

EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD.

CAMPBELL REOS, Proprietors.

EUGENE, OREGON.

India has 240,000,000 people—a good many of them starving.

The Nihilists want the Czars' life. Few level-headed people would want the life he's having.

Russell Sage has been elected grand and elated keeper of the padlock of the United Order of Never Givers.

An optimist is one who can look forward to spring as the season of strawberries, not of funnel shaped clouds.

"How to keep the boys on the farm" is a subject which seems to be giving city people a great deal of concern just now.

Housewives are now advised to boil the microbes out of their clothes before using the latter. Before long we will be advised to boil the "washday."

The author of one of the popular novels of the day is said to have made \$100,000 out of it. This will set a lot of people buying paper, pens and ink.

When an actor produces one of Shakespeare's plays now he publishes his version of it, just to show how little William knew about his business.

The man behind the gun is long on newspaper praise, but it is noted that he isn't in it to any enthusiastic extent when the times comes for passing around the prize money pie.

There are said to be 20,000 lepers in the Philippines, so far as counted, and the woods are known to be full of them. This promises to be an interesting element of American population.

There was a modicum of sense in the response to a request made by a young lady as to what would keep her hands white and soft: "Soak your hands three times daily in dishwater while mother rests on the sofa."

It is figured that if Mr. Carnegie continued to give away money at the rate at which he has been distributing it for the past fifty days his entire fortune would be gone in the course of the year 1902. But he will have made lots of more money by that time.

It is quite likely that the most interesting political contest in the coming November will be that over the majority of New York. The city has a population of half a million more than that of the thirteen colonies which fought for independence in 1776; and the character of its government is a matter of concern to all Americans.

Marion Harland complains of a lady of her acquaintance who had palpitations, fainting spells and other symptoms of "a weak heart" for ten years. She used to throw a whole congregation into confusion by having one of her queer spells in the middle of the morning service. She ruled her family through that weak heart as with a rod of iron topped with brass. People who have "witters" of this character never recover. The disease is too valuable to them.

One of the chief causes of disturbances in Russia is the great difference between the majority of the people and the few highly educated. The university students are restive under a system with which the ignorant peasants are satisfied. The Czar's government is not adapted to an untainted community from which a few leading spirits are constantly emerging with a university training. Until the intelligent Russians are allowed to share in the conduct of national affairs under a constitutional ruler the plots against the Czar's life may be expected to continue.

A new bond of sympathy between the public school children of the United States and their newly acquired brothers and sisters of Hawaii was created by a ceremony which recently took place in that far-off group of islands. The occasion was the raising of the Stars and Stripes over the Kaupakua School. The pole from which it flies is no slim staff of pine or spruce, but a towering palm-tree, yet the flag is the same which flutters over the thousands of little school houses in this country, and it was raised to the sound of the same "America" and "Star-Spangled Banner," and with the same exercises. Let us hope that it will represent the same loyalty and devotion there as here.

Let us hold our noses while we consider the malodorous subject of American Aristocracy. There have been of late many intimations that aristocratic society in New York is a failure. As aristocratic society in many American cities is apt to take its cues mainly from the smart set in New York, known as the "400," this becomes a matter of widespread interest. There has also been a feeling that American aristocracy is not properly represented by the "400," and more than one effort has been made to organize aristocratic society upon some more representative basis.

The latest of these attempts, "The Biographical Society of America," started by Colonel Johnson Livingston De Puyser, with the object of bringing together Americans of high degree, has been administered upon by an unfeeling sheriff in New York. Colonel De Puyser's scheme was to have all American aristocrats flock by themselves. They were to wear enameled gold badges and their blue book was to be the "Encyclopedia of the American Biographical Society," in which their biographies were to be printed. The society, however, died almost in the "berning." The members were jealous of each other. Some of the aristocrats contended that others were not aristocrats at all. Some failed to pay their dues. The printing house which undertook to issue the blue book found it too expensive that it abandoned the job at heavy loss, and another which tried it was sold out by the sheriff. After a succession of troubles

the society at last died a natural death and thus ended another effort to found an American aristocracy.

