

THE EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER

GUARD PRINTING CO., INC.
Publishers
Published every Thursday, Eugene, Or.

Subscription price, \$1.50 per year if paid in advance; \$2.00 at end of year.

Entered at the Eugene, Oregon, postoffice as second-class matter.

Agents for The Guard.
The following are authorized to take and receipt for subscriptions or transact other business for The Daily and Weekly Guard:
Cottage Grove—W. C. Conner.
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THURSDAY, APRIL 18

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 their choice of the Twice-a-week St. Louis Republic or the "Oregon Agriculturist," absolutely free for one year.

The Republic is one of the largest and best family papers 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.

LOOKING INTO FREIGHT RATES

We understand that the Merchants' Protective Association of this city will at once take up the matter of freight discrimination by the Southern Pacific. They will ask the railroad commission to pass upon the right of the company to grant lower rates, in proportion to the mileage, from Portland to Albany than from Portland to Eugene.

This is a good move on the part of the merchants, and if relief is secured will redound to the benefit of all classes, since with lower freight rates they will be enabled to sell goods at lower prices. Should the railroad commission fail to act the shippers of Eugene have another "big stick" argument that might prove effective, that of routing their shipments from the East over other roads than the Harriman lines, giving the latter the short haul at all times. They should also bring their influence to bear upon the county assessor to raise the valuation of the Southern Pacific roadbed up to actual value, as other property is assessed now, which would fix it at from \$35,000 to \$50,000 a mile. In this way some of the excessive freight rate money extorted from the people might be covered into the public treasury, thus relieving to a great extent the burden of taxation.

Eugene owes nothing to the Southern Pacific, receiving no consideration for the \$80,000 or more that it pays monthly into the coffers of the monopoly. It has inadequate yards and shipping facilities and the poorest, most dilapidated depot of any town of its size on the line. Nothing can be lost by making a finish fight with the corporation, because the town has been discriminated against until nothing worse can happen to us from a Southern Pacific source. All that the company does here is to stop their passenger trains five minutes, and they could hardly avoid doing that. Not a permanent improvement is being made here, and it is pretty well known that all the talk about a new depot has been made simply for the purpose of keeping down dissatisfaction with the company's methods and that it is as far in the future now as it ever was; in fact, they have never had any definite idea of mak-

ing local improvements in keeping with the growth of the town.

The Merchants' Protective Association is starting right in moving for an investigation of freight rate discrimination—but the campaign should not stop there.

ENEMIES OF EDUCATION

The Salem Journal declares that it is not making a light on higher education; yet it singles out the state university appropriation for its unreasonable attacks, and prints with approval the insane statements of the referendum workers to the effect that it costs too much money to maintain a state university. The Journal has not a word of condemnation for the lavish spending of money on Salem institutions, its policy seeming to be more money for penal and reformatory institutions—less money for the cause of education. Such a platform is worthy only of the paper that has adopted it.

The Journal's platform is despicable when compared with the liberal utterances of Hon. A. T. Buxton, president of the state senate, who said the other day to a Salem Statesman reporter:

"The movement for a referendum vote upon the University of Oregon appropriation started among the people of Linn county, but the grange as an organization favors higher education. It has been said that the grange would not take action on the appropriation of the Oregon Agricultural college because some of our officers are members of the board of regents of that institution. This is not the fact. Did not the grange believe in education it would take both appropriations, that of the university and of the agricultural college, before the people just as quick as it has taken the other two measures."

Mr. Buxton owns a farm near Forest Grove which is one of the best kept and most profitable in Washington county. He is a graduate of the Oregon Agricultural College and has for many years been identified with the grange and is connected with all progressive civic movements which tend to the building up and beautifying up of his pretty home town. Such men as Buxton build up a state and stand always for progress and improvement, only to have many of their best efforts fail because of the work done by narrow, prejudiced newspapers of the Journal class. The editors of such publications realize that their papers decline in circulation and influence with advancing intelligence and education.

THOUGHTS ON THE TRAW TRIAL

The long drawn-out trial of Thaw has revealed one thing to the eternal shame of New York. White had friends—and friends by the score. This goes to show that he alone did not live the life run riot. It now appears that many were mixed up in this Sodomite fury. Here is illustrated the one bold paradox in nature. There are those whose mighty genius makes them capable of eagle flight; yet because the blood of beasts is in their veins, they wallow in the stench and muck of the farthest bogs. The marvel is that one can live in both these extremes at one and the same time—his head in the clouds and his hands in the dirt.

