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Eugene Guard

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20

OREGONIAN "HEADS" AND TELEGRAPHIC MATTER DISAGREE.

The member of the Oregonian editorial staff who arranges and writes heads for the telegraphic service takes delight in lying. A Grand Rapids, Michigan, dispatch of October 10, which related how Mr Bryan made 16 addresses in one day at Michigan points to "crowds that were all complimentary in size, as well as in attention given," was headed "small crowds there—Bryan's reception in Michigan not flattering."

We cannot believe the Oregonian management so prejudiced that it is willing to stand sponsor for a palpable falsehood. However this is not the first offense of the kind of which the telegraphic editor has been guilty. Professional newspaper pride for reliability of the news that appears in its columns, if nothing else, should cause the Oregonian management to give its subordinate a certain lecture on the propriety of writing telegraphic heads according to the tenor of the news instead of personal prejudices.

CARL SCHURZ ON "CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED."

"It is amazing with what lightness of mind our imperialists scoff at the most fundamental principle of Democracy, which is that 'governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.' They flippantly talk as if they had disposed of the whole matter when they show that in some instances in our history the consent of the governed has not been formally asked or obtained. Will they please tell me from what source government does derive its just powers, if not from the consent of the governed? From divine right? That is absolutism. From the possession of the strongest fist? That is government by force. From the possession of the greatest wealth, the longest purse? That is plutocracy. From the privilege of birth? That is aristocracy.

"There remains, then, only the consent of the governed, meaning, as the authors of the Declaration of Independence no doubt intended it to mean, that the people, expressing the will of the majority in a manner prescribed by constitutions or laws made by themselves, shall have the decisive word as to what kind of government they are to have, who is to constitute that government, and what that government is to do—a government organically springing from, and responsible to the governed—or, as Lincoln expressed it, a government of, for and by the people."

THE BULLET AND CIVILIZATION.

Extract from speech of Bourke Cochran at Indianapolis convention of National Democratic clubs:

"On the one side we have a suggestion of conquest, a policy of aggression, of subjugation, and when I ask a justification for it we are invited to study every possible consideration that can move the human mind. If we are covetous, we are told we must support it because trade follows the flag. In other words there is money in it. If we are humane, we are told that although trade does not follow the flag, nevertheless we must subdue them and we must manage to get reverence for the Lord and fear of the law into them by bullet and by steel because it is our duty to civilization. (Laughter.)"

Medford Enquirer: "Binger Hermann is among us. Once he was the loudest free silver shouters in the land. Once he was a good Republican. Once he was a congressman from Oregon. Can a leopard change its spots? Will water flow up hill? You say no, emphatically no! Seems to us Binger's changed—yes, changed so sweetly—but the handshake still remains,

and Binger can talk as much and say just as little as of yore. Binger Hermann has come among us, delivered the same old fashioned, double-twisted hand-shake, patted the boys on the back in the same old familiar style—and we expect on the side promised them any old thing, even the position of forest ranger, for support to the United States senate. Ah! Binger, how your cohorts have basked in your smiles. But did you make McKinley votes? The wild winds sigh, 'nit.'"

Our ambassador to Berlin, Andrew D White, is a very charitable man. In a recent interview he claims that the German emperor's speech to his soldiers directing them to kill all Chinamen with whom they came in contact was generally misinterpreted. White claims Emperor William meant that his soldiers "should bear in mind that they were going to face a desperate foe." Probably the emperor has heard of the privilege accorded our congressmen—make one speech and have a different one printed in the congressional record—and would change his tune to suit public sentiment.

The women are getting into politics. The New York Journal says that "among those engaged in the difficult task of trying to show the commercial travelers that McKinley and Roosevelt head the ticket favorable to their interests are two ladies of ability, Miss Grace W. White and Mrs. Cornelia Stewart Robinson. Both are speakers of force, and twice a week they hold forth at the headquarters of the traveling fraternity, in New York City."

