

THE EUGENE WEEKLY GUARD

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER

CHARLES H. FISHER,
Editor and Publisher.

Published every Thursday at Eugene, Oregon.

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:
Creswell—J. L. Clark.
Ceburg—Geo. A. Drury.
Address all remittances and communications to
GUARD PRINTING CO.,
Eugene, Oregon.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15

TALK WITH WEEKLY GUARD SUBSCRIBERS

The publishers of the St. Louis Republic (semi-weekly) have been forced to raise the price of their paper to us (owing to the increase in the price of news paper), and we cannot afford to give it away free with the Weekly Guard. However, we will continue this offer up to October 1, 1907, at which time it will be POSITIVELY withdrawn. All who pay one year in advance up to that time (\$1.50) will receive both the Weekly Guard and Semi-Weekly Republic, but after that date the Republic will no longer be given free.

We shall continue to give the two agricultural papers, however, the Oregon Agriculturist and the American Farmer, the same as in the past.

Our subscribers well know that the Weekly Guard has been greatly improved during the past year, having been enlarged from a six-column, eight-page paper to a twelve-page, seven-column publication—almost double in size. The price of the paper has not been increased, and we feel that we are giving our subscribers the best newspaper in Oregon outside of Portland, and their patronage is proof that they also know it and are appreciative of the fact. The constant raise in the price of news paper, owing to the paper mill combine, is working a hardship on publishers, and our subscribers may help us bear the burden by prompt remittances, resting assured that they will be given just as good a paper all the time as the circulation and business justifies.

Thanking all for their liberal patronage in the past, we are determined to merit your future confidence.
CHARLES H. FISHER,
Publisher.

BASIS OF APPEAL FROM LANDIS' DECISION

According to Washington gossip, there are only two legal avenues of escape for the Standard Oil Company from the fine of more than \$29,000,000 imposed by Judge Landis. One is through an appeal to the circuit court of appeals on a writ of error, which tribunal has final jurisdiction in questions affecting errors. The other is through an appeal to the supreme court of the United States on the ground of the unconstitutionality. The government is perfectly satisfied that no reversible error can be shown and it is not believed the trust's attorneys really have any hopes of securing a reversal in the court of appeals. That being true, they have only the supreme court to look to. They will raise a number of constitutional questions, but the one on which they apparently lay the most stress is based on the claim of confiscation. The excessiveness of the fine as applied to the subsidiary concern will be urged. It will be up to the court then to determine whether the fine must be regarded as having been imposed solely on the dummy company or whether, in reality, it runs to the great trust itself. Judge Landis held to the latter view, and because of the astounding methods of the trust as revealed by the evidence given the people, the hope will be general that the Landis construction will be upheld.

The optimist, while he sees much of the evil, also sees much of the good. He sees more of the beauty, hears more of the music, his mental vision is keener, his spiritual insight deeper. His whole view of life is one of promise. When the problems, vexations and temptations come, he stands squarely in his path, and by attitude and expression declares his firm belief in the ultimate good. He has many experiences, and sometimes he fails, but he rises stronger in resolution for having discovered a weakness. There is in him something that never yields. He looks upon evil as

life. He has a mission in the world, and proceeds to do his work. This is usually done without demonstration. His force is like the sublime forces of the universe—silent, but always acting. Like the pessimist, his life and thoughts are contagious; unlike the pessimist, he is always welcome. If the two come face to face he will never yield to the later's influence. He knows that eternal truth and goodness are working through him, and he believes in their ultimate triumph.

OFFICIAL COAL MINING IN STATE OF OREGON

Evidently the United States Geological department has not had any late reports from Lane county's coal mining operations at Spencer Butte and elsewhere, since it leaves this section out entirely in a bulletin just issued to the newspapers, and released for publication today. This bulletin says of "Coal in Oregon": "The only productive coal field in Oregon is situated in the southwestern part of the state, in Coos county, and is known as the Coos Bay field, from the fact that it entirely surrounds that body of water. It occupies a total area of about 250 square miles, its length north and south being about 30 miles and its maximum breadth at the middle about eleven miles, from which it tapers regularly at both ends.

