

THE EUGENE DAILY GUARD

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SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1909

NO SAFE AND SANE CELEBRATIONS

Again in the "land of the free" the glorious Fourth is here—or on the way—the gladdest day of all the glad some year. Let tyrants quake upon their thrones and crouch in abject fear—"Ten killed by giant crackers" a newsies' voice we hear. On this, our nation's natal day, we give a loyal cheer, nor heed the hawkers' warning cry, "Small boy has lost an ear." Before the flaunting Stars and Stripes our hats we proudly doff—what boots it if the papers say, "Man has his head blown off." While brass bands play and soldiers march, we read without emotion that "Six are dead and twelve hurt in a terrible explosion." More than six score years ago we defied Johnny Bull, and so it is fitting that "Hospitals are all full." While patriotism fills our hearts we wait a little while to read this happy message, "Three killed at Coney Isle." And all in all and by and large 'tis a mighty celebration and better than race suicide to reduce the population.

In other words the country commenced this morning its annual observance of Independence Day, which will be continued tomorrow and in most places reach the climax of discordant noise on Monday in a mighty flare-up of patriotism, firecrackers, blood and gore. Although an attempt has been made to make the observance of the "safe and sane" variety, there is nothing in the noises already emanating from the streets to indicate that the fool killer will have a smaller job on his hands than in past years.

The custom of celebrating the Fourth of July is highly commendable, but it seems as if there should be some way of reducing the noise and discomfort, since noisy patriotism is not always the most dependable. New York City will expend \$10,000,000 for explosives, so the dealers there assert, and yet the patriotism of that cosmopolitan village has not always been up to the proper standard, if history may be relied upon.

THE LEON LING CASE

The murder of Elsie Sigel in New York a few days ago has occasioned a world of comment against the Chinese, and the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" quotation is being freely used, says one of our exchanges.

There may be many arguments and morals to be drawn from the fact that the slayer of Elsie Sigel was a Chinaman, but the connection of the Oriental with the case rather serves to bring out the fact that crime among the Chinese is rare.

In proportion to the number of Chinese in America the amount of crime is very small.

Almost any other nationality will show a larger percentage. The clannishness of the Chinaman, however, will doubtless save the fugitive Leon from capture and punishment in spite of the protestations from various "tongs" and Chinese societies that they will aid in his apprehension.

Under ordinary circumstances the Chinaman or the Asiatic is objectionable enough, but of all Asiatics the Chinaman is the highest type.

Where Americans trade on the Chinese coast the Chinaman alone will keep his contracts. The Japanese commercial contract is broken like piecrust; the Chinese contract is faithfully kept.

Of three objectionable types of Asiatics—Japanese, Hindu and Chinese—the Chinaman has the best of the argument. Of the outrages committed by the negro in America the Chinese offer no parallel.

Leon Ling's case is the exception, not the rule.

Now that the Siuslaw railroad movement has taken definite shape, it is up to the people of Eugene and Lane county to take hold of it and push the arrangements to a successful issue. Within eighteen months the cars should be running from this city to Florence, and this will be the case if our property owners and businessmen are alive to their own interests.

The ordinance against the explosion of cannon firecrackers should be rigidly enforced. Nobody objects to a reasonable amount of noise, and the use of small crackers, but the tendency to place in the hands of small boys explosives that are not only jarring on the nerves, but absolutely dangerous as well, should be stopped for all time.

They say that corporation tax measure is amendment-proof, but as it is more than two columns long we have our doubts. Mighty hard to put that much type together and not leave room for some improvement.

Though the supreme court of Ohio has decided that voting machines cannot be used in the state, most of its voters will continue to be controlled by a machine that cannot be reached by the courts.

Analytical discussion of the tariff may be more important, but a little personal spat gets more attention and newspaper space. That may account for some incidents on the floor of the senate.

If the suffragettes want to put money in their treasury they

should provide a cash forfeiture for violation of the anti-marriage pledge they are persuading young and pretty women to take.

We take it that the New York Sun, one of the ablest and boldest of the corporation organs, is not in love with the corporation tax, from its reference to White House made laws.

Once more Edison announces the completion of his long-promised light weight, high power and low priced electric storage battery. Let us hope this is not another false alarm.

A great many persons will be glad when the celebration is over—and they are patriotic people, too.

