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PARAGRAPHS
By Robert Quillan

Business will get better when it gets better credit.

Another note long past due is a note of cheerfulness.

Isn't there a vacant place on the bench for Mr. Borah?

When Lloyd George shows up, there is usually a show-down.

Ireland reminds us that a little religion is also a dangerous thing.

The safest place to bury the hatchet is just back of the lingo's ear.



Many Americans think normalcy is a state in which one can fall off the water-wagon for fifteen cents.

To the charming divorcee, life is just one damned husband after another.

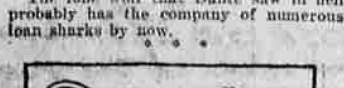
Proximity to the Pacific appears to have little influence on Hollywood.

Apparently those who predicted a hard winter confused the weather with the times.

The rottenness in Denmark appears to have communicated itself to the German mark.

A novelist says our day is high noon of English letters. Twelve o'clock and all is Wells.

The lone wolf that Dante saw in hell probably has the company of numerous loan sharks by now.



The only crime wave that shocks a rural community is when a fresh young thing waves at a married man.

Democracy has its little faults, but back in the good old days, "Darn the king" was a jail sentence.

There may be another war, however, and the rising generation should be trained in the art of saluting.

If fining a county will stop lynching, why not employ this method to end stealing, hooch-peddling, speeding, etc?

For the good of the community, it might be a good idea to fumigate some of the divorce suits before they are pressed.

Recent events make it uncertain whether they picked Hays because he was a postmaster general or because he was an elder.

Faith is the quality that makes a parent believe the child will understand the educational part of the film and not catch on to the naughty part.

RIPLING RHYMES
By Walt Mason

RAIN AND DROUGHT.
The water's piled in my front yard, all kinds of water, soft and hard, and still the rain comes sloping down, and saturates the weary town. The rain against the window beats, and even frogs and ducks are tired; they have more rain than they desired. And while the day's so wildly wet, I read the Gopher-town Gazette, the old home paper that has brought for years its freight of Gems of Thought. And back in Gopher-town, it seems, all dried up are the babbling streams; there is no water in the wells; a parching population yells for just a little slice of rain, and all its yelling is in vain. No rain clouds gather in the sky, the river beds are dusty dry, while fish sit up along the brink and gasp for something fit to drink. The weather bureau should reform; why does it always send a storm where there should be a cloudless sky, and send a drought where it is dry? Why does it drench the western coast, and dodge the plains that need rain most? Why am I always stuck in mud, or battling through a turbid flood, while other fellows voice their wrath because they cannot have a bath? The weather bureau makes me tired; all winter long it's kept me mired.

POSTMASTER AT SALEM
Washington, March 11.—August Hickenstein leads the list of eligibles certified by the civil service commission for appointment to the postmastership at Salem, Oregon. It was learned today, Mr. Hickenstein has a rating of 86. Following him are John H. Ferrer, with a rating of 83.20, and Andrew A. Lee, rated at 81. The surprise of the report of the commission is that the name of Walter L. Toose, Sr., fails to appear on the list of eligibles.

Bids for an extension of the federal building at Salem will be opened on March 20, the treasury department announced today.

FORESTS AND PRINTING PRESSES

It is left to the American Forest Association adequately to picture the proportions of the publishing business in this country, according to the Cincinnati Times-Star. The newspapers and magazines of the United States, the association says in a communication to the World Press Congress, consumes each year 3,000,000 cords of pulp wood, equal to 300,000 acres of forest. The newsprint paper made from this wood, if stretched in one ribbon, the standard width of a daily paper, would reach for 40,000,000 miles, or if cut to a width of two feet, this continuous newspaper-magazine could be wrapped 1,600 times around the earth.

Such figures as these are almost inconceivable. But with the reports of the census bureau, the investigations of the Forestry Association, and the known consumption of newsprint and magazine paper to confirm them, they may be accepted as credible. Even a quarter of a century ago the consumption of newsprint paper, made from wood, was relatively small. Each year the roaring presses of America devour more and more paper in their efforts to meet the demands of a voracious reading public. No other people in the world read as much of the news of the day as we do.

