

Eugene Guard

SATURDAY, MARCH 1

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(Born February 22, 1732.)

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."

CITY ELECTION VOTING.

Registration not Required nor Provided for City Election Purposes.

The GUARD has been asked for information as to the application of the registration law to the City of Eugene election which is held annually on the first Monday of each April.

We have carefully examined the election laws as compiled by the Secretary of State and cannot find any provision whereby city elections, except in Portland, for which a special law was passed, require registration of electors. While the law provides that the voters residing at the county seat shall register in the county clerk's office, the official is not required to make any list for the city.

Farther it would be impossible for Clerk Lee to make any complete list for the city election as registration is allowed till May 15th, more than a month after the city election. Then while the city holds annual elections registration for county and state purposes is only required every two years.

Eugene will vote in the good old way; and it is good enough.

THE SCHLEY-SAMPSON CONTROVERSY.

While the admirals and their friends have been clawing each other as to which should have the credit for the Santiago battle, President Roosevelt executes a flank movement and says it was essentially a captain's battle.

The public will hope that the President is right when he dismisses the case as a "close incident." It has become very wearisome. In the first, and last place, too, it was no fight. Two are required to make a battle, and in this case the American battleships, that were invulnerable to almost any shot the Spanish might have fired, simply followed the fleeing Spaniards and battered them to pieces or compelled them to take the beach. The disparity of guns and armament was such that even had the Spaniards fought they would have had as little show as a snowball in the hot place. The controversy, in the best place, is disgusting, one throughout, navy department, admirals and all.

SOME ADVERTISING ADVICE

Some men make a mistake by discontinuing their advertising when business is dull, says the National Advertiser. Others make a mistake by neglecting to change what is in their space because business is dull. It would be just as reasonable for a newspaper to republish the same items day after day because there was not anything happening to take the place of that which was published yesterday. Such a newspaper would lose many of its subscribers because the average person does not care to read a second time the trivial items which are given in the papers from day to day.

The GUARD advises advertisers to change their advertisements frequently. We gladly make the change without cost to the business man, as it not only keeps a newspaper clean and bright but accomplishes what we and they most desire, the calling of general attention to their announcement. New advertisements catch the public eye, but if allowed to run too long become stale.

A costly marble monument in a fashionable Seattle cemetery marks the last resting place of a Seattle citizen, recently buried, and his favorite horse. He is a "horse" ahead, whatever may happen.

Schley wasn't killed on his late tour—but his wife was along, and kept her eye on affairs.

King Edward of England is an exceedingly fond grandpa. This fondness for his descendants is an inherited form of affection, the late queen having been bound up with her strong family ties.

Talk of adding insult to injury! Those bandits who compelled storekeepers in a little Indian Territory town to hold their horses while they robbed the stores just rubbed the insult into their victims.

Dr Russell the Brooklyn medico who offered himself for vivisection had a string to the proposition, it seems. The convenient wife objects to her better half being cut into mince meat, at least while alive. There are other women who would not say nay to such a proposition.

Bills have been introduced in the Ohio legislature providing that railroad cabs shall be so arranged that the engineer and fireman cannot see each other. With such an arrangement they could talk, but their eyes would be kept on the proper place—on the track ahead.

Arthur Egan a seventeen-year old boy who saved twenty-seven lives on Lake Michigan some months since gets an unusual distinction. The Royal Humane Society of Great Britain bestows two medals a year for exceptional acts of bravery. Young Egan gets one of the 1901 medals. Besides he is the first American to receive the Humane Society medal.

Canning machines and Chinese have had a sharp, short struggle for supremacy in British Columbia, and the canning machines won. The machine requires only two men to run it, and it takes the place of forty Chinamen. Indian women are still needed to clean the fish and Chinamen to solder tins, but Chinamen will not work where a machine is set up.

People about and above Pittsburg who have interests on the Alleghany River, naturally are not resting easy these days. There is an ice gorge along the river for seventy miles varying in thickness from five to sixteen feet. If it goes out with a heavy rain there will be trouble. Boat and barge men are hoping for a gradual thaw.

Poor old Spain! National decadence and bankruptcy, manufacturing and business depression with the concomitant riot. And only a few hundred years ago she was the first power of the world—first not only in war but in art, literature, commerce, all that goes to make a great country with a happy and contented people!

