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KNOWN ONLY FOR HIS TOMB

So much has been written of the discovery of the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen, the youthful Pharaoh of Egypt who flourished something like 3000 years ago, and what might possibly be found in it and the mummy case, that it would seem that no new word could be spoken of the subject. Still there is a thrill in the news that the lid of the great pink sarcophagus has been opened, disclosing "a stupendously magnificent mummy case covered with plates of solid gold." There was an effigy of the king in gold—a gleaming gold man. It is announced that the opening of the colossal mummy case cannot be undertaken now because of interference by the Egyptian government with the work of the relic hunters. The richness of the tomb has been emphasized from the first steps taken in opening it. Many articles, including leather pouches, elaborately carved and painted boxes containing robes and jewels, funeral offerings and palace furnishings were removed.

The most significant thing about it, of course, is the measure it affords for the advance of civilization in estimating the importance of individuals and leaders. As Tut had not time to do much of value, even if he had had the ability, it is obvious that all the honors paid him were due to the fact of his having been in the position of king. His tomb is opened simply through a desire to study the customs of the age in the treatment of the royal dead; to see what the tomb contains. Thus there is more interest in the cloth wrappings that have endured for so long than there is in anything done by the young Pharaoh when he was in the quick. We may well imagine the practical-minded will insist that the gold and other things of value discovered in the tomb be put to practical use. Some may figure the waste of letting such a quantity of gold lie idle for thousands of years.

King Tut-Ankh-Amen will be known in history only for his tomb. But for a lucky stroke he would not have been known even for that; the place of his burial had for so long been forgotten that its location now is regarded as one of the greatest discoveries. Both the man and his tomb would have become, so far as the world is concerned, as if they never had been.

Only a few days ago there was laid to rest in Washington, D. C., with the simplest rites a man whose works will live inspiring through the succeeding ages. He represented an age that looks upon such displays as those connected with the entombment of the Pharaohs as childish—and that is a measure of the advancement of humanity.

The tree-planting campaign now under way should accomplish much toward the beautifying of Eugene. The object as we understand it is to encourage the planting of trees in the newer parts of the city, and to see that the planting is uniform—a variety of shade trees along each street. There are already many shade trees in the original city limits, in some places perhaps too many—because of their great size, but this is being remedied gradually by cutting out and pruning. The fact that the trees were not set out in a uniform manner and vary greatly in species is a more serious difficulty to overcome, and it is sought to forestall this bad effect in the newer sections by cooperation among property owners, advised by committees appointed by the Federation of Women's Clubs, a most laudable undertaking. Eugene is naturally attractive in its beautiful setting among the hills and along the river, and its greatest asset should be the beauty of its homes, its streets and its parks. Well kept lawns and parkings, uniform shade trees and beautiful parks are dependent solely upon civic pride and the educational campaigns in this direction set in motion by the women's organizations will in time accomplish the desired object of making this the most distinct attribute of our citizenship. When that time comes the tourist passing through Eugene will pause longer to look over the city and in many instances satisfy a desire to dwell permanently among such attractive surroundings. The tree-planting movement is an essential factor in the civic improvement campaign.

Why doesn't some city administration do something practical about the drainage of the area flooded during the winter season by the Amazon slough? Something ought to have been done years ago and could be done without delay if the impractical dreamers would come down to earth. Probably \$50,000, or even less, would deepen, straighten and clean out the channel where necessary to an extent that would remedy the just complaints of residents in that section. Deepening the channel at the western limits of the city has done much good, and the worst section now is above the Willamette street bridges where the channel is narrowed down so that the water is partially dammed at flood stage. That might be easily remedied. Eugene cannot afford to spend \$300,000 or any other large sum at this time on draining the Amazon slough and constructing boulevards and a park system, when all that those affected ask is practical relief. The money expended for useless engineering might have brought that about had it been used where it would do the most good.

The collapse of the Coolidge legislative program was complete when the lower house on Tuesday substituted the Garner (democrat) tax revision measure for the Mellon bill. It was shown that the house is as strongly against the administration as is the senate, and that the president is helpless to undertake anything in the way of legislation. Of course the Mellon bill should have been defeated because it was seemingly for the benefit of the Rocketellers, Fords, Mellons, Morgans and other millionaires. It proposed to cut deepest the taxes of those most able to pay, on the absurd ground that if the rich were not relieved of their taxes they would evade them anyway by investing their millions in tax-exempt securities. The idea of passing a law prohibiting the issuance of tax-exempt securities seems not to have occurred to Mr. Mellon, or if it did he rejected it. The Garner bill is the reverse of the administration measure, making the deepest cut in the taxes upon smaller incomes.

They are accusing Senator Elkins, owner and czar of West Virginia, of speculating in stocks. Did he ever do anything else?

