

INCREASE IN TAXES IS THE CAUSE OF SOME COMPLAINT

Except in Case of Errors the Taxpayer Must Look Pleasant and Dig Up---Summary of Our New Departure Tax Law.

Tax paying began at the sheriff's office Wednesday morning and all day the large force of deputies has been kept busy issuing receipts. J. W. Stafford of the Mohawk valley, as usual, received receipt No. 1. His taxes amount to \$141.15. B. D. Paine of Eugene, who has been second on the list for several years, was second again. His taxes amounted to \$45.95. Mr. Stafford has had the money on deposit at the sheriff's office since August.

Taxes are still higher this year than ever before and there is considerable complaint on that account, but everybody has to pay, so what's the use to kick? For instance one man whose taxes on the same property he owns now were a little over \$10 last year were over \$15 this year, and another man who paid \$20 last year paid over \$30 today.

The sheriff has sent notices to every taxpayer in the county, telling him the amount he owes the county and explaining how he may secure a rebate by paying early, also telling him that a penalty will be added if he waits too long.—Guard.

Oregon Tax Law in Brief.

If you pay taxes in full on or before March 15, 1909 you will be allowed a rebate of 3 per cent. If you pay taxes between March 15th

and the first Monday in April, you will not receive any rebate, neither will there be added penalties and interest. You may pay half your taxes on or before the first Monday in April and then have until and including the first Monday in October, 1909, to pay the second half. In case at least one-half of your taxes are not paid on or before the first Monday in April, the entire tax becomes delinquent, and the law compels the sheriff to add 10 per cent penalty and interest at the rate of 12 per cent per annum on your taxes until paid. Under a decision of the supreme court no exemptions are allowed.

Carefully examine your tax receipts when received and see that they describe all real property owned by you on February 10, 1909. The party owning real property February 10, 1909, is the one liable for the 1908 taxes upon the same without regard to whom it may be assessed. If you have sold any real property previous to February 10, 1909, the taxes should be paid by the purchaser and likewise should you have bought property previous to February 10, 1909, you should pay taxes on same although assessed to another party—this holds true unless a private contract to the contrary exists.

Personal property taxes are payable by the one to whom assessed.

COUNTY SEAT ITEMS OF INTEREST COLLYAR IN JAIL AWAITING TRIAL

Harry Short was a business visitor to Eugene Wednesday.

A marriage license was granted Tuesday afternoon to John I. V. Rankin and Miss Dora B. Jenkins.

Sheriff Bown returned to Eugene from Kansas this morning with his man Joe Collyar, wanted in Cottage Grove on a charge of forgery.

The quarterly examination for teachers' certificates was begun in the circuit court room Wednesday morning by County School Superintendent Dillard, assisted by W. G. Martin and Professor L. R. Alderman. There are 72 applicants for certificates, seven or eight of whom are taking the examination for state papers, the remainder for county papers.

The dry kiln of Midgley's planing mill was practically destroyed by fire late Thursday afternoon.

Constable Plank went to Cottage Grove Wednesday afternoon to arrest one Kline, charged with selling liquor. A warrant was issued out of Justice of Peace Bryson's court in this city.

Dr. Leep received word from Cottage Grove Wednesday morning that his son, Homer who ran away from home the other morning, was there Tuesday. A man gave him some money to come home on, but he did not come. Chief of Police Farrington has sent word to the officers of Cottage Grove, Drain and other southern points, to look out for him.—Guard.

COTTAGE GROVE WATER SYSTEM TO EXPAND

Need for an enlarged water system was discussed at a meeting in the Commercial Club rooms Monday night. A number of plans were outlined, but the prevailing sentiment was in favor of bringing the water from Lang creek, which would require 22 miles of pipe. This would cost from \$125,000 to 150,000 and would furnish ample supply for a city of at least 30,000 population.

The present revenue is \$6000 a year and by being able to supply fully the requirements it was contended that the revenues would almost double the present income. An auxiliary pumping plant was also discussed, but did not meet with much favor. This conference was held between the city council and Commercial Club in joint session assembled.

Lang creek is in the government reserve east of here, and is supplied from the snow-capped peaks of the Bohemia mountains.

There are some people in this world who are so neighborly that they neglect their own business to attend to that of their neighbors.

CAVE-IN AT THE MINES

Workmen in the Oregon-Colorado Almost Entombed

A cave-in in the Oregon-Colorado tunnel was reported from Bohemia yesterday. Fifty tons of rock fell, obstructing the gangway and the men were penned in the forepart of the tunnel. Fortunately they were able to dig enough of the loose rock at the top away so that they could crawl out to safety. The damage was but slight.

Charles Bruneau sent word yesterday of a small fire in the store room at the Vesuvius mine, which might have resulted disastrously to the \$5000 stock. A large hole was burned through the floor, but it was discovered in time and put out before much damage was done.

