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THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1908

A PRAYER FOR TRUE MANHOOD

Let me live this life without truckling appeal to the present or fear of a future—with head erect and hope in my heart—conscience my comrade, and work its own recompense. Give it me to suffer fools with fortitude, and meanness without malice; to chafe me self-forgetfulness and self-respect—with these I can face them now, and Thou then. Help me to forget a fault, and forget failure. Forbid that I ever be discourteous or unkind—may I remember, always the relative values of money and manners. Let me not judge others—bearing in mind that all is set down in the Big Book. Make me obedient to Thy purpose of creation, that I may have the love of woman and the confidence and companionship of friends. If so be there is sorrow and suffering in store, as is the rule of all life, give me courage to bear and strength to endure—having in mind that others, too, have carried a cross. And if, as the end draws near, I shall not have reached the castle of my dreams, be gracious then if ever, O God, and give it to me to be content.—Bill Barlow's Sagebrush Philosophy.

DIRECT LEGISLATION AND STATE UNIVERSITY

The initiative and referendum are edged tools—effective, but apt to set the hand that holds them, if unpracticed. If legislation by the whole people is to be a success one principle at least must be learned and steadily followed. The voters must learn to recognize those cases in which they themselves do not and cannot know which side is right. In those cases they must form the habit of finding and taking the advice of those who do know, or the new legislative method will lead to civic disaster.

The University appropriation is a case in point. It is impossible for a man who has only a common school education to know the difference between common school work, where, because the work deals with the beginnings of learning only, the teacher need not be a specialist, nor receive a specialist's pay, and university education, in which, because it deals with the most advanced learning, the teachers must be highly trained specialists, and paid accordingly. Nor can he estimate the necessary cost of apparatus needed by those who teach chemistry, or assaying, or electricity. He can see that university teaching must be more expensive than primary education, but just how expensive he cannot estimate. Neither can he judge how important this more expensive education is to the common schools themselves.

What, then, is he to do? Follow the advice of Messrs. Palmer and Walker? Certainly not, for these gentlemen know nothing of University education, and are examples of the very voters who should be seeking advice, and not offering it. There is a commission of eminent and highly respected citizens of Portland, Eastern and Southern Oregon appointed by the governor to estimate this very matter—the regents of the University. Do you not trust them? Go, then, to the presidents of other universities of the state, Pacific, Williams, Albany — is there one of these presidents, whose institutions are represented in some degree as rivals of the University of Oregon, who thinks \$125,000 an excessive annual appropriation for the State University? Certainly not; they know it is not too much. Does the president of the State Agricultural College think it is too much? No, again. Does the state superintendent think it is too

much? No, again. Is there any county school superintendent in the state who thinks it is too much? Not one. Do the teachers in the high and public schools think the appropriation excessive? Is there any educator in the state, any man whose opinion can be considered expert advice, who is opposed to this appropriation? There is not one.

Will the voters, in a plain case like this, follow the unanimous advice of those who know, or will they shut their eyes and follow blind leaders in an attack upon the State University? All friends of direct legislation wait anxiously to see, for the case is crucial in deciding the fate of the initiative and referendum throughout the United States. Let the voters of Oregon make no mistake here.

FIRST RAILROAD TRAIN OUT TO SEA

The dream that Henry M. Flagler began dreaming ten years ago, of uniting Cuba to the United States by an all-rail route to span the 200 miles of narrow sea which separates them, has just passed the greatest stage in its transformation to reality. So writes M. B. Claussen in the Technical World Magazine for April. The first section of the remarkable "sea-going railroad" which Mr. Flagler has been building for the past three years is now completed to the temporary terminal at Knight's key, 109 miles south of Miami on the mainland and 47 miles from the ultimate end of the line at Key West.

On the same day that the passenger trains of Mr. Flagler's road, the Florida East Coast Railway, begun running through from Jacksonville to Knight's Key, the Peninsular and Occidental Steamship Company put on a direct boat service from Knight's Key to Havana, 115 miles away.

