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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23

GREATEST NEED OF OREGON

The following from the Portland Journal is directly to the point:

"The city of Portland and the state need freer and cheaper transportation. The railroads alone cannot meet the growing needs of a virile and progressive citizenship, such as Oregon enjoys and which can be increased to double and treble its present number. We want more people, but we want to give them the greatest possible opportunity and a fair show after they come here to make their homes. Open rivers will accomplish more in this direction than any other one thing. With open and free rivers, towns and hamlets tributary to the rivers would spring up and the arteries of commerce would gradually spread to interior points by wagon road, trolley lines and along other avenues. Territory adjacent to the Columbia river now lying largely dormant would awake to its opportunities and show more life and activity within a year than would come to it in many years without an open river. The opening and freeing of the Willamette river would set in motion hundreds of activities from beyond Eugene to the river's mouth, and these would beget thousands of others as the benefits of freer and cheaper transportation spread throughout the broad and fertile Willamette valley and beyond.

"There should be no relapse of effort in this important work; we should be up and doing and not rest until the work is accomplished. Those who get in the way and try to hinder and interfere with its accomplishment should be run over, and and thus be given to understand that Oregon at last has awakened to the realization that she could 'fly with her own wings.'"

The reported determination of Chili, Argentina and probably several other South American countries to raise their ministers at Washington to the rank of ambassadors has caused much comment among the diplomatic corps. The ambassadors from Germany, England, France and other great countries do not relish the idea that South American diplomats from small countries shall enjoy all the rights and privileges attaching to their positions. It has only been a few years since the United States first had any ambassadors whatever. Now it seems as though we would have a plethora of them.

Salem's city council has ordered several blocks of paving. We had hoped that Eugene would be the first city in Western Oregon to inaugurate a system of permanent street improvements of modern character. Still we must commend the enterprise of the Capital City.

What has become of O'Neill and his mules? Is the burning question in Eugene. You never could depend on those Missouri mules, anyway, and more especially when they are in charge of an Irishman.

Probably the most unique way of sending money through the mails that has yet been devised was that

adopted by Lieutenant Colonel David Kingman, of Savannah, Georgia. Colonel Kingman wanted a document from the office of the superintendent of public accounts at Washington, and glued a two-cent stamp on one side of a silver dollar, while on the other he pasted a slip bearing the address and stating what he wanted. The dollar went through all right, but this method of sending money is not recommended by the department. It is especially undesirable to send \$10,000 bills in this manner.

Congressman Hepburn believes there is a connection between the car shortage and railroad disapproval of the new rate law. In other words that the railroads are purposely inconveniencing shippers. That's a serious charge.

Secretary Root says Cuba will never be annexed as long as the Cubans make an effort to govern themselves, and there is no doubt that he speaks for the administration. But a great deal might turn on the definition of "effort."

At Portland Mrs. W. J. Bryan absolutely refused to talk, so a newspaper of that city says. However, the Commoner himself was not in the least tongue-tied and reporters got a good story just the same.

Surely this is the year for governors to be gone. Stuart, of Pennsylvania, is the latest to announce that he intends to live strictly up to his campaign promises.

Delaware's legislature has decided that Allee can't play any more in the senatorial game and has given his toga to H. D. Richardson—millionaire, of course.

With 939 indictments against the Standard Oil bunch, the Findlay grand jury smashed all records. Next thing John D. will be advising grand juries to save their indictments for a rainy day.

Notwithstanding Tillman's opinion Oklahoma's constitution will put Indians and whites on the same footing, though it will prohibit the marriage of negroes to either.

It Pays to Advertise. "It pays to advertise," said Mark Twain at an advertisement writers' banquet.

"When I was editing the Virginia City Enterprise, writing copy one day and mining the next, I tried to force this truth home in many ways. 'A superstitious subscriber once wrote and said he had found a spider in his paper. Was this good or bad luck? I replied to him in our Answers to Correspondents column as follows:

"'Old Subscriber—The finding of a spider in your copy of the Enterprise was neither good luck nor bad. The spider was merely looking over our columns to find out what merchant was not advertising, so that it could spin its web across his door, and lead a free and undisturbed existence ever after.'"

