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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21

PARAGRAPHS
By Robert Quillen

A little flattery now and then will get the goats of the sanest men.

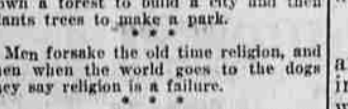
Dieting to reduce is another example of the triumphs of mind over matter.

A one-round fight isn't remarkable; but it is remarkable to find one square.

Some people don't know what to name the new baby, and some have a relative who is rich.

Women's garments grow smaller and fewer in number, but it takes as long to put 'em on.

The frequent mobbing of preachers doesn't really prove anything except the need of more preachers.



People who have a family skeleton should persuade it not to wear an evening dress that will reveal the shoulder blades.

Every boy should learn to use his fists. He may wish to become a prize fighter or go to Congress.

Civilized man is a wonder. He cuts down a forest to build a city and then plants trees to make a park.

Men forsake the old time religion, and then when the world goes to the dogs they say religion is a failure.

If you are without faith or virtue, don't despair. You can become an "intellectual" and call the world vulgar.

Even if the spirit of '76 should return, it is more than probable that it would prove to be unconstitutional.

If this theory of evolution is any good, why doesn't nature provide us with puncture-proof hides in mosquito time?



If the bravest are the tenderest, the steers our butcher kills are all possessed of yellow streaks.

With styles as they are, the mosquito unable to dip himself in on the ankle front can resort to a flank attack.

There is very little satisfaction in being a man, however, when you see a flock of yellow fashions trying to mob an umpire.

In a world full of perfectly good adjectives, he was a conservative who selected the word "used" to describe that kind of a car.

Still people who don't believe in miracles because they can't understand them accept the radio without trying to understand it.

There is reason to believe that Europe can't get along without Uncle Sam, and equal reason to believe that she couldn't get along with him.

RIPLING RHYMES
By Walt Mason

UNIVERSAL GRIEF

According to dispatches, there's trouble everywhere, and anguish in hatches, and wailing from the hair. In China there's been fighting, and in the diamond belt the Russian rule is blighting. Its evils now are felt. The monarchists are plotting wherever kings were crowned, and ballads are being written in every foreign land. Grief, grief! See Ireland grab it; she now has freedom's boon, but has the scorching brand; and cannot drop it soon. Poor France is badly busted by Prussia's army wrecked; her statesmen are disgusted because she can't collect. And even stalwart Britain, that never quailed before, by grievous ill is smitten, and smiles and sings no more. Alas, the sad wretches, from grinning nations sent! The reader sighs and scratches his head in wonderment. How can one read such tidings, such news from o'er the foam, and fill the air with children, and beef around at home? Our sickly little troubles, o'er which the knickers bray, are evanescent bubbles, and will blow away. Why worry, and arm ourselves with axes, some men of straw to strike? Let's cease to tear our hatches and rant of pipe dream ill, and read the grim dispatches from lands where trouble kills.

LENNINE STILL RULES

London, June 20.—Lennine, not a representative, rules Russia, has been officially declared from Moscow. The soviet delegation here received the following: "Repeal the soviet constitution regarding establishment of a dictatorship in consequence of Premier Lennine's illness. No such idea is entertained in government circles."

CLEANING UP WALL STREET

The New York Stock Exchange has closed out more than 150 brokerages in its fight against "bucket shops." In doing so it was surprised to find ten or a dozen of its members mixed up in the outlawed profession, and was forced to discipline some of them. But that did not end the trouble and it looks as if a monopoly in stock gambling is impossible of attainment, says the Dearborn Independent.

By driving out the "bucket shops" and creating a distrust among out-of-town investors, members of the Stock Exchange itself found their own patrons taking alarm. They might have known that John Jones of Jonesville could not distinguish between a real member of the Exchange and the occupant of a desk in a dark office, if the latter used as good stationery; and that the failure of a Union Investment Company meant to him the smash of a J. P. Morgan & Company.