If all the tales now told by unblushing chorus girls in the Thaw-White tragedy are true, it is time to teach our girls (unsophisticated as yet) the meaning that lies beyond the poem: "Won't you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly. "It's the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy." The den, roof-garden theatres, caves, studios, and the habitats of the depraved rich—luxurious, brilliant, wild with beauty—are not the lairs of an ignorant mob fresh from an under world. They belong oft times to those influential enough to forbid the court to publish names. These perfumed and sweetly scented harems belong to the elect and chosen. And that reminds us that birds of prey always build their nests up high. Some of these nearby days, a daring literary pioneer is going to write a book whose title shall be "The Jungle." It is not to be another commercial gusher that he'll keep on finding new ways to advertise.

their fatal march to death. It will be a harrowing tale of glided and mirrored rooms, where the innocents are slaughtered; where inhuman mothers, blinded by the glitter of gold and the glamour of genius, drive their daughters through the chutes into palaces whose deep shadows never lift.

Stanford White checked the sobs of the beautiful and deluded Evelyn Nesbit by whispering that the wrong lay not in its commission but in its discovery. How far did he miss an apparently common fact? It is a mighty dangerous doctrine, but the one most of us sometimes try to believe, and the more fortunate of us find out our mistake before it is too late to turn back.

In the proportion that the rottenness of present-day social life comes to the surface, in that same proportion are we reminded that "man's greatest happiness can only be found in a peaceful and contented home, where virtue and morality sit enthroned, where no man can enter unless he has the passport—the sign and grip of a gentleman, and you will never have cause to be ashamed of the acquaintance of profligate fools who bring disgrace and mortification."

QUEER COMBINATION

The Oregon City Star seems to have the situation sized up about right in the following editorial:

"The Salem Capital Journal has started a campaign to secure the referendum on the University of Oregon appropriation of \$125,000 a year and the sum (\$100,000) voted for construction of eight armories; also to initiate a bill to place the state printer on a flat salary, and another to appropriate \$50,000 annually for the Monmouth Normal.

"By just what course of reasoning these two appropriations are singled out for a referendum vote, and why he wants a bill to give the Monmouth Normal \$50,000, the editor of the Capital Journal does not make clear.

"Unless we have made a mistake in adding, the Salem institutions fed by state pay swallow up something like a million dollars. Wouldn't it be more business-like to take a vote on the big bills before wasting time and money on comparatively small ones?"

"Why strain at a gnat and swallow a camel?"

"Or is all this hullabaloo about the university appropriation just a scheme to throw dust in the taxpayers' eyes while Salem rakes in the big spoils?"

The statement that a Rockefeller-Harriman combine, with an initial slush fund of \$5,000,000, had been formed to "create" sentiment against Rooseveltism—and of course for high finance methods—may make the mouths of purchasable "strikers" water, but that it can be a factor in the policy toward trusts of the government would be an insult to public intelligence to believe.

Every age has its Napoleon of finance—its Rockefeller and its Harriman. Even in the dim past Noah was able to float a stock company when all of the world was forced into involuntary liquidation. And it seems as if we were approaching the age of a deluge of gold.

Independent watchmakers have requested Uncle Sam to turn his searchlight on the watch trust, which they claim is violating the law. Surely the greedy trusts might let time alone. Loafers have to have something to kill.

The report that Pennsylvania may recover \$2,000,000 of the capital lost may be safely put in the too-good-to-be-true column. Grafters of that stripe never give up anything.

What's this we hear about Nick Longworth being a candidate for Senator Foraker's seat? Son-in-law politics is a mighty dangerous game to monkey with.

Walter Wellman may not find the north pole, but no one who has watched his career can doubt that he'll keep on finding new ways to advertise.

A TERRIBLE HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTER

(Special Correspondence.)

Lorane, April 11.—The neighborhood thief and desperado broke into Mr. Gray's smokehouse Tuesday night and Wednesday morning betook himself with the night's spoils to the Gibson cabin, some ten miles down the Stuslaw river from Lorane. Mel Fenwick has kept an eye on that place since the latter part of last week, when it became apparent that the tramp had transferred his place of abode from the Snitzer house back there, and so it happened that morning as he opened the door on his tour of inspection the outlaw drew a revolver in his face.

