

# THE EUGENE GUARD

An independent afternoon newspaper published daily except Sunday.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1930

## Why Independence Hall?

THE purpose attributed by newspaper writers and others generally in Oregon to Independence hall, the republican Tammany recently incorporated, is that it seeks control of politics in this state. The new organization has not been acclaimed with buzzards of greeting. On the contrary the comments thus far evoked have been rather dour. Independence hall, one might suspect from it all, is hardly more welcome in Oregon than a mother-in-law on a honeymoon trip.

The ostensible leadership of Independence hall, as remarked heretofore in these columns, lacks impressiveness. Who ever heard of Roy Sheadal, its president, or Glenn Ruble, its secretary, or George A. Startes, its treasurer? What is there in the name of Edward F. Campbell, field manager, or that of Carl D. Shoemaker, secretary (there seems to be a surplussage of secretaries), or that of Joseph F. Singer, sergeant-at-arms, to evoke more than a snort, a sniff or a sneaker, depending upon which of the three names is being spoken?

The general lack of acclaim and the manifestations of its opposite which have greeted Independence hall and its democratic prototype, also just launched, are certain reflections of the revulsion in public sentiment in Oregon against secret society methods in politics. Independence hall has announced that it will steer clear of religious differences. Joe Singer doubtless is intended to stand forth as the symbol of its intent in this regard. But it is to be feared that not even Joe's smiling presence within its fold can popularize Independence hall right off the reel. Just now there is no outward evidence of an untoward rush of candidates for membership.

In Oregon we have—for those who like partisan party politics—the republican party and the democratic party, besides a number of minor political parties. What need is there, then, for a secret organization of republicans within the republican party, or for a secret organization of democrats within the democratic party? If there is desire for organization, why not make it party organization? Why divide into sheep and goats those of common party fealty by making of some a preferred class?

The public reaction to Independence hall as reflected in the press of Oregon indicates quite clearly that there is at the outset no demand for the movement and little approval of it.

## In Germany.

PAUL VON HINDENBURG is the candidate for president of Germany of a bloc of monarchist and reactionary parties. Although the office he stands for is a republican office, his candidacy is at once a sign and a threat of reversion to autocracy.

The New York World refers to Hindenburg as "a weary old man who lives in a dream world." Nevertheless, his candidacy for president is formidable. He is backed in his campaign formally by the nationalist party, the German people's party, the economic party, the Hanover party and the peasants' organization. Distributed among the parties comprising this bloc are 43 per cent of the seats in the Reichstag. In the preliminary election for president last month they polled 44 per cent of the popular vote.

Opposed to Hindenburg for president is Dr. Wilhelm Marx. He is backed by a coalition of parties pledged to perpetuation of the republic, and which includes the socialists. This latter fact is depended upon by the Hindenburg supporters to bring to them some votes of people who are not monarchists but who oppose socialism and resent the hostility of socialists to Catholicism. That is one of the dangers menacing the Marx majority as indicated by the preliminary election.

If all vote for Marx who voted in the preliminary election for the candidates representing the various parties in his present coalition, Marx is likely to be elected. Unless there is cohesion which will be proof against the arguments of those who would turn non-socialists from their socialistic affiliations under the Marx banner, then Hindenburg may conceivably be elected. And if that should happen it would be notice to the world that Germany is tiring of the experiment of a republican form of government and is going back to king worship, to a bare rattling and to blood and iron.

It is said that Game Commissioners Price and Maloney want Warden Burghuff removed from office. For what reasons? Is Burghuff incompetent? Is he guilty of maladministration? If so in what particulars? Or is his offense in the eyes of the two commissioners political purely? Governor Pierce gave three state senators an unqualified promise last January that Burghuff would not be removed from office. Do the two commissioners who now seek his removal think the governor's promise ought to be repudiated or merely disregarded?

Billy Evans, who in athletic news matters usually knows whereof he writes, says that Babe Ruth is victim to his own gustatory recklessness. The home run champion eats too much and often. Possibly he will have learned the lesson of moderation by his present illness and operation.

A Salt Lake baseball writer soberly opines that the Portland team is not as strong in all departments as might be wished. No, but it is as strong as usual.

## COMMENT OF THE PRESS

**Beyond Possibility**  
(Corvallis Gazette-Times)  
Life is very uncertain at best, but we feel sure that nothing like this will ever appear in our obituary notice. He was crushed to death trying to get through the door to see the amateur theatricals.

**Hardly a Check**  
(Rooseburg News-Review)  
The announcement of the department of agriculture that the average income of the American farmer last

year was \$672 will hardly serve as a check on the heavy studies of wage earners from the fiasco in the cities, a condition so generally deplored for a long time past by industrial experts and political economists.

