

# Eugene Guard

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13

## BRYAN TALKS TO VETERANS

### Honors Men Who Obeyed Call to Arms and Pledged Just Treatment.

Mr Bryan spent the greater part of Thursday in Lincoln, Neb., in going through his accumulated correspondence. He also received a large number of callers. The only formal performance of the day was a visit from a committee of 25 members of the Bryan Veterans' Bimetallic Club, of this, Lancaster, county, who called to assure him of their support. John W Wilson acted as chairman of the committee, and presented Mr Bryan with an engrossed copy of the membership of the club, numbering 250 names. Mr Wilson told Mr Bryan that the club included in its membership representatives of all branches of the military and naval service of the government during the civil war. He also presented a written address showing why the membership had left "their present homes to join his standard."

In his reply Mr Bryan reviewed briefly his own experience as a soldier, of which he said that, while it was brief it was instructive. He also outlined his views of the duty of the government toward the ex-soldiers, assuring them that he would not be willing to receive the support of the soldiers if he did not believe that their interests as soldiers as well as their interests as citizens would be protected under a Democratic administration.

"If I am successful in this contest and become the chief executive of this nation," he said, "you may rest assured that during the four years of my administration the soldiers of this country, who offered their services when their services were needed and made the sacrifices which soldiers are called upon to make, will receive just and generous treatment at the hands of the administration."

"In nations which have a large standing army, it is not so necessary that care should be taken of the soldier after his service is past, but in a country like ours, where we have or should have but a small standing army and where all the people should be soldiers in citizen's clothes ready to don the uniform at any emergency, the nation has a double reason for being liberal in the treatment of veterans and their dependants. It is both the incentive of gratitude and the incentive of self interest, for if the nation does not do well by those who volunteer when the nation needs support, the nation cannot expect that its call will be promptly answered."

"The soldier, therefore, as a soldier, need have no fear under the administration, should I be honored with the suffrage of my countrymen and elevated to that office. But the soldier is a citizen as well as a survivor of the war, and I take it for granted that your interest in this campaign is due in part to the fact that you are citizens of a republic and do not care to be citizens of an empire. I take it for granted that your interest in this campaign is due not only to the fact that you live here now, but also to the fact that you expect your children to live here after you."

"You want this government good while you are here to enjoy it, and you want to leave a good government to those who come after you, and I am not surprised that you who are willing to offer the highest evidence of loyalty that man can offer—life—when the effort was made to have two republics instead of one—I am not surprised that you are willing to give your vote to keep the one republic that you helped to maintain. [Applause.]

"My greatest solicitude is not lest I fail to be elected president, but that I may do nothing to de-

stroy the good will and confidence which have been expressed by you and those like you throughout this nation." [Applause.]

## HAVE WE ANY TRUSTS?

Mark Hanna says he would like for some Democrat to inform him on the question of trusts. Sometimes he says there are no trusts, and at other times he contends they are the evolutions of modern business methods, and, therefore, good things to have. But the Republican platform says they will rebuke those trusts which are bad. Now, honestly, voters of Oregon, what do you think of such a party led by such a man in the face of the actual facts? Is it possible their leaders are fools, or are they demagogues who take you to be fools? Here is a few of the trusts formed under McKinley:

**The American Agricultural Chemical Company,** incorporated under the laws of Connecticut, in May, 1899, has an authorized capital of \$40,000,000, half common stock and half preferred. It acquired 22 of the largest fertilizing concerns in the country.

**American Tin Plate Company,** incorporated in New Jersey, in December, 1898, with \$30,000,000 common stock and \$20,000,000 preferred, consolidated about 95 per cent of the tin plate mills in the United States.

**The American Window Glass Company,** incorporated in Pennsylvania September, 1898, with thirteen million common stock and four million preferred, consolidated window glass plants in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Indiana, controlling about 85 per cent of the United States.

**The American Woolen Company,** incorporated in New Jersey in March, 1899, with nearly thirty million common stock and twenty million preferred, consolidated a number of mills in Rhode Island and Massachusetts and other places.

**The American Writing Paper Company,** incorporated in New Jersey in June, 1899, with twenty-five million capital, half common stock and half preferred, consolidated numerous mills, producing over 76 per cent of the output of the United States.

**The Continental Tobacco Company,** incorporated in New Jersey in November, 1898, with a capital of one hundred million dollars, half common stock and half preferred, "acquired all the leading plug tobacco companies in the United States, and also purchased the plug tobacco business of the American Tobacco Company, in whose interest it was formed."