STATEMENT NO. 1 STRONG WITH VOTERS

The result of the primary election throughout the state is what the Guard predicted it would be. The people have declared strongly for Statement No. 1, meaning the election of senators by direct popular vote.

Palton lost more votes from his uncertain stand on this question than from the assaults of Francis Heney. In Lane county the anti-statement people were thoroughly organized and got their forces to the polls, making a strong showing because of the light vote and the excellent personnel of the candidates they centered upon. On the other hand the Statement No. 1 people were unorganized, and failed to get out and vote, the Republicans having but one legislative candidate, Mr. Eaton, who subscribed to the principle embodied in this statement, and he was strong enough, without any organized assistance, to stand the assaults of the aggressive opposition and is nominated by a good margin under the circumstances.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE ON "COUNTRY EDITOR."

William Allen White, of Emporia, Kansas, is an ideal newspaper man of one of the thousands of small cities in this country. He has won broader, more worthy, desirable and more substantial fame and reputation in his calling than is possible to any office holder below that of President of the United States, and has done greater good and proved more practically useful. At a luncheon at the Press club of Chicago, on March 9, Mr. White said: "An editor's first mistake is made when he goes into politics. His own life and success exemplify the wisdom of a devotion to the calling. To be a good editor is greater and much more satisfactory and useful than to be a king. Mr. White talked on the 'Country Editor' somewhat along the same lines as in his address at the Guthrie convention of the National Editorial Association, and said among other things, witty and wise:

"There are three things," he said, "which no man can do to the satisfaction of other men—make love, poke the fire, and run a paper. No matter if a man has no more sense than an oyster and does not know how many toes he has, he always knows how to run a paper better than the editor. And what is more, he tells all about it in the street car. But despite all this valuable advice that is wasted the editors still go on making blunders and money. 'The old-fashioned editor who had to be all things to all men is passing away. The time has come when a man who runs a paper is his own master.'"

In 1879 the kingdom of Prussia began to acquire the railroad systems of the country and the process was continued until the state now owns and operates 21,500 miles of railroad, which includes all except two or three very small lines in the kingdom. It has paid off, from current revenue, one-third of the total cost, constructed branch lines as required and made large equipment expenditures which in this and most other countries would have been capitalized, and for the last twelve years has earned an average net revenue of 7.12 per cent per annum, which has been paid into the treasury. Recent appraisements show that in any favorable condition of the money market the state system could be sold for double its cost to the state, as may well be believed from the net revenue which it yields. By the sale of its roads the kingdom could pay off its entire national debt and have hundreds of millions of money left.

There is now in the United States treasury a larger amount of gold than was ever before collected at one place in the world, says the Philadelphia Press. Uncle Sam has invested in coin and bullion a clean \$1,000,000,000. In calling attention to this record-breaking hoard of the precious metal Congressman Boutell says that at the close of 1905 the amount was only \$156,000,000. Since that time there has been a yearly average of more than \$70,000,000 of gold added to the immense store. That is more than has been mined in the United States during the same period. Americans also utilize a vast amount of gold in a commercial way. If this were placed on top of the huge pile of yellow metal which is in the government's purse, it would be seen that this country has been getting far more than its proportionate share of the world's output.

There is a movement on foot to interest the several social clubs of the city in the work of the Commercial Club by organizing a sort of women's auxiliary. The idea is to impress upon the women the advantages that will accrue to the community if strangers are looked after and made to feel more at home when they come here to locate. The members of the women's clubs will be asked to call upon newcomers and assist them in getting acquainted and to feel at home among our people. There will be a meeting of the ladies at the Commercial Club rooms tomorrow night to formulate a definite plan of work along that line.

With all due deference to Senator Beveridge, who says there never was such a day for young men in public life, we are confident a little study of congress will convince doubters, not only that control is in the hands of the elderly, but that the bulk of the work is done by the same class. The oratory? Well, that's another question altogether.