**Watering the Eggs**  
(Shelton Capital Journal)  
Retirement of Julius Kruttschnitt as chairman of the executive committee and of the board of directors of the Southern Pacific company May 31 after 48 years continuous

service, means transfer of the executive and operating head to the Pacific coast from New York. Supervision of operations, heretofore exercised by Mr. Kruttschnitt will be under the direction of the president, William Sproule at San Francisco. Only the financial headquarters will remain in New York.

The change will be beneficial both for the company and the region it serves, for a western railroad cannot be managed as successfully from a Wall street office 3000 miles away as from an office with the necessary authority, located in the heart of the system. Necessarily long-distance management gets out of touch with the public it caters to, for the viewpoint is different and often divergent. Mr. Sproule is a western product, first entering the employ of the Southern Pacific in 1882 as a freight clerk at San Francisco, and with the exception of five years in New York, has spent his life on the coast, being company president since 1911. Under his regime, progressive policies have been followed that have gained public confidence and made the railroad a co-operative factor in the development of the territory it serves.

Since Mr. Kruttschnitt became chief executive, following the dissolution of the Harriman merger with the Union Pacific in 1913 the Southern Pacific lines have grown from 10,000 miles and \$143,000,000 gross annual earnings to 155,550 miles and \$369,000,000 earnings. An even greater growth is probable in the coming decade, with a western man in sympathy with the west and its development directing affairs.

## In Lighter Vein

**A Political Florist**  
(Washington Star)  
"How did you first break into politics?"  
"It's a sad story," answered Senator Borah. "The people out here got kind of wild at the government in Washington and decided to send me to congress out of spite."

**Making of a Hero**  
(Crescent)  
"Miriam," he said, "I have seen the doctor. He tells me I must give up all smoking at once. It's imperative, he says; one lung is already nearly gone."  
She flushed, a look of agony came over her pale, young face.  
"Oh, honey, can't you hold out a bit longer until we've coupons for a new rug?"

**Styles in Hereafter**  
(Everybody's)  
A revival was raging in a Virginia colored church. The fruits had been considerable. One obdurate soul, however, resisted the efforts of the elder. Called to account for his reluctance, he replied:  
"Yo' see how it is, Elder. I've got a problem. I don't see how I've gwine git mah shirt on ovah mah wings when I gits to glory."  
"Dat ain't yo' problem," retorted the exhorter promptly. "Yo' problem is how is yo' gwine git yo' hat on ovah yo' horns."

**Transferring the Noise**  
(Hasting Show)  
An inventor has produced a golf ball which squeaks when it is lost. At present the golfer does that.

**The Soft Answer**  
(London Humorist)  
Persistent Interrupter—"Liar! Liar!"  
Speaker—"If our friend will give me his name instead of his profession, I shall be delighted to make his acquaintance."

**Outclassed**  
(Washington Star)  
"Nobody draws a gun in Crimson Gulch these days."  
"We're tamed," answered Cactus Joe. "The ol' timers are workin' so fast that we haven't no heart for addin' to the damage."

**Tom Sims Says—**

FEW men are heroes in their own home. Coolidge's son, in filling out a form, gave his father's occupation as "lawyer."

Eight years ago the United States entered the war. We'll let you know when we get out.

Navy flyers will map the arctic. Useless expense. They should have done it recently when the arctic was here.

Man in Italy jumped 100 feet with an egg without breaking it. They think he is crazy. So do we.

It's none of our business, but some people look as if they were raised on lemon juice instead of milk.

Los Angeles woman baited a robber in the stomach, laying him out, which was using her head.

Men become exasperated too easily. In New York, a man took his girl out and shot her.

Haste makes waste. In Chicago a man running from a cop fell and broke a leg.

News from Turkey. They have called off a war, perhaps to end it in time for the next one.

St. Louis woman struck her husband with a knife. Well, wasn't he her husband?

**Pioneer Woman of Dexter is Buried**

Mrs. Laura Smith, resident of Lane county for more than 72 years, died at her home at Dexter yesterday afternoon. She was 93 years old.

Besides her husband, Frank Smith, she leaves a father, D. H. Matthews, one sister, Mrs. Elva Wilford, of Klamath Falls, Cal., and six brothers, David C. Arville, Lewis, Henry, William and Ira Matthews, all of near Dexter.

Funeral services were held at 2 o'clock this afternoon at Pleasant Hill cemetery, where burial took place. Rev. Harry Henton of Eugene officiated.

**Tree Hides Weapons**  
NORBORNI, Md., April 18.—A revolver and a steel trap were found inside a tree when it was cut down near here recently. The weapons, which had been placed at the base of the tree years ago and it grew around them.