That, however, was not the point the American Forestry Association wished to emphasize. The association is concerned over our disappearing timber. It has asked the press of America to co-operate in an effort to stir up the public in the cause of reforestation, a plea which every thoughtful journal will be quick to grant. Not only the publishing business will be hampered by an otherwise inevitable shortage of forest products, but scores of other industries which even now are beginning to feel the curtailment of their once plentiful supplies. We can not go on forever cutting down our trees and planting none to take their places. Sooner or later we shall be up against a difficult proposition unless we systematically make restitution to nature.

BORROWING AND PAYING BACK

Sometimes when doctors disagree the patient doesn't die. He goes on and gets well. And that is what sick agriculture is doing these days while the specialists are disputing as to the medicine which should be given, according to Farm Life. Take the matter of credit as an instance. Ben Marsh, of the Farmers' National Council, is asking congress to have the government revive the United States Grain Corporation, and lend the farmers \$100,000,000 to meet immediate emergencies. On the other hand, J. M. Anderson of the Equity co-operative societies in the Northwest told the delegates at the Washington conference that "further extensions of credit will not meet our needs. We already owe more than we can pay interest on." So you may take your choice of the two points of view.

Meantime, continues the editor of Farm Life, the War Finance Corporation is sending out a couple of million dollars a day to the banks and associations that need the money to take care of their rural clients, and this seems to meet the credit needs of the moment. Regardless of what the farm leaders say, the farmers themselves know that borrowed money must be repaid, with interest.

Japan, it seems, is suffering from the same social and industrial decadence noted in so many other nations, and is seeking to remedy the evils which threaten national existence. The premier, in presenting his unfavorable balance sheet to the diet, issued this warning and advice which might well be heeded throughout the world:

"We must speedily rouse ourselves from the vicious habit of luxury and indulgence engendered by the temporary prosperity enjoyed for some years past, and must betake ourselves to the virtuous practices of diligence and thrift, so that the organization and working of all business undertakings may be thoroughly adjusted and improved, the costs of production lowered and the efficiency of work of all descriptions promoted."

The present postmaster at Salem heads the list in the civil service examination for that position. Of course, it will be given to one of the fellows below him for political services rendered, showing what a farce the system inaugurated by Harding and Hays is. They wanted a return to the old spoils system, but lacked the courage to do it openly, and evolved the present plan, which amounts to the same thing.

Wages are steadily coming down, but the cost of living seems to remain about stationary. The United Laborers' union of San Francisco has notified the board of public works that beginning July 1 two hundred of its members employed by the city would accept a \$5.00 daily wage instead of the present \$6.00. Private contractors are paying laborers \$4.50 daily, according to city officials.

Dr. Bell, who invented the telephone, will not have one in his house. His objection to the instrument is not known, since, as one of the principal stockholders, he is one of the few men who could really afford to have one.

Admiral Kato is reported to have received a great welcome on his return to Tokyo, and was officially congratulated on the way he put it over on America at the disarmament conference. He had it coming to him all right.

Volume 1, Number 1, of the Siuslaw Region, published at Florence, has been received. It is a neatly printed paper, well filled with local news. Albert K. Lulay is editor and H. J. Saunders manager.

The people of Halsey will hold an election for postmaster. But if they fail to elect a good, active party worker the chance of his getting the job will be mighty slim.

Victor Berger will run for congressman again. He helped make Milwaukee famous for its disloyalty and would be a good colleague for LaFollette.

California was shocked by an earthquake last week. Nothing else could do it since Hollywood was unmasked.

Six republican candidates for governor are formally in the race now, and the campaign is still young.

"THE LOVE PENDULUM"

By MARION REBICAM

AN ANSWER.
Chapter 36.

Was it really true?

What was behind Winthrop's letter?

Did he want to be free—or did he really think that I wanted no freedom, since I seemed to be going about in such a frivolous manner? Or was this the beginning of a reaction on his part?

Win never believed I could stay away

from him, or keep silent so long. He was always sure of my love, entirely too sure.

I made the enormous mistake of giving him all he wanted and more than he wanted. It is a fault of my type, as I know now. I sacrificed everything for my love of him, and found my greatest pleasure in doing so.

Had he been another sort, that would only have made us happier, but his hap-

pened to be the type that finds zest in the unattainable. That was Gwen's great hold over him, but I could not see it—I was too jealous, too easily wounded. Gwen would be as charming to him as anyone could be—but he had only her friendship and that she shared with a great many other men. Gwen was always beyond his reach, always to be sought after, never to be had.

