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PRESIDENT MOORE AND HIS PRIVATE FORTUNE.

"If I am left alone, unhampered by this threatened arrest and prosecution, I shall be able, within the next 30 days, to realize on the bank's securities to an extent that will permit us to pay off every cent we owe our depositors. I mean every cent of this. And I will make good on every farthing of my private fortune."—Statement of President Moore, of the defunct Oregon Trust & Savings Bank, to a Portland Telegram reporter.

Mr. Moore may be honest and sincere in this statement, but he wants to finish where he should have begun. He is willing to risk his "private fortune" if necessary in order to promote certain stocks and bonds that is what he should have done in the first place if he had sufficient confidence in these securities to undertake their promotion at all. In stead of that he kept his own mean tucked safely away in some bank that he had more confidence in than his own, and risked the money of workmen and women, who had been induced to trust their savings to his keeping.

Mr. Moore should certainly be given an opportunity to redeem himself. As the first step, however, in this making of a real man from a piece of distorted human clay, twelve months' sentence in jail—thelimit of punishment—would serve as most excellent purpose. It would give the high-toned gentleman time to reflect upon certain business ethics that he has evidently overlooked, during his dizzy whirl in the realm of high finance. Should it be found convenient to put Mr. Moore at the highly useful work of breaking rock with a sledge hammer, the less would not be altogether lost upon him, in shaping his future career.

It might serve to remind him of the character of the toll by which the dollars, dimes and pennies were accumulated before they were garnered into the vaults of his trust company, to be invested in stocks and bonds of doubtful value. Such an experience should enable the bank president to view life from an altogether different standpoint and might induce him to put that "private fortune" in the hands of bankers like himself to such uses as will benefit his fellows.

The men who are putting their money into Eugene building improvements will reap ample returns on their investments. The town is going to grow very rapidly during the next year or two, following the completion of the public improvements now under way, and somebody is going to supply the demand for modern buildings. If local capitalists do not come forward at this time and invest their money, outsiders will be attracted who will buy up and improve the most available business locations, receiving the benefit of the constantly enhancing value of such realty, and enjoying the consequent revenue from rentals. Messrs. Sanford and Cherry are making a wise move in beginning operations early and their example should be emulated by other property owners.

President Small of the telegraphers' union is not of the calibre to successfully head a great labor movement. At the beginning of the strike he talked haughtily against all efforts to arbitrate the trouble. Now he is begging the telegraph managers to discuss terms of settlement. John Mitchell, the one great labor leader of America, would never have declined a suggestion of arbitration at any stage of the difficulty—and Mitchell has always won.

Petitions are now in circulation asking the city council to order all the trees along Willamette street cut down before the cement walks are laid. While everyone regrets to

see these beautiful shade trees go, there is no doubt that they are doomed with the extension of the business district. No one wants his place of business concealed behind foliage, and the trees will, anyway, be cut down as fast as business blocks go up. For this reason it would seem that the property owners would need no ordinance to require them to do at a most opportune time what will have to be done soon, anyway.

Senator Burrows, of Michigan, thinks the strike of the telegraphers will hasten the establishment of a government-owned telegraph system, conducted on the same general lines as the postal service. But, Senator, what about the "confiscation" howl that would be heard from the high financiers?

Secretary Taft has declined a royal invitation to visit Japan while on his coming Philippine tour, on the ground that he would not have time. Perhaps it would have been good policy to have let the little Japs look him over—his size might cure them of any lingering desire to scrap with us.

Coxey, once commander-in-chief of a marching opera bouffe hobo army, is an applicant for more free advertising—through the promise of a new auto pilgrimage to some old place not mentioned. He ought to know that such a scheme can't be successfully worked twice.

Wall street has doubtless suffered a long time from the dearth of "lamb's," but it surely cannot be so foolish as to believe in the possibility of getting them into the game by scaring them half to death. Yet that is precisely what is being done.

Whether it was a case of jealousy if the advertising given the Jersey reed, or just plain faking, the Delaware story of delays in the delivery of rural mail on account of the carriers being attacked by mosquitoes was a jim dandy.

Though King Edward is credited with the most remarkable collection of sticks n' among them, he hasn't a big stick" world, and couldn't know what to do with it, if he had—his specialty being soft-soaping 'em.

E. M. Morgan, New York's new postmaster, has juggled with the oaks in almost every capacity during his thirty-four years he has been connected with the office of which he is now the head, beginning as a letter carrier.

To accept the plea that the prosecution of rich law-breakers is jeopardizing our prosperity is to acknowledge a state of affairs which would place us in a disgraceful attitude, and we absolutely decline to do it.

The latest attack on American dollar-chasing is a book by a French cartoonist. Perhaps he wrote the book and drew the caricatures solely for art's sake, but all the same it's a bold attempt at the usual price.

A Venezuela court has taken the landis tip and imposed a fine of \$5,000,000 on the New York and Bermuda Asphalt Co., for aiding a rebellion.

It's a sure thing that many unmarried women will take issue with the Chicago University professor who says, "there are too many men in the world."

Harriman is hunting bears in Ciamath Falls. Why have to go so far away from Wall street at this time to enjoy the sport?

KELLY, THE WONDER

(Baker City Herald.)
Yesterday afternoon the friends of Dan Kelly paid their respects to him before he left for Jamestown. He gave an exhibition sprint at the track which was witnessed by a number and the boy shows remarkable speed. Kelly is a wonderful boy. Nature has gifted him with a rare speed, to be sure, but nature has also gifted him with something that will prove more valuable—a good mother wit and common sense. He has been teased and banquished by the rich, and has hidden behind the band in the procession, he has occupied the limelight as no other foot-catcher ever did, yet with all he is the same plain, honest, straightforward Dan possessed of the same qualities and inclinations that he had when he was a "kid," swimming with the other boys, and playing "hooky" is doubly worthy of applause when the victor is worthy enough to get his head swelled. All talent and training and success are lost to the individual when he becomes cheery over himself. Not so with Dan Kelly. If he wins at Jamestown, and his chances look very bright, he will be the same common Dan, worthy of the respect and admiration of his friends in Baker City.

BETTING ON KELLY

(Albany Democrat.)
Bet Dan Kelly gets a place, but will he win?

DAN SHOWS HIS FRIENDS

(Baker City Democrat.)
Kelly, too, realizes that this is the zenith of his career. He has timed himself for this race as no other athlete ever trained, and his eye is upon one man, Charlie Parsons of Los Angeles, who has burned the wires for over a year in an endeavor to get the flaxen haired Eastern Oregon lad in a race. If he can defeat Parsons