

THE EUGENE GUARD

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SATURDAY, MARCH 21.

The Garbage Problem.

IS THE best garbage disposal system for a city of Eugene's class and location to be attained by municipal ownership and operation of a garbage crematory? If so, should there go with this, municipal collection of garbage?

Is cremation of garbage by private contract with a concern that shall own the crematory a better way? And if so is there an acceptable method for getting the garbage collected and hauled to the privately owned crematory?

Is the sanitary fill system practicable for Eugene and would it be economical? Some cities have found it so.

Eugene has not determined these and other like questions for itself as yet. It would be the part of prudence and good business to determine them before bonds are voted for the declared, definite purpose of establishing a municipal garbage incinerator.

The "Special Agent" System.

IN ADDRESSING the Coos county bar association recently, Judge Walter H. Evans, of the Multnomah county circuit court said:

A few years ago the federal government had only 300 special agents, today it has 20,000 tattle-tales. Unless the people of this country are willing to submit to a radical change from policies that have made it the greatest nation on the face of the earth they had better reflect and begin to ward off the tendency that is drifting toward a strong centralized dictatorial group.

"Special agents" in federal government service, are spies or detectives in one guise or another. Some of the 20,000 referred to by Judge Evans doubtless are employed in the prohibition department. Others are looking into income tax matters. Still others are engaged in hunting down criminals, such as mail robbers. One wonders what there is for an army of 20,000 of them to do.

The snooping system is repugnant to most Americans. Because this is true it seems unlikely that the fears expressed by Judge Evans ever will be realized. The people of the United States will not submit to "a strong, centralized dictatorial group at Washington"—or at least they will not let it get out of bounds.

Trout Fishing and Smelt

GEORGE PUTNAM, editor of the Salem Capital Journal, who in his entertaining writings seeks from day to day to exemplify mainly the higher, lower and medium lofty criticisms and to do it with a punch that will make itself felt upon the punchee who or which is its object for the nonce, has been turning his attention to the subject of smelt fishing, and he finds it, as he finds most other things that he discusses, all to the sauerkraut.

The Journal editor himself is one of the most enthusiastic fishermen in Oregon, but he doesn't catch his fish with an inverted birdeage on a stick. Nor are the fish that he takes of any such lowly family as smelt. He is a scientific fly fisherman for trout. Bait fishing he scorns. There is no smear of salmon eggs on the front of his denim coat and he considers periwinkles only as a nuisance which sometimes cause a fisherman to slip on the creek-bed. He knows just how to cast a dry fly far out and over in such a way as to make it drop, light as down, below the ruffle where the big rainbow lies and to make the manner of its casting appeal to that rainbow. It is little wonder that an M. A. of trout fishing, such as these few facts denote Editor Putnam to be, should scorn both smelt and smelt fishing.

He refers to smelt as gravid shiners. Look up the adjective for yourself. It is perfectly good as applied to smelt at this season. And then says the Capital Journal:

The smelt should be the emblem of the Oregon sportsman, as it is a good match for his science and cleverness, and there are enough to go around, for the present at least. Smelt average as large as most of the trout caught, fully as large as the only trout that receive protection under Oregon laws, those under 10 inches in length, and like the trout is taken principally in spawning season. Moreover, the smelt is not particular about the paraphernalia used to land him and is as average to a fly as most anglers, and hardware is as good for bait as anything else.

Do we, or do we not, in the foregoing quotation detect irony? And if so does it arise from any such fact as that no smelt fisherman has taken the trouble to present the Journal editor with a washtubful of smelt? If so he is the only individual within 75 miles of the Sandy river who has been so overlooked this past week. We merely mention this as a possibility. The likely reason for the Journal's sour outlook upon smelt fishing is to be found in the fisherman's scorn for any fish more lowly than trout.

Vancouver, Wash., celebrated this week the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Hudson's bay company post there, by turning sod for a reproduction of that historic establishment, which is to be used as an exposition site this coming summer for a month beginning July 4. The Vancouver Columbian celebrated the anniversary by putting out an appropriate and interesting special illustrated edition.

