

THE EUGENE GUARD

An independent afternoon newspaper published daily except Sunday.

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

Offices 1037-1041 Willamette Street Telephone 1200

The Eugene Guard is a member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited to this paper and also the local news published here. All rights of publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31.

Public Service Commissioners

Governor Pierce says popular election of public service commissioners in Oregon is a failure. It gives us, he tells the legislature in a special message, commissioners who serve the utilities and not the public.

Coming from the governor, who is ever champion of popular government in all its branches, such a denunciation of some of the workings of the Oregon system would be surprising except for one thing further, which is the real milk in the cocoanut. That is that the governor recommends the filling of places on the public service commission by power of appointment to be placed in the hands of himself. This, he says, would place responsibility for the acts of the public service commission upon him. The plain implication is that he would dictate its course to the commission instead of allowing the members to act upon their own judgment.

It is true that Oregon voters have not always been altogether happy in their choice of public service commissioners. There, for instance, was the case of the Southern Oregon member who was triumphantly elected on the slogan that six cents was too much for a five-cent ride on a streetcar, and who later voted for an eight-cent fare in Portland. There was the case of the commission majority which voted a 30 per cent rise in telephone rates and were recalled, only to be succeeded by two nobodies who rode into office whooping for corporation blood and promising everybody telephones at next to nothing a year, and then sat down and rested until the expiration of their respective terms because they didn't know how to do anything else. All this is disheartening enough to normal people. It must be particularly painful to a governor who believes that corporations ought to be disciplined in one way or another every day. But what would you? All of the gentlemen commissioners of whom we have been writing were of the people's own choice, nominated by them and elected by them. So were the present commissioners, whom the governor desires to displace with political henchmen of his own.

To judge by such samples of the governor's judgment in appointments as Cleaver and Spence, nothing would be gained by letting him select public service commissioners. However, there is no danger at all of the legislature following the governor's recommendation.

The Efficient Y. M. C. A.

Membership of the Eugene Y. M. C. A. is larger than it was a year ago. Its activities in all departments have increased. By national Y. standards the Eugene organization ranks higher than average for cities up to 25,000 population. All of this is gratifying. It shows the Eugene Y. is efficient. Secretary Eberhart points out in his annual report that it is becoming more and more a factor in the general life of the community. It follows, necessarily, that more people and a larger proportion of people than formerly are interested in the Y. and its activities.

The Y. M. C. A., as has heretofore been remarked in these columns, is engaged, here and elsewhere, in building men. Than this no work is more important. The Y. makes a thorough job of it. It trains boys and youths and young men spiritually, mentally and physically for their places in the world. No boy or youth or man who has contact with the Y. finds it anything less than an improving contact. None can be associated with the Y. without being benefitted, if he be susceptible to right guidance.

The Eugene Y. is planning for still greater activities for the coming year than have heretofore been carried on. There are increased demands for the work and those demands are to be met. The Y. is entitled to and doubtless will receive full public support for its programme.

Premier Herriot, of France, repeats that France will not repudiate her debts—in full. He makes it quite clear that France hopes to pay—in part. He reminds one of the man who indignantly spurned the accusation that he had misappropriated a hundred dollars, declaring that it was only eighty-nine dollars.

Somebody at Salem wants to make co-operative marketing by farmers compulsory. The scheme seems to be to make an ever and ever more paternalistic state responsible for prosperity by compulsion. Will some kind legislator please introduce a bill to make newspapers prosper thataway?

The movement for state regulation of every activity under the sun progresses apace at Salem. Senator Clark has introduced a 2000-word bill for creation of a state board of auto-mechanist examiners, with license fees and plenty of inspection.

The city of Eugene is solvent and comparatively little in debt, its financial audit, just made, shows. The report makes pleasant reading for Eugene citizens and reflects credit on its city governments, past and present.

Glittering Gloria is a bride again and a marchioness, enroute home for Hollywood and with convenient proximity to Reno in prospect.

COMMENT OF THE PRESS

Rests on the Governor (Hood River Glacier) In the first analysis the failure of the department of prohibition must rest on Governor Pierce. How many times has he been told of the delinquencies, as an official at least, of his man Cleaver? Yet the governor referred to that dignitary as a square-jawed fighter and fixed him a little more firmly in his position. The prohibition department has paid too much attention to obnoxious noising than smaller affairs that county officials could, and would have handled. It even tried to set aside a solemn treaty of the federal government with another sovereign power. Its head has carried up and down the state like the chief player in an opera bouffe. It has tried its hand at meeting out political vengeance. It has appeared so small and calibr and at times has seemed so vertically vicious that the practical minded citizenry of Oregon are ready to sweep it in to the garbage can. And yet the prohibition enforce-

ment of Oregon might have been an instrument for great good.