It is thought that the public will be able to stand up under any plan of tax reduction congress may put through.

After all Sinclair and Doheny may have thought the machinery of government needed a thorough oiling.

In 1920 the people voted for a "business administration." They seem to have got it—and most of the high of-

ficials have been making a business of the administration of government and getting well paid for it.

"Keep Coolidge": Easy enough we should say with all the oil that is being used on the wheels of the administration.

Her Haunted Heart

By KATHARINE MOORE

Author of "Love," "The Woman-Hater Husband," Etc.

WHEN COURAGE FAILS

Chapter 40

Patricia walked home alone on the country road, her feelings ranging from a faint hope to a despairing hopelessness. She had herself, she thought, Quentin had not even yet said "I love you" and she seemed to her as if all the people she loved were about to take the one she loved away from her.

"If everybody is talking—of course there will be someone to tell him," she thought. "I'll tell him myself, as if all her past, all her little indulgent vanities with Quentin, were standing about to testify against her."

When she reached home and let herself in at the cottage door she looked about her at everything with a conscious feeling that the past had robbed her of all the future. All the lovely comfort of her little home was haunted with accusing memories. It was as if everything was tainted, or was about to be taken away from her.

And the more she tried to get away from her thoughts the closer they closed in about her. Her only hope of relief seemed in going to David and confessing everything, yet she was afraid—afraid!

When David reached home at dinner time Patricia looked at him with tears in her eyes. Not she did not have courage enough to put his love to the test.

Yet all the while she remained silent, there was the dread that someone else might tell him. And what then? "Patricia, you don't look well tonight," David remarked just as they were finishing dinner.

"I'm fine," she said hastily, the fear of discovery clutching at her heart.

She got up from the table and picked up a handful of dishes to carry them to the kitchen.

"Don't wash them tonight," her husband pleaded. "You look tired to death."

"No—I'm not—really!" she insisted. He piled up some of the empty dishes himself and started to help her.

"Well, then, you need to get out more—it's that. We both stick around home too much. Let's dump these things in

the kitchen and go out somewhere to-night."

"Oh, no! I couldn't," she objected. He walked around the table to her.

"Come on! Let's run around and call on the Porters, I promise you in a month ago we'd drop around some night."

The dishes trembled in Patricia's hands. "I—I can't! I don't want to see anybody," she declared in desperation.

Her brain was tormenting her with the thought, "They may be some of the ones that are talking."

Her husband took the dishes from her shaking fingers and held her hands imprisoned in his own. "Now what's the matter, dear?" he questioned anxiously. "You're sick?"

Like a flower on a broken stem Patricia wilted into his arms and burst into tears. The torment in her heart was too great a strain.

As he gathered her to him she clung to him in a sort of hopeless way.

Carrying her into the living room David placed her carefully on the window seat among the cushions. As he put her down and bent over her she saw that his eyes held a look of concern.

"Now tell me what the trouble is," he demanded with emotion.

But as she looked deep into those eyes that were so eloquent with love she knew that she did not have the courage to tell him the truth. Yet she must give some reason—some excuse for her sudden tears.

A smile touched her lips suddenly. Then her arms crept up about his neck.

"I'm a foolish baby, David. Maybe I'm a little nervous today in the city. I've been married just 15 months. And you never said a word about it," she declared, then buried her face in his neck.

David's features were a picture of guilt but Patricia did not dare look at him.

David's features were a picture of guilt but Patricia did not dare look at him.

"Forgive me, dear heart!" he begged earnestly. And for answer her lips sought his and found them.

Tomorrow—Quentin Again.

Editorial Opinion

TWO SENATORS AND THE TEAPOT

(Salem Capital Journal)

According to Robert N. Stanfield, junior United States senator from Oregon, the Teapot oil scandal is "just politics" and "congress is wasting its time" in the investigation. "No conspiracy has yet been proved," he asserts, in a Portland interview, and declares "there has not been a scintilla of evidence that there is any conspiracy regarding oil leases or that there was any bribery." He continues:

"True, there are a few suspicious circumstances, such as the \$100,000 loan which Doheny gave to Fall and the \$25,000 loan which Sinclair gave to Fall and the methods used to convey these sums into the hands of Fall. . . . We know that Doheny estimated his lease on the naval reserve as worth \$100,000,000. The bureau of mines estimates it at \$200,000,000. Common sense would show that a man of the intelligence of Fall would not take a bribe of \$100,000 when \$100,000,000 was involved.

All of which throws the spotlight upon the curious commercialized psychology of our judges and senators. . . . A \$100,000 bribe in a \$100,000,000 deal, evidence of innocence, because the percentage of rake-off is too small, and who can see no moral turpitude in the robbery of the public domain for the enrichment of profiteers.

