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AGENTS FOR THE GUARD

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THURSDAY — NOVEMBER 1

Our Premium Offers

Notwithstanding that the Guard has been enlarged and the cost of publication materially increased, the Guard Printing Co. makes a special offer to every new or old subscriber. All who will pay one year in advance for the Weekly Guard at only \$1.50 a year, will be given his choice of the Twice-a-Week St. Louis Republic, or the "Oregon Agriculturist," or the "Oregonian," absolutely free for one year.

The Republic is one of the largest and best family newspapers in America and the "Oregon Agriculturist" is one of the best and most practical farm, fruit and stock papers in the West.

Subscribers, old or new, may take their choice of either paper as a premium.

Those who failed to get the promised premium magazines will be given their choice of either of these papers in place of the magazines without further cost, by sending their names and addresses to this office. So far we have been unable to compel the Eastern publishers to keep their agreement in regard to the magazines, and feel the disappointment as keenly as our subscribers.

The Weekly Guard is still clubbed with the Semi-Weekly Oregon Journal at \$2.25 a year for both papers.

Mail all remittances and communications to

GUARD PRINTING CO.,
Eugene, Oregon

The Hen Is Off

With its customary slowness, the morning paper today printed the news of the big sale of the Harris timber tract in 17-4, nearly three days after the Guard acquainted the public with this important deal. The Register gives as its excuse that it was requested to "withhold the publication of the proceedings until such a time as the deal was closed." The deal was finally closed Saturday morning and the information given the Guard by one of the promoters. In fact it was ready for publication Friday night but the sleepy morning sheet knew nothing about it. The deeds were filed for record Saturday afternoon. The Guard in giving publication to the deal has not invaded the privacy of any man's business affairs, as stated by the Register. On the other hand it was given full permission to give to the public the facts concerning the largest deal made in Lane county timber for a long time. It is simply a case of sour grapes with the Morning Mummy.

Inasmuch as the morning paper claims it has been complimented on its course and the Guard censured for its action, we call on the Mummy to give names of those whom it claims have censured us and complimented their inexcusable, sleepy foggyism. If the morning paper refuses to do this it is simply a confession that the statement they made is false.

Catholic Stand on Marriage

Father O'Hara, of the Catholic church at Portland, the other day took strong grounds against divorce, asserting that his church maintained the same position today as eighteen hundred years ago—recognized no cause for divorce in the sense of permission to remarry, innocent though one of the parties might be. He asserted that the ease with which modern divorce is secured encourages hasty marriage and incites commission of the very offenses which furnish legal pretext for annulment thereof. That the Catholic formula of marriage has always recognized the equality of the sexes, that it is identical for husband and wife—there is no

acknowledgment of inferiority on part of the woman, no special promise that she shall obey. He said in part: "With the spread of divorce and the consequent loosening of family ties, has come a widespread moral pestilence, against which grave warnings have been uttered. On these moral delinquents nature will be avenged by the propagation of a race of weaklings, and God will be avenged in the world to come. Eight hundred years ago, as today, the Catholic church stigmatized as murder the slaughter of unborn innocents. That the end of the sacrament of matrimony should be frequently frustrated by such cold-blooded and unnatural murder, evinces a quality of conscience in our modern pagans that is calculated to appal the mind. In regard to physicians or others who will assist in such a practice, the teaching of the Catholic church has always been equally plain. They are guilty before God of being accomplices in willful murder."

The Unprogressive Britisher

Sir John Long, member of the British parliament, in a speech before the Scottish societies at Portland the other day said in part:

"There is no such thing in the old country as trust funds for political purposes. There is no field for lobbying in parliament. No man ever approached me in the 14 years I served there with a view of obtaining anything that was meant to serve his own ends. As a political body it is perfectly pure, and every man is looking for the advancement of his country. Self comes last."

"The tariff in England is a dead horse. It was downed in Britain by the thought that its adoption would result in the same great evils that have followed its practice in America. The movement for a tariff over there will cease entirely with the death of Joe Chamberlain, who has been its champion."