"Other coal fields have been prospected in different parts of the state, and some of them contain coal of fairly good quality. Among these are the upper Nehalem field, in Columbia county; the lower Nehalem field, in Clatsop and Tillamook counties; the Yaquina field, in Lincoln county; and the Eckley and Shasta Costa fields, in Curry county. All of these fields lie west of the Cascade Range, but none have been developed to the point of production. Another field has been located in the basin of the John Day river, east of the Cascade range, but little is known concerning it. All of the fields west of the range, with the exception of the Coos Bay, are of small area, the largest outside of the Coos Bay being the upper Nehalem, which has an area of less than twenty miles. The coal of all these fields is lignitic in character.

"Coal mining in Oregon during the last two years has been adversely affected by the increase in the production of petroleum in California and its use as fuel. All of the product from Coos Bay has been shipped by water, principally to San Francisco. The increased use of fuel oil in that city has decreased the consumption of coal to a marked degree, and the effect upon Oregon's product is shown in a decrease from 109,641 short tons in 1905 to 79,731 tons in 1906, a loss of 29,210 tons, or 27.3 per cent. The value declined \$70,157, or 24.8 per cent. from \$282,495 in 1905 to \$212,338 in 1906."

"AN INCH OF RAIN." WHAT IT REALLY MEANS

How many inches of rain have fallen during the present "shower"—we don't know, because there is no government weather bureau in Eugene, except at the university, and that is out of commission during the college vacation. How many would really know what it meant if the report should be published that one or more "inches" of rain fell in the past twenty-four hours? In this connection the St. Louis Globe-Democrat recently published a little review on the meaning of the expression, "an inch of rain," which is of more than ordinary interest. We take it for granted that the editor knows what he is talking about, because water must have a use even in beer-drinking St. Louis, and it is always the subject we know least about in an every-day, practical way that we are really most competent to discuss from a scientific standpoint. Therefore, the Guard reprints the Globe-Democrat's article for the information of readers in this "dry" district who ought to know more of the only beverage they can drink freely and be able to look an officer of the law straight in the eye:

"Few people have an adequate idea of the amount of water that descends from the clouds during a rain-storm. We read in the weather bulletins that two or three inches of rain sometimes has fallen in a day, and that in our last rainy spell nearly five inches fell in 48 hours; but these figures really convey but little information to our minds and give us no idea at all of the prodigality of nature.

"An acre contains 6,276,640 square inches of surface, and an inch of rain means, therefore, the same number of cubic inches of water. A gallon of water contains 231 cubic inches and an inch of rainfall means 22,622 gallons to the acre, and as a gallon of water weighs ten pounds, the rainfall on an acre is 226,220 pounds.

"Counting 2000 pounds to the ton an inch of rain means over 113 tons

of water in every city block.

"Multiply this by five, the number of inches that fell during the wet spell in May, and no one can wonder that the gutters were insufficient to carry off the water. The occasional overflow of a sewer in the lower part of the city is regarded as a very remarkable thing, but the wonder is that there is not an overflow every time it rains."

ELECTRIC ROAD ERA IN WILLAMETTE VALLEY

The era of electric road building seems to have dawned at last in the Willamette valley, and it will mean a vast and rapid advance in population and the volume of business. The street railway being constructed in Eugene is only the beginning of an electric system, from all information coming from well-authenticated sources, that will extend down the valley to connect with the Portland-Salem line, and eastward from Eugene up the McKenzie at least as far as the Blue River mines, while to the westward another line will reach an ocean outlet at Florence. That this system will be pushed along without a break in the construction and be completed within three years, the Guard firmly believes.

The importance of inter-urban roads is felt by all who have given the subject any study. They furnish new blood for the arteries of commerce and they supply for the people pleasures of infinite variety that without them would be unknown. The benefits that will come to Eugene as a business centre and to the people of the territory traversed will be inestimable, causing a growth and prosperity beyond the dreams of the most optimistic.