The fact that fully half of the human beings born to this world die young is proof of lack of knowledge of the art of living. The undisputed fact that the age of mankind is increasing is proof that man is learning more about himself and learning what to do and what not to do in the school of experience. The fountain of perpetual youth has not been discovered. So long as man gratifies himself at the expense of his body and brain, so long will he live off days from the years he might live. Health is more a matter of common sense than anything else. There are no set rules that will make the weak man strong or the sick well. Given a good constitution and an active brain and knowledge to treat the same with the care that his value warrants, old age should be a matter of comparative certainty. Avoid excesses. That means all excesses, mental and physical. The brain and the stomach are related. Neither will submit to abuse without resenting the mistreatment. It should not be difficult for one to learn what foods best agree with his digestive organs, and fix his own rules for eating. Pure air, pure water, enough sleep—a simple life. Add to this a don't worry clause and remember that reasonably hard work does not shorten life. In Ireland life is simple and in a population of 4,700,000 there are 578 persons who have lived more than 100 years. France has 214 centenarians in a population of 40,000,000. They live in the country. The average length of life in Paris is one-fifth less than in the rest of France. Have few health rules and live them. You may never be a centenarian. Few people desire such an achievement. But you will have more peace and comfort, in both mind and body, and you will prove a less inviting subject for disease.

Any charitable enterprise which combines business and benevolence has something in its favor. If it also raises funds without burdening the donors, and in addition offers the excitement of a bargain sale and the joys of an old curiosity shop, it becomes unique, and cannot long hide its light under a bushel. The "rummage sale" has all these characteristics. It may be that the Ladies' Aid Society desires to recapture the vestry. A committee calls upon all the women in the church to "rummage" their attics, storerooms and closets, and to contribute everything for which they no longer have use. The articles are then sent to some hall or vacant store secured for the occasion. Here they are sorted and appraised. The doors are then opened and the bargain-hunters rush in. The collection is sure to be diversified and amusing, and usually contains much that has value—pictures, lamps, hats, clothing, odd pieces of furniture, bits of bric-a-brac, old shoes, stuffed owls, wax flowers, discarded toys, and a host of other things which will never be missed by those who sent them, and yet may be of service or give pleasure to some other family. The sum realized are often surprisingly large. But many persons of experience in charitable work consider rummage sales harmful. They declare that people of small means are tempted to buy things which are not needed merely because they are cheap, and that the sales diminish the supply of second-hand clothing formerly distributed more judiciously by permanent and well-informed organizations. The rummage sale is, nevertheless, an ingenious device, and for the most part amusing, although tragedy sometimes casts a shadow over the scene. That was certainly the case at the sale where a member of the committee laid her new fifteen-dollar hat on one of the tables, and found out a little later that an innocent assistant had supposed it to be a contribution, and sold it for twenty cents.

A Marine Discovery.
A few months ago H. Benest, an English geographer, published an interesting study of streams of fresh water flowing beneath the surface of the sea. Disaster to ocean telegraph cables called attention to this subject. On several occasions, about 1895, a new and well-made cable between Cape Verde and Brazil broke. Soundings were made to discover whether these breakings were due to the state of the bottom, and it was found that the place in question was near the submarine mouth of a waterway, and the actual material transported by this fresh-water stream encountered the cable and finally succeeded in breaking it. The fact is that a river that flows into the lagoons of Yof, on the coast of Senegal, is finally lost in the sand. It undoubtedly has taken its invisible course to the sea, and it is this river that has been discovered in the deep hollow of more than 1,300 meters (4,270 feet) that is traversed by the Brazilian cable. Also, while the cable was being repaired at a point twenty-four kilometers (fifteen miles) from the shore the repair ship was surrounded one day by orange skias, calas, banded and bits of cloth which could not have come from the mouth of the Senegal river, 140 kilometers (ninety miles) distant.—La Nature.

TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN ART.

Edwin A. Abbey to Paint Coronation Scene of King Edward.

An exceptional tribute has been paid to American art by the action of King Edward of England in commissioning Edwin A. Abbey, a member of the Royal Academy of England, to paint the coronation scene in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Abbey is a native of Philadelphia, where he was born in 1852. He studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and at 19 began drawing for Harper's publications.

His work soon gained him a wide reputation, his illustrations for many of Shakespeare's plays being regarded as models of their kind. When he had attained fame as a black and white artist he sought distinction as a painter and is now regarded as with-out a peer in the line of historical scenes. In 1896 Mr. Abbey, who has his studio in Gloucestershire, England, was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. Americans will be pleased to know of the new honor that has come to him—a rare one indeed for a foreigner to attain when the occasion is considered. The canvas upon which the coronation of King Edward is to be depicted will be fifteen feet long.

