

Eugene City Guard

A TUESDAY, JUNE 2

COMPARISONS OF EX-COUNTY
CLERK JENNINGS, AND
COUNTY CLERK LEE'S
OFFICIAL AC-
TIONS.

If County Clerk Lee had not thought to gain a partisan advantage he would have acted conscientiously and honorably in the arrangement of the names of candidates on the ballot to be voted June 4, and according to law. Ex-County Clerk Jennings gave an example that Lee should have followed. On the official ballot of June 6, 1898, as arranged by the then county clerk, A. C. Jennings, we find these examples of the arrangement of names of candidates commencing with the same letter. (The brackets are our):

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
H C (a) vis.....Prohibition
F I (a) vis.....Republican
FOR STATE SENATOR,
Calvin H (a) vis.....Prohibition
C H (a) vis.....Union
FOR SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT,
Wm M (a) vis.....Union
A S (a) vis.....Prohibition
Note.—This arrangement goes to the third letter of the name.

FOR COUNTY CLERK,
Here we find the name of County Clerk Lee and his opponents arranged according to the law that he disregarded, though under oath to obey:

FOR COUNTY CLERK,
J W L (a) vis.....Prohibition
E U L (a) vis.....Republican
G E (a) vis.....Union
That was how ex-County Clerk Jennings performed his duty. For the manner in which County Clerk Lee has performed the similar duty the reader is referred to another page of this issue.

The statements contained therein are official, and have been carefully verified. County Clerk Lee will make no denial. He cannot disprove the record.

PLACES COUNTY CLERK LEE
IN FAULT.

The letter of Hon. E. W. Bingham, of Portland, regarding the construction that should be placed upon the duties of the county clerk regarding registration of voters is a very strong indictment of County Clerk Lee. It is unanswerable, and places the Lane county clerk in the discreditable position of having taken advantage of the merest technicality of law to evade performing his duty in registering voters whom he undoubtedly thought were opposed to him politically. No other reason can be assigned for his autocratic disregard of the rights of thirty of his fellow citizens.

Mr. Bingham's opinion should be conclusive to any reasonable man. He is the author of the registration law, and to his efforts, more than any other man, or set of men, may be attributed the enactment of the law by the legislature. It was discussed for months previous to the meeting of the legislature, and the experience of other states and countries was drawn upon in the effort to secure the passage of a law that would fully protect the ballot from illegal manipulation, while giving the greatest liberty and secrecy to the elector. We give the closing paragraph of his letter:

"Section 13, directs the clerk to close his registers at 5 o'clock p. m., of May 15th. He should not register electors applying to him after that hour. But I would allow the preceding sections 5, 9 and 10 to control this provision to the extent above stated. That is, so that the clerk should receive and file and enter all such affidavits, provided they were mailed by the justice or notary forthwith—(say not later than the evening of May 15th) to him, or if they were forwarded in like manner by messenger."

Attorney Kinsey took registrations until 5 o'clock p. m. May 15th. He presented them to County Clerk Lee May 16th with the request that the names be entered upon the registers. County Clerk Lee not

only refused to register the names, but went out of his way to insult the messenger.

What answer will the people of Lane county give their autocratic servant Monday June 4th? Is not this instance of his disregard of the rights of his fellow citizens a sufficient reason why he should not be re-elected?

A CHEERFUL LIAR.

We love a cheerful liar, one who stumbles along and indulges in his Annanias propensities so openly that no one may be deceived. A case in point is that of a letter in the Oregonian of May 24, dated at Eugene, and signed "Ex-Bryanite." The writer not only proves himself a cheerful liar, but a very stupid one. We need give but two extracts to convince our readers that we have made no mistake as to the character of the Eugene accredited letter writer. He writes:

"As a free-silver democrat I voted for Bryan in 1896, but I intend to vote for McKinley this year, so help me God."

And then:

"But the great issue this year is whether the country wants to approve the anarchist Chicago platform and discredit our national honor among all nations by favoring a de-based, 50-cent dollar, or retain the sound gold standard of financial honor and protect the workingman, as well as the capitalist in all his rights."

Note that this "Free-Silver Democrat" voted for Bryan in 1896, but now, not four years later, writes of the platform he then supported as an "anarchist" document. What assurance has he now that his judgment as to the "sound gold standard" is correct? A weak brain, like other physical defects, grows weaker with advancing years.

This "Ex-Bryanite," however, displays good judgment in one particular, even though his logic got tangled. He uses the nom de plume, the sure refuge of the coward. It is not improbable that the signing of his name would have given the lie to his clumsily concocted story. At least the letter reads as if such might be the case.