Unfortunate

Governor Pierce made a big blunder when he fired the whole Portland port commission, for he supplied fuel for a hostile legislature to burn up consuming him. The executive's act was ill-advised, because it cannot be justified. The result will be that the legislature will pass a law taking control of the commission out of the governor's hands and putting it in its own hands.

Women in Office

Two women now are state governors. There's Governor Nellie Ross and Governor Ma Ferguson. Up to date they are going about their business in a way that indicates fairness, good sense and civic conscience. Women hold a goodly number of high offices in state and national governments today and the first graft expose under a woman's regime has yet to come. It isn't something that can't happen, but that it hasn't happened is a most encouraging circumstance. The country—including labor—will watch the work of these two governors with a deep and sympathetic interest.

Buckwheat and Sausage

It is a grave charge that senators out of harmony with the president are making against Mr. Coolidge. Subtle not to say sinister expedients are being used by the administration, whisper its critics, to whip the wavering into line, to cajole the old-time to intimidate the potential "mavericks."

White House breakfasts, attended by lame-duck congressmen and politicians with open minds, are, according to senate cloak-room whisperers, being staged with irritating frequency. Too many senatorial knees are being thrust under the White House breakfast table.

Florida grapefruit is prostituted for base political purposes. Vermont maple syrup is corrupting the inebriate, or any one else, who the White House is bombarding recalcitrant senators and representatives with buckwheat "big Berthas" loaded with two-inch sausage shreds.

"We can beat the chief of the White House," protest the anti-administration senators, "but how can we, b rany one else, lick the White House chief? We can stand the machine gun fire of patronage withheld, but how can we resort to grapefruit's sniping? We can resist presidential vetoes, but what defense can we put up against these maple-syrup attacks? We can dig ourselves in against anathemas excommunicating us from the White House grounds, but what's the use in trying to kick these buckwheat and sausage bombs?" It isn't civilized political warfare, protest the anti-administration men. It isn't playing the game. It isn't.

Maybe it isn't. But it always has been and it always will be the White House way.

When the lion's skin falls the White House ekes it out with the fox's. No wise president ever lets hot buckwheat cakes stand between him and high achievement. No resourceful chief magistrate of the American people ever permits sausages to block the success of his administration.

Extremes

Bruce Dennis' senate resolution which would forbid the passing of an income tax or inheritance tax in Oregon forever is carrying the tax issue to the extreme. Proponents and opponents are always going to one extreme or another in legislation, when what the public is demanding is common sense middle ground.

In Lighter Vein

Why He Didn't Suit

Everybody's An Oregon man was trying to sell a horse. The animal was wind-broken but sleek. The owner trotted him around for inspection and bringing him back to the prospect he stroked the horse's back and remarked, "Hain't he a lovely coat?" The prospect removed his pipe from his mouth and said, as he looked at the flowing mane of the animal, "Yeah, his coat's all right, but I don't like his pants."

Historical Note

According to a Boston newspaper, the cross-word puzzle had its origin in ancient Egypt. This explains why the Israelites were so anxious to flee into the wilderness.

The Widening Field

Three chimpanzees are taking important parts in a new film. There are more people than ever will be justified in thinking that they have a film face.

Power of Suggestion

Aunt Mandy kept her house spotless, consequently poor Sambo was constantly being nagged about his untidy habits. One day Sambo came home to find that Mandy had presented him twins. He viewed this as something of a calamity and said rather mournfully: "Mandy, I've done cautioned you time and again to let that ole Gold Dust stuff alone—now, ah reckons you'll listen to me some heahatuh."

Salemanship Plus

The new salesman, although very enthusiastic, could not be described as altogether convincing. "This," he said, "is one of the finest blankets produced today. In material and in construction it is far above anything at present on the market. For the price there is nothing to touch it."

"What is the price?" his customer inquired. "Just a minute and I will inquire," was the reply.

Oregon Briefs

Probably the oldest married couple in Oregon, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stillwell of Bendon, last week celebrated the 60th anniversary of their wedding. Fine faces are worth their weight in gold. Fine weather is worth its weight in coal. Los Angeles chorus girl got \$5000 for a broken heart. No telling what she would have gotten if she had broken her leg. Jetty construction on the north side of the entrance to Coos bay now extends almost one mile to sea, while



WM. S. LAHMAR HOLDS HIGHEST JOB

Custodian of Washington Monument Looks Down on Whole Host of Officialdom in Nation's Capitol

BY HARRY B. HUNT
NEA Service Writer
WASHINGTON, Jan. 31.—Most folks think of President Coolidge as holding the highest job in Washington. But he doesn't. The highest job goes to William S. Lahmar. From his pinnacle of employment Lahmar looks down on the whole host of Washington officialdom.