Two Fathers.
"Do you know what my father would have done if I had been caught doing such a thing?" asked an irate Memphis father of his little son.

The latter did not consider the situation at all alarming, and said, in a rather jocular manner: "You must have had a pretty bad daddy."

This cool, sarcastic manner nettled the old gentleman all the more, and in his loss of temper he exclaimed:

"Well, sir, I want you to distinctly understand that I had a better daddy than you'll ever see the day to have."—Memphis Scimitar.

If you have a present to give a child, give it to the oldest, he will get it any way, and by giving it to him, you save him the trouble of fighting for it.

The latest fashionable fad is not to have a fad.

EVERY LETTER

Begin a Wise Maxim that Will Lead to Success.

Baron Rothschild is credited with the following alphabetical list of maxims, every one of which is like an apple of gold in a picture of silver for young people. They are not a sermon, but a plain, practical, everyday compendium of wise advice, covering every phase of moral, social and business life:

Attend carefully to the details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Go not into the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation or business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.
Yield not to discouragement.
Zealously labor for the right.
And success is certain.

SAT DOWN FOR A COLD.

Vivacious Maid of Honor Who Violated English Court Etiquette.

The strictness of Queen Victoria in all matters of etiquette and the ceremonies observed in the royal presence was well known to the members of the court; the slightest deviation from the proprieties would invariably bring a frown and a reproof. So thoroughly had she impressed the obligation of court etiquette on those by whom she was surrounded that cases of offense were extremely infrequent.

Occasionally, however, a maid of honor of unusual vivacity would break over the barriers, and bring upon herself the indignities of the sovereign. It is related of one of these young women that she was asked by the queen to play the piano. Forgetting that a royal request is equivalent to a command, the maid of honor coolly declined, and when the Queen insisted that she should sing she explained that she had a cold.

"In that case," said the Queen, "you had better go to bed."
"Oh, no, thank you," replied the maid of honor, "but if you don't mind I will sit down."

And down she plumped, to the horror of the Queen and the ill-concealed delight of the courtiers in attendance. There is no record of the fact that the young woman, who was in after life a distinguished peeress, ever had another bad cold or tired feeling in the presence of royalty.—Youth's Companion.

STATE DINING ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

ever, Roosevelt as Vice President will be very well cared for. He will occupy in the capital the most luxurious office in Washington.

The Vice President will have at his disposal a private secretary paid \$2,220 a year by the government, and a messenger who will draw a yearly stipend of \$1,440. In addition he has for his use a telegraph operator to send his messages for \$100 a month, and a page to carry the messages to the operator for the modest compensation of \$75 a month. These four positions are all that the next to the highest office in the government has to bestow. Whether he can influence the President in the matter of other patronage is not a question of usage but of the personal relations existing between the two officials. As a rule Vice Presidents have been ignored by their superiors.

In a social way the Roosevelts will rank second only to the President's household. It was not always so. Indeed it never was so until four years ago, when Mr. McKinley raised the Vice Presidency to this exalted social altitude. As has been said, previous to Mr. McKinley's first inauguration the Presidents allowed the Vice Presidency to be "overridden" by diplomats, justices, and even by cabinet members. On the other hand Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt will occupy a social station equal to the former's official station, and will be overwhelmed with invitations. It is altogether likely that she will need the services of a private secretary to attend to her social mail. She will stand

display," says a writer. "Mrs. McKinley, wife of the twenty-eighth President of the United States, will pass down in history as an ideal woman. Her kindness and graciousness will be remembered when the more important events of President McKinley's administration are forgotten. Mrs. McKinley is a woman and wife whose virtues are as simple and domestic. The inspiration which she has ever been to her distinguished husband, and his unquestioned recognition of the debt, are two factors in their lives which stand out in bright relief."

It being true that Mrs. McKinley's state of health prevents her taking active part in society, the American people are interested in the home life of herself and her distinguished husband. This glimpse of the home life of the couple in the White House is afforded by Mrs. Morse, a relative of the President, who has been a guest at the White House for weeks at a time, and from whose account in part the following facts are drawn.

Early in the morning the President breakfasts and busies himself with business affairs. Mrs. McKinley is served in her own room, and after the meal in walks the President, brisk and refreshing.