The country is made aware of the fact that ex-President Harrison is yet on the turf through an interview given out for political purposes the other day. Of course Harrison predicts all kinds of evils should Bryan be elected.

University Notes.

Daily Guard October 13

FRIGHTENED COLLEGIANS.

The members of the Laurean and Philologist literary societies are devoutly engaged today thanking their lucky stars that what might have proven a very serious affair turned out harmlessly. It happened thusly: As the societies were preparing to close in their usual dignified manner, they were interrupted by a series of ghostly whisperings coming from nowhere. Soon sheeted forms were seen gliding through the halls. Unearthly, and this does not mean heavenly, sounds were now heard and vivid blue flames might have been seen playing about the heads of the ghostly visitors. Some of the collegians began thinking of the evil things they had done and others were glad that they had never participated in college yells at the depot. Soon the apparition faded from sight going through the ceiling, the floor or the east entrance. Reports on this point are conflicting. The boys got themselves together and with chattering teeth attempted to yell "Okey Wow Wow." Some of the more foolhardy went out doors and reported finding an immense amount of hair pins and false switches on the walks. This morning the Gym floor is wet, nut shells and apple peelings abound. The spoils! Where are they?

LAUREAN SOCIETY.

The Laureans held their regular meeting last evening in the new hall. The extemporaneous address of the evening was given by Mr B C Jakway, who handled his subject, "The College Man's Duty," in a manner worthy of note. P I Wold gave the "Current Events" of the week. Dr Sheldon kindly favored the society with an address on "The Intercollegiate Debate." Dr Sheldon's address was highly received and greatly appreciated by all present. The question, "Resolved, that imperialism is the paramount issue of the campaign of 1900," was debated. The speakers on the affirmative were Hooker and Van Dyke. The negative, which won the debate, was supported by Jakway and Redmond. Several names were voted on for membership in the society. The meeting at the evening was of unusual snap and vigor. Officers were nominated and election will be held next Friday evening. The society hall has been provided with electric lights, etc. which makes it very inviting for the coming year's work. The society is in a flourishing condition and a year of good hard honest work is assured.

THE LITTLE PIPER

"Well, little fifer, what are you doing there?" cried Sergeant La Ramee, who was going to the neighboring village to seek a pork roast for the colonel's "revelin'."

"This is it, Monsieur Sergeant," replied the little fifer. "His majesty the king being in urgent need of money and wishing to make a present of a brand new castle to his 'Belie Amie,' he has been decided by the court of affairs that the regiment musicians and soldiers shall not touch a cent of their pay this month. So, as grandmother is very poor and I have not a sou, I have come out to break the ice in the pond and see if I can catch a mess of frogs for dinner."

"I know that," said La Ramee. "The frogs sleep in winter."

"I know that," replied the little fifer, "but the sky is so blue today I thought perhaps the sun would awaken them."

So as Sergeant La Ramee passed on, grumbling, the little fellow set to work again trying to break the ice.

He proceeded in his frog fishery with as much ardor as he gave to his warlike music. When the ice was broken, the hole cleared of rubbish and a clear round spot of water shone forth he improvised a fishing tackle with a bit of thread and the long thorn from a rosebush. All was ready now except the bait. That would not usually have caused our fisher the least anxiety. A scarlet poppy would have served, but poppies do not flourish under the snow, and he looked in vain for a bit of red to attract the frogs.

He was about to turn away in disgust when suddenly a frog showed his head above the water. Sleepily, lazily, he put his fore legs on the bank, opened his golden eyes one after the other, blinked at the sun, then, swelling out his white throat, gave utterance to a quick hoarse "croak," to which, down in the water under the ice through the great body of the pond, responded at once other croaks from far and near.

"That must be the mother of the frogs," said the little fifer to himself. He had never seen such a big frog. What a chance, and what a shame if he let him escape! Suddenly he had an inspiration. "Why not make use of a bit of piece of the red belt that holds up my breeches? It is of red ordnance cloth, and surely the frogs will bite."

