THE EUGENE DAILY GUARD.

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Charles H. Fisher.

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FRIDAY, JULY 19

MRS. ROOSEVELT OPENS WAR ON THE CORSET

Mrs. Roosevelt has heretofore allowed her strenuous husband to enjoy alone the glow of the limelight in the centre of the stage, but if Eastern newspapers are to be relied on she has entered the lists at last in the role of dress reformer. One of our exchanges asserts that if Mrs. Roosevelt is successful in her crusade the corset will be regulated to the limbo of antiquity, along with the hoopskirt and the bustle. As a result the wasp-like waists bid fair to go out of fashion, and the Venus form, long admired but seldom emulated, is to have its inning.

Mrs. Roosevelt's action as a sartorial reformer is not without precedent. When Mrs. Cleveland was America's first lady, she placed an eternal taboo on the bustle and put the official ban of displeasure on that hideous instrument of deformity. At that time the bustle had grown to enormous size and caused the American woman to resemble the humpbacked ship of the desert. Mrs. Cleveland's example was speedily followed by the nation's femininity and the bustle became a back number.

The opposition of Mrs. Roosevelt to the corset is based upon hygienic facts not unrelated to the subject of race suicide. She believes that the compressing of vital organs by means of stays has become a positive menace and a crime against future generations. Such a crusade will not be without its effect in the financial world, since millions of dollars are invested in corset manufacture in this country, and any attempt to bring these articles of feminine attire into disrepute will not be accomplished without a determined fight on the part of the vested—or "corseted"—interests of the nation.

WHAT IT COSTS TO RUN NEWSPAPERS

Very few percons, comparatively, have any adequate idea of the immense cost of producing a modern daily newspaper, particularly in the large cities of the country. Some authentic figures on the subject have recently been made public and will doubtless occasion surprise to the uninformed. The "composition" (printers' weekly pay roll), for instance, on the Baltimore American is $900; on the Boston Globe, $4200; on the Globe-Democrat, $3000; on the New York Herald, $4000,and other papers in proportion. Bills for special telegrams are another big item of expense. On the Chicago Herald a few years ago they run to $500 per month; St. Louis Globe-Democrat, $12,000; San Francisco Examiner, $8000; Boston Herald, $6000; and St. Louis Republic, $4,000. Then there is the white paper bill, which is greater than the others combined. On the New York World it is said to run $700,000 per year, and on the New York American about the same; on the Chicago News about $350,000 and on the Boston Globe and Herald about $350,000 each; on the Enquirer about $300,000, and on many other papers it runs from $100,000 to a quarter of a million dollars every twelve months.

While it does not cost nearly so much money to run a newspaper in a town like Eugene as in the large cities mentioned, the bill of expense would surprise many persons who are not familiar with the business. There are few local industries that contribute more to the business life of the community by virtue of their payrolls than the newspapers.

Nearly every progressive town in Oregon is asking for a new railroad depot. And why not? The country is growing and the towns are wide-awake and hustling, and it is but right and proper for the railroads, the greatest beneficiaries of this remarkable prosperity, that they should spend some money in permanent improvement. The first impression a stranger receives of a town is when he steps off the cars at the railroad station, and that impression would be much better if there was an air of progressiveness about the company grounds and buildings such as is produced by the neat depots and well kept parks along the Oregon Short Line through south Idaho. Quite likely this fact has much to do with the wonderful growth of that semi-arid section of the West.

During the months of September and October the railroads are going to put o nan extremely low colonist rate to Western and coast points. The same rate during March and April this year brought peple west at the rate of 7000 a day by all the roads and no doubt more will come this fall. Eugene ought to be doing something to so advertise the town and county that some of the thousands who come to Oregon will be induced to buy tickets directly to this city. If once they stop here, the natural resources of the countrk, its climate, the splendid growth and activity of Eugene, coupled with efforts of hustling real estate men, will do the rest.

Washington correspondents might find a little relaxation from the war strain by putting in a little time juggling the cabinet jobs. Besides being in line with mid-summer customs, it would be a relief to readers of their stuff.

Sir Conan Doyle, though 48 years old, is preparing to make his first venture into matrimony. Wish him luck and happiness, but feel bound to say that he's due to find out more things than Sherlock Holmes ever dreamed of.