WHICH WILL YOU SELECT?

If you want a county commissioner who is personally interested in the taxpaying part of Lane county financial affairs to the extent of 36 cents tax vote for J. L. Taylor, Republican nominee.

If you believe the commissioner who will assist in handling \$250,000 of county funds during his four-year term of office should be a taxpayer vote for J. R. Hill, Citizens' nominee. He pays \$113 tax.

The resume of the official acts of ex-Secretary of State Kincaid, as published in the GUARD, shows his every act was in the interest of the taxpayers, and to prevent graft and raids on the state treasury. Lane county needs a man of his calibre and firmness for county judge. The taxpayers need him at the head of the county court to enforce economy in county expenditures.

Dr. Bernard Daly, Union candidate for congressman of this district, has abandoned an active canvass and gone home to Lakeview to assist his unfortunate townsmen in their efforts to rebuild the town.

BUBONIC PLAGUE.

SPECIAL TO THE GUARD.
MANILA, May 26.—The government corral has been quarantined on account of four teamsters who are suspected of having the bubonic plague.

The rebel governor of Nueva Ecija has been captured at the city of Nueva Ecija.

ROBERTS CROSSED VAAL.

SPECIAL TO THE GUARD.
LONDON, May 25.—The war department has received a report stating that Lord Roberts' advance (probably Hutton's column) has crossed the Vaal, doing this on the queen's birthday. None of the enemy is on the south side of the river.

Roberts is expected to cross soon, and create a division near Vrenning, ending.

PARTS OF THE BODY.

MODELS THAT ARE USED IN THE
STUDY OF ANATOMY.

They Are Taken From Subjects in the Morgues and Hospitals of Paris and Are Colored Exactly to Represent Nature.

In the window of an oculist up town is a display which is grossly fascinating. It is composed of paper mache representations of parts and organs of the human body, colored similar to nature. Some are life size, such as a pair of lungs and a stomach, but others, an eye and an ear for instance, are large enough to have belonged to the giant who was knocked out by Jack. A weird model of a head demonstrates unpleasantly how you would look if your skin were peeled off your face. Every vein and nerve and muscle is carefully outlined and colored. A figure displays the interior of a torso, colored to represent nature, shows us that all sorts of tints go to make up inside. One is apt to think of oneself as being of one harmonious red interior, but this is all wrong, it appears.

Studying these figures sets one wondering where they come from and who models them. It would be an occupation congenial to few, one would suppose. A gentleman who came to the door for a moment courteously answered a lot of questions asked by an inquisitive person.

"These models," said he, "are all made in Germany and France. There are none made in this country. Yes, the manufacturer's assistants make their originals in clay, working directly from subjects obtained in hospitals and morgues. A man of Paris is the largest manufacturer of this line of goods. They make models of sections of animals also. For instance, we now have an order for a deer. Come inside and let me show you more of the things." A glass case in the rear of the store was filled with all sorts of parts of all sorts of animals, human and otherwise.

"Isn't this a beautiful heart?" said he enthusiastically, exhibiting a life size organ of paper mache, divided up into little blinged parts and colored red and tan and pink and blue.

"It sells for \$5. A little thought, similarly colored and divided, would cost you \$8 if your fancy ran to that kind of bric-a-brac. A beautiful little bit of mechanism composed of paper mache, bone and wire, illustrating the nerves connecting the tongue with the ear, and various intricate arcular arrangements you can buy for \$55."

There was a shelf full of brains and another full of animals' legs and stomachs and livers and things. Altogether it was a pretty bloody looking kind of show on account of the quantities of red paint used to illustrate large sections of muscles. Then standing up in one corner was a life size figure of a man composed of innumerable separate pieces, so that any part could be taken off and individually studied. One side demonstrated the muscle formation and arteries. This figure can be bought for \$500 by any one who wishes such an ornament.

Then there were genuine skulls and skeletons. The French excel us also in the preparation of human bones for the market. An articulated skull of American workmanship would cost \$5. A skull of French articulation was priced at \$25, and the work was admirable. All the most delicate little bones were carefully preserved and arranged, and it was subdivided into many small parts, held together with thin brass binders. The top of the skull was sawed cleanly off, so as to form a sort of cap, but the other openings seemed irregular and dovetailed. This was explained thus:

"Do you know how they separate a skull into its various parts? Well, they pack it full of sawdust, which they then wet. The sawdust expands and bursts the skull apart along its natural joinings and sutures. These are then hinged and wired, as you see. It all requires most delicate manipulation by an expert. Tramond of Paris is the leading artist in skulls and bones. The business of modelling these paper mache organs and of articulating bones is not an overcrowded one, as there is not a large demand for such things. Schools and colleges are the chief buyers of the articles. There are precious few students, as you may imagine, who can afford to invest so much money in models for private study."