CENSUS REPORT ON PRINTING INDUSTRY

The United States Bureau of the Census announces the publication of Bulletin 79, presenting the detailed statistics of the printing industry at the census of manufactures of 1905. This bulletin was prepared by William S. Rossiter, chief clerk of the census. It shows that the total number of establishments in this industry in 1905 was 26,422, a number larger than was reported for any other industry. The increase reported from 1900 to 1905 forms a striking exception to the prevailing tendency toward consolidation, for it was proportionately greater than from 1890 to 1900. Here the product of this industry continues to be contributed by a great number of small establishments, accomplishing noteworthy results with a small capital, operated by men of independent thought and action, and contributing materially to the intellectual and financial growth of the country.

The capital required in 1905 to conduct the printing and publishing business was \$385,908,604. It was approximately double that required in 1890, and it was doubtless due in a considerable degree to mechanical changes which have taken place in this industry during the past ten or fifteen years.

The total value of products reported in 1905 was \$496,061,357. During the brief period from 1900 to 1905 the increase in value of products was nearly double that from 1890 to 1900, or, in absolute figures, \$149,006,927 compared with \$71,601,915. Had the per capita value of products been the same in 1905 as in 1890, the entire value of products of the industry would have been but \$52,007,588; on the other hand, had the per capita production in 1890 been the same as it was in 1905, the total value of products of the industry at the earlier census would have amounted to \$141,479,444, or almost ten times as much as the actual amount recorded.

Among the ten industries having value of products in 1905 exceeding \$200,000,000, printing and publishing ranked seventh, having advanced to that position from tenth in 1890. The ten leading industries were as follows: Slaughtering and meat packing, iron and steel foundries and machine shops, flour and grist mills, clothing, lumber and timber, printing and publishing, cotton manufactures, woolen manufactures, and boots and shoes. These great industries are characterized, for the most part, by a comparatively small number of establishments and concentration in particular localities. Printing and publishing reports one establishment to every 3076 inhabitants, while at the opposite extreme is iron and steel, which contributes but one establishment to every 134,000 inhabitants.

WELLMAN'S HOT AIR VOYAGE TO THE POLE

Walter Wellman, newspaper correspondent and explorer (on paper), has at last got his balloon inflated, preparatory to a flight to the north

is on the wrong tack. Where there are peek-a-boo waists there are plump girls, and where there are plump girls most men desire to be.

The secretary of the Standard Oil Company says it has no intention to raise the price of oil. If true, this indicates that recent raises in the selling price of refined oil and reduction in the buying price of crude oil will produce all the additional coin the bunch thinks will be needed.

A mob of Connecticut farmers slipped back several centuries and with "witchcraft" for their slogan stormed with bombs a meeting of itinerant revivalists, whom they accused of mesmerizing the neighborhood. They succeeded in destroying the house and badly burning the revivalist, Henry Spilkins.

If Governor Magoon isn't more careful, the Cubans will be classing him with the spoils-sports. He has forbidden duelling on the island, though it could easily be shown by statistics that as practiced by the Cubans it is no whit more dangerous than lawn tennis.

Extremes meet on the New York police force. On the same day that one member was disgracefully dismissed for cowardice another distinguished himself as a fearless hero by rescuing a woman and two children from a burning tenement.

Georgia will put another reef in the negro vote, with the pending disfranchisement bill which will take the ballot from practically every negro who does not pay taxes on \$500, and which is certain to become a law.

Governor Curry the new rough-riding executive of New Mexico, who classes himself as a Roosevelt-Taft Democrat, is expected to carry out all the graft in the territory. A sizable job, even for a Rough Rider.

That war scare is so dead that even the official announcement that Japan had placed a hurry order for 150,000 rifles and a lot of field guns could not galvanize it into a semblance of life.

Rather gruesome, this dispute between Chicago labor organizations as to what constitutes a union coffin; likewise the offer of the waitresses' union to give a \$50 funeral to every new member.

