

EUGENE DAILY GUARD

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 16.

Let The Band Play.

Through the generosity of citizens of Eugene, the fine public spirit of the Odd Fellows band and its members and the efforts of The Guard, Eugene is to have a series of free outdoor concerts for the remainder of the summer season. It is an enterprise which The Guard believes to be worth while.

The movement, inaugurated only yesterday, has met with a spontaneous approval which indicates at once a public demand and public appreciation. This is a good sign. It is a healthy sign. It shows that Eugene people are fond of music. It is evidence that they like the fine type of music which the Odd Fellows band, known to them all, plays so well.

A considerable fund will be needed for expenses connected with the giving of this series of concerts. The Guard is asking the public to contribute to this fund, which will be administered by a committee of the Chamber of Commerce and for which a full accounting will be returned. There will be no waste and the cause is worthy.

The Presbyterian Synod.

Today the Oregon Presbyterian synod opens its session in Eugene. Its delegates are welcome. The city is honored in their presence. The people here hope they will like us well enough to want to come again.

The Presbyterian faith is an old established one. In its form Presbyterianism is one of the three principal systems of ecclesiastical polity of the Christian church, occupying a position between episcopacy, wherein the supreme authority is in a diocesan bishop, and congregationalism, wherein the authority is in the church congregation. Representative presbyters gathered into a council or presbytery of office-bearers chosen by the people, rule in the Presbyterian church. Presbyterianism is representative government in church affairs.

The Presbyterian faith is one of the rock-founded faiths of Christianity. Its teachings are well known. Its form of worship is simple. John Calvin, a Frenchman and is its most widely known exponent, was an outstanding figure in the work of the reformation. He became, while yet under 30 years of age, known all over Europe as the leader and consolidator of that movement.

Presbyterianism came to America in 1562. Its beginnings were small. Its development has been great. Its people have been and are a worthy people, deserving well of their fellows and enjoying the respect of their neighbors regardless of religious affiliation. And so the presence in Eugene of the Oregon synod delegates is generally welcomed.

The fear that the United States is becoming a land of aliens finds no support in an estimate of population just issued by the national bureau of economic research. It indicates that there were 1,238,000 births in the United States last year. Of course some of these babies are of foreign parentage, but they are all United States citizens, or will be when they attain to years of majority. The same estimate gives 112,826,000 as the present population of the country. We grow.

It helps one to realize the tremendous rate of Eugene's expansion these days to read an account of a city council meeting, such as that published in The Guard yesterday. Petitions to open streets, petitions to improve streets and proceedings to pave streets feature very largely in the council's deliberations.

It is doubtful if anyone is better qualified to speak on rural welfare work than Father E. V. O'Hara, of Eugene, who delivered an address on that subject at an international conference at Toronto. Father O'Hara has tireless energy and a high intelligence and he has used them both in acquiring mastery of his subject.

Who wouldn't be an editor! Tillamook, where the state editorial association is to gather ten days hence, is heralded as the "land of cheese, trees and ocean breeze." That isn't half of it. Red and blue huckleberries, clams, crabs, porgies and salmon are only a few of the other items.

Any investment of public funds in the welfare of children is a wise investment. The city council wrought well in appropriating the comparatively insignificant amount necessary to continue playground activities for the remainder of the scheduled season.

Sam R. Mosher, as president of the city council, has served Eugene well. It is to be hoped a way may be found to keep him where he is, notwithstanding the mere incident of his change of abode.

Do you know what prevented removal of the forest air patrol base to Vancouver barracks? Quick, energetic work by Eugene citizens. Alis volat propriis.

Drink freely of the water from Eugene faucets. It is pure and wholesome.

Now let the band play on.

Gas War Being Fought In East

ALBANY, N. Y., July 16.—One of the most hotly fought dealers' wars in years brought the price of gasoline down to 12 cents a gallon at some stations in Albany today. Two weeks ago gas was selling here for 24 cents a gallon.

WORKER INJURED
SPRINGFIELD, July 16.—Guy G. Stevens, an employe of the Glen Anderson Manufacturing company, was injured Monday while at work. He was stepping off some timber when he slipped and fell, severely spraining an ankle.

TWO COMPANIES CUT
NEW YORK, July 16.—The Stan-

Can You Beat It! By Maurice Ketten



EUGENE A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO

From the Guard of July 17, 1899.

The city council has voted to purchase a rock crusher and engine for the city at a cost of \$1725.

The resignation of F. L. Peindler, chief fire engineer, was received and accepted at the meeting of the city council last evening.