"One o'clock. The steamer reached the dock at 12, and I got home an hour later. Leaving the carriage, I ran up the steps, pulling out my night key—I have kept it in my ring since I've been away—put it in the keyhole and opened the door. As I did so a man attempted to push by me and go out. Considering the hour and his frantic efforts, I surmised that something was wrong and, gathering all my strength, pushed him back into the vestibule."

"And came out alive!" exclaimed Joseph. "Father, you were lucky. It's a wonder he didn't kill you. I tell you it's no safe job to tackle a burglar."

"Now that it's all over I fancy he must have been more of a sneak thief than a regular housebreaker."

"What did you do?"

"I took him by the collar and marched him down on to the sidewalk and half a block up the street, where fortunately I met a policeman and gave him in charge."

"What kind of a looking thing was he?" asked Clara.

"His appearance favored the theory that he was a sneak thief. He was well dressed, though his face was bad. He looked like one of those respectable appearing persons who call at people's houses ostensibly to see some one, but really to pick up an overcoat in the hall."

"Poor fellow!" mused Clara. "And he is in prison?"

"Indeed he is, and I must be at the police office at 10 o'clock to appear against him. But enough of this. Tell me what has taken place while I've been away."

"Clara's—Benny was beginning when his mother said 'Hush!'"

Then followed an account of the return voyage and the perils of the sea to which Mr. Entwistle had been subjected in a big storm. When the breakfast was finished he arose, remarking that he must go at once to the police court. He was anxious to know if any plunder had been found on the burglar, though nothing was missed.

"If there hasn't, will you let him go, papa?" asked the sympathetic Clara. "I've a mind to go with you to see that you do."

Effect of "The Family" Upon Marital Purity

By Rev. Dr. CHARLES H. PARKHURST of New York

THE last blow upon the SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE comes from a source which we would never have anticipated, and it has come in the shape of a book entitled "The Family."

I have read it conscientiously from preface to conclusion, so that I am not dependent upon the catchlines of sensational papers. The authoress expresses a shy distrust of nuptial purity, seems reluctantly willing to suspect that the ethics of the pasture may have to suffice for the ETHICS OF THE HOME, and so sets hesitatingly ajar the door that so many are wanting to see widely opened into the unfenced fields of promiscuity and LIBERTINISM. I am not charging the book with any impurity OF INTENTION nor with any suggestion of sympathy with immorality.

IT MUST, HOWEVER, OPERATE TO GIVE MATRIMONIAL LONGEVITY OF LIFE A STANDING OF RESPECTABILITY.

A Poem for Today

ANOTHER YEAR

By John White Chadwick

THAT this shall be a better year
 Than any passed away
 I dare not at its open door
 To wish or hope or pray.

Not that the years already gone
 Were wearisome and lone,
 That so with hope too long deferred
 My heart has timid grown.

Nay; rather that they all have been
 So sweet to me and good
 That if I better I should ask
 "Would seem ingratitude."

And so with things far off and strange
 I do not care to cope.
 But look in Memory's face and learn
 What largess I may hope—

Another year of setting suns,
 Of stars by night revealed,
 Of springing grass, of tender buds
 By winter's snow concealed.

Another year of summer's glow,
 Of autumn's gold and brown,
 Of waiting fields and ruddy fruit
 The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work,
 Which better is than play,
 Of simple cares and love that grows
 More sweet from day to day.

Another year of baby mirth
 And childhood's blessed ways,
 Of thinker's thought and prophet's dream
 And poet's tender lays.

Another year at Beauty's feast,
 At every moment spread,
 Of silent hours, when grow distinct
 The voices of the dead.

Another year to follow hard
 Where better souls have trod,
 Another year of life's delight,
 Another year of God.

AN EMBARRASSING INTRODUCTION

When the Entwistle family congregated at breakfast it was to greet the husband and father, who had arrived during the night from a long absence abroad. There were Mrs. Entwistle; Joe, aged twenty-two; Clara, aged twenty, and Benny, aged ten. The meeting involved a great deal of hugging and kissing between the father and his children, the greetings between husband and wife having taken place the night before. When the excitement had subsided and all were seated at the table Joe Entwistle said:

"But, father, why in the world did you make so much noise coming in last night? Any one would have supposed you were tackling a burglar."