No sooner said than done, and soon the piece of red flannel danced over the clear water, lit up by a joyous sunbeam right over the frog's nose. He bit; the fisher pulled in his line; the thread broke, and the frog plunged into the water, carrying the bait with him. Fortunately there was more. One could try again. The frog reappeared at the surface, bit again. Again the line broke, and the second piece joined the first.

"Bah!" thought the fisher. "What harm to take a piece of the back of my trousers? No one will look under the back of my coat."

Drawing out his knife, he cut out a little piece of cloth that, alas, the frog carried off with him, and still another and another, till, to his consternation, he beheld the tail of his shirt through the enormous hole that he had made little by little.

Sergeant La Ramee, returning with a load of victuals, beheld the little fifer sitting down on the ground weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter? A soldier weeping?"

"For a bad business," murmured old La Ramee after looking long and carefully at the disaster. "Abuse of goods, equipment or clothing furnished by the government is a case for court martial."

Then, having pronounced these words, he walked off pulling his mustache.

The little fifer wept still harder. He beheld himself already in arrest as he passed the bridge, carried off to a dark dungeon between two guardhouses, who should be his judges. He tried in vain to move them, saying: "It was not for myself. It was to provide a dish for my poor old grandmother, who has nothing for supper." The military code was inflexible. They disgraced him, broke his life, his little sword, led him off in disgrace to a place he had but two minutes before marched bravely past at the head of the soldiers.

Then, shaking off his grandmother, stiff with cold, he lost consciousness, and, wishing to die at once, drew his body painfully over the frozen ground toward the pond of black water where already the stars were reflected.

In what a marvelous country did the little fifer find himself! Softly the brilliant light was reflected into the icy vaults. Long grass covered with crystal rose in fine columns and mingled with the mosses on the borders like fine silvery strands, forming a thousand and more of the most magnificent architecture he had ever seen. To the right and left along the rocks in little grottoes—the homes of the water rats and crevasses that form under the water the valleys of the subterranean world—slept innumerable frogs of all kinds and sizes.

He filled an immense basket with them to take to his grandmother. The council of war alarmed him no longer. He remembered the disaster to his breeches but vaguely. Only one thing surprised him—to find it so warm under the ice. Then he felt very happy and went to sleep with the frogs. The little fifer slept a long time. Suddenly a well known voice awakened him—his grandmother's voice. "Chut!" she said, and he opened his eyes. "Oh, you bad boy, to frighten us so!"

The little fifer shook with fear when he beheld La Ramee standing at the foot of the bed, with his deep set eyes, his long mustache. "The breeches! The breeches! Don't let me hear of no more!"

And he grasped his grandmother's gown in despair. But his grandmother reassured him. The good La Ramee had drawn him half dead from the water, frozen and feverish. Then he had related the adventure to the colonel, and the colonel, much moved, had instantly sent off an orderly with a string of sausage and a new pair of trousers. The sausage simmered on the stove; the trousers hung on a nail—Exchange.

A PRINCETON PRANK.

Princeton graduates of 50 years ago remember with affectionate regard President James A. Carnahan, who for many years controlled the destinies of that great institution.

President Carnahan, like most of Princeton's heads, was a Scotchman, noted alike for his austerity of manner and goodness of heart. Unlike most Scotchmen, he had humor enough to laugh at himself, and with national pride, and perhaps not wishing to offend his fellow Scots, he kept it in the background. He could be as savage a looking man as ever wore a tartan, but down in his heart there was a great deal of the milk of human kindness which one had but to press gently to find a grateful stream.

Boys were boys 50 years ago as they are today. Princeton's boys of that period were no different from those of today. There was no baseball, no football, no baseball, no athletic sport to work off the superfluous animalism, and the boys had their ingenuity taxed to find means of diversion. They would muffle or steal the clapper of the chapel bell, would smear the blackboards with oil, would fill up Princeton's sacred Revolutionary cannon shot holes in the walls of the old hall with bird lime, with a picture of a Scotch hen, with some kind of cacophonous instrument. The professors were always getting it in some way. Peter Bogart, who was a grandnephew of the first Frelinghuysen in America, was also a descendant of John Witherspoon. He was noted as a man with two sides to his nature. He was curator of the theological seminary and an intimate friend of President Carnahan. He was likewise a close friend and sympathizer with the boys.