A man has been arrested in Portland for robbing the telephone company. They ought to withdraw the charge against him and make him president of the corporation—he has the qualifications.

The interstate commerce commission has put its O. K. on the "jim crow" car laws and another howl about race discrimination may be expected from the professional howlers.

A news item says that whales are so numerous along the Atlantic coast that steamships are cutting them up constantly. Really, something ought to be done to check the lying epidemic.

Knoxville, Tennessee, has pulled off something unique—a tragedy in which a jealous husband killed a man and none of the parties belonged to the "first families."

August may turn out to be a hard month for oil consumers—on the 3d Judge Landis will announce the amount the Standard Oil Company must pay in fines.

Nothing is more certainly proved by history than that war talk, however baseless, frequently leads to the real thing. Now is a good time to cut it out.

Fairbanks having cinched the votes of the waitresses union by that life saving stunt, it's up to the other candidates to pull off something equally as good.

Jesse R. Grant announces that he is not yet a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination. Modest and at the same time receptive, eh?

Senator Depew's name figures oftener in the society column now than anywhere else, and he was once seriously mentioned for the presidency.

Former Mayor Schmitz in stripes and without his pompadour and whiskers ought to prove an effective object lesson to municipal grafters.

They've been having a hot time at the Jimtown show. In a single day ten visiting militiamen were overcome by the heat while drilling.

And of course that $87,000,000 surplus in the treasury is responsible for some of the war talk. Lots of itching palms in this country.

That publicity sometimes pails was again proven when the Nick Longworths sneaked into Portland, en route to Yellowstone Park, to avoid it.

Eugene, railroad, milling and educational centre—that's three of a kind hard to beat.

Boost for Eugene now. Things are coming our way and its the time to get in and drill.

The Mouse and the Lion.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment.

"My dear," said Grace Seward as she crossed the wide hotel veranda, "who do you think has come?"

Marion Page looked up brightly from the book she was reading. "The king of Patagonia," she suggested.

"Nonsense, Marion! Don't be silly! This is really somebody out of the ordinary—a real social lion! I give you three guesses. Take the first."

"But I'm no good at guessing," protested Marion. "You'll have to tell me."

"Well, then, hold your breath! It's Burton Sturgis!"

"Burton Sturgis!" repeated Marion slowly.

"Isn't that a sensation?" cried Miss Seward, sinking into a chair at Marion's side with a swish of beruffled skirts. "Fancy such a great explorer, writer and statesman as he is choosing to stop at Windmere for a day! I've always been taught to suppose that such people avoided hotels in the height of the season, haven't you? But it seems he lived some place near here when he was a boy, and he wants to stop and see it on his way through. I suppose famous people always want to visit the haunts of their early life, don't they? And Mrs. Barrington-Sells happens to know him, so she's going to give a tea for him in one of the hotel cottages this afternoon."

"A tea?"

"Yes, a tea. You might know she'd never let a lion escape. It's in the Farquhar cottage, I believe and you are to serve fruit punch."

"I?" echoed Marion.

"Yes, you. Mrs. Sells told me to tell you. She was coming to ask you herself, only there isn't time. It's nearly half past 10 now, and you haven't the faintest idea how much there is to be done before this afternoon. I should be scurrying about this minute instead

"BUT THEY'RE SO ELUSIVE," LAUGHED MARION.

of sitting here talking. There are oceans of people to be invited—all Mrs. Sells' friends—and the cottage to be put in order, and the decorations—we've simply robbed the flower beds. And Mrs. Sells wants to know if you won't take the trap this morning and get her some ferns and trailing vines. There are a lot up the road by Benders'. You know the way. I'd come with you, but I have to fill the vases and half a dozen other things."

She skipped down the veranda steps and then paused. "What are you going to wear?" she asked.

"Mercy," laughed Marion, "I haven't had time to decide!"

"Well, then, I hope you'll choose your gray silk mull. It's perfectly fascinating. You look like a dear little mouse in it. I'm going to grace the occasion in pale blue. That's not a pun." And Miss Seward rushed across the lawn with the same impetuosity with which she had arrived.

A few moments later Marion drove briskly along the road, a scissors and garden knife on the seat beside her.

"To think," she mused, "that he should come today!"

