

THE EUGENE DAILY GUARD

GUARD PRINTING CO., INC.
Charles H. Fisher

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

Subscription rates—Daily
 Delivered by carrier, per week \$ 1.15
 Delivered by carrier, one month 4.50
 By mail one year (in advance) 49.00
 One month50
 Single copies05
 Weekly Guard, per year 1.50
 Advertising rates made known on application.

Agents for The Guard
 The following are authorized to take and receipt for subscriptions or to transact any other business for The Daily and Weekly Guard:
 Crowell—J. L. Clark.
 Coburg—George A. Drury.
 All postmasters are authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions to The Daily and Weekly Guard.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1909

THE BELLS OF MORNING.

I.
 Never heed the shadows,
 When the night is spread
 Hear the bells of morning—
 See the light ahead!

II.
 Thunder of the tempest—
 All the stars seem dead;
 But blithely sing the sailors:
 "See the light ahead!"

III.
 Straightly steers the vessel
 O'er the ocean's foam;
 The captain's hand the harbor,
 And all the bells ring—
 "Home!" —Selected.

GUARD'S THREE YEARS OF GROWTH

Three years ago today The Guard passed into the hands of its present management. In that time its growth has been equalled only by the advancement made by the city in which it is published.

Three years ago the Daily Guard had a circulation of 900 and the weekly edition of 1200; this has grown to 2300 daily and 1800 weekly. The total volume of business transacted by this office has increased between 400 and 500 per cent in that time.

Three years ago The Daily Guard was a small paper of four six-column pages, and now it comprises eight seven-column pages, with twelve pages on Saturday. The Weekly edition has been correspondingly enlarged. The Guard has grown into a large payroll business that disburses among its well-paid employees from \$1200 to \$1500 monthly, and is one of the leading industries of the rapidly growing city of Eugene.

The publisher realizes that this splendid growth is due to the liberal patronage of the people of this city and county, and appreciates the confidence their support implies. In return we have tried to render value received by printing a good newspaper, and while having no hope to please everybody, have sought to issue a publication that is laboring for the greatest good to the greatest number.

While we do not expect always to be right, for human judgment is frequently faulty, we assure our readers that we will always endeavor to be honest in our conviction of right in whatever cause we advocate, and not to stultify ourselves for personal or financial considerations. We believe the success of The Guard, as reflected by its wonderful business growth, is largely due to the faith of the public in its honesty and sincerity, and hope that the people of Lane county may never have good cause to change or modify that view.

STORIES THAT THE DAILY PAPERS TELL

Two cases which came to public notice in New York city the other day would make excellent plots for Sunday school stories. They are full of human interest and unusual enough to satisfy the craving for sensations of the most emotional reader. Two detectives arrested a man, whom they had followed from pawnshop to pawnshop, where he had tried to sell some atomizers which, it is alleged, had been stolen from a drug store on Third avenue. At the hearing in the Jefferson Market court it was ascertained that the prisoner had once been one of the most eloquent and distinguished ministers in the Southern Methodist conference. He was in charge of one of the richest churches of New Orleans, and for ten or twelve years was considered one of the most powerful evangelists in the South, but his health gave way under the strain of his work. He began to drink, retired from the ministry and became a tramp.

Two months ago he turned up intoxicated one night at the old Jerry McAuley mission on Water street. He was urged to tell his experience. The conductor of the mission did not know him, believing him to be one of the usual Bowery derelicts. The ex-minister arose and began speaking. Soon he became sober under the excitement of the moment and his words took on some of their old fire. The drunkards who heard him fell on their knees in contrition, while the fashionable visitors to the mission marvelled at the eloquence of the shabbily dressed man. When he had finished they prevailed upon him to write out his exhortation. He did so, and for the last two months the mission has been handing out tracts containing the story of the former evangelist.

