

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER... William M. Tugman

The Register-Guard's policy is the complete and impartial publication in its news pages...

A NEWSPAPER IS A CITIZEN OF ITS COMMUNITY

AID FOR MR. MCGURK

THERE was something rather encouraging about the fact that a furniture store down the street was displaying rocking chairs in its window the other day.

The rocking chair, really is a symbol of another day than this; a day that was more leisurely, more ready to take its ease when the day's work was done.

Probably it is stretching things a bit to get philosophical about a rocking chair. But this article of furniture passed out of the picture chiefly for psychological reasons.

Consider the case. The rocker, if it was made right, was always a comfortable chair to sit in. To be sure, it was a bit dangerous to lean back in one and hold one's feet onto the table; but that is risky business anyway.

But automobiles and movies and other devices came along, and the world got restless—altogether too restless to retire to the rocking chair and reflect upon things.

The era of restlessness and unceasing activity waxed, and then it waned. Now we are beginning to realize that the habit of sitting in a rocker and gently meditating on this and that has a good deal to be said in its favor.

LEGAL FEES—\$1,000,000

THE million-dollar fee in a lawsuit is something that always jabs the attention of the ordinary citizen. It seems rather high. It makes one wonder just how great a man's legal attainments must be to make such a fee proper.

A few days ago it was announced that fees "of at least \$1,000,000" for their services in 14 years of litigation about oil patents were being asked by ex-Senator James A. Reed and Charles W. German of Kansas City, lawyers.

Sometimes before that there was another equally large legal fee up for discussion in the newspapers. Farther back in the past there have been other such fees. They are not unheard of, although of course the average lawyer dreams hungrily of them but never gets them.

The man in the street, probably, is moved by such news items to remark peevishly, "No lawyer on earth is worth that much money." But the interesting point is that that complaint is unjustified. Some lawyers are worth every cent of a million dollars for their work in certain involved cases; and that is one of the most illuminating bits of evidence concerning our legal system that you could ever ask for.

Legal procedure has grown extraordinarily complicated during the last few generations. It isn't anybody's fault, and the remedy—if there is one—isn't on the horizon at this moment. That cumbersome edifice called The Law gets new accretions from each generation. It is filled with maxims and hidden passageways. It has more subtleties than an oriental system of philosophy.

As a result, the ordinary man, when he bumps his head into it, is lost. What seems a fairly clear problem in everyday life grows devious and baffling when it gets into court; and what is actually complicated to begin with takes on the proportions of an insoluble puzzle, devised by implacable gods to plague helpless mortals, when it becomes a legal question.

CITY SLICKER SLIPS

ONE moral to be drawn from the news of the day seems to be that the city slicker has to stick to the city if he wants to keep on slicking people.

In the downfall of Fred Burke, the notorious Chicago gunman, we get just one more illustration of the fate that befalls the city chaps when he forsakes his natural habitat and heads for the tall grass.

Burke was wanted, very badly, by the police of a good many cities.

Chicago wanted him for the St. Valentine's Day massacre. St. Joseph, Mich., wanted him for the murder of a policeman. Toledo wanted him for a big mail robbery. Detroit blamed him for a series of kidnappings and murders. New York felt that he was responsible for the killing of Frankie Yale.

But Burke, flitting from one city to another, managed to avoid detection quite easily. His downfall came when he made his hideout in a small Missouri village.

In this village there was a young truck driver, who was given to reading detective story magazines. He read a story about Burke in one of these magazines, studied his picture, and recognized the man when he saw him. He notified the police—and Burke was soon in jail.

PLAN FOR VIRGIN ISLES

COMMENTING on the impoverishment in the Virgin Islands, which he recently visited, President Hoover declared, "Viewed from every point, except remote naval contingencies, it is unfortunate that we ever acquired these islands."

And perhaps Virgin Islanders are just as sorry

as the president that the United States ever made the purchase. Since we took possession of this little trio of islands in the Caribbean 14 years ago, their profitable rum business has been ruined by the Volstead act and their commerce hampered by our shipping regulations.

But it is a mistake to assume that we can do nothing in restoring, in some measure, the prosperity they once enjoyed. The natural charm of the islands, which have been called "The Gardens of Eden of the Caribbean," suggests, for one thing, that we might develop them as a resort.

