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SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1934

PARAGRAPHS

By Robert Quilian.

Every little blue has an appetite all its own.

Rouge and powder may be classified as bare necessities.

It seems rather odd to call Europe "she." The woman always pays.

Exercise won't reduce your weight unless you take less exercise at the table.

The K. K. K. stands for Americanism, but with Americanism stand for the K. K. K.

A movie director in quest of "he-men" types says it is hard to find a fighting chin. What about General Chin of China?

A village, a prominent citizen is nobody who wears a watch chain draped across his front elevation.

The best way to keep a husband's love is not to appear too darned anxious about it.

A republic is a land in which the people think one more election will avert the inevitable.

No doubt the undeveloped peoples feel rather flattered when somebody calls them uncivilized.

A book of verses underneath a bough isn't as alluring as a pocketbook underneath the bright lights.

About the only thing that could make the situation worse would be the discovery of oil at the Straits.

You may cancel and wipe out war debts if you will, but the folks in Europe will be dead broke still.

A hick town is a place where the street loafers gather to examine a drug store.

Philosophy is simply the art of kidding yourself into thinking you like something that gives you a pain.

That European statesman who says diplomacy necessitates many crooks and turns got half of it right, anyway.

A wife is a person who makes five trips back into the house when you are ready to go somewhere in the automobile.

Correct this sentence: "I am offering this seat," said the book agent, "only to the leading families of the community."

When a man looks back and thinks of what a fool he was, he is glad there were no monkey glands to prolong his youth.

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THE RUSSIAN REALITY

Not long ago in convention assembled, the second annual gathering of accredited delegates to the Workers Party of America, which has taken very largely the place in American agitation of the I. W. W., which has been badly demoralized since "Big Bill" Haywood fled to Russia, adopted the following resolution:

"The Workers Party declares one of its chief immediate tasks to be to inspire in the labor unions a revolutionary purpose and to unite them in a mass movement of uncompromising struggle against capitalism. The work of transforming the labor unions must be carried on inside the existing unions. The Workers Party declares its support of the red labor internationale and adopts as its program for the struggle the thesis of the red labor internationale on the American labor unions."

That was the way Bill Haywood and Emma Goldman used to talk—but they have radically changed their opinions since reaching the land where the rule of the "workers" is supreme. Russian sovietism has been a disillusionment to all those agitators who abused the freedom of this country and neglected honestly to take advantage of its great opportunities for living in comfort and security with all the privileges which are at the command of those who make the proper effort to possess them.

The Oregonian in a recent editorial printed a picture of Bill Haywood, as he appears to the world today, which should make some of these theoretical and professional agitators hesitate in going too far with their propaganda, when it said:

"Were it possible for a skilled and impartial observer to penetrate the moody cranium of 'Big Bill' Haywood, as he sits disgraced today in Moscow, the current reflections of that master mind of radicalism might throw much light upon the vanity of the communist programme. We should know then, from one who has been terribly disillusioned, how it fares to be a comrade of the soviet. Ours would be the secret story of this giant figure of industrial unrest, with his griefs, regrets and bitter enmities. For the leader of the American I. W. W. is a broken man and old, repudiated by the cause he so ruthlessly espoused, and jeered at by the least of the rabble."

"In the reduction of Haywood the soviet ran true to form. It betrayed the man and his enthusiasms. The message it permitted to be sent to America was one of futile and contemptible inability. Was this the 'revolution' in capitalist America? A fig for such a champion! Stolid and slow-witted beside the agile mental acrobats of Russia, he was of no manner of use to them. And they haled him back from Utopia, back from the unattainable, to brood upon his ineptitude. The soviet had demonstrated again that service in its cause does not necessarily entitle one to the badge of fellowship. That is for the elect."

"When 'Big Bill' fled from America, to escape federal prosecution, his was the physical act of desertion. But the desertion of the I. W. W. paladin, of the bulky miner who brushed obstacles aside with a single sweep of his huge paw, anticipated his flight by many years. Haywood became a renegade when first he taught terror, and preached the doctrine of class war and convived at sedition, and flouted his flag and its statutes. From that hour forward he had forfeited his Americanism. Something of this sort must now and again drift through the slow channels of his mind, as he muses in Moscow. America and Russia—a contrast. Very black and acrid are Bill Haywood's thoughts."