Any hearts and lungs and livers that come to this country other than by way of the large office, it may be added, must pay 40 per cent duty to Uncle Sam.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Remedy For Scurvy.

Here is a really old fashioned remedy. It is a grandmother's remedy, and the grandmother who believes in it is alive and recommends it personally. It is for scurvy.

Take equal parts of flour and red pepper and mix with vinegar. Make a paste of it and move from place to place with the pain. "And if that does not help you then I am mistaken," concludes the grandmother.—New York Times.

Badly Expressed.

Pusher-Gusher is not very happy in his choice of adjectives. Usher—Why so? Pusher—Miss Gummus fished for a compliment by asking him what he thought of her slippers. Usher—And what did he say? Pusher—He said they were immense. Collier's Weekly.

Geese are the emblems of conjugal bliss in China, and a pair of geese are considered a handsome present from a gentleman to the lady of his choice.

MEET HIM WITH A SMILE.

A Tale That Elicits a Protest From Married Women.

"I do wish some one would write a few rules for men," said a young married woman recently. "I'm awfully tired of reading in magazines and newspapers that I must meet my husband when he comes home from his office 'pleasantly and cheerfully,' that the house must be 'cozy and cheerful,' that he must be 'daintily dressed and served' and that he must be 'worried with a recital of the troubles of the day, no matter if delirious supervenes for me."

"These precepts are all right theoretically and under ordinary circumstances are practical. Every woman follows them instinctively who wishes to retain her husband's admiration, but why aren't there a few laws of this sort laid down for men to follow?"

"Why isn't there some one to tell them to look cheerful when they come in and to forbear to grumble if dinner is a trifle late for any good reason, to be a little sympathetic and affectionate and remember that theirs are not the only troubles in the house?"

"According to the ordinary writer, a woman's whole married life should be spent practicing expedients to keep her husband's love from growing cold, while he apparently may pursue any course he pleases, civil or uncivil, fanciful or gentlemanly, and be sure of retaining hers."

"This may not be the masculine idea of the case at all; the sterner sex may not really expect to get the whole globe and give nothing in return. It is not the writer's fault if they don't. I sedulously keep all such articles away from John, for he's a very good husband, and I'm afraid such literature would put ideas into his head and spoil him."

"Now, poor unenlightened soul, he has an idea that my side of the partnership has its own worries, and he tries to help me straighten them out, but who knows how he would change if he ever discovered that he is really made of china and has to be handled with care to keep from being broke?"—Baltimore News.

LIKE THE LITTLE ONES.

Men, as a Rule, Are Fond of the Society of Children.

"There's a very general idea abroad in the land that men don't care to be in a house where there are children," said one of the sterner sex yesterday. "But that is, I believe, a great mistake. Just as it is an error to imagine that men generally don't like the little ones. No doubt there are a few crusty old bachelors in the world who would be horribly annoyed by pattering feet and shrill little voices in the halls and on the stairs, but I must confess I like to hear these noises, and I find by questioning a number of my friends—all young, unmarried men—that they do also. The children give a sort of homely atmosphere that's very pleasant to even the most comfortable places."

"Taking one thing with another, I believe men are fonder of children than women are anywhere. What I mean is that more men than women are fond of them. I know plenty of the gentler sex who wouldn't think of going to a boarding house where youngsters were admitted, and I know just as many men who seek out those places and obtain a certain amount of comfort and satisfaction in their lonely lives in making friends with the youngsters and spending valuable time repairing sundry broken toys or telling wonderful stories in which giants figure to an unusual extent."

"A child's affection is a very delightful thing, and most men feel flattered to be the object of even a mild liking on the part of the small tyrants. There are half a dozen little ones in the house where I board, and I am the familiar friend of every one of them. It's a very delightful and absorbing acquaintance, and I'm fast developing into a story teller of such marked ability that I'll make a fortune in this way, no doubt, after awhile."—Detroit Free Press.

A Bismarck Story.
In M. Georges Michel's life of the late M. Leon Say some of the economist's letters are reproduced, and among them is one addressed to his wife describing the reception by Bismarck at Versailles of the war line of \$8,000,000 that Paris had to pay. M. Leon Say was one of the commissioners sent with the money in bank notes to hand it over to German commissioners in Bismarck's presence. The \$8,000,000 was counted on a billiard table. When this was done, a receipt was shown to M. Say and then placed in an envelope which was to be sealed. The seal failing to bite into the wax, Bismarck impatiently said to the seal retainer, "You do not know your business."

