

# Eugene City Guard.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON

Rural mail delivery is one of the keys to good roads.

A shoplifter was caught with a bolt of silk. Now she is where she can't lift the bolts.

"Away with the non-fire-proof hotels," exclaims the Boston Herald. Well, they seem to be going.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Kipling will not come across any of those parodies when he tries to catch up on his reading.

It is not our understanding that the new Superintendent of Census will be expected to count the different makes of bicycles.

Bob Burdette has taken unto himself a wife and a congregation. Bob evidently considers himself somewhat of a manager.

A current item says there were 178 ocean disasters in 1908. No doubt by the time this gets in the Spanish papers it will be increased to 180.

The man whose predictions miss fire cannot expect the public to place unlimited confidence in his judgment. The public has an acute memory.

The man who killed his children because he didn't want them to be like his wife's folks probably entertained the regulation opinion of his mother-in-law.

Saturn appears to be making a great deal of unnecessary fuss about that new moon. The earth gets one every month and nobody does much talking about it either.

While those strikers may be anxious enough about the pantaloons they make not bagging at the knees, they would not mind those they wear bagging a little more at the pockets.

The citizen who is bitten in his ventures in trust stocks will not get much sympathy. No trust has been organized for benevolent or sanitary purposes, and the fact is quite well known to everybody.

Extreme old age has its compensations. The celebration of a birthday, the latest in a series of remarkable length, was the occasion of the comment by the genial recipient of natal honors: "I am congratulated by all; envied by none." Is it not a distinct achievement to have outlived envy?

There is no American citizen who did not rejoice that in the closing hours of the LVth Congress the hero of Manila was raised to the full rank of admiral, a position previously honored by Farragut and Porter. This action was due both to the navy and to the gallant and judicious officer who, as a commander and a statesman, has done so much to win renown for the flag of his country.

Sheik Mahomet Suleiman, one of the foremost native magnates of Egypt, declares that 80 per cent. of his countrymen are not only content with British rule, but are earnestly desirous that it shall be maintained, and he adds that if it were withdrawn the country would within a short time relapse into barbarism. Protectorates have a justification when such testimony can be given.

Our exports of agricultural implements to Argentina in the past eight months as compared with the corresponding eight months of the preceding year jumped ahead nearly fivefold. This is at once gratifying and ominous. While we are glad to sell the plows and mowing machines, we must expect to meet a stiffer competition in the grain markets of the world from the Argentine farmers who use them.

The Philadelphia Record makes the very good point that a marked defect in official and unofficial reports concerning adulterations of food and drinks is a failure to give the names of the parties putting up or vending the adulterated goods. The names are what the people want more than any other fact, when they are told of the frauds being practiced at their expense. And there is no more reason for shielding the men engaged in passing off spurious articles of food than there is for shielding the maker and vender of counterfeit money.

The nondescript tongue known as "pidgin-English" is almost the only medium of communication between foreigners and the Chinese, and nine-tenths of the enormous business done in China between the English, Germans and Americans and the Chinese is done through this grotesque gibberish. Chester Holcombe, in his "Real Chinaman," gives two amusing anecdotes to show how absurd it is. A young foreigner who called upon two young ladies, also foreigners, was informed by their Chinese servant, "That two peccy girls no can see. Number one peccy top side makee washee, washee. Number two peccy go outside, makee walkee, walkee." He meant to say that the elder of the two was taking a bath upstairs, and the younger had gone out. When King Kalakaua, of the Hawaiian Islands, visited Shanghai, he occupied a suite of rooms up one flight of stairs at the Astor House. Two American gentlemen called to pay their respects one morning, and meeting the proprietor, inquired if the king was in. "I will see," replied the landlord, and shouting to a Chinese servant at the head of the stairs, asked, "Hoy! That peccy king top side, had got?" "Hab got," laconically answered the servant. "Gentlemen his majesty is in. Pray walk up," said the landlord.