The Salem Statesman's clientele should be pleased at the news that State Senator Fred Tooze has succeeded to the interest and the editorship formerly held by John L. Brady. Mr. Tooze can write and he knows Oregon conditions. He and R. J. Hendricks, the Statesman's veteran publisher, will make a strong team.

COMMENT OF THE PRESS

The Air Smells of Spring (Hood River Glacier) Strangers in Hood River are prone to look askance frequently at silver coins at this season of the year. March is the time when the silver coins of the coin now in circulation here

trades folk do not worry over the blackened coin. They know that the spraying season has arrived. Orchards are engaged in stocking their woodsheds with barrels of lime-sulphur solution. Spray manufacturers are busy turning out hundreds of gallons of this product, which in a much diluted form is sent from high-powered pumps and fog guns over the fruit trees to prevent the growth of fungus. The least touch of the lime-sulphur solution on a silver coin leaves it tarnished.

But these blackened coins are received here with gratification. They are a symbol of the coming of apple blossoms. The motorist stranger, who happens to be touring through here at this season, is apt to lift his nose in a disdainful sniff when he smells the heavy odor of sulphur in the air, but the local resident is glad when his olfactory senses perceive the sulphur scent. It's a token of another springtime.

Peddlers Too Numerous

Springfield is being pestered by a flock of peddlers in the last few months. Many of them taking hundreds of dollars out of town without paying but little. Springfield should have a license fee comparative with other cities on its statute books. It's not fair to the business men of Springfield who maintain stocks and pay heavy taxes for the support of the city and school district, besides donating large sums to civic enterprises and charity each year to allow outside competition to come here and pay nothing for the privilege.

This condition would not be so bad if the peddlers gave honest merchandise but by far the majority do not and many of them are fakes who take orders on deposit and never deliver the goods. Some peddlers of furs, who have been exposed in other towns of the state, were here a few weeks ago and did several thousand dollars worth of business. They sold Canadian rabbit fur for seal skin, and dog hide for black fox as well as other imitations. The buyers were duped. If people must patronize this sort of thing, we should make the peddler pay heavily for the privilege of duping our people. The city council should draft a stiff ordinance regulating this kind of traffic.

The Isle of Pines Treaty

If the senate at any time within the last twenty years had been able to bring itself to vote on the Isle of Pines Treaty, it would probably have never been ratified. In all that period there never was a day when the administration, republican or democrat, or the senate committee on foreign relations had stood on record anywhere as favoring the rejection of the treaty. It had been entirely a question of dilatory methods or plain indifference rather than active hostility.

It was hardly to be expected when the senate met last week after Mr. Coolidge's inauguration that it would find opportunity to resume discussion of the Isle of Pines treaty or to dispose of it in any way. The habit of procrastination had grown upon it, and the objections of a handful of members were given undue weight. But the moment the issue was presented to the senate in precise form—to vote on the ratification of the treaty on a fixed day and to limit debate—it was quickly settled. And when the treaty was put to the final test of a vote only fourteen votes were recorded against it.

After twenty years' dilly-dallying in the senate, the result must be more than satisfactory to the American people. They have watched the contest, or the game of obstruction played in certain quarters, more with disgust than patience. Any other decision than the senate made would have been both grossly unjust to Cuba and dishonorable beyond repair to the United States. It has been a grave reproach that an act of good faith should be so slow of performance. It would have been an eternal stain on the name of the senate had been false to the pledges of the United States on entering the war with Spain in 1898.

25 Years Ago

From The Guard of March 21, 1900 A bay horse, loaded with a plow and a farmer who could swear in seven languages entertained an audience on Willamette street this afternoon.

Dr. R. L. Willoughby is having his residence greatly remodeled.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lynch have returned from Oakland, Cal.

A goodly number of citizens met in the county court room last evening, pursuant to call. The purpose was to appoint committees and make arrangements to procure the presence of William J. Bryan on April 5 to address people of Lane county.

Officers of the Oregon Hopgrowers association yesterday reported the sale of 30 bales of hops at 6 1/2 cents.

Rescue hose team has nominated William Hodges to be chief engineer.

Every arrangement is being made at the university to develop some track athletes.