To add to the confusion the curb papers now report the swarming into Wall Street of many new and irresponsible young fellows, either clerks who had been patrons or former employes of the bucket shops, until there are three or four times as many of the outlawed class as there were before the raid commenced.

It is an odd thing, but these sensitive "Exchange" members cannot see that speculation is gambling until the little fellows try it. The difference perhaps is akin to the difference between poker and "craps."

Meanwhile, many of the "ruined" brokers are executing private commissions for their more aristocratic rivals, residing, the while, in the most fashionable hotels.

It is some years since buying of softwoods was on so large a scale or so eager as in May of this year, for it was a phenomenally active month in the lumber industry, says the American Lumberman. Although since the end of May there has been somewhat of a slackening in the buying of softwoods, in a way this is not unwelcome to lumber manufacturers, for taking the country as a whole, purchases of softwoods continue to exceed production considerably. The volume of orders being received at Pacific coast mills shows only a comparatively small excess over production by these plants; but mills in the North, the South and the Southwest find that the volume of orders is considerably greater than their output. Demand for construction lumber supported the market throughout 1921, and also during the first part of 1922. This demand was at first supplied by retail lumbermen out of their stocks, for they were very careful about buying; as a result, their supplies are now low and they are eager to have rush shipments of replenishment orders. Demand from wood consuming factories started to expand in the early spring of 1922 and ever since has continued to grow slowly and steadily. Thus the market, supported by retail lumber yard demand for construction materials, is now receiving additional support by retail lumber yard demand for construction materials, is now receiving additional support by demand for factory lumber. Prices, according to the American Lumberman, have not shown any marked change during the week, for although some transit cars have been disposed of at low prices, the market as a whole remains very firm. Items in the most active demand, however, have shown some advances.

The administration must figure that the slackers, traitors, and spies outnumber the boys who donned the khaki in the interests of humanity. The former are being made heroes of while the latter go begging for recognition. It's a great life, if you don't weaken, even if the senate refuses to recognize the bonus bill.

Governor Olcott is determined that the Ku Kluxers shall not forget that he sits supreme in the executive mansion at Salem. Another man has been fired from a state job in order to force Hall followers to take some action regarding the late fracas. Lay on, McDuff.

Up at Camp Lewis they are teaching the young recruits to drive mules. Maybe they are trying to make politicians out of them—the boys!

We have changed the state highway routing through the middle of the city, and the butte grows browner each day.

These are strange times and it is a wonder that anybody gets elected to anything.

If congress would only adjourn sine die, Mr. Harding could go out and play a little golf for a change.

While we are waiting for something else to happen, let's all take a rest.

THE MIDDLE GROUND
By MARION RUBICAM

CHAPTER 70

So Jane had gone cheerfully writing back that she was giving them all the details, when in reality she was telling them nothing at all!

"What a way to get married!" Mrs. Talbot grumbled, having read the letter several times, perhaps hoping that more information might come from a second reading.

She really felt Jane was not married at all, probably because she was the sort that must experience a thing to believe it. Jane once laughed at her for that, and said she was of an "empirical turn of mind," a term of philosophy that meant nothing at all, naturally, to the mother.

Mrs. Talbot drew conclusions from her own experience, these conclusions she had, until recently, held as unalterable. From one or two experiences, which either she had gone through, or heard about, came a generality. The generality was a law after that.

She had not witnessed Jane's marriage. For weeks before it happened, Jane had protested that she would not marry Donald.

"It isn't at all the way a marriage ought to be," she complained to Amy. There were two ways of marrying, according to her standards. One was to leave them in complete ignorance of all the vital facts of life, on the theory that ignorance is innocence, and that the more one knows of such things, the more one's mind is corrupted. The stricter adherents to this standard left their children in complete ignorance, which resulted disastrously in some cases. "Where the normal instincts are fully developed, and the mind is not given information to realize it, there's bound to be a disaster," Jane once said.