We sometimes speak of this as a skeptical age, and laugh hugely over the stories of medieval charlatans who bamboozled the public, but it is doubtful whether the era of Jernegan, of Hooley and the Keely motor has any reason to boast of its sagacity. It is safe to say that if there were any money in squaring the circle the process would be the basis of a stock com-

pany to-day. It is rather curious indeed to see how the world has moved from its incredulous position of fifty years ago. Science is sometimes spoken of as an unsettling belief; it is just to say that it has shaken the foundations of unbelief. Twenty-five years ago the idea of a flying machine was invariably regarded as a demonstrated. To-day vast fortunes are being spent in the effort to make a practicable airship. Then the medieval notion of the transmission of metals would have been scoffed at by the most ignorant. Now Professor Emmons has merely to cite a few mysterious chemical "analogies" and put his claims in the Sunday papers to find thousands of fairly well-educated readers ready to believe that silver has been made into gold. A process for extracting gold from sea water was no less exciting, and, on the whole, the time seems ripe for carrying out Dr. Swift's project for extracting sunshine from cucumbers. In the popular mind there is a sort of awe of the astonishing achievements of recent science and a difficulty in drawing the line between the possible and the impossible. If we can see through opaque bodies, hear music across the continent, bottle up the voices of our dear friends, telegraph without wires and light rooms without visible connections why not make things go of themselves?

The surprising news comes from Quebec that the Plains of Abraham have been surveyed for building lots, and that already nine streets have been laid out across them. It is added, and no wonder, that every historical association in Canada has protested against the desecration. The land ought to have been purchased long ago by the Government, which has preserved the famous site so far through the payment of a small rental. It was a case in which there was no need to take any risks, and there would never have been any doubt about the desirability of maintaining the grounds as near as might be in their original condition. Nowhere on this continent is there a place of greater historical interest or one that explains and re-enforces so clearly what is told on the historic page. With a brief outline of the facts in his mind the writer can himself fill in the details. Going to the ramparts above he realizes at once the desperate nature of Wolfe's enterprise. The commanding position of the upper town seems to preclude the very idea of an attack from any point higher up on the river. No look makes it so convincingly evident why the French were content with a careless guard upon the Plains. Then a walk out of the city and across the very grounds to the spot where the indomitable redcoats appeared intensifies the first impression. Horatius at the bridge in the brave days of old had no heavier task than did those Englishmen. The steep banks towering over the river are formidable enough to the curious traveler who carries neither arms nor ammunition, and has no foe to fear. It looks as though no proper man might stop a host in that perilous path. That an army could reach the summit seems fairly incredible. But interest does not cease there at the brink. A superior force was to be met and conquered on the Plains, and every foot of way thrills the nerves and appeals to the imagination. The disposition of the troops can be readily figured out, and the whole course of the battle can be closely followed till the supreme moment, when Wolfe fell and the shout of victory was borne on his ears as the routed French fled pell-mell for the city. From any but the numerical standpoint the battle was one of the most important in history. It determined not only the fate of Canada, but that of the whole Northwest, and all the inheritors of British institutions in the region of the great lakes are its beneficiaries. So much the Plains of Abraham stand for, and they should remain to tell their story to the end of time.

## TRAVEL IN GUATEMALA.

Primitive Means of Transport Yet in Vogue in Central America. The primitive means of transport on the high table-lands and mountainous districts of Central America will exist till a railway running north and south, midway between the two oceans, will introduce modern and more convenient contrivances. When the Spanish conquerors took possession, they found no beast of burden as they had found the llama in Peru. It was the tall, muscular Indian of these mountainous regions who was the beast of burden then, and so he is to-day. A leather thong, with a pad over his forehead, keeps the load of from six to nine stones in its place. A callous growth on the forehead and the disappearance of the



MOUNTAIN TRAVEL IN GUATEMALA.

hair are the result. For passenger travel a kind of sentry-box, sometimes made of wickerwork, sometimes of rough boards, with a seat inside and a sort of thatch overhead, is used. Water and provisions are carried by another Indian in the "lacaste," a sort of creel.

Rapid-Fire Guns. A battery of modern German artillery, using the new quick-firing guns recently supplied them, can fire sixty shots a minute at a range of over five miles.

Our idea of true charity is to say when a man's hair gets white that it is due to sorrow and nervous strain, instead of to old age.

