THE EUGENE GUARD

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PAUL R. KELTY, Editor, EUGENE S. KELTY, Business Manager.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 14

From the Top of a Steep Trail.

From a point on the McKenzie highway, near the summit on the Lane county side, there starts an overgrown trail. One uninitiated could hardly hope to find its starting point near the roadside, but Forest Supervisor Macduff knows where it begins.

The trail leads up a mountainside so steep that in some places it is almost perpendicular. It is an old trail and has been seldom used in recent years. As a result of this fact it is obstructed by overhanging and protruding branches and limbs of young trees growing along it. The footing is firm but progress is impeded by these obstructions. The trail zigzags like a railroad switchback.

He who perseveres in its ascent will reap a rich reward. A view is spread out from this trail's top of surpassing glory. Away to the left stand in their silent majesty and all in full view the Three Sisters. Little snow is on them now, except in the sunken places and on the glaciers. But the absence of the usual snows causes the barren ruggedness of the peaks themselves to become accentuated, and gives the beholder an added appreciation of their wonder. A deep scallop marked by new-growth trees marks quite plainly the boundaries of a crater extinct since the far centuries back beyond the time of recorded history. High up the side of the middle Sister loom in view the obsidian cliffs. To the south is Little Brother and away to the north the Husband, an insignificant looking enough peak to carry the conventional relationship that a mere father usually bears to three such magnificent daughters.

Slightly to the right and almost in front of the North Sister from this vantage point there tumble into view Linton creek falls. Half way up the mountainside the falls first appear, a long plunging stretch of white water. Lower down they disappear, only to appear, disappear and appear for the third time, finally pluging their flood into Linton lake. The northern and western half of this lake is in view. Its waters are light light gray, colored by silt from the glaciers. Its lower end is dammed by the lava flow which can be traced with the eye back along the lower reaches of the mountains to the old crater which spouted it forth in the ages gone.

Away to the right is a magnificent stretch of unbroken green fir timber, unmarred by fire and unscarred by the axe. At one's feet the highway, forming a complete horseshoe and then stretching for a visible distance of ten miles or more either way. Automobiles come and go. But for the sight of them one might think himself transported to a virgin wonderland.

There are many beautiful scenes in the McKenzie country. But one who has climbed Macduff's zigzag trail and contemplated this particular view doubts that there exists its equal.

Candidates' Speeches.

One learns by reading the Democratic partisan newspapers that the acceptance speech of John W. Davis carried compelling truth in every line and that adoption of its preachments through election of Mr. Davis as president will mean complete abatement of every evil to which the country is heir and the dawn of the millenium. And by reading the Republican partisan newspapers one learns that this same speech was without redeeming feature as to content or construction and that it holds out to the country nothing whatever of promise. Between these two rather ridiculous extremes, of course, the truth regarding the Davis speech really lies.

Tomorrow we shall have the Coolidge speech of acceptance and then the two branches of the partisan press will do their stuff again but with reverse emphasis. Democratic newspapers which have just been declaiming in the role of affirmative advocates will take the negative. Republican newspapers will abandon the negative and assume the affirmative. What the newspapers on each side will say is as well known now as it will be after it is said. The choice of words in each case is the only detail lacking. But by the republican partisan press the Coolidge speech stands indorsed in advance in full and in detail; by the democratic partisan press it is totally condemned before read.