THE FORCE OF PURPOSE

A young man should not start out in life with the idea that the world owes him a living.

The assertion is false in fact, wrong in principle and dishonest in practice. The world owes no one anything except what is won by service.

There is no room for drones, tramps or vagabonds, and those who are not willing to work for a living must make room for the ambitious men and women who strive to achieve success by honest methods.

The world wants one's best. It will have nothing else. The best is none too good.

The poorest boy in our land may hope to be president. He may be our leading financier, or our greatest minister or law-maker. The possibility is his; all else depends on his purpose and persistency and efforts.

Money will buy many things. But there are other things money can never purchase. Wealth will cover only a small portion of the earth's area. Purpose covers it all.

The young man who has a purpose and sticks to it will surmount all difficulties which appear to be stumbling blocks. One's station in life cuts no figure at all, for

"Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The president's plea to congress not to embarrass him by unnecessary resolutions about foreign affairs was timely, and is being heeded. It is hoped also that restrictive legislation which now hampers the adjustment of our foreign debt will be repealed. In the meantime the president's suggestion that congress should have a little faith and attend to its own work while he goes on with his might well be applied more broadly.—Pendleton Tribune.

And yet for two years congress did nothing but pass unnecessary resolutions to embarrass President Wilson in the foreign relations of the nation and domestic affairs as well. Stranger still, President Harding, then a senator, assisted in all this nagging of the chief executive, and papers like the Pendleton Tribune advocated it. Now, it seems, the shoe is on the other foot.

The smelter production of copper in 1922, according to the United States geological survey, as compiled from reports of the smelters covering the actual production for eleven months and the estimated production in December was about 981,000,000 pounds, an increase of 475,000,000 pounds over 1921. Productive work was resumed by practically all the large mining companies except the United Verde Copper Co. by or during April, 1922, one year from the general shutdown of the copper mines. The smelter production of copper for December, as estimated by the producing companies, was 103,000,000 pounds, or at the rate of about 1,240,000,000 pounds a year.

The English government has established schools for teaching cooks to sing. A splendid idea; even a restaurant beef steak should respond to the tender influences of music, although a phonograph might be a safer experiment.

The Southern Pacific company, speaking semi-officially through the directors of the Eugene Chamber of Commerce, approves the tentative decision in the recent case handed down by the Interstate Commerce commission ignoring the

claims of Oregon to further railroad development. That would indicate the Southern Pacific suggested the compromise with its Union Pacific rival, leaving this city and state out in the cold.

The Southern Pacific lobby at Salem is said to be double its usual size this session. Defeat of the resolution of the Public Service commission demanding construction of the Natron cut-off and east and west line through Eastern Oregon, connecting with the cut-off at Odell, is the object of the general mobilization of the corporation's forces.

Some heartless wretch who managed to get into the legislature from Multnomah county has introduced a bill making Adjutant-General White's \$4800 a year life job subject to the governor's pleasure. Now watch for the charge of the tin soldier brigade on the legislature—it will be worthy the pen and imagination of another Tennyson.

Germany doesn't seem to want to lose the Yank soldiers, and the Yanks do not want to leave Germany. Yet Borah, Johnson and Hays made a lot of votes during the 1920 campaign on that "bring the boys back from the Rhine" slogan. Funny how politicians can fool a good part of the people all the time!

Mark Sullivan, the correspondent, says in the Oregonian that the French "dash into Ruhr upsets the United States' foreign policy." Well, if that's all the damage it does it's hardly worth mentioning.

If an eight-year-old movie actor is able to command a salary of \$1,500,000 a year what inducement will there be in the future to work toward the more intellectual professions of baseball and pugilism?

It's tough on the Southern Pacific to have to send so many men out on the line to repair flood damage when all its forces are needed so badly in the Salem lobby.

