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 FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1922

PARAGRAPHS
 By Robert Quillen

Complaint of the modern child: "Ah, parents are such a care."
 A vegetarian diet is said to be good for the complexion. Vanity face.
 Health hint: Don't eat too much Swiss cheese. It may cause you to yodel in your sleep.
 In Japan the sale of liquor to minors is forbidden. We're all rated as minors over here.
 The Arbuckle trials have Tennyson's well-known brook backed completely off the boards.
 There must be some epidemic among full inmates. They are forever breaking out with something.
 If a girl has a one-piece skull she can easily offset the handicap with a one-piece bathing suit.
 New American song: "Bumper to and hub to hub, the cars are so thick that their fenders rub."
 Royalty is up against it these days. Over in Europe it's difficult even to keep crowns on teeth.
 Bryan may be right about his ancestors after all. The monkey runs on all fours; Mr. Bryan on all occasions.
 The ribball season is under way. We used to call it "baseball," you remember. The slang for it is "base-ball."
 We need a nation full of tender consciences and calloused hands. The thing seems to be reversed at present.



As the thermometer climbs, the average man finds it increasingly difficult to get excited about because of the increased cost of strike.
 If the average man can't think of anything else to fret about, he'll worry because the zebra's stripes are on crooked.
 Some day a race of supermen may be evolved with arms long enough to fit the sleeves that manufacturers attach to our shirts.
 The number of people in the United States who cannot speak English is less than two million. This includes train conductors.
 Half the people are busy inventing remedies for the world's troubles. The rest are kept inventing antidotes for the remedies.
 If the farmer cries vainly for a square deal, it is only a question of time until the public will cry vainly for a square meal.
 It's hard to tell what would happen to this little planet of ours if golfer "Babe" Ruth should happen to swing too low and strike the earth with his club.

RIPLING RHYMES
 By Walt Mason

SOME OF THE SYMPTOMS.
 I'm burning with fever, I'm shivering with chills; I'm weary of taking Doc Hathaway's pills; he says they are diuretics at curing the flu. My nose aches after taking a bushel or two. The taste in my mouth is a sight to be seen, my tongue is all furled with a fungus that's green; my appetite's gone and this life is a frost, and I cough till I sound like a motor's exhaust. For Hathaway's pills may be good for the manager; for fabled diseases perhaps they will do, but they are no good when you're down with the flu. Some Spaniards invented the flu. I've been told, supplanting the grip and the old-fashioned cold; and when I feel better it will be my aim to locate the Spaniard and climb on his frame; the man who will spring such a beastly disease, and ship it in justice across the wide seas, deserves what he'll get when I camp on his track. For cold-eyed, sly, relentless and pale. Doc Hathaway, too, will pass under the rod for trading his pills for my hardly earned wad. No, dressing of vengeance, I shiver and shake, and sizzle with fever, and strangle and ache; my tubes are all rusted. I breathe with a hiss. I sound like an auto whose cylinders miss.
REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS
 F. C. Brown et al to E. H. Tryon et al—Lots 1, 7, 9, 12, 15, 14, 19, 20, Brookfield add., Cravensville, \$10.
 William H. Bartholomew et al to Walter P. Sorenson et al—Lot B blk. S, 1st add. to Kincaid Park, \$10.
 L. L. Leeson et al to E. O. Saltman et al—Lot 1, blk. 5, McFarland's 3rd add., Cottage Grove, \$1000.
 O. F. Allen et al to O. W. Leggett—Tract 17 S R 6 W, \$1.
 E. A. Erickson to Nora E. Allen—Tract 17 S R 6 W, \$10.
 Eugene Holland to George Alimanson—\$2 1/2 ac. 26-15-0 W, \$10.