17-4 Controversy

The statement made in last evening's Guard that nearly all the timber land owners in 17-4 were standing in on the Edmundson suit was an error—in fact, up to last evening only three out of the entire crowd of timber owners in the tract had "stood in." Messrs. Bean and Harris have the confidence of most of the timber land owners, who are satisfied that the price is a good one and that they are receiving a square deal. The Guard was shown the contracts and they seem to dispel any doubts as to the transaction being square. It is true the lands known as the Bridges lands, owned by Bean and Harris personally, which were never in the pool, brought \$25 an acre, but for these lands it would have been impossible to have pulled the deal through.

Always First

The Guard is always first as a newspaper in its territory. Here are some of the first things done by the Guard:

- First typesetting machine.
- First catfold lot of paper.
- First daily paper in Eugene.
- First two-revolution press.
- First in circulation.
- First folding machine.
- First telegraphic news service in Eugene.
- First in news at all times.

The above are good reasons why the Guard is Eugene's leading newspaper. While contracting of hops is an injury to the industry under ordinary conditions, we cannot see where growers who are holding in anticipation of the better price that the shortage and demand seem to warrant, can suffer through not selling at the prices offered by dealers. The dealers say they have half the hops under contracts. Of course they do not understate their side of the case, but what if they have? The other half is just as badly needed, will be required to fill the world's demand before new hops of the next season can be got. Growers with unsold hops seem to have the opportunity to compel better prices.

Dr. P. E. Selover went to Portland today, taking with him Mrs. Clay Owen, who will undergo a surgical operation in a hospital there.



No Catastrophe Is Inevitable

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK, Sociologist, Philosopher and Dramatist

PERHAPS it is not surprising that INSTINCT saves us from great dangers, habitual and immemorial; from the water, the fire, falls, shocks, animals. It evidently has had habitation with them—an ATAVIC EXPERIENCE therewith which explains its agility. But what is marvelous is the ease, the promptness with which it acquaints itself with the most complex and the most unwonted inventions of our intelligence. It suffices to show at once the mechanism, the usage and the end of the most unlooked for machine, however strange and useless it may be to our real and primitive needs, and it understands. Henceforth in time of need it will know the last secrets and the BEST MANIPULATION that intelligence can devise.

This is why, however novel, however recent or however formidable be the instrument, it may be affirmed that IN PRINCIPLE THERE IS NO INEVITABLE CATASTROPHE. The subconscious always, in point of fact, is at the top of all imaginable situations. Between the chops of the sea or on the mountain top, one can, one should await the decisive movement of instinct which has resources as inexhaustible as the universe or as nature.

Inequalities of instinct, which pertain rather to the promptness of the appeal than to the quality of the aid, manifest themselves at all accidents. Place two automobilists in two parallel dangers exactly identical, ONE WILL ESCAPE, THE OTHER BE BRUISED. In a carriage accident, of six persons three will act too intelligently, the other three will save themselves by actions that utterly are indefensible on the grounds of reason. Can the instinct be educated? This would require special study. In the interim it may be remarked that it seems probable that as we accustom ourselves to the habitual and systematic use of the material forces of nature, of all those enormous things which we term nature, WE INCREASE THE DISTANCE that instinct has to cover in coming to our aid. This distance, inappreciable among the savages, the simple, the humble, augments with every step taken by our education, our civilization.

I AM PERSUADED THAT WERE WE TO SURPRISE A PEASANT, A LABORER, IN THE SAME CATASTROPHE WITH HIS PROPRIETOR, HE WOULD HAVE TWO OR THREE CHANCES MORE OF EXTRICATING HIMSELF THEREFROM THAN THE MORE EDUCATED MAN.

A Hymn for Today

A LOST CHORD

By Adelaide Anne Procter

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.
I do not know what I was playing
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great amen.
It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;

It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.
It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine
Which came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.
It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand amen.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

THE DRAWBACK.

To mount the dizzy auto
And chase it down the line
And over dogs and apple carts
Is doubtless very fine,
But I opine
It isn't quite so pleasant
To lie upon your back
And gaze aloft and wonder where
The world are out of whack.

To amble up the boulevard
A minute to the mile
And make the neighbors jealous
Is swell and lovely style,
But it must rise
A temper, though by nature sweet,
To be obliged to stop
Before a large and laughing crowd
That heard the puncture pop.

To throw the speed gauge open
And cut the startled air
Is very lovely business,
A banisher of care,
But it's to swear
When just around the corner
A few rods down the line
The vehicle constable appears
And calls you for a fine.