L. L. Simpson has announced his candidacy for the position of city recorder to be elected April 2.

Oregon Briefs

A new shipment of war salvage blasting powder to the amount of 22,500 pounds has been received at the county agent's office in Hillsboro and is being distributed to the farmers of Washington county.

The leather cap which belonged to S. T. Ross, who drowned in the Santiam river at Foster's short time ago was found hanging on some branch in the river, but the body has not been recovered.

Marvin Crawford is recovering at home near Athena following a fractured skull suffered when a heavy fork fell on him. He was unconscious for several days and his recovery was doubtful.

Senator Bruce Dennis, secretary of the Harding Memorial association, announces that a meeting of the association officials will be held at Pendleton soon, when a program will be arranged for a big meeting to be held later at Freewater.



SOME STATES HELD OVERTAXED

Representative Ackerman Thinks Four Have Grievance Against Uncle Sam's Present Law

By HARRY B. HUNT (NEA Service Writer) WASHINGTON, March 21.—Some states, no less than some individuals, have a grievance against Uncle Sam's income tax law, in the opinion of Representative, Ernest Ackerman of New Jersey. Ackerman thinks the tax collector bears entirely too heavily on the incomes of New York, New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

These four states, he points out, pay in personal income taxes \$34,000,000 more than is paid by all the other 44 states together. And to add insult to injury, he finds that while chipping in most heavily to the government revenue they are not cashing in proportionately on the money dispensed in the various lines of federal aid.

While paying \$34,000,000 more than the remaining states in income taxes, they receive \$52,000,000 less than the others from the funds Uncle Sam spends in partnership with the states.

"This means," says Ackerman, "that these industrial states are carrying on their activities under a tax load that is a brake on the wheels of permanent progress and a drag on initiative and enterprise."

Which causes representatives from the non-industrial states to inquire: "Why worry about paying a big income tax? Those are the lucky states. Out our way, what we worry about is not having enough income to tax!"

The return of Frank Kellogg, ambassador to Great Britain, to assume the job of secretary of state, calls attention to the fact that the Court of St. James seems to be our best little training school for this cabinet post.

Kellogg is the seventh ambassador to England to graduate into the secretaryship of state. Four of these were later promoted to president.

The first ambassador to Great Britain to move up to secretary of state and then to the presidency was James Monroe. Next came John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren and James Buchanan. Thomas F. Bayard and John Hay made the first step, but never achieved the second.

Representative John D. Clarke of Fraser, N. Y., admits he knows more about mines and mining than he does about oratory.

His early ambition, however, ran toward the production of oratorical gems rather than that iron, which, as assistant to the secretary of the bureau of mines of the United States Steel Corporation, was to become his work.

Clarke's oratorical ego was wrecked one day when, while driving a famous orator to Kingston, N. Y., for a speech, he ventured to remark on his own forensic accomplishments. "Right over there," he said to his companion as they passed through one of the small villages in his district, "is the place where I made my first great speech."

In New York

By JAMES W. DEAN NEW YORK, March 21.—Only a dozen times in the past 40 years has the great bell in the Broome Street Tabernacle tolled. The man who tolled it those years was Henry Perrell.

The last time toll was Nov. 11, 1918, when peace for the world was proclaimed. It tolled when America entered the war. It rang its dirge for the sinking of the Lusitania.

As the World Wags

By FRANK FAY EDDY THE TORNADO, a moving vortex of mighty forces, hooded in a black mantle of cloud, roaring like a beast of the Apocalypse, formless, chaotic, law-abiding in every particle, yet so disruptive of order as to seem lawless and anarchistic, hurling clouds hither and yon until the thunder reverberated and lightning flashed and sent signals bolts in an awful illumination; such was the tornado which swept through the sky in late afternoon Wednesday last over a populous region in the mid-west, and dipped here and there to the earth, to rage and tear in bits the puny works of man.

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

SEEK YE THE LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—Isaiah 55:6, 7.

Bible Question

(Look up the answer) What did Jesus say of the dead?—Matt. 8:22.

