

THE EUGENE GUARD

An independent afternoon newspaper published daily except Sunday.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 27.

Assessment and the University.

WRITING in Old Oregon for March, Professor F. H. Young, president of the Oregon alumni association, remarks that at the recent legislature there was apparent "a certain amount" of sentiment favorable to a rather thorough overhauling of the method of property assessment in Oregon. It is a great pity that the sentiment did not crystallize into action. Lack of uniformity among the counties in fixing valuations and in the method of assessment, works favor to some taxpayers and injustice of burden to others. It all needs equalizing.

Professor Young considers the question of assessment equalization from the standpoint of its probable effect upon the university's revenues. He remarks that it would mean lower tax rates and increased yield from the millage taxes. And a further effect would be, he thinks, a close scrutiny of the present millage support of the university, with a view to readjustment.

Any such scrutiny or any readjustment could hardly result otherwise than in advantage to the university of increased revenues, if it were based on equity, as no doubt it would be. The facts of the university's great and growing rate of attendance and of the millage revenue's utter failure to keep pace with it, would constitute their own argument for such a result and one that is hardly answerable. Not only is the university's attendance increasing, but the rate of that increase is growing in recent years, while the facilities of the university are lagging in the growth. It is a situation that will have to be met before long.

There is a full page marked poetry in the latest edition of Old Oregon, the University of Oregon's magazine, and not a pair of rhymed lines or a metered verse on the page. Upon regarding it, the exclamation, "O tempora; O mores!" tempts one, but then the thought obtrudes that maybe the darn stuff IS poetry. In poetry as in other things, it is a little hard for the rest of us to keep up with Youth.

A Hubbub At Portland.

THERE is hubbub in Portland over the special agent, or "stool pigeon" system in prohibition law enforcement. The municipal administration maintains the system. A group led by a man who wants to be mayor opposes it. So do the newspapers, for various definite but widely differing reasons.

In every metropolitan police department there are detectives. They are men and women who work in plain clothes or in various disguises, but never in uniform, ferreting out violators of law. In county district attorneys' offices there are similar agents. In the state prohibition department there are others. Under the federal government there are special prohibition agents and secret service operatives. The practice is universal in organized government of employing secret agents, whether under the name of detectives, stool pigeons, spies or what-not. There is nothing new about it and it was by no means originated in the Portland police prohibition department. It was forced on that department as a means of effort to satisfy clamor led by the very group which now is loudest in assailing the method.

In general terms it may be said with entire truth that the spy system is repugnant to American sentiment. The recent rapid growth of that system in various departments of our government is an unlovely manifestation in the eyes of most of us. But American sentiment and the law demand prohibition enforcement. Violators cannot be arrested except upon evidence. It is perfectly obvious that no bootlegger is going to sell liquor to an officer in uniform, nor in his presence. It is equally obvious that no genuine customer of a bootlegger is going to make complaint against him. How, then, shall evidence of illegal sales be obtained except through the work of detectives? asks the Portland police administration, and answers its own question by declaring that the choice must be between effective law enforcement by the spy system on one side and imperfect enforcement or none on the other.

Portland's newspapers are telling the world that Portland, under its present police administration, is a place of lawlessness. The characterization is undeserved. Portland is comparatively clean. Recently the group which is now assailing the police prohibition department sought to have the police department placed under a super-chief of their own choosing. The mayor very properly spurned the proposal. One cannot escape the observation that the failure of that demand accounts for most of what has followed.

It was a wholly convincing statement published in The Guard yesterday from Councilman A. L. Williamson, regarding the necessity for passage of the \$50,000 sewer bond issue at the special election next month. That is one of the essential items to be on the ballot. Think of turning sewage into an open stream such as the Amazon! That disclosure alone is evidence enough of public necessity for the bond issue for sewers.

The truck and bus men who are preparing referendum petitions on the tax law enacted by the last legislature to take from them a share of what they ought to be paying for their abuse of the highways, may stave off the day of reckoning through that means but they cannot evade permanently the accounting which people generally are determined they shall render.

Another crying need of the day is for some kind of a necktie that will completely cover up a frayed shirt front.

COMMENT OF THE PRESS

The Best Chance (Pendleton East Oregonian) A prominent local farmer who won out by sitting tight and working hard during the dull times of '03 says that in those days he seldom came to town without bringing something with him to sell. Often it was eggs. He thinks the young farmer today should do as much as he can towards making his living expenses without relying on the wheat crop. He is afraid the speculators know that harvest is coming and will beat down the price of wheat to

\$1 or \$1.25 at best. This particular farmer says that agricultural prosperity will return but it may not be for several years. Therefore the need of making use of every opportunity to make or save an honest dollar in the meantime. He is right of course, and the man who heads such advice will be sitting pretty when the tide does turn.