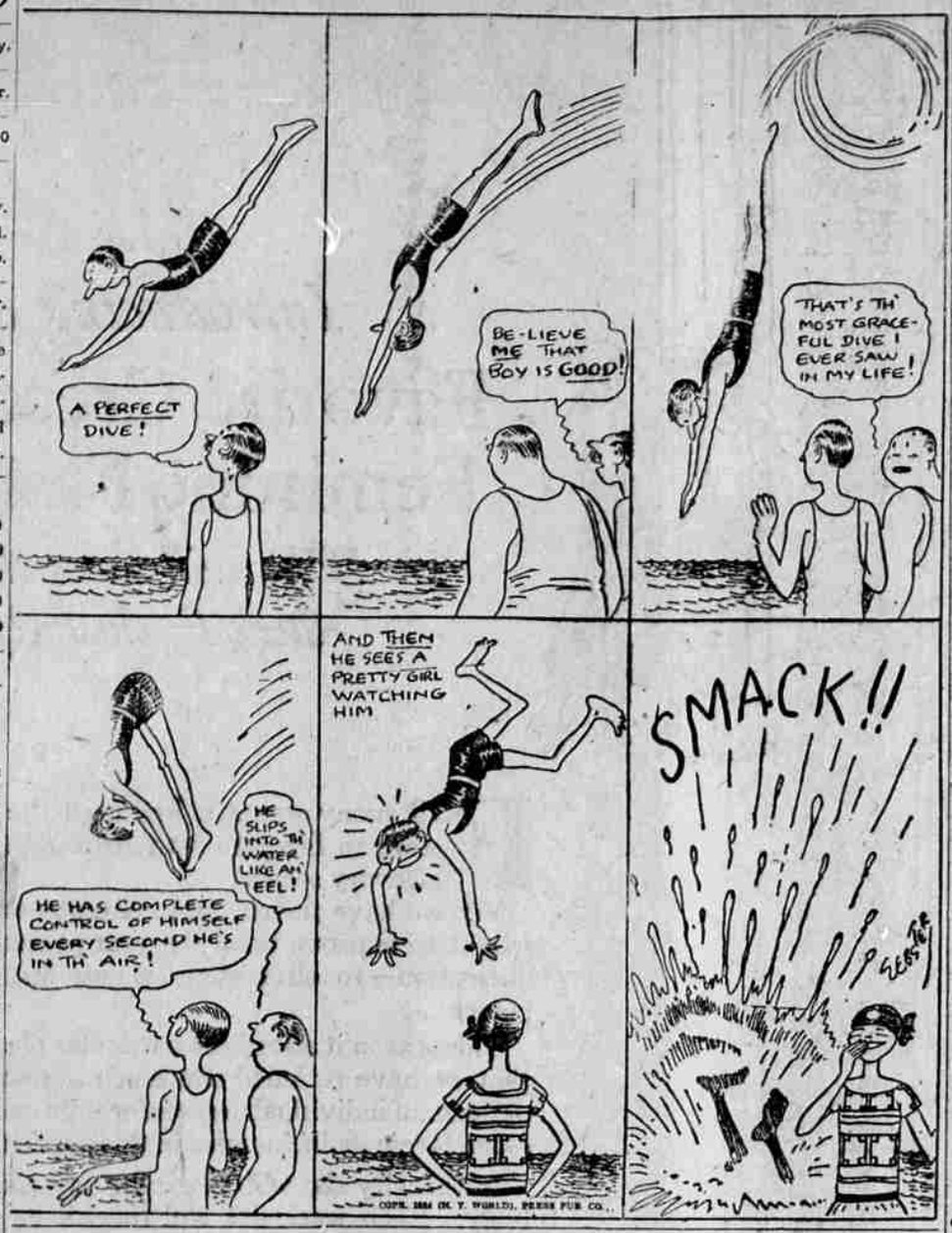
As for the Guard, it is not a partisan newspaper. As an independent newspaper it has published in full the acceptance speech of Mr. Davis. It will publish in full the same way the acceptance speech of Mr. Coolidge, and that of Mr. La Follette if he makes one. Later it will have comments to make concerning them all. But the basis of those comments will be the merit or lack of it in the various measures advocated by each of the candidates. They will not be based upon partisan party bias.

Clear lake water is remarkably free from bacteria, according to results of a test just announced by Professor Berry, bacteriologist at Oregon agricultural college. The more we learn about Clear lake water the better it appears.

A big celebration of the opening of the final link in the west side Pacific highway is being planned at Monmouth for early September. Eugene should and doubtless will be represented.

Seventeen days to the end of the straw hat season. Thought about a fall lid yet? Neither have we.

The Fancy Diver — By Webster



In Lighter Vein

It May Glitter, But—
(American Legion Weekly)
Midas was crowing over the gift that enabled him to turn everything he touched into gold.

"But think of me," grumbled Mrs. M., "having to keep all this stuff polished!"

Slightly Off Color.
(American Legion Weekly)
Cannibal Waiter: "So you think this hash doesn't taste right, my lord?"

Cannibal Chief: "It certainly doesn't. It tastes as if you had a commercial traveler mixed in with a missionary."

Wrong Call.
(Medical Review)
The doctor rushed out of his study in a state of great excitement.