THE FIRST TWO LADIES OF THE LAND.



WASHINGTON OFFICIAL SOCIETY.
Part Taken by Mrs. McKinley and Mrs. Roosevelt—The President's Wife an Ideal Woman.

THE Vice President of the United States has never been much of a figure in political or social circles in Washington. He has been regarded merely as a remote possibility on waiting orders. But there is some justification for the belief that the Roosevelts will bring about a new order of things. In the first place they are going in for society; for another thing, circumstances will make Mrs. Roosevelt the virtual leader of social officialdom. It may be of interest to readers to learn something about the home and social life of the Vice President and his wife, as hitherto such personages have received little attention. In the same connection the home life of the President and his wife may be referred to without risk of wearying interest.

Mrs. McKinley's right hand at all White House receptions of the administration, and as each function will demand a new and elaborate gown, it may readily be understood that this item will amount to a considerable drain on a comparatively small fortune. But the social exactions of the position do not end with White House receptions. The Vice President's wife must hold her own afternoon receptions weekly, and keep open house for official guests practically every day during the society season.

Mrs. Roosevelt will grace the high social station to which she has been called by the election of her husband to the Vice Presidency, notwithstanding the fact that she is extremely retiring and averse to public notice. As the wife of the Vice President of the United States, Mrs. Roosevelt will be obliged to assume a prominent position in the world, and it must be said that she has yielded to the inevitable with grace and dignity. Mrs. McKinley's ill health precludes the possibility of her taking active part in society, which relegates the responsibilities of the first lady of the land to Mrs. Roosevelt.

There is much curiosity in Washington society concerning the new leader. There will not be much seen of her until next fall, however. The Vice President's family will not take up a permanent residence in Washington until then. At that time the eldest daughter of the house, Miss Alice Roosevelt, will make her entrance into society.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a Miss Edith Kermit Carow. She is now about 37 or 38 years old, and, without being a beautiful woman, possesses unusual attractiveness of face and figure. She has an unmistakable mark of race, and has a simple, gracious manner of a truly aristocratic woman. She dresses extremely well.

MRS. MCKINLEY.
The First Lady of the Land as She Is Seen in the White House.

"Mrs. McKinley has made no record socially or politically. She has simply filled her place without ostentation or display," says a writer. "Mrs. McKinley, wife of the twenty-eighth President of the United States, will pass down in history as an ideal woman. Her kindness and graciousness will be remembered when the more important events of President McKinley's administration are forgotten. Mrs. McKinley is a woman and wife whose virtues are as simple and domestic. The inspiration which she has ever been to her distinguished husband, and his unquestioned recognition of the debt, are two factors in their lives which stand out in bright relief."

It being true that Mrs. McKinley's state of health prevents her taking active part in society, the American people are interested in the home life of herself and her distinguished husband. This glimpse of the home life of the couple in the White House is afforded by Mrs. Morse, a relative of the President, who has been a guest at the White House for weeks at a time, and from whose account in part the following facts are drawn.

Early in the morning the President breakfasts and busies himself with business affairs. Mrs. McKinley is served in her own room, and after the meal in walks the President, brisk and refreshing.

Mrs. McKinley never fails to meet him in a charming morning gown. Her husband always discovers it the very first day instead of waiting a week.

A RELIABLE FIRE ESCAPE.

The saving of life from fire is such a laudable undertaking that it is small wonder the inventor is constantly busy.

"Hit wit is one of the most attractive of his gifts. He can tell a story with wonderful effect. His keen sense of humor would have made him a comedian, if nature had not cast his faculties in a more serious mold. Therefore, his fun crops out only at times. When I asked him when and where he first began to consider himself famous, he said: "My first term in Congress gave me my first sense of exaltation. The people up in the Iowa hills had a little lake, and they named it after me. Then a new postoffice was named in my honor, and a colored woman named her baby after me. I began to think of fame. But, in my second term, I was disillusioned. A climatic disturbance dried up the lake, free delivery wiped out the postoffice, and the child died, and I found myself back in the very place whence I had started."

"A few years ago Mr. Dooliver was invited to deliver a lecture in St. Paul and Minneapolis before the Young Men's Christian Association. In each city the hall wherein he spoke was crowded, some 1,500 men attending. His topic was 'Chances for Young Men.'

