

THE EUGENE GUARD

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

Some Phases of Wheat's Rise

TO THE resident of an agricultural district such as ours, the first and most general reaction to the recent rapid rise in the price of wheat is one of gratification at the seeming indication of increased prosperity of the farmer. A study of details regarding the movement reveals other interesting phases of the situation.

There is little wheat now in the hands of American farmers, certainly not more than 20 per cent of last year's crop and probably little more than 10 per cent. This is to be deplored, for the farmers who already have sold the great bulk of the crop obtained for it an average of not more than \$1.30 or \$1.35 a bushel. All above that price that wheat has brought has been the profit of handlers or speculators. Thus there will be no advantage to the farmer in whatever further advances last year's wheat has made or is making. On the contrary there is a disadvantage to farmers who, like those of Eastern Oregon, lost their fall sown grain by frost and are now buying new seed wheat at prices as much as a dollar a bushel above what they received for their own crops.

The great stores of wheat around which the present speculation is operating are not in the Pacific Northwest. There is practically no surplus wheat here. The stocks of wheat of the present are held in Chicago and a few other middle western cities, in New York and New Orleans, in Canada, in Argentina, in Australia and in India.

Practically the whole of Europe is buying, or trying to buy, wheat except Spain. So are China, Japan, Egypt, Morocco, Brazil and the West Indies. In some of the European countries named the shortage is acute and there is distress or starvation. Prominent among these is Russia, once a great wheat exporting country but reduced now, through communistic misrule aggravated by crop failure, to a position of begging bread for its daily needs.

Grain market authorities are agreed that the basis of the present high price of wheat is in a genuine shortage of world supply. Undoubtedly the rise has been further enhanced by hectic speculation. Not much is to be expected from Russia, but the other countries which had short crops last year may have full crops this year. Wheat acreage in the United States is increased over last year. These conditions indicate that there is no certainty wheat will bring an unusually high price after the coming harvest.

There is another phase of the present situation that is worthy of consideration. It relates to the consumer. There are forecasts of an early and considerable rise in the price of bread. Indeed nothing less than that can be expected when bakers exhaust their present stocks and go into the market for new purchases of flour.

M. H. de Young, publisher of the San Francisco Chronicle and one of the pioneers of the old San Francisco, is dead. He built up a great newspaper of the kind that the San Francisco public approves and demands. Contemporary of Henry Watterson, Harvey W. Scott, Joseph Medill and Charles A. Dana, he was not, in the degree that they were, an exemplar of personal journalism. Nevertheless he was an able editor. He was a man of broad charity, as well as of great enterprise, and his benefactions to his home city were substantial.

It was said of a professor of English in an American university that he was wont to tell his classes: "A preposition is the wrong word to end a sentence with." Apropos of which there is this from a recent number of John O'London's Weekly:

Child—I want to be read to.
Nurse—What out of?
Child—"Robinson Crusoe."
(Nurse gets "Swiss Family Robinson" by mistake).
Child—What did you bring me that book to be read to out of for?

Another preacher, this time one in Norfolk, Pa., has chained a monkey to his pulpit while inveighing against the theory of evolution. The news account tells us that "The pastor challenged anybody in the congregation to concede common ancestry with the simian" and that "nobody stood up." Did the demonstration triumphantly prove anything to anybody? And if so what and to whom?

Cleaver goes and the state prohibition department is continued. All quite as it should be. Now let us hope that the new prohibition commissioner has enough stamina to put a stop to Herwig's meddling.

It was snowing yesterday in Eastern Oregon. Folks here were picking daffodils.

COMMENT OF THE PRESS

Clear Lake Not Needed.
(Harrisburg Bulletin)
Eugene has declared that the Clear Lake water project is a beautiful dream and wants the legislature to go slow in enacting measures that would set up machinery for forcing joint municipal experimental improvements at tremendous expense. The attitude on the part of Eugene is somewhat startling. It knocks a leg from under a ten or fifteen million dollar advertising scheme for the Willamette valley. All at once Eugene has discovered that its water is pure enough and that its municipal power plant is quite adequate or can easily be made so. And that settles that.
So far, Harrisburg hasn't said anything. We haven't even enjoyed any part of the beautiful dream that Eugene speaks about. The thing has been more of a nightmare, an elusive thing that the small town doesn't grasp.
If there has been a point about the Clear Lake water plan that our people took interest in it was that which

oratorical, magnetic or pulchritudinous. He has neither intriguing address nor imposing front, but he has more information in his head about state government in Oregon than any other individual in the state, bar none. His information is not only in his head but it is classified and readily available. His judgment is conservative and sound and of course is well fortified by facts. The affairs of this great state would be safe in his hands.