Probably you never heard of Lahmar. He is the custodian of the Washington monument, and his office is away up at the very tip-top of that towering 600-foot shaft. For the last month, however, Lahmar has found his job wearing. Normally he rides to work, being hoisted to his post of duty by the elevator.

But this being the slack season for tourist visitors to the monument, the elevator has been shut down for overhaul and repairs, and Lahmar has to walk. Fifty flights up, each morning. Fifty flights of 15 steps each. Fifty flights down each evening, after the windows at the top have been closed and the final visitors have departed. Gives one a cramp in the legs just to think about it, doesn't it? But then—one must be willing to climb if one aspires to the capital's highest job!

Rabbi Stephen Wise of New York, who came to Washington to address Carrie Chapman Catt's "Conference on the Cause and Cure of War," worked in one of the government shipments during the late affair with Germany. As a rabbi he didn't feel called upon to enlist for front line service, but as a patriotic American he wanted to "do his bit." That was why he took the shipyard job. At a recent gathering attended by Wise and Charley Schwab, Schwab, who as head of the shipping board had been the rabbi's war-time boss, recalled how the celebrated churchman had labored in mechanic's cap and overalls. He told how, on the occasion of one visit to the great shipyards at Hog Island, he had watched with admiration the stalwart rabbi, with sweat streaming down his face, driving red hot rivets into plates of a great ship.

But Wise could have none of it. "It's all wrong," he said. "I used to have great faith in Charley Schwab's veracity. Now I don't know what to think. To begin with, I'm a mechanic. I never drove a rivet in my life. My work in the shipyards was that of common laborer, or helper. And as for Hog Island"—Wise threw out his hands in an expressive gesture of denial. "I worked at Stamford, Conn. What sort of rabbi does Charley Schwab think I am, anyway—to work at Hog Island?"

Eugene 25 Years Ago.

From The Guard January 31, 1909
Our neighboring village, Irving, we are pleased to state, is taking on new life. John Zumwalt is starting up a harness shop in the Odd Fellows building, and W. B. Yates is putting a stock of groceries in the same building.

Mrs. F. L. Washburne entertained the ladies of the High Five club yesterday afternoon at her home on Eleventh avenue east.

Water in the Eugene mill race is low, caused by a break in the mid-river dam at Judkin's point. Workmen are engaged today repairing the tank.

Miss Pauline Hodes went to Portland today.

G. N. Frazer, the foundryman from Saguin, was in town today.

C. M. Young is having the interior of his market remodeled.

W. W. Chesman, the hotel man of Springfield, was in the city today on business.

Mrs. A. M. Hendricks arrived home from Creswell today.

TODAY

(Continued from page one)
his fitness. Merely wishing for self-government does not constitute capacity for self-government. Ask Egypt or the Philippines.

Mrs. Rosella Pyle has still to learn that and experience is the only teacher. To frighten away rats she kept on her bureau a loaded pistol, with on piece of cheese just in front of the muzzle. "They'll go to the cheese, see that my pistol is loaded, then run away from my apartment, for fear I'll

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

WHEN THOU PASSEST through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.—Isaiah 43:2.

Bible Question (Look up the answer) What are children commanded to do?—Eph. 6:1.

shoot them," said she in foolish hope. Not even human beings are as intelligent as that. A little while ago they looked into the barrel of a gun labeled war. It went off, and killed 20,000,000 of them. But even that won't make them keep away from war. They used to hang murderers in public and other criminals gathered to see. But that did not stop murder.

In Madison Square Garden, Ugo Frigerio, world's champion walker, showed America how to walk. He gave the best of our walkers a big start, and beat them, with amazing ease.

That power Frigerio, an Italian, inherits from his ancestors, the fighting Roman soldiers of long ago. They built the roads of the world, in far off Britain and Asia, over the Alps, wherever Roman conquerors led the way. And over their fathers' roads the ancestors of the Italians walked up and down the earth to victory.

Merely to think about the walking done by a Roman soldier chewing his hard raw wheat as he walked, would exhaust many a modern young dancing American.

