

THE EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1909

THE TRAVELER

He had journeyed, sore and weary, over deserts wide and dreary; through the snow of far Siberia he had dragged his frozen form; he had searched the site of Eden, been through Kansas, wild and bleedin', in the far-off wilds of Sweden he had faced the winter storm. In the vain pursuit of glory, hoping he would live in story, he had hooped it to Empory, from Toronto on the lake; he had heard land agents rattle through the suburbs of Seattle, he had seen the Creek of Battle, where they live on sawdust cake. Fate was kind, and just to prove he had journeyed to Vancouver, where the emigrant and the pitch their tents upon the street; he had roamed the broad savannah, he had voted in Montana, hunting with the mighty Bwana, Africa's jungles knew his feet. He had sung the boomer's ditty down in Oklahoma City, thinking it a bloom-ping pity that the town had such a name; he had mined in cold Alaska, farmed with Bryan in Nebraska, and was never known to ask a least advantage in the game. To his native town returning, all reporters there were yearning to receive a statement burning, from this calm, intrepid soul; not of fights or sieges gory was the hero's simple story: "I have but one claim to glory—I have never found the pole!"

—WALT MASON.

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SENTIMENTAL BUSINESS

Personality plays a greater part in influencing the market value of investments in the United States than in any other country, says Bert C. Forbes in the October Van Norden Magazine. A billion-dollar industrial organization or a transcontinental railroad system should not rest on one man's shoulders. The fortunes of a hundred thousand stockholders and twenty thousand bondholders should not be controlled by a single individual. The pulse of our principal stock exchange should not beat in unison with the pulse of a particular member. The key to the stock market should not be entrusted to one operator.

The London stock exchange is under the domination of no financier or clique of plutocratic speculators. The personal factor never enters its calculations—except in the case of the chancellor of the exchequer, whose power over capital has recently been so emphatically demonstrated. The railroads of Great Britain are not in the arbitrary grip of scheming manipulators. Its larger business organizations are un on a scientific basis that eliminates the personal element.

France and Germany frequently suffer from politico-social disturbances, but seldom from the machinations of prominent financiers. Occasionally a quack promoter swims into the financial pool and ruffles its surface, but the brainy men in command of the grand old banking institutions of continental Europe never combine to artificially inflate security values—as is sometimes done in New York—for the ulterior purpose of filching money from the rank and file of investors. An optimist sentence from the lips of a Morgan or a Hill will instantly re-echo within the walls of our stock exchange, whereas in any country in Europe mere sentiments, cheerful or doleful, weigh little when placed on the scale that gauges money rates, crops, traffic returns, home and foreign trade, diplomatic relations and the thousand other matters that rightly go to determine the actual value of securities.

HISTORY REPEATING INSELF

This controversy over the real discoverer of the North Pole is not surprising in the light of history. Columbus' claim to the first discovery of the new world is disputed by some authorities even to the present day, and the Italians declare that one of their countrymen sailed into the Hudson river eighty-four years before Henrich Hudson made its discovery.

Going further back into the records of history, we find that the first man to sail around Africa had his claims treated with scorn through all the ages of history, and the Phoenicians, who bought tin from the Cornishmen a thousand years before our era, are denied even the probability of having visited the British Isles or having known anything about them. They are supposed to have stopped at the barren Sicily Islands without any curiosity as to the great bulk of land looming up beyond.

Travelers from the days of Herodotus to our own times have had to meet with skepticism. There was Mandeville and there was Marco Polo, both of whom were ridiculed by their contemporaries, and Captain John Smith's passage at arms with Powhatan and rescue by Pocahontas are laughed at. Early writers on Peru and Mexico are still doubted and their statements are compelled to pass through a critical ordeal, although modern archaeologists are demonstrating the correctness of their narratives every day.

Cook is suffering the common lot of those who go down to the sea in ships and invade new lands. As he has the people with him, he is better off than his predecessors.

MONOTONY A SHRIVELER

No matter how healthy or capable a person may be, the brain cells and faculties which are constantly used, like the bow which is always tightly strung, lose their elasticity, their grip and firmness, and become jaded, dull, and flabby, according to Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

The brain that is continually exercised in one's occupation, with little or no change, is not capable of the vigorous, spontaneous action of the brain that gets frequent recreation and change. The man who keeps everlastingly at it, who has little fun or play in his life, usually gets into a rut early in his career, and shrivels and dries up for lack of variety of mental food and stimulus. Nothing is more beneficial to the mental or physical worker than frequent change—or fresh viewpoint. Everywhere we see men who have gone to seed early, become rutty and uninteresting, because they worked too much and played too little. Monotony is a great shriveler of ability.

Ambitious workers in vigorous health are apt to apply themselves too closely to their work, and not to take sufficient rest and recreation. But the greatest achievers are not those who are forever grinding away at their work; who, whenever you precious—they must be going, must be on the move.

SOME NORTH POLE THEORIES

The Rochester Post recalls that many years ago "Symmes' Hole" was a part of the slang of the period. When a man disappeared people would say that he had gone down Symmes' Hole.

The man who was responsible for this saying was John Cleves Symmes, an American soldier and author, born in Sussex county, N. J., in 1780. He entered the United States army in 1802, served through the war of 1812, and distinguished himself in the battle of Niagara. After the war he settled down in Newport, Ky., and devoted himself to a theory. This theory was that the earth and all other planetary bodies are composed of a number of hollow, concentric spheres, open at their poles, and to support this theory the army officer wrote a remarkable volume entitled "Theory of Concentric Spheres, Demonstrating How the Earth is Hollow, Habitable Within and Widely Open at the Poles." Before issuing this book Symmes issued a call for "100 brave companions, well equipped, to start from Siberia in the fall with reindeer and sleighs on the ice of the frozen sea; I engage we find a warm and new land stocked with thrifty vegetables and animals, if not men, on reaching one degree north of the latitude of 82 degrees. We will return the following spring."

