

# THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS REMOVING SNAGS

## Closing Exercises Held at the Christian Church Last Night.

ADDRESS BY PROF. I. M. GLEN.

The closing exercises of the Eugene public schools occurred last night at the First Christian church before a large and appreciative audience. The program as presented by the graduates was largely on patriotic lines regarding the subject of orations, the debate etc. All acquitted themselves with credit; a pleasing reflection on the ability of the teachers, and especially to Superintendent Ressler, who has done much since his connection with the school began to systematize the work, and place it on a higher grade.

The class address was delivered by Prof. I. M. Glen. He chose for his theme, "The Worth of a Man." It was a very scholarly effort, full of telling points, clothed in most elegant English, and carrying a deep undercurrent of philosophic truth. The speaker's repose of bearing, his splendid delivery, and skill in holding the attention of his audience, showed him to be a perfect master of the platform. The lecture abounded in sarcastic blows at incompetency in high position, with sallies at the expense of self-important ignoramus, minor chords of pathos, and strong flights of eloquence. The address was a real treat, and Eugene will always welcome every chance to hear Prof. Glen.

Diplomas certifying to the course of study completed by the graduates, were presented.

### GRADUATES.

Following is a list of the pupils completing the eighth grade work and entitled to advance in the new grade to be established next year:

#### FIRST SEMESTER—JANUARY CLASS.

- Boyd, Ray B.
- Church, Ermine E.
- Driver, Lena E.
- Gilbert, Daisy B.
- Hinkson, Nelson Clair.
- Howe, Lloyd.
- Knowles, Olive.
- Martin, James E.
- Morgan, Winnie E.
- Rice, Nellie.
- Stevenson, Donald M.
- Taylor, Oral.
- Turner, Anna B.
- Wilkins, Nina.
- Zeigler, Grace E.
- Bellman, Lloyd E.
- Campbell, Grace.
- Conger, Beanie.
- Day, Fred R.
- Farrow, Harry.
- Gilstrap, Lula F.
- Gross, Rosetta.
- Hart, Lillian M.
- Hulery, Mattie A.
- Lamb, Lionel L.
- Pickens, Lola.
- Simmons, Archie.
- Somers, Dorilla J.
- Warfield, Mary E.
- Whiteaker, John C.
- Wood, Libbie B.

#### SECOND SEMESTER—JUNE CLASS.

- Adkins, S. Claude.
- Belshaw, George H.
- Campbell, Kate.
- Davis, Talmage O.
- Edly, Berta.
- Ford, Sadie E.
- Gross, Paul A.
- Hamilton, Gertrude.
- Hill, Clara M.
- Kaykendall, Eberle.
- McCormack, Edwin A.
- Robinson, Ralph.
- Somers, Daisy S.
- Tibbets, Delia.
- Whiteaker, John C.
- Wold, Clara P.

### JUDGMENT REVERSED.

#### Judge Hamilton Hands Down a Decision in Spear Estate Case.

Daily Guard, June 3. Judge Hamilton handed down a decision this morning in the estate of James Spear, deceased, reversing the decision of Judge Potter, in the county court against John Stewart and L. W. Brown as sureties of Elizabeth Beaton for the sum of \$4241.40.

The court finds among other things: First—There was no indebtedness existing against the estate of James Spear, deceased after the completion of the first administration of his estate.

Second—The County Court of Lane county, State of Oregon, was without jurisdiction to make the second appointment of an administrator of the estate of James Spear, deceased, and the said attempted appointment of said administratrix, and said attempted resale of said real property under said petition thereof was without authority of law and void.

Third—That the said John Stewart and L. W. Brown are not chargeable with any amount as sureties on the undertaking of Elizabeth Beaton, as administratrix of the estate of James Spear, deceased, or any part thereof.

Attorney George B. Dorris appeared for the appellants.

