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AN INDEPENDENT PAPER.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25

The Trend Toward Communism

In the enlightened countries of the world one of the public questions that is most frequently discussed today is the evil sure to come of too much legislation; yet there is none of these leading nations in which there are not insane demands for more and more of it, remarks the Lewiston Tribune.

We ourselves declaim loudly against the folly and futility of it and forthwith proceed to regulate by additional legislation a thousand evils growing out of previous legislation which is not enforced or partially enforced. The inconsistency and danger of it are glaring but it is really no better in other countries, in which the people have been led to give up the old methods and means of progress and to betake themselves to short cuts and cheap schemes of regulating each other. There are said to be in the world today over 3000 legislative bodies having substantially the power enjoyed by our state legislatures. Of these we have forty-six and will soon have one more. The English empire has sixty-five legislative bodies, though some put the number higher. The principal countries of Europe have their parliaments, which, though not so productive as some, are still active and increasing in activity. The acts of the reichstag are now being published in forty volumes. In the East, Japan is bringing out laws with dispatch, India is making many, and there is an expectation that China will join in. The children of men are already closely hedged about by laws, and while waiting their fate in this respect, are rapidly moving forward in their principal business of enlarging the codes. There can not be very much liberty in the individual when there are so many restraints imposed upon him provided always that the laws are regarded and are effective. The result is that laws and regulations that are always falling across the path of the free citizen are openly disregarded, only the weak being in any manner controlled thereby. It upon enforcement they were found impracticable or unjust they would be quickly repealed rather than supplemented by a fresh maze of legislation which in its turn would prove discriminative, weak and harassing. Too much legislation is dangerous because it leads in any free country to popular disregard of the laws, to defeat of the laws, to contempt for the laws.

The use of tobacco is increasing. The revenue reports show that in 1905 there was an output in the United States as follows: Cigars, 7,007,264, 441; cigarettes, 3,526,488,563; plug, fine cut and snuff, 367,988,116 pounds.

Just now everything is coming the hop growers' way. The reduction of freight rates to the East on this product, as printed in today's Guard, adds half a cent a pound to the value of their product.

No matter which faction control in Russia, the Jews have to suffer. Massacring somebody seems to be the chief recreation of that down-trodden and unhappy people.

Russel Sage, who spent his long life in piling up money, will be remembered chiefly by the lawsuits that will spring up over his \$8,000,000 estate.

Russian delegates have withdrawn from the parliamentary conference in London. They feel that they are out of business for awhile.

Francisco's Tavern. The preservation of ancient landmarks is one of the objects of the patriotic society known as the Sons of the Revolution, and it is owing to the efforts of the New York state branch of the society that the building where General George Washington delivered his farewell address to his staff of generals is to be preserved. It has been

used for hotel purposes for about 150 years and has long been known as Francisco's tavern. On May 1 it became the property of the Sons of the Revolution of the State of New York, and the appearance it presented at the time of the Revolution will be restored as nearly as possible. The building stands at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, New York city, and was erected in 1710.

The Untamed Shrew. Towne—It was positively stupid of Dudley to marry Miss Strongmind. Browne—Yes, but he's shrewed now. —Philadelphia Press.

How He Got It. Said the physician to the merchant. "A vacation will put you at your best." "The merchant ceased to advertise. And soon got the much needed rest. —Chicago News.

Russel Sage who died last Sunday had long been a leading figure in Wall Street. He seemed destined to be a capitalist inasmuch as he was head of a wholesale grocery at twenty-two and had amassed \$500,000 by 1857, the year of the panic. He made millions by his "put," "calls" and "straddles," a form of gambling adapted to stock exchange dealings. It amounted to betting on the future price of stocks and did

BERTIE'S INDECISION

By Ida Wright Hanson

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not call for heavy capital. In "puts" Sage would sell a privilege to offer him ten days hence 10 shares of Western Union at \$2. If the price were \$2 on that day Sage would pay his customer \$30, the difference between \$2 and \$1 on 10 shares. But often there was nothing to pay, the price having declined. This is a supposition case, but the system which is old in stock-jobbing admitted of many combinations. It was hard to beat the game. Persons who had "tips" were profitable customers for Russell Sage, whose great wealth enabled him to meet promptly every demand and buy stocks when the price was low. Despite his long experience he lost about \$5,000,000 by the depression which followed the failure of Grant Ward in 1881 when he had a long line of "puts" out. Sage's business was an outgrowth of the enormous speculation that has been conducted in New York since the outbreak of the Civil war. His methods were not approved by the stock exchange but his large dealings out money in the purse of many brokers.