THE LAY OF THE LAST BULL-PUNCHER.

The sun shone clear on the dying year.
As I strolled down the old skid-road;
The man leaves, in fantastic weaves
Of riotous color glowed.
A pine-squirrel swore at a scolding jay.
In a fir's deep branches hid.
When I came on the form of an aged man
Who sat on the end of a skid.

His head was bowed in his toll-worn hands;
His shoulders were stooped and round;
A battered old hat, near where he sat
Lay on the sodden ground.
The light breeze whirled the snow-white curls
Of his tangled crown of hair;
While the sobs that shook his aged frame
Told a story of deep despair.

"Oh, why do you moan in the woods alone,
My good old man?" said I;
"What sorrow or fear hath brought the tear
To bedim your once keen eye?"
"Oh, I mourn for the time when in life's full prime
I was a bull-puncher bold;
And many a load, down this same skid-road
I hauled in the days of old."

"Then I was king of the whole woods crew,
And I ruled with an iron grip;
And never a slob on the whole d—d job
Dared give me any lip;
But now, alas! those days have passed—
There's no job for me here;
My bulls are all killed; and my place
Is filled
By a donkey—engineer."

"Instead of my stately team of bulls
All stepping along so fine,
A greasy old engine toots and coughs
And hauls in the turn with a line.
So that's why I'm sad; but for you,
My lad,
I'll sing of those days again—
Your heart seems true, so I'll tell to you
How we used to do it then."

His weary old form stood erect and tall.
His eye flashed as of yore;
As with tottering steps and croaking voice,
"Back, Buck! G-e-e, Spot! Whoa, Mose! Hnw, Star!
Steady there, Red! Back, Bright!
Now! Wiggle your tails, you long-horned snails
Or we won't get in tonight."

"Get into your yokes, you lazy blokes,
Old Bill's on deck once more;
And every bull must scratch and pull
As he never did before;
So with many strange oaths and hoarse commands,
He staggered along in his dream;
Till, loud and clear, from somewhere near,
Came a donkey engine's scream.
Bill stopped; at the sight of his agonized face,
My heart with pity bled;
And ere I could reach his side he fell
Across the skid-road—dead.
We buried him there on the scene of his past.
His headstone an old fir stump.
With this epitaph scrawled: "Old Bill has hauled
His last turn down to the dump."
—Dan McNeil.

Knicker—I hear the new play has an exceedingly strong scene?
Becker—Yes; it shows the new family moving in, and the women of the audience breathlessly watching furniture.

DREAM CHIMES.

Somewhere along the road that I am climbing
I know that bells are ringing blithe and sweet;
I hear them in my dreams so gently chiming,
And hasten on with glad expectant feet.

I wonder are they set within a steeple,
Or are they hung beside a palace gate?
And will they ring for crowds of kindred people,
Or just for me alone, and soon or late?

In day-dreams, too, I hear them faintly, faintly,
As if a fairy bevy rang the chimes;
And down into my heart they steal so quaintly
And weave their melodies into my rhymes.

Sometimes they play a measure so alluring,
Of laurel and wild olive crown I dream;
I wake—the dusty road! New faith procuring,
I follow, as Sir Galahad the gleam!

Perhaps they sound across a valley vernal,
Perchance far up a rugged mountain side;
Sometimes they ring with rapture so supernal
It seems as if in heaven they must abide!

Sometimes, somewhere, I know that I shall meet them
And plainly hear them play the dear, old themes;
And with what joy my swelling soul will greet them—
Those bells of hope that chime adown by dreams!

—Selected.

TALKING SHOP AT TABLE.

Bishop Doane, of Albany, N. Y., who wears a shovel hat and leggings and is accused of singing himself "William of Albany," was a guest at dinner where the irreverent Dr. Hosmer was also dining.

They sat down. "I suppose," said the bishop, "that I shall ask grace."

"But why, my dear bishop," interposed Hosmer, "why talk shop at the table?"

The Chap—Your refusal of me has broken my heart.
The Heiress—I'm truly sorry. Is there nothing I can do except marry you?

The Chap—No, but if you could lend me a couple of hundred thousand I might feel that I had only lost half of you.

Mrs. Styles—Why are you looking at me so critically?
Mrs. Styles—Why, you remind me so much of a friend of mine. She used to be a blonde, and now she's a brunette.