#### "KING OF BRUTES."—Albany Democrat: "Eugene can boast of the worst brute outside of the Philippine islands. After allowing his wife to support him and after they had separated, he secretly dug up the remains of their child which had been buried and hid it elsewhere. The mother recently decorated an empty grave. Then the man, who had skipped out, this week wrote the former wife, boasting of the act and an investigation proved it true. The brute's name is King and it may be said that he is the king of brutes."

### WHEN LAMPS ARE LOW.

Let the rain beat,  
And the wind without blow down the street,  
And the echo come of the city's hum,  
And the distant hurdy of horses' feet,  
For I rest within with my love tonight,  
And the lamps are low, and the hearth is bright.

Ah, love is best  
That never is more than half confessed—  
Just half, I say, eternally  
Were all too short to tell the rest!  
So we rest within with our love tonight,  
And the lamps are low, and the hearth is bright.

—A. Boyd Scott in Madams.

### TAKING THE REINS.

Lyford Merritt was certainly a most exasperating man. In this, for a wonder, the whole village concurred, with the exception of his wife. She maintained silence on the subject which was the cause of it all.

"He's—he's the most downtrodden and meek sort of man you ever set eyes on, and it ain't right that it should be so," Mrs. Blake declared, as Lyford Merritt, then under discussion, shuffled along the dusty road. "It's dreadful to see a man so suppressed," she sighed. "It ain't nature one bit."

"Some men are born meek and would rather a woman'd go ahead and boss the house and him, too, and then you don't blame 'em, but Lyford ain't that kind. Fore his wife got hold of him he used to be as up and coming as any one."

A slight flush spread over her thin cheeks as she felt a critical glance upon her.

"That was the time he came a-courtin' you, I s'pose?" her guest remarked blandly. "I always heard you had some sort of words and then he took up with the new school teacher and married her right away 'fore your face and eyes."

"He ain't done nothing but be set on ever since," she declared at length, "so that he ain't himself at all. And that's what's so exasperating. No man with any natural stand up to him ought to give in the way he does. That's what's the trouble. He seems to think it's all right."

She poured the cake into a tin and shoved it into the oven and shut the door with a bang.

"We've all had spells of talking to him," she went on, "but there, it ain't no earthly good. He always sits so good natured and kind of nods his head as if agreeing, and when you come to stop he looks up with his blue eyes and says 'Well, well, you don't understand. It may seem kind of hard sometimes to outsiders, Mrs. Blake, but then, you see, she's got the nerves.'"

"Nerves," scornfully: "as if any of us couldn't get up that kind of nerves if we wanted to. But Lyford, he just stands it always, and it's terrible exasperating."

She gave another glance out of the window. Lyford Merritt was not in sight. Unconscious of his neighbor's scrutiny and comment, he slowly crossed the stubby field and made his way to the barn. There he deposited the packages from the store and then went to the woodpile. He seemed in a sort of brown study, and his movements were uncertain.

"It ain't right for a man not to be master in his own house," he ruminated as if the sentiment had just been impressed upon his mind. "It really ain't, and I am going to assert myself."

The thought caused a stick to drop from his arms. He hastily picked it up with a backward glance over his shoulder.

"I wouldn't do anything to hurt Caroline for anything in the world. Of course I wouldn't. She's a good wife—a very good wife to me, and I'm thankful I've got such a good wife, and I hope I make her a good husband."

He paused and slowly laid two more sticks on to his burden and walked toward the woodhouse.

"And I've been thinking that perhaps it ain't good for her to have me always giving in to her," he continued as he returned for a second load. "I read somewhere the other day that women was like horses—they like to have their own way long's they can, but when you make 'em mind they go all the better. Not that I should ever try and make Caroline mind"—he paused aghast—"but perhaps if I kinder took things for granted that she wouldn't mind my doing more things I could do 'em, and she'd like it. I'm a-going to try anyway."