There is just one way to reach the reading public of Lane county—by using the columns of the Daily and Weekly Guard. It is the home paper of a large majority of the people and is now enjoying the largest circulation in the history of its publication, and its list of regular readers is growing more rapidly than ever before.

Martin Hope got suddenly well of spinal meningitis and came into court in good condition when threatened with bail forfeiture. Probably Senator Mays will be very much improved in health now that the court has decided that he must stand trial sick or well.

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Martha's eyes were troubled as she hung up the receiver.

"Just like Bertie," she mused, taking up her coat, cap and goggles and going slowly up the stairs. "Exactly like Bertie. This morning we were to spend our last afternoon sailing; at sometime he cut a messenger to say he had changed his mind and would come in his automobile; now he telephones that we will go on our wheels to the redwoods."

"Unstable as water, but handsome as a king—ought to be," was her thought a few minutes later. They were walking down the garden path to the bicycles waiting at the gate.

"Here's a flower for you," he said gayly, stooping to pick a pelargonium. "Fitting symbol of you is this Martha Washington. Not a bit high toned, but smiling alike on the rich and the poor; delicately colored, but sturdy for all that, my Martha."

She responded absently to his chatter. She was glad he did not seem to expect much of her in the way of conversation.

"I suppose you have been wondering why I changed my mind so often." They had walked up hills and wheeled down them and over the level places and along the cool shady path to the redwoods. They were sitting where a streamlet leaped forward to kiss the feet of the ferns; where the redwoods gave out a soothing fragrance. A few steps away was garish sunshine, but here shade and coolness and quiet. Martha's troubled heart lightened, and she smiled winsomely into Bertie's face.

"Why?" she queried.

"Because I am going to ask you something, and I wanted to choose the best place for it. This is the best of all, isn't it, beloved? I want you to marry me, Martha, tonight and go away with me or not go away. I don't know that I care anything about seeing New York, anyway."

"You want me to marry you tonight for fear that by Christmas or September, or tomorrow you might change your mind? Thanks for the compliment, and no, thank you, for the offer."

Bertie's face was white. She was savagely glad she had hurt him. He might realize a little of her suffering.

"Do you think I want a husband who changes his mind on a subject as many times as there are hours in a day? What pleasure is there in you, Bertie Harrison, and what confidence can one have? We were to read to improve our minds. You began with William Tell at the arrow scene; then you took a chapter in 'Merchant of Venice' next you thought Burton Holmes' travels."

"Don't, Martha," Bertie interrupted. "Probably I shall thank you some time, but just now I can't stand any more than a homeopathic dose."

If Bertie had got furious with her or if he had cried—she felt as if she would not have been surprised to see him cry like a girl—she could have kept on petting him with her sharp words, but to have him quiet and white—that was something she could not bear. Tears dropped on the Martha Washington in her cold hand.

"Forgive me, dear; I didn't mean—"

"Parson me, Martha; I think you meant exactly what you said. In the flash of your words I see what I wonder I have failed to discover heretofore. Isn't there a saying that if you can properly diagnose a case the cure is half effected? If I overcome the fault and make a man of myself may I expect your favor, Martha?"

She shook her head.

"I can't have any faith in you, Bertie, but after all you are not to blame. You can't be different. There are too many odds against you. It's hereditary. My father knew your father well. Gemini is your birth sign—two forces pulling in opposite directions. Then your fortune stands in your way and even your name. You can never expect a Napoleon of a Bertie."

"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" he said bitterly. "But you remember the best did come out of Nazareth. If you cared for me—"

"I care, Bertie, if that's any consolation, I could wait years for you, but—"

"Well, that's enough. Bertie threw up his cap and caught it as it came down. The red came back into his smooth cheeks. 'Now I will fare forth into the world and show you what a man's will can do in spite of heredity and astrology and all the rest. You'll see, Maid Martha.'"

This sudden change of spirit was so like variable Bertie that Martha sighed.

"I'm sorry I can't encourage you."

It was a year before news came from the absent Bertie. Martha might have inquired from his friends in her own city, but she was so proud. He had turned from her as lightly, as easily, as he had always flitted from one phase of life to another—a butterfly, she thought scornfully. Why should she waste tears on him? So she spent her days among her flowers and books, and if her nights were not always peaceful she gave no sign.