Mr. Stanfield is probably shocked that Mr. Fall is accused at all. He esteems him for too good a business man to sell out for the paltry loans so far proven. And he can see no evidence of conspiracy in the secret division of the public domain between exploiting syndicates, in the payment of \$1,000,000 to one contractor for staking out and another \$1,000,000 to another outfit for boring in, in the removal of protesting officials, in the secrecy in which all transactions were veiled and the sudden prosperity of the bankrupt ex-secretary of the industry following the loot of the naval defense.

In the mind of Mr. Stanfield, who boasts in his auto-biography in the congressional directory that he is "America's largest producer of wool and rubber" and whose only speech so far delivered in the senate was in behalf of the meat packers trust, the facts so far uncovered are merely "a few suspicious circumstances." Not probably to his amusement, they are so suspicious that they have driven or will drive from public office every official connected therewith.

On the other hand, Senator McNary, who is doing the job, while Senator Stanfield is doing the talking, is greatly concerned by the evidence unheeded of corruption and fraud, that a grave crime had been committed, that he voted for the senate resolution requesting the resignation of the Secretary of the Navy Denby, who transferred the oil reserves to Mr. Fall and who has finally, after a brief period of defiance, resigned under fire.

For voting to oust Mr. Denby, our senator is being roundly abused by republican stalwarts, who hold that because Denby is a republican therefore it is the duty of all republicans to support him. Insulting telegrams have been sent Mr. McNary for having the independence to vote to turn the rascals out, although only by cleaning house thoroughly can the republican party redeem itself.

Unquestionably Senator McNary sensed accurately public opinion, not only in Oregon but in the entire country, the fact that he voted against Denby cannot be construed as a slap at President Coolidge, but as public notice of the loss of confidence in those officials responsible for the oil scandal. The president of course, refused to be coerced, but diplomatically set rid of Denby, thereby justifying Senator McNary's action.

Both as a matter of public morality and political expediency, Senator McNary was right in voting to oust a rascally or at least an incompetent cabinet official.

WHO CAN EXPLAIN IT?

(Oregon Daily Journal)

An advertisement for sale of an issue of bonds of the Coos and Curry Ter-

Inky Thinks

What reform movements need most of all is an occasional audit.

This teapot mess won't be fatal to a national honor that survived war profiteers.

Let's not recognize Russia yet. She might expect us to suppress her rebels, also.

If you haven't time to bother with your boy, somebody of rather questionable character has.

The winter resorts have delightful golf courses for those who don't mind playing in mittens.

The ultra-conservatives in England are beginning to fear their worst hopes won't be realized.



There is one nice thing about plain walking. You don't have to cool your heels for two hours waiting for others to see off.

Washing your dirty linen in public means that you are a laundress or an author.

Somehow, afflictions seem more easily alienated in circles where incomes are above \$5,000 a year.

Dear lady, it may be brutal to shoot little rabbits; but eskalona coats must be provided in some way.

Well, you can't blame metropolitanians for falling to be polite. Nobody likes to be called a darned dick.

The only thing that prevents the formation of a third party is the conviction that it would fail that way.

The most logical argument against tax-free securities is the fact that the other fellow has them.



There seems to be an unwritten law that upholstered chairs must get comfortable with the tapestry wears ragged.

History mentions very few people that became great as a result of worrying about the servant problem.

There is one fine thing about fighting for ocean freight. We can do it without boasting that God is with us.

The discovery that her husband is afraid of her is just as painful as the earlier discovery that there is no Santa Claus.

Almost every girl reaches an age when she develops pimples and the conviction that her parents don't understand her.

Correct this sentence: "It's a beautiful breakfast," said she, "but I'd love you just as much if you never gave me anything."

RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

CRIPPLED DRIVERS

Ching Chrosmill has two waddling limbs, and he is nearly blind, yet in his pewter car he skims, while dust clouds rise behind. His Toob has epileptic fits at unexpected times; and in his scorching box he fills as I compose these rhymes. Jim Casings' boy is nine years old, and saved off for his size, yet he presents an aspect bold as on the road he flies. And Casings' grandpa's been on deck since apples first were sown, and it is said to see him trek at fifty miles an hour. For some day he will hit a cow of slay a farmer's hen, and if he seems a rickshaw, what will he look like then? Oh, any man may be deaf as to drive a steady wain, though he is deaf and cannot see, and isn't strictly sane. So fatal drivers run amuck in every blood-stained town, and if we klap a cow of slay a farmer's hen, and if he seems a rickshaw, what will he look like then? Oh, any man may be deaf as to drive a steady wain, though he is deaf and cannot see, and isn't strictly sane. 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