And I did not realize this until long after. If I had, I would have profited by her example—and would not have been so jealous.

Colin made another illuminating remark that afternoon. He had been so busy when I interrupted him at noon that he had sent me away almost at once after luncheon, promising to come late in the afternoon to talk over the next step. He did not come until nearly six, and he looked thoroughly tired out.

"I said I would not answer until you came," I began. So I haven't. Now what shall I say?"

He went over to the big antique desk, where paper and envelope were ready. "Not so fast," Colin said. "Condie, when will you learn that nothing is gained by hurry, everything by deliberation in some cases? This is one of them."

"I must answer it now."

"All right. But—wait, don't rush so. This is Wednesday. I'll be Friday. Then give it to me and I'll mail it Saturday and Win won't get it until Monday."

"But why?"

"Dear girl, how lacking you are in the first principles of feminine arts! Keep him guessing, that's why."

I obediently dated the letter ahead. "Now what sort of letter will you write after my lecture on indifference?"

I began to write and he to smoke. When he had finished his third cigarette I handed him my very brief reply.

"My Dear Winthrop:

"The inconvenience and disagreeableness of getting a local separation are so great that I would not think of asking for it unless you wanted it."

"Constance."

Colin laughed. "That does very well. It says nothing and leaves the matter up to him, to make more definite, or to drop."

"That do you think he'll do?"

Colin folded the letter, slipped it into the envelope, sealed it and put it in his pocket. He evidently did not trust me enough to let me have the letter to hold a few days and mail. He was sure I would repeat, tear it up and write something quite different.

Colin was right—that's what I, in my weakness, would have done. I felt the thing was accomplished when the letter went into Colin's pocket. It would have been as hard to get it back from him as to get it out of one of the little green boxes.

"I don't think you'll hear from him," he said. "As I told you, I sincerely believe he wants to make up. But don't do it—yet—too early."

"He's still going about with Gwen—not always openly, though. I've seen her alone sometimes—"

Colin began to laugh.

"Do you think he spends all his time running about town with her?"

"With her, or someone else. Win must spend his leisure hours about town. He can't ever stay quietly at home or in any one place."

Colin lit another cigarette.

"He'll probably get over that—though I'll admit he's been at it for some time. Would you still like to go back to Wells-ville to live, if Win went along?"

"I'd like nothing better," I said emphatically. "No one would gossip then. It would be ideal."

Colin shook his head.

"You see, you haven't changed either—you and Win are each just where you started. Neither will yield an inch. You must learn that the great art of life is compromise, Condie. No, don't go back yet."

"But I'll give up anything for Win—"

"Would you, though?" I, turned around with a little cynical smile.

"Almost anything," I amended.

CAUSE OF OUR TROUBLES.

(Profa, Kansas, Spirit.)

Fire seems to have made the year 1921 extravagant in its trials, sieges, taxation, robberies, bankruptcies, thefts, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. The average home has been overrun with solicitors, beggars, government officers, state officials and busy-bodies. A special car in the state board, in charge of a richly gowned and jeweled woman, unmarried, came to town not long ago, and mothers were commanded to hurry to the depot and take instructions on how to raise their babies, and instructing the mothers the sort of infants they must give birth to hereafter or quit the business; and now farmers are notified that they must pay a specialist from one of our higher institutions of learning, to tell them how to feed the hogs.

Safe to say, there are in the country, today, 500 officials, national, state, county, township, city and district, telling the people what they must do and what they can't do; spring into their homes, their private accounts, their methods of life, laying down the law as to what they shall eat, drink, wear, buy or spend, where they shall go, and when to bare their arms for vaccination, show the baby's back, recount all family diseases, tell the inspector where you sleep, your bank account.

Upstanding and outstandingly, the average man, woman and child are exploited, restrained, assessed, directed, advised, prohibited, molested, admonished, damned, threatened, examined, criticized, prayed for and preyed upon, until they're about ready to do as the masses did in England, seven hundred years ago—run into caves and rudely creak on the outer walls, "No Money, No Religion." Seriously, have we not been overloading this government intervention into private business? Do you wonder at taxes being high?

THE FOUR POWER PACT.
(Salem Capital Journal.)

