

THE EUGENE DAILY GUARD

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Charles H. Fisher.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1909

THE NORTH POLE

Tell me not, in mournful legends, that the pole will never be found; we'll have crossed the Arctic regions ere six months have rolled around. Men are daily making pledges that the pole they soon will gain, not with dogs and cumbersome sledges, not by drifting on the main, but by sailing through the breezes in the airship sur named "Scat"; and no more Dame Science sneezes at fantastic schemes like that. When the wondrous craft has hovered o'er that waste of snow and sleet, and the North Pole is discovered, then our joy will be complete. If you ask me why the finding of the pole should banish woe, and the troubles that are grinding—I'll be jiggered if I know. But so many men have hunted for that pole in days of yore, and have died in ways unwonted on the silent, frozen shore; and so many ships sailing from the harbor, never returned; and so many women, waiting for their loved and lost ones yearned; and so many bones are lying on the glaciers and the floes, and so many ghosts are sighing in the wilderness of snows; and so many now are freezing, trudging northward, mile on mile, that of course, it stands to reason, the old pole must be worth while!

—WALT MASON.

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WHY MANY EVILS EXIST

Portland newspapers are roasting the play entitled "The Girl From Rector's" as vile and indecent. Newspapers elsewhere have rendered the same verdict—yet a good many persons go to see it, many of them apparently prepared to be disgusted—still they go. The Journal truly says:

"Possibly, the criticisms may have the effect to fill the seats and swell the box office receipts. But, for the good name of Portland and for the sake of the stage, they should not. At Trenton, N. J., the police authorities interfered and stopped the performance. The play was taken into New York later, and was loudly heralded as one that Trenton would not tolerate, and, of course, it had a successful run until the summer vacation. The fact that it was so advertised explains why such plays have life. It is the fault of the crowd that sits in front of the footlights."

There is a lesson in this incident that applies equally as well to matters not appertaining to the stage. People complain of the very abuses their support is responsible for keeping up. They rail over the corruption of politics, and yet in this country the government and the people are one, and the power to remedy evils of government rests with the ballots which the people control. They are bitter in their denunciation of an unreliable, yellow press, and yet the papers of this class receive the lion's share of the public's patronage. They want the stage elevated, yet pack the theatre from pit to dome to witness a lewd or frivolous performance.

Politicians and office-holders would be honest if the people were insistent upon that quality and put the seal of their disapproval upon the grafters and machine politicians. Newspapers want to be decent, but they must live, and are forced to print what their readers demand. Theatrical managers place high-class dramas on the stage and too often they play to empty seats—while the crowds storm the box office of the house where the chorus girls screech and kick in abbreviated skirts.

The trouble with the country is that there is a paucity of individual stamina and responsibility. The people stampede like wild Texas steers and join with the crowd in crazes that in their sober judgment they would abhor and condemn. They go to see a vile play because the mob is headed that way, and lack the moral courage to stand alone for right and decency.

The time has come for an awakening of the public conscience, when American manhood and womanhood should assert itself not only in respect to the stage, but in regard to many other things that are far more important.

THE MOST BANEFUL DRUG

Inroads of the cocaine habit, which the Courier commission has found to be the American curse as opium is the curse of China and hemp of India, have suddenly developed into a new and ominous phase of the race problem in the United States, particularly in the South.

"Cocaine now ranks with whiskey as the chief provocative of assaults and consequent lynching bees in the South," declared Charles W. Collins and John Day, of the commission, in a preliminary report just published in full by the Chicago magazine, "Everyday Life." They add, "Already among the 'fiends' and the policemen who have to deal with them there is talk of 'the new field.' The phrase, with its commercial suggestion, comes from the dealers in the drugs, retailers and perhaps wholesalers also. Every fiend, it should be added, is more than likely to be a peddler of the 'stuff,' taking his commission in the same misery that he distributes. This 'new field' is among the brutalized negroes of the South, who, denied easy access to liquor by the prohibition movement, are turning to drugs as a substitute."

The commission quotes from Hampton's Magazine an article by Judge Harris Dickson, of Vicksburg, Miss., who told of a contractor who ordered a pound of cocaine, to the astonishment of the salesman to whom the order was given, who expostulated, saying: "No man on earth can possibly want that much cocaine." The contractor reiterated the order.