"That," said he to me, "was a favorite topic with me. I believed in young men, and liked to talk with them, knowing full well that if one can get them up to energy and ambition, he is doing a grand work in the world."

"Well, I have not changed my opinion since the delivery of that lecture; but when I got back to Washington to resume my Congressional duties a week later I began to hear from those particular young men. Letters began to pour in on me. They came in bunches of two, and three, then in dozens, and finally in baskets. Every St. Paul and Minneapolis young man who had heard me declare this is the young men's age wrote me, he fully agreed with me—and asked me to get him a government job."

LADIES' RECEPTION ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

of Miss Saxton's cream-colored gown. "You were very charming about it. I remember admiring you because you did not try to replace the gown as an American whom I met abroad did on a like occasion."

"It has never been replaced until now, my dear. This substitute is a success. I trust you will send the bill to me, as I ruined the original."

"As for the wearer—I think you are looking a trifle younger this morning than you did at the ice cream festival, but otherwise I see no difference."

The morning work in the White House seems to move on the better every day for that short chat in Mrs. McKinley's room. When she is so well enough for it a great solemnity hangs over Presidential shoulders and extends over the whole household. It reaches past the Cabinet to the clerks and on to bellboys and even to stablemen and gardeners.

These times are happily infrequent. For the most part Mrs. McKinley is able to supervise her home, to do her own shopping and discharge many social duties.

The morning chat is more often given to Mr. McKinley's affairs than to anything else. He gives her a sketch of the past twenty-four hours in his official world and she listens eagerly.

During the President's busy forenoon hours his wife drives out on shopping excursions or visits with the little folks who are often gathered in the big house, or reads and knits if the weather is too bad for driving and if there be a dearth of little folks.

Mr. and Mrs. McKinley lunch together. All the morning's doings are talked over and the afternoon's plans discussed. Sometimes the President has the happy news that he will have a little spare time, and he deferentially asks if he may have the pleasure of her company for a drive. Once in a while he proposes an evening at the theater and that it always delightful, for she is very fond of the theater. She likes comedy and farce, and she is very fond of the world without seeing sad plays and reading sad books," she says.

Some of the afternoons are passed with her friends. She likes a tea-table chat as well as women who know nothing of the big affairs of state.

During this busy season she is obliged to depend more than usual upon tea-table amusement, for there is very little time to be spared by a husband in Mr. McKinley's position. She does not permit herself to make demands upon his time; she knows that he would respond to those demands even though he had to remain at his desk twenty-four hours at a stretch to make up for it. She recalls the time when he had left for Canton on important business, and hearing of her sudden illness returned straight to Washington. Remembering this she guards her own health like a dragon, knowing how much it means to his success that there shall be no anxiety.

YOUNG MEN BELIEVED HIM.

Senator Dooliver's Optimistic Lectures Brought Large Returns.

The career of Jonathan Prentiss Dooliver, the mountain boy who became a Senator, is described by Cyrus Patterson Jones in Success. Of the Senator's love for humor Mr. Jones says:

Hume
The Sooner
In the Sp
Nature to cl
You know
other erupti
In the Sp
time to take
Hood"
For the qu
But, wi
medicine h
tem, ge
ners, rem
unhealthy
"Hood's
blood purifier
was hand
with sore
rins and th
JAN SWAN
Acco
Si
The sim
ancient Ev
much to co
expensive
lien shoul
equality of
are today t
invent new
poor imple
up with th
E
This signat
LAXATIV
be ready
"It was
talked ab
marked Jo
you and I
then he co
between y
"You r
well," said
I am sure
saved my
Boswell, a
Feb. 17, 190
George-
love I cou
Grace—
All you
papa.
Mrs. Q.
something
sider to b
ever saw.
Prof. T
The Be
Duke and
Bill Tonic
certainly i
St. Pet
the recor
Spirit-
trying t
You let
didn't ye
"Yes;
him."
"Well, g
hold by
by the
found a
about hi
The offer
case of Cal
Gastric
Dr. J. C.
We thu
Dr. J. C.
don't add
social a
of Laxat
Hall's Co
Directly o
Boswell
drug, sta
Hall's
While
are som
those
in jail.
Wife
night!
Hust
FITS
It ra
in the
Englar
and in
Our
ever
purpos
Co., 3
Trac
my d
Sch
the m
Wa
the
Sen
terry
form,
own t
way.
story
much
wetu