But Symmes, like most prophets, was without honor in his own country. No brave men answered his call for an expedition to the north. He was undaunted, however, and after a series of public lectures he petitioned congress, in 1822, for a subvention in order to equip an expedition to the Arctic. Congress rejected his appeal, but some of his wealthy converts fitted out an expedition that reached a latitude of 82 degrees south, thus demonstrating the incorrectness of the Symmes theory. But the army officer was a man of one idea, hard-headed and obstinate. He was not convinced by the results of the expedition that sailed on the good ship Annawan, and he died in 1829, believing to the last the correctness of concentric spheres.

During his lifetime John Cleve Symmes was more or less ridiculed as a crank, but after his death his theory was taken up by other men, and in time they became rather widely accepted. Even as late as the early eighties the Symmes' Hole was gravely exploited by many students of the Arctic and Antarctic. The exploration of the last two decades, however, have effectively demolished the theory. Shackleton, Peary and Cook have demonstrated that the Symmes theory is as ridiculous as the Ptolemy theory of the sun, or the Herodotus theory of the shape of the world.

Everybody and everything now has its press agent. The public service corporation hires one to put its case right before the people; the Standard Oil Company has one of the cleverest men in the country, and each cereal company, airship company, automobile company and theatrical company has its own individual press agent. Does the ambitious man socially wish to climb? He hires a press agent. Does the politician wish to succeed? He hires a press agent. The man whose wondrous work with the pen was formerly effective only for the circus and the stage is in demand by the butter manufacturer and the beef trust. There are not enough of him to go around. Cities and communities have their press agents, with staffs of writers and reporters under them. They get their "stuff" into the papers, and they mail out millions of pamphlets. It all serves to emphasize the importance of publicity, and to intensify the demand for newspaper men. Both of which are consummations devoutly to be thankful for. The power of the press agent is a sign of the times.

The government is now conducting another big land lottery, this time in the Dakotas. Registering for 2,500,000 acres of agricultural and grazing land in South Dakota and adjacent territory in North Dakota began yesterday and will continue until October 23. The six towns designated as registering points are Pierre, situated on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad; Le Beau, on the Minneapolis & St. Louis, and Aberdeen, Mobridge and Lemmon, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. Bismarck, on the Northern Pacific railway, will be the only North Dakota point which will get any of the favors of the registration. Estimating from the number of registrations at prior land openings in the West and Northwest, it is believed that fully two hundred thousand intending homesteaders will register for a chance to obtain farms of 160 acres each. The land to be opened will be sufficient to furnish farms of 160 acres each to about 1400 homesteaders. The tract lies west of the Missouri river, the river being the eastern boundary of the Cheyenne River and Standing Rock reservations, approximately one hundred miles long in the two states and four miles wide.

In Idaho and Oregon within the last two years ten conventions and representative gatherings have met to consider the construction of railroads by districts, the money to be secured by bonding the land benefited, says the Labor Press. Railroads make land more valuable. They add from \$20 to \$500 an acre to agricultural land, especially in the state of Oregon, where they make fruit shipments possible. In California irrigation canals costing many millions of dollars have been constructed in this manner. The construction of railroads by bonding the lands benefited and keeping the enormous values thus created in the hands of the people owning the land instead of in the hands of Wall street speculators, may seem a little startling, but if the people are willing to let any railroadless district try it perhaps it may be a way of paying dividends on watered stock or doing without transportation. It is up to the people.

Portland's supreme selfishness should be fully satisfied, having kept the president from getting a glimpse even of any part of Oregon outside of Portland.

A sucker is born every minute, we are told—but who ever heard of one dying?

BIG MINING CASE SETTLED OUT OF COURT

Council Bluffs, Oct. 5.—The million dollar Doyle-Burns mining suit, which has been in court for several years, has been settled, the litigants on both sides signing a stipulation which was filed today, by which each side pays its share of the costs. The terms of settlement are not divulged in the stipulation.

Celebrated Case

Denver, Oct. 5.—The Doyle-Burns case is one of the most noted in mining history. Doyle and Burns were the discoverers of the great Portland mine at Cripple Creek. The mine was sold to a stock company, after which Doyle sued Burns for \$1,000,000 as his share. Burns obtained an injunction prohibiting Doyle from bringing an action in the Colorado courts, but the injunction was ignored and Doyle spent some months in jail for contempt. He took the case to the Iowa courts and got a judgment for \$650,000. Burns appealed and secured a new trial. He was given a verdict in his favor and then Doyle appealed and was granted a new trial.

THINGS WE THINK and WHAT OTHERS THINK

By Elbert Bede

Even money is going back to work.
When money talks it usually gets an encore.
The bustle trust is the latest. Get thee behind us.
Some congressmen have revised their tariff views.
A sucker is born every second—and most of 'em are twins.
A self-made man can't kick on the material used in his makeup.
The man with music in his soul seldom worries about the staff of life.
After winning a girl's whole heart a man hadn't ought to make half-hearted love.
A swelled head is a hard case to treat, as there is usually nothing inside to work on.
J. Pierpont Morgan has bought a Bible for \$5000. That is a valuable work at any price.
Love letters are generally filled with silly nothings, but they have a cash value in court.
Some one tells us that Eve was twenty-three feet tall. She had the advantage of being able to overlook Adam's faults—but it's no wonder our prehistoric dad was tardy in taking her to a dressmaker.

What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heart-burn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

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