Hop men are nearly all spraying now.

The usual large crowd spent yesterday picnicking on the river at various points.

Mrs. Joel Ware, Miss Marie Ware and Miss Laura May leave tonight for San Francisco to visit.

Frank Chambers went to Newport yesterday and returned by the over-

INKY THINKS

Opportunity knocks but once. It would make a darn poor political speaker.

A dawn-to-dusk flier sees a lot of country, but he misses the bootleggers.

After a day in the sordid marts it is comforting to pray or go see Jackie Cookin.

A visitor from Mars might think the murder car one of our most popular makes.

But how can any Frenchman be as calm and neutral as they expect their president to be?

How comforting, after being shot, to know it was a dry agent and not a highwayman.

EDITORIAL OPINION

ANY NEWS TODAY?
(Harrisburg Bulletin)

Any news today? That's the question the local newspaper man puts up to the people week in and week out. Here and there a note is jotted down of some minor happening and when the week rolls around the paper comes out with many mentions of home people as they come and go, or as they meet with good or ill fortune. This quest for news may seem trivial to some, and is linked in the mind of some small town stuff. But just the same the larger papers are always keenly alert for just the same kind of news as the Bulletin publishes every week. The Eugene papers cater to the small news items. News, no matter how insignificant it may seem to those who give it, is gladly accepted by papers in towns many times the size of Harrisburg. In fact it is the splendid local news columns of the Eugene papers and the Albany papers that make them welcome at the family fireside. The world over there isn't any difference in people when it comes to reading of things that themselves do or that their friends and neighbors do. So when your local newspaper man asks "Is there any news?" do not put on a bored look. It isn't small town stuff at all. It's the pulsating heart throbs of the community's activity that we're wanting to record.

Rippling Rhymes

By WALT MASON

STARTING WRONG
Before he married Sarah Jane he built a cotchise in the lane, and furnished it, with loving care, from attic to the cellar stair. He thought how joy would light his eyes, when he had sprung his small surprise. "Few brides," he said, "however sweet, find homes all ready and complete." And when the pastor, large as life, had deftly made them man and wife, the husband led his blooming bride to that new house, and stepped inside. "This is your home," he proudly said; "the floor, the roof, the walls, the lovely chromes on the wall, the gorgeous whatnot in the hall—I bought them all, and not a cent is owed by me to any gent." From room to room she slowly crept, and then sat on the floor and wept. She sprinkled plain and fancy tears and gashed her teeth and wrung her ears. The things her loving James had bought to make the home a beauty, spot but filled her bosom with despair; discordant colors everywhere; and chairs and tables that were screams, and pictures that would spoil one's dreams. She could not bear to let the truth to James about that misfit boob, and so she lived among his junk while her artistic spirit shrunk; and off the weary husband sighed, "Why is she sad, my fair young bride? Why does she shudder when she views the lovely purples, pinks and blues which make our cottage all the style? What can I do to make her smile?"

ABE MARTIN

The government has just paid final bills incurred by the naval disarmament conference two years ago. They represent claims growing out of canceled contracts for work on battleships and cruisers scrapped by agreement with the other powers, and agreed to by the United States.

POST OFFIS



CLUB DESTROYED

SAN RAFAEL, Cal., July 16.—More than \$50,000 damage was sustained here on Tuesday when fire destroyed the Marin hotel. The Shriners' club and threatened for a time the fashionable Hotel Rafael, on the grounds of which the club was located. Scores of half-clad guests fled to the street as the flames roared dangerously near the hotel.

In Lighter Vein

Science is Wonderful.
(The Humors)

It is declared that it will shortly be possible to connect a telephone subscriber in London with any one in New York. Perhaps, when that is done, they will see about connecting telephone subscribers in London with any one in London.

Quaint Russian Custom.
(The Continent)

Bright Boy—"In Siberia they don't hang a man with a wooden leg."
Innocent Boy—"Why not?"
Bright Boy—"They use a rope."

Pretty Good.
(Answers)

He—"How is that back tire on your side, Eunice?"
She (looking over the side of the car)—"Oh, it's all right. It's flat on the bottom, but it's round on the top."

Good Job
(The Continent)

With a view to guiding the cook to selection of a quieter summer hat than she had worn the previous season, Mrs. Smith spoke of some violets she had seen in a milliner's window. "They're almost exactly like those in our garden," she said. "You've seen those often."
"Indeed I have, mum," returned Mary. "I was after waterin' them this very mornin'." "What is your mornin', how natural the Lord can make them!"