Portland Telegram, Rep: Well, the Republicans have been claiming for three years that the McKinley administration was solely responsible for prosperity—for good crops, increase of gold, everything good; and so they ought not to whimper very loudly now if the Democrats law the strikes and high of coal and all other ills upon the administration. Sauce for the goose must be sauce for the gander.

**TO INSTITUTE SUIT**—The county court authorized the district attorney to investigate and bring suit against the city council or street committee for destroying the trees around the county park.

Alley & Co have completed the bridge across the Long Tom, which they built for the county. A splendid job was done. Dr Alley, although badly crippled, laid off all.

Coleman Gillespie was hanged Friday at Gold Beach, Or, for the murder of Mrs Edson. On the scaffold he claimed that one Chas Strah committed the murder, although he did not deny being in the house at the time.

Ashland Tidings: "Dr C W Lowe, of Eugene, is in Ashland.... Mrs J T Abbott left for Albany, last evening, where she goes to attend a branch meeting of the W F M S, connected with the M E church.... Otto Glitrap and A A Snyder, of Eugene, have been in Ashland several days this week.... Bernard C Jakway, formerly of Ashland, now residing in Portland, has again resumed his studies in the University at Eugene."

## His Life For a Hand.

In a little town or village in Gloucestershire there is a church which contains the mortal remains of one of the old Crusaders. In moldering decay he is deposited on the tomb, while by his side in cold eloquence is inscribed the form of his wife. It will be noticed by even the casual observer that the female image is bereft of one of the hands, and the story runs that the Crusader, while fighting in the east, was made a prisoner of war and brought before Saladin, who, before executing judgment upon him, asked him if there was any reason why he should not be put to death. To this the knight replied that he was but young, and would leave a newly wedded wife, who would bitterly mourn his loss.

"The love of woman is a fleeting breath," retorted the sultan. "Your wife will forget that you have ever lived; she will love again and marry another." To this the sad knight could only reply that for his fidelity he could rest his soul. "Well, then," replied Saladin, "I will promise on my oath as a soldier that if this man's wife will cut off one of her hands and send it to me I will set him free to go to her." By tedious and slow journeys the message came, and she, in all pitiousness for him who was her lover and her lord, caused her hand to be cut off and sent it to the sultan, who kept his word and set the Crusader free.—Notes and Queries.

## A Wonderful Bird.

One day a certain bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's—wife of the famous arctic explorer—home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened and in another moment she covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses.

The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage 30 long months, but it had not forgotten its way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with him and his expedition in the polar region.

Nansen had fastened a message to the bird and turned it loose.

The frail courier darted out into the blizzard. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity and endurance, but this loving little carrier pigeon, in its homeward flight, after an absence of 30 months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to the amazement and admiration which must overwhelm every one when the marvelous story is told.—Atlanta Constitution.

## Brushing a Derby Hat.

Some men will buy two or three black derby hats a season, and these will always look rusty and old. Other men will buy not more than one a year, and that will never lose its deep and brilliant gloss.

"I'll tell you why it is," said one of the best dressers in town the other day. "It is because one man brushes his hat with a stiff bristled whisk, and the other rubs his softly with a piece of woolen cloth. The felt of a hat is such a delicate stuff that a stiff whisk applied to it has pretty much the effect that a currycomb or a rake would have on a suit of clothes. It wears the nap off, exposing the bare gray foundation in short order."

"A piece of woolen cloth, rubbed over a hat with a circular motion that conforms to the grain, doesn't rub off the nap at all, but keeps it lustrous and firm and of good color. I buy one \$2.50 hat a year and rub it each morning with a bit of flannel. I guarantee that it outlasts three \$5 hats that are rubbed and scraped with whisks every day."—Philadelphia Record.

## An Extraordinary Island.

In the bay of Plenty, New Zealand, is one of the most extraordinary islands in the world. It is called White Island and consists mainly of sulphur minerals. Over the island, which is about three miles in circumference and which rises between 800 and 900 feet above the sea, floats continually an immense cloud of vapor attaining an elevation of 10,000 feet. In the center is a boiling lake of acid charged water covering 50 acres and surrounded by blowholes from which steam and sulphurous fumes are emitted with great force and noise. With care a boat can be navigated on the lake. The sulphur from White Island is very pure, but little effort has yet been made to procure it systematically.

## Put Up the Price.

Senator Frye of Maine was once offered \$400 to write an article for a leading magazine, but refused, saying the figure was not large enough.