An alleged lot of Ireland heirs to the A J Stewart estate, New York, have been disposed of by the supreme court of that state. "There should come a time," said the court, "when merely vexatious and harassing litigation will not be ordered by the court. It would seem, therefore, as to the estate of A J Stewart, that the time has come."

That it is easier to spend money than to make it is again illustrated in the case of "Plunger" Andrews of Detroit. He did very well in making a million dollars in six years, but made a swift, if not brilliant descent in losing three million in six months. And he lost a lot that was not his own.

The broom trust has raised the price of brooms twenty-five cents a dozen. And, though hitherto accumulating examples in evidence, trust promoters seek to delude the people with the statement that manufacturing combinations bring lower prices. They may when the cat loses her appetite for the mouse.

BUT HE KEPT EVEN.

JONES—What makes you so downhearted?
JONES—My employer's wife has gone and endowed another mission.
JONES—What of that?
JONES—Every time she does it the old man cuts our salaries to get even.

THAT HIGHWAYMAN.

Said to Have Been Looking for Jas. Nichols—Other Junction Notes.

From the Times.

No new developments have been unearthed concerning the identity of the highwayman who held up Goy Miller near the Taylor bridge on Long Tom. A stranger had been noticed by several parties on the west side during the afternoon but was not seen in any direction after the hold-up. It is the general belief hereabouts that the highwayman was after Jas Nichols, the horse buyer, as he was in that neighborhood and was known to carry money.

B A Smith, of Eugene, has opened a knife and gun factory in the building north of the hotel. He will also repair bicycles. Mr Smith is a good workman and was formerly connected with Barr Bros, of Eugene. We hope he will make a success of his venture.

W L Wright has a force of men remodeling the building which adjoins his furniture store on the north. It will now be a part of the furniture store, connected by an archway. Hereafter he will carry a larger stock.

E U Lee came down from Eugene Wednesday. His throat is still troubling him and the object of his visit is to have his father "doctor him up." He is alarmed for fear the ailment may become chronic.

Registration is progressing very slowly in the Junction precincts. Not more than one-fourth of the voters have registered.

MRS. LYMAN DEAD.

Died at Denver, Colorado, Thursday.

Daily Guard, Feb 22

Mrs D A Lyman this morning received a telegram from Miss Grace Murray, who is now at Baker City, stating that her mother and Mrs Lyman's sister, Mrs Ella Lyman, had died at Denver, Colorado, on Thursday of this week. No particulars of her death were received.

Mrs Lyman was aged about 42 years and lived in Eugene for a long time. Her husband, Wm Lyman, it will be remembered, was drowned about a year and a half ago while engaged in logging. She leaves three children, Grace, Fred and Irwin Murray. No information has been received in regard to the funeral.

Sampson Talks Plainly.

DEAR GUARD: The Register this morning is not so wild. Last evening Messrs Bilyen and Hardy were summoned to that office, by telephone from the Hoffman House, when the gentleman told Mr Gilstrap of his talk last Monday in front of the Hoffman House, Eugene, Oregon. He, (Will Gilstrap,) praised \$55000 to the skies, and when the accidental meeting broke up Mr Bilyen mentioned to Mr Hardy, "There goes one Farnish man," and Mr Hardy assented. Now ante up the \$480 to charity."

Anyone that is doubtful in this matter interview either of the two gentlemen, Bilyen or Hardy. "And we might state we also know the editor of the Register under his right political name."

TO-DA, SAMPSON.

ANOTHER AGED RESIDENT.—Thursday's GUARD mentioned several Eugene citizens who are 88 years old. Our attention has been called to another one, Mrs Elizabeth Griffin, mother of the late G P Griffin, who has been residing with the family here ever since they came out from the East, a good many years ago. She is 88 and past. We will be glad to print the names of others over 85.

TO NEW YORK AND MAINE.—Oregon Timberman: John F Kelly, president of the Booth-Kelly Lumber Co, of Eugene, was in Portland recently. He reported the firm loaded up with eastern orders. They are shipping long timbers as far east as New York and Maine.

ANOTHER COTTAGE.—Wm Stevens intends building a new cottage on Alder street, near the University. W T Campbell is drawing the plans.