WOULD CREATE NEW COUNTY OF OTIS

Drewsey, Or., Feb. 8.—Several of the prominent citizens of Drewsey and Juntura held a special meeting here yesterday, at which time papers were drawn up and mailed to Representative William H. Brooke, of Harney and Malheur counties, asking that portions of land be taken from Harney, Grant and Malheur counties, making Drewsey the centrally located town, and thereby the one suggested as the county seat. The proposed county would be known as Otis.

The Home of N. Y. Makes Record.

When the Burkholder & Woods fire occurred, they telephone F. B. Phillips asking about an adjuster. Mr. Phillips answered, "make your building as good as new and present the bill." Last Saturday they handed in the bills, they were forwarded to the company Monday morning, about 36 hours later, and most of that time Sunday. Mr. Phillips handed them the company's check for the full amount. Some satisfaction doing business with that kind of a Fire Ins. Co. 44-It

EVANGELIST BILLIE SUNDAY TOOK PORTLAND'S BREATH AWAY WITH HIS NEW ORATORICAL "CURVES," "BASE HITS" AND "HOME RUNS"

Wednesday's Portland Telegram said: "Billy Sunday, the evangelistic storm center, is moving southward. For a couple of hours he made Portland the hub of the low-pressure area last night. He is the most remarkable religious tornado that ever swept the town. He stormed, raged, blustered, tore, ripped, whipped and piped such a gale of swirling oratory that, to use a colloquialism, the monster crowd simply 'batted its eyes' and wondered 'what next?'"

Eccentric and quixotic, he is a novelty to jaded souls. Thousands sat in rapt silence as he gave out a text, "Lord is it I?" and then settled down to be amused, shocked and entertained, but not instructed or enlightened.

CHURCH IS JAMMED.

Curiosity had jammed 3000 people into the White Temple by 7 o'clock, with more than that many more waiting for a chance to get a toehold close enough to hear if not to see; curiosity a few moments later unbolted the doors of Grace Methodist church across the corner and curiosity, 3000 strong, tore madly thither for the overflow, and curiosity left another 1000 waiting wearily outside both churches, hoping that there would be a second sideshow to the circus under the main top. They were disappointed.

Instead of delivering his famous philippic on "booze" as announced previously, he took up a collection and said that his throat, his voice, his body were too weary to stand the 3½ hour strain of this polemic. So Sunday stacked up a pile of all the evils, crimes, wrongs, foibles, fads, sins, big and little, all around him, and then cut loose with a revolving machine-gun.

There wasn't a "seamy side" of life that didn't get peppered, punctured or ripped wide open with the moving word-picture fusillades. Wit, irony, sarcasm, vitriol, tears, smiles, blushes, anger, indignation, exhortation, condemnation, profanity, vulgarity, gentleness, tenderness, coarseness, brutality, all hurled pell-mell by this rampant, kicking, bucking, unbridled and untamed revivalist, with the bewildering physical gyrations of a howling dervish. It was all there. It was all "Billy" Sunday.

He kept his coat on because he felt he could handle his quickly-shifting themes, without "stripping for action," as he said he had to in his "booze" jeremiad.

CHURCH MEMBERS IN HELL.

He took the crowd to a ball game; he visited a saloon; he showed them vividly around the "Bad-lands" on a slumming tour; with the agility of Puck and the Fairies, he flitted around the world running amuck with all the creeds, religions, fads and "isms;" he paused at the bedside of a dying friend; he soared into Heaven and plunged into hell, where he said there were so many church members that their feet were sticking out of the windows. "Bill" took the "bunch" to church; he went to a pink tea; he bolted into a bridge whist party; he went to a theater. All was so graphic; so picturesque. He slapped the preachers who were sitting on the platform on the shoulders, he shook an accusing finger at well-dressed women in the front rows and called them "empty shells;" he fought an imaginary punching-bag with his fists; he leaped down from the pulpit and shook hands with the reporters in the midst of fiery invective against ad-dle-pated fops and brainless scions of millionaires, and then jumped back again and crashed rattling chainshot against Christian Science.

He lurched into the pathetic story of the faithful Panthea and the crafty Cyrus, and wound up by shouting, "You can't go to heaven looking at a leg-show through a beer glass or a champagne goblet."

He grilled the female fashion plates who dressed so scantily that they "wore their collars around the waists." Of the virtuous woman, he shouted: "The chastity of our women is the rampart walls of American society," whereupon salvos of cheers re-echoed through the crowd.

How horrified some of the hard-brothers and sisters were! "Bill" said: "Some church members weren't worth 'three whoops outside of hell,' and I'd like to shovel brimstone for some of them." "Bill" intimated that he didn't "card a d— what people thought of him," that his critics "could go plumb to the devil," for all he cared. He was doing just the work he thought the Lord had called him to do. He didn't care a hang for denominations; one was as good as another; one moment he swore by the good old-fashioned type of religion, and in another moment he swept them

all into the abyss of oblivion as worthless clatrap.