Stephen Smeed, And His Name in Cement

Name in Cement Story of Life of Eugene Pioneer Told by Portland Writer

By C. M. HYSKELL (In Portland Telegram) EUGENE, Ore., March 18.—Stephen Smeed is 82 years old. His name is set in cement in the front brick wall of the oldest hotel building now doing business in this town. When he came here fifty years ago he stopped at the St. Charles, on the site of which now is the Hoffman house. The St. Charles was kept by Charles Baker. There was also the Astor, kept by one Remington, and later by Baker, who eventually built the Smeed with money supplied by Stephen Smeed. It was built by George Park, an Englishman, an early builder, in 1884.

It was the first brick hotel, and the cement walk in front of it was the first in town. The money that built it came from hops. Stephen Smeed was one of Oregon's pioneer and successful hop growers and had a large hop ranch on the McKimzie.

He is an old school Englishman and a very lovable old man, retaining a keen, shrewd mind, humorous and well stored with the experiences of a long and useful life. He was born in Exmouth, a village three miles from Rye—in a slate-roofed house—400 years old and still in use today—only a few miles from the ancient Hastings battlefields.

When Stephen Smeed was 27 years old he left the home farm and came to America, hop farming first in Wisconsin, where he made the acquaintance of all the brewers, and later coming to Oregon, where he raised hops and sold them to the same brewers on advantageous terms.

He lives much by himself in his old home here. His wife he had wedded in England died in Eugene twelve years ago. He has revisited England twice, each time for three months. On his last visit he brought back a housekeeper, one of his relatives, from Rye. "As we were leaving the old town," he says, "the town clock tolled 12 from its 3000 pound bell. I stopped to listen. 'Old and,' says I, 'and hear it play once more. You'll hear nothing like it in America, never again.' And would you believe it, 'the bells played 'Ome, Sweet 'Ome.'"

The town clock was one that played a tune every three hours—scattered on week days—and beginning at 12 o'clock on Saturday nights it played hymns until Monday morning. "I played in the village brass band as a boy, and in the bell ringers, too," he said, "but when both met on the same night the brass band could go to grass and I would go to bell practice, for I liked the bells best."

The November he first came to Oregon there was sixteen inches of rainfall and roads were impassable for the stages. They were a week getting from Redding to Roseburg, and reached Eugene the day before Christmas. Next day after Christmas dinner they walked out to see the first brick building just completed in the town. It was the beginning of the University of Oregon. Of the origin of the Smeed hotel, he said: "Baker had sold the St. Charles business to Watkins and Mrs. Murray, his mother-in-law. He had a lot and

Tom Sims Says—

WHAT you fall for isn't as important as what you stand for, which isn't as important as what you help with.

If you make some people feel at home they want to leave.

Marriage is a gamble in which too many claim too late that they didn't have a fair chance.

Traffic regulations for the air are being discussed. Now all we need is hot air regulations.

Every spring Cupid has orders to shoot on sight.

In the country life is what you make it, while in the city life is what you make.

Dancing is all right. But we saw it make a girl lose her good looks. She left them on a man's shoulder.

Husbands are nice people. Even so, many of them can act almost as contrary as their wives.

You never learn much from a person you learn through.

Spring is when the steady beams become nervous.

If you can't chuckle at this stuff go chuckle at some poor millionaire worrying over his income tax. (Copyright, 1925, NEA Service, Inc.)

he came to me at the farm to finance a new hotel, two stories. I finally consented.

"When they got the two stories up, Baker came back and said all the merchants wanted him to put up three stories, as it would help the town. I came in and we talked. I told him to go out and solicit them to take shares, which he did. He came back and said they were all back of him, but they would not take shares. I had my dinner and then decided to furnish money for the third story, which they added. Then it rained out that Baker had agreed not to run another hotel in the town so long as Watkins and Mrs. Murray were here. He decided the hotel over to me, and I gave him \$1000. I bought all the furniture and the hotel was opened. My name had been put in the front wall without my knowledge, by the contractor, and he spelled it wrong, with a final e. Baker afterward went to California. He was a great hotel man, the best I ever knew."

In Lighter Vein

Cruelty to Verbs. (New Haven Register) He—Miss Helen, I'd like to, once in a while, with your permission, you know, call and see you.