Saturday morning the Pendleton Tribune, T. T. Geer's paper, appeared without a line of editorial, the ex-governor probably having no language on tap that would express his opinion on Congressman Ellis' renomination and at the same time be suitable for publication in a family newspaper.

It is among the probabilities that the question of again running for governor will look very different to Governor Hughes after the Chicago convention. The governorship of New York is a sizable job, even in the shadow of the White House.

Before throwing bouquets at the Boston preacher who asked to have his salary cut from \$2,500 to \$1,200, it might be just as well to ascertain how much in arrears it was. The gentleman may have been only reducing his worry.

Disputes between the authors of bills providing for publicity of campaign contributions are only calculated to arouse the suspicion that somebody is engaged in trying to humbug somebody else.

Congress as a body isn't "afereed" of anything, but individually it has about decided that it will be easier, and safer, to explain why things were not done than to defend them, if done.

Yes, the world will give you the glad hand, just as the Chicago Tribune says, for making a noise like a dollar bill. Also, if you're not foxy, it will give you the quick touch.

Why waste so much time and space advising congress how to carry out the president's recommendations, when there are no indications of any intention to carry them out?

Even the brightest college grads have to get a few hard knocks before they are convinced of the impossibility of starting in any line as an old-timer.

Senator Bourne is pleased with the result of the Oregon primaries. Ditto Calk, Ellis and Hawley.

vice men being detailed to protect members of the cabinet more calculated to attract than to deter an assassin?

If the statistical bunch will insert the word "poor" before their "living is cheaper," the lie will not be handed them so often by householders.

Undoubtedly the three receivers of the Knickerbocker Trust Company did their work well, and they deserve a share of the congratulations which are now being given upon the successful reopening of this institution, according to the Wall Street Journal. But \$75,000 each for six months' work, making \$225,000 for the three receivers, and \$275,000 more for the lawyers, seems big pay. Surely our system of receivership and its remuneration need reform.

Really, those members of the administration who have been presiding over state conventions and pulling other political wires ought to do something for the government printing office employee who was suspended for two months for the heinous crime of presiding over a Maryland village meeting which declared opposition to an aspirant for a nomination to congress.

"People ought to be ashamed that they do not live to be 100 or 120 years old in this age," said Bishop Samuel Fellows to a Chicago congregation. Just a wee bit too general, bishop! There are several citizens hereabouts who ought to be ashamed that they did not die in infancy, corrects the New York Tribune.

Now the foxy Japs have old John Bull throwing fits because they are casting longing eyes on Australia as a desirable place to herd their surplus population. And they are "pards" at that—at least a treaty says so.

Judge Groscup, of Chicago, declares the Hepburn bill to amend the Sherman anti-trust laws to be "deceit—a promise made to the ear, but broken to the hope." For once the judge and Sam Gompers seem to agree, which must astonish both.

A former professional baseball pitcher has been nominated for congress in a Pennsylvania district, but even if elected, it will be the one "beat hit" that he'll never strike out Joe Cannon, who leads the batting in his league.

Attorney-General Bonaparte says he has been unable to find evidence to justify proceedings against the paper trust, though he has enough to justify continuing the hunt. Publishers in a position to give him tips please note.

Well, anyway, John Sharp Williams has not been accused of engineering that filibuster to boost the presidential boom of his beloved "Uncle Joe." That is something in these suspicious times.

This story about an Indiana man who found a pot of gold buried during the civil war, while cleaning up his yard, is good enough to push along—lots of yards are badly in need of being cleaned up.

With societies for the suppression of useless noises on one side and this Pittsburgh preacher who tells his hearers to "make some sort of a noise" on the other, it seems to be a case of hiking to the woods for somebody.

It's a good guess that the tariff will be revised a long time before Congressman Nelson, of Kansas, gets his resolution for a select committee of 45, to revise the rules, adopted by the house.

We take it that Mayor Becker, of Milwaukee, doesn't mind "being up in the air," as it is stated he will use a balloon in his gubernatorial campaign.