Great Caesar! think of the mourning there would be if the example of the Iowa girl who suicided because her piano-playing was criticised were to be followed by all the key-bangers.

That the Kaiser knows a thing or two about horses was shown by his establishing a stock farm in the Kentucky blue grass region to raise cavalry horses for the German army.

It was in New York City, not a border town, that a tombstone was publicly raffled off. Chicago may now be expected to pull off a similar stunt, with coffin and grave added.

What's the matter with Mexico? Must calculate on doing some shooting, as it is erecting a smokeless powder plant with a capacity of 250,000 pounds a year.

Wasn't it a little unkind for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat to remind Japan that Korea is geographically situated to be to Japan what Ireland has been to England?

Tammany Hall would surely cap its freak record in politics should it support Hearst for president, as the New York Times claims to have learned it may do.

Several members of the jury, if their words can be taken, will not support Haywood for the presidency, even if the socialists do nominate him.

Senator J. B. Foraker is of the opinion that Taft's thanks are altogether out of proportion with what he got or will get from Ohio.

That Michigan escaped lunatic who held up a railroad train with a pitchfork was unquestionably infringing on Senator Tillman's copyright.

Winston Churchill, professional novelist and politician, struck a popular chord when he knocked those "who boost the cost of living."

And now comes the worst nature faker of them all, claiming that there is a pretty young girl at a popular resort who will not flirt.

There is no reason, so far as we know, for even supposing that Fairbank, while in Lincoln, made a political deal with Bryan.

"Make way, gentlemen, for the Lan-

is on the wrong tack. Where there are peek-a-boo waists there are plump girls, and where there are plump girls most men desire to be.

The secretary of the Standard Oil Company says it has no intention to raise the price of oil. If true, this indicates that recent raises in the selling price of refined oil and reduction in the buying price of crude oil will produce all the additional coin the bunch thinks will be needed.

A mob of Connecticut farmers slipped back several centuries and with "witchcraft" for their slogan stormed with bombs a meeting of itinerant revivalists, whom they accused of mesmerizing the neighborhood. They succeeded in destroying the house and badly burning the revivalist, Henry Spilkins.

If Governor Magoon isn't more careful, the Cubans will be classing him with the spoils-sports. He has forbidden duelling on the island, though it could easily be shown by statistics that as practiced by the Cubans it is no whit more dangerous than lawn tennis.

Extremes meet on the New York police force. On the same day that one member was disgracefully dismissed for cowardice another distinguished himself as a fearless hero by rescuing a woman and two children from a burning tenement.

Georgia will put another reef in the negro vote, with the pending disfranchisement bill which will take the ballot from practically every negro who does not pay taxes on \$500, and which is certain to become a law.

Governor Curry the new rough-riding executive of New Mexico, who classes himself as a Roosevelt-Taft Democrat, is expected to carry out all the graft in the territory. A sizable job, even for a Rough Rider.

That war scare is so dead that even the official announcement that Japan had placed a hurry order for 150,000 rifles and a lot of field guns could not galvanize it into a semblance of life.

Rather gruesome, this dispute between Chicago labor organizations as to what constitutes a union coffin; likewise the offer of the waitresses' union to give a \$50 funeral to every new member.

Great Caesar! think of the mourning there would be if the example of the Iowa girl who suicided because her piano-playing was criticised were to be followed by all the key-bangers.

That the Kaiser knows a thing or two about horses was shown by his establishing a stock farm in the Kentucky blue grass region to raise cavalry horses for the German army.

It was in New York City, not a border town, that a tombstone was publicly raffled off. Chicago may now be expected to pull off a similar stunt, with coffin and grave added.

What's the matter with Mexico? Must calculate on doing some shooting, as it is erecting a smokeless powder plant with a capacity of 250,000 pounds a year.

Wasn't it a little unkind for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat to remind Japan that Korea is geographically situated to be to Japan what Ireland has been to England?

Tammany Hall would surely cap its freak record in politics should it support Hearst for president, as the New York Times claims to have learned it may do.

Several members of the jury, if their words can be taken, will not support Haywood for the presidency, even if the socialists do nominate him.