At the year's end a thick packet came to her. With nervous, trembling haste she tore off string and paper and brought forth Bertie's diary.

"And to think I doubted him," she sobbed as she found her name on every page.

He had taken with him to New York \$100 of his fortune, plugging himself not to touch another penny of it till a year had gone. He had sought service

immediately, beginning with the most menial tasks. How his sensitive nature loathed them none knew better than Martha. He had kept at each employment till he found something a step higher.

At the end of four months he discovered a friend of his father, who offered him a clerkship and gave him freely all the information he needed. It was when he was established in this that he had made his code of rules.

After office hours a two hour walk, dinner, then study till 11, his bedtime. This was not to be varied for six days Sundays were to be free.

"I am beginning," he wrote, "on Macaulay's history. I swear not to take up anything else till these volumes are finished."

"Can he be strong enough, the dear, brave boy?" Martha wondered as she read eagerly on, but it was when she was smiling over some whimsical, happy thought, written in Bertie's happy expression, that it came.

"Failed!" on a dozen pages. Then one bore bravely a line from Goldsmith. "Our greatest glory consists not in never failing, but in rising every time we fail."

After that was the continuation of the arduous routine. On the last page he had written, "If I do not win my Martha after all, I feel that I shall come somewhat nearer to deserving her!"

Another six months dragged by. The diary contained no clue to his address save New York city, so that Martha could not send him encouragement and loving messages of which her heart was full. She felt that she deserved the suspense, but it was fearfully hard to bear. When it seemed to her that she could endure it no longer, an ominous yellow envelope came to her.

"Bert Harrison seriously ill in B. hospital; constantly calling Martha."

Even in her distress Martha noticed "Bert," not "Bertie," mute tribute to his winning battle against birth signs, heredity and fortune.

Less than a week later Martha sat trembling in the office of B. hospital while a sweet faced nurse talked to give her time to regain her control.

"It was 'Martha, Martha, Martha,' till Mr. Dean, his employer, decided to look through his belongings for a possible clue. We found your name and address and ventured to telegraph. He is rational now, but naturally extremely weak. You may see him, but not for long."

"How did he get the fever?" Martha quavered.

"Overwork. Mr. Dean saw that he was doing too much, but his advice was not heeded. Mr. Harrison would reply that in six months he would take a vacation. Then came the great storm. Mr. Dean warned him, but he would walk for two hours, no matter what the weather. Of dogged persistence to an idea Mr. Dean said he never saw his equal."

The nurse's keen eyes saw that Martha's trembling lips had grown quiet, and she answered the smile in her wet eyes cheerily.

But when at last Martha was by her lover's side she was the weaker of the two.

"I felt all day that you were coming, dear," he said quietly. "You have waited for me, haven't you?"

Fiercely restrained sobs choked back her answer, but she laid her head on Bertie's pillow, and he was content. Next day they awaited the coming of the minister with prayer book and ring.

Seventeenth Century Panegyrics.

George II. inquired why Milton did not write his "Paradise Lost" in prose. One sympathizes more with Stephen Duck, the peasant poet, who read the great epic over "twice or thrice with a dictionary before he could understand the language." We find ourselves somewhat at a loss to understand the language in which were couched the fulsome panegyrics of the late seventeenth century. Dr. Hill selects two which it would be hard to surpass. The first is Dryden's to Roscommon:

How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleased to hear His fame augmented by a British peer!

Cant goes almost farther in the second and blasphemy, a good deal farther. It is Halifax's lament for Charles II.:

In Charles, so good a man and king, we see A double image of the Deity.

Oh, had he more resembled it! Oh, why Was he not still more like and could not die?

This seems unsurpassable. Yet if Dr. Hill had been concerned with the poems of Mr. Richard Duke he would doubtless have secured an almost equally startling couplet in memory of a monarch whose wit has been more often extolled than his virtue:

Good Titus could, but Charles could never say

Of all his royal life he lost a day.

—Professor W. P. Trent in Forum.

His Ambition.

A new vicar was being shown round the parish by his warden.

"The natives are a hardy lot, sir," he said, "but you haven't seen Peter Sparks. He's the quaintest character in these parts."

This individual turned out to be the sexton, and he was discovered ringing the church bell.