It would require no superhuman effort on the part of the government to lure some of the thousands of Americans who travel to Bermuda, Cuba and Panama to the tropical playground which really belongs to them. As one writer described them, the islands comprise "the loveliest playground in the world. The tiny islands with their brilliant flowers and fragrant forests, glow like jewels in the blue of the Caribbean, each in a setting of sparkling white beaches and bays shimmering emerald and sapphire by turn. The Virgin Islands are fairy isles, homes of romance, basking in the lazy sun of the tropics."

Dr. Einstein, who carried back to Germany five violins presented him as gifts, probably regrets that he didn't study the flute instead.

The butcher wouldn't complain if the average customer came in like a lion and went out with some lamb.

The pastor of a New York church has engaged a jazz band to play in the church. For heaven's sake!

Then there's the fellow who wants to know what rate of interest the Grand Banks of Newfoundland are paying.

No matter where an Alaskan may travel, there's no place, we suppose, like Nome.

When convicts get uneasy, that's the time the warden takes his pen in hand.

"Give the little girl a hand," as the unlucky bridge fan said to the dealer.

WHAT OTHER EDITORS THINK

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TOWN

THE famous name of Madam Ernestine Schumann-Heink is synonymous with goodness and a warm heart. Her motives are always of the best. But her point of view is hopelessly Victorian. So we shall think of her as fondly as ever, nor shall we be the least displeased, when she tells us—as she so positively does—that the modern woman has no heart and does not care for children.

Well, let us at once proceed to eliminate the lipstick as not worthy of the indictment. The use of this device has nothing whatever to do with morality in the general employment—far less, in fact, than had the practice of "painting" as the use of rouge was styled in the diva's girlhood. Nor is there anything essentially wrong in the playing of bridge—a fact that is more clearly brought home to us when we recall that some thirty or forty years ago even an innocent game of casino was frowned upon as the devil's device. Jazz, of course, is largely determined by the interpretation. In the extreme sense, it is as evil as the diva holds it to be, but in its milder forms it is only the means of expressing a natural and beautiful youthful exuberance. It is the rapture of yesterday.

It is characteristic of the past, and always has been, that it should think the present to be bound recklessly toward destruction. Doubtless the diva's mother exclaimed sorrowfully over the too modern tendencies she believed were threatening her Ernestine. Of course, if all women, or even the greater proportion of them, were addicted to lipstick, jazz and bridge, to the exclusion of normal living, the dark picture painted by Madam Schumann-Heink would be true. But they aren't, and the diva would appear to have made that selfsame mistake that critics so often make, of mistaking the externals, the surface froth, for the real current of life.

Yes, it is our theory, by way of accounting for her outlook on modern women, that Madam Schumann-Heink hasn't been out in the suburbs recently. Not out in the suburbs, where folks still think a rambler rose is necessary to every front porch, and where the pedestrian trips over children—and puppies—seven times in a block. She has been, we dare say, on the wrong side of town all the while.

WASHINGTON LETTER

By RODNEY DUTCHER

WASHINGTON, April 13.—The customs service has been accused of a lot, but now for the first time it appears to have tried to block a remarkable demonstration of the efficacy of prayer.

The "response to prayer" in this case has caused many chuckles among Washington clergymen. The prayer was that of Bishop Freeman of the National Cathedral and it was sent to Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia on the occasion of his magnificent coronation as ruler of a country which because Christian about 400 A. D.

The response came when the emperor thankfully sent the bishop an Amharic Bible studded with jewels and a gold cross 18 inches high. Some people say the cross is of silver studded with gold and others that it is solid gold; the truth may never be known. Anyway, it had a hard time getting through the customs and did so only after the state department had taken the matter over.

Grapevine advices from Ethiopia report that none of the gifts received by Haile Selassie during the coronation have pleased him so much as two pretentious American motion picture films, "Ben Hur" and the "King of Kings," both of a religious nature.

The pious emperor had watched them run off together 12 times at last accounts, expressing delight at being able to see the New Testament figures on the screen. Finally he has begun to invite the principal dignitaries of his country to the showings, but most have been exclusively for himself. His pleasure over the films is said to have inspired him to decorate American Minister Southard with the Order of Menelik, which is a very high honor.