And where the girl, in blind ignorance of what she was doing, blundered and was found out, Mrs. Talbot, along with everyone else, blamed the girl as being "bad" and never once put the blame upon the mother who had left her in ignorance.

Mrs. Talbot grided herself on being brown-nosed about these intimate subjects. She had imparted some small bits of information from time to time, not knowing that she was treating her

whole subject of sex as something morbid and fearful.

Yet, because she had read occasionally stories of a sentimental turn, she pictured herself before Jane's marriage as indulging in long and intimate talks with her daughter, preparing her mind for marriage and the changed life that marriage would mean. The summer before had been a great disillusion for Jane's medical and psychological studies gave her a knowledge that her mother was certainly never likely to attain.

It was daughter, not mother, who imparted information about life, love and sex in the occasional talks these two had!

"It's a sacred subject," Mrs. Talbot said—having read that phrase often in these sentimental stories, and not realizing that she was making it a morbid one by her attitude of timidity toward it.

But if she could not have Jane to talk to, at least there was Amy.

But if she could not have Jane to talk to, at least there was Amy.

So, gathering up her courage—for it required courage to talk about it, she approached the subject with Amy.

Here she was met, not with the shyness she expected of a "good and innocent" girl, but with frank and amused laughter.

"Goodness, mother, I knew all that in my cradle," Amy told her. "You should hear the things the girls back home used to tell me—of course they were mostly wrong; they really didn't know anything much, they had a lot of awfully queer ideas! Of course they talked about it, just because they wouldn't have anything. If they had, they wouldn't have been interested in it."

And when her mother wondered at that, she went on—

"Thank heaven, Jane took me in hand and taught me something truthful. Jane let me read some of her medical books—you needn't look shocked, mother; why shouldn't she? I'll tell you this, she gave me a perfectly sane, normal, wholesome idea of it, not the distorted, morbid ideas the girls at home had."

The force of this logic had to be admitted. After thinking it over for a day or so, Mrs. Talbot decided Jane was right!

And a day or two after that, she

searched the book shelves for some of Jane's books, and spent several afternoons alternately being shocked at the enormous frankness of the books, and admiring them, for the clear and unemotional statement of the subject.

"As for me," said Amy with a merry air, "I have had romantic illusions about love or marriage. I'm going to marry Adam if I can, and I love him, and I'm willing to give wealth for love and I'm real love to give him, but I can't pretend I love him, and as long as he doesn't find it out, I won't be cheating!"

A revolting vision of Adam's fat face and figure came up before Mrs. Talbot's eyes.

(Tomorrow—Re-Enter Dick)

WEST WINS \$19,681 SUIT AGAINST COOS

Ex-Governor Oswald West was awarded a verdict of \$19,681.95 in fees against Coos county for lobbying in Washington, D. C., in 1919, by a jury in the Lane county circuit court last evening. The case, which came to the local court on a change of venue, had been held during the last two days. West contended that he had a contract with the Coos county court for four per cent of \$400,000, which the county received by the passage of the land grant bill awarding it back taxes and the proceeds of certain land sales. He also contended for certain expenses.

The agreement with West has caused a great deal of political trouble in Coos county during the last two years. Judge James Watson and Commissioner Phillips, who employ West, were recalled for their part in the employing West. The case will be appealed to the supreme court by Coos county. If it is sustained there Douglas county is due to pay even larger sum to Mr. West because it benefitted more than did Coos by the passage of the bill. The two counties employed the ex-governor jointly.

The jury consisted of Clinton Hurd, Mathey Emmerich, Abe Chambers, Daniel Gross, John Mason, John Daniel, Minnie McMahon, Abbie Wheaton, Joseph Fleck, Henry Stewart, John Edwards and Frank Aschcroft.