That thrilling rescue story, with Mark Twain for its hero, merely shows that age has not dulled Mark's advertising faculties, even if he does not need the money.

Pat McCarren's plan of giving the courts a hand in seating delegates to a political convention will doubtlessly be endorsed by lawyers—certainly by those employed.

However the legislative record may stand, there is one kind of work that few, if any, congressmen ever neglect—working their constituents.

Though a lifeless campaign might stop the salaries of a bunch of unimaginative press agents, it need not necessarily be a lifeless affair.

Looks now as if Eugene's long deferred hope to own its own water system might be realized within sixty days.

A cold world, but a gold world, And the best old world we've got— So laugh and be contented, And be happy with your lot! A cold world, but a bold world, When the heart is beating right, When the hands have done their duty, And the eyes find hidden beauty, In the sweet and simple valleys And the hills that lead to light! A cold world, and a gold world, But the best old world we know— So deck your lips with laughter And forget about your woe! A cold world, but a whole world, Of blessings in disguise, When we take its paths of gleaming To the golden shores of dreaming, The violets in the meadows And the sunshine in the skies!"

A SAVING CREED

Save a little every day; cling to every cent; Spendthrifts only care about their environment. Cease to long for scenes that please; hide yourself away. Back of piles of ugly brick, where the light of day Seldom finds a chink through which it may feebly creep. Any hole may be sweet home if you get it cheap.

There are fools who go to dwell where the scenes are fair; Where the lawns are wide and sweet odors fill the air. If they might monthly after month swell their worldly gains By remaining where foul smells rise from reeking drains, They are fools who think that cash was made but to buy What brings gladness to the heart or may please the eye.

Save a little every day, pinch each penny hard; Turn from beauty as a thing no one should regard; Frown on pleasure, scoff at art; let no scene be made Fairer by a dollar which you have gladly paid; Hunt some dismal corner where you may eat and sleep, Any hole is home sweet home if you get it cheap. —Chicago Record-Herald.

SIGNS OF SPRING. Sures thing you know, Spring is on the way; Haven't heard a bullfrog croak, Nor seen a moving frog, Ye springing is surely coming. A fact I advertise, For father's spending all his nights Repairing trout hook flies.

Silks are on the table 'Tinty hooks are bare; Father's out of patience— Touch them if you dare! See the yellow doat; Get a brand new coat; See the pretty coachman, Soon to be afloat. Spring is surely coming, Father spends his nights Working on his trout hooks, Dreaming now of bites, Father's making trout flies, Surest sign of spring; Mother's laying wagers He doesn't catch a thing! —Chicago Record-Herald.

CLASSIC VS. RAGTIME.

Since I tumbled into money, Mary Ann's been actin' funny, Says she wants to tend the opery, And set up in a box. When she knows how I detest it, Says I oughtn't have confessed it, That if our cultured friends would bear, 'Twould give them awful shocks. I tell her I've no feelin' For a lot of classic squealin'; She says I'm such a soulless clod, I can't comprehend, That I'd like to rise and mention, When something's bein' done to me To stand my hair on end.

Then I tell her quite emphatic, That her tires may be pneumatic, But I'm still an old four-wheeler, On a dusky country road. And her "Mozy Back and Handle" Why they cannot take a candle, To a bent decrepit dago, With his hurdy-gurdy load.

Then is when my soul goes leaping, And the shivers come a creeping, And my system's all a sizzle; You can gamble that's the truth; For there's nothing like good rag-time, With a modest dose of jag time, To make a man feel jolly, And to resurrect his youth. —Florence Goff Schwartz.

E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen—In 1857 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. In the spring of 1902 I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received all the doctors' came a creeping. May you live long and prosper. Yours very truly, C. N. Cornell, Roding, Ga. August 27, 1906. Sold by all druggists.

LOWER SIUSLAW NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Mapleton school closed last Friday for a few weeks' vacation. Fred Funk is erecting a building on his lot on Howard street near the Evangelical church.