The oldest government employe here in point of service still appears to be Charles B. Davis, 72-year-old chief messenger for the army's chief of staff, Major General MacArthur. On April 14, 1858, Davis as a boy of 9 got a job as civilian messenger from General George Bell of the army's subsistence section. Next year he will have served 63 years as a civilian employe of the war department and he has been in such good health that he has been given a two-year extension on his retirement age.

Miss Vera Bloom, talented daughter of Congressman Sol Bloom of New York, an old-time showman and music publisher who is now directing the mammoth 1932 celebration called the George Washington Bicentennial, has written the lyrics for the vocalization of the popular Argentine tango "Malouise" and the words of the chorus go like this:

"We dance a tango of love. Your heart beats with mine as we sway; Your eyes give me the answer I'm dreaming of. That soft word your cruel lips will never say, I fear that the music will end. And shatter the spell it may lend. To make me believe, when your eyes just deceive—AAI Ja, only the tango you love."

The big gambling house just outside the District of Columbia, off the Baltimore Pike, which has been recently closed down, masterfully three weeks ahead of the racing season, when it closes normally.

One explanation given is that it was facing a crush of ex-soldiers, with bonus funds in their pockets and figured that their own and creditors' pockets would make trouble for the place. It is said that it opens most of the bonus money presumably will have been distributed.

SIDE GLANCES



"Can I park over there long enough for a scalp treatment?"

DAILY HEALTH SERVICE

KA-CHOO! NEVER MIND, MILLION OTHERS HAVE HAY FEVER, TOO

RAGWEED, HORSEHAIR DANDER, BACTERIA AND FOOD SUBSTANCES ARE AMONG CHIEF CAUSES

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEN

(Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association, vol. 41, page 1464, Health Magazine)

WHENEVER anyone suffers with periodic attacks of sneezing, watery discharge from the nose, itching, and considerable swelling of the mucous membrane which interferes with breathing, it is probable, or, at least, very probable, that he is suffering with some protein substance, usually a pollen.

Because of the difficulty in determining the nature of the condition until fairly recent times, a number of scientific names became established as descriptive of the disease.

It is estimated that somewhere between one and two million people suffer from this disturbance and that some 6 to 25 per cent of people with hay fever, vasomotor rhinitis or allergic rhinitis have complications in the form of infection of the sinuses and disturbances of the lungs.

Since about 30 per cent of people with hay fever also have seasonal asthma, the condition represents one of the most important that confronts the medical profession.

As has been pointed out previously in these columns, the materials to which people are particularly sensitive, and which are usually responsible for such attacks are the ragweed, the dandruff of cat hair, dog hair and horsehair, various food substances, bacteria, and occasional miscellaneous substances.

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

GYPSY LULLABY

HUSH my babe, night elves are flying Through blossoming trees, I hear their sighing.

In the morning, we shall follow Golden trails through emerald hollow;

We shall lie where sunbeams shifting Kiss ivory petals, softly drifting.

Brave thy sire where camp fires smoulder Brave thou'lt be when thou art older.

Sleep my wee one on my breast, Fair the earth, and sweet thy rest.

M. D. K.

MEMORIES OF OREGON

O To be riding the trail again In sun or stormy weather, Out over the plain and up the lane To music of saddle leather.

Facing wind with tumble-wood racing, As threatening dark clouds hover While swiftly, silently in the west A gray day runs for cover.

Where are my pals of the bunch-grass land? No finer men would I know, That those bronzed men of hill and plain Where sage and juniper grow.

Where's the Maid and Tony, and Beauty proud And my favorite fleet white Doll? None, of course, with the passing of years, Garnered by time one and all.

Do they gather up still from the hills, The lowing herd of cattle too— With clinking bridles, shouting riders, 'Mid the roundup's dusty dust?

My pony and I 'neath a star-white sky, Or never mind the weather, 'Twas the sweetest music in my ears, The creek of saddle leather!

HELEN O. FRIDMORE.

DEFENSES DAIRYMEN

CRISWELL.—(To the Editor)—Will the people of Eugene never stop complaining because a group of men have complained with the protest of the dairymen and many of the business men of Oregon? The men of the legislature were not alone to blame for the Oreo law. The dairymen worked for it because it was the only way to save an unprofitable industry that was and still is in jeopardy. At the former price of feed the farmers could not make a satisfactory profit from cream selling for less than 10c. At the present price of 1 and 3/4c would carry them through. And another person wrote "if one could be sold for 35c, etc." no one would buy it in preference to butter. If the material that goes into butter from waste handling as they should be paid to their expense, into the 1 and 3/4c, also could not be sold any cheaper than butter and not a profit.