"A man who deliberately puts cocaine into a negro is mo-

dangerous than he who would inoculate a dog with hydrophobia," commented Judge Dickinson. "The deadly drug arouses every evil passion, gives the negro superhuman strength, and destroys his sense of fear. Yet the steamboat negro and the levee negro will not work without it. So the levee contractor makes his camp look like a cross-section of hell, but he gets his dirt moved."

Nobody knows just what the monetary commission will report to congress, or when, but all the same it is safe to say that Fowler, of New Jersey, deposed chairman of the house committee on banking and currency, will oppose it. He's the only living financier—in his opinion.

Don't lose sight of the fact that the way to make Eugene a city of real importance is to get an independent line of railroad to the coast. Of course, if Jim Hill should take a notion to finish it after our people get it started—well, stranger things have happened.

There are mighty few men of 50, or over, who have not bought a gold brick or two, though there are a lot of them who have succeeded in keeping it from being found out by any of their friends.

Butter two hundred years old has been found in India, and—sh-sh, we don't want to be personal—just between us, we know of hasheries in this country that are serving some of it.

The Pennsylvania railroad is giving a practical illustration of the value of time in this country by spending \$40,000,000 to shorten its line forty miles between Pittsburgh and Buffalo.

Now that the two wings of the leather trust have arranged for consolidation, with a capital of \$20,000,000, the squeeze will not be confined to the feet of the wearers of tight shoes.

Central Americans are a suspicious lot. They are saying that the real object of the meeting of Taft and Diaz is to arrange for the gobbling up of the 7x9 republics down there.

Mayhap these statistics about science having greatly reduced the death rate are correct, but we haven't heard of any undertakers having to go into politics for a living.

So, there's another U. S. A. on the map—United States of Africa. However, as it will not get its mail at the same office Uncle Sam gets his, no mix-up is probable.

Quite a bunch of political has-beens and cast-offs seem to be trying to utilize the Ballinger-Pinchot unpleasantness to pay old scores. Taft would better get busy.

Next week Messrs. Welch and Storey will duly announce that next week the matter of building the Springfield bridge will be decided.

Perhaps the wise headliner who wrote, "West Virginians always ready to take office," knows a state in which men are not. We don't.

Some of those loudly expressing fears that Harriman's business career is over are suspected of only hoping that it is.

Make the district fair a hummer this year. It can be done if everybody will boost.

And Eugene has just begun to grow.



GENERAL MARINA AND SCENE AT MELILLA.

The Rif, who have been fighting against the Spaniards so vigorously at Melilla, on the coast of north Africa, and in the surrounding country, are descendants of the Moors who were driven from Spain in the fifteenth century. They are credited with an ambition to possess themselves of their ancient dominion. The fighting at Melilla began with an attack by the tribesmen on Spanish laborers who were doing construction work on a concession granted to Spaniards desiring to exploit the country's mining riches. In the Spanish ranks the most of the younger men of the army, led by officers of long experience, General Marina, in command of the military district in which the beleaguered city of Melilla is situated, was wounded early in the fighting, and much of the work of the campaign has devolved on General Del Real, his second in command.

EXPERIENCES AT

"COL-CON-ECK" CAMP

(By Hannah Coleman.)

In a quiet little canyon,
'Neath a sky of azure blue,
Nestled close below the mountain,
Camped a jolly little crew.
The river Row went rippling by,
With waters clear and deep;
While pine trees murmured overhead
And hushed the camp to sleep.

But not for long, however,
For the night was full of fears
That made the fair ones shrink and scream
And left the babes in tears.

The Misses Coleman, Condon,
And Eckert, fair to see,
Were housed together, in one tent,
Beneath a friendly tree.

While nearby in another
William Codon and his wife,
With their babies closely nestled—
Two sweet cherubs, dear as life.

All were slumbering, sweetly slumbering,
When that Eckert roused the camp,
So that Mr. Will, reluctantly,
Was forced to light a lamp.

She'd heard a noise, seen cougar's eyes,
To the best of her belief,
But 'twas only a twig a-tapping
On a little old dead leaf.

But later, just at midnight,
When everything was still,
A long, lank, hungry cougar,
With the fierce intent to kill,

Came and woke the sleeping maidens
With a most unearthly yell—
You'd think it was a fiendish king
That just escaped from hell.