She—(collage bred)—Mr. Brown, you will pardon me for saying it, but I do not care for the attentions of a man who not only splits his infinitives but tears them wide apart.

Looked Suspicious. (Cincinnati Enquirer) "How'd you come to raid that barber shop?" asked the chief of the dry agents.

"Well," replied the dry agent, "it struck me kind of funny that so many men should buy hair restorer from a bald-headed barber."

Nor Even On a Diet. (Detroit Free Press) The things that eat up the taxpayer's money never go on a hunger strike.

A Deep Scheme. (Philadelphia Bulletin) Friend—Why have only married people been asked to your wedding, Jim?

Jim—Well, well, and you don't see that? It will never be up to us to return the presents, you know.

Misdirected Concentration. (Boston Transcript) "I'm afraid that boy of ours lacks concentration."

"Oh, he has concentration enough, only instead of using it on the work he has to do he concentrates upon how to escape doing it."

Might Help. (Cincinnati Enquirer) A war is to be started on tobacco, but if they really want to discourage the use of the weed they should make it compulsory instead of forbidding it.

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Fellowship of Prayer Daily Lenten Bible reading and meditation prepared for Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. SATURDAY Finding God in Christ

Read Luke 9:40-50. Text: Whosoever shall receive me... Meditation—Jesus associated himself with God in an entirely unique manner. He said he was the way to the father's heart, "no man cometh to the father but by me." He said, "I speak as I hear God." "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." He was the source of the life, "I am the life, the truth and the life," and of the eternal. "I am the resurrection and the life." He was the source of the generation of humanity, "I am the true Vine" and through him we are all come to God, "I am the door; by me any man enter in, he shall be saved." He was the revelation of the father with the father in the world's redemption, "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my father will love him and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." We are near to God when we approach Christ. Prayer—Our prayer, may we know how the way of life that we follow leads to God. Help us to cover hidden riches of compassion, and teach us new duties that through obedience we may come to know the better man.

By CHESTER H. ROWELL, JOHN HOPKINS UNIVERSITY goes back to its original plan to abolish the first two years of college work and to admit to the later years only those who are capable of a higher degree.

The "bachelor's" degree, the traditional mark of the American college graduate, will be abolished.

In fact, Johns Hopkins does not want students who "go to college" and it will cease turning out "college graduates." It has quite another idea of a university.

There is, of course, room for such institutions in America, and Johns Hopkins should be that one.

What is less realized is that, happily, all universities should do likewise. Practically, none of them are doing it, nor are likely to do it.

"Going to college" is one thing. It might as well end half way through the traditional college course, and might as well be done in a multitude of local institutions, not universities.

University work is another thing, in which there is no reason why most of the boys and girls who "go to college" should ever indulge.

That could be done better in a few highly-endowed institutions, which would make no feature of "college life" or general culture and would appeal only to those seeking specialized professional training in something in particular.

This is the logical division. But the logical arguments for it were just as well recognized 40 years ago as now, and nothing was done about them.

The American people still insist illogically on "going to college" in a university, which is exactly the best place where it ought to be done.

Valley Printing Co. Over U. S. Nat'l Bank. WEDDING AND BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS COMMERCIAL AND SOCIAL PRINTING FOR QUICK SERVICE CALL 47

The Constant Stream Turns The Wheel

The collier miller didn't depend on the rush of the spring flood to run his mill. It was the constant stream of water on which he could depend all year 'round that enabled him to grind out meal and profits.

And so in your work today, it is not the occasion favor, the extra help given when you are down and nearly out that will keep your business rolling along at a profit-making speed. Consistent day in and day out help and encouragement from your banker that will cheer you up and speed up your work is the service that means most in the long run.

It is just this that encourages patrons of the U. S. National Bank. They are sure of receiving intelligent and progressive financial assistance; but even more valuable, the personal service and encouragement of the officials of this bank. Such a day by day help is pushing them on to greater business activity.

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. CHIROPRACTIC Removes the cause—Health returns. GEO. A. SIMON Examination Free 916 Willamette St. Phone 355-1