## Some Folks Have All the Luck



## DOC COOK HAS HIS FRIENDS

Department of Justice Flooded With Appeals in Swindler's Behalf as he Goes to Prison

By CHARLES P. STEWART  
(NEA Services Writer)  
WASHINGTON—The justice department is getting stacks of appeals for mercy for poor old Doc Cook. His arrival at Leavenworth penitentiary, broken down and pitiful, with his pathetic bundle of fancy work under his arm, just as the oil indictments against Albert B. Fall, the Doherty and Harry Sinclair were being quashed, seems to have struck a good many people as a little too raw a coincidence.

In connection with the dismissal of the indictments against the secretary of the interior and the multimillionaire oil man accused with him, some rather unkind things are being said about the justice department.

These true bills were thrown out because O. E. Page, departmental indictment expert, was in the grand jury room when they were voted, despite the fact that the oil inquiry had been taken out of the department's hands and turned over to special counsel. Now, if Page's presence invalidated the indictments, why was he there? Didn't he, as an indictment expert, how any better? Or did somebody deliberately want the indictments to be invalid?

One of the other of these two surprises must fit the situation.

In John Hays Hammond's chateau in Washington is a room known as the "den"—about 30 by 50 feet square, and all four walls completely lined with the autographed photographs of celebrities the famous mining engineer has known personally.

It probably is the most remarkable collection of its kind in existence, ranging all the way from the world's foremost men of letters, from kings and queens and presidents to bewhiskered frontiersmen of the old days when the west was wild and

black bricks represent coal and the glittering top is for flame. And at night when a few dull lights glow in windows the illusion of the entire pile being a smouldering mass is created.

When the Crystal Palace was burned 65 years ago it was managed by P. T. Barnum. Even in those days Barnum was expounding the truth of "It Pays to Advertise" with flamboyant posters. And where are the old-fashioned circus posters? The ones exhibited by the circus this year are stilted and colorless. I can remember the first circus poster I ever read. I counted the adjectives. There were 18 of them before the poster told what they modified.

**Rowell's Comment**

By CHESTER H. ROWELL  
IS THIS world getting better? Look into its mirror, which is the newspaper. Consider the improvement of its news columns, in the things that include, and of its advertising columns, in the things they leave out.

So many things are now news which the editor of a generation ago would have regarded as beyond the interest or knowledge of his readers—foreign news, art and musical news, archaeological and paleontological discoveries (in other words, King Tut and dinosaurs) science, religion, education—all these are treated with a fullness indicating a recognition of the wider intellectual interests of readers.

Even the "Sunday Sup" contains an increasing admixture of intelligent features. If there is still sensationalism, it is less "yellow" than its predecessor; if some things are said plainly which used to be suggestively insinuated, that is at least more frank.

And in the advertising columns, incident advertising is gone and fraudulent and deceptive advertising is going. Quack doctors have nearly disappeared and quack medicine grows constantly less.

Risk-taking collection agencies are unknown; get-rich-quick speculations are largely banned; there is of course no liquor or alcohol advertising and there is a ban on bogus "bankrupt" sales and an increasingly higher standard of legitimate commercial advertising.

Beate the newspapers all you like.

wooly. But right in the middle of the east wall is a blank space—a picture is missing. The visitor stares at the place curiously.

"Albert B. Fall's portrait hung there," explains John Hays Hammond. "Nobody was more surprised than I when the oil scandal broke. I could hardly believe it. In fact, I didn't believe it when Doherty's name alone was mentioned in connection with Fall's. Doherty is just the man who really would slip an old partner a \$100,000 present, as he says he did. But when Sinclair's name began to figure, too, then down came the picture. 'Nothing for nothing' is Sinclair's motto."

"Aviation's so cheap," argue proponents of the substitution of sea-planes for surface warships. A battleship costs about 45 millions. That would build 1000 bombing planes at \$45,000 each.

Yes, but, said Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, at the launching of the plane carrier Saratoga, planes can't operate over distant foreign waters without carriers to take them there. They carry 1000 planes, approximately a million tons of shipping would be needed, or 30 vessels, each of 33,000 tons, the Saratoga's displacement. Multiply that by 50 and you have the tidy total of 1,650 millions. There would be other extras, too, adds the secretary.

Is aviation really so economical?

The prohibition unit invites suggestions of slogans for the poster campaign it plans, to remind thoughtless people how wrong it is to drink the dry law. It has received some already, but, presumably, they all seem to come from scowflaw, rather than from cellar smeller sources. The unit refuses to make them public, declaring them silly at best, and in some cases downright outrageous.

**In New York**

By JAMES W. DEAN  
NEW YORK, April 18.—A college professor and his wife came down from New England for a spring vacation. They were here four days and went to the theater four nights and attended matinees Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. There being no matinees on Friday, they went to the circus. Which is just additional testimony that New York's theaters are maintained largely by out-towners.