"Get my bag at once!" he shouted.

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired his wife.

"Some fellow has just telephoned he can't live without me," gasped the medical man as he reached for his hat.

His wife gave a sigh of relief.

"Just a moment," she said gently. "I think that call was for our daughter, dear."

Save the Moon.
(London Punch)
In a recently published book Dr. E. E. Fournier D'Albe points out that if any one were to strike a match on the moon the fact could be discovered on earth in one second by means of selenium. This warning should deter people from striking matches on the moon.

A Dig From a Pessimist.
(St. Joseph News-Press)
Many persons who pass for optimists are merely too lazy to kick.

In Training.
(Ohio State Journal)
Our eminent dietitians inform us that beets are a very valuable food, imparting energy, and we are now eating all the beets we can possibly choke down in order to store up energy to fight spinach with.

Accounting for Her Blinder.
(Buffalo Enquirer)
Justice may wear a bandage over her eyes to save herself from discouragement at the sight of the work she ought to do.

A Fable of the Times.
(Richmond Times-Dispatch)
Once upon a time there was a young man who didn't honk his horn for the girl to come out and get in his car.

Oregon Briefs

The state highway commission has called for bids for a new bridge to be erected over the Tualatin river about a mile west of Hillsboro.

Pendleton grain men estimate that half a million bushels of wheat have been sold in that city during the last few days at $1.25 to $1.30 a bushel.

At the request of the granges of Douglas county, the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce is considering plans for a home products show this fall.

The bad road on the Siuslaw road known as Kelty hill, two miles from Lorane, is being eliminated by the building of a better grade around it.

Members of the Oregon Irrigation congress have received notice that the annual meeting this year will be held at Klamath Falls September 7, 8 and 9.

A. M. Simmons, secretary of the Grants Pass Chamber of Commerce, has resigned and will go to Dinuba, Cal., where he will manage property interests.

W. L. Hodson, fined $1000 at Roseburg and sentenced to 60 days in the county jail on a charge of possessing a still, has been granted a conditional pardon by Governor Pierce.

With La Grande using river water that is not entirely satisfactory, deep well water is being sold in the city with prices all the way from 1 cent a glass to 25 cents a gallon jug.

Mr. and Mrs. McArtor and child of Caldwell, Idaho, are in a La Grande hospital with serious injuries as a result of their automobile leaving the grade four miles west of that city.

With the starting of operations at the Cameron mill in Albany last week, C. C. Cameron now has four mills running in Linn county with a daily output of about 70,000 feet of lumber.

At a recent meeting of the Oregon and Washington Veterinary association at Tacoma, Dr. E. R. Derflinger of Eugene was elected president and Portland chosen as the 1925 convention city.

Formal recognition by the war department of Company G, 186th infantry, as an integral part of the national defense has been received by Martin V. Nelson, captain of the Astoria organization.

EUGENE A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO

From the Guard of August 15, 1899.

Horace Burnett went to Independence today to visit his parents.

L. Green recently returned from San Francisco at which place he was granted the degree of P. Ph. B.

G. W. Griffin went to Cottage Grove today to take charge of the branch store of the Griffin Hardware company for a couple of weeks while Mr. Vanderburg goes into the Bohemia mines to represent some interests in the way of assessment work.

H. W. Rowland, city editor of The Guard and Hon. S. M. Yoran left today for the Bohemia mining district.

D. C. Kellems and T. S. Handsaker will preach at the Harmony school house next Sunday and a basket dinner is being arranged.

Hops have not been damaged by rains so far this year, growers report. The vines are also free from lice and promise a good yield.

One of the grandest affairs ever held on the upper river was the dance given at the Log house hotel, McKenzie bridge, Thursday evening. Before the sun had set the guests began to arrive from every direction in carriages, wagons, hay racks, horseback and on foot until 25 couple had assembled.

William Frazier, sheriff of Multnomah county is here purchasing cavalry horses.

Zion item: We are having heavy rains and lots of grain standing in the shock.

ABE MARTIN

Good listeners are almost unknown these days, an' we ourselves have got so we kin look interested an' still be thinkin' about gittin' our car panted or our heels evened up. My, how time drags. Senator La Follette is only a little over seventy.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK?