He would have no chance whatsoever to be nominated by any convention, for he does not play politics and scores the acts of the wire-puller. He would stand an excellent chance at a direct primary. It is doubtful whether Oregon can find a more capable man for the office, and it is certain it could not find one who is more conscientious or devoted to duty. Sam Koser is 100 per cent honest.

Save the Highways

(Salem Capital Journal)
Before the legislature adjourns, it is to be hoped that sufficient penalties will be exacted from auto-truck and bus lines to recompense the state, at least partially, for the highways they are destroying by using them as a free right-of-way for commercial profit at the taxpayers expense.

Highways never were designed as arteries of commerce to supplant tax-paying railroads that maintain their own right-of-way, as is proven by the fact that Oregon's magnificent highway system, built for the convenience of the people and the attraction of tourist traffic, are rapidly being pounded to pieces. Every year the auto busses are enlarged to carry more passengers and the trucks increased in size and capacity to carry more freight and the tremendous pounding of these heavy loads is directly responsible for the disintegration of the highways. In a few years more, if something is not done to limit this traffic and curtail it, it will be necessary to rebuild the roads.

An investment by the public of \$60,000,000 is at stake. The tax should be high enough to provide a repairing and rebuilding fund. If the state and truck lines cannot pay it and make a profit the public will be better off if they go out of business.

The fees provided in the bill that has passed the house are too low to either restrict traffic or provide the necessary revenue. They should be greatly increased.

In New York

By JAMES W. DEAN
NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—He's a roly-poly little negro who earns his daily bread by hoofing nightly in a Broadway cabaret. As he is not a dancer so much by inclination as by necessity. As he puffed among the tables the other night one of the patrons asked "Can't you sing for us?" Between puffs he answered, "No, suh, Ise can hardly dance."

The familiar sight of two top-heavy patrolmen riding around in a flivver is no more. They are popularly known as "Dolly Sisters."

Now the flivver cops work solo. They drive around every street of a police precinct, reporting to headquarters by phone every 20 minutes, thus being able to reach any scene of trouble in a jiffy.

When they worked in pairs they had a much-coveted job, but it's a pretty lonely business driving a flivver eight hours by yourself, with no opportunity to chat with anyone.

Valentine day is becoming quite an occasion for gift-giving. Shopkeepers along the avenue tell me. Articles of personal adornment for the ladies and such personal things as cigar cases and cigar holders for the men are being sent instead of the old-fashioned jacy valentine.

Inconsequential statistics: 250,000 noontime lunches have been served to underfed children in New York the past year by the Children's Aid Society in its ten best centers. \$25 will give one child a noontime meal for each school day of the year. The Shady Rest Golf Club at West Field, N. J., patronized by many New York negroes, is the largest social organization of its kind for negroes in the United States. The New York Women's League for Animals cared for 11,054 animals in 1924, homes being found for healthy stray cats and dogs and unhealthy ones being put to death. Watering places for 20,000 horses a day were provided during the summer.

Heavy snow piles have been on New York streets for the past month. In those snow piles six deserted babies have been found.

One of the greatest street corner heroes of our hizzard days is a bruising big fellow who strips to his athletic underwear and delivers lectures on health. Standing there in the wintry blust is he serves as argument for the sale of his book on how to keep well.

Oregon Briefs

Union county orchardists have pooled an order of nitrate of silver and will soon have a carload at La Grands for distribution.

Due to lack of steady orders, the green machines of the planer sheds and the loading docks of the Silver Falls Timber company at Silverton have been closed temporarily.

Walter A. Holt, county agent, has placed an order for 400 pounds of certified Grimm alfalfa seed which will be planted this spring by the farmers of Clackamas county.

The cold weather did not injure the grain in the Laconic section of Lin county and the fall sown wheat looks unusually good for this time of the year.