That Cold Weather

Last year we called attention to a long range weather prophecy that foretold for 1925 months of unusual cold. A recurrence of the conditions existing in 1918, known as the year of no summer, was said to be coming, the forecast being based on a study of sea temperatures, a new thing in the science of meteorology. Later we saw the subject discussed in various other places, investment bureaus and farm journals in particular.

It is, of course, as yet too soon to say that the forecast is all wrong. The weather may yet turn cold and stay cold, but so far it has been not colder but warmer than usual. February was expected to be a very cold month but in fact throughout the country it was mild, as a circular from the department of agriculture points out.

The Trussard Waxworks Burn

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Trussard's waxworks in London were not completely destroyed by fire the other night. There was something unique under the sun. The great events of history, the great personages of all time, Cleopatra, Antony, Mme. de Maintenon, Lloyd George and Bluebeard, were all there, true to life to the last hair and wrinkle. There were the horrors of the guillotine, rack, boot, thumb-screw, live drawing and quartering, gallows and electric chair, all executed with a loving eye to detail, each drop of blood and agonized grimace being faithfully represented. It is said that the waxworks were the real reason the English are so broadminded. If you could survive a trip through all the chambers nothing else could ever shock you. And it is said that the waxworks were the real reason the English are so educated, particularly as to history. If you ever saw a great event as done in Trussard wax you could never forget it. Never.

Sargent and Prohibition

Because it is fairly safe to surmise that Wayne B. Wheeler, of the Anti-Saloon League, knows whereof he is speaking on such an issue, his statement, recently given out, to the effect that John G. Sargent will displace those who are expecting any relaxation of law enforcement in the United States, is especially welcome. "We have every reason to believe," he said, "that the new attorney general will faithfully and vigorously enforce all laws, including the Eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act." Of one thing Mr. Sargent can rest assured, namely, that the great majority of people in America will ask nothing more of him than exactly this. And after all, as a general thing it is a whole lot more pleasant to be on the side of a majority, provided it is in the right, than on the side of a minority, no matter how noisy it may be.

Rowell's Comment

THE resolution for a constitutional convention proposed by the "wets" in the Pennsylvania legislature has the rare virtues of clear-headedness and frankness. These wets know and acknowledge that so long as the eighteenth amendment stands, no modification of the Volstead act which congress could constitutionally make, could go far enough to be, from their standpoint, worth making. So they go after the amendment itself.

Congress could, of course, increase the permissible limit of alcohol in non-intoxicating beverages from one-half of one per cent to one per cent—but if what you want is the "kick" and congress has to stop before that, what difference does it make which variety of kicklessness is prescribed? So the resolution says: "Whereas, the congress is now powerless to enact a law upon the subject except under such constitutional limits as to make it a remedial value extremely doubtful. This is the whole point. Those who do not like the eighteenth amendment have a perfect right to agitate for its repeal—provided they know and do not conceal that it takes 36 states to change it and only 13 to keep it. Those who do not like the Volstead act have a perfect right to move for its amendment—provided they know and do not conceal that the only amendments constitutionally possible are the ones they do not want, and that a "beer and wine" law would be unconstitutional.

The thing they have not the right to do is to ignore these facts, or, knowing them, to conceal them from the people.

Clarence Likens Wins First Clash

PORTLAND, Ore., March 27.—Clarence Likens won the first clash in his battle against the veteran bureau when Judge Wolverson overruled the government's motion for a directed verdict in his suit to place him on a permanent disability rating.

The court further declared he believes Likens to be totally disabled and that in his opinion this disability is permanent.

Highway Commission Opens Paving Bids

PORTLAND, Ore., March 27.—The state highway commission began its March meeting yesterday afternoon. Bids were opened for 1 mile of paving, 52.84 miles of grading and surfacing and for one overhead railroad crossing at Jefferson—approximately \$300,000 is involved in contract to be let. A number of delegations from various counties are here to urge work in their localities.

Ten out of every 1000 German men are geniuses, says a Berlin paper.

Well, He Didn't Have to Be So Vehement About It



ROW IN SENATE GREAT SPECTACLE

Amusement Promoter Could Have Cashed Big Winnings if Short Session Could Have Been Capitalized.

By HARRY B. HUNT (NEA Service Writer) WASHINGTON, March 27.—Many thousands of dollars could have been gleaned for Uncle Sam's treasury had provision been made for cashing in on the amusement value of the short special session of the senate which convened March 4.

All the elements of drama, for which folks pay our hard cash, were supplied on a scale that has been equaled by no theatrical presentation since in this city in a decade. Daily, long queues of spectators waited in line at the gallery doors for a chance for even a few minutes of the free entertainment provided within.

But it was a case of first come first served and those who came early and got seats stuck through hour after hour of the show, with the crowds of late comers getting never a look in.