His fiery eyes were fierce and wild,
His jaws were gaping wide,
While his tail, like an angry serpent,
He lashed from side to side.

The shooting gun was brought to play—
You bet that cougar died;
And if you don't believe us
We'll bring you back his hide.

One day a mild-eyed little deer
Came bounding from the wood
And Eckert bounded after
As only Eckert could.

When close upon the frisky thing,
With a grab that couldn't fail,
She thought she had him sure enough—
But she only got the tail.

The "head" of the camp was out one day,
Some venison to seek,
Well, we've eaten only choicest bits
The rest of "that air" week.

And trout, fried brown in butter,
Good? I say, "By Heck!"
It would make you lick your fingers,
And a Dutchman sure say
"Schmoeck!"

One day Sir William and his wife
Went down to the river side,
And if you ever saw that lady
You'd laugh until you died.

She thought she'd be so very brave
And wade into the deep,
But somehow, very strange to say,
Her bravery didn't keep.

Her feet wouldn't stay where she put them,
She floundered around like a clown,
And the first thing she knew, to her sorrow,
She was very much "sot down."

The others strove to hide a smile
As she toddled home to camp,
For to tell the truth she really looked
A "leete," trifle damp.

Bold Coleman scaled a wall of rock—
'Twas smooth and straight across,
With nothing there to hang to
But a few stray wisps of moss.

A huge bear with angry mien
Jumped from the other side—
That sweet-faced little Condon girl
Just choked him till he died.

Two huntsmen came along one day
And stopped to have a chat;
They're coming back again, they say—
Now why do they do that?

There's a queer old woman up the track,
Her teeth you'd laugh to see;
They dovetail in together—
She has just only three.

And talk! Well, if you ever heard
"Old Joshua" turned loose,
You can well imagine how she gabs—
For fair, she beats the deuce.

The train goes puffing by us
And the train men wave and smile,
Oh! living at Col-Con-Eck camp
Is really worth your while.

There are apples, plums and berries
Around us very near,
All these are for the asking—
You need no money here.

And eggs as big as pumpkins,
And milk that's cream clear through,
Oh say, now, 'less up—honest,
Don't you wish you "was" here, too?

Just come along as we did,
I'll gladly tell the way;
You take the train to Cottage Grove
And then—and then—well say,

Just take the "Slow and Easy" route,
It's a dandy, I tell you;
I'll stop and let you out
To walk around an hour or two.

Follow your nose for fifteen miles
And you'll see a tank ahead,
And a star some jolly-looking
Round a campfire burning red.

Then if you will just pitch your tent
And "line" us if you like,
For Col-Con-Eck is the jolliest camp
You'll find along the pike.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE GUARD.

Second Southern Oregon DISTRICT FAIR

to be held at

Eugene, O.

Sept. 8, 9, 10, 11

\$5000.00

offered in cash premiums

17 Divisions

Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, and Honey, Dairy, Grains and Cereals, Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, Fancy Work, Domestic Work, Art, Manufactures, Machinery and Implements, School Department.

A Prize For Everything No Entry Fee

All entries must be made on or before September 7.

School Parade 10:30 a. m. Wednesday, September 8. All school children in the parade will be admitted to Fair Grounds Free.

Racing 20 GOOD RACE

Harness and Running Races for every day of the Fair for purses amounting to

\$3000.00

Arnolds Show

in connection with the fair

Free Balloon Ascension

and

High Wire Performance

every day

Carnival

every night

FREE CAMP GROUND

for all who wish to camp

Come and enjoy a week's pleasure bring some article for entry in one of above divisions.

Prices of Admission

Season Tickets for Men \$1.00
Season Tickets for Women75
Season Tickets for Children, 10 to 15 years50
Day Ticket for Men25
Day Ticket for Women20
Day Ticket for Children, 10 to 15 years15
Children Under Ten Years10
Horse vehicles (drivers excepted)50
Automobiles (drivers excepted) 1.00
Evening Tickets for Men50
Evening Tickets for Women40
Evening Tickets for Children, 10 to 15 years30
Children Under 10 Years20
Evening Ticket for any vehicle50
Reduced Rates on railroad.