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

THAT persistent newspaper advertising is the best investment that any business concern can put money into. Nothing can be compared with it to bring steady business, safety and security.

THAT the safety and success of any business depends upon the character of those directing it.

THAT business concerns who are successful have become successful by the aid of persistent, truthful advertising.

THAT progressive business men know that it pays to maintain quality and then advertise and tell the public about it.

THAT advertising is the best selling force in existence. It brings the business advertised before the public.

THAT persistent advertising means honest telling of honest goods or service.

THAT a business is an established place where something is kept that people need, to sell at reasonable prices.

THAT next, it is necessary to advertise truthfully and to continue to do so as long as a business exists.

THAT business comes where it is invited and stays where it is well treated.

Press Comment

(Benton County Courier)
(Benton County Courier-

For once the rise in the price of wheat has come at such a time that the grower benefits. In one Kansas county well informed men estimate the crop had increased in value an even quarter million of dollars between the time it was cut and ready for the threshers. In the writer's home paper, down in southwest Missouri, a veteran miller and grain man predicts $2 wheat this year. Corn there is around a dollar a bushel. But they don't raise much corn to sell.

Danger From Fires
(Salem Statesman)
The Oregon Statesman confesses to impatience with those who are minimizing the effect of fires this time of the year under the present dry conditions. According to reports filed here the fire loss in Oregon last month was $810,410.

We can not understand how anyone should want to follow pleasure to the danger and detriment of the property interests of the state.

Who Is to Pay?
(Hillsboro Independent)
Washington county people who are joining La Follette clubs might pause long enough to consider what would follow if the senator's ideas about government ownership of railroads prevailed. Railroads at present pay a considerable proportion of Washington county taxes. Under government ownership they would pay no taxes. The situation which followed when the railroad land grant in Oregon reverted to the government would be duplicated, only greatly multiplied. The railroad paid taxes on the land. When the government took it back tax payments ceased, just as they will cease when the government owns the railroads. Somebody, however, must pay, and are Washington county farmers who lean to the La Follette platform anxious to have the tax now paid by the railroads added to their annual tax bills?

Inky Thinks

The boat-rocker knows he is safe. You can't sink a head like that.

• • •

A provincial is any man who yearns to see the Yanks lose the pennant.

• • •

Feble: Once there was a man who married money without marrying a boss.

• • •

Men are funny. When they make a call they are glad to find somebody in.

• • •

Bathing is safer this year. The few remaining sea serpents are 12 miles out.

• • •

The high-priced alienist simply thinks up harder words for the word "crazy."

• • •

Perhaps a modern girl shouldn't tell her mother everything. The dear old things are so charming in their present innocence.

• • •

Our idea of a he-man is one who drops a long fly and doesn't limp as an alibi.

• • •

A general practitioner is a funny bird. He can do it without the assistance of three nurses.

• • •

Another thing this country needs is a League of Bald-headed men to resist jokes about them.

• • •

People don't drink enough water. Note to composing room: Please don't erase the word "water."

• • •

Diligent search has yet to reveal any form of virtue that will cause a severe headache.

• • •

About the only liberty a man howls for is the liberty to do something he shouldn't do.

• • •

Well, when at last Ford has all the money we can use Ford parts as a medium of exchange.

• • •

An old-timer is one who can remember when affixing a patch was a delicate art.

• • •

It is easy to pick the fellow whose father jerked a forelock. He is arrogant and overbearing.

• • •

No man is a complete failure. At the last he can be a chamber maid in his wife's boarding house.

• • •

The way to tell a bandit from a dry agent is that the bandit doesn't always shoot when you run.

• • •

Daughter says woman is more than man's equal when it comes to being swelled up about her job.

Rippling Rhymes

By WALT MASON

MATCHMAKING

I sometimes lecture to my nieces, about their divers love affairs, but do not tear their plans to pieces—the final choice is rightly theirs. Much grief is caused by old granddaddies who interfere with love's young dream, informing maidens that their laddies don't fit in any nuptial scheme. When my niece, Jane, considered wedding Augustus Charles Upjohn DePugh, I told her she would find the sledding as tough as housewife ever knew. "For he's a sluggard and a waster," I cried in tones like sounding brass; "he is a prodigal and taster of tinhorn joys that cut no grass." She did not heed my solemn warning, she laughed to scorn my counsel true, and on a bright and smiling morning she married A. C. U. DePugh. And his success is most amazing, he wins in all he undertakes, so that his neighbors all are gazing in wonder at the smoke he makes. My niece is now a happy woman, a gladder one you'll never see; and she'd be something more than human if she refrained from joshing me. "Oh, had I fallen for your warning," she sometimes murmurs when we meet, "some other girl would be adorning my husband's home on Easy street." I shudder when I'm contemplating the mischief that I tried to do by thus denouncing and berating Augustus Charles Upjohn DePugh.