Even though one pays less for also that for butter it is not a cheaper

salt. Even that, I believe, was better than oleo. In two weeks time my stomach hurt me all the time. One day I read in the paper the children of one of the European countries were going blind because they did not have butter. With this article was advice to economize on butter, so it could be sent to these children. Well, we didn't. I immediately took out some cream and made butter. I told my husband my children needed their eyesight as well as the European children, and they have had butter most of the time since. Last year we averaged 18 pounds of butter a month. So you see all the dairymen do not sell their cream and buy oleo.—M. L. G.

EARLY EUGENE

(From The Guard, April, 1881) THE contract for tearing up the Springfield bridge, and hauling it to the high ground on the bank of the river near the Eugene bridge, was let to Mr. E. J. McClannahan for \$3.50 per thousand feet. About 75,000 feet of lumber will be secured, which will be used for small bridges through the county.

A new cross walk has been built between Peters and the Grange store. The Wheeler surviving party has returned from the Siuslaw.

The law city council and other officers will be sworn in Monday evening. A night watch to serve the ensuing term will be elected by the new council at that time.

Brownsville Group At Halsey Meeting

HALSEY, April 13.—(Special)—One of the most enjoyable evenings for the local members of the Halsey Encampment No. 32 was held last Monday evening in the local Odd Fellows hall when the Brownsville Encampment brought two candidates

WE DELIVER PHONE 131

Tiffany Davis Dress & Hat Supply Geo. W. Davis, Mgr. 8th and Willamette

Hoffmann's Jewelry Store

In New Location Hoffman Hotel Bldg Broadway & Willamette

It's A Good School

EUGENE BUSINESS COLLEGE Miner Bldg. Phone 665

one will compete at Marshfield May at the State convention. The first playette presented Sunday evening was selected as the winner and will go to Corvallis the day evening. The young people of the playette were Donald Bennett, Ivan Smith and Howard Taylor. Harry Harding and his brother, Fred Harding, were the characters in the play. Second one and Fern Roseman, the city Jackson, and Ruth Mackay took the roles in the third one.

BETTER BRAN FLAKES

better appetites

THE peppy taste of Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes puts an edge on every appetite. They contain just enough bran to be mildly laxative. They're filled with whole-wheat goodness.

Serve PEP Bran Flakes often—for lunch, for children's suppers. At grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES

Try Our Printing Service

What You Want When You Want It— PHONE 1663

Sheiton-Turnbull-Fuller Co. 44 West Tenth

Maybe They Were the Good Old Days



"I'll work night and day, Joe Morgan, to see you once more a man."

when we had as many bars, or saloons, as there are gas-stations now. And instead of FREE AIR AND WATER, the bars served FREE LUNCH.

We supplied many loaves for that purpose, for the KORN family have been bakers 60 years and better. We did not bake as good bread in those days as our BETSY ROSS or MILKY WAY bread is now because we are always learning, always improving.

But Were the Days of the Saloon the Good Old Days? Why not judge for yourself?

The Very Little Theater Players are Playing

10 NIGHTS IN A BARROOM

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week at their WORKSHOP THEATER, 538 E. 13 Ave.

Pathos, humor, wit, action—lots of it—fights, stabbings, murder—all the thrills of the old time melodramas will be presented—Plan to come Thursday, Friday, Saturday—April 16th, 17th, 18th.

Arch Preserver Shoes for Men and Women STERN SHOE CO. 732 Willamette

WHERRIE CLOTHES Suits made-to-your-measure \$24.50 C. J. FULTON Sig Skavlan 30 West Tenth

Stevenson's for CINE KODAKS CINE FILMS

Complete Line of HUDNUT'S DU BARRY PREPARATIONS Kuykendall Drug Co. 870 Willamette

SAVE TIME SEE US FIRST Allen Drug Store 88 East Broadway

RENT A RADIO Table or console models Late model Electric Sets Radio Service & Supply Co. 111 West 7th Phone 59