

# Semi-Weekly Guard

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WEDNESDAY JUNE 23

## Note and Comment.

Two tons of Dight Noor date palm plants have just been received in Southern California from their native home, the Desert of Sahara. It is the most valuable kind of date known and it is thought will grow to perfection on the irrigated part of the Colorado River Desert, hot sun and plenty of water being requisites for its growth and maturity.

Senators Depew, Cullom and Spooner were robbed of their convention gold badges, worth about \$25 each, while mingling with Chicago hotel crowds. Yet those big fellows that couldn't detect a sneak thief taking a badge off the lapel of the coat right under their eyes, they know just how to run this great big country!

That was a great idea at Chicago—installing a megaphone into which to shout President Roosevelt's name, by which the assembled thousands could wake up the shout in unison. Still it looks somewhat like manufactured enthusiasm.

Paul Morton, of Illinois—a new discovery of the president, it seems—hesitates to accept a place in the cabinet as secretary of the navy on account of his lack of special knowledge. It makes no difference—he is a figure-head, anyway—just so he knows enough not to order the boats overland he will answer for the place. The responsible men who do the business of the department have been there for years. Change of administration makes no difference to them; they are indispensable.

Detroit is the latest scene of one of those singular, unexplainable cases where a man failing to secure possession of the woman he loves, at least thinks he loves, shoots her, then himself. No one will question his good judgment in turning the gun against himself after having shot her, but why should he kill or attempt to kill the woman he professes to love so dearly? This aberration is nearly all on the male side of the house. If the woman can't get the man she loves she seems content to plod along without him, else takes the chance of bettering herself with a second choice.

## World's Fair Finances.

As promised by President Francis a few days ago, the first payment on the debt of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company to the United States government was made promptly on June 16, in round numbers \$195,000, that being 40 per cent of the gross receipts of the World's Fair from June 1st to June 15th, inclusive. The detailed statement prepared by the fair's management and attached to the voucher gave the total receipts for that period was \$487,642.50, made up as follows:

Gate receipts, \$452,427.50; season tickets, \$800; stockholders' tickets, \$38,850; national commission tickets, \$33,800; and concessions \$161,772.10. The average daily receipts for the fifteen days were \$33,509.50.

It will be noted that the sales of season tickets is very small comparatively—only \$800—while in that fifteen days \$72,650 came in from sales of stockholders' and national commission tickets and nearly \$162,000 from concessions. Presumably the sales of these two special issues of admission tickets are larger during earlier weeks of the exposition and they will be at any other time, and quite naturally, as the weeks go by and the big show approaches its zenith and then nears its end, revenues from concessions will fall off entirely; it is all together probable, indeed, that practically all of the more important concessions have been disposed of already.

It begins to look, therefore, as if the chief dependence of the exposition treasury from now on will be the day to day gate money—that has been the general experience of the more pretentious expositions in the past it is said. There now remains to be paid back to the government the sum of \$4,465,000 and the bi-monthly payments from this time on must average nearly \$500,000 each in order to have the debt wiped out before the closing of the World's Fair gates. Can the exposition company meet these bi-monthly obligations under the requirements of the law and thus save itself from practical foreclosure by the government?

## Germans In Brazil.

The German government encouraged emigration to Brazil with the hope and expectation that the great South American republic would thereby become largely Germanized. According to a Brazilian letter in the Berlin Zeitung, this hope has not been realized, but on the contrary the 500,000 Germans colonized in Brazil are yielding to the effects of the climate and the charms of Brazilian senoritas, and rapidly becoming as Brazilian as the Brazilians themselves. By intermarriage and by forming business associations with Brazilian merchants and planters, they have found their interests to be in Brazil, and they buy in Germany when they can get what they want in the fatherland at lower rates than it can be elsewhere supplied. Their very Teutonic names become Latinized after the Spanish or Portuguese fashion, and their citizenship of Brazil becomes of greater importance to them than their sentimental attachment to Germany.

Practically they are doing as their sensible and intelligent fellow countrymen are doing in the United States—taking an active and an honorable and a valuable part in the affairs of their adopted country, and contributing to its wealth in many directions. Indeed, the average German is too sensible to carry with him into an adopted country a degree of sentimental love for the land of his birth sufficient to induce him to waive his own personal interests and prosperity for the sake of "Germanizing" the people with whom he becomes associated. The United States has no better, more intelligent or more loyal citizens than those of German birth and descent. Their allegiance is here, not in Germany.

