for almost every one of the inhabitants of that part of the United States located far enough north to be either in the corn producing belt or the territory through which run the railroads over which the abundant stream of golden kernels is transported from the west to the east.

It would be difficult indeed to estimate the enormous benefit one such good crop confers upon the inhabitants of the United States. It means schooling for many a farmer's studious son and daughter, eager to improve a bright intelligence, but unable to do so unless there is money coming in, in comparison



A THOUSAND YEAR JOB.

tive abundance, for the crop which has been made during the summer. It means comfortable clothing for thousands and thousands who would otherwise go about shabbily clad. It means other comforts for other thousands and luxuries and the social amenities for many. In fact, it means an enormous forward step for the whole country and is therefore one of the things for which the entire nation should be devoutly thankful.

Already the beneficent influence of this great growth of corn has begun to be felt by all concerned. True, its marketing has not yet begun, for it is yet some weeks before it will be harvested, but it is easy for the farmer to get credit of all sorts when the dealers know that by and by he will have money in comparative plenty, and so, by the process of discounting good fortune in advance for which Americans are noted, the farmer has already begun to buy the things he needs.

In order to be prepared to haul the crop when it is ready for transportation the railroad managers have begun to order cars and to put their roadbeds in better order. Warehouses and elevators are being put in shape, and as the farmers will be by and by buying largely of manufactured goods with the money they receive for the corn, factories and mills of various sorts are piling up stocks of merchandise which will be moved west in return for the corn and the pork and beef to be moved east. Wheels are now turning in many manufacturing centers that would be idle were it not for this corn crop. Workmen are drawing wages who would otherwise be wondering whether times would ever improve again or not. Commercial travelers are starting out on their fall trips with brighter hopes for quick sales and good commissions than they have had for two or three years. Business men are getting ready to advertise as soon as the fall season of buying shall begin. In short, the lifeblood of prosperity, which has been quickened and oxygenized by the phenomenal yield of corn, is beginning to pulsate everywhere.

One feature which always attends the harvesting and transportation of a great crop is apt to escape the general observer, and that is, that, while the prosperity of the farmer in such cases depends upon the price of the corn, the prosperity of those who move and handle it is about the same whether the market is high or low. This is because, regardless of the price at which the corn is sold, the railroads charge a virtually uniform rate for transportation. Interesting just here may be the prices at which corn has been held for the past four years on Dec. 1, by which time the new crop is well in course of delivery: In 1891 cash corn in New York was worth 75 cents on that date; in 1892, 81 cents; in 1893, 45½ cents; in 1894, 58 cents.

I. D. MARSHALL.

One Real and One a Phantom.

The young man in the dress suit had attended a festive social gathering in the Auditorium building and was slowly wending his way homeward. "Offsher," he said, addressing a policeman at a street corner, "we-where c'n I get a cab?" "If you will go two blocks west and one block south," replied the officer, sizing him up as he spoke, "you will see two cabs. Climb into the first one. The other one won't be there."—Chicago Tribune.

Cabby's Sarcasm.

Upon one occasion two ladies paid a cabby a shilling for the distance they had ridden with one fourpenny bit, two threepenny pieces, one penny and two halfpence. When cabby looked at the coins, he smiled drolly and asked:

"Well, well, how long might you have been saving up for this little treat?"—London Judy.