

THE EUGENE DAILY GUARD.

GUARD PRINTING CO., INC.
Charles H. Fisher.

Published every day of the week, Sundays excepted. Address all communications and make all remittances payable to The Eugene Daily Guard, Eugene, Oregon.

Subscription Rates—Daily

Delivered by carrier, per week, \$.15
By mail one year (in advance), 4.00
Six months (in advance), 2.00
One month, .50
Single copies, .05
Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered at 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:

Coburg—Geo. A. Drury.

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AN INDEPENDENT PAPER

Member of Associated Press

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28

OBSERVATION OF

THANKSGIVING DAY

The last Thursday in November is the day set apart by this great country of ours, (these grand and glorious United States) for "Thanksgiving day," a day wherein every man, woman and child should bow their heads in prayer to our Maker for the multitude of blessings which He has sent fit to bestow upon each and every one of us, though wicked and sinful we have been in all of our lives.

He has been good to the sinner as well as to the saint; he has caused the rain to fall upon the unjust as well as the just, and yet how far we fall short of our duty to our Maker.

Notwithstanding the original idea embodied in the setting apart of a day for thanksgiving and praise, the occasion is of late years observed more as a festival and devoted to sporting events and amusements. A limited number there still are who meet in their holy sanctuary and there lift up their voices in prayer to their Master for the many blessings and comforts showered upon them and theirs. This class of people are few and far between, yet the good Lord will hear and answer these prayers, if there be any virtue in the religion that we as a people profess to believe in.

It is good news for the Willamette valley to learn that Harriman has not abandoned work on the Oregon Eastern, extending from Eugene to Klamath Falls, but has merely stopped work for the winter. At the present rate of progress we may confidently expect trains to be running over this road some time during the year 1997.

Municipal ownership of automobiles doesn't seem a success, viewed from the standpoint of the New York taxpayers. The seventy-four cars that the city provides for officials cost \$180,000, and the annual cost of maintenance is estimated at \$140,000, or nearly \$1900 each.

Well, we all live to learn. According to the attorney of the American Extract Manufacturers' Association Dr. Wiley ("Old Borax") is responsible for all the financial trouble, having destroyed public confidence by his fight for pure food products.

More than five thousand blue-jackets shipped in a quarter apiece to get Helen Gould a loving cup two and three-fourths feet high. She spent \$900,000 for their Y. M. C. A. building and it is difficult to say which is the more pleased at the other's gift.

This ideal family breakfast of "sunny smiles, hopeful words and morning kisses" may be all right for the newspaper near-humors, who evolved it, but a lot of us require something more staying to start the day with.

George W. Ross, a member of the Canadian senate, has discovered that "the United States is a limited monarchy with an elective king." However, there are senators on this side of the line who claim to have beat him to it.

This attempt of Governor Chamberlain to force Geo. Steele to resign the treasuryship in favor of a trustworthy, capable man, may be a political move. If so, it is the kind of politics we like to see a chief executive play.

An English young maid of thirty acknowledged winters has crossed the Atlantic to tell Americans what happiness means, at the usual price per fell. In her case, it probably means anticipation of fat box office receipts.

One of the wonders of the prohibition war in Alabama was the appearance of one thousand Mobile women before the state legislature to oppose it.

THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR

Thar's sumthin' to be thankful fur, no matter how things go—

In summer time fur fruit an' flowers, in winter time fur snow.

Thar's sumthin' sort o' pleasant happenin' to us every day.

An' life's a perfect picnic if we look at it that way.

Thar's always sumthin' purty fur our weary eyes to see—

The glory o' the sunset or the blossoms on the tree—

An' always sumthin' tuneful fur our tired ears to hear—

The children's voices chirpin', or the robin's music clear.

Thar's always sumthin' purty fur our willin' hands to do—

Sum halpin' steps to help along, sum job to carry through—

No chance to be a-kickin' when our feet are busy goin'.

No time for idle growlin' when we're plantin' seed an' sowin'.

Thar's sumthin' to be thankful fur, no matter how things go—

No end to all our blessin's if we only count 'em so.

An' even if you're out o' sorts, or sick, or sad or pore,

Just thank the Lord you're livin' 'ef you can't do nothin' more.

—Atlanta Constitution.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

I'm thankful that the years are long.

However long they be,

They still our labors glad and strong.

That ever work for me.

This rose I cut with careless shears

And wear and cast away

The cosmos wrought a million years

To make it mine a day.

This lily by the pasture bars

Beneath the walnut tree,

Long ere the fire mist formed in stars

Was on its way for me.

The laws of property are lax—

My neighbor's farm is fine:

I'm thankful, though, he pays the tax.

The best of it is mine.

No sheriff's clutch can loose my grip

On fields I have not sown,

Or shake my sense of ownership

In things I do not own.

I'm thankful for my neighbor's wood.

His orchard, lake and lea,

For, while mine eyes continue good,

I own all I can see.

I'm thankful for this mighty age.