BORN.—At Crow at 5 p m, Feb 20, 1902, to the wife of J O Hunklutt, a daughter.

In speaking of the Journal, the new paper to be started soon at Portland, the Medford Mail says: "This is very likely of the same family and parentage as the San Francisco Examiner, the New York Journal and the Chicago American—all Willie Hearst's combination—a newspaper trust, as it were."

Those who were interested in the sermon at the Methodist church last Sunday morning will do well to hear the sermon that will be delivered by the pastor tomorrow morning. It will be along the same line as last Sunday's sermon but more local in its application and will point out at least one cause for the existing conditions in church life.

TRAIN DISPATCHING

Once I was a train dispatcher. I am not now and don't want to be. This is the reason:

One night the road was fairly hot with trains when I came on duty. I wondered how in thunder I should ever get the passenger train through without delay. There seemed to be a length of the road and more between stations. I worked like a beaver. It was in the old days of what are known as "single" orders, when each train received a separate order, which must be sent to each one concerned singly. You will easily see how in the rush of business a single order might be incorrectly transmitted and trains leave stations under conflicting orders, which would certainly bring them together unless corrected.

A double header left the foot of the mountain about midnight holding an order giving it the right to Summit. About thirty-five minutes ahead of it was a fast freight. The latter had an engine numbered 427, and the double train had engines 342 and 327.

Along toward morning a train was ready to go down the mountain, and I gave the order to "run wild" and wait for engine 427 at Summit. In some way or other the double train following slipped my memory completely. I have thought since I must have got mixed on the two numbers 427 and 327. At any rate, when the operator at Summit reported the two trains leaving it came over me with the suddenness and pain of a galvanic shock that I had given what we call a "lap" order.

The horrible feeling that seized me often makes me shudder when I think of it now. My hand fell from the key limp and nerveless. Something seemed to cast a blur before my eyes so I could not read the orders before me. The blood rushed to my head, and my temples beat like trip hammers. But only for a second. Like a flash I seized the key and asked the operator to stop the down train. It was too late. It had gone. Then I tried to reach the double train, but it, too, had passed the last telegraph office, and I knew no earthly power could prevent those trains from striking hard, for the grade is nearly twenty feet to the mile up there.

I sent for the chief dispatcher immediately and told him the situation. He was an old hand at the business, and an affair of this kind fretted his nerves almost to the point of insanity. He added nearly 100 per cent to my agony of mind. He would sit down and look the train sheet over and seem to devour the fatal orders with his eyes, then jump up with a gesture of despair and say, "By gosh, that's too bad!" Then he would pace up and down the floor, repeating to himself, "That's too bad, too bad. They'll strike as sure as the world," returning always to pore over the train sheet and order book. I could have screamed with the awful strain of nervous suspense. I confidently believe that nothing but lack of courage and the curious fascination kept me from rushing out and jumping into the river, seventy-five feet below.

I felt absolutely certain that some of those men would be killed. Had both trains been single the drivers might possibly see each other's headlights in time to jump, but I was sure the men on the second engine of the double header would go into the wreck all over and die as sure as fate. It has become fashionable nowadays to disbelieve in a physical hereafter. I don't know anything about that, but I do know that if mental torture be the lot of those who sin in this life, after our accounts are added, I should prefer to take my chances with the old-fashioned style of punishment.

Suddenly both relays opened with a snap. The chief looked at me with a perfectly indescribable expression and went to the switchboard without a word. We both knew without telling what it meant. The trains had struck, and the piled up wreckage had broken the wires down. We tested for the break and soon located it half way up the mountain. I gave up the last particle of hope at this and only waited in a kind of dazed wonder to learn the extent of the casualty.

The thirty or forty minutes that elapsed after the wire failed until we got the official report of the accident seem to me now as misty as a dream. I worked away at the wire mechanically, guided only by the force of habit and using the circuits as they were made up by the chief. He kept fussing at the switchboard in a perfect misery of nervousness.

At length the Summit operator called, and my heart beat almost audibly as I answered him, for I knew from his tremulous sending that he had received the report. I think he must have understood my feelings, for the first words he telegraphed almost crazed me with gratification. Before sending a line of the formal report he told me, "There's nobody hurt!" I gave up right then and there and said, "Mr. H., you'll have to take the rest of this report; I can't," and got up and went home.