When the magistrate heard this story he was deeply moved, and consented to release the prisoner under \$100 bail, the lowest amount permissible under the law. The prisoner stated he had no influential friends who would go on his bond, and the magistrate was about to order the man taken to a cell when a prominent official of the New York postoffice, who had read of the arrest and had come to the hearing, interposed. He explained to the court that, when he was a rather wild young man many years ago he had happened one day into a Bible class conducted by the prisoner in Galvesto. An address which the eloquent minister delivered before that class made so deep an impression upon the wild young man that he became a Christian and a better man. He never forgot what he owed to that minister, and when he heard of his arrest he hastened to the court to

render his former benefactor every help in his power. He signed the bond for the prisoner and left the court with him.

Another interesting story of strong human interest culminated the other day in an impressive ceremony by which a regenerated drunkard and tramp was ordained minister of the Presbyterian church. The man was born in Pennsylvania, the son of well-to-do parents, and graduated from Princeton University with a degree of Ph. D. After having been ordained a Presbyterian minister, he was appointed to a pastorate at Reynoldsville, and then at Tyrone, Pa. He then went to the Oxford Presbyterian church at Philadelphia, where his wife died. Her loss and his subsequent loneliness, caused him to drink, first moderately, then a great deal. Ten years ago he was addicted to the drinking habit to such an extent that he resigned the ministry. For several years he lived the life of a tramp, sinking lower and lower, drifting from one place to another and finally landing in New York. Four years ago he was arrested one night in Chatham square and sent to Blackwell's Island for vagrancy, handcuffed to a negro. Soon after his release he drifted into the McAuley mission on the Bowery and there he found himself and became regenerated. He began to devote himself to mission and settlement work, and a little more than two years ago he was placed in charge of the Industrial Christian Alliance station. He did such excellent work and redeemed himself so completely that the church did not hesitate to re-ordain him.

The moral of these real life stories—well, draw it for yourself and profit by the lesson it teaches.

The death of Dr. O. E. Smith has brought a genuine feeling of sorrow to the community, such as the passing of few men would cause. He was a good citizen, quiet and unassuming, whose friendship was valued by those who came to know him best. Possessed of a pleasing personality and a character of strictest integrity, he was held in the highest esteem by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and in public affairs, although he never sought to be conspicuous, he might always be counted upon to render the full measure of his duty.

The first railroad train will run into Klamath Falls next Monday. Now if Mr. Harriman will only continue his building operations right through to Eugene we will overlook a great many of the things he has and hasn't done since he became railroad dictator of this country.

Eugene's paved streets are what has made this city famous. They have cost a quarter of a million dollars, but have caused property values to more than double in the past two years. Paving has proved a splendid investment from every point of view.

The way it looks now the Oregon boosters will be here by the hundreds next Tuesday. Eugene should be thoroughly clean and dressed in her holiday garb for the occasion. Show the boosters what real boosting is.

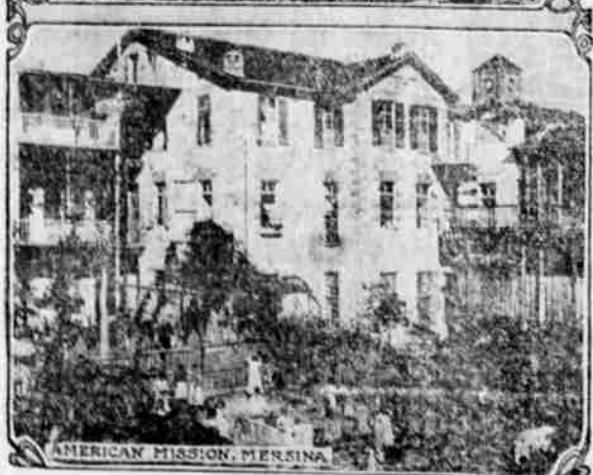
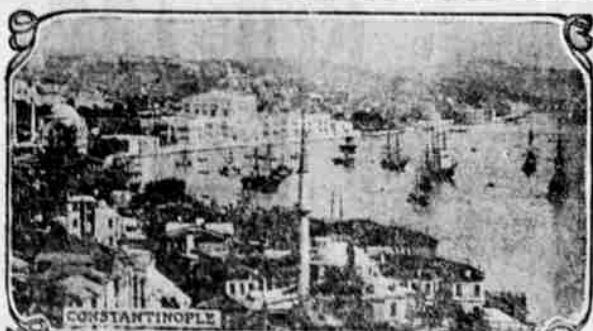
Notwithstanding the pardon given him by Governor Willson, there are doubtless places in Kentucky where Former Governor Taylor will not care to visit—the pardon is all right legally, but it isn't bullet-proof, you know.