These women of wealth, selfish, piggish, players of the game of bridge, auto ridding, who have a maid to pencil their eye-brows, manicure their finger and toenails, who wear four-karat diamonds in their ears, go to the opera in seal-skin raiment hanging to their ankles—who with their stomachs of diamonds, sweep in, with an attendant holding up their train, and four or five detectives watching to see that no one dashes up and jerks the four-karat diamonds out of their ears; and who, when the theater is out go to visit the fashionable restaurants and order Welsh rarebit and lobster salad; who, when they get home, tired and jaded, have a girl to put them to bed, after manicuring their fingernails, and their toenails, and to stick them into a perfumed bath, and who then lie back there like lazy lizards in the sun—oh-h-h-it's no wonder the church is dead.

Women, God pity you, you are just a lot of great big empty shells, perfectly useless. You never darn a sock or hemstitch a handkerchief, or fix anything for the kids. Then you go kiss the pug dog. If I was you fellers, I wouldn't play second fiddle to a crooked-legged bulldog, I'll tell you that.

When Jesus was there in the garden I can hear Michael holler down from the parapets of heaven, "Jesus, do you want me to sweep that howling mob into hell? Just lift your head and I will cone." "Not as I will," said Jesus, "but as thou wilt, Father." "Not as I will" but—that's where you go into the ditch. That's where you blow out a cylinder head. That's where you turn out the lights. That's where you hang up the receiver. That's where you ring off. That's where you hit the bunker. That's where you puncture the tire. That's where you strike out. If I said "Thy will be done" I would lose the trade of the saloonkeepers, I would have to pay my debts, burn my cards, turn my ballroom costume into a crazy quilt, let that other man's wife alone, tell that girl of mine that we must trot square from now on;—it costs you too much, you dirty dog. You will have to break the beer bottles, take the decanter down from your sideboard, quit lying all around the neighborhood about that woman, quit reading novels and go to reading the Bible. It costs you too much."

WHAT THE COUNTRY LIFE COMMISSION FOUND OUT

Brief Summary of the Farmers Uplift Commission and Some Recommendations--President Roosevelt Comments on Report

That agriculture in the United States, taken altogether, is prosperous commercially, which measured by conditions that have obtained in previous years.

That country people are producing vast quantities of supplies for food, shelter, clothing, and for use in the arts.

That country homes are improving in comfort, attractiveness and healthfulness.

That the farmer is almost necessarily handicapped in the development of his business because his capital is small and the volume of his transactions limited, and he usually stands practically alone against organized interests.

That the unattached man has problems that government should understand.

That the reasons for the lack of a highly organized rural society are:

Lack of knowledge on the part of farmers of the exact agricultural conditions and possibilities of their regions.

Lack of good training for country life in the schools.

Handicaps placed on the farmers as against established business systems and interests, which prevents him from securing adequate returns for his products, depriving him of benefits which would result from unmonopolized rivers and the good that would come from the use of great tracts of agricultural land now held for speculative purposes.

That some of the remedies lie with the National Government, some with the states, some with voluntary organizations, and some with individuals alone.

That a broad campaign of education should be undertaken until the whole people are informed on the subject of rural life.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT COMMENTS ON THE REPORT.

That the level of country life is high as compared with any preceding time or with any other land.

That there is discontent in the country, but farmers are not so prone to move to the city as formerly.

That the object of the commission is not to help the farmer raise better crops, but to call attention to opportunities for better business and better living on the farm.

That an organized co-operative system is the form of business combination the farmers need.

That the Department of Agriculture should become in fact a Department of Country Life.

That the immediate needs of country life are: Effective co-operation among farmers; new kind of schools in the country, which shall teach the children as much outdoors as indoors; better means of communication, including good roads and a parcels post.

TALL AND SHORT HOLD-UP MEN CAPTURED AT EUGENE

The "tall and short" men held up four different men at intervals at Eugene Wednesday night, but received little cash. They were not apprehended.

Two young desperadoes who held up five men in Eugene last night and who entered Dr. O. E. Smith's residence Monday afternoon and stole a number of articles, including a Winchester rifle, were captured in a vacant farmhouse about two miles northwest of Eugene Thursday shortly after 10:30 o'clock and are now safely lodged in the county jail awaiting their just deserts at the hands of

Judge Harris, of the circuit court. They gave their names as Harry McClure and Elmer Yerger, and their ages as 18 and 19 years respectively, say they came here from the East recently and have been in Eugene and vicinity for the past week.

Files Another Plat.

County Surveyor C. M. Collier has prepared another plat of Stratford's addition to Creswell, correcting some slight trouble in alignment of streets and alleys in the former one, to which the assessor objected.—Register.

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