"How much would you require?" asked the editor.

"Twenty thousand dollars," answered the senator, which, of course, put an end to the negotiations.

"And, do you know," said Mr. Frye to a friend afterwards, "I couldn't have written the article anyhow."

## Learning.

Wear your learning like a watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and display it merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly or unasked, like the watchman.

The nails of two fingers never grow with the same degree of rapidity. The nail of the middle finger grows with the greatest rapidity and that of the thumb the least.

Nothing makes the earth so spacious as to have friends at a distance. They mark the latitudes and longitudes.

## A Charmed Life.

The scenery along the Kentucky river above and below Harrodsburg has long been regarded by the highlands of the Blue Mountains. Towering cliffs hundreds of feet in height impress the beholder. In "Historical Sketches of Kentucky" an incident is told of one of the highest of these.

Jotham Strout was hoeing corn in the bottom just opposite the ferry, when his attention was attracted by a rattling noise above his head. Looking up, he was staggered at seeing a man tumbling down the fearful precipice, now touching and grasping at a twig, now at a root, without being able to check himself. Finally, with a crashing of limbs, he landed in the top of a buckeye tree about 50 feet above the general level of the bottom.

Mr. Strout ran to the place with all haste, desiring to find a dead man and not doubting he would be terribly injured if alive, for the distance the man had fallen was 170 feet, and from the last point where he had touched the rock to the top of the tree where he lodged was 45 feet.

Fancy Mr. Strout's surprise, then, to find the man standing erect at the foot of the tree, feeling of his arms and body.

"Are you hurt?" cried Mr. Strout.

"That's what I'm trying to find out, my friend," was the answer. "It's my impression that I am alive, but rather sore."

Not a bone was broken, and despite a few bruises the man seemed to be as good as before the terrible fall.

"That fellow bore a charmed life," was Mr. Strout's remark whenever he told the story.

## Leighton and the Poor Student.

Of Leighton's hearty, eager helpfulness many instances might be given. Here is one. A certain student was passing through the first room on his way to the entrance. He looked the picture of dejection and disappointed wretchedness—poorly and shabbily dressed and slinking away as if he wished to pass out of the place unnoticed. Millais and Leighton, walking arm in arm, came along, pictures of prosperity.

Leighton caught sight of the poor, downcast student. Leaving Millais, he darted across the vestibule to him and, taking the student's arm, drew him back into the first room and made him sit down on the ottoman beside him. Putting his arm on the top of the ottoman and resting his head on his hand, Leighton began to talk as he alone could talk, pouring forth volumes of earnest, rapid utterances, as if everything in the world depended on his words conveying what he wanted them to convey. He went on and on. The shabby figure gradually seemed to pull itself together, and at last when they both rose he seemed to have become another creature. Leighton shook hands with him, and the youth went on his way rejoicing.

It is certain that if other help than advice were needed it was given. But it was the extraordinary zest and vitality which Leighton put into his help which made it unlike any other. He fought every one's cause as others fight their own.—London Telegraph.

## Oxford's Witty Bishop.

Two stories are circulated in The Railway Magazine by the witty bishop of Oxford. He was once talking to some boys in a school and said to them: "Now, my boys, I dare say you think it's a very fine thing to be a bishop. But I assure you I'm a very busy man. I have to go about all over my diocese, and I haven't time to study like you do. In fact, nearly all my study has to be confined to only one book. It begins with a 'B.' Do you know what it is?" "The Bible, sir, the Bible," shouted the boys all together. "No," replied the bishop, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "It's called 'Bradshaw!'"

The other story is still better. On one occasion when he alighted from the train at Wheatley, the station for Cuddesdon palace, an officious porter rushed up to him and asked, "Any articles in the van, my lord?" "Articles," said the bishop grimly. "Yes, 39 articles." Off hurried the porter and worried the guard almost out of his senses by the way he searched the van and detained the train. Presently he came back to the bishop with a crestfallen expression of countenance. "There are only seven, my lord." "Only seven? Ah, you're a Dissenter then, I should think."

## Lacking in Romance.

"Swigsby hasn't a particle of romance about him."

"I never thought he had. Any new proof of it?"

"Yes. He was calling on Daisy Swinnerton. You know Daisy. Little thing, but full of poetry. Swigsby said he wondered where they met the first time, and Daisy in her poetical way said she guessed it was in the gloaming. Swigsby looked puzzled, and then what do you suppose he said?"

"Give it up."