Floyd King and others at Hermiton several days ago bought 750 head of horses from Bill Switzer for \$3.50 a head. The animals will be slaughtered for their hides and by-products.

Don A. Skene has sold the farm he formerly occupied in the Maple Lane district of Clackamas county to Frank Davis. The place contains 20 acres and was sold for \$10,000.

The public service commission has ordered the California and Oregon Coast Railroad company, which operates a line out of Grants Pass, to replace within 20 days a bridge which was recently washed away.



PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY TALESMAN

Everitt Sanders' Persuasive Ability to be Tested in Pushing "Coolidge Line" in Whitehouse

By HARRY B. HUNT
(NEA Service Writer)
WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—Fitting administration shoes to congressional feet. That, figuratively, is the really important job Everitt Sanders of Indiana must undertake in his new position as secretary to the president.

His eight years service in the house has enabled him to gauge rather accurately the size and shape of congressional "understandings."

If Sanders isn't able to "sell" the Coolidge line, built on "common sense" soles and with Puritan vamps, then he's lost the knack of salesmanship he acquired as a shoe salesman back in Terre Haute and Bloomington, Ind.

If he "sells" the line, then congress will march comfortably along with the president for the next two or four years.

If he doesn't then there'll be a lot of limping, much pain and anguish, and many gaps in the ranks where stragglers with misfits have dropped out of line.

Sanders, like Coolidge, is a serious sort. Son of an underpaid Hoosier minister, he had to make his own way through normal school and college.

While clerking in a Terre Haute store, the year before he entered college, he intimated to the proprietor one evening that he'd like to take the next Saturday off.

"That's not a very convenient day," his employer answered. "It's always

our busiest time. Wouldn't some other time do just as well?"

"Well—it would be a bit inconvenient," Sanders is said to have replied. "You see, I've arranged to get married Saturday."

Unlike C. Bascom Slemm, whom he succeeds as aid to the president, Sanders is lacking in that indefinable quality known as "magnetism" or "personality."

By contrast with the tall, swarthy, suave Slemm, he seems unimpressive and colorless.

Physically of rather stolid build, with a large head and heavy shoulders, Sanders looks miscast in a secretarial role. There is a sallowness to his skin that suggests his big body would be benefited by an outdoor job.

The tensely intent lines on his face, too, suggest that it is his will power, his determination, rather than his personal preference, which holds him behind the big flat-topped mahogany desk in the office adjoining the president's.

For a time at least, following inauguration, the White House is to lose its "star boarder."

That title has been bestowed, by common consent, on the pudgy, well-fed figure of Frank W. Stearns.

Not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has any individual not a member of the presidential family spent so much time at the White House as has Stearns.

But after March 4 he is leaving for a two-month stay in Europe—on vacation.

25 Years Ago

(From The Guard Feb. 17, 1900)
Louis Aya has purchased the tin and plumbing shops of the Griffin Hardware company, and will take possession on March 1. The shops will remain as at present in the annex of the Griffin company store in the I. O. O. F. building. Mr. Aya is moving his other business from his present quarters in the Grange building.

Frank Jordan is visiting in the city from Cottage Grove.

The section men on the railroad are busy putting in several hundred new ties in the Eugene yard.

Some water pipes were frozen this morning. Look out tomorrow morning if you want to save a plumber's bill.

Cottage Grove has 300 school children as against 323 a year ago.

At 6 o'clock this morning the thermometer registered 27 above.

F. L. Chambers has just received one-half ton garden seed in bulk.

W. H. Alexander, the well known building contractor of Eugene, has gone to Cottage Grove to look over the situation in regard to building improvements this summer.

In Lighter Vein

Cigar Magic.
(London Tit-Bits)
During a music hall performance there was a sudden commotion at the back of the stage, and the manager dashed behind.

"Look here," he said, "what the deuce is all this row?"
A scene shifter smiled broadly.
"I've know the magician who eats

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Is Not This the Fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?—Isaiah 58:6.

Bible Question.

(Look Up the Answer)
What act of God should we particularly follow?—1. John 1:11.

fire" he said. "Well, he's just put the wrong end of a cigar in his mouth!"

Dream Clouds.
(London Answers)
Their life had been very happy. Not a cloud had marred it. Then one morning the wife came down to breakfast morose and wretched.