It seems the engineer had seen the headlight and jumped, and the men on the first engine of the double header, after giving a sharp whistle for brakes, shrieked to the following crew to jump and kept on shrieking after they struck the ground and until the engine passed them. The warning was heard in time, and all hands got off with nothing worse than a few bruises. But that fished my train dispatching.

A Promoter.

"What is a promoter, Jim?"
"Well, a promoter is one of those fellows that can sell you a colander for a washbasin."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The Mysterious Box.

Once upon a time there was a very old couple living in a wood which was full of all kinds of wild animals. One morning the old man went to gather some wood in the forest, leaving his old wife at home.

A little before noon the good woman went to the creek to wash clothes, when, to her astonishment, she saw a fine, large peach floating upon the water directly in front of her. She picked it up, but did not eat it at once. She thought she would save it and share it with her dear old man at dinner, so she put it safely away in the cupboard.

At noon when her husband came home she cooked him a nice dinner. While they were sitting at the table she thought of the peach she had found in the creek and went to get it. When she opened the door of the cupboard, to her great surprise she saw a little baby coming out of the peach.

"Oh, wonderful! Oh, wonderful!" was all the old woman could say. The old man, hearing the exclamation, immediately went to see what was the matter. He was as much astonished as his wife at the sight of the baby.

"It is very good, dear wife," said he, "for we have no child of our own, so we will take this one and bring it up as ours."
So she took the baby and wrapped it carefully and put it into a basket and placed it by the window.

In a few days the child grew so large that it was impossible to keep it in the basket, so she took a strong string and tied one end to the baby and the other to a millstone to keep it from getting away. But notwithstanding the child was so strong that it went about through the woods with the millstone and did a great deal of mischief.

In a few days the baby had grown to the size of a giant and worked with all a giant's strength helping the old man upon his little farm.

About this time the daughter of the Japanese king had been stolen by an oni (an imp) and carried far away to an iron castle on the oni's island, where she was imprisoned and tormented by fierce and ugly creatures.

The chief of the oni often tried to persuade her to marry him and become his queen, but she would not accept the oni's throne. But the oni persisted in wooing her and tried in many ways to make her consent.

When the old king, her father, heard of this wonderful child, who was so young and yet so very strong, he sent one of his servants to bid him come to his palace at once, so the child obeyed the king's order and went to the palace and was carried into the king's private chamber.

The king asked him if he would bring back his daughter from the Onigra Shima. The peach child told him he would try to do it, as he did not feel at all afraid of the oni. Then the king promised him that if he should succeed he would give him his daughter's hand in marriage as a reward for his great service.

Early the next morning the peach child assembled all the warriors together that were to accompany him on his expedition to Onigra Shima and made them a speech, and he promised to reward all that would serve the king's cause faithfully in the expedition against the oni. They were to have three rice biscuits apiece.

Then all agreed to obey the commands of the peach child, who at once assumed control of these loyal warriors, and the journey commenced.

When the whole army reached the Onigra Shima all the oni made great preparation to give the peach boy's warriors battle.

Next morning both armies met on the great plains of the Onigra Shima, where they fought a terrible battle until night put an end to the conflict. The fortunes of the day decided against the oni's party and an immense number was slaughtered, and their blood covered the plain.

Next morning the peach child's army having completely routed the oni's hosts and captured the iron castle of their prince, after a diligent search in the castle they found the beautiful and lovely daughter of the king confined in a dark dungeon.

When the victorious army opened the oni's treasury, they found numerous precious things. Among them were two suits of winged dresses and a mysterious Japanese box.

The peach child and the king's daughter put on the winged dresses and flew back to the king's palace in a few minutes and told the king what had happened in the Onigra Shima.

The old king was very much pleased and gave his daughter in marriage to the peach child, who after the old king's death ascended the Japanese throne.

The wonder of his age and reign was the mysterious box which was taken from the oni, out of which the king could obtain anything he wanted.—New York News.

Remarkable Memories.

There was a Corsican boy who could rehearse 40,000 words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated and then repeat them in the reversed order without making a single mistake. A physician about sixty years ago could repeat the whole of "Paradise Lost" without making a single mistake, although he had not read it for twenty years. Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind could repeat the whole of Virgil's "Æneid" and could remember the first line and last line of every page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he became blind.—Spare Moments.