AN APPEAL TO COMMON SENSE

Otto H. Kahn, a prominent financier of New York, has written a book entitled "A Plea for Prosperity," which has been published by "The Committee of American Business Men." We haven't had time to read it, but like some devotees of current fiction, turned to the last chapter to satisfy a curiosity about the way it all would end, and we were glad to find a little sane advice, in the summing up of the problems of the day. Mr. Kahn concludes:
 "It is a fact well attested by history, in our own country and elsewhere, that out of the stagnation of serious and long-continued industrial depression springs the poison-growth of economic delusion. And there come forth in such times a number of those who mistake that harmful growth for a healing plant, incited to that belief, or encouraged therein, by leaders who are self-deceived, or deliberately bent on deceiving to serve their own ends. By the admixture of the ingredients of ignorance and emotional "cooksoreness" together with the deleterious substances of envy and demagoguery, fantastic things are concocted and offered to the people as remedies, when, in fact, they are as blinding and maiming as wood alcohol.
 "It is a characteristic of such periods that there are brought to the public notice, loudly and fervently, sundry cure-alls for the ills of the day which their discoverers proclaim and often honestly believe to be new and untried remedies, but which, as a matter of fact, are hoary with age, having been tried on this old globe of ours at one time or another, in one of its parts or another tried and found wanting and discarded after sad disillusionment. Nothing in history is more pathetic than the record of the instances when one or the other of the peoples of the world rejoicingly followed a new lead which it was promised and fondly believed would bring it to freedom and plenty of happiness, only to find itself, instead, suddenly on the old and only too well-trodden lane which goes through suffering and turmoil to disappointment and reaction.
 "We may not flatter ourselves with the hope that the present period will prove an exception. A philosopher has said that the greatest lesson of history is that humankind refuses to learn and heed the lessons of history. Once more, the raucous voices of the promoters of economic, social and political quackeries and of the vendors of tickets to Utopia are being heard in the land. Even the dead bones of green-backism and fiat money are being taken from their unhallowed resting place and an effort is being made to breathe life again into that skeleton.
 "We must not put our heads into the sand in the face of these menacing signs of the times, nor must we be in fear of them, or permit ourselves to be unduly wrought up. We cannot meet them by blunt denials or by calling hard names. Social and political economies, the functions of capital, the problems of trade, and so forth, are complex and difficult subjects. They lend themselves all too easily to fallacies, misinformation and misinterpretation.
 "We must seek to counteract false or irresponsible or ignorant assertions with plain patient and truthful explanation, but we must be sure to keep our own minds open to the merit of new ideas; we must be ready to welcome progress, we must do our share, in good faith and willingly, to redress grievances and to aid in bringing about the greatest attainable degree of well-being for the people.
 "If we fail to play our part in contending for the right, we have not just title to complain if things go wrong."

REDS IN ARMY AND NAVY

The New York World is inclined to poke fun at Secretary Weeks of the navy for being so greatly excited over a red revolution in the ranks of his branch of the military service. It finds that Secretary Weeks of the army is much calmer, his communication on the subject more formal and less frightened, yet he is not without an understanding of the seriousness of the affair. He is "cognizant of the fact that the communist programme has stressed the desirability of breeding disloyalty among the personnel of the army and navy and citizens at large." And he has no doubt that "many loyal Americans have lent their support to movements which were inspired by radical organizers."
 Now this is pretty bad, of course, but on the whole Mr. Weeks is inclined to think that a good solid grounding in 100 per cent Americanism at the training camps may defeat the radicals yet, continues the World. Perhaps rumors of the conversion of Lenin to modern business methods have reached the general staff. Perhaps some breathless courier has brought in the astounding news that the only traces of the bolshevik left in New York state are the laws which Senator Lusk framed up to suppress them. If Mr. Weeks doesn't watch himself he will be finding out that the whole revolution is over and that there never was any revolution in this country anyway. He might bear up under the tidings, but he would be sure to forget himself sometime and tell Mr. Denby about it, and it would certainly be the death of Mr. Denby.
 Down in Connecticut there resides the most sought-for hell in the world. When former State Senator W. H. Hall died there recently he caused to be distributed a large fortune among various individuals, but the most important clause of his will follows:
 "I give to my daughter Doris the keys to the brick vault in my cellar, and I give her and her alone the entire contents of said vault, consisting of wet goods put up in bottles, the same to be hers forever."
 President Harding has won his fight for a big navy, and the hope of the public that the four-power treaty would cut army and navy expenses has already been dispelled. Representative McArthur, of Oregon, was a leader in the fight to saddle the big additional expense upon the national treasury.
 Wine and women used to cause the downfall of a good many men. Now, as illustrated by the latest Portland tragedy, flappers and moonshine are just as effective if less alliterative.
 May 15 to 21 has been set apart as a "prosperity week." No harm in it, of course, but why not extend it over the whole fifty-two weeks in the year?
 A Colorado after-dinner speaker chopped dead while explaining how totally unprepared he was for the occasion. May we hope the warning will have a salutary effect?
 President Harding is determined to give efficiency in government if he has to put every republican office-seeker on the job to get it.
 Lillian Russell advocates a five-year holiday for immigrants. But why couldn't she work out some fine plan like that for Americans?