It was undeniable that Lyford Merritt's heart beat somewhat faster than usual as it neared 3 o'clock on the following afternoon. The town committee had ordained to have an extra meeting it was usually held at the Perkins', but Mrs. Perkins was sick, and so Lyford had generously asked them to come there.

A few had already gathered and were sitting in the shade of the big elm. Others could be seen coming down the road.

"I suppose we might as well go in, seeing there are so many of us already," Lyford remarked.

It was an unwritten law that the meetings of the committee should always be held in some parlor or the church vestry. It was not compatible with the dignity of the committee to meet in barns or shops, as did other organizations.

The men sprang up and Lyford led the way to the front of the house, where they greeted the others. They stood a moment and chatted, with a few straggled up, then Lyford put his hand on the door.

It refused to open. He made several attempts, but it would not stir. He grow red in the face with exertion.

"It's unlocked all right," he declared, "because I saw to that this morning. You see, we don't use it very often, and that's the reason why. I'll go inside and see if I can start it."

He left the men and skirted the house, avoiding the kitchen windows and stealing in the back way, where he removed

his shoes and quietly passed through the upper rooms and down the front stairs when he put on his shoes again. He managed to open the door. It stuck, but he had forgotten that it opened in. In fact, he never remembered having opened it at all before.

The men fled into the stuffy parlor. Some one suggested that the windows be opened. Lyford stared for a moment. There were no screens in the windows. "Oh, yes," he replied, with a deal of energy. "Of course. I meant to have them open and forgot. Mrs. Merritt has been very busy or she would have attended to it for me."

His blue eyes twitched and he drew a deep breath as he pushed up the windows and flung back the blinds. He saw a dozen flies dart in, and he gave a quiet chuckle. His emancipation had begun.

The meeting opened with its usual solemnity, but soon it grew exciting, and there was a busy hum of voices. The men had removed their coats, and they swung like drapes from chair backs; the family Bible on the marble center table made an excellent desk for the presiding officer, and ballots and papers were liberally distributed over the floor. Some of the men were smoking.

Lyford was making a speech—it was a very excellent speech—on the freedom of the individual. His audience was interested. Suddenly there was a hush. He turned, and Mrs. Merritt stood in the doorway. Lyford gave a little gasp. The eyes of the men were upon him, and he straightened visibly.

"The meeting of the committee, you know, my dear," he explained, with the faintest tremor in his voice. "I trust we have not disturbed you?" His eyes were a bit beseeching.

Several of the men were on their feet. One was struggling into a coat. Mrs. Merritt did not reply. Her keen brown eyes swept the room, and a peculiar smile settled on her face.

"I was going to suggest"—Lyford made the great effort of his life—"I was going to suggest, seeing it was so very warm, that we prepare some sort of refreshment for the gentlemen, Caroline."

There was a note of inquiry in his voice. His wife turned, and with a hurried excuse he followed. A nervous laugh from one of the men broke the tension of the moment.

"We shall have to give him an office," some one suggested.

He was gone some time, and then his wife returned with him. He carried a big pitcher of iced tea, while she bore a platter of spice cake and jumbles, which she afterward supplemented with loaf cake and pickles.

It was a very social intermission that followed. Mrs. Merritt made herself very charming, and Lyford was in the highest spirits. Then she retired, and the meeting went on. Lyford was nominated for school committee. He accepted, of course. His wife had never allowed him to run before. It would make her nervous to think of the responsibility.

At 6 the meeting broke up. Lyford escorted them to the gate and watched them as they passed from sight. Then he slowly returned to the house, gave a long look at the disordered room, closed the door and shuffled off to the shed. There he sat for several moments and drew hard at his old pipe.

The supper bell rang. At the sound he hastily started for the door. His hand was on the latch, then he hesitated, his hand dropped, and he returned to the bench, sat down and ran his fingers through his hair.

The bell rang a second time. He laid his pipe down carefully, arose, gave his head a pull, settled his hat firmly on his head and steadfastly walked into the kitchen.