One day in the early thirties Mr. Bogart got a gentle tip that the "boys" were going to play a huge joke upon "the prex." The boys had usually let President Carnahan alone. His dignity and his awful voice had a repressing effect upon youthful spirits, and by common consent it was not considered advisable to monkey with the stalwart Scotchman.

Bogart gave his chief a quiet hint that the boys were going on a certain night at a certain hour to take his family carriage out of its house, run it down to Willow creek, two miles away, there hold certain orgies and festivities over it and then run it into the creek up to the hubs to be frozen in solid before morning. The boys thought it would be rare fun to see "old prex" and his coachman cutting the carriage out with axes the next morning.

On the night agreed upon the boys stealthily approached the president's carriage house, and after much mystery and silence reached its doors. They ought to have been a little puzzled to find that the door was slightly ajar, but they were probably too excited to notice that. They swung the door open, attached a long rope to the carriage pole, and about 20 young rascals lined themselves on the campus, but when they struck the Nassau pike, well out of hearing, they got to work with their songs and gibes and jeers. On the way to the creek they frequently stopped the carriage to gather about open flasks of applejack and with great glee picture what was to happen next morning when "old Scotty prex" found his carriage imbedded in the ice. The night was very cold, and when the boys reached the bank of the stream they found it already frozen over, but a dose of them with axes soon had a place broken through, into which they trundled the president's carriage. Then they built a big fire, unloosed some more applejack and sang a lot of college songs. They were just about to detach the rope from the carriage and proceed homeward when every mother's son of them found himself transfixed to the spot.

"Young gentlemen," said a great and majestic voice as its owner opened the carriage door and let down the folding steps, "I am exceedingly obliged to you for the pleasure of an enjoyable evening." It was President Carnahan, wrapped in huge covering and well caparisoned with fur. "I don't know," he continued, with withering sarcasm, but pleasant voice, "when I have had so enjoyable a ride. It is rare indeed that a man of my years can call into his personal services so well born and so well bred a body of young men, willing to haul his carriage about, and I want to add further that I appreciate keenly the delight with which your various exercises have impressed me. I will add further that between the kindly light of the moon and my own knowledge of the sound of most of your voices I have a pretty correct list of the names of the young gentlemen to whom I am indebted for this distinguished honor. So now, my young friends, if you will kindly remain the rope, will proceed on our journey homeward. We have had a pleasant time, and we have all enjoyed it. I know, but let us have no delay, please, for the night is very cold."

And there was nothing left for those miserable, crestfallen students to do but man that gear, haul the carriage out of the frozen creek and pull it home amid a silence that could be felt.

Dr. Carnahan and his friend, Peter Bogart, sat inside the carriage and chuckled. But the president kept his word. He knew every steam engaged in the prank, but he never again referred to the subject.

Who were on the rope that night? Well, five or more at least well known to fame subsequently. W. C. Alexander of the Equitable Life Insurance Company was one, ex-Secretary of War McCrary was another, ex-Secretary of State Frelinghuysen another, ex-Minister to France William D. Dayton yet another and ex-Governor Robert S. Green of New Jersey was the youngest of the lot—Exchange.

Why Franklin Did Not Write It.

"It has always been a curious puzzle why Franklin, the man of ripe age, of commanding distinction and of approved literary skill, was not selected to write the Declaration instead of Thomas Jefferson, then only 33 years old and comparatively unknown," says John Gilmer Speed in The Saturday Evening Post. "It could not be that Franklin was passed by because he had done everything in his power to avert the war and reconcile the differences between the colonies and the mother country, for all wise men in the colonies did all that honor permitted in that direction until the die was cast. No; it was not a fear of Franklin's earnestness in the cause of the colonies. It was probably the fear of Franklin's humor."