Harvester trust stock would not appeal to Johndee as an investment—its profits last year were only \$8,885,652, which would hardly pay the fees of the Standard's lawyers.

This Illinois legislator who wants the law to prohibit the making of women's hats more than eighteen inches wide would better take out a big hatpin insurance policy p. d. q.

Lots of people were surprised that the young Turks should have overlooked the chance to offer the job of sultan to our "Teddy."

Boost and the world boosts with you. That's why they are all coming to Eugene next Tuesday.



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE; AMERICAN MISSION AT MERSINA.

Many persons in this country who are interested in foreign missions criticize Ambassador Leishman for the alleged lack of protection accorded to American missionaries in Turkey. The two missionaries who were slain at Adana were engaged in putting out a fire started by Moslem rioters when they were shot. There were violent demonstrations against the missionaries at Marash, Aleppo, Mersina and many other points. All of this rioting is charged to the anti-foreign bias aroused by the minions of Abdul Hamid. The young Turks have usually recognized the missionaries as emissaries of progress.

SOMEBODY'S BOY.

List to the ring of the midnight song.
 'Tis somebody's boy.
 The wild gives to every wild echo a tongue,
 Yes, somebody's boy.

The witch of the revel has waved her wand
 Over somebody's boy;
 And the spirit of evil has clasped the hand
 Of somebody's boy.

Come to a yell on the midnight air,
 From somebody's boy;
 Reckless, defiant and devil-may-care,
 Is somebody's boy!

Foul is the bad—madly dark the dark cell,
 Where somebody's boy
 Is writhing in torture, the veriest hell—
 Yet, somebody's boy.

Waiting and watching, a mother's eyes weep
 For somebody's boy.
 The vigil, dear Father, O help her to keep!
 For somebody's boy.

Throw round him, and over, thy spirit to save,
 This somebody's boy;
 Ere fields for his lost soul shall hollow the grave
 Of somebody's boy.

Fill with thy spirit, too, our hearts,
 We pray,
 That somebody's boy
 We may watch for, and snatch from the death-trodden way—
 Yes, somebody's boy!
 —Mrs. E. P. Miller, in Mother Truth Melodies.

EXTENT OF HIS KNOWLEDGE.

He doesn't know that Homer ever sang a thrilling song,
 He doesn't know who won at Waterloo;
 He doesn't know that Caesar ever essayed a cheering throng,
 Or what it was that Guy Fawkes tried to do;
 But he can tell you quickly, if you have the wish to know,
 Who have led the leagues in battling for a dozen years or so.

He doesn't know an adverb from a pronoun or a noun,
 He mixes up his tenses when he speaks;
 He doesn't know who Byron was or that he won renown,
 Or what range has the higher mountain peaks;
 But he can give you quickly and without a moment's thought
 All the details of the battles that old John L. ever fought.

He couldn't name a dozen of this country's presidents,
 He doesn't know who lost at Bunker Hill;
 Once he saw displayed a copy of "Poor Richard" for 10 cents,
 And he bought it, but regret is with him still.
 "For," he says, "I looked all through it and dere's natin' dere at all
 Like dere is in Spaldin's guide book with his records of baseball."
 nasa-ydaMotr-mw uOn rd hrh

RED CLOVER SEED.