Whether or not the four power pact can be the hurdle of party and personal politics remains to be seen. Despite provocation and the chance to even the score, the treaty is not being opposed by the democrats as a party, as the treaty of Versailles was by the republicans, but individually by republicans as well as democrats.

The flow of oratory is incessant—though little appears in the press dispatches. Yet the senate is having hard work to find out anything about the four power pact and what it means. The president has refused to send in minutes of the conference or the data upon which negotiations were based and Lodge and Underwood, American delegates, admit that they do not know much about it. Not near as much information has been forthcoming as was given by President Wilson about the treaty at Versailles, yet he was denounced as a betrayer of his country and his motives impugned because he could not submit memoranda demanded.

If there was any consistency in the senate, the republicans ought to oppose the four power pact and the democrats favor it, but there isn't except among bitter-ends—there is only politics. If the Versailles treaty was objectionable the same objections hold against the four power pact, for the latter attempted to do with fifty. It also is openly an entangling alliance, replacing the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

If the innocent United States was

tricked by the wily and malevolent powers at Versailles, and the victim of European and Asiatic duplicity, the identical powers tricked guileless Uncle Sam still more in the recent conspiracy at Washington. It is only two years since Senator Lodge attacked Japan in the senate, compared her with Germany and issued warning that if Japanese policies proved successful "the country she would menace most would be the United States"—yet he now fathers an offensive and defensive alliance with Japan, the Russia of the orient, the ravisher of Korea and the spoiler of China and Manchuria.

There is all the difference in the world between a treaty fathered by a democratic president and one fathered by republicans—the difference between Tweed, Tweed and Tweedledum, a difference ample to satisfy partisan politics and equally political hypocrites like Henry Cabot Lodge.

MARION DEMANDS STATE EXPENSE CUT

Salem, Ore., March 13.—Four hundred delegates, representing the various tax reduction clubs of Marion county, assembled here in convention Saturday, went on record as demanding a general reduction in government expenditure from the state down to its most unimportant political subdivision.

Resolutions adopted by the convention call attention to the growing bonded indebtedness of the state, the ever-increasing cost of government, excessive taxes which are discouraging manufacturing enterprises, the imposition of taxes on farm lands equal to their full rental value and the reduction of farm labor income to the wages of peasantry, and "an educational system which invites young men away from the soil into the non-producing salaried class."

Not Leaguers, Word.

The resolutions adopted by the convention:

Disclaim any connection between the tax reduction clubs and the Non-partisan league, the Single Tax league, or any other political organization.

Demand the recall of the present public service commission.

Oppose the financing of the world's fair by a state tax, either direct or indirect.

Declare that no one except taxpayers should be permitted to vote on measures involving bond issues.

Call for amendment of the state constitution as it affects the salaries of state officials, and a general revision of such salaries.

Would Curb Emergency.

Favor changing the emergency clause from a political to a judicial question, and giving the supreme court original jurisdiction.

Demand that no measure appropriating money or providing for a millage tax shall be submitted at a special election.

Demand that \$5000 be fixed as the maximum salary for any state official or head of any state institution of higher learning.

Express opposition to the education of doctors and lawyers at state expense and to the maintenance by the state of buildings for their education.

Tax Limit Opposed.

Call for economical administration of state government and the elimination of consolidation of the numerous state boards and commissions under one state board of control.

Favor abolition of the 6 per cent tax limitation.

Oppose further bondings of the state and demand that unsold bonds already authorized be sold at not less than par.

Call for revision of the millage tax law of 1920 for institutions of higher learning, except as it applies to the state normal school.

Delegates Are Named.

Delegates elected to the state convention to be held in Portland March 20, were: Seymour Jones, Salem; Peter Darcy, Salem; S. H. Endicott, Salem; J. L. Stalker, Silverton; Joseph Vorhies, Woodburn; S. H. Vantrump, Salem; H. Hofer, Salem; Joseph Keiser, Mt. Angel and A. Slaughter, Salem.

For quality cigars, Prince Nemo.

SCHOOL STUDY

ONE REEL YARNS

THE LITTLE SMILE

"I can't have that kid working around in the store," complained Mr. Schmidt. "He talks too much already. He always stops to talk to the customers and grin at them. He gets in the way."

"But he likes to work in the store," said Mrs. Schmidt. "He's a bright boy and you know he makes no mistakes. What if he does talk a little? People like it better, also, than growling."