"He was not only the greatest man of his time, but he was one of the greatest humorists of any time. And so his associates were possibly afraid that he would put a joke in the Declaration and passed him by and selected the lank young Virginian with the freckled face."

"As it was, Franklin did have his joke, for when the members of congress were about to sign the Declaration Hancock, whose earnestness is expressed in the bold signature which comes first, said in his own earnest way: 'We must be unanimous. There must be no pulling different ways. We must all hang together.'"

"Yes," replied Franklin: 'we must hang together, or we shall be pretty sure to hang separately.'"

A Divinity Student Routed.

"One day we were traveling across the plains in the caboose of a freight train," writes Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady of his experiences as "A Missionary In the Great West" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "A young divinity student was with us. He was one of the ambitious kind of divinity students who wreck a parish or two when they begin and finally drift upon the ecclesiastical bargain counter. He was ready to argue about anything with anybody."

"A greasy, dilapidated looking tramp came into the caboose at one of the stations at the end of a division and presently engaged in a heated discussion with the young theologian on the disadvantages of education. He maintained the affirmative—that the less a man knew and the less education he had the happier he was—with so much skill and adroitness and showed such mastery of logic and literature that he routed the poor boy—horse, foot and dragoons—so effectively that the young man rose and went out on the platform to hide his chagrin, leaving the supposed tramp chuckling over his pipe in huge enjoyment at his easy victory."

"The bishop had listened without saying a word, and when the student left he turned to the man and inquired sharply, 'What college do you come from, sir?' 'Yale' answered the man without thinking. The unlucky adventurer destroyed the man's argument, for he was a living example of the fallacy of his own proposition."

Europe's City of Crime.

The Italian city of Arzene, situated about 40 miles from Rome, is known as the City of Crime. Ever since the sixteenth century every criminal who has escaped from prison or done his time has emigrated to Arzene, and today practically every inhabitant is a criminal or the child of criminals. Every family takes the law into its own hands, and it is reported not a day passes without many murders being committed in the streets. The Italian authorities have now come to look upon Arzene as hopeless and remark that it is far better that criminals should kill criminals than that innocent persons should be their victims. It is said that on one occasion when 23 murders had been committed in that city in one day the fact was reported in one of the Italian papers in the following terms: (Since our last issue (24 hours before) there have been 23 sudden deaths in Arzene," and no further notice of the murders was taken or expected.

Ruskin Didn't Like Hugo.

Did you ever read "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"? I believe it to be simply the most disgusting book ever written by man, and on the whole to have caused more brutality and evil than any other French writing with which I am acquainted. Balzac is sensual, but he is an artist of the highest touch and a philosopher even in his sensuality. Eugene Sue paints virtue as well as vice. Dumas is absurd and useless, but interesting; George Sand immoral, but elegant. But for pure, dull, virtuous, stupid, deadly poison read Victor Hugo—Ruskin.

Knew What She Was About.

Mother—Miss Catecham has a lovely voice, and you know it. Why did you ask her to sing for Mr. Richfello?

Daughter (after Mr. Richfello)—See that mirror in front of the piano?

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Richfello sits right in range where he can see her face. She looks like a whitewashed chimpanzee when she sings."—Pearson's Weekly.

He Had Her.

It is related that when the young man who afterward became General Fremont ran away with and married Jessie, Tom Benton, the great senator, made terrible threats of what he would do to the young man. He would give him roasts and bullets and hades, to all of which Mrs. Benton quietly remarked, "You had better give him Jessie, my dear."

Walking on the Walls.

It is unlawful for a Chinese woman to walk on the city walls of Peking, but it is an exercise in which the Americans and Europeans indulge without objection upon days when they are open to the public.

What Tips Do.