Deq. Hempson, clerk of Portland and Charles Hardy of Eugene conducted the ex-governor's case while Gross, Kendall and Murphy and Ben F. Fisher, district attorney of Coos county, defended the county.

CAPPER-TINCHER BILL WILL COME UP AGAIN

Washington, June 21.—Under strong pressure from the farm bloc, the house rules committee reported out a special immediate action on the Capper-Tincher bill, restoring strict federal regulation over grain exchanges.

It is the plan of house leaders to take the bill upon the floor late tomorrow or the first thing Friday.

TRUE TO FORM
Salem Capital Journal

The Portland Chamber of Commerce and the Portland newspapers show a tendency to favor the separation of the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific systems, which would probably give the Union Pacific a transportation monopoly of Oregon.

This attitude is in accordance with the traditional Portland policy of upbuilding Portland at the expense of state development, a policy which has made Oregon a country state and Portland a top-heavy city. Anyone with any vision of the state that will react to the injury of the metropolis, but Portland's vision has always been myopic. The Portland idea is the exploitation of tributary territory instead of its development, yet if it is not developed there will be little to exploit.

The effort to keep the Southern Pacific to develop western Oregon by equitable and preferential rates have been strenuously combated by the Portland Chamber of Commerce for many years, as have efforts by the various communities to develop themselves by the same means.

Portland wants to keep the business of the state, and special rates to develop industry that competes with Portland industry arouses opposition inspired by the hope of driving industry to Portland.

When western Oregon lumber mills were given special rates, California complained that their geographical location justified the Portland Chamber of Commerce appeal to the Interstate Commerce Commission and had their rates set aside for the benefit of Portland lumber mills. Portland is willing the logging should be done in the forest, but wants the manufacturing done in the metropolis, and it is the same story in other industries.

Whenever Medford and other cities brought suits to secure more equitable freight rates, the Portland Chamber of Commerce always on hand to intervene in opposition, for the Portland struggling little communities get a square deal and a chance to grow. Portland has sent numerous delegations to Washington and elsewhere to fight these small cities oblivious of the fact that Portland could only grow as they developed. As Portland fought the forest, and the metropolis and Marshallfield and along the coast, so has she fought rates for interior cities.

It will surprise no one if Portland actively champions dissolution of the Southern and Central Pacific, despite the injury to the state, because the city itself may reap a temporary advantage thereby. Western Oregon will lose traffic competition and be handicapped in shipping, but must send and receive everything through Portland. Such arrangement will eliminate California competition and give Portland the same monopoly in manufacture and commerce that the Union Pacific will enjoy in transportation—and that is the only thing Portland is interested in.

WATCHING THE SCORE BOARD

Yesterday's hero—Sam Rice stretched a single into a double in the 13th inning, starting a rally that gave the Senators three runs and a 3 to 6 victory over the White Sox. George Burns hit two homers but they weren't enough for the Red Sox and the Tigers won their eighth game 9 to 8.

With Babe Ruth out of the lineup the Yanks came out of their slump and won their first victory in nine games, beating the Indians 4 to 5.

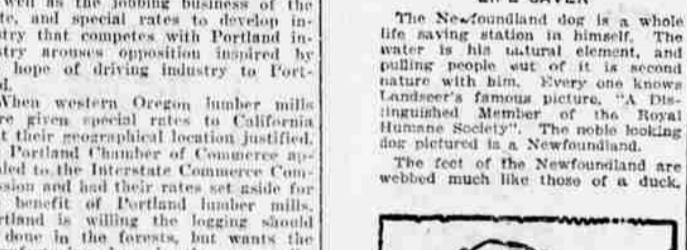
Ken Williams hit his 18th homer after Sisler had tripled and helped the Browns win from the Athletics 7 to 3. Houser hit one for the Athletics.