To jog along to business
At slow and steady gait
Is fine when you are certain
You will not get down late,
But, oh, hard fate
To have the wheels quit buzzing
And after some delay
To get a team of horses
To haul the thing away!

Length of History.

A professor of the University of Chicago who has been digging into the ruins of Egypt with his useful spade has uncovered 1,000 more years of ancient history than we used to have to struggle with in our text books. We went to school.

However, as all he discovered can be put into a dish much smaller than a pint measure it will not add much to the sum total of the woes of the patient schoolchild who is earnestly striving to get a useful education.

When we stop to think that 1,000 years in ancient history is often dismissed with a paragraph, we sometimes wonder what the books will have to say about the United States ten or twelve thousand years from now. Doubtless something like this: "A republic rose and flourished for a few

thousand years in the central part of North America." The very names of some of our greatest presidents will have been forgotten. Isn't it sad?

And Glad to Get It.



They are coming from the seashore,
From the mountain and the lake,
And they now without a murmur
Just what mother offers take.

Those Fool Questions.
"What are you doing?" asked the casual questioner of the industrious suburbanite who was obviously harvesting his last green tomato.
"Giving an imitation of congress passing a bill," sweetly replied the l. s.

At First Hand.
"But how do you know that this dealer is honest?" asked the new husband.
"Why, he told me so himself," scornfully said the new wife.

Slight Resemblance.
"They say she is a consummate liar."
"Just a writer of historical romances."

Unlucky Woman.
"Why don't you marry, Minerva?"
"Can't afford the kind of husband I want."

Hard Work.
"Robinson looks exhausted."
"Yes; I think he has been telling the truth."

Four Shows.
"That fellow is trying to work you."
"That's why I'm having such a good time. I always did enjoy seeing a fellow labor when it doesn't cost me anything."

Not Otherwise.
"If a man asks you for your cloak do you give him your coat also?"
"Yes, if he is the man who keeps them in order."

Era of the Frenzied Financier



JOHN C. BELL.

RECENT events in Philadelphia and Chicago have shown that the wrecking of banks and the robbing of safe deposit vaults by men who go around with burglars' tools, masks and revolvers are not so far removed from the financial institutions by men who go upon as pillars of society. It was a get-rich-quick idea which proved the Nemesis of Bunker Paul O. Stensland, of Chicago, of Bunker Frank K. Hippie, and "Frenzied Financier" Adolph Segal of Philadelphia and of Bunker Frank Bigelow of Milwaukee. The Milwaukee financier erred through the faults of his son, who plunged into speculative schemes and dragged his father from the path of safe and conservative finance to that of crime, ruin and a felon's cell. Hippie and Stensland both started right and up to certain stages of their respective careers seem to have pursued lives of honesty and integrity. Then the temptation to embark in projects promising big returns came and they took the unjustifiable risks involved, leaning on the reputation they had built up as honest and reliable men to obtain the support of other for hazardous enterprises. In Hippie's case religion and philanthropy were used as a cloak to hide things which however much softer terms might be used, were nothing less than swindling. Stensland, who fled to Morocco to escape the consequences of his folly but even there was sought out and remanded to the authorities of his country, is the son of a poor Norwegian farmer. A few years ago it would have been said that he deserved great credit for working himself up to a position of honor and responsibility in the community. He was a sailor as a



ADOLPH SEGAL.

young man and started in business in Chicago in a small way, rising through energy and thrift. But he could not stand prosperity, and his fondness for big schemes that could not be undertaken without assuming big risks was his undoing.