On Her Way
(American Legion Weekly)

They were on their honeymoon trip in the mountains, and the bride's mother had insisted on accompanying the otherwise happy couple. Suddenly the groom let out a yelp. "Phyllis! Phyllis!" he shouted. "Your mother has fallen over a cliff." "Heavens!" screamed the young woman. "Is she badly hurt?"
"Not yet! She hasn't stopt!"

Did You Ever? Stop to Think?

By E. R. WAITE, SECRETARY, Shawnee, Okla., Bd. of Commerce

THAT a whole lot of cities are sleeping on their possibilities.

THAT a few dark clouds won't permanently darken the horizon of any city.

THAT knockers who claim the home city a dead one rarely ever see a shrike in a live one.

THAT the growth of any city depends upon the loyalty of its citizens. Selfish people never build, they tear down.

THAT loyalty to one's home city brings results—it makes a lot of real citizens. It takes real citizens to make a real city.

THAT in order for a city to go ahead, its citizens must have initiative. The great force behind progress is initiative.

THAT initiative is the power to see and start something worth while. Where initiative is used bigger cities are built. Where initiative is killed the building of a city ceases.

THAT the citizens who have initiative and civic pride are great assets to any city.

THAT some business men should realize that time spent in civic work is time spent on their work for their business—for what helps their city, helps them.

When a big portion of the business men of a city spend all their time making money and spend no time boosting the home city, development of the home city, slows up and so does business.

One of Filters at City Plant In Use First Time Today

One of the new filters at the city water plant was placed in operation Tuesday, so that there is less danger than before of a water shortage in the city now. Within a short time the other new filter will also be placed in operation, and the supply will withstand the heaviest demands, it is said.

Earlier in the summer, when hot weather persisted, the water supply ran short because there was a lack of filtering capacity at the plant. The two new filters, however, will fill the demand perfectly.

Terminal Beauty Shoppe

Manicuring, Hair-dyeing, Hair-bleaching. We specialize in Marcelling and Belcano facials. Ground floor new Terminal Bldg. No stairs to climb. Open evenings. Phone 1860 for appointments.

CREDIT MAY BE A NECESSITY

Perhaps now, you are able to pay cash for the things you buy. But there may come a time when it may be necessary to go into debt. Establish your credit by paying your bills now with First National checks. Those accepting them acknowledge your ability to pay and it will not be long before you and your honesty are known.

40 Years of Helpful Service

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Eugene
SINCE 1863

The Girl Who Did Not Care

By KATHARINE MOORE
Author of "Love," "The Woman-Hater Husband," etc.

CONFLICTING EMOTIONS
Chapter 15.

Out in front of the hotel they procured a taxicab and started up town. Rosalind was eager to show Leah her latest victory, and that a small part of it was the fact that Guy approved and had gone with her. Guy was not so lappy. As the taxi drew nearer and nearer to its destination he became doubtful and uneasy. His conscience was troubling him.

"I can't stay but just a minute, Rosalind. I'll have to hustle back to the office," he explained as they neared the Dell house.

"Oh please, Guy! I need you." Rosalind coaxed. She slipped a gloveless hand into the mass of stubby black curls at the back of her neck. Her eyes were dancing with joy and anticipation.

"But I have to hurry back to the office. I've missed over two hours already," Guy argued.

"Couldn't you just not go back at all this afternoon? You haven't any lunch—and I'm starved, too. Please, we can go down town again. I'll have tea, some place and dance," Rosalind caught Guy's hand and drew it over in her lap.

"Don't be foolish. I'd love to do it, but I can't afford to lose a good job by being too rash," Guy explained smiling at her.

Rosalind's brows puckered heavily. She patted Guy's hand as it rested in her hair. "You shouldn't have to work like that. It's too hard—and—beastly." She looked into Guy's eyes with a sudden seriousness which faded the smiles from her lips.

"If only you were my brother—or, or something vastly nicer—you wouldn't have to work like that." She dropped her hand and jumped for the taxi door with flaming cheeks as the car stopped suddenly in front of the Dell house.

Guy's blue eyes followed Rosalind's graceful form as she sprang up the steps without waiting for him. He turned to pay the taxi driver. His cheeks and brain were flushed with the meaning of Rosalind's impetuous remark. He felt suddenly very conscious of the thinness of his wallet. He hit his lip. It would not be hard to have a satisfying nurse without having to work like a dog for it.