## Judge Parker and Office.

Judge Parker has been a great, almost a chronic decliner of office. He has stuck to the law or the bench, and waved away several gilded invitations. He wouldn't be the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor in 1883 or 1885. He wouldn't be the first assistant postmaster general in the latter year; governor in 1891; senator in congress instead of Mr. Hill, who was then forced to take the job. This last anecdote requires a sweet, unquestioning faith. So Judge Parker, busy, smiling, put the office by. But who is ascetic enough to turn up his nose at the presidency? As to that Judge Parker is in the "receptive" stage. He will not dodge the golden apple. Even the tonic of Themis may have a pocket. —Everybody's Magazine for July.

A census of the Philippines has been taken under the direction of Brigadier General Sanger, which shows that the population of the archipelago is 7,635,426, of which 647,740 are classified as wild and uncivilized. The population of the islands has been estimated at 8,000,000, which proves to have been a close approximation. The Philippines have a larger population than New York—the most populous state in the union—had in 1900, but the growth of New York is so rapid that it has doubtless passed the total for the Philippines by this time. The city of Manila has a population of 219,028, which would place it next to Newark, N. J., in the list of populous communities within the jurisdiction of the United States, and the seventeenth city in rank. Nearly 16,000 residents of Manila live in vessels in the harbor, and only 11,460 live within the city's walls. The Nigretos are believed to be the aborigines of the islands, and now number only 23,000.

Ex-Gov. Geer, who has been there and "saw it," has unmeasured contempt for the Oregon building at the St. Louis fair. There is full corroboration for what he says by others who have been there and who have also "saw it."—Salem Journal.

The fact of the matter is, notwithstanding the Oregonian, the building is a disgrace to Oregon—"A little log cabin with three small office rooms in it and with a stockade around it." The building leaves a very poor impression on the visitor, and the average Oregonian who sees this building views it with contempt and awe-struck silence.

The writer looked upon this wonder and heard many expressions that were anything but flattering for our state.

The last Washington legislature got very good and made a law providing it a felony to live off the earnings of a prostitute. All good in principle—such a man richly deserves the seclusion of the penitentiary—but like some other laws relating to public morals, it will not be enforced except, probably, in some few cases that become a public scandal. And a law that is not enforced cannot be generally enforced, is better off the statute book than on it.

The best way to get Eugene's ball team at the head of the list and keep it there is to give it the encouragement of good attendance at home. Every resident of Eugene ought to contribute something to the gate receipts each week. That is the way to support the team without its being a burden upon any one.

## Petition

To the County Court of Lane County, Oregon:—

We, your petitioners, respectfully represent, that we are residents of Blue River precinct, in Lane county, Oregon, and are legal voters in said precinct; that we respectfully petition and ask that the above entitled court grant to James Peek and George Whitlow, partners doing business under the firm name and style of Peek and Whitlow, a license to sell and retail spirituous, malt and vinous liquors in Blue River City and precinct, Lane county, Oregon, and to maintain and keep a place of business in said city and precinct for the purpose of selling and retailing liquors for the term of one year or such time as said parties may pay for.

Dated this, the 21st day of May, 1904.

### Names of petitioners.

- Felix Sparks,
- Dexter Sparks,
- N E Blair,
- Frank Blair,
- C H Gruning,
- W L Price,
- Jas A Resides,
- Rufus Colp,
- Chas Cone,
- Archie Potter,
- W H Hays,
- William Odgers,
- Fred M Bryant,
- L J Beebe,
- E O Taylor,
- John Mitchell,
- S F McCosiga,
- I B McCauley,
- Albert Vernon
- Chris Hansen,
- Sayers Hulse,
- W F Hines,
- J W Mitchell,
- P H Killo,
- G B Killa,
- J Hawkinson,
- Nels C Sarvick,
- Bart Tate,
- Clarence H Gruning, Jr
- L N Finn,
- J W Wycoff,
- W T Culver,
- Dan Smith,
- Cale Billings,
- Harry B Peek,
- Frank Grant,
- Lewis Tate,
- William Casley,
- Milton Pillette,
- Jas Fitzpatrick,
- Ben Atterson,
- A King,
- C Marx, Jr,
- Carl Elmore,
- Charley Brown,
- W H Ireland,
- A J Ward,
- J B Belknap,
- W J Yale,
- H A Mullin,
- F B Mason,
- Joe Turman,
- J E Sims,
- H B Rhodes,
- J V O Leary,
- L P Snapp,
- C J Dodd,
- F F Hubbard,
- SR Scott,
- H V Buffington,
- J F Tate.

# A CRITICAL MOMENT

(Original.)

The first really warm spring morning had come and brought out the blossoms. I was inclined for a walk and sauntered through an open field, then sat on a stile and took a warm bath in the sunshine. I was thinking about Violet. I knew very well that she was intending to come to a decision between me and Howard Swaffield, or rather, that she had come to a decision and would soon accept Swaffield. I could not blame her. I was twenty-two and poor Swaffield was thirty-eight and had a fortune.