His wife was sitting by the table, pouring the tea.

He hesitated a moment. She looked very pretty as she sat there—prettier than usual, somehow. Perhaps she had on a better dress.

"Was your meeting successful?" she queried, her eyes on the amber liquid.

"Very," he replied as he crossed the room to where his coat hung on the wooden peg. "They nominated me for school committee."

She nodded her head reflectively. "You will make a good one," she said. "They ought to put good men in office."

He stared at her back. "I'm sorry the parlor"—he began.

"You needn't be," she broke in sharply. "I guess"—She set the teapot down, and, arising carefully, walked around the table and set it down at her husband's place. "I guess that a man has a right to do as he wants to in his own house."

She glanced at him proudly. One arm was in his coat sleeve.

"It's pretty warm," she remarked, seating herself again. "And, Lyford, perhaps you'd be more comfortable if you didn't put your coat on."

He sent a keen glance in her direction, and his blue eyes twinkled. Mechanically he replaced the coat and took his seat at the table opposite her.

"I think that I should," he replied. —Globe-Democrat.

# OF FINANCIAL NOTE DIVINITY SCHOOL

## Releases Exceed Mortgages in Lane County for Past Five Months.

## Baccalaureate Sermon Sunday, June 4, 11 a. m.

### FIRST TIME IN 10 YEARS.

Daily Guard, June 3. W. K. Scarborough, of the Eugene Abstract Company has prepared the following statement of mortgages and releases filed in Lane county during the past five months. It is very gratifying to note that the releases exceed the mortgages over \$15,000, which Mr. Scarborough informs a GUARD reporter is the first time this has occurred for 10 years. This is good news to Lane county citizens, and will have a good impression with the many home-seekers from the East now invading Oregon.

MORTGAGES.	
January—22	\$ 13,940
February—23	16,130
March—39	46,350
April—19	18,550
May—18	15,870
Total	\$104,840

RELEASES.	
January—31	\$ 24,055
February—14	7,905
March—21	18,490
April—33	36,567
May—33	33,550
Total	\$119,667
Total Mortgages	104,840
Release excess	\$ 14,827

### SATURDAY, JUNE 3

LONG RUNAWAY.—The store Davidson, the Spencer Butte dairyman, intended to come to town last night and had his team hitched to the wagon in front of his home about seven o'clock. The horse got frightened and started for town without a driver. They arrived in front of Holden's car house without any particular damage to the outfit except a broken spoke, when Al Holden climbed into the wagon from the rear and raked in the line with the whip, stopping the horse at the Minnesota House. They were pretty well fagged after the long run.

RIVER IMPROVEMENTS.—The U. S. snagboat crew completed driving the piling on the south bank of Skinner's rapids last evening. Today they were putting brush in to complete the dam, which will be rocked afterwards. They found the water 14 feet deep in this channel, which is however not very wide. This will be turned into the regular channel used by the boats.

Lieutenant Ogden, of Portland, is here looking over the work. It is expected that the boat will work four weeks yet between here and Harrisburg.

DIED.—Roseburg Plasterer: "Geo. W. Whitsett, a prominent farmer of near Cottage Grove, was in attendance at the funeral services of his brother, Marcus Whitsett, who died in this city on May 30, 1899, and was buried in the Deer Creek cemetery on the following day. Deceased was late of California and was aged about 64 years. He formerly resided in this county and was well and favorably known. He leaves several grown children and two brothers, G. W. and J. H. Whitsett, and many friends to mourn his loss."

SHIPMENT BY BOAT.—Bushnell & McMahon, of Junction City, have contracted with the steamboat City of Eugene to carry to Portland twenty-five tons of dried prunes from Harrisburg. The fruit will be handled by team from Junction to the latter city. Our neighbors at Junction should erect a small warehouse on the river and then boats could land at the same as long as they can navigate the river to Harrisburg.