Hippie's case was similar, but his was the strongest of all. His was the case of a good man gone wrong and led wrong by a man with whom, it might have been supposed, a conservative financier, a man with a reputation to maintain, would have had nothing to do. District Attorney John C. Bell, who is prosecuting the surviving wreckers of the Real Estate Company of Philadelphia, declared in court that he could prove that Hippie, Segal and those cognizant of their doings were engaged in a conspiracy and that as a result of their acts more than \$5,000,000 was abstracted from the institution for the use of one man. This was Segal, who, as a director of the company, put it, seemed to have hypnotized the president. Segal's career was meteoric. Twenty years ago he was a recent immigrant from Austria, speaking broken English and working over a boiling soap candler in a cellar in a tenement district. The invention of a new process for waxing paper yielded him \$20,000. This gave him a start in business, and his persuasive manner enabled him to borrow money to any extent desired for all kinds of visionary projects. He built a sugar refinery for the purpose of selling it out to the sugar trust and succeeded in doing so, making about \$1,000,000 on the deal. Later he tried the same game again, but this time could not sell and got left with the refinery on his hands. It is said he once overdraw his account at Hippie's bank \$140,000, but Hippie, being intricately involved in Segal's schemes, had to honor the check. After Hippie's suicide his family found a hastily scribbled note, which read: "No one to blame but myself. Segal got all the money. I was fooled into lending it to him, thinking his business good." The dead bank president was a plodding lawyer for years, and his reputation for integrity and safe methods led him to be made the custodian of many trust funds, including those of churches and charitable institutions. Outwardly he was so highly moral that nobody suspected him capable of doing a wrong thing, and when his fall came it carried misfortune to many innocent persons with it.

A Delayed Wedding

Mr. Melanethon Peter—his name should have been Peter Melanethon, but it wasn't—had called on the morning of his wedding for a final word with his fiancée in order to make sure that nothing had been forgotten. They were to be married at high noon, and it was now 11 o'clock. But the groom was in costume, even to the boutonniere, and the bride needed only to put a few finishing touches to her toilet.

After giving and receiving a few final reminders Mr. Peter, accompanied by Miss Blossom, his bride to be, went into the hall and through the front door, backing himself out in order to keep up his instructions and his eyes on his fiancée till the last moment. He descended the steps in this reverse order, then turned, and the door closed at the same moment.

Now, in anticipation of a coal strike Miss Blossom's father was getting in his annual supply of fuel. A coal wagon had just driven away, and the heaver had forgotten to replace the lid on the coal hole. The consequence was that as Mr. Peter turned and took a step forward he felt himself sink, and in another moment he was knee deep in a coal heap.

The only injury he suffered was scraping the skin off his left arm. He looked up and saw that he could almost reach the round opening above him. But to do so would require a jump. To jump on a heap of coal is like jumping on a quicksand.

When he was thinking what to do suddenly the lid was clapped on the coal hole. Some one passing had seen the opening in the sidewalk and, supposing he was doing a kindly act, put on the lid. Mr. Peter cried out, but too late. The benefactor—to some one else than Mr. Peter—passed on.

From an anticipated wedding ceremony in a fashionable church, in the presence of a fashionable assembly to a coal hole even with the lid off and sunlight is not a pleasant transition, but with a closure and darkness Mr. Peter found it harrowing, especially as he might not get out in time for the wedding. It is singular what thoughts will pass through the brain at such a time. Many a person upon learning of some calamity has had an absurdity thrust itself into his brain. Mr. Peter was a college bred man, and, being impressed with the readiness with which he had reached his present position, remembered an adage of the ancients, "Easy is the descent to hell." This he kept repeating—or rather it kept repeating itself without asking his permission—till he was reminded that he had better be devising some method of escape.

But there was no escape. The only egress was a chute for the coal, but this was not practicable for Mr. Peter, because it must be opened from the outside. In fifty minutes his wedding would be due. He saw the people assembling, the bride and her attendants going to the church, then waiting for him in the vestibule; then the groom for him, anxious faces; the bride troubled and finally in tears. This is what Mr. Peter saw in the coal hole, and it was what occurred. He took no note of time till a clock in a church tower near by struck the hour of 12. Then he knew that the wedding party was waiting that period of suspense which must lead to he knew not what had begun.

At the last stroke of the clock he heard a step in the adjoining apartment—doubtless the cellar. Only a board partition separated him from it. He cried out. There was an interval of silence, then a voice:

"What is it? Who is it?"
Mr. Peter, dreading lest the person would take to flight, cried lustily for help. After some delay the coal chute, which fortunately was above the partially filled bin, was opened by a servant, and Mr. Peter stepped out.

The first thing he did was to look at his watch. It was five minutes past 12. Dashing up the stairs, he gained the bathroom, and a glance in a mirror, showed him a dusky face. Plunging in and his hands into a basin of water, he buttoned his coat as high as possible over his smudged collar and, descending with lightning speed to the street ran toward the church. On the way he passed an empty cab, which he hailed and a few minutes later dashed up to the church.