Stinks by Gavron, Eversy, one known and Dautbert and a sacrifice fly by Barnes gave the Reds a pair of runs in the fifth and a 2 to 0 victory over the Braves. Cough let Boston down with two hits.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND—LIFE SAVER

The Newfoundland dog is a whole life saving station in himself. The water is his natural element, and pulling people out of it is second nature to him. Every one knows the famous picture, "A Drowned Landseer's famous picture." A distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society. The noble looking dog pictured is a Newfoundland.

The feet of the Newfoundland are webbed much like those of a duck.



which makes him especially fitted to plunge in the water and do swimming off at the call of a drowning person.

An Intelligent Dog

The Newfoundland is also noted for his persistence. When he is told to do a thing, he does it. A man in Suffolk, England, had a fine Newfoundland that was very intelligent. One day the dog's master and a friend were riding in the country, with the dog following them. The master let his friend that he could put a shilling under a stone, and ride on for three miles, and then if he told the dog to go after it, he would immediately bring it.

So he got off his horse, found a large stone by the roadside, and put a shilling under it, calling to his dog to watch. They drove for three miles and then he told the dog to go after the shilling. Away went the dog. They waited and waited, but he did

Telegraph Tabloids

New York.—"Merrill," Judge, "Azzelin, Jane?" "Yes, Judge." "Thirty days, Jane." "Thank you, Judge." Jane Savage was locked up for the sixty-seventh time, having spent 3,165 days in jail in nearly 11 years.

Chicago.—Northwestern University officials report so many married couples attended school a dormitory will be built at a cost of \$200,000 in which none but married students will live.

Leadland, Colo.—When Mrs. C. L. Westlund planted her garden some of the radish seed fell in a cistern spectacle frame. Now she has a full grown radish wearing glasses, one of the rims on each side.

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S. F. HOLDS BATTLESHIPS

Washington, June 21.—All eight battleships of the Pacific fleet including the flagship California, will remain at San Francisco until after June 27, to take part in the ceremonies in connection with the convention there of the Disabled War Veterans of America, a dispatch from Admiral Eberle to the navy department today stated.

PRINCE AT BUCKINGHAM

London, June 21.—The prince of Wales arrived home at Buckingham palace this afternoon at the end of his seven months trip through India and Japan.

The Boys and Girls Guard

STORIES ABOUT DOGS YOU KNOW

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

At Tumble Inn

LEONOR AND ELEANOR

LEONOR AND ELEANOR were long-haired, long-haired girls who their mother was away on a visit of several weeks. The serious illness of her only sister had called her away, or she never would have left them just at the time when the garden most needed her care. Their garden was a little one, but they had planted it with the best of the nearby summer resort.

Their house sat down in a little hollow near the river bank, away from the main road of travel. They seldom had any visitors. They were surprised, therefore, one morning when they were both at work in the garden to hear some one calling. They looked up, and a girl waved at them gaily from the cliff above. They waved back and she started down the hillside. Halfway down she stumbled on a stone, lost her balance, and came falling down the hill.

Eleanor and Frank hurried to catch her, but did not reach her before she had suffered a badly wrenched ankle. They carried her into the house, and Eleanor tried to make her comfortable while Frank hurried to the hotel to get a doctor and to notify her parents.

Eleanor, the injured girl, and her mother took the spare bedroom. They decided to stay until her ankle was better. Eleanor and Frank decided that with the extra money they were getting for board, they could hire a man to help in the garden and Eleanor could spend her time cooking, which she loved.

She needed the time, for friends of Eleanor's soon found the secluded little spot. And once they came they stayed, always paying a good price for their meals.

When a few weeks later their mother returned, Eleanor and Frank ran to meet her gaily, and laughed at her astonishment when she saw the signs on their coast (suggested by Eleanor) "Tumble Inn."

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE IS:

SAND
SUNFLOWER
SHADE
SAIL
SHOES
SEA
SURF
SON

MAY
MON TUE WED
1 2 3
E E E E

CAN YOU NAME THESE FLOWERS IN DOROTHY'S GARDEN?