# THE PARTITION OF CHINA

THE fall of the Chinese empire and its actual partition among the western peoples have furnished one of the most dramatic spectacles to be found in the history of the nations. It came about through the Chinese-Japanese war. The pretensions of a vast empire were exposed within three months. The war demonstrated that China was made up not of one people, but of many peoples—peoples who spoke different languages, had differing customs, entertained differing beliefs, held differing ambitions. In a general way, it had been known that a man from Canton could with difficulty make himself understood in Hong Kong, but the world dreamed of nothing like the racial separation which existed within the far-reaching confines of the flowery kingdom. All of these interior and exterior peoples believed in a vague way that the emperor was the son of the sun, but they were not willing to fight for it. The generals were venal, cowardly or incompetent. The navy was a sham. The army was not above the ridiculous. The state was rotten through and through. Japan accomplished the expedition, but was held off. It wished to seize Korea and a large part of the Chinese mainland. It got only some money and the Formosan islands, which have been a white elephant. Russia, Germany and France interfered. England was appealed to, but failed to interfere. England fights only its own battles.



MAP SHOWING FOREIGN "SPHERES" IN CHINA.

and west of him. His revenues were stopped. Anarchy threatened. His family had been taught by more than fifty years of experience that it costs money to appeal to England. He knew little of Russia, beyond the fact that it had proved friendly in fending off Japan. He turned to Russia. That country acquiesced promptly. The price paid had been greater than Britain would have exacted. Russian agents swarmed into Manchuria. Russian troops followed them in thousands and are still there. Russian ships prowled along the coasts, the waving black lines of smoke signaling to him that his powerful friend was still aiding him.

Mr. Pavloff, Russian representative at Peking, elected himself the special guide, counselor and friend of the young emperor and was forced to take his advice. Russia demanded and obtained treaty rights, occupancy rights, railway concessions, mining privileges, changes in customs and anything else which the Czar's minister thought might prove of advantage. The Chinese government acted like a child. It pointed and whimpered. It appealed tearfully to England one day; the next it would not receive the English ambassador. It lied to Russia, to Germany, to England. Steadily the Russian pressure continued. Nothing could lighten it. It is still exerted. Nominally leasing only a part of the Liaoting peninsula Russia now controls all of Manchuria, which is being opened by the Siberian and Manchurian railways. It controls all of the province of Pe-Chee-Lee, which includes Peking. It controls Shansi and Shensi, over which a Belgian corporation (which hides a Russian corporation) is driving a railway. It controls Kansu, unexplored, but said to be rich in minerals, and the northern part of Tibet. This mysterious land, which is closed to England from the north and is being surveyed by Russian engineers. With these territories Russia dominates every caravan route through Koko-Nor and Turkestan. The price has been high.

Directly south of the Russian "sphere" lies the British "sphere." The space, occupying the center of the map, includes the great Yangtze valley. For more than a quarter of a century it has been regarded as the bonum malum of British trade. This is China—actual China—the China of the Chinese, not the China of the Manchurians or the Manchu dynasty. It contains 300,000,000 people, or three-fourths of the

entire population of the empire. It contains hundreds of huge cities. It is twenty times worth the other portions of the kingdom. It is, so far as cultivation is concerned, the garden of the world. The seat of the British government of this royal territory is now and has been for many years Shanghai. Until last year not one of the European governments had sought to question the British right to control this valley. Russia now denies it absolutely. Pavloff asserts that British dominance of the Yangtze is a myth; that no guaranteed rights of possession have been granted to England by China and that Russia has every right to build through the valley or to take any action she may please looking to the development of Russian trade. It is over the valley of the Yangtze that battles of the future may be fought.

## GOV. ROOSEVELT AS RANCHMAN

A Story of a Meeting of Some Importance with a Neighbor.