Three ushers were straining their eyes up and down for him. Mr. Peter was hustled inside, where he was greeted by the bride to be with a mingling of anger, tears and sighs of relief. There was no time for explanations, since the guests had already been kept too long waiting. Mr. Peter took his proper position, with his supports, on the opposite side of the vestibule, there was a creaking of the organ bellows, and the divided wedding party, uniting in the center aisle, advanced to the strains of a wedding march.

Mr. Peter's coat being black and his trousers dark gray, his shirt collar being largely covered and his sleeves pulled down over his cuffs, showed no marks of his residence in a coal bin. But Mr. Peter was badly rattled. He made the responses wrong, fumbled in his pocket for the ring and when he found it dropped it. Coming out an extreme nervousness induced him to throw open his coat. As he passed down the aisle the assembly tittered. His entire front—collar, neck, scarlet buff waistcoat—were smudged from top to bottom with coal dust.

"What in thunder does this mean?" asked his best man when they reached the vestibule.

"Fell in a coal hole," was the laconic reply.

TURNER C. HOYLE.

Wall Street War

How One Is Waged by Captains of Industry—New York Stock Exchange's Oldest Member—Van Horn Versus Hill.



J. J. HILL.

A WAR in Wall street, such as has recently been raging, means wounds and death for a good many of the privates, however it may be for the generals. The big captains and generals of industry like Morgan, Hill, Harriman, the Goulds and the Rockefellers, from their posts of vantage in the conflict, view its progress without fear as to their personal safety. It is the men in the ranks and the subordinate officers who, figuratively speaking, lose lives or limbs in the fray. On the floor of the Stock Exchange, New York, the privates and corporals and sergeants and lieutenants battle for existence, while the commanding officers in the struggle give their orders over telegraph and telephone from the security of private offices, where they are entrenched behind millions of dollars' worth of stocks and bonds.

In the fight which has been in progress in Wall street the immediate object has been the possession of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad, with its \$25,000,000 of extra cash to be added to its treasury from the proceeds of its new stock issue. In this war twice as many millions are said to be involved as were represented in the famous fight of a few years ago for the possession of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, a fight which resulted in the Northern Pacific corner.

The generals who lead the opposing forces in this battle of giants are James J. Hill, J. Pierpont Morgan and their friends, the foreign capitalists, on the one side, and E. H. Harriman of the Union Pacific and its allies, with Sir William Van Horn of the Canadian Pacific, on the other.

The real object of the fight is not so much the money in the treasury of the



WILLIAM ALEXANDER SMITH.

St. Paul as the control of the Pacific coast trade. On the outcome of the contest depends the question of whether the St. Paul is to be extended to the coast in a northerly direction to the injury of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific systems or southerly to the impairment of the profits of the Union and Southern Pacific roads. Another line, the Pacific Coast railway, is involved in the struggle. President Hill has threatened to break into Canadian Pacific territory, and Sir William Van Horn, chairman of the board of directors of the big Canadian road and for many years its president, has said that for every mile Hill builds in Canadian Pacific territory the latter road will build two in that of the Great Northern.

A contest between railroad kings for control of railway properties causes great fluctuations in the value of stocks. In explanation of how such things work the Nestor of the New York Stock Exchange, William Alexander Smith, said last night ago:

Values are inflated now. One of the causes of this is the fact that the great financial leaders sometimes pay big prices for stocks in order to control certain interests. This raises the price above the intrinsic value of the properties which the stocks represent. If it should happen that these manipulators were forced to sell, there would be trouble. A man is not safe in buying stocks now unless he is on the inside, where he can get an honest report on the earnings of the concern and its real condition.

Mr. Smith is eighty-six years of age and joined the exchange in 1844. When he celebrated the diamond anniversary of his connection with the institution two years ago the exchange passed resolutions in his honor.

A visitor to the gallery of the Stock Exchange once asked the friend who was acting as his guide to point out to him John D. Rockefeller. He was informed that so far as known Mr. Rockefeller had never visited it but once and that was when he was introduced to the president on joining it many, many years ago. Most of the financiers like Morgan, Harriman, George Gould and Belmont rarely if ever exercise the membership privileges by visiting the floor and mingling in the scurrillous around the financial storm centers.