He snatched the seal from him, rubbed it for a short time on the hair of his head and then said, "Try now."

The result was a clear impression.

They All Like School.

"I'm not going to school today?" she cried jubilantly. "Oh, I'm sorry for you girls who'll have to sit at your desks and study."

"Why aren't you going?" they asked. "Because," she replied, "I have to go to the dentist's."

Thus we learn the place that education takes in the list of childhood's evils.—Chicago Post.

A Practical Motive.

Aunt Gertrude—And what will you do when you are a man, Tommy?

Tommy—I'm going to grow a beard.

Aunt Gertrude—Why?

Tommy—Because then I won't have nearly so much face to wash.—Collier's Weekly.

WELL DRESSED MEN.

ORDER OF THE CITIES IN WHICH
THEY MOST ABOUND.

An Expert Says Denver Heads the List, With San Francisco Second, Chicago Third, Washington Fourth, and New York Trails Along Fifth.

"I'd probably be discharged, mobbed and have all sorts of things happen to me if I said this over in the big town, but I can name you at least four American cities the men of which are better dressed year in and year out than the men of New York," said a man who travels for a New York merchant tailor's supply house and whose territory is the whole continent. "I'll name them in the order of their standing as communities inhabited by the best dressed men: Denver, San Francisco, Chicago and Washington. How do I figure it? Just according to the rule of sight, that's all. I don't profess to know much about Egyptology, but I do know a well dressed man when I see him."

"Mind, I don't say that all of the men of those four cities are better dressed than all of the men of New York, but I do maintain and say any impartial man who knows the four towns mentioned as they are now will uphold me in maintaining that in ratio to their respective populations the men of Denver, San Francisco, Chicago and Washington are very much better dressed than are the men of New York. Of course this has been the case only in very recent years. New York was until, say, five years ago away ahead of all its rivals as the city of the best dressed men. At that time if you wanted to see hundreds of perfectly dressed and perfectly groomed men engaged in doing business as you had to do was to take an elevated train up town in the neighborhood of 10 o'clock in the morning and watch the men, young middle aged and old, who boarded the train for the downtown financial district."

"Of course you'll still see slews of thoroughly got up men down in the financial district of New York, but not so many by 75 per cent as formerly. On show occasions, such as East Sunday afternoon, New York will still turn out a finely clad batch of men, but I'm not talking about show occasions now. I'm talking about men who are well clad year in and year out. It is in this respect that New York has fallen into the 'also ran' list."

"When you meet up town in New York a genuinely swagman man—not a flashy dressed man, but one who is thoroughly and properly rigged out from his hat to his shoes—you are liable to turn around to get a rear view of him, and then the fact is liable to be slowly borne up on you that he is some member of a theatrical profession whom you have seen upon the stage. There are still plenty of flashy dressed men circulating around New York, but a flashy dressed man never will be a well dressed man."

"The reason why the men of Denver are such a well dressed lot is entirely clear to me. It can't be easily explained because there are so many well off men in that town, because there are myriads of well off men in New York. Maybe it is because, in proportion to the population, there are probably more men with large incomes in Denver than in any city on the continent, not excepting Helena, that used to bear that distinction. You scarcely ever see a badly dressed or an overdressed man in Denver. Shabby men there are in plenty, of course, but I don't call a shabby man a badly dressed man. A badly dressed man is one who, while having plenty of means to equip himself with a good make up, hasn't the taste to do it and therefore makes his appearance as a slouch—that's the word for it—slouch. A shabby man is simply a man who is on his uppers and makes no pretensions."

"The clerks and other men of very moderate incomes in Denver, men who can't afford to 'keep in the push' as far as correct dressing goes, don't make any effort whatever to top themselves out in cheap, dismal imitation of the men with plenty of money; but, like the young woman in the song, 'they dress in black.' The 'business' men who run plants of their own, however, seem to pay just as much attention to the job of getting themselves ready for business on weekday mornings as they do to the task of arraying themselves for social functions or evening appearances."

"Easterners who have gone out to the coast have often commented upon the swiftness of the average well fixed San Francisco man in the matter of clothes. The San Francisco man with an income certainly gets himself up 'proper,' as we say, and he's got the right kind of a make up for every occasion. Take the race tracks around San Francisco, for example. Every man who goes to the races out there goes in a regular racing rig, from padded coat to fieldglass and from the top of his flat crowned derby to the soles of his 'downs' boots, and so do the Frisco women, for the matter of that. Another thing, I'll venture to assert that nine out of ten men in San Francisco whose incomes are \$2,000 a year or over rig out in evening clothes every night in the year, summer included. A great many more men of moderate incomes in Washington don evening clothes than men of similar incomes in New York. The men of Washington dress with singular neatness, many with notable elegance. The excellence of the Washington average, I suppose, is to be accounted for by the absence of a large laboring class here."—Washington Post.