Senator J. B. Foraker is of the opinion that Taft's thanks are altogether out of proportion with what he got or will get from Ohio.

That Michigan escaped lunatic who held up a railroad train with a pitchfork was unquestionably infringing on Senator Tillman's copyright.

Winston Churchill, professional novelist and politician, struck a popular chord when he knocked those "who boost the cost of living."

And now comes the worst nature faker of them all, claiming that there is a pretty young girl at a popular resort who will not flirt.

There is no reason, so far as we know, for even supposing that Fairbank, while in Lincoln, made a political deal with Bryan.

"Make way, gentlemen, for the Lan-

A CRY OF THE TIMES

It isn't the war talk that frets me,
The times I am reading the news;
It isn't the weather that gets me
Into such a state of the blues;
It isn't the trusts—they're a bubble
And not worth a tear of my grief;
I'll tell you the cause of my trouble:
They've boosted the price of my beef.

It isn't the tariff that worries;
It isn't the state of the crops;
It isn't the stock market flurries,
What odds if price rises or drops?
It isn't the peach crop that galls me,
It isn't just plain discontent;
I'll tell you the woe that befalls me—
The landlord is raising my rent.

It isn't that I am a raiser,
It isn't I'm out of a job;
It isn't a craving for liquor,
It isn't for praise of a mob;
It isn't I'm given to yearning
For clothes of fine linen or silk,
The secret of all my heart-burning—
They've increased the price of my milk.

It isn't because I'm not wealthy,
It isn't because of my work;
It isn't because I'm not healthy,
It isn't because I would shrink;
It isn't because I'm not getting
Of these worldly goods a big slice;
The reason of all this fretting—
They've doubled the price of my ice.

It isn't the break of some bubble,
It isn't some grief that is past;
It isn't a fear of the ending
Of good times—so good they won't last;

It isn't the break of some bubble,
My worry's of something far worse;
I'll tell you the source of my trouble:
The times are too good for my purse.
—From the New York Times.

THE MAN WHO WINS

The man who wins is the man who does,
The man who makes things hum and buzz,
The man who works and the man who acts,
Who builds on a basis of solid facts;
Who doesn't sit down to mope and dream,
Who humps ahead with the force of steam,

Who hasn't the time to fuss or fret,
But gets there every time—you bet.
The man who wins is the man who wears
A smile to cover his burden of cares;
Who knows that the sun will shine again,
That the clouds will pass and we need the rain.

Who buckles down to a pile of work
And never gives up and never will shirk
'Till the task is done; and the toll is sweet,
When the temples throb with red blood heat.
The man who wins is the man who climbs
The ladder of life to the cheery chimes

Of the bells of labor, of the bells of toil,
And isn't afraid his skin will spoil,
If he faces the shine of the glaring sun,
And works in the light until his task is done;

A human engine with a triple beam,
And a hundred and fifty pounds of steam.

STAINS

The three ghosts on the lonesome road
Spoke each to one another,
'Whence came that stain upon thy mouth
No lifted hand may cover?'
'From eating of forbidden fruit,
Brother, my brother.'

The three ghosts on the sunless road
Spoke each to one another,
'Whence came that red burn on your foot
No dust or ash may cover?'
'I stamped a neighbor's hearth-flame out,
Brother, my brother.'

The three ghosts on the windless road
Spoke each to one another,
'Whence came that blood upon thy hand
No other hand may cover?'
'From breaking of a woman's heart,
Brother, my brother.'

'Yet on the earth clean men we walked,
Glutton and Thief and Lover;
White flesh and fair it hid our stains
That no man might discover.'
'Naked the soul goes up to God,
Brother, my brother.'
—Theodosia Garrison.

ONLY GOD IS GREAT.

A certain pasha, dead these thousand years,
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears.
And had this sentence over the city's gate
Deeply engraved: "Only God is Great."