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The Guard is the medium through which many people supply their wants by using its classified columns. Telephone 1200.

Insure with Henry Tromp, 33 W. 9th.

The Girl Who Did Not Care

By KATHARINE MOORE

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

THE WEDDING
Chapter 40

Leah found Peters' caresses a much needed comfort and support. They were standing together at one end of the long reception room and the orchestra was playing ever so softly. The musician's had muted their violins and the plaintive thrumming of the harp rose sweetly above the dreamy motif of the wedding march. Leah wondered if Peter could hear the riotous beating of her heart.

Down the wide stairway at the further end of the hall, she could see Rosalind moving slowly Her long white satin train reached out yards behind her. As she came to the bottom step two little flaxen haired boys caught the very ends of it and followed slowly, spreading the wide train out behind the bride like a peacock's tail.

Leah pressed nearer to Peter and her knee touched him. She was so thankful for Peter just then. She wished he would put his arm around her. She moved a little, as if she were trying to get a better view of the bride over the shoulder of someone who stood in front of them, and the move brought her closer to Peter.

Soon she heard the resonant voice of the minister as he repeated the words of the marriage ceremony. She had a strange feeling. She did not seem to be herself at all. It was as if she were some stranger, looking down at herself and wondering why it was that she did not cry or faint. She was thankful the tears did not come.

She found herself looking down at the floor in front of them, and he consciously she knew that she was looking at Peter's feet, and sort o saying to herself over and over, "I'm glad they're big—I'm so glad they're big."

In the next instant—but it seemed an eternity to Leah—the crowd was laughing and talking and pushing forward to congratulate the bride a groom. Leah felt Peter's arm holding tightly to hers, and they were forced forward by the gay throng.

The next ten minutes taxed every ounce of Leah's self control to uttermost. But Leah's heart was brave and her spirit was made of the kind of stuff which makes heroes of us. She rushed to Rosalind's sid No finished actress could have more successfully veiled her real feelings. Then she turned to Guy.

"You are a lucky man, Guy Winton," she declared, beaming up at him while her eyes danced with excitement, and her hand caught his for a brief second. "My congratulations—and Peter's, too," she exclaimed tossing her head to one side as she caught Peter's hand and drew his arm through hers. Peter slipped his left arm around his wife's waist and grasped Guy Winton's hand with his right hand. Then they were forced on as the long line of guests moved forward toward the wedding party.

So far Leah had managed to move through the trying ordeal without mishap. Once as she passed a long gilt mirror in the hall she glanced at her reflection. The effect of the new gown was sweetly gratifying. It gave her confidence.

She was introduced to dozens of people and she soon found herself the center of an admiring group. Peter hovered around and watched her zealously but she hardly needed him. She was getting along better than she had expected.

The bridal party went into the huge dining hall and Leah was urged to accompany them. She was kept busy talking and laughing with the two stunning men to whom she had just been introduced. She discovered Peter trying to pull a chair over so he could be near her, but neither one of her friends seemed inclined to leave.

The waiters were passing the wedding supper.

She had just finished a delicious oyster patty, and someone was handing her a plate of salad. She saw Peter balancing a small cup of coffee and endeavoring to get passed a group of people.

"Leah—I managed to get a cup of coffee for you, dear," he told her leaning across her chair from the left. Peter knew Leah's fondness for coffee, and thought a steaming cup of it with the salad would please her.

Then someone backed into Peter from the other side. His foot caught. In the next instant the coffee was spilled into Leah's lap and its yellowish brown stain was streaking down cruelly over the flame colored gown. Leah felt the heat of it shot through the sheerness of the georgette and it seemed to burn into her very heart.

Mr. Kane next to her jumped to his feet and flared at Peter. She felt the tears rushing to her eyes, and she was afraid to look up.

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