I was sitting with my eyes bent down on my cane, with which I was tapping a step below me. Looking up who should I see coming but Violet. As soon as she saw me she crammed a letter into her pocket. As she came up there was a conscious look on her face. It occurred to me that she had written her acceptance of Swaffield and was going to post it.

"What a pleasant morning," said Violet.

"Very," I replied.

"What time does the mail for the city close?"

"At 11, I believe." I took out my watch. "You have a few minutes to spare. Can't you spend them with me here in the sunshine?"

"No." Nevertheless, after some hesitation, she sat down beside me. I continued to tap the step with my cane; she commenced to poke it with the stick of her parasol. We talked about everything except what was nearest our hearts. I was burning to use the opportunity to make a last dash to save her to myself before it should be too late. But what right had I to influence her to refuse a splendid offer only to wait years for me to make a home for her? I might never make a home. Instead of chatting, we passed the minutes she had to spare each thinking of the letter in her pocket, but not referring to it. At last I took out my watch.

"Time's up," I said. "You have just enough to reach the postoffice before the mail closes."

She flushed. "You seem very much concerned about my letter," she said.

"I am."

"I suppose I am the person to see that it reaches the mail at the proper time."

"You forget that I induced you to stop here. It wouldn't do for me to let you forget that time is passing. The person who expects your letter will be disappointed."

"We must all suffer from disappointments. Perhaps if you were me you wouldn't be in a hurry to post that letter."

"I can't reply to that without knowing its contents and to whom it is written."

This was both true and false, especially false.

"Would you like to know?" she asked, looking up at me as if she would like to torture me by telling.

"Why should I interest me?"

"Oh, I have been led to think that anything which concerns me would interest you." She was pulled again.

"I consider you passed beyond that state which would warrant such interest."

"What an awful disappointment to you!"

"I have many a disappointment before me. It is my part to bear them with equanimity."

"If you go on improving from this point you will acquire wonderful stoicism."

"The letter. Do you wish me to save you the trouble of carrying it? You would now have to hurry, while I could walk the distance leisurely."

"I dare say if you knew the letter's contents you would run all the way to make sure of being in time."

"Then I have an interest in it?"

"Oh, no! You can't possibly have any interest in it. Haven't you just told me that what concerns me has ceased to interest you?"

"I said 'everything' that concerns you, not 'anything.'"

There was another silence. I had lessened the vigor with which I tapped the step; she had increased the frequency of her pokes.

"This delay," said I, "this disappointment to your correspondent, will be laid at my door. I think you had better let me post the letter."

"Yes, if you are so anxious about it. But first I think I will let you read it."

"If there is any confidence in it I hardly think that would be strictly fair to the person to whom it is written."

"It would be perfectly fair since there is nothing in it that concerns you."

"Indeed! I thought you said I would run all the way if I knew its contents."

It is very mean, I will admit, to take advantage of a woman's want of logical sequence, but despite my resolve a few minutes before not to interfere with Violet's making a good match I was playing a desperate game to accomplish that very object. I pushed on remorselessly.

"You have been deceiving me," I said coldly. "One minute you told me that the letter concerns me and the next that I have no interest in it."

She took it out, broke it open and read me the contents. Her face was hot, her hand was trembling, and she was ready to burst into tears. I took the letter from her and tore it into bits. Then I gathered her into my arms.

I blush for myself that I should have turned Violet at a critical moment from a good match to a poor one and for her that she should have been won by a bit of pique.

VICTOR B. STORM.

# An Animal Story For Little Folks

## A Cricket Ball

The two boys on the lawn talked about a cricket ball—they meant a hard ball, like a baseball, with which a game called cricket is played—but Mrs. Hoppy Cricket and Mr. Chirpy Cricket, who overheard them, thought they meant sure enough ball, with music and dancing.

"The very notion!" chirped Mrs. Cricket. "We will give one to introduce Tweedle to society."

"We'll have the katydids for fiddlers," Mr. Cricket said. "I hear that new orchestra is the finest ever."

"Oh, yes, papa, and do have a Jartty or two!" begged Miss Tweedle Cricket. "I love the sound of their clarinets."

For a week before the moonlight night which was to see the crickets



THE KATYDID ORCHESTRA.

ball little snapper bug messenger boys were hurrying to and fro all through the grass, inviting every beetle of any standing at all. The worms were left

out. "Crawling creatures!" said Mrs. Cricket. "We can't afford to invite them."

The refreshments were honeydew arranged in rose leaves, and the orchestra was practicing new pieces for the occasion. It seemed too bad for a debutante to appear in black, but no cricket ever wears anything else, so Miss Tweedle had to be content with her shiny black silk gown.