I have a limited amount of clean, home-grown red clover seed for sale at 12 cents per pound. Call or address R. J. Hemphill, Pleasant Hill, Phone, Farmers 302.

Electric light and gas bills are now due and payable at the office of the Willamette Valley Company, 644 Willamette street.

Nurseryman will raise, graft and bud fruit trees for party desiring to plant out large tract. Will take land in payment for services. Address Taylor, Box 176, Medford, Or. m1

Gas reduced from \$1.75 to \$1.50 per 1000 feet.
 WILAMETTE VALLEY CO.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF EUGENE, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business April 28, 1909:

Resources	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 739,704.62
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	1,975.85
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. currency	50,000.00
U. S. Bonds on hand	2,000.00
Real Estate, Mortgages, etc.	206,064.26
Banking House, Furniture and fixtures	24,000.00
Other real estate owned	2,414.50
Due from National Banks and other depository institutions	48,546.24
Due from State Banks and other depository institutions	25,961.25
Due from approved reserve agents	265,342.73
Checks and other cash items	8,126.99
Notes of other National Banks	18,705.40
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickel and Cents	1,529.46
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank	210,710.20
Special time notes	242,745.50
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer 12 per cent of circulation	7,010.00
Total	\$1,834,184.29
Capital stock paid in	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus fund	100,000.00
Undivided profits	100,000.00
Deposits and notes payable	8,268.56
National Bank Notes outstanding	100,000.00
Due to other National Banks	69,983.27
Due to other banks and individuals	5,030.77
Individual deposits subject to check	1,207,267.52
Certificates of deposit	126,423.19
Cashier's checks outstanding	2,220.25
United States Deposits	10,000.00
Total	\$1,834,184.29

State of Oregon, County of Lane, ss.
 I, P. E. Snodgrass, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
 P. E. SNODGRASS, Cashier.
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of April, 1909.
 RAY GOODRICH, Notary Public.
 Correct—Attest:
 S. E. Eakin,
 J. R. Christman,
 P. L. Chambers, Directors.

The grape is the fact that this healthful fruit is to Royal its active and chief ingredient. From the grape

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

It gives those prime qualities which make it unique as a raising agent, a favorite with all who desire the finest, most healthful food. Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

JUST RUNN.

They gathered up scattered man from out their track
 And pried his backbone to line and and sewed his back.
 They glued his ear on a again and patched broken nose
 And made a plaster to hold his somewhat two toes.
 And as they worked the victim sighed. He up in his bed.
 He groaned and felt bandaged self. "Where I at?" he said.
 The doctors cheerily lied. "We tf

German-American Coffee Co.

It received, direct from the German American Coffee Co., a fresh shipment of their mountain grown coffee, the most favored coffee that grows, come from these plantations. It's fail to take advantage of the deal on the German American Tea, spices, Extracts and under this week at

Mallock

East Ninth Street

Summr Rates E

DUR; THE SEASON 1909

via the

Southern Pacific Co

from

EUGENE, ORE.,

To OMAHA & Return - - - \$6
 To KANSAS CITY & Return - - - \$6
 To ST. LOUIS & Return - - - \$6
 To CHICAGO & Return - - - \$6

and to other principal cities in the East, Middle West and Canada, at correspondingly low fares.

On Sale July 3; July 2, 3, August 11, 12

To DENVER & Return - - - \$8
 On Sale July 17, July 1, August 11

Going transit limit days from date of sale, final October 31st.

These tickets present some very attractive features of stopover privileges, choice of routes, thereby enabling you to make side trips to many interesting points en route through California may be quoted.

Full particulars, sleeping car reservations and tickets furnished by any Southern Pacific local agent, or WM. McMURRAY, Local Passenger Agent, Portland.

Contractors Do

Overlook us. We are now open for business anything in the electrical line.
 Let us give you a figure on wiring your home. Turn no job down, either large or small.
 Remember, we do everything in the repair fixtures put in.

LENNEVILLE & LARSON

Phone Red 3111. 640 Willamette Street.