"When Governor Roosevelt was ranching 'way out West—although he wasn't Governor then, of course—his ranch joined on to some of the possessions of that dynamite French nobleman, the Marquis de Mores, who had the reputation of never being satisfied with anything but the blood of any one who had done him an injury, real or imaginary, or affronted him," said a cattleman who lived out in that country at the time. "One day Roosevelt received a letter from the Marquis by the hands of a mounted messenger. Its contents were fierce and threatening and demanded of Roosevelt an explanation of his conduct in regard to inciting discontent among certain employes of the Frenchman's with the in-

portions of the empire which have been grabbed by the contending Western powers, and it is common prediction in European circles that the world war of the future is to come from the clashing of these "spheres." The military of England declare that if their country fails to preserve her domination of the great river of the Yangtze she will be forced to fight to preserve her influence from utter ruin; if she does finally stake out her "possessions" she will be forced to fight over a matter of boundary lines. The parties to the quarrel have been arranged as follows: Russia and Germany on the one side, with France helping them, not only because of a community of interest, but because of the Franco-Russian alliance; Great Britain on the other, with Japan helping her, because of resentment of Russia's conduct after the close of her successful war. To these prospective combatants must be added Italy, presumably willing to assist England, and the United States, which favors the English policy of the "open door"—in other words, free ingress and egress for commerce to and from the empire.

end of which will be owned by Russia and the other by France. This road would be the future grand trunk line of China; it would be dominated by French and Russian officials; its trains would be run by France and Russia; its trains would be run to suit the convenience and purposes of those countries.

The German possessions in China are much smaller than the Russian or French possessions, but are more compact and more advantageously situated. No one doubts that Russia and France agreed that Germany should have this territory when the three powers were throttling Japan. The immediate excuse for German occupation was the murder of three missionaries. A force of marines was landed at Kiaochow, the Chinese ran away, promptly the German flag was hoisted and the deed was accomplished. The result has been that Germany now owns the entire Shan-tung peninsula; has reserved the right to build railways and do mining in that part of the empire; handles the customs as a matter of course; has obtained an ice-free port for its warships, and stands ready to take a hand when the final slicing begins. It demands also the right to construct a parallel line to the contemplated French and Russian line through the Yangtze valley, thus placing a railway owned by a third imperial power in the territory supposed to belong to England. If the French claims for an extension of "sphere" are allowed the French will cut the British line of communication between Central China and British China. This is made clear by a glance at the map.

The difference in the policies of the three great powers briefly stated is: Great Britain, confident in its commercial prowess and the value of the foothold it has obtained by half a century of occupation, wishes to throw open to the world the trade of the 400,000,000 subjects of the Emperor. Russia, Germany and France have wished to partition China commercially among themselves, reserving certain portions for their own trading and barring out competitors by means of customs regulations, local taxes, railway tariffs, etc. It may be stated here that Great Britain has maintained the open door in her "sphere" since the acquisition of China is three-fourths of the entire trade of the empire with the outside world. The accompanying map marks the



Plenty Like Him. Mrs. Crawford—What does your husband give up during Lent? Mrs. Crabshaw—I never knew him swear off anything, except his taxes.—Judge.

Guarantee Fulfilled. Miss Hojack (to the milkman)—Look here, Mr. Hawk, you warranted your milk pure, yet the lactometer shows water in it. Mr. Hawk—Well, ma'am, I guarantee that the lactometer shows that the water is pure if it says anything about it.—New York World.

Stipped a Cog. Captainissimo—Our fire in Manila didn't come up to expectations. Aguinaldo—No; but the fire of the Americans exceeded them.—Philadelphia North American.

A Bad Habit Abandoned. "Your cousin Wilfred's health seems to be much better than it was a year ago." "Yes, the doctor says the trouble with him was that he was too hearty an eater. But he's doing literary work for a living now."

Eemarks of Fame. "I've struck some encouragement at last." "What is it?" "This prominent man used to be a farm hand at \$10 a month." "What is encouraging about that?" "I used to be a farm hand at \$10 a month myself."



She—If I had known that you would have left me here alone so much of the time I wouldn't have married you. He—In that case you'd have been alone a good deal more than you are now!—Lustige Blaetter.

Thank Heaven! "I see it is becoming the fad to have your wedding cinematographed." "But a feller doesn't have to have his courtship cinematographed, thank heaven!"—Boston Journal.

Two Views. Perkins—We must hold on to the Philippines. I'm for expansion. What would be the use of Dewey's brilliant victory if we were to give up the islands now? Murphy—Didn't he have the fight? Givin' up the islands couldn't take that away from him, could it?

Amateur Work. "Does your husband play the violin, Mrs. Stebbins?" "No; he just fiddles a little."