A Sure System.

"I got back at the bookmakers all right today!"

"Win?"

"No; didn't bet."—Philadelphia North American.

SCIENCE OF DREAMS.

Results of a Series of Experiments by a German Professor.

Sleep is not "the brother of death," as the poets have said from Homer to Shelley; but, on the contrary, "sleep is the brother of life." So Professor Baschide asserts, who, in an article in the Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau, gives an account of his "experiments upon 36 dreamers." His subjects were of various ages, from 1 year to 80 years.

In some cases his observations were continued during the whole night and in others for a part of the night. He watched and recorded every change of physiognomy, every movement of the limbs and every speech or sound uttered by the unconscious dreamers. The depth of the sleep was also carefully measured, while from time to time the dreamers were awakened, but without their own perception that the awakening was intentional.

The professor obtained, as he writes at length, the following results: (1) We dream throughout the whole of our sleep, even in that deepest sleep which we imagine to be "dreamless." (2) There is an intimate connection between the depth of our sleep and the character of our dreams. The deeper the sleep the further back travels the retrospect into the past experiences of life and also the more remote are the contents of the dream from reality. In light sleep, on the contrary, the subject of the dream relates to the experiences and excitements of the day and has a character of probability. (3) In a comatose sleep the professor thinks there may perhaps be no dreaming. (4) Persons who assert that they do not dream "are the victims of physical debility." (5) Dreams of a moderate character remain longest in the memory. The wilder the dream the sooner it is forgotten.—London News.

THE STONE OF GRATITUDE.

An Old Roman Legend That Tells of the Topaz.

The topaz is called the stone of gratitude, and the old Roman books record the following legend from which the stone derives this attribute:

The blind Emperor Theodosius used to hang a brazen gong before his palace gates and sit beside it on certain days, hearing and putting to rights the grievances of any of his subjects. Those who wished for his advice and help had but to sound the gong, and immediately admission into the presence of Caesar was obtained.

One day a great snake crept up to the gate and struck the brazen gong with her coils, and Theodosius gave orders that no one should molest the creature and bade her tell him her wish. The snake bent her crest low in homage and straightaway told the following tale:

Her nest was at the base of the gateway tower, and while she had gone to find food for her young brood a strange beast covered with sharp needles had invaded her home, killed the nestlings and now held possession of the little dwelling. Would Caesar grant her justice?

The emperor gave orders for the porcupine to be slain and the mother to be restored to her desolate nest. Night fell, and the sleeping world forgot the emperor's kindly deed, but with the eagerly dawn a great serpent glided into the palace, up the steps and into the royal chamber and laid upon each of the emperor's closed eyelids a gleaming topaz. When Emperor Theodosius awoke, he found he was no longer blind, for the mother snake had paid her debt of gratitude.—Exchange.

Doesn't Travel For Fun.

Far from being the great autocrat, the author of things of magnitude, the president of a railway system, be it great or small, is a dealer in trifles, with a consideration for everything. Every accident, large or small; every occurrence by which the road is to lose a dollar or to make a dollar, comes to the notice of the president. The successful head of a railroad is the one who considers the details. He is the man who makes the profits, and he is the man who has to face the mangle at the directors' meeting.

When you see the bright, smooth running traveling palaces of the railway president gliding along behind the long string of passenger coaches, you can be safe in the opinion that the occupant has not the slightest snap on earth. You can also rest assured that if he is a success in his sphere he is not traveling for fun.—Omaha World-Herald.

A Question In History.

Some strange, apparently halting from the far west, were looking at the statue of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat. Said one of them: "So this is the man who got up the steamboat, eh? Well, it only goes to show how a fellow can be mistaken. Now, out in Punkin Ridge we always thought St. Jones fixed up the first steamboat ever run, in the year 1875. The whole country was out to see the Nancy Ann pass the Ridge, and everybody about there said as how St. Jones surely made himself famous by building the first boat ever known to run."—Washington Times.

Too Businesslike.

Stella—Why on earth did Miss Pechis reject Mr. Boomer? He's making lots of money in the advertising business.

Bella—Yes, and he proposed to her by mail in this fashion: "I can place in a few good papers of guaranteed circulation at a minimum cost the following notice (pure reading, top column): 'Engaged—Miss Birdie Pechis to Mr. Howlett Boomer.' If this proposition meets your approval, kindly sign and return by first mail."—Philadelphia Press.

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