Fenwick knocked away the weapon with his gun barrel, thus escaping the shot, and then they clinched.

Hand-to-Hand Conflict

In the hand-to-hand conflict which ensued the men fought twice across the room, Fenwick at last getting better of the outlaw, wounding him severely with a shot from his rifle, and then went to the phone to call for help.

Meanwhile the gritty old outlaw tore up an apron, bandaged his wound, took a couple of blankets from the bed and apparently laid down for a short rest. One of these blankets was saturated with blood and the floor seemed to be covered with it also, but somehow he managed to get out through a small window at the back of the house, where he left another pool of blood, and then a short distance to a log where he either changed his shoes for a pair of moccasins or else wrapped his shoes with rags so as to leave no tracks, and from there the posse lost trace of him, but continued the search till nightfall in vain.

Part of the men remained down the river all night and were joined this morning by quite a crowd of others and together they have gone out again, determined if possible to find him. He took all of his possessions with him, and it would seem must have had some definite idea as to where he was going.

May Have Resulted Fatally.

An examination of the wall as to where the bullet hit and of the blood on the bandages, etc., warrants the belief that the outlaw was shot through the lung somewhere near the heart, and if so he may have perished during the night.

It was from his right side that the blood flowed while getting out of the window, and on account of the dripping appearance on the outside of the house and on the trail some think it may have been his hand or arm that was wounded. Be that as it may, it is earnestly hoped they may succeed in capturing him and so end the nightmare of suspense in which all have been living.

NEWS NOTES FROM COTTAGE GROVE

Vandenberg Chosen City Councilman to Succeed McQueen, Resigned—Miss Maude Blair Will Go To Jamestown.

The Cottage Grove city council met in adjourned regular meeting on Monday night, and at once proceeded to the election of a councilman to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. McQueen. Two candidates were nominated, Mr. Wood by Councilman Comer and Mr. Vandenberg by Councilman Bartels, the latter being elected.

Mayer Jones at this time appointed the various committees as follows: On finance—Bartels, Comer and Porter.

On sewers—Comer, Hubbell and Bartels.

On lights—Venske, Hubbell and Comer.

On streets—Hubbell, Venske and Comer.

On water—Comer, Bartels and Venske.

Fire warden—Porter.

There were three applicants for the position of city marshal, Messrs. Snodgrass, Wallace and Martin. Mr. Snodgrass was elected to succeed himself at a salary of \$60 per month. The same compensation was allowed the night watchman—Leader.

Miss Blair to Jamestown.

Miss Maude Blair has been selected as one of the young women from Lane county who will go with Colonel Cooper's detachment to the Jamestown fair. The selection is a judicious one and Lane county is fortunate indeed to have three representatives on that team. Miss Blair has already commenced preparations for the trip. Her first work is to intimately acquaint herself with the industries of the county. Another accomplishment which Miss Blair will cultivate is her voice in singing. She has an unusually full, rich contralto.

well suited to solo and chorus work. It is understood that it was partly this rare possession that secured her the place in the company.

Lost Piling.
Potts and Lockwood, engaged in cutting and shipping piling, had between \$600 and \$800 worth in Mosby creek before the sudden rise of Saturday last, and were waiting for the spring rise to float them over a riffle just below the boom, but the raise of Saturday gave them more water than they needed and it was so sudden that they were entirely unprepared. The piles got away and are now far on their way to Astoria. Fewer than ten sticks were saved. The loss will prove total unless a few have floated into the low creek bottoms and lodged in the brush—Western Oregon.

JUNCTION CITY NEWS OF LOCAL INTEREST

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Holm have located in Spokane and their household goods were shipped this week.

From a letter we learn that our friend, Thos. Poole, of Nampa, Idaho, passed the pharmaceutical examination at Pocatello last week, and in a class of sixteen he ranked first. Accept congratulations, Tom.

A. D. Hurlburt, father of C. F. Hurlburt, received a paralytic stroke Wednesday evening. It is thought he will soon recover, as the stroke was not a severe one, although he was unable to articulate words.

"Uncle Jimmie" Kirk was in from Franklin Thursday. He is almost 87 years of age and is perhaps the oldest citizen in this section of the county. He makes his home with his son, J. P. Kirk, in the Franklin neighborhood.