"I was tackling a burglar," "A burglar!" exclaimed all the youngsters at once.

"Yes, a real live burglar," "Did he get away?" asked Joseph eagerly.

"He did not. He made a great effort to do so, but I held him."

"What time of night was it?" asked Clara.

"One o'clock. The steamer reached the dock at 12, and I got home an hour later. Leaving the carriage, I ran up the steps, pulling out my night key—I have kept it in my ring since I've been away—put it in the keyhole and opened the door. As I did so a man attempted to push by me and go out. Considering the hour and his frantic efforts, I surmised that something was wrong and, gathering all my strength, pushed him back into the vestibule."

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"If there hasn't, will you let him go, papa?" asked the sympathetic Clara. "I've a mind to go with you to see that you do."

After some discussion the young

was permitted to accompany her father downtown, stopping at the police office by the way. Her father took her into the office, and after an interview with the man at the desk the prisoner was brought out for inspection. He had no sooner appeared than Miss Clara fell on the floor in a dead faint. Her father picked her up, and a policeman ran for water, which was sprinkled in her face. When she opened her eyes and saw the anxious group about her she looked wildly at the prisoner and gasped:

"Oh, Alec!"

Mr. Entwistle turned to the man with astonishment.

"There's been a mistake," said the burglar ruefully. "Last night I was calling on your daughter. When I left I shut the inner door and couldn't open the outer one. I was penned in between the two."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the father.

"Oh, Alec," moaned the daughter, "I thought you must be a thief!"

"Why the dickens didn't you pound on the door?" asked the father angrily.

"I spent half an hour trying to pick the lock, and by that time every one had gone to bed. I couldn't make up my mind to rouse them. It was too ridiculous, you know. When you opened the door I thought I'd better make an effort to get out and away without saying anything."

"But why didn't you speak before you were run in?"

"Well, I knew you were expected and supposed you were Clara's father. I thought I'd explain it to the police. But they didn't believe me."

"Some one call a carriage," cried Mr. Entwistle.

Ten minutes later Mr. Entwistle, Clara and the burglar were at the Entwistle home. Mr. Entwistle went upstairs to explain matters to Mrs. Entwistle. After awhile the two descended and found the burglar and Clara in the drawing room.

"John," said Mrs. Entwistle, "this is Alec Chesterton, who during your absence has become engaged to Clara."

The expression on Mr. Entwistle's face as he advanced and took the young man's hand was a study for a painter.

ELINOR J. BOYD.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the county commissioners' court of Lane county, state of Oregon, will receive sealed bids for the furnishing of 125 cords of oak growth body fir or 125 cords of second growth fir, said wood to be four feet long and stacked at the court house in Eugene, Lane county, on or before the first day of September, 1907. A certified check for five per cent of the amount of the bid must accompany each bid. All bids to be filed with the county clerk on or before the 6th day of March, 1907, at one o'clock on said day. The court reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the court this 2d day of January, A. D. 1907.

E. U. LEE,
 County Clerk

Dance at Davies' hall Friday night, January 25th. The Eugene theatre orchestra plays the music.

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FOR SALE—Thoroughbred White Wyandotte cockerels for sale. Enquire at 846 Charnelton street. j26

FOR SALE—A small shingle mill cheap for cash. Call on or address T. C. Thomson, Vida, Or. tf

FOR SALE—Small house and barn and two lots on West Seventh st. for cash. Enquire at this office. tf

FOR SALE—Full blooded White Leghorn roosters, \$1 each. H. L. Burt, West Seventeenth street, third house from Willamette st. d22

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Fine stock ranch with plenty of spring water for irrigating purposes. See Lee Roselton, Oregon Cigar Store. tf

FOR SALE—A good team of horses, light harness, hack, some cows and incubator for sale. W. C. Harbour, 366 East Thirteenth street, Eugene, Oregon. j29