Twenty bills in the senate and 48 in the house during the first week is an unusually small number. It may be taken as an encouraging sign.

The Chamber of Commerce wants a county agriculturalist. Now it might be in order to hear from the farmers.

But if we consolidate all the commissions what will we do for campaign issues in future state elections?

The Wall Flower

by Marion Rubincam

A TOO BRIEF FRIENDSHIP

Chapter 31

The second visit was Tuesday, Wednesday Dora received a letter, the first she had had in months—the first in fact since Morton wrote her early in the spring.

"Dear child, when you can, won't you come in and talk to me awhile? I'm always home late in the afternoon, Mrs. Innisley and I gossip over teacups. Come and join us. Have your errands to do in the town tomorrow?"

The letter was read and reread until Dora knew it word for word. Then it was slipped into the pages of the diary, where everything precious went.

She had never heard of a letter written just that way. Who would want to talk to her? Surely Mrs. Gates couldn't be serious! She, Dora, never could say anything anyone would want to listen to!

Of course, she shouldn't go. The men—her uncle, her father and one of the hired men, came in ravenous for supper at six, their midday picnic lunch not being enough to keep them going over the hard day's work. She was aware of the great favor being done her by having this unusual arrangement—nevertheless, she upset her aunt's plan, cooked a big dinner at noon, announced,

"I have to go in town, with the luggage, I'll be back by six," laid the table ready, and, after doing everything she could toward the evening meal, she drove off to the town.

"I deserve a little recreation now and then," she told herself to prop up her courage for she knew her aunt wouldn't approve.

Mrs. Gates was in.

"Here's the girl who lies awake all night to read about old furniture," she cried. "Come here, my dear, it was awfully good to hear from you."

Dora found herself alone with this new friend and Mrs. Innisley, who was Mr. Innisley's mother, and sixty-odd years old. She wasn't so afraid with old people, but she could think of nothing to say, at all that. It was the old feeling, her tongue cleaving to the roof of her mouth, her throat tight, nervousness making her dumb.

Mrs. Gates, who guessed all this, put out a hand, and drew her down to the sofa.

"It's a long drive and you must be tired. Here, you shall have a cup of tea, and don't say a word until you've drunk it."

It acted like magic! Being told to keep still for five minutes, drinking the stimulating tea, her throat muscles relaxed, a little of her self-assurance came back, she looked humbly and gratefully at this new friend. And the new friend, helping her to sandwiches, chattered on to Mrs. Innisley.

In such fashion the friendship began. Mrs. Innisley left them alone after a time.

"We do this every afternoon," she said, a hand gesturing toward the laden table. "Such spoiled habits as I get into when Gloria comes! But she only comes once in ten years."

"Dear thing! I'd come oftener if I had time," was the answer. Gloria pulled her feet up under her, sank back against a pillow, and surveyed her young guest. Dora noticed then that she was wearing the most extraordinary gown—

if gown it could be called, for it was some sort of Chinese robe—not like a kimono at all, however, made with a lot of floating chiffon, cut very low and wrapped tightly around her small figure. Its color it was flame-orange. Dora could see now how thick and black and straight her hair was, and how snugly it lay around her finely modeled head.

"It was nice of you to come in and talk to me," she said.

Again this strange phrase. Dora, who had never drunk tea at five before, with water and sandwiches and slices of lemon on the tray, who had never stopped to "gossip" marveled at this repetition. So took everything literally.

"But—it's so odd you should want me to listen to," she answered.

"Darling child, what nonsense!" with an indulgent laugh. "You say the most charming things. Most conversation is like that, without better—"

and she took up when nothing better offered. "I'm sure what you think of me looks."

And this, she said, started Dora, who, like talk, she found, came to her lips, though she said nothing at all. "I'm sure what you think of me looks."

After a little, Gloria said impulsively, "I'm sorry to have confused you and your cousin. From the things Morton said, I thought he was in love with you."

"No—not that—I mean with me," Dora answered, all the tightness coming back again, her voice choking a little. What could he have said? Mrs. Gates coughed something that made her wonder. But she let the talk away, and at six Dora left, happy in her memory of the visit, dreading the late supper and the cross and hungry men at home.