These days beyond compare,

When hope is such a heritage,

And life a large affair.

We thank the gods for low and high.

Right, wrong, (as well we may)

For all the wrongs of days gone by

Work goodness for today.

Here on Time's table land we pause

To thank on bended knee

To thank the gods for all that was

And is, and is to be.

I'm thankful for the glow and grace,

And winsome beauty of the near,

The greatness of the commonplace.

The glory of the here.

I'm thankful for man's high emprise.

His stalwart sturdiness of soul.

The long look of his skyward eyes,

That lights a far-off goal.

And so I feel to thank and bless

Both things unknown and understood.

And thank the stubborn thankful-

ness,

Tha maketh all things good.

—Sam Foss in Success Magazine.

Twixt the optimist and pessimist

The difference is droil;

The optimist sees the dough-

nut.

And the pessimist sees the hole.

IRVING ITEMS

(Special Correspondence.)

Irving, Nov. 27.—Mr. and Mrs. Ed Smith, of Sacramento, who have spent several months with relatives near Smithfield, left for their home Wednesday afternoon.

Tracy Layne was laid up a few days with an attack of lung trouble. He is able to be out again, however.

Miss Gertrude Harwood returned to Eugene Sunday afternoon, after a few days visit with her sister, Mrs. Lowry.

Miss Estella Beckley went to Eugene Sunday to spend a few days.

Miss Lucy Broad's lecture at the U. B. church was well attended and enjoyed by all.

Mrs. F. Goede was quite ill a few days, but is much improved today.

There will be Thanksgiving services at the U. B. church, followed by a dinner. A general good time is expected.

Miss Maple Hill was in Irving Tuesday.

John Allen visited in Irving one day this week.

EUGENE BANK CHECKS ARE GOOD WITH US

We have just received a carload of the celebrated "Jewel" heaters, made by the Detroit Stove Works. This shipment includes 28 different styles and sizes, including the "Todd," "Cottage" and "Royal" base burners. The "Pluto" for wood or coal. In case you do not have the coin in your pocket, we will accept a check on any one of the FOUR EUGENE BANKS.

GRIFFIN HARDWARE CO.

STORE ROOMS AND OFFICES

I have blocks in contemplation. Tenants desiring store rooms and offices will do well to consult me immediately. I am also planning flats for families.

FREE THOMAS, Architect.

Room 1, Christian Bldg.

121f

If you are going to use coal this winter it will pay you to get a Wilson Coal Heater.

To Society People Life Is a Sucked Orange.

By Bishop CHARLES D. WILLIAMS of Detroit.

A MAN of worldly inclinations might be transported into heaven and not appreciate it, as an illiterate man would not appreciate the gallery of art. He would be unable to grasp the import of great things to which his mind is not attuned. A sinful person can carry into the life beyond only the unquenched fire of insatiable appetite, MAKING FOR HIMSELF HIS OWN HELL. To society men and women and to the man to whom life is merely a contest in piling up wealth, who is constantly GRABBING AND SCHEMING to add to his holdings, the world becomes as a sucked orange before death ensues. Having developed the masterful passions to grab and to pursue pleasure to the exclusion of SPIRITUAL consideration, they have absolutely no capital for the eternal life.

THEIR SORDID SOULS ARE UNTIMELY LEFT NAKED IN THE MIDST OF ETERNAL LIFE AND WITHOUT ETERNAL LIFE

A Poem for Today

A WINTER PICTURE.

By James Russell Lowell.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEEDMAN, the eminent poet and critic, in his introduction to "An American Anthology," writes thus of James Russell Lowell: "In Lowell, the many-sided, the best equipped and without the least spontaneity of these [poetical] worthies, their traits were combined. Never was there a singer at once so learned and so unlearned; no other American took the range that lies between the truth and feeling of his simplest verse and the height of his national ode."

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain peak.

From the snow five thousand summers old;

On open world and hilltop black

It had gathered all the cold

And whistled it, like steel, on the wanderer's cheek.

It carried a shiver everywhere

From the unheated lungs and postures bare.

The little brook heard it and built a roof

'Neath which he could house him, winter proof.

All night by the white stars' frosty gleams

He groped his arched and matched his beams;

Slender and clear were his crystal spars

As the lashes of light that trim the stars.

He sculptured every summer delight

In his halls and chambers out of sight.

Sometimes his tinkling waters slept

Down through a frost heaved forest crypt.

Long, sparkling aisles of steel stemmed trees

Bending to counterfeited a brook;

Sometimes the roof no frostwork knew

But silvery masses that downward grew;

Sometimes it was carved in deep relief

With quaint arabesques of ice fern leaf;

Sometimes it was simply snow and clear

For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here

He had caught the nodding larch-top

And hung them thick with diamond drops

Which crystallized the beams of moon and sun

And made a star of every awn.

No mortal builder's most rare device

Could match this winter palace of ice.