She would hardly speak to him. Finally the young man insisted that he be told why his wife was treating him so badly. She looked up with tears in her eyes, and said—

"John Smith, if I dream again that you kissed another woman I won't speak to you again as long as I live."

Force or Habit.

(Penn Punch Bowl)
"What's all the noise?"
"Oh, that's just a barber shaving himself."

"But why all the noise?"
"He's trying to persuade himself to have a shampoo."

How Great We Are.

(London Tit-Bits)
On the boat train a visitor from the United States was comparing the extensive railways of America with the short systems of the United Kingdom.

"Say," he said, "I can board the cars in my home state of Kentucky at seven in the morning. I can travel all that day and all that night, and at eight the next morning I am still in Kentucky. I guess the old country can't show anything like that."

"Ah!" replied a voice from behind a paper, "we have got trains like that—but we don't bust about them."

Sat Upon

(American Legion Weekly)
Dad—"Stella, who sat on that newly painted bench in the garden?"
Stella—"Harold and I."
"Well, you must have ruined your clothes—both of you."
"Not both—only Harold's."

Good Tactics; Wrong Place

(American Legion Weekly)
Kind Gentleman—"You wouldn't be in jail now if you had learned a business and gone in for yourself when you were young?"
Sad Convict—"But that's just what I did do. I worked in a mint."

Tom Sims Says—

ISN'T it a pity you can't trade in your old shirt on a new one like trading in an old auto on a new auto? Bad news from Bangor, Maine.

So much snow a farmer claims he had to jack up his cows to milk them.

If it keeps snowing in Maine they'll have to sweep the snow off the lawns next spring so they can cut the grass.

Another movie star married again. It's always again. A movie star must feel thrilled when she is married first time.

A young lady who married recently tells us she just can't get over listening for the chaplaine.

Boys are not as much trouble as girls. You know a boy will do things he shouldn't, but you always hope a girl won't.

A confiding daughter is one who tells mother all about her little necking parties.

Rowell's Comment

By CHESTER H. ROWELL
Newspaper and political discussion of the French debt still treats it as if it were merely a question of right or wrong.

We think we have proved something when we show that, morally, the French ought to pay.

The French wasted six years demonstrating the same thing about Germany. Then they woke up to realize that it had exactly nothing to do with the case.

You cannot escape the inevitable merely by arguing it is wrong, nor attain the impossible by proving it is right.

Of course it is right that the French should pay, and wrong that our citizens must be taxed to repay what we borrowed to loan them.

Prove that until you are tired. Then forget it!

The real solution begins only when that state of mind is ended. Then we may be ready for some Dawes commission to find out what, and when and how, France can pay.



"A penny for a cotton ball.
A penny for a needle.
That's the way the money goes—"
—OLD SONG

HOW DOES YOUR MONEY GO?

Small sums, whether spent or saved, mount up rapidly. You must spend—but you can also save. An interest account with us encourages thrift, enabling you to make small deposits regularly at compound interest. THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GROWS.

It is easy to open an account. Just call and make your first deposit of \$1.00 or more.

BANK OF COMMERCE EUGENE, OREGON



Takes the "rush" out of breakfast!
Time saved is time made! One, two, three minutes—in triple-quick time—Albers Minit Oats spring to your breakfast table piping hot, ready to eat!
The magic of pre-cooking does it! Scientific pre-cooking at the mill! By an exclusive Albers process!
Albers Minit Oats bring you all the health-enjoyment of old-fashioned oats plus new-fashioned convenience. And, in addition, a new, delicate, nut-like flavor—a tasty taste you never found before in oats.

an **Albers** Better Breakfast Cereal

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That All May Know —At A Glance

Over six hundred years ago, when Edward I was ruling merry England, every baker was required to make his bread so that "all people may know at a glance that which they buy."

Down through the ages the trade mark has been a pledge of superior service in which customers have placed great confidence.

To a multitude of Eugene business men the words U. S. National Bank have grown to be a mark of intelligent, constructive and efficient banking service. U. S. to them means reliable assistance. Profit by their experience—when you think of the U. S. National, think of progressive banking.

UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK
The Bank for Service
EUGENE LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK
The Bank for Savings

SOMETHING WRONG
Headache? Backache? Nervous? All down and out? Don't neglect yourself. Neglect may lead to serious illness.
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