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—My 80-acre farm, four miles south of the business center of Salem, 1 1/2 miles to car line, 1/4 mile to graded school, and general store on the best macadam road, and in the largest fruit growing district in Oregon. Land all in cultivation, 3 good wells, 6 room house, large barn and family orchard. Will sell entire place or in small tracts; or exchange for good residence property in Eugene or an interest in a good paying business. Price, \$8000, on terms to suit purchaser. Address or call on J. H. Daniel, McClung Block, corner Eighth and Willamette streets, Eugene, Oregon. j31

WANTED

HELP WANTED—Manager for branch office we wish to locate here in Eugene. Address, with references, The Morris Wholesale House, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED—To buy 200 Angora does. Please state price and where same may be seen. Address B. M. Hawley, Wildwood, Lane county, Oregon. d&w30

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—Young men, over 18, good physique, to prepare for examination for railway mail clerks in Oregon. Permanent government positions. Fine salaries, fine futures. Write at once, E. O. Heynen, 315 Columbia Bldg., Portland, Or.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—A six-room house on Pearl street, between Ninth and Tenth. Inquire at 683 Oak st. tf

MISCELLANEOUS

HOMESTEAD CLAIMS—INFORMATION WANTED—Do you know of a homestead with any reasonable amount of timber on it that is not being nor has not been lived on? If so address "X.Y.Z." lock box 421, Eugene, Oregon, and later it may be made profitable to you by a responsible party. Location and description of land not asked for to start with. Any information later will be held strictly confidential and paid for. j15

Cured of Lung Trouble. "It is now eleven years since I had a narrow escape from consumption," writes C. O. Floyd, a leading business man of Kershaw, S. C. "I had run down in weight to 135 pounds, and coughing was constant, both day and night. Finally I began taking Dr. Kink's New Discovery and continued this for about six months, when my cough and lung trouble were entirely gone and I was restored to my normal weight, 170 pounds. Thousands of persons healed every year. Guaranteed at W. L. DeLano's drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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MRS. ANNA MAURER, osteopathic physician. All curable diseases treated. Women and children in a specialty. Offices over F. E. Dunn's. Phone red 1631.

DR. McDOUGAL, physician and surgeon. In addition to general practice special attention given to diseases of women and children. Office over Preston & Hales. Phone black 1631.

DR. M. G. BENNETT, osteopathic physician. Acute and chronic diseases treated. Office over Chambers' store. Phone Black 1326. Residence, Red 4162.

DR. GEO. WALL, surgery and general practice. Office and residence Roney building, over telephone exchange, Eighth street. Night and day phone, Black 1601. Eugene, Oregon.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

DORRIS & SKIPWORTH, Attorneys-at-law. Office in Hovey building over Chambers-Bristow Bank.

LEON R. EDMUNSON, attorney-at-law. Rooms 1 and 2, Eugene Loan and Savings Bank.

WILLIAMS & BEAN, Attorneys-at-law. J. M. Williams, L. E. Bean. Practice in all the courts of the state and before the U. S. Land Office. Offices 12, 13, 14, 15, McClung bldg.

L. N. HARBROUGH, Special attention given to divorce and settlement of estates. Agent for Continental Insurance Company, Room 6, 1st National Bank Building, Eugene, Or.

L. BILEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office over Yoran's shoe store, Eugene, Oregon.

L. M. TRAVIS, Attorney-at-Law. Office over Eugene Loan and Savings Bank, Eugene, Oregon.

WOODCOCK & POTTER, Attorneys-at-law. A. C. Woodcock, E. O. Potter. Office one block south of Chrisman Block, Eugene, Oregon.

WALTON & NESS, Attorneys-at-law; J. J. Walton and S. P. Ness. Will practice in all the courts of the state. Office, Room 3, Walton Block, Eugene, Oregon.

BOWER & MARTIN, Attorneys-at-law; J. H. Bower, Wm. G. Martin. Will practice in all courts. Over Chambers-Bristow Bank, Eugene, Oregon.

S. D. ALLEN, Attorney-at-law, 616 Willamette street, Eugene, Oregon.

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