'Twas as if every thing that is, or was

In his depths serene through the summer day,

Each fitting shadow of earth and sky,

Left the lumpy model should be lost,

Had been mimicked in fairy masonry

By the elfin builders of the frost.

CREEKS IN WESTERN

LANE ARE SWOLLEN

SAW LOGS ARE ON THE MOVE—

A BIG CATCH OF TROUT

(Special Correspondence.)

Deadwood, Or., Nov. 27.—We are having very high water on all of the creeks, and sawlogs are on the move toward the mills.

Ross Myers, of Blachley, and Chas. Pope, of this place, caught 148 fine trout ranging from 12 to 18 inches long, which when dressed made a common sized wash tub full. Who can beat it? The trout were caught below the salmon hatchery on Lake Creek.

James Nicolle, the Indian creek logger, has a small crew of men at work rolling in the logs which lodged along the creek. They have already rolled in about 500,000 feet which went out at this rate. He expects to finish up in ten or fifteen days more.

Mrs. M. A. Pope, of this place, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Bryant, of Blachley.

The Taylor & Mead Logging Company, of Lake Creek, are working hard to break the log jam while the creek is up to help them.

I saw in last week's Guard where the Sluslaw people are dissatisfied with the telephone service they now have, and are thinking of trying to put a line up Lake Creek to join the Lake Creek line. We hope it will be accomplished.

We have been having very hard winds for several days past.

There are quite a few salmon up the small creeks which empty into the larger ones.

The salmon rack at the mouth of Indian Creek went out this morn-

ing.

WOOD SAWING

John M. P. Dixon, successor to W. E. Boddy, all wood sawed to grade. For prompt service phone Black 3312. Residence, 267 High street. If gasoline wood saw.

CEMENT WOOD SAWING

W. G. White is prepared to saw your wood on short notice.

Phone Black 4351. Residence, 516 West Sixth street.

COBURG GLASS

FACTORY IS BUSY

Conductor Jack Sellers this morning brought a glass paper weight with him down from Coburg, a present from the new glass works there, an ingenious affair. The new glass works at that place has been running for several months and is doing a big business. The factory is working almost exclusively on fruit jars and lamp chimneys, having orders for several carloads of the former, a splendid quality of goods being made. The jars are moulded, the Albany Iron Works having made the moulds, while the chimneys are blown. The Coburg factory has the distinction of having a blower who can blow two chimneys at a time, said to be the only man in the United States who can do it. The works is an interesting place and a busy one now.—Albany Democrat.

IF YOU WANT

PURE WELL WATER

J. E. Kilborn wishes to announce to the public that he has turned over his well-drilling machine to G. R. Kilborn, 859 High street, and orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

Andy Taylor, 519 Willamette street.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

*FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn before me and subscribed to my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1906.

(Seal.) A. W. GLEASON.

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—A silver watch, about a mile from town, pair of ladies' shoes. Owner may get them at The Guard office by paying for this notice.

CLASSIFIED COLUMNS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—A 4-year-old Jersey cow. Inquire at express office.

HOUSE FOR SALE—An ordinary brick house. Call at this office.

FOR SALE—A 4-year-old cow. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—Second growth fir wood. W. L. Copperton, at Wall's jewelry store.

CORWOOD FOR SALE—Leave or order with L. G. Brown at Dr. Brown's office in Christian block.

WOOD FOR SALE—A few cords of good dry grub oak and dry fir. Inquire of E. M. Warren, 412 Lawrence street.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—One single top buggy, will sell cheap or trade for horse. Call on or address T. B. Baggett, College Hill.

FOR SALE—Four quarter sections good 2nd timber, a snap if taken at once; parties need the money. Address Lock Box 455, Eugene, Or.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—A two-story house and barn, lot 80x160; must be sold. Call at 633 Olive street, between Ninth and Tenth streets.

AT A BARGAIN—Eight acres orchard, half mile from postoffice. Eugene. Must be sold quick. Call at 633 Olive street, between Ninth and Tenth streets.

FOR SALE—In best part of the city, good 5-room house and barn, on lot 80x160; house has hard plaster, good well. On right side of street, good shade and fruit. Lock Box 172, Eugene, Oregon.

FOR SALE BY OWNER—160 acres of choice river bottom land, 5 miles from Eugene; 100 acres under cultivation, including top yard; balance partly timbered. Six-room house and good barn. Cheap at \$100 per acre. If sold at once \$50 per acre will take it. Address "A. H.," care Guard.

FOR SALE BY OWNER—New eight-room house with gas, electric light, beautiful shrubbery, and all modern improvements. Two blocks from car line and in heart of residence district. You pay no agent's commission. Lots 66 2/3 x 160. Apply at this office for particulars.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—Good house of 7 rooms, 50 fruit trees, deep well with wind mill, one acre under chicken fence; large chicken house; two blocks from Geary school house. Price, \$1600. Time on part. L. N. Harbaugh, agent, Room 5, over First National Bank. Bring this notice with you.

MISCELLANEOUS