Born—April 10, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hill, a daughter. It only lived a few hours and was interred the day following in Smithfield cemetery.

Born—April 9, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. Moffitt, a 10-pound boy. Mr. and Mrs. Moffitt's home is in Washington, but they had come to Oregon to get a boy, as their other three children are girls.—Times.

BACHELOR PROBLEM ON O. C. OF W. STAFF

Student Weekly Objects to Professors' Privileges With Varsity Girls.

Seattle, April 11.—Unmarried men should be kept off the faculty of the University of Washington is the opinion of Registrar Herbert T. Condon, of the University of Washington. He declares married men can avoid trouble.

The faculty was assailed in an editorial in the Pacific Wave, the college weekly publication, for not practicing what they preached. The faculty club, composed entirely of bachelors, was reproved by the editor for giving dances on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursdays, study nights, and taking "varsity co-eds" to them when there is a faculty ruling against giving formal dances on these nights.

The faculty members declare that none of these dances were formal affairs, and that they are doing what the students can do five times a week. If they keep up their studies. Investigation shows that not more than three or four of the "varsity girls" have ever attended any of these functions.

The Little Town of Tallholt.
You kin boast about yer cities and their stiddy growth and size, And brag about yer county seats and busines enterprise, And railroads and factories and all sich foolery— But the little town o' Tallholt is big enough fer me.

You kin harp about yer churches with their steeples in the clouds, And gas about yer graded streets, and blow about yer crowds; You kin talk about yer theatres and all you've got to see, But the little town o' Tallholt is show enough fer me.

They ain't no style in our town, but It's little like and small— They hain't no churches, nuther— jes' the meetin' house is all; They's no sidewalks to speak of—but the highway's allus free And the little town o' Tallholt is wide enough fer me.

Some finds it discommodin' like, I'm willin' to admit, To hev but one postoffice and a womean keepin' hit, And the drug store and shoe shop and grocery, all three— But the little town o' Tallholt is handy 'nough fer me.

You kin smile an' turn yer nose up, an' joke an' have yer fun, An' laugh an' holler "Tallholts is better bolts 'n none!" Ef the city suits ye better, w'y hit's where you'd orto be— But the little town o' Tallholt's good enough fer me.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

DR. ATWOOD MAY NOT BE CONVICTED

Careful examination of the statute under which Dr. C. H. T. Atwood was arraigned yesterday for performing, as is alleged, an illegitimate operation on a 16-year-old girl, has convinced the district attorney's office that it is about the most bungling piece of work which may be credited to an Oregon legislature, and that is said to be "going some," says the Portland Telegram.

Unless the girl should die from the result of the operation, grave doubt exists as to whether Dr. Atwood can ever be convicted of the crime, despite the evidence which Deputy District Attorney Haney says is possessed by the prosecution. Dr. Atwood will plead to the charge next Friday.

Mr. Manning has instructed his deputy to leave no stone unturned to convict the physician.

The code prescribes that if a woman or a child die in consequence of an operation of the nature ascribed to Dr. Atwood he may be charged with manslaughter. If the woman lives the whole question of conviction hinges on whether or not a child existed. On this point authorities of the strongest kind are to be found on each side. Several of the leading physicians of the city have been consulted by Mr. Haney and they are about evenly divided.

"Since I have occupied the office of district attorney," said Mr. Manning, "my attention has been called to about a dozen cases in which physicians have been charged with performing criminal operations. The burden of proof rests strongly on the prosecution, under the decisions, in the case of a physician. In every instance hitherto the witnesses have failed us at the proper time, owing to the desire of parents to avoid notoriety.

"Now, when there seems to be no question of the evidence, a close examination of the law shows that conviction under it would be a very difficult matter. I want no mercy shown such fellows by this office."

Mr. Haney asserts that everything possible will be done to convict Dr. Atwood. Several affidavits have already been secured to preclude the danger of witnesses being tampered with.

CAN HEAR SERMON YET STAY AT HOME

"Christophone" Installed in U. P. Church at Albany for the Benefit of those Who Are Unable to Attend.

Conversations by telephone will be made possible in Albany commencing with next Sunday. The time has passed when it is necessary to attend church to get the benefit of the minister's sermons, or enjoy the music of the trained choir, says the Albany Herald.