"I guess I run my business all right," roared Mr. Schmidt. "That boy will have to go at the end of the week. I get somebody else."

Mrs. Schmidt sighed, as she went behind the counter of their little delicatessen. She liked young Otto, who had been working in the store the last three weeks. Mr. Schmidt was so hard to satisfy, and when he was trying to find a new boy the work was always harder on her.

That afternoon she came down from the little flat into the store. "You won't need to fire Otto now," she said. "His mother phoned he's pretty sick, something catching, so he won't be around."

"We'll be finding a new boy," said Mr. Schmidt.

"Where's that little kid with the smile?" inquired a customer that day.

"What's become of the smiling boy you had in here?" asked another.

"Anything the matter with Otto?" asked some one else.

Mr. Schmidt looked puzzled. He didn't know any one had ever noticed the boy. As the days went by and more people inquired, he thought more about it, though he said nothing to his wife.

"What's become of the Clausen?" Why don't they come in?" he would remark.

"They go somewhere else," he replied. "They go somewhere else."

A few weeks later Mr. Schmidt came into the store after lunch looking very sheepish. "I been to see Otto," he said. "He's getting a lot better. He'll be back to work next week. He put his hand with unusual gentleness on her shoulder. 'I kinda miss his funny little smile, too, like everybody,' he said. 'I wonder—maybe I could learn a smile like that, too. Eh?'"

TO-DAY'S PUZZLE.

MALA, RREA, RCHA, LEHA. Rearrange groups of letters to make words, then arrange the words to make a word square. Solution tomorrow.

Joe: "Say, Bill, an auto ran over Jim or the bridge."

Bill: "Good night! Was he badly hurt?"

Joe: "No, he was under the bridge asleep."

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GOOD BANKING FOR DEVELOPEMENT

There is no question as to where banks stand in the big broad proposition of helping the farmers and industry.

Banks back the big constructive movements for the development of the whole country.

On financing the movement of crops and livestock the banking interests have been ready and willing to do their part.

Banks in all sections of the country have helped finance purchase and distribution of dairy cattle.

Hundreds of calf clubs and pig clubs have been organized and thousands of boys and girls are learning to become producers.

This bank believes in safe and sane co-operation with the producer so far as is consistent with sound banking.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Of Eugene.
38 Years of Helpful Service.

Nurses Organize County Association at Meeting

A Lane County Nurses' association was organized Saturday afternoon at a meeting of nurses in the Chamber of Commerce and will affiliate with the state organization. Miss Esther Peterson was elected president of the new organization. Other officers were Mrs. E. L. Zimmerman, vice-president; Miss Margaret Stevens, Mrs. Benn, Miss Lulu Gile, Miss A. Laird, Miss Turner, Miss Knox, Miss Henderson, Mrs. Rebhan, Mrs. T. W. Monroe, Mrs. Hillyard, Miss Morris, Miss McVeigh, Miss Hesien, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. E. L. Zimmerman, Mrs. Goulet, Lulu Gile, Miss Grace Robertson.

WOULD PROTECT REEDS

Washington, March 13.—Recommendations for a curb on wholesale raids and deportations of alleged "reds" as practiced when A. Mitchell Palmer was attorney general, were made in the Walsh subcommittee report to the judiciary committee today. The report held that department of justice had acted in a big-handed manner, arresting and deporting men when it has not the authority.

DAN HOFFER HEADS O. A. C. EUGENE CLUB

Oregon Agricultural College, Eugene, March 13.—Dan Hoffer was elected president of the newly formed O. A. C. club at its first meeting, held at the college. Chosen included Harry Hoffer, president; Florence Niles, secretary; James Thurston, treasurer; and J. Bell, sergeant-at-arms.

Plans were made for the next meeting of the club to attend the regular assembly at Eugene high school, to spring vacation, Mohr Stadium, city, yell leader, will meet at the school students about 6 A. M. and talks may be arranged. At such an exact day and hour on which the club is held, is ascertained, the club will be notified by phone, it is announced.

An attempt will be made during the year to secure the cooperation of A. C. alumni, living in Eugene, in purpose of interesting the high school students in the college. Some movement will be made to have the seniors at the high school visit the campus, possibly during Junior week.

The Boys and Girls Guard

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ONE REEL YARNS

REAL WRESTLING

LESSON 1



By FRED MEYER