For two years past Burton Sturgis had stood to her for an ideal, a hero to whom she had meted out a generous share of girlish hero worship. His books occupied a favorite corner of her bookshelf, and a picture of him, cut from a current magazine, was tucked away in a drawer of her desk. She had known that it was possible that she should some day meet him. Still she had not thought that it would be as soon as this. Indeed, she might have known him before had she made the effort to do so, but Grace Seward's description of her as a mouse suited her exactly.

"I'm afraid it doesn't take a gray gown to make me one either," she mourned as she stood cutting the vines, the sunlight glinting on her soft hair. "I'm not a bit good at gushing, like the other girls."

"A mere mouse," she repeated to herself that afternoon as she sat in a fern embowered corner of the tiny reception room behind a huge cut glass bowl filled with pineapple lemonade and its attendant sherbet cups and plates of delicate wafers. Beyond, in the drawing room, was a swirl of pink and white and blue, a mass of duffy gowns and pretty wearers, and in the center of them the portly figure and triumphant face of Mrs. Barrington-Sells. Beside her, immaculate in white flannels, stood Burton Sturgis, a tall, thin man with a commanding profile and dark hair lightly touched with gray.

"He's just as I imagined he would be," murmured Marion, "even to the little bored look that settles around his eyes and the quick way he has of throwing back his head."

Every now and then a group of girls would drift up to her table with little exclamations and thrills of laughter. "Oh, thank you, Miss Page! How cool and delicious! Oh, girls, isn't Burton Sturgis fascinating, and aren't his books too lovely for anything? Let's go back and talk to him again." And the group would break away from Marion and return to the ring that surrounded the great man. From time to time Marion caught snatches of their feminine chatter. "Your charming books, Mr. Sturgis! Adorable! Quaint! Delicious!"

Presently Mrs. Sells broke away from her circle and waddled up to Marion with Burton Sturgis in tow.

"My dear," she wheezed, "let me present Mr. Sturgis. Mr. Sturgis, Miss Page. See that he has enough, Marion," and, playfully waving her pudgy hand at them, she went back to her other guests.

"It is a thirsty day," said Burton Sturgis, taking the sherbet cup that Marion held out to him. "Do you think you could manage to put in another cherry, Miss Page? I'm awfully fond of cherries."

"But they're so elusive," laughed Marion. "They always seem to slip out of the ladle. I just think I've caught one, and then it gets away."

"It's like the small boy and the minnow," agreed Burton Sturgis, his bored look giving place to a smile. "There! You've missed it again!" as a refractory cherry with a little splash sank to the bottom of the bowl.

"I doubt if you could do as well!" cried Marion.

"What do you bet?" he said boyishly.

"Two wafers and half a macaroon."

"Done!" He seized the ladle and was in the midst of an excited dipping when Mrs. Sells came toward him like a ship under full sail.

"They're calling for you, Mr. Sturgis," she said, "and this room is too small to hold them all. We shall be mobbed if we don't hurry."

He put down the ladle with a regretful look. "I suppose I'll have to, then" he said and followed her with lagging steps.

Marion leaned her chin on her hand and looked after him. Her moment of moments was over. She had met her idol face to face, and not one word had she spoken of all that his personality and work had meant to her in the past two years. A flush passed across her face. "I might at least have told him that I had read his books," she said to herself, "but it's too late now. I've had my chance and lost it. What a little stupid he must think me if he thinks of me at all."

Then the line of chattering guests began to thin. One by one they were departing. Mrs. Barrington-Sells' round face was lit with contentment. It had been a most successful afternoon.

"Even she had something to say to him," thought Marion disconsolately. There was a quick step at her side. She looked up. It was Burton Sturgis.

"Well, that's over!" he cried, with a shrug of delight. "And, heavens, but I'm glad to be back in this corner with you! Do you know, Miss Page, you're the only girl this afternoon who hasn't said 'Quaint, lovely, charming and delicious!' I'd like another cherry, please. And will you do me a favor?"

"Delighted," cried Marion gayly.

"I've decided to stay over another day, and there's a place near here I'd like to show you if you'd care to see it. Will you come driving with me tomorrow?"

For an instant his eyes held hers. Understanding, humor, camaraderie and a something deeper than all these passed between them.

"I should be glad to," said Marion.

High Priced Elections.