The steamer Roscoe left Wednesday for Astoria, where she will have some repairing done.

The Roscoe went to Marshfield on Monday with a cargo of salt salmon and chittim bark and returned Tuesday morning.

Yesterday W. C. Purdin, of Fiddle creek, was taken before Justice Severy on a charge of catching trout with a net, which is contrary to law. A jury trial was held and a verdict of not guilty was rendered.

Charles Allen, who came here with his family from North Carolina a few weeks ago, has purchased S. B. Colvin's ranch on Whoahink lake, and moved his family over there last Monday. The price paid was \$3500 for the land and stock. The papers from Mr. Allen's former home speak very highly of him and his family, and we are glad to have them locate here permanently.—The West.

LOST VALLEY NEWS

(Special Correspondence.) Lost Valley, April 18.—About five hundred persons attended the Creswell District Sunday School convention held here April 5. There was a full attendance of delegates recorded, and our president kept things moving in his energetic way. The convention was a success in every way.

Mrs. Woods is visiting with Mrs. Wm. Williams this week. E. R. Parker and family were visitors at Dexter convention day.

Miss Alta Williams was a passenger on the overland to Goshen one day last week. R. W. Jacobs and family have moved their belongings to Pleasant Hill. Rufus Wood has returned to June to reside.

A. F. Edwards is visiting relatives and friends here at present. Mrs. R. L. Jacobs has moved to her farm at Zion.

Died.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Edwards, April 10, their daughter, Ethel, aged two years. The sorrowing father and mother have the sympathy of their many friends in their bereavement.

Mrs. A. J. Crusan and daughter, of Cloverdale, were at Dexter visiting with Mrs. T. J. Crusan last week. The primaries were very poorly attended here. Most people thought they would allow the "other fellow" to nominate the candidates. That plan is all right, but those who do not attend the primaries should keep still if the ones they wished for are not nominated.

VOTED FOR A PRINCIPLE.

(T. T. Geer's Pendleton Tribune.) The outcome of the primaries held throughout Oregon on Friday carried a surprise in many particulars, as popular elections always do. Where there are several candidates for an official position there is certain, or at least likely, to be a variance of opinion as to the deserts of aspirants as viewed from different standpoints. Two citizens of a community, who may have lived there for thirty years, have directly opposite opinions as to a certain candidate who is precisely as well-known to one as to the other. The differences between men as to conclusions regarding a question about which there are equally informed constituents one of the mysteries of the human mind which will never be fathomed. And it accounts for political as well as religious and personal differences.

The election of Mr. Calk over Mr. Fulton is one of the greatest surprises of the primary contest, as it was generally conceded throughout the state that Mr. Heney's last onslaught against the senator was a failure, and would, indeed had, rebounded to his advantage.

But Mr. Calk's triumph is a signal victory for the principle of the direct election of United States senators, in the support of which the people of this country are practically unanimous. It is a crude manner of securing that result, but it is the best there is in sight, and was accepted as a step in the right direction.

FOR OREGON'S UNIVERSITY.

(Seattle Post-Intelligencer.) The people of Oregon ought to vote down the effort now being made to defeat an appropriation of \$125,000 for the Oregon State University. No state can afford to strangle any institution engaged in the worthy work of fitting men and women for the real struggles of life.

Since the matter has been referred to the people for approval or rejection, the people should approve it by a decisive vote that will leave no doubt in the minds of future lawmakers as to the attitude of the people toward Oregon's institutions of learning.

GOSHEN WINS FROM GRESWELL AT BASEBALL

(Special Correspondence.) Goshen, April 20.—A large crowd of people witnessed the baseball contest between Goshen and Creswell here last Sunday. The score resulted 4 to 6 in favor of the Goshen team, and this about shows the relative strength of the two teams.

The Creswell team played a good game, but yet need some training. Some of their players are stars, but others shine weakly beside them. The game was lost chiefly by costly errors.