Monday—Gloria Returns

HALL'S SWEEPING MEASURE

Senator Hall is obviously a consolidator par excellence. For years various legislatures have been nibbling at the problem and getting nowhere, but now comes along the gentleman from Coos with a plan that certainly will get somewhere.

It consolidates everything in sight. Or rather it eliminates. Eliminates is the word, for it affects sixty-four boards or commissions.

We are not now criticizing the idea of the senator. We are fascinated by its very boldness and we may in the end join the chorus in its support. We want a little time to think it out. There is danger, indeed, in thinking too much about it, for a thousand objections may be discovered and many of them will be valid. But what of objections? Do they outweigh the benefits? It will take time to find out.

What we shall want to know, mainly, is whether or not the senator's plan—something that it is practicable—will not create a bureaucratic form of government, with a professional officeholding class in charge, the ultimate result being that the state government will be taken out of the hands of the people? That is \$10.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Pacific Coast Timber Associates to Portland Trust Co.—W 1/2 of SW 1/4, SW 1/4 of NW 1/4, sec. 32 tp. 20 S R 5 W, \$10.

Can You Beat It! By Maurice Ketter

Copr. 1931, (N. Y. Eve. World) by Press Pub. Co.

Don't forget the finger bowls.

Gee! Haven't I enough to do without that?

Stylish people like to wash their finger tips at the end of a dinner.

It's all foolishness.

I know it is, but if we entertain society we must do the proper thing.

Rot!

I know it's rot, but please do it for me.

Don't spoil my dinner party.

All right, ring twice the guests ready to wash.

I guess it's time for them to wash their finger tips.

If anybody wants to wash their finger tips there's a bathroom at the end of the hall.

CHIROPRACTIC

Is within your reach to relieve aches, as it has done thousands of cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Paralysis, Stomach Troubles, Constipation, Headaches, Heart Trouble, the many other ailments of the body.

CHIROPRACTIC

Stands for Truth, Science, Common Sense and Results. It to yourself to investigate Chiropractic and what it will do for you.

Examination Free DR. GEO. A. SIMON Over Ludford

Only Experienced, Licensed Optometrists

Woman's Work

It's never done, you know, but it may be done easier and more quickly if mother's eyes are properly fitted with glasses. She has to use her eyes in mending, darning, sewing, reading to the kids—it's most important that her eyes be kept in condition.

Make it a point to ask if mother's glasses are their duty every day—and if there is any doubt her in to see us.

We will absolutely guarantee "satisfaction or money back" within one year from date of purchase of any pair of Spectacles or Eye Glasses from us for cash. We will also repair or replace broken frames or bows of same for same time free of charge.

Dr. Sherman W. Moore

OPTOMETRIST

881 WILLAMETTE ST. EUGENE

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

IN YE OLDEN TIMES

From the Eugene Daily Guard, January 13, 1903.

Professor F. G. Young has a learned article in this morning's Oregonian on the subject of "Oregon's Problem in Taxation."

Professor F. S. Dunn, former head of the Latin department at the University, will go to Germany to complete his studies. His family will return to Eugene immediately.

Mrs. W. T. Harris and son have returned from a very pleasant trip to California.

C. D. (Charley) Thomas, left this morning for Vida where he will spend the winter with Al Montgomery, hoping to relieve his asthma in the McKenzie air.

The directors of the First National bank met this morning and reviewed conditions of the bank. The annual election of officers resulted in T. G. Hendricks, president; S. B. Eakin, vice-president;

something for the governor, the legislature and everybody to consider and to fear. It is no light matter.

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Pacific Coast Timber Associates to Portland Trust Co.—W 1/2 of SW 1/4, SW 1/4 of NW 1/4, sec. 32 tp. 20 S R 5 W, \$10.

A. C. Nielsen Sr. to Pacific Coast Timber Associates—W 1/2 of SW 1/4, SW 1/4 of NW 1/4, sec. 32 tp. 20 S R 5 W, \$100.