"Is not this bell ringing almost too much for you, my friend?" asked the vicar sympathetically, noting the bent figure of the old man. "You must be a great age!"

"Yessir, yessir," mumbled the old fellow. "Oow, many years I've tolled the bell I can't tell ye, but it's beginning to tell on me. 'Owsever, I've tolled the bell for five years."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the clergyman uncomfortably.

"And," continued the sexton, "I'll be happy when I've made up the 'alf dozen. I think I'll retire then!"—Glasgow Times.

All Walks Are Alike

To the woman who wears 07 shoes. Whether she walks on the hard city pavements or on nature's carpet of grass she feels the same spring rebound at every step, the same cool, even pressure of the sole of her foot and the same sense of immunity from corns and every other foot ill.

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 And get your MEAT delivered to any part of the city at any time of the day by special delivery.

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FOR SALE—One hundred acres of land near city limits. For particulars call on owner at 52 East Ninth street, Eugene, Or.

FOR SALE—Four or five hay bales as good as new, at half price. Enquire at the Eugene Excelsior Works. d&wt

FOR SALE—One of the finest cottage houses in the city. Five flowers, fruit and garden. Call and see the place. 375 West Sixth street. tf

FOR SALE—CHEAP—Three good counters and two show cases. Apply to E. Hanson.

FOR SALE—Young milk cow; been fresh two months; easy milker, gentle, gives good mess. Price \$25. Enquire M. C. Mott, next to new pumping station foot of east Eighth st.

FOR SALE—Ten room modern house, on 8x120 foot lot with fruit, only one block from Willamette street; very cheap if sold soon. Investigate this. Call at 467 Oak street.

FOR SALE—A piece of Eugene business property under five year lease to good tenant, paying ten per cent on price asked, monthly in advance, and tenant to make all repairs during term of lease, offered for sale. See or address J. R. Campbell, Eugene.

FOR SALE—I have decided to sell my Altamont Driving mare. She is sired by Altigo, with a record of 2:38 1/4, and dammed by Satiette, with a record of 2:20. She is standard bred on both sides. She has great speed and is kind and gentle. A lady can ride or drive her any place. Price, \$500. Phone or write Frank E. Blair, Fall Creek, Oregon. tf

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two desirable office rooms in centre of town. Address Box 14, Eugene, Or. tf

FLAT TO RENT—Modern flat to rent, furnished or unfurnished. Apply at Schneider block. tf

FOR RENT—even room cottage, with all modern conveniences; good location. Apply Mrs. K. Condit, millrace and Patterson street. j28

LAND TO RENT—Sixty-five acres of land to rent for cash at \$2 an acre, mile and a half from town. M. Burns, R. F. D. No. 1, Eugene. j30

FOR RENT—Nice, new, clean, 6-room cottage, favorably located. Best well water. Cheap to good party. A. C. Guthrie, 612 E. 8th street. j26

WANTED

WANTED—20 lbs. sweet cream, to be delivered on Saturdays. Highest price paid. Hall's Drug Store. tf

COOK WANTED—Lady cook wanted for restaurant at Junction City. Address E. S. Lester, Junction City, Or. j27

WANTED TO BUY—National cash registers. Highest cash price paid. State serial number and price expected and buyer will call promptly. P. O. Box 458, Portland, Or. tf

WANTED Special Agent to appoint local canvassers for "Keyless Padlock". New invention. Demand enormous. Good salary and expenses payable weekly. Address Manufacturer, 723 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. j26

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—By a number of Eugene ladies, that the old carpet rug made in Albany excel all others. I pay the freight. See Oscar Faust, Fisher Laundry, local agent, A. L. Ferrington, Albany, Ore. tf

MISCELLANEOUS

PURE WATER—Pure water from bed-rock wells. I can bore or drill one for you cheaply. Why not have the best water? Call on or address J. E. Kilborn, 219 Jefferson street, or C. E. Gordinier, 1105 Villard avenue, Fairmount. Telephone Red 4734.

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Have your wood sawed by a gasoline wood saw. It furnishes its own fuel and does not burn yours. See the point? Saws by a gauge. For prompt service ring up Red 1771 or call at 775 Ferry street, W. E. BODDY

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of troubles to contend with, spring from torpid liver and blocked bowels, unless you awaken them to their proper action with Dr. King's New Life Pills: the pleasantest and most effective cure for constipation. They prevent appendicitis and tone up the system. 25c at W. L. DeLano's drug store.

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