Win McDaniel pitched a fair game, and with proper support behind him down the score. The visitors held Goshen down the last four innings and it looked as though Creswell would reverse the score.

R. C. Roney, the well-known ball-player, pitched the successful game for Goshen, while John Gilbert stood behind the bat and was good support for him. Wiley Humphrey did excellent work at short.

Bases on balls—Schermmer, McDaniel. Two-base hits—Mathews, Humphrey, Roney, Nolan. Time of game—1 hr. 30 min. Umpire—Charley Butler.

LANE COUNTY BOY BOOSTS FOR YAMHILL

"Knock and the world knocks with you; boost and the motto boost." This is not the motto adopted by John C. Veatch, athlete, artist and orator, who has been elected secretary of the Yamhill County Development League, and will go to McMinnville Monday and open an anti-knock campaign.

Veatch is a graduate of the University of Oregon. He served four years on the track team with great credit to himself and his school. His four years on the debating team are history at the State "U." He won victory after victory for his team and last year captured the All-Western championship from Utah. Veatch is also a clever cartoonist, some of his work having appeared in the Journal recently.

Headquarters of the Yamhill league are at McMinnville, and Veatch will make his home there.—Journal.

FRIED CHICKEN—VIRGINIA STYLE.

Fried chicken is, of course, my chief recollection of the poultry dishes "mother used to make," says Christine Terhune Herrick in the May Delineator. We had roast chicken, besides and barbecued and smothered and boiled chicken, and roast and boiled turkey and roast duck. But fried chicken was as regular an article on the Virginia bill of fare as beefsteak is in some Northern homes,—chicken, fried, plain or with cream gravy, with bacon or without. Broiled chicken appeared pretty often, and not so often for breakfast Sunday—but it was not such a real Virginia dish as fried chicken. The Southern cook of old time might fall on anything else in the culinary line, but I don't believe I ever heard of one who got her "han" out in cooking poultry.

For this you must have young chickens, broiling size, and they must be cut apart as for fricassee, rinsed, wiped dry, peppered lightly and then rolled in flour, a piece at a time. Meanwhile half a pound of salt pork should have been sliced and cooked in a frying-pan long enough to make the fat flow, but not enough to brown the pork. In this fat lay the pieces of chicken and fry to a good brown, turning the pieces as they cook. When all are done, take out with a fork, so as to be free from grease, and lay in a hot dish. Set this in the open oven and pour into the gravy left in the frying-pan a cupful of rich milk—half a cream is better,—and a tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth with a tablespoonful of butter, stir until the sauce has boiled smooth and thick, add a tablespoonful of minced parsley and pour over the chicken.

ESSAY ON EDITORS.

A little boy in town was given the stunt by his father to write an essay on editors, and here is the result: "I don't know how newspapers come to be in the world. I don't think God does for He ain't got nothing to say about them and editors in the Bible. I think the editor is one of the missing links you read of, and stayed in the bushes after the flood, and then came out and wrote the things up, and has been here ever since. I don't think he ever dies. I never saw a dead one and never knew of one getting liked. Our paper is a mighty good one; but the editor goes without underclothes all winter and don't wear socks and paw ain't paid his subscription 'cuz the paper started. I ast paw of that was why the editor had to suck the juice out of snowballs in winter and go to bed when he had a shirt wash in summer. And then paw took me out into the woodshed and he lick me awful hard. If the editor makes a mistake folks say he ought to be hung; but if a doctor makes mistakes he buries them and people dassent say nothing because he can read and write Latin. When the editor makes a mistake there is lawsuits and swearing and a big fuss; but of a doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and perfect silence. A doctor can use a word a yard long without him or any body knowing what it means; but of the editor uses one he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for the visit; but if the editor goes he gets a charge of buckshot. When the doctor gets drunk, its a case of being overcome by the heat and if he dies, fits from heart trouble; when the editor gets drunk, its a case of too much booze and if he dies its the jim-jam. Any old college can make a doctor; an editor has to be born.—Rapid River Hustler.