"Said he guessed she was mistaken, because he couldn't recall any apartment house by that name."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Assisting His Memory.

Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way.

"What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt.

"Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat, and I am trying to remember it."—Union Signal.

## The Umbrella.

Jack—I made two calls this afternoon, and I must have left my umbrella at the last place I called.

Tom—How do you know but that you left it at the first place?

Jack—Because there's where I got it.—Chicago News.

## Harder to Say No Than Yes.

He was a most worthy young man, with a fondness for discussing sociological and moral questions, and once started on his hobby he could scarcely be headed in any other direction. He had been quite devoted to his attention to one young woman for as much as six months, but she had been unable to bring him to his senses, though she had tried repeatedly to do so. Of course she had done it in the delicate way that women have in those matters, but what he needed was a club.

Not a great while ago he was calling as usual, and as usual he was neglecting sentiment for something that only made a girl tired. This time he was moralizing on the temptations of life and the proneness of people to yield without making the proper effort against them in whatever form they might appear.

"However," he said in conclusion, displaying a commendable spirit of charity for the weak, "it is a very difficult thing for any one to say 'No.'"

Here was an unexpected chance for her.

"And conversely," she responded slowly so he could get the full force of it, "it should be very easy for one to say 'Yes.'"

He looked her straight in the eyes at last, and a blush fell upon the scene.

"Um-er-um," he hesitated. "Miss Kate, am I a chump?"

"It is very difficult for one to say 'No,'" she said with a pretty little smile, and later she found it quite easy to say "Yes."—Washington Star.

## His General Reception.

General Starr, a gallant old soldier, had an irrepressible dislike for young lieutenants fresh from West Point. In 1874 General Starr was in command at Fort Riley, and one day an orderly came to his quarters with the message that Lieutenant Morrison, just from West Point, was at the post ready to pay his respects and report for duty.

In response to this message the old general was starting for his office, when his wife, a motherly old soul, plucked him by the sleeve and said, "Now, general, promise me that you won't be rough with that young man."

"Rough?" said the old man, smiling amiably upon his matrimonial companion. "Why, I'll be peaches and cream unless the young dog rules me."

Reaching his office, the general was confronted with a dapper little fellow as spick and span as though he had just come from the hands of his barber and tailor, while he had the half-sourcilious air that seems inseparable from the first stages of military education. Looking the young lieutenant over for half a moment, the old general said with great dignity: "How do you do, Mr. Morrison. I am pleased to see you." Then as a flush gradually mounted over his weather beaten features he added: "I am always glad to see you young men from the Military academy. You—you—here the general ended with a roar you think yourself so hanged smart!"—Kansas City Journal.

## Tired Metals.

It is a fact of comparatively recent discovery in chemical metallurgy that metals lose their vitality from repetitions of shocks and strains and may be said, as the expression is, to suffer from fatigue—that is, they may be worked till their molecules fall to hold together.

As is familiarly known, bars of tin, rods of brass and wires of any metal will separate owing to fatigue if bent backward and forward continuously. But by careful experiments, however, the fact is being ascertained that a remedy exists for this condition of metals. Looking the young remedy is very much like that which is applied in the case of an overworked human frame—namely, rest.

Feather edged tools recover their vitality better than any other. Of course the length of time required for this rest varies with different metals and the amount of strain to which they have been subjected.

Hard metals, such as iron and steel, use up one and two years' time in the process. On the other hand, soft metals, like lead, retain their cohesive force longer and also require less rest.—Pearson's Weekly.

## Why John Laughed.

"I don't know what is coming to us," sighed Mrs. Jones as she handed the paper over to her husband. "I'm sure things are bad enough already."

"Why, what's the matter now, my dear?" murmured John, with a mouthful of muffin.

"Matter, indeed," snorted Mrs. Jones. "Just like you men. Haven't the poor rate, water and other rates all been increased, and now the papers say the birth rate is going up. They ought to—Now, John, what are you laughing at?"—London Standard.

## It May Be Push or It May Be Pull.

Politician—My boy, the door to every successful business is labeled "Push."

Thoughtful Youth—Isn't your business a successful one, sir?

Politician—Well, yes; I flatter myself that it is very successful. Why do you ask that?

Thoughtful Youth—Because, sir, I see your door is labeled "Pull."—Detroit Free Press.

## Dress.

Some women in this world have a new gown every other week, while there are other women who esteem themselves lucky if once in three months they get a chance to look through a fashion magazine.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

The United States never coined gold pieces of a higher denomination than \$20. Some years ago a jeweler at San Francisco struck gold pieces of the value of \$50, but that was on private account.