FRIENDS.

Both Alice Hartwell and Ned Morgan intended to accomplish something in life, and with each other they were a power reticent as to what they should demand of the world.

They had been friends from youth, and when the girl's return renewed that friendship in all its intensity the gossip had much to say of a long and solid matrimonial understanding.

It was the subject of conversation one August afternoon as they sat together in the cooling shade of the vine on the Hartwell porch.

"The very idea!" laughed Ned. "These old people here haven't any idea beyond marrying and dying. Can't they understand that there are some other contingencies of existence besides these?"

"Of course not," answered Alice, laughing, "and they would demand rank heresy to hear you say so. I must remember that Blanktown is its code of rules and proprieties is changeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians."

"The very idea of you and me being lovers," went on Ned, "when we have been playmates, chums, companions from the mud pie period."

"The idea!" echoed Alice. "Why there couldn't possibly be any romance about such a thing."

"Familiarity kills romance, you know," he said it as if he were using one of the foundation truths of the ages. And she acquiesced with a "course."

"These people here," he continued, "an oracular tone, 'cannot appreciate the beauty of a perfect friendship existing between man and woman. They can only conceive of such a friendly relation degenerating into an affair of kisses, tears and sentiment.'"

"But we shall give them an example of something different, shall we not, Ned?"

"Yes, of a perfect friendship, where sex shall not be considered, where shall be the confident, the true inspiration of the other."

"How glorious it will be, Ned! I shall be such friends as Hannah and Dr. Johnson or Chateaubriand and Mme. Recamier, Paula and I come."

Well, Ned went to work and Alice went to work, Ned plugging away at the law and she entering the school as a teacher, for neither was rich. And their friendship did prove fruitful to each other, for he was a student and she was a stern critic. And they were confidants.

"I know that you will talk to me with perfect honesty, Alice," he said. "I don't believe I really love her, Mason as the world looks on love, then she is a good, sensible girl, a match would be a good one and be full in a worldly sense, and as for—well, love will come with association."

"Of course," said Alice, "of course. But, Ned, do you think that just particular cast of mind would suit her? She seems so terribly practical. I know, Ned. She doesn't seem to be those soft, womanly qualities that seem to me a man would like. I wouldn't discourage you for a moment, Ned. But do you think you would be really happy with her?"

"Well, that's it," said Ned, "that's my bare chin. 'That's it.' For the of me I don't know. A man's got to be mighty careful, mighty careful."

"Yes, he has," said Alice, "for some unaccountable reason I went home and cried herself to sleep. But that's just like a woman, I know."

One day in the vacation period he came to Ned for advice.

"I have found teaching hard of tiresome, Ned," she said. "And all the little home trials that a woman overcomes are her best conquests. I have no desire to go back to the school room, and I have a chance to stay home for myself. Henry Armstrong has asked me to marry him. You know he is a kind hearted man, Ned, and he is settled and well fixed. Tell me, do you think about it, Ned?"

"Why, Alice," said the young man, "I had no idea you were so mercenary. 'I'm not, Ned.'"

"Oh, don't talk to me! Henry is strong, indeed! But marry him by him by all means."

"Why, you're not angry, are you, Ned?"

"What I mean is that I don't think that Henry Armstrong is half enough for you, and I don't believe love him either."

"I don't know that I do, but I didn't love Mary Mason either—did you said so?"

"Oh, that's right! Throw that into my face."

"Well, I thought—"

"Yes, you thought. A woman, you, Alice, needs somebody to think her." And this lord of creation went away in high dudgeon.

He wrote a letter that night posted it, and Alice received it the first mail next morning. It ran thus: "Miss Hartwell—Your actions are entirely explained. The heart of a man is played with. But I hope you will marry Armstrong and be happy. It doesn't what becomes of me. Your neglected lover."

Two hours after its receipt Ned loved it in person with a high jured air.

And she, because she was a very little person, ran to meet him with a glad face.

"Oh, Ned," she cried, "I never want to marry Henry Armstrong. But you said we could be married and mutual critics, and—Ned wants to be loved."

When a dining room table is designed looking disorderly, the designer the family eats in the kitchen.