THE MIDDLE GROUND
 By MARION RUBICAM

THE FAMILY QUARREL
 Chapter 18
 A climax of a sort came on a Sunday. Luther had been getting well fast enough now to go on long drives and filled out and his huge eyes did not stare so out of his face. He had even gotten into a laughing tussle with his small sister, and had come off much the best and not even winded by the struggle of this vigorous young lady.
 "You'll be going to church this morning, I expect," Mrs. Talbot said gently at the breakfast table.
 "Claire's mouth at once went down at the corners and she glanced at Luther. The whole family were assembled about the table, but they were not eating. Jordan sat stonily in his chair, waiting the arrival of Donald who, as usual, was late getting in from his swim.
 "Mrs. Talbot looked anxiously at the muffled, which would be no good if they were cold. Jane sat looking very much bored by everything. Claire was cross because she hated getting up early, and Amy hated Sunday on general principles.
 "Does it make you nervous to worship your Creator?" Jordan asked scathingly.
 "Jane, of course, you're going?" Mrs. Talbot was so upset by the row she had innocently started that she was ready to weep.
 "Well, no, I don't think I shall," Jane said. "It doesn't make me nervous as it does Claire, it just doesn't interest me. I never went at college. Going through a set ceremony of words isn't religion to me. I can't find my Creator in that."
 "And where can you find Him?" Jordan would have annihilated his family with his eyes, could eyes alone have killed.
 "In my laboratory at college," Jane said cheerfully. "In the wonderful combinations of elements, and the marvelous intricate machinery of the human system, in the healing power of herbs and drugs." Jane was quite evidently trying to put her ideas into language as simple and untechnical as possible. But her hearers, at least her parents, grasped nothing of this.
 "DIRECT PRIMARY FAILS"
 (Salem Capital Journal)
 Even its former supporters are now forced to admit that the Oregon direct primary law as a method of choosing public officials and securing responsible government is in its way as big a failure as the old convention system. Under the former system, corruption and party responsibility has evaporated along with parties, and the crook, the demagogue and the ignorant fool themselves forward for office with only party responsibility as a qualification.
 The direct primary law has utterly destroyed the Democratic party in Oregon and will destroy any minority party in any state where such a law is in force. Along with the destruction of the Democratic party has gone the demoralization of the voters, the loss of the Republican party and a similar fate awaits every majority party in direct primary states. As a matter of fact, all that is left of either party in Oregon, so far as state organization is concerned, is the name. Of party responsibility, party discipline, party solidarity, there is none. Personal government has replaced party government.
 The majority, with its personal and factional fights, draws the interest of the voters, particularly the young voters, who register in the caucus, and the friends and acquaintances. The primary supplants the election in public interest and the majority party steadily swells its membership as the minority party dwindles, with the result that party lines come to mean nothing there is, but one party and that only a party in name.
 Neither the direct primary, nor other popular legislation, was contemplated by the framers of either federal or state constitution in the admirable system of checks and balances devised in those instruments for representative government. The latter necessitates a higher type of citizenship and a higher average level of education than exists. It is becoming clearer and clearer to government and better education prevails, direct primaries will not accomplish the ends sought.
 What the remedy is, we do not pretend to say, probably some compromise between representative and popular government is the only way to secure the reforms we desire, but some reform to restore responsibility in government, seems imperative.
HAWLEY IS OPPOSED
 (Roseburg News Review)
 Senator Norblad, candidate for congressman in opposition to Congressman Hawley, is making a whirlwind campaign of the district and incidentally making effective inroads into Hawley's alleged popularity. Norblad is a man of every particular to handle the interests of the state in the house of representatives at Washington, D. C. He has a whole lot of ability, that is lacking in many men who at present represent this state and his success at the primary election means much for the state of Oregon. So far actual results are concerned, that the people of Oregon are entitled to feel that a change at this time would be most opportune. Fifteen years in the house of representatives ought to claim some distinction for a congressman, but in the case of Mr. Hawley there seems no likelihood of any material change.
LEGISLATORS 'KID' VOLSTEAD
 St. Paul, Minn., April 21.—A commission of legislators from California sought Andrew Volstead, Minnesota congressman. They wanted to thank the legislator for the prohibition enforcement law.
 "Why, before Volstead became known, grapes sold for \$12 a ton in California," said H. Wilson, chairman of the delegation. "Now grapes are selling for \$130 a ton and grape farmers are getting their money."
 The commission is studying agricultural problems.
STATION NOT FORD'S
 Washington, April 20.—Henry Ford did not authorize the statement that he had retained the government \$20,000,000 in war profits, according to a letter received today by the treasury department. The letter, written by Ford's secretary, declared Ford was not responsible for the statement and did not see it until after it was published.
 A match started it! The result: A great forest fire which destroyed timber and property, drove away wild game, and turned hunting and camping grounds into desolate wastes. The lesson: Break your match in two—be sure it is out before you throw it away.
 Inquire with Henry Troup, 33 West 5th

