

THE EUGENE DAILY GUARD

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Charles H. Fisher

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MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1908

CHRISTMAS CAROL.
 It came upon a midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
 From angels, bended near the earth, to touch their harp of gold;
 "Peace on earth—good will to men from heaven's all-gracious king;
 The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing.
 Still through the cloven skies they come with peaceful wings unfurled;
 And still their heavenly music floats o'er all the weary world;
 Above us and below us plains they bend on hovering wing,
 And ever o'er the Babel sounds the blessed angels sing.
 And, ye, beneath the crushing load, whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way with painful steps and slow,
 Look now! for glad and golden hours come swiftly on the wing;
 Oh! rest beside the weary road and hear the angels sing.
 For lo, the days are hastening on, by prophet bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years comes round the age of gold,
 When peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendor fling,
 And the whole world send back the song which now the angels sing.
 —Sears.

NO PAPER TOMORROW

Following our usual custom, for the benefit of the employes of the paper, there will be no issue of The Daily Guard tomorrow, Christmas Day.

A CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL

Right must ever fight its way against the world. Truth must walk alone in its Gethsemane. Justice must bravely face its Calvary, if it would still live in triumph after all efforts to slay it. These great truths must be born in the manger of poverty, or sorrow, or trial, or suffering, finding no room at the inn until at last, entering it in triumph, they honor the inn that never honored them in their hour of need, their struggle, and of darkness. It is written in the book of human nature, it is the chorus of the songs of every nation—it epitomizes the life of Christ, says the Circle Magazine.

There comes a time in every individual's life when earnest, honest effort, disheartened, distressed, dismayed, says: "What

is the use of it all? Why should I suffer poverty, sorrow, loneliness and failure when I seek to be fair, good, kind, sympathetic, helpful and just? Why should I not have the good things I long for?"

They are big questions—they are the very sobs of the soul. But if we know we are right we should care naught for the crowd at the inn. It must be that there is something higher in life than the welcome at the inn, the approval of the world. There is the consciousness of work well done, of steadfast loyalty to the ideal, of faithfulness in little things, of lives made sweeter, truer, better for our living, of a lovelight in the eyes looking into ours that may be part of the glorious flowing of our days greater far to our highest self than any mere welcome at the inn.

True living brings peace to the soul, fibre to the character, kingship over self, inspiration to others, but not necessarily money and material prosperity. They have their proper place and their use, but they are not the highest. If they were the highest, candidates for heaven could be selected purely by "double A" Bradstreet ratings; they would be taken ever from the crowded inn, not the lonely manger. At the inn they inquire: "Will it pay? Is it popular? Is it successful?" At the manger they ask: "Is it right? Is it true? Is it helpful?"

The Rev. Dr. Robert S. McArthur, of the Calvary Baptist church, of New York city, deserves credit for the good sense he has displayed in discouraging the use of Christmas trees by the members of his congregation, asserts an exchange, which goes on to say: "The ministers of this country would do well to imitate the example of Dr. McArthur, not so much because the Christmas tree is really a relic of pre-Christian times, but because their influence might help to some extent to check the criminal vandalism with which millions of small trees are cut down every year for the Christmas market, only to be thrown into the fire after a few days." Somehow we can't quite endorse the sentiment, probably because we still think that sentiment should in some instances have consideration above commercialism. The happiness of the little ones, enhanced by the cherished legends of Santa Claus and the time-honored Christmas tree, should not be swept aside for reasons no more weighty than those given by Dr. McArthur. The whole scheme of Christmas celebration should be preserved intact as long as possible. As a nation we seem to be losing every vestige of sentiment—and we are none the better for it.

China isn't so slow on salaries. That of Prince Chun, the regent, who is for the time being the big noise, has been fixed at \$100,000, with no restrictions on his "rake-off." Even a Tammany politician would be satisfied with that.

We also lead the world in other undesirable things. Last year something like 35,000 workmen were killed by accidents and more than 2,000,000 injured. Maybe that's why some men have sworn off on any kind of work.

Should Secretary Cortelyou accept the offer of the presidency of that New York trust company, he will never lose his job by talking too much, as former Secretary Shaw did.

Yes; togas come rather high sometimes. Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, confesses that it cost him \$100,000 to retain his, and he considers it a bargain at that.

GREETINGS TO ALL.....

We hereby express our appreciation of the remarkably generous patronage we have received and wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.



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Large shipment of 30-lb. Silk Floss Mattresses just received, which we will sell for \$10.00, while they last; this is a saving of \$2.50 Chambers Hardware Co.

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