Congress, having decided to turn over the people's property at Music Shools to a private concern, shows that it cares little for public opinion. But it does not show complete lack of intelligence. It objects to having Senator Norris on the committee chosen to adjust matters between House and Senate. That's intelligent. A man like Norris, honest, able, diligent and not afraid to call a Senator a grafter, when he happens to be a grafter, can be a great nuisance on an important committee.

When there is real sickness, you need a real remedy. At Nome in Alaska, there is an epidemic of diphtheria and none of the anti-toxin that cures diphtheria. The epidemic will proceed and many will die, until the anti-toxin can be provided. Then the danger will pass. It takes real science to combat a real disease. Those that deny the value and power of scientific vaccination belong in the lower kindergarten grades. Such a statement annoys many well meaning souls but that can't be helped. Others of the same type are annoyed, if you say that Shakespeare wrote his own plays and a few still resent it, if you insist that the earth is round.

Jacksonville proposes to regulate "jay walking" by law. The pedestrian who often acts as though his life were of little consequence, will be compelled to walk the streets, as though he knew that automobiles exist. Reading newspapers as you cross the street or rushing into the road with your head turned backward to wave at your loved ones is apt to make the loved ones miss you for all time. Chickens, dogs, even pigs are rapidly learning that automobiles are dangerous. Cows and human beings never make the discovery.

The Jacksonville jay walker has an advantage over his jay brothers in New York, Chicago, etc. Evangelist Raymond T. Richey is in Jacksonville saving souls with a rapidity that is nervous when you consider how hard it is to make a man think about his soul, in the middle of a real estate boom. Already Mr. Richey has saved 3500 by actual count. If they stay saved it does not matter much whether they get run over or not. They are ready.

But it is hard to understand the man that has not got religion and still persists in jay walking. It's taking a foolish double risk. Billy Sunday should be the man to exhort the jay walker. "The first foolish step takes you in front of the rushing car and the next step will be hell, etc." Can you imagine how vivid he would make it?

CLEAVER also is getting his medicine, less for his own offenses than because he has had the support of Pierce. That Cleaver has been perhaps needlessly offensive, and ungrate-

Debaters Named For Springfield

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 31.—(Special)—Affirmative and negative teams for the coming debating season were chosen in the Springfield high school yesterday after tryouts on the Japanese immigration question. Elizabeth Walker, senior, and Benish Thurman, senior, will be the affirmative team, and Gilbert Marguth, sophomore, and Bernold Holton, senior, will be the negative team. The negative team, including Marguth, Holton and Adis Care won in the debate this morning. Principal Vern D. Bain, and Professors Alfred J. Morgan and Randall B. Scott were judges.

FORBIDDEN!

By KATHERINE MOORE
Author of "Love"

WE SAY GOODBYE Chapter 77
At last the day that I had so long dreamed of, came to pass. The Grand Central station was thronged with eager, rushing crowds that hurried this way and that, each intent on his own destination. But in the station that day there were five people whose hearts and eyes were full of tears. We were not hopelessly sad, but our feelings were wrung with the sadness of parting. And it was all because a few years of friendship had bound us sweetly and tenderly together.

Kent and a red-capped porter were endeavoring to manage two large suit cases and a golf bag. My hand gripped firmly onto Kent, Jr.'s and I eyed him zealously, determined not to let him out of my grasp for a second. Tom and Lillian Barney had come to bid us goodbye. They were sad faced, yet trying their best not to show it. Stuck deep into one of Tom's big overcoat pockets I noticed a large box, presumably candy, and I felt positive of its destination.

Lillian had already given Kent, Jr. some bright yellow jonquils, the first promise of spring to deck the florist's window. He held them up close to him, firmly grasped in his hand. "Come, we'd better go through the gate now," Kent suggested finally with just a trace of nervousness in his manner. He shifted the golf bag to his left hand and for a few seconds his right hand gripped Tom Barney's and held it firmly. Then he turned to say goodbye to Lillian.

Tom stooped down and lifted Kent, Jr. up in his arms for a minute and kissed him tenderly. "We must not be foolish," I said, trying to laugh, and at the same time blinking some tears back from my eyes. "We are not going so very far away, and you must come up to see us often. Remember, Kent will telephone just as soon as we get to right," I encouraged. "That's it, come up often for over the week-end," Kent urged warmly. "I'll see what kind of a golf course they have up there and let you know about it—we might join," he added, turning to Tom.

"Maybe you will both want to move out into the country after you have visited us a few times," I suggested. It was a little silent hope I was holding in my heart. Kent slipped his watch out of his pocket and compared it with the station clock. Saying goodbye was telling on his nerves. "Come, it's nearly time, Babs," he said, picking Kent, Jr. up in one arm and hanging onto the golf bag with the other.