Would they have paid for admission? Well—one detective reported if he had been able to cash in on the plea personally made to him to "see what he could do," with the hint it would be worth his while, he could have spent the summer vacation on a Mediterranean cruise!

The big crush, of course, came on

March 19, when the senate had agreed to vote for a record time on the Warren nomination, which had previously been lost, due to the mid-afternoon nap of Vice-President Dawes.

The senate was to meet this morning at 10:30. By 9 a. m. Capitol Hill had reached the same appearance as on March 4, when President Coolidge was to be inaugurated. A steady stream of automobiles was discharging excited and interested grand dames and gentlemen. More lowly folk packed the footpaths and overflowed into the streets.

I met Senator Willis of Ohio on the gallery floor at 9:20. He was out of breath and his clothing was awry. Only his old technique as a football player had enabled him, in spite of the right of way he was supposed to have as a senator, to get an influential constituent into the packed gallery.

"Looks as if you're going to have a good audience today, senator," I observed. "Willis wiped a perspiring brow. "All I've done all morning," he said, "is help provide the audience. Eight million people have been in to see me. They all want seats. There wouldn't be half enough if I had 'em all. I'm going into hiding, right now."

In New York

By JAMES W. DEAN NEW YORK, March 27.—Jack Osterman, vaudeville performer, says the best companion for a Broadway night in these evenings of padlocked cafes would be Harry Houdini.

Osterman is one of the most unusual characters I have met among stage people. I first met him five or six years ago in Cincinnati. Walking down Vine street with Ted Lewis, the orchestra leader, Osterman slid over to a mail box, kissed a letter and dropped it in, murmuring "Good night daddy dear!"

Others in the party joshed Osterman about his nightly letter to a girl. He solemnly declared that the letter was to his father and that he sent one every night.

Several years later I met his father, a man named Rosenthal who was connected with George M. Cohan's office for many years, and he told me that his son had mailed him a letter every day of his life that they had been separated.

After the effeminate styles of the other boys a movement to make the smaller fellows more masculine seems to have been started. All the styles for boys from three to eight show long trousers, vests and coats cut like their dad's business suits. The outfit also includes a walking stick, manish gloves, stiff collars and fore-hand ties. The youngsters are jumping direct from rompers to complete maturity, it seems.

The lamplighter is a romantic figure of fiction and poetry. He was pictured as a ragged man who carried a ladder with him and in storm and wind pursued his rounds of lamps. The lamplighter is still with us, but he is no such figure now. Around the streets in the vicinity of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, he is a boy on a bicycle. He unlocks a little door at the bottom of the post and switches on the electric light above him. In lower

Whoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whoever will save his life shall lose it; but whoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.—Mark 8:34, 35.

Bible Question. (Look Up the Answer) How should brethren dwell?—Psalm 133:1.

Tom Sims Says—

AND in Manila, the horse races are held early in the morning, leaving all day for ensuing.

California reports a new coreless apple, reminding us of the regular juiceless grapefruit.

Dog team broke all records in the Arctic. It ran so fast. So maybe a dog catcher was driving it.

The Pacific Ocean is being measured again. If they find the middle it is a fine place for a singing school.

They have dug up another ancient king, another King Tut, with a name like a dozen radio stations.

A congressman wants to protect oysters, which are a little backward about speaking for themselves.

A man can be pretty smart, but never both pretty and smart.

A family may come in handy. You can ask the judge to let you off just this once for their sake.

Moving all the seasons up about three months would satisfy all of us.

The man who tells a girl he would die for her wouldn't be so rash if he had ever tried it.

on the state railroad, and here's my first day's pay." "What kind of a job is it?" he was asked.

"Well," he answered, "you know there's a chap at each station who sees the length of the train tapping the axles with a hammer to see if everything's all right?" "Yes."

"Well, I'm his listener." **A Sensible Slogan.** (Yankee Sun) Make the World Unsafe for Hypocrisy.

Sufficient unto the Day. (Washington Star) "Since you are discouraged, why don't you sell your farm and move to the city?" "I've heard about them prices for flats," answered Farmer Cornotessel. "I'd rather go on being disappointed than take a chance on being plain desperate."

Evening Up. (Pittsburgh Sun) "Well," said Farmer Briggs to the artist, "how much will you charge to paint my farmhouse with me standing at the door?" "Oh, fifty dollars," said the artist. "Done," said the farmer. "Come tomorrow."

In due course the painting was finished. But alas! the artist forgot to paint in the farmer. "Yes, I like it," said the farmer; "but where's me—where's me?" The artist tried to pass off his error with a joke.

"Oh, he said, 'you've gone inside to get my fifty dollars.'" "O, have I?" was the farmer's reply. "Perhaps I'll be coming out soon, and if I do I'll pay you; in the meantime, we'll hang it up and wait."