In Our School
 By PAUL WEST

FRIDAY
 Ex Brigham says any feller which can live through school on a day like this can stand anything!
THE HUMAN BERDS
 Andy Anderson & Phil Wigglesworth the human birds, which is what they call themselves after deciding to live in that tree in Andy's yard, showed up this morning not much changed. They didn't stay up there tree all night like they thought they would, they being a owl or something up there which drove them in about nine, just in time to get another flaking four not having there brain work did this morning and Andy says that settles it. Him and Phil are going to hook Jack at recess and go up in there, never to cum down again forever. It will be very fine.
WHAT HAPPENED TO WAIT
 While practicing holding a bird's egg in his mouth during spelling, so's to do it when birds nesting. Wait White met the unfortunate accident of having Steve fly up and land on his head, breaking the egg, sum of white! Wait swallered. Wait says Steve dun fliking four not having there brain work did this morning and Andy says that settles it. Him and Phil are going to hook Jack at recess and go up in there, never to cum down again forever. It will be very fine.
IT DUN, BOY, GOOD
 Bol Haynes had his anemal shampoo yesterday, the weather being warm. We all knowed Bol was kind of her-headed but now he looks like the roof of a barn. Geo. McLaughlin says Bol had better

Loses Hair Through Oil Shampoo, Starts Big Suit

Seattle, April 20.—Cost of an oil shampoo will be advanced from \$7 to \$10,000 if successful attack on the suit suggested by Miss Ethel Atherton in superior court yesterday against the proprietor of a hair dressing college here.
 Miss Atherton seeks damages in the amount named for alleged injury done her hair by a shampoo suggested by the proprietor of the college. She claims that treatment, the complaint states, Miss Atherton was forced to have her hair cut short.
 Livestock needs grass and water. Forest fires mean an end of both.
 Showanda, the choice of the smokers

Tong Representatives Seek Permanent Peace on Coast

Seattle, April 20.—Declaring an armistice in the tong war that since February 22 has cost 11 lives in Pacific coast cities, representatives of three tong groups met with members of the Chinese benevolent peace commission to consider the possibility of a permanent peace. While the peace emissaries are meeting in a secluded room, armed gunmen stand in the entrance to each tong headquarters. The Hip Sing tong is said to have caused a lull in negotiations by demanding that all members of their tong now held in jails be released. This the other tongs and the peace commission are powerless to assure.
PORTO RICO HAPPY
 San Juan, Porto Rico, April 21.—Adherents of the unionist party, headed by Don Antonio Barcelo, who have been urging removal of Governor E. Mont Rely, are elated by dispatches from Washington indicating that the governor might be removed.
 The question whether a new governor would be appointed, or whether President Harding would uphold Kelly in the political fight which is raging over Porto Rico, overshadowed all others here. The newspapers were filled with discussions of the situation, Washington dispatches and the local scrip of information concerning Governor Kelly.
FAVOR LIBERIAN LOAN
 Washington, April 21.—The house ways and means committee has voted a favorable report of the bill authorizing a loan of \$2,000,000 to Liberia. The bill specifies that \$1,200,000 shall be used in paying off outstanding indebtedness of the Liberian republic. The rest of the money is to be used in reconstruction work.
 Hundreds of thousands of tourists visit the national forests each season. Do your part to preserve the scenic and outdoor attractions of the mountains by using care with fire in the woods.

FINANCE PROBLEM IS HARDEST FOR G. O. P.