So these four words hung above the city's noise
Like the accents of an angel's voice.
And evermore from the high barbarian
Saluted each returning caravan.
Lo! is that city's glory; every gust
Lifts with crisp leaves the unknown pasha's dust,

And all is ruin save one wrinkled gate
Whereon is written, "Only God is Great."
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

No Oregon watermelons are on the market yet, though California

AUTOMOBILES HAVE NOT HURT HORSE BUSINESS

ALBERTA, CANADA, GREATEST HORSE MARKET IN COUNTRY—HORSES WILL ALWAYS BE HIGH—FINE CHANCE FOR YOUNG MEN—FARMERS TAKE ANY KIND THAT WILL WORK

Automobiles have not driven the horse out of his sphere one whit, says E. C. Smith, the veteran horse buyer, who is in the city with a drove of horses, most of which have been sold. Today the horse is a scarcer article and higher in Eastern Oregon than in Western Oregon. Mr. Smith brought a drove of horses from Eastern Oregon through the Willamette valley, and says he finds he could have sold his bunch at Shaniko for more money than he has received on the venture in this valley.

Some years ago horsemen became frightened over the oft-repeated prophecy that the horse in fifteen years would be a thing of the past, generally speaking, and for three or four years very few horses were raised. Since then, however, the demand has been so great that the buyers pick up the kind that used to go to the canneries, and are glad to get them.

The whole West has grown and with the new growth all of the surplus horses have been used up by farmers who want teams. Alberta, in Canada, is the greatest horse market in the world, and the new settlers there could handle fifty thousand horses, according to Mr. Smith. They don't care whether they are big horses, little horses or ponies, but want anything that will work. The United States cannot supply the demand, and the horses are going up in price, and will go still higher.

This summer thirty cars of Eastern Oregon animals have gone to Nebraska, the young ones to work on the farms, and the brood mares to raise mules.

As a result on these depredations on the ranges of Oregon, horses are becoming very high in the eastern section, the renowned home of cheap horses. Where men were accustomed to buy good riding horses across the mountains for \$5 and \$10, they are now obliged to pay as much as the people do here, and some times more.

These things, claims Mr. Smith, who has traveled all over the country in the horse business, make the business a very fine one now, and a young man has an unexampled chance to make his fortune doing nothing but raising horses for the market of the country.

"If I were a young man," said Mr. Smith, "I would go where there was still lots of range and invest in horses. The horse will never lose its place because of the automobile, and each year will make him worth more."

The best kind of all around horses in this horseman's mind is the Norman Percheron. He has the best bone and suits the most purposes.

Mr. Smith leaves tonight for Seattle. He leaves about seventeen horses here at the Eugene Transfer Company's barn which are yet to be sold.

WHEN THE CURTAIN IS DOWN

When the curtain is down and the lights are out,
And the songs and laughter have died away,
With only the empty scene about,
How hollow and cheap is our little play.

When paint and powder are all laid by,
And the gaudy tinsel no longer shines,
And we find what we thought the blue of the sky
To be as false as the players' lines.

When the mask is dropped and we see at last
Beneath the smirk of the shallow clown
May we find no friend whom we love is cast,
In a different role with the curtain down.
—Raynald Smith-Pickering.

"REGULAR AS THE SUN"

is an expression as old as the race. No doubt the rising and setting of the sun is the most regular performance in the universe, unless it is the action of the liver and bowels when regulated by Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed by W. L. DeLano, druggist, 25c.

THE TEXAS WONDER.

Cures all kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles; sold by all druggists on two months' treatment by mail for \$1. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2924 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by Hull's Drug Store.

The wettest place on the Pacific coast, so far as Oregon, Washington or California is concerned, is at the ranch of J. H. Reeber on the head of Wilson river in Tillamook county. Here is located a government station and it is found that the average rainfall is 150 inches and some years it has gone as high as 160 inches. This is some wet sure.

H. W. Goode left \$208,827.11 clear after all debts were paid. By error the Telegram yesterday gave the residue clear of debt as the total assets. —Portland Telegram.

Salem Journal: W. T. Zinn, who was called to this city by the sickness of his late father, George D.