Wrong Word. (London Humorist) Aggrieved Person (a cross-word enthusiast)—"That girl in there carries a joke too far. I goes in an' says, 'jovial-like, I wants a drop o' liquid refreshment in four letters'—an' 'lumme, she brings me a glass o' milk!'"

Oregon Briefs

The drive for the new members started by the Salem chapter of consumers a few days ago resulted in the addition of 54 new names on the roll.

The Oregon Iron and Steel company's timber tract south of Hillsboro, together with a tract of land near Seaside, has been purchased by a logging company for a millsite.

Dr. E. Richards, a member of the O. A. C. animal husbandry department for three years and later county agent in Lake county, has taken up his work as county agent in Grant county.

Sam Hill has been granted a license to operate a ferry on the Columbia river in Sherman county. The new ferry will be down the river from the present Maryhill ferry.

The Banks Herald and Tribune, weekly newspapers, have been consolidated and will be published under the name of the Banks Tribune by T. C. Anderson, late of Detroit, Mich.

At the home of his wife's parents in Wallawa, Joe Clay shot Bert Hopkins three times through the body. Clay claims self-defense, charging that Hopkins attacked him.

At the last meeting of the Wheeler city council both Mayor Churchill and Recorder Clawson handed in their resignations, stating that "a clique of citizens were not co-operating with the executive and thus causing friction."

Fellowship of Prayer

Daily Lenten Bible reading and meditation prepared for Commission on Evangelism of Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

FRIDAY Watchfulness

Read Luke 12:35-48. Text: 12:39. Be ye yourselves like unto men looking for their lord.

Meditation—In this story Jesus pictures to his disciples a man's joy when he finds a welcome on his return home. This sort of a reception Jesus craves in our hearts. God's spirit is ever waiting to enter human life but the spirit does not enter where there is no hearty welcome.

"God is an ever present fact to be ready every hour for every demonstration God may make it to live. If we are truly ready to own him in an hour when confession means sacrifice, eagerly ready to go forward with him when his kingdom advances, humbly ready for the judgment of his son, if we are ready for God it makes no difference whether we are rich or poor."

Prayer—Our father, may we be this day as watchers on the wall, alert to guard our lives against the approach of evil. Anxious to welcome all good influences. Let us watch not only our own lives but be ever ready to guard the best interests of all thy children. Through Christ, Amen.

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25 Years Ago

(From The Guard of March 27, 1900) Almost a frost this morning. The thermometer registered 38 degrees above.

The iron rails recently purchased by the Lebanon Paper company from Holden brothers of this city are being loaded on cars today for shipment.

George Fisher received this morning from George Christman, poultry fancier of Stayton, Oregon, a coop of thoroughbred white Wyandottes, containing one cockerel and three hens. This is one of the finest lots of Wyandottes ever brought to Lane county.

Democratic primaries next Saturday.

Posters for Bryan's address have been placed about the city.

Al Hampton has been selected as grand marshal for Bryan day and will appoint aides.

Jerome Knox, resident of Cottage Grove, is visiting in the city today on business.

The fortnightly club will give a Lenten matinee at Frank's hall Saturday, March 31. Proceeds are to be used to buy books for the library.

Henry Johnson is a visitor in Eugene from the Bohemia mining district.

Mutual Life, G. M. Sprague, 20 E. 8th.

INSURE WITH HENRY TROMP, 33 W. 9th.

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If you must answer "Yes, ours is one of the youngsters on Willamette street," you can well stop to consider that other question: "What will my bank be when we are doubled in size?"

The "old timers" on the street know that doing business today is a different problem than when 8th and Willamette was a mud puddle. And they will tell you that in those days, as well as now, the U. S. National Bank was admirably fitted to help Eugene business men with their financial problems.

That is but a sample of the operation of our liberal far-sighted banking policy. It enables our organization to grow and change with evolving business conditions. As your business grows and changes you will find that the U. S. National Bank has grown and developed with it. That is why new businesses can well afford to bank here.

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

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Examination Free 916 Willamette St. Phone 354-J

"GROWING PAINS"

It is very natural that a sturdy, healthy, normal youngster, who is getting the proper amount of exercise and plenty to eat should have "Growing Pains."

The continued growth and development of this economy, in which we have been permitted to share, has made it necessary to provide larger quarters and increased facilities for our growing clientele.

We will be in our new banking home sometime during the middle of the summer. New accounts invited.

BANK OF COMMERCE

EUGENE, OREGON

MR. HAPPY PARTY

THE MEATS THEY SELL ARE GUARANTEED IN QUALITY THEY SUPERSEDE!!

WE guarantee the high quality of the meats we sell because we are acquainted with their purity and their wholesomeness and their other strength-giving, body-building qualifications. Of course we guarantee our meat—we know whereof we speak.

Watch for Mr. Happy Party

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