He hurried after Rosalind. Just then he did not mind very much what Leah thought. He had done nothing wrong by going with Rosalind to have her hair bobbed. Besides he was not really engaged to Leah. He had never definitely committed himself. He didn't believe he had really ever intended to marry her. Leah was a dandy girl, and they had been good pals together.

As he reached the porch, Leah was just opening the front door to Rosalind. He followed Rosalind into the hall. His face was flushed with a strange new excitement.

Rosalind jerked off her hat and shook her black curls in front of Leah. There was something flaunting in the expression of Rosalind's darling black eyes. Leah caught the look and its meaning and she stood her ground with the dignity of a princess. Even Guy caught the glint of challenge which flashed between them. They were like two superb young animals watching each other in silent hatred.

Guy felt decidedly uneasy. He would have liked exceedingly to have been able to run for cover. Like all men, he was a coward in the presence of feminine animosity.

Leah refused to give Rosalind any satisfaction. She turned word and walked into the parlor. Rosalind had no intention of putting aside so easily. She had won her victory and she wanted the word of it.

"What's the matter? Jealous? Of course I didn't expect you to be about it," she taunted from the mirror which hung above a table and admired her bobbed hair. "No, hardly jealous! I'm amused to think you would be a fool!" Leah returned with a her pretty head.

Rosalind's black eyes narrowed. She stood by the parlor window. The lace curtain. She came to him with a sneer on her lips.

"Your amusement does not me in the least. Your friend, Mr. Tom, approves quite satisfactorily. I find his judgment much more than yours," Rosalind sneered.

Guy's position was becoming dangerous. He hardly knew to do and yet he wanted to stay and get away as quickly as possible.

"Please don't scold the kid. Everbody's doing that sort of now. It looks well, don't you think?" Leah interposed. He edged Leah with the idea of getting in as soon as he could and getting out of the house.

Leah looked at Guy with some in her blazing eyes, but she spoke.

"If Rosalind is silly enough to love every latest fad and don't look for your pleasure, don't I mind. Only remember, I value self too highly to do that for any other man." Leah turned in the next minute. She saw her ankles disappearing up the stairs. Guy felt whipped. He knew he made a mess of things. He knew the best thing to do was to get out. He grabbed his hat and went out the front door.

Leah went up to her room. She was too angry to feel pride. She could not cry, for her heart was cold as ice.

And down in the parlor Leah knew that her victory had not a success. She went over and at her hair in the mirror. She felt for she knew that she would again.

Tomorrow—Hunting Comed

Salvation Army Heads Here Get Honolulu Offer

Adjutant and Mrs. Jesse J. of the Salvation Army here have offered a post in Honolulu with Army, but have indicated their preference to remain in Eugene, it became known today.

"We like Eugene too well to unless we are definitely somewhere else. Then we must come," Mr. Roe said.

It was expected that they would be allowed to remain in Eugene.

You will be pleased if you have your glasses fitted by Watts & Wallace

790 Willamette St.

The Chef says— KITCHEN BOUQUET

For more delicious Sauces and Salads

Made from fresh vegetables. Gives rich flavor, color and taste to all-home cooking.

Mushroom Sauce
3 tablespoonfuls Kitchen Bouquet; 1/2 cup butter; 3/4 cup flour; 1 teaspoonful salt; dash cayenne; 1 teaspoonful onion juice; 2 cup milk; 1 can mushrooms. Melt the butter, add flour and milk gradually, stirring all the while. When cooked add the salt, cayenne, onion juice and Kitchen Bouquet. Drain and chop mushrooms, add to sauce and cook 3 minutes.

Cream Sauce
Cook together one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, and gradually one pint of milk; let simmer ten minutes after all the liquid has been added; season with salt and pepper and add Kitchen Bouquet to taste.

Potato Salad
2 cups cold boiled potatoes (diced) 2 sweet peppers chopped fine 1/2 cup finely chopped celery 2 hard-boiled eggs chopped fine 1/2 cup chopped walnuts 1 onion chopped

Makes a dressing as follows:
1 teaspoonful Kitchen Bouquet 2 eggs 1/2 cup cream 1/2 cup vinegar 1 tablespoonful butter 1 tablespoonful olive oil Beat up eggs, add cream, vinegar, salt and pepper and salt. Put in double boiler, stir constantly until it thickens, remove from fire, add the butter and set aside to cool. Add KITCHEN BOUQUET and olive oil, mix with the salad and serve on lettuce leaves.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send 10 cents for the folder containing other recipes sent free on request.

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