By LAWRENCE MARTIN
 (United Press Staff Correspondent)
 Washington, April 20.—A problem of dollars and cents—how to finance the government and keep party pledges—loomed up today as the hardest task of republican leaders from this time on.
 The problem is complex but here are its elements:
 1.—Taxes, and how to keep them producing enough to run the government and at the same time keep the party's promise to reduce taxation.
 2.—Tariff, how to make it produce revenue and at the same time satisfy the demands of business and agriculture for protection against foreign competition.
 3.—The soldier bonus; how to pay it without ruining the party with the voters, or how to avoid paying it without ruining the party with the ex-service men.
 Secretary Mellon varies of a \$484,000,000 deficit next year and income tax payments have fallen off alarmingly.
 Consideration of the tax problem always brings up the bonus question, for taxes, many republicans hold, must be levied for at least part of the bonus payment. The hope is strong among senatorial bonus advocates that the foreign

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The Boys and Girls Guard
 HUMOR PLAY WORK

FOR GIRLS TO MAKE

A funny little turtle met a funny little man upon the dining table one fine day. Said the funny little turtle to the funny little man, "Pray tell me, sir, how did you get that way?"
 The funny little fellow said, "I'm simply made of prunes; two large ones for my neck, what I take, with two to form each hand and arm and two to form each leg; a smaller one each foot most neatly makes."
 "Judicious use of toothpicks keeps me held together well, a marshmallow was used to make my head. My features, as you may observe, are made of bits of cloves—a nice looking man am I," he said.
 The funny little turtle flapped his tail and said with scorn, "You really aren't a wonder, for you see, they took a nice fat raisin and four little feet of cloves and two for head and tail—and there was me."

FOR BOYS TO MAKE

In the barn lives Big Chief Corncob, bold and straggled old chief in his tribe and knows no mercy; just as fierce as he can be.
 Made him on one rainy morning; took a cob of suited size, on the larger end I charcoaled nose and mouth and heady eyes.
 Cheeks were red with crushed cranberry, wound round husks his clothes to form, bonnet made of chokes feathers, got him blanket bright and warm.
 In a quiver made of corn husks arrows made of twigs are found; with a bow of cord and willow, Big Chief Corncob scouts around.

ONE REEL YARNS

COUSIN MARION
 "Dick," said Mother, looking up from a letter, "you have a new cousin. Your Uncle Henry has married a lady with a child just your age, named Marion. They are coming to see us. Now you must entertain your little cousin. I shall depend upon you to see that Marion has a good time."
 "Gee," sighed Dick, "why couldn't she have been a boy? Now I spose I can't go swimming or anything."
 During the next days Dick looked out upon a world of gloom. The Scouts were going camping, and you couldn't take a girl to a Boy Scout Camp. And there was a circus coming. "Would cousin Marion be 'game' to get up on days and watch them unload the elephants?"
 Dick decided that the best way to handle cousin Marion would be to scare her to the death the first day.
 So, on the day scheduled for her arrival, Dick retired to his room, donned his cowboy outfit, grew himself a fierce set of burnt cork whiskers, loaded both his espalotals, coiled his clothesline lariat on his hip, and called down to tell his mother that he would meet her at the station, unasked down the back streets and hid in the baggage room until he heard the train pulling in. He giggled with glee as he pictured the lariat descending over Cousin Marion's yellow curls—for she was probably the curly-headed kind.
 The minute Dick saw his Uncle Henry emerge from the train, he grasped the platform, and, dashing across the platform with a blood-curdling whoop, let fly his rope just as Cousin Marion stepped on the platform. To his huge astonishment, Cousin Marion let out an answering whoop—for she was not a curly-headed girl, but a red-headed boy!

SEALS ON THE MARCH

The Alaskan fur seal that breeds on the Pribilof Islands, passes the winter far south of these islands, then in March migrates north once more. They travel in herds, in regular military formation. As many as ten or fifteen seals are seen traveling together in the open sea.
 A keeper of the light-house on Farallone Island, west of San Francisco, says he has noticed these huge herds from the south, and when they reach the island they halt for a minute and then swing round like well-trained soldiers and swim off toward the north-west.
 The Pribilof Islands, their home, are north of the Alaskan Islands in the Bering Sea. They belong with Alaska.

TO-DAY'S PUZZLE

"Lionel and John Put a circus on. Robie Jane and Beth Watched and held their breath." What a notion, and when they represent to yesterday's? Tame, meat, toes, what.

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