Phoebe your orders for ice cream to the Palace of Sweets, Black 1231. It will be delivered when you want it.

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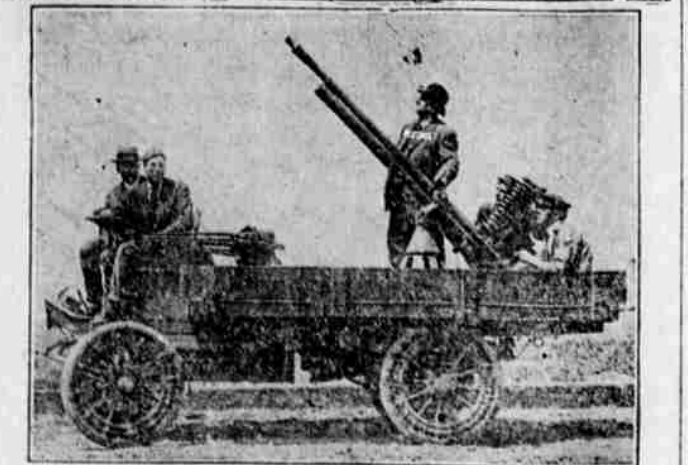
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NEW RAPID FIRE GUN TO BE USED AGAINST BALLOONS.

The United States army experts are soon to test a new automatic rapid fire gun designed to be used against balloons. It is called the McClean-Lissak gun after its inventors, Dr. S. N. McClean and Lieutenant Colonel Lissak of the United States ordnance department. The gun is made in three sizes—a three pounder, two pounder and 30 caliber. The type shown in this illustration fires 150 one pound solid shots or bursting shells a minute and has a range of three miles. It is mounted on a light electric auto mobile truck and can be elevated to such a degree as to be effective against balloons at almost any altitude within its range.

AT THE EUGENE RAILWAY STATION

(Contributed).
We waited more or less impatiently,
A motley crew, the coming of the train;
A college don most unprofessionally
All smiles, a farmer grumbling at the rain;
A priest, a matron of a sisterhood,
An undertaker with his dismal charge
A loving couple (how they billed and cooed),
A hobo roaming o'er the states at large.
A newsmen keen, alert his duty to discharge.

A roar, a clanging bell, the humming lines
Tell their own tale. The huge Leviathan
With thundering, deafening noise the ear assails
Till sudden stayed by hand of puny man,
The cars their living freight discharge, a din
From all sides rises, here a greeting kiss,
There deep drawn sobs from parting friends and kin,
The hustling baggage, and the vicious hiss
Of steam escaping—a strange scene, I wis.

The signal given, cars and engine fade
Into dim distance; silence reigns o'er all.
Emblem most meet of life, its masquerade,
Its greetings, partings, noise and final pall.
We come on, strut awhile, and play our part,
Some well, some ill; then quickly fade away
To outer darkness, where by human art
No eye can follow, strain it as it may;
When fate decrees, we pass, we may no longer stay.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

"How did the Queen of Sheba travel when she went to see Solomon?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

No one ventured to answer.
"Could she have gone by the railway?"

"Yes'm," said a little girl.
"Indeed! Well, we would like to know how you found this out."
"In the second verse," responded the child, "it says she came with a great train."

She—How could you tell papa that you were up every morning in time to see the sun rise, when you don't get up till nine?
He—That's all right. The sun rises till noon, doesn't it?

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THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

This is to be a 4th long to be remembered. let everyone do his level best to make it so.

You will need fireworks and decorations

Be patriotic, make a noise

We carry a large and complete line of everything in fireworks, bunting and decorations at reasonable prices

Free Round Trip Ticket To The Seattle Fair

Commencing this morning we will make this most remarkable free offer

First Prize--Free Ticket to Seattle @ Return
Second Prize--A Fine \$5.00 Japanese Vase
Third Prize--Fine Picture or Vase Worth \$3.50
Fourth Prize--A \$2.50 Fountain Pen.
Booby Prize--Round Trip Ticket to Springfield

Any one can enter contest. Call at the store and get a card. Prizes will be given to those bringing the most trade to the store during the **Closing Out Sale**. Contestants will also receive credit for their own purchases.
Prizes will be awarded on the last day of sale, July 10th. We must make a clean sweep of the entire stock, don't miss tomorrow's bargains and get a prize contest card.

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