In the Gallery. Jimmy—Say! wasn't that great where he holds the mob at bay? Tommy—Wot's great about it? Don't dem supes know if dey did anything to him dey'd git de grand bounce?—Puck.

A Common Experience. "Wiggs, do you believe that gold ever grows?" "Of course; when I have any it constantly grows less."

Voice of the Philistine. "That's a nice little picture."



Actor—When I stand on the stage I see nothing and am conscious of nothing but the role I am playing. The audience disappears entirely! Friend—Well, I can't blame the audience much for that!—Unsere Gesellschaft.

A Last Resource. King's Daughter—Merey! Do you allow that half-grown girl to read Zola and Ouida? The mother—I must do something to keep her away from the newspapers.—Life.

Assuages Her Grief. Barnes—You keep that parrot to remind you of your poor husband? Why, I never thought that Sheel was particularly green. The Widow Shedd—No; but you should hear some of Polly's conversation. 'Tis awful, but then it is so like Tom.—Boston Transcript.

Likely. Jones—Wonder what made Columbus first think that the world wasn't square? Johnson—Reckon somebody put up a job on him.—Exchange.

Extreme Candor. "Which style of music do you prefer?" asked Willie Washington, who had just been reminded of the music by a street piano; "the Italian or German?" "I prefer the Italian," answered Cayenne. "The orchestra doesn't come up so often."—Washington Post.



Tommy (keeping company with Jeannette)—Je whiz! When I grow up I'll never marry any goll wid children.—New York World.

Easy Plan. "That young man," said the editor, pointing to a sharp-featured youth across the street, "has made fame for himself and this, his native village." "As to how?" asked the stranger. "Simply by sending telegrams of congratulation or condolence, as the occasion called for, to prominent persons."—Indianapolis Journal.

Her Discovery. "Ah, yes," he sighed, "it seems to be a law of nature that everything must be continually changing." "Well," she replied with a tinge of bitterness in her tone, "I have found since our marriage that there's very little change about you."

Away Behind. "What's the matter? I hear that you are going to withdraw from our club." "Yes, I can't afford to run the risk of being ostracized by society for remaining a member of an organization that has never had a cake walk."—Chicago Daily News.

Tempora Mutantur. "Scylla and Charybdis," said the friend, "were the two dangerous rocks so often mentioned in ancient literature." "I know," replied the Congressman. "If we had them over here they'd be mentioned in every river and lake bill."—Puck.

Wanted Grandeur. "Men are so stupid." "Why do you say that?" "We paid \$300 for our parlor furniture, and my husband wanted us to keep the window shades pulled down at night."



Baby—O, mummy, don't take away the candle. Mother—But, darling, you know that God is always with you. Baby—Mummy, please take Dad away and leave the candle!—Judy.

Betrayed. "John," she asked, "did you get that pair of shoes for little Bessie to-day?" Poor child, she will have to go to school barefooted pretty soon unless you attend to the matter." "No, my dear," he replied, "I have been too busy to-day to think about shoes. I can't let such matters distract my mind from business. You ought to attend to that yourself."

After a brief silence she said: "John, do you know Mrs. Wilkins says her husband is one of the best bowlers in this town?" "Fool! He's nothing of the sort," the man declared. "I've been bowling with him nearly all afternoon, and he simply isn't in it with me!"

Remembered. In the "Memoir" of Lord Bramwell is a telling illustration of the fact that reputation clings to us, even after many years. The great jurist as a boy the lad became a pupil at Dr. Bebb's school, where the late Baron Charnwell, three years his senior, was head boy. Charnwell read for the law, and the two school friends scarcely met again until, years afterward, Mr. Charnwell held a brief in a certain case at Malton assizes.

Consultation with the solicitor showed a flaw in the pleadings drawn by him. It was of a sort which in those days would prove fatal to the case. The solicitor could only deplore that it would not be discovered. "Who is against us?" asked Charnwell. "Oh," was the reply, "a Mr. Bramwell. Nobody ever heard of him before."

"Then, gentlemen," said the advocate, "we're done. I was at school with that gentleman." He was right. Bramwell was too clever for them, and they were "done" indeed.