A man who lives on an up town street where the houses cost from \$25,000 up was surprised not long ago by seeing a man known to all New Yorkers who patronize a well known restaurant coming from a house several doors below him with an air of proprietorship. This restaurant employee stood on the sidewalk for a few moments and gazed admiringly at his house and then at its respectable neighbors. For many years he has been connected with a certain New York restaurant as an attendant, and his fees have been generous. He knew all its patrons by name, and his politeness and eagerness to render service have made him well liked. Wondering if this restaurant attendant, whom he knew only by his first name, could by any possibility have rented a house on that street, the old resident came out to satisfy his curiosity.

"Hello," he said. "What are you doing up here?"

"Good morning, Mr. Blank," said the restaurant attendant. "How do you like my new house? I have just bought it because I think that my family will like this neighborhood. You are perhaps aware that my tips have been generous for many years, and I can now afford to live in this house very easily."

His questioner had no objection to him as a neighbor, and he congratulated the restaurant attendant on his prosperity. The house had actually been bought by tips, for its owner's salary probably averaged about \$15 a week.—New York Sun.

New Old Jokes.

"Is there any new joke under the sun?" asks George Augustus Sala, an English journalist and special correspondent.

"I doubt there being one very grave," he answers and tells two anecdotes to support his skepticism.

An intelligent Greek who, as Mr. Sala's guide while visiting Athens related to him as a modern Greek Joe Millerian the story of a lawsuit. A deaf plaintiff sued a deaf defendant before the deafest judge in all Greece. The plaintiff claimed so many hundred drachmas for rent that was due. The defendant pleaded that he never found his corn at night. The judge in giving judgment observed: "Well, she's your mother, after all. You must keep her between you."

"When I got home I found," writes Mr. Sala, "this apparently up to date triad of ludicrous non sequiturs in a collection of ancient Greek epigrams. There used to be told a story of Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, who was a first rate hand at Irish blarney, meeting one of two brothers and asking him, 'Which of ye is the other?'

Mr. Sala compares this with the story of that very ancient jester, Hierocles:

"Of twins, one died. Skolastikos, meeting the survivor, asked him, 'Was it you who died or your brother?'"—Youth's Companion.

A Practical Joke.

He was a wag and was passing a large draper's shop in Manchester. There, drawn up, were three or four vehicles, and among them was a closed brougham with the driver fast asleep on the box. Evidently the mistress was inside the shop. Without a word the wag stole quickly up and, opening the carriage door, carefully slammed it to. In an instant the coachman straightened himself up and gazed out the street as if he had never seen anything more interesting to look at in his life. Then he stole a look over his shoulder and saw the wag standing, hat in hand, apparently conversing with some one inside the carriage.

"Thank you, yes. Good morning," said the practical joker and bowed himself gracefully away from the door, turning as he did so to look at the coachman and say, "Home!"

"Yes, sir! Teli! Get up!" and away went the brougham "home."

Where that "home" was, who the mistress of the carriage was or what she did or said when she came out of the shop or what the coachman did or said when he stopped at the door of "home" and found the carriage empty—all that only the coachman and the lady know.—London Tit-Bits.

A Clever Blind Man.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat tells of a blind man in a southern city who goes to the postoffice every day carrying a small, light riding whip, which he holds slightly inclined to the front, with the tip just touching the pavement. His sense of touch has become so delicate that the whip is almost an artificial eye. When the point encounters anything, he makes a few swift passes over the surface and generally determines the exact character of the obstacle. It is done so quickly and deftly as to attract no attention, and few passers have the least suspicion of the old man's infirmity. When he reaches the postoffice, he turns hesitatingly, mounts the middle stairs, walks over to the lock boxes and without any feeling around thrusts a key into the right aperture.

Anxious Only About One Thing.

The ghastly rider on the white horse stopped at the gate.

"I am Death," he said to the sick man who was watching from the window.

"You are welcome," replied the latter and added in a whisper: "If you value your life, don't let my wife see you trying your horse to that tree. She'd never let anybody do that."—Philadelphia Press.

Our learning is so long in getting and so very imperfect that the greatest clerk knows not the thousandth part of what he is ignorant.—Jeremy Taylor.

Australia, it is estimated, is capable of supporting at least 100,000,000 inhabitants.