I think that that minute Kent, Jr. was the only one of us who was not blinking back the tears. He held the box of candy in one hand and the yellow jonquils in the other and smiled at them over Kent's shoulder. "Goodbye!" "Goodbye!" we called back. "Goodbye, Uncle Barney."

And then we went through the gate toward our train and left them standing and waving their handkerchiefs in their hearts. After the train had started and we had gone a few miles Kent turned to me as if he had been reading my thoughts. "You must not feel so badly, dear. Friendships like that do not slip easily out of one's life. They always leave a deep hole. They will always be with us even though we cannot see them so often."

As we turned from the window and the swiftly moving landscape just in time to see Kent, Jr. slip a large chocolate candy in one large mouthful between his rosebud lips. A happy smile rushed to my face and my sad memories tumbled. I knew the future would hold plenty of work for me—and if I was a happy mother.

AN EPILOGUE Chapter 78
If you took a certain over-the-hill New York at the Grand Central station, you would find yourself arriving at an artistic, rambling brick station. There if you had the way to go, or had several easy directions, another 15 would bring you to a certain white colonial cottage with a green roof, slanting, green-tiled roof and sturdy, red brick chimneys.

At one side of the cottage over-hanging a broad piazza was a quaint old apple tree with knotty, spreading branches and abundance of cool green leaves. If it were the spring and the blossoms would see the apple tree in its light fragrance would be welcome to you as you turned in at the white gate.

But if it were in the fall of the year and the leaves of the tree were half blown and less than you might find a sturdy leaf watching he would let fly a wide shower of bright red apples to come clattering down and to be over and over in all directions. But if, perhaps, it were in the old tree, save two sturdy, half-yellow little ones on a most bough, that had been dodged the onslaught of that greyish smoke issuing from the red chimneys.

Then if you hurried eagerly to the front porch and lifted the brass knocker on the stable door, you would find me sitting welcome waiting for you to be drawn up beside the great log fire and you would soon be to feel exceedingly welcome and so soothingly happy.

But best of all, if you could look up the porch and steel yourself unheeded through the door at an obscure seat, you would see the shadows, you would see yourself even more.

For within the soft, warm from the open fireplace, you would see a man and a woman, drawn very close together, intertwined across the seat cushions. And in a corner of the room, up on a window seat and will be bent intently over a book, and thick red-gold hair falling over high forehead, you would see discover a boy, sturdy and handsome. As the evening came on, and shadows crept across the window over the book, the boy would see himself comfortably and cheerfully on the window cushion.

And then, likely, in a minute he would bound away to room. "May I play the Victrola, er?" he might ask in a clear voice. And the answer would be softly, "Yes, Kent."

Then if you listened carefully would catch some of the words of a song, "or shall brick and hold warmth and love look just if you did hear, you would see the man sitting in one of the chairs by the open fire and placed his arm lovingly on the woman's shoulder.

THE END
istic to county officials and led even to pull in (army and federal officials is quite evident. It does not appear that he has anything but sincere in his attitude at prohibition enforcement. The matter of prohibition enforcement a shiny rotten mess and the legislation shows quite plainly that have had three sets of officials state bent on double-crossing results in the way of law enforcement. One thing is certain, to open county officers alone can do in a worse force than ever in losing fight with the bootlegger the mobmaster and their amiable customers.

THE STUPIDITY of the proposition united at Salem in a complete snipe Pierce, in the front and flank, will down on them and other election enemies. They will rather more furnished than that they have furnished him them and even his enemies admit that Walter is some character. Probably no man in Oregon can sway an audience of the plain people as effectively as Mr. Pierce. Their efforts to get Pierce out of the legislature is only enhancing his influence.

ONE WAY of service is to the Legislature as it is now organized and swayed with an unshy bias and that is to adjust—something but harm can come out of seasons. The sooner the end of the better.

The body of Oliver T. Point youth who was drowned at Coquille river last week on Monday afternoon about 10:30 low the scene of his death.

MASQUERADE DANCE Stevens Hall, Springfield, Jan. 31. Cash for best couple sustained for two weeks. Second prize for most couple. Free treat for all.

SOMETHING WRONG
Hondache? Backache? Nervous? All down and out? Don't neglect yourself. Neglect may lead to serious illness.
CHIROPRACTIC
Removes the cause—Health returns
GEO. A. SIMON
Examination Free 916 Willamette St. Phone 211