## He Crushed the Hecklers.

The man who asks questions and insists on their being answered is a familiar presence at all party meetings. He is known as a heckler. The speaker is not allowed to disregard him. If a statement is disputed, it is the orator's place to make it good. Any member of the audience may rise to his feet and shout out a contradiction whenever he feels like it, and by the custom of English public life the speaker is expected to make some reply on the spot.

Mr. Chamberlain was always a dangerous man to cross in debate, but the personal feeling against him was so bitter for years after his withdrawal from the ranks of the separatists that many an unhappy man was driven to tilt against his shield. It was delicious to watch Mr. Chamberlain's handling of the situation. He would pause when the interruption grew serious and give the heckler a chance to make himself well heard. "Now if you will allow me I will ask that gentleman to sit upon a chair that we may all have a pleasure of seeing him." A dozen anxious hands would hold the objector in to unwelcome prominence. "Now, sir," came the clear, passionless voice, "will you kindly speak up? I should be sorry if any one missed what you have to say."

The heckler, now quite unnerved, would stammer out something, and Mr. Chamberlain, listening with a malicious smile, would quietly readjust his eyeglass and, turning to the audience, fling out a reply—cool, cutting and decisive.—Sydney Brooks in Harper's Magazine.

## How Twain Introduced Hawley.

"Only once did Mark Twain appear in public as a political speaker," says Will M. Clemens of Alameda. "As a conscientious Republican in his political preferences Mr. Clemens took an active interest in the presidential campaign of 1880. While visiting in Elmira, N. Y., in the fall of that year he made a short speech one Saturday night, introducing to a Republican meeting General Hawley of Connecticut. In the course of his remarks Mr. Clemens said:

"General Hawley is a member of my church at Hartford and the author of 'Beautiful Snow.' Maybe he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen I respect him, as a personal friend of years I have the warmest regard for him, as a neighbor whose vegetable garden adjoins mine, why—why, I watch him. As the author of 'Beautiful Snow' has added a new pang to winter. He is a square, true man in honest politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. So broad, so bountiful is his character that he never turned a tramp empty handed from his door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfume in a glue factory—it may moderate the stench, but it doesn't destroy it. I haven't said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is General Hawley."

## When a Kiss Was Valuable.

The practice of kissing the hands was instituted by the early Roman rulers as a mark of subjection as much as one of respect, and under the first Caesars the custom was kept up, but only for a time. These worthies conceived the idea that the proper homage due to their exalted station called for less familiar modes of obeisance, so the privilege of kissing the emperor's hand was reserved as a special mark of condescension or distinction for officers of high rank.

Roman fathers considered the practice of kissing of so delicate a nature that they never kissed their wives in the presence of their daughters. Then, too, only the nearest relatives were allowed to kiss their kindred of the gender sex on the mouth, for in those days, as now, kissing was not a mere arbitrary sign, but it was the spontaneous language of the affections, especially that of love.

Under the Romans if a lover kissed his betrothed before marriage, he inherited half of his worldly goods in the event of his death before the marriage ceremony, and if she died her heritage descended to her nearest relatives.—Frank H. Vizetelly in Woman's Home Companion.

## Easy Remedy.

Doctor—Good morning, Mr. Lovel. What can I do for you?

Mr. Lovel—I would call, sir, to ask for the hand of—of your daughter.

"Humph! Appetite good?"

"Not very."

"How is your pulse?"

"Very rapid when—I am with her, very feeble when away."

"Troubled with palpitation?"

"Awfully when I think of her."

"Take my daughter. You'll soon be cured. One guinea, please."—Pearson's Weekly.

## Chinese as Cooks.

Second only to the French are the Chinese when it comes to culinary skill, and with simple materials they will contrive to put together a meal which would shame an ordinary American cook. In peasant families the wife or daughter does the cooking, but in all large establishments the cooks are invariably men.

Innumerable are the illusions and xggermental tricks of custom, but of these perhaps the cleverest is that which consists in persuading us that the miraculous by simple repetition ceases to be miraculous.—Carlyle.

Bangkok is a city of water. It is an Indo-Chinese Venice. More people live in floating houses on the Menam, the Nile of Siam, and the many canals than in permanent buildings.

Leading taking step sionalism Professional course, with nominal studies, and thus gain sufficient standing to entitle them to play.

than they are.

figures that the butter his family uses is worth \$4 per month, hence this herd earns him at least \$50 per month.

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