A century ago elections in England were costly affairs. In one case half a million pounds was spent on one election alone. This was the great contest for Yorkshire, in which the candidates were Viscount Milton, the Hon. Henry Lascelles and Mr. Wilberforce. Wilberforce won at a cost of £58,000, "with every resource of the most rigid economy and great voluntary assistance in labor."

Mrs. Fanny Kemble tells us of another Yorkshire contest, where the money seems to have been spent just as freely. Mrs. Wentworth Beaumont is the heroine. "She, then a very old lady, drove in her traveling carriage to Downing street and, demanding to see the prime minister, with whom she was well acquainted, accosted him thus: 'Well, my lord, are you quite determined to make your man stand for our seat?' 'Yes, Mrs. Beaumont, I think quite determined.' 'Very well,' replied the lady, 'I am on my way down to Yorkshire with £80,000 in the carriage for my man. Try and do better than that.'"—London Chronicle.

At the Live Stock Show.

The Doctor—There's the fattest hog I've seen yet. What kind do you suppose he is?

The Professor—He is one of those swollen fortunes you have been hearing about.—Chicago Tribune.

Fit to Die.

Rector (going his rounds)—Fine pig that, Mr. Dibbles, uncommonly fine. Contemplative Villager—Ah, yes, sir, if we was only all of us as fit to die as him, sir!—London Tit-Bits.

CLASSIFIED COLUMNS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—A $58 steel range cheap; also some furniture. Inquire 65 Lawrence street. j21

CORDWOOD FOR SALE—Leave orders with L. G. Brown at Dr. Brown's office in Chrisman block.

FOR SALE—A 5-room house and lot for sale by parties wanting to go away. Inquire at 354 West Tenth street. j24

FOR SALE—Modern house of eleven rooms, barn, chicken house and fruit trees. Inquire 194 East 11th street.

FOR SALE or trade—Six head of cows. R. S. Smith, Eugene, Ore. Or call at Hull's drugstore on Willamette street.

FOR SALE—Good farm and stock ranch at a bargain. Or will exchange for city property. Call on G. G. GROSS, Theatre Block. Jy 15

FOR SALE — A good nine-room house to be removed from lot. For particulars apply to W. J. Baldwin, Eugene Racket Store, Commercial block. tf

FOR SALE—A flock of 20 pure Plymouth Rock hens for sale cheap. Owner leaving town. Apply to Mrs. Whitley, 144 East 4th street, Eugene. j20

FOR SALE—230 acres, one-half bottom land, about 30 cleared; good nine-room house and barn, on the Mohawk river. Address A. J. Workman, Marcola, Or. s1

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Fine stock ranch with plenty of spring water for irrigating purposes. See Lee Hoselton, Oregon Cigar Store. tf

FOR SALE—Second-hand top buggy, running gear and bed in first-class condition; top needs recovering. Price reasonable. Call at Call at Thorpe's blacksmith shop, Pearl street, between Seventh and Eighth. d w tf

FOR SALE—160-acre stock and fruit ranch in Western Lane. About 100 acres bottom land. 75 acres well watered pasture, 15 acres under cultivation. An orchard of about 300 fruit trees and nut trees in bearing. Large barn, good house, woodshed, fruit house, dryhouse and other buildings. 800,000 feet of standing old growth fir and cedar on the place. School ¼ Mile. This is on of the finest homes in the Siuslaw country. Postoffice on place. For terms and further information call on or address.
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PUBLIC AUCTION—I will sell at public auction at my place, one mile north of Fir Butte, known as the Purkerson place, 8 miles west of Eugene, on Saturday, August 3, all my stock and farm implements, consisting of three brood mares, one two-year-old horse colt, one three-year-old horse colt, one sucking colt, nine Jersey Cows, five yearlings, four hogs, one disc plow, one harrow, one stand of bees, two wagons, two sets harness, and other articles too numerous to mention. Terms of sale: On all sums under $5, cash; on amounts of $5 and over, one year's time at six per cent. James Offutt. a3

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms; inquire 521 Lincoln street. tf

FOR RENT—Modern furnished flat. Apply at Schneider block. tf

WANTED—At once, six teams to haul cordwood. Dr. L. W. Brown. j24

FOR RENT—An 11-room dwelling house. Enquire at 641 Hilyard street. tf

FOR RENT—Two or three furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Inquire at 683 Oak street. tf

FOR RENT—Furnished or unfurnished rooms; free water. Enquire of Campbell-Fellman Company.