No longer will the faithful church member be compelled to br through the wintry weather to his chosen house of worship. The Christophone, the epitome of modern telephonic invention, has been installed in the United Presbyterian church in this city, and patrons of the Home Telephone Company who so desire, can now be abed Sunday mornings as long as they wish. To hear the sermon and the entire church service the lazy man or the sick person will hereafter only have the labor of taking down the telephone receiver. When the collection plate is passed you won't need to begin searching for the coin you thought you had, but can lie quietly in bed and listen to the jingle. The minister will not be discouraged in the least if he arrives some Sunday morning to find no one present besides himself and the organist and choir. The service will go on just the same, for the minister will know that he has hundreds of auditors hanging on to the end of telephone receivers in all parts of the city.

Albany will be the first city on the Pacific coast to have one of its churches equipped with the Christophone. Manager DeVarney, of the Home company, is now engaged in installing this wonderful invention in the United Presbyterian church and expects to have it in working order by Sunday morning.

HARRISBURG ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST

Mrs. Geo. Peters was down from Coburg Thursday for a short visit. Merle Morris, of Eugene, was here Sunday last for a visit with friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wilhelm, of Junction City, were here Monday on a short visit with numerous friends.

Mrs. James Baley, of Junction City, is in the city visiting with relatives and friends.

Miss Lena Tracer, who has been stopping at the home of Dr. and Mrs. William H. Dale, returned to Junction City Monday afternoon.

Pearl Widener, who has been employed in Eugene for several months past, was here on a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Widener, the past week.

Joseph Lusby was here from Coburg the first of the week, called here to attend the funeral of W. C. Thomas, which occurred Monday afternoon.

Mrs. W. H. Davidson and daughter, Miss Lydia Davidson, went to Albany Tuesday morning for a couple of days' visit. Miss Davidson is one of the young ladies chosen to go to the Jamestown exposition with the McMinnville delegation.

C. A. Pryor has again engaged in the tennorial business in Springfield, having purchased a half interest in a shop in that place, and is now in charge of the same. He owned a shop there for several months. His friends here will be pleased to learn that he has a good location again.—Bulletin.

SHARPS AND FLATS

By J. Marvin Nichols.

Just keep on smiling.

A merry heart is a great microbe killer.

Keep what you have and reach out for more.

The wings of slander are borrowed from demons.

What you are today you will be tomorrow—only more so.

Only your enemies will say things which will injure you.

The moment human lips imprison truth it becomes a lie.

Mankind has been on the bum ever since Eve ate that apple.

One of the great powers of the world is patience. It is sublime.

Borrowing is the surest way of sacrificing the future on the altar of the present.

They call the pathway of life "a rocky road," yet the most of us want to stay on it.

If the epitaphs were said over and over again in the home there would be fewer tombstones.

The most dangerous power in the world is the ravishing eye—the caressing voice of an elfish woman whose beauty is like a fairy dream. And many a poor fellow is held responsible for the spectacular career of a "pie girl" who deliberately chose her way long before she ever saw him. I have read somewhere that it is always the queen of the spiders who spins the silken mesh.

A child is an almost perfect revelation of the home. If you see some homes you would not wonder where our criminal recruits come from. I know homes whose atmosphere reeks with deadly microbes. In a certain city, within an hour's run from my desk tonight, a little urchin said to his mother: "I jes knows all de kindergarten teachers are a-going to heaven, for I've been wid 'em a week now an' they's never cussed me nor each udder nary time." There it is!

We can't forget our lovers, and you can't love without being dignified by it. When somebody loves you then you begin to think you count one. And to tell the truth you never do count one until somebody loves you. When you are loved, then you are dignified. Do you think that Lancelot, in the "Idylls of the King," ever got to where he could by the attrition of illicit love, forget that Elaine loved him? Do you think that he could ever close his eyes to the sublime memory of the woman that loved him? We are somebody when somebody loves us!

DIED.

Near Franklin, April 11, 1907, C. F. Hett, aged about 50 years. He leaves a wife and two daughters, Mrs. Fren Bangs, of Springfield, and Florence at home. He was afflicted with heart trouble. The funeral was held Friday and the remains interred in the Inman cemetery.

The Guard's circulation manager while at Cottage Grove yesterday saw a hog which had just been delivered to Watson Bros., butchers of that city, which weighed 456 pounds dressed, and brought the farmer, who lives at Creswell, the sum of \$35.25.