The glowworms' lamps were glowing, the katydids fiddled away for dear life, and the crickets were swarming in circles when Mr. Rooster, returning from a late ward meeting, concluded that this must be a banquet especially arranged for him. But Mr. Rooster had been listening to speeches until he was drowsy. He was not quick enough for the beetles and crickets, though if they had invited a few worms I think he would have got them. As it was, the minute he set his foot in the ballroom 'two or two' begged Miss Tweedle Cricket, "I love the sound of their clarinets."

For a week before the moonlight night which was to see the crickets



"Do you mean to say that I have no right to open my wife's letters?" "Of course you have the right. What you want is the nerve."

## The Crisis Comes to Women at the Turning Point in Life.

A woman's life is very much like a river. It begins in the little rivulet of girlhood, but grows broader and deeper in womanhood, with many a rock, threatening wreck. At last as middle life is approached a lock ahead shows the river broadened out into a calm and placid lake, but before the lake is reached there are rapids to be run, which threaten peril and misfortune. That calm and placid lake is the well-earned rest of wife and mother after years of care. The rapids that lead from the river to the lake mark the period known as change of life. There are few women who pass this period without sickness more or less serious. Sometimes this change of life becomes a sad change; the change of decay. The body weakens, the mind fails, and in the very prime of life the woman finds herself a wreck. No woman can escape this period of change. Just how far-reaching its effects will be, depends upon the womanly health. The only way in which women can approach this time in safety is by making



PROPER PREPARATIONS FOR THE CHANGE.

This proper preparation means the building up of the womanly health and the general physical health, for the health of the delicate womanly organism is intimately related to the general health of the body, and while womanly diseases remain uncurd the general health must suffer. When an athletic woman enters into a struggle for some championship at golf or tennis, she prepares for the strain and brings her body up to the highest point of resistance to fatigue. If she did not make extra preparation for the extra strain she must endure she would surely be beaten. When a woman nears the period of change of life, she is nearing a period of unusual strain, and if she wishes to win through this period in comfort she must make extra preparation for the extra strain she is to undergo.

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription which makes weak women strong and sick women well at all other critical periods will not fail woman at this last great crisis of her life. If used as a preparative for this change it will practically remove all its pains and dangers, and render this critical time free from the physical disorders and mental affliction so commonly associated with it. But if the period has been entered upon without preparation, "Favorite Prescription" will promptly cure the painful symptoms and restore the balance of perfect health.

"It is now two years since I first began to use your medicines," writes Mrs. Charles E. Thompson, Georgetown, Eldorado Co., Calif. "When I first tried the 'Favorite Prescription' I thought I would never live through the 'Change.' I suffered from all the troubles one could have and live. I had stomach trouble—

lived on dry bread and hot water for three months, not being able to keep any food on my stomach; had constipation and awful headache; was bloated at times in the bowels, had pain in the chest and hacking cough, but, thanks to Dr. Pierce, I am not troubled any more. I also used the 'Pellets' and the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and find all of them just as Dr. Pierce recommends them to be.

"I most highly recommend all of Dr. Pierce's medicines, and I hope all ladies suffering from female complaint will try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and I know that if used right, relief and happiness will follow."

EXTRAORDINARY RESULTS have followed the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription by women undergoing this change. In some cases where insanity has been pronounced the use of "Favorite Prescription" has restored soundness of mind with strength of body. There is no condition of body resulting from this period which "Favorite Prescription" is not perfectly adapted to meet. In nervous affections its influence is promptly felt. It is a nerve nourishing medicine, and quiet the crying nerves as crying children are quieted—by feeding them. It encourages a healthy appetite, and gives quiet and refreshing sleep. It is the best tonic and nerve for weak, run-down women.

"I can testify," writes Miss Lena Pazdernik, of 1520 Ricker Street, St. Louis, Mo., "that my mother must give her sincere thanks to the doctors of the World's Dispensary Medical Association for their advice in her trouble—change of life; also must say that the 'Favorite Prescription,' with the 'Pellets,' was of great benefit to her. I recommend them to all sufferers in similar cases."

A FACT FOR WOMEN TO PONDER. Any weak and sick woman is invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

It sometimes happens that there are peculiar difficulties to be overcome in the treatment of individual cases, and under such circumstances Dr. Pierce's free advice is often of inestimable value.

The dealer who offers a substitute for "Favorite Prescription" does so to gain the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines. His profit is your loss, therefore accept no substitute.

EVERY WOMAN NEEDS a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is a complete guide to healthful living. It is a great work, containing more than a thousand large pages and over 700 illustrations is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.