FOR RENT—Suite of rooms in Warren block. See Lane County Abstract Company, in same building. tf

WANTED

WANTED—Ten cords of oak, ash or maple wood to be delivered before September 1 at Eugene Racket store. tf

WANTED—Wood choppers to contract for 1200 cords of four-foot cord wood. Address P. V. Cooper, Black Butte, Oregon.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOUND—At Otto's confectionery, a gold bracelet. Owner can have the same by calling at Otto's and paying for this notice.

LOST—Bill book containing receipts and statements of account. Return to Dr. M. G. E. Bennett, 518 Willamette street, and receive reward. tf

GOLD AND SILVER PLATING—On knives, forks and all household articles that do not look like new. Write the Oregon Plating Works, 128 Lownsdale street, Portland, Oregon, for prices.

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PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

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DR. J. F. TITUS, office Matlock building. Residence, 632 Pearl street. Office phone Red 1091. Residence phone, Red 4981.

MRS ANNA MAURER, osteopathic physician. All curable diseases treated. Women and children a specialty. Office over F. E. Dunn's. Phone Red 1631.

DR. McDOUGAL, physician and surgeon. In addition to general practice special attention given to diseases of women and children. Office over Preston & Hales. Phone Black 1631.

DR. M. G. E. BENNETT, osteopathic physician. Acute and chronic diseases treated. Offices over Chambers' store. Phone Black 1326. Residence phone Black 1580.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

S. D. ALLEN, Attorney-at-law, 616 Willamette street, Eugene, Oregon.

C. A. WINTERMEIER, Attorney-at-law. Land titles and probate specialties. Office over Chambers-Bristow Bank.

DORRIS & SKIPWORTH, Attorneys-at-law. Office in Hovey building, over Chambers-Bristow Bank.

LEON R. EDMUNSON, Attorney-at-law. Rooms 1 and 2, Eugene Loan and Savings Bank.

WILLIAMS & BEAN, Attorneys-at-law. J. M. Williams, L. E. Bean. Practice in all courts of the state and before the U. S. Land Office. Offices 12, 13, 14 and 15 McClung Building.

I. N. HARRAUGH. Special attention given to divorce and settlement of estates. Agent for Continental Insurance Company. Room 5, First National Bank Building, Eugene, Oregon.

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WOODCOCK & POTTER, Attorneys-at-law. A. C. Woodcock and E. O. Potter. Office one block south of Chrisman block, Eugene, Oregon.

WALTON & NESS, Attorneys-at-law. J. J. Walton and S. P. Ness. Will practice in all the courts in the state. Office, room 3, Walton Block, Eugene, Oregon.

BOWER & MARTIN, Attorneys-at-law. J. H. Bower and W. G. Martin. Will practice in all courts. Office over Chambers-Bristow Bank, Eugene, Oregon.

JESSE G. WELLS, Lawyer, No. 26 West Eighth street, Eugene, Or., opposite postoffice. Gives special attention to the examination of abstracts, drafting wills, settling estates, conveyances and collections. Also to all pension matters. Phone Red 1176.

Administrator's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, in the matter of the estate of A. L. Hudkins, deceased, duly made and duly entered of record upon the 24th day of June, 1907, the undersigned administrator of the said estate will on Wednesday, the 24th day of July, 1907, at the law office of L. M. Travis, offer for sale, and thereafter until sold, at private sale the following described real property, to-wit:

Lot No. Three (3), in Block No. Four (4), in Scott's Addition to Eugene city, Lane county, Oregon, belonging to the said estate.

Terms of sale, cash in hand and not less than $1,000.00.

J. H. Van METER,
Administrator.
L. M. Travis, Attorney for Estate.

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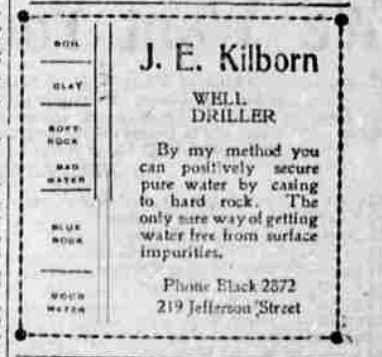

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