GOPHERS GALORE.—Junction City Times: "Gophers are reported quite numerous in certain sections. On the Jacob Huff farm below town they threaten to take the place. One day this week they succeeded in killing thirty and it wasn't a very good day for gophers either. The best known remedy to exterminate gophers as well as rats and mice is an overflow of the Willamette."

"CITY OF EUGENE."—The steamboat Eugene arrived here from Portland this forenoon at 11:30 o'clock with about 60 tons of through freight. She cleared more money on the round trip than any former one. She has a full load of down freight already engaged. Among her officers are a new chief engineer, mate and several deck hands. She leaves on her down trip Monday at 7 o'clock.

WOODMEN MEETING.—Eugene Camp Woodmen of the World will unveil a monument erected to the memory of their late brother, C. B. Watson, Sunday, June 18, with the usual memorial exercises of the order. The program will appear in due time.

### CLOSE OF FOURTH YEAR.

Daily Guard, June 3. The Baccalaureate sermon which marks the close of the fourth year's work in the Eugene Divinity school will be preached by Dean Scarborough in the Christian church next evening at 11 a. m.

The year now closing has been the most prosperous of any in the history of the school. The first year the enrollment was 7; the second, 10; the third, 14; the present year 26. Thirteen students are from Washington, one from Idaho and twelve from Oregon.

The beautiful property west of the university is now free from debt and represents a value of at least \$7,000. The endowment is small as yet but it is expected that this will be materially increased during the summer.

A correspondence Bible course has been opened and is under the direction of Mr. Harry Benton.

D. C. Kellens, D. O., Drake University '98, the principal of the school of oratory, promises to make this department of the great value to the students.

If the Christian church, under whose auspices the school exists, continues to give the institution the hearty moral and financial support it has received during the first four years of its existence, we see no reason why the school should not continue to grow and increase its power for good as the years go by.

## GIVES HER ALL

### Mrs. Stanford Has Transferred Her Entire Wealth to the University.

### GIFT EXCEEDS TEN MILLIONS.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 1.—Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, widow of the late Senator Stanford, has formally transferred all of her vast wealth to the university which bears the name of her dead son. Deeds representing property valued at over \$10,000,000 have been given in trust to the trustees of the Leland Stanford, Jr., university, and this added to its previous endowment of over \$15,000,000, makes it one of the richest institutions of learning in the world.

The property includes a stock of the Southern Pacific Company, of the Southern Improvement Company, the Market Street Railway Company; stocks in Eastern railroads, in coal mines, in everything that might or might not pay a dividend; real estate in California and elsewhere, and even her jewels. It was believed her jewels amounted in value to nearly \$4,000,000 but this is denied. They will amount to a good sum, but not to that figure. There were \$800 in war revenue tax stamps attached to the deed in trust. In turning over her property, Mrs. Stanford read an address to the trustees, suggesting plans for the future and advising as to the present. She asked that there should be established courses in mechanical training. Hereafter the only control she will exercise over her former vast estate will be that of a trustee of the university.

### INDIAN WAR VETERANS.

#### Hold a Meeting at the Court House Today.

Daily Guard, June 3. Pursuant to a called meeting, a number of Indian war veterans met at the courthouse today to discuss matters of interest to themselves in the national legislature and to elect delegates to the state encampment soon to be held in Portland.

Captain P. C. Noland was named as chairman of the meeting and J. F. Amis secretary.

An informal discussion of the old veterans various interests occupied most of the afternoon and at the time of going to press the delegates had not been selected. An effort will be made to revive the local organization at this place.

The Oregon delegation in congress owes it to the early pioneers who fought for the civilizing of the state to exert every effort to reward them in the proper manner, and in the manner with which the government has treated soldiers of other wars.

Daily Guard, June 3. CORRECTION.—In the list of teachers selected in the public schools of Eugene published yesterday the name "Miss Fannie Williams" should have read Miss Fannie Millican.