An old fellow from Illinois stopped to look at the debris scattered about Bryant Park where a new subway is being constructed. "Boy," he said, "times have changed and you think you have a wonderful city here, but I ain't one-two-three with what it used to be. Where the Public Library is used to be a big reservoir. And here where they're digging the subway was the prettiest building I ever saw. It was the Crystal Palace. As I remember it, there were upwards of 40,000 square feet of glass in the building. The first level was eight-sided and the second was like a Greek cross. I was just a little bit of a shaver then, but I still remember it as the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

Of course, I never saw the Crystal Palace. Indeed, I had never heard of it. Yet I doubt if it was more beautiful than the Radiator Building now standing on the south side of Bryant Park. It is of black brick topped with spires and towers of sandstone. At night this top of gold is illuminated and the whole is like something in an enchanted city. The

**A THOUGHT**  
Blessed is the man that endures temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord has promised to them that love him.—James 1:12.

Better shun the bait than struggle in the snare.—Deuter.

They doubtless need it still. But before you praise too much the "good old times" when editors called each other liars and thieves and made part of their livings from obscene and fraudulent advertising—look up some old files, to remind yourself what they were like.

**25 Years Ago**  
(From The Guard of April 18, 1905)

The First Presbyterian church of this city is being refurbished. A handsome new carpet has been purchased for the main room.

The city of Eugene will let a contract for the grading and graveling of Jefferson street from the center of Eighth street to the north line of Chearin's second addition.

T. W. Jenkins and Almira Lee will be married tonight in Cottage Grove. Both parties are well known in Eugene.

The rooms over the new Eugene Loan and Savings bank have been leased by Dr. Whitson, Drs. Paine, Kuykendall, Judge Potter and R. McMurphy.

The Red Cross is giving a benefit affair Tuesday.

Elmer Roberts has accepted a position with S. H. Friendly.

F. E. Shanley is in from Blue River for a few days.

Several aid societies of some of the churches are planning to hold bazaars and benefits the coming week.

Henry Johnson is in town from the Bohemia district.

**Oregon Briefs**

Miss Marie Swearingen has been elected queen for the annual May day festivities at the Oregon State Normal school.

Thomas J. McMillan, veteran of the Civil war and prominent member of the G. A. R., died at Rainier, aged 75 years.

Arlington is to have a new hotel, J. W. McFadden having begun the construction of a 40-room hotel to cost approximately \$80,000.

The Ladies' Aid society of the First Methodist church of Baker has voted to build a clubhouse for boys with the funds left by Miss Fannie Fisher, as a memorial.

Bids on the new union high school at Molalla will be opened April 20. The structure is to be of brick, two stories in height and will accommodate 400 students.

Rev. F. R. Leech, for several years pastor of the First Baptist church at Medford, has resigned to accept a call to the Baptist church at Bremerton, Washington.

The Michigan-Oregon Trust company of Muskegon, Mich., has bought 6,000,000 feet of timber near Swisshome on the lower Siuslaw from Mrs. Marie White at \$2.35 a thousand.

A cash distribution of \$300,000 is being made this week to the members of the Hood River Apple Growers' association, entailing the total returns to the growers past the \$3,000,000 mark.

**As the World Wags**  
By FRANK FAY EDDY  
JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY it is decided retains his position as juvenile judge of Denver. Judge Lindsey has a genius for the spectacular. Long has been a joy to the reporters, dividing honors and the spotlight with Judge Laska. Each is possessed of an instinct for dramatizing themselves.

the field of politics. He makes many bitter enemies, who are more often than not also rich and powerful. But he likewise makes just a few more friends who will follow his banner wherever he leads.

**HEROIC QUALITIES** belong to the "kid's friend" of Denver, even though it must be granted that he often seems inclined toward heroics. Ben Lindsey has your honest admiration in the service of boys and girls who have made early mistakes in life or who are, as is often the case, victims of circumstances which deprive them of an even break with the world. Ben Lindsey has placed human values first always, at the expense of property and social customs. He is a friend to every erring child who comes into his court and gives him a square deal in a human sort of way.

**WISELY WITTY**, and full of epigrammatic sayings, he has carried the children's cause all over the nation on the lecture platform. He used some mighty strong language which shocks the self-complacent classes more or less. He is dramatic but sincere. He is utterly fearless and loves a fight, in fact goes about knocking chips off shoulders with a joyous zest which wins for him many enemies who always just fall by a nose at getting back at him because Ben has always just a few more friends who with a most unreasonable whole-heartedness plunge into every scrap he has started to rescue him.

**AN INCIDENT** shows Ben Lindsey's methods. When he was a very young judge and unknown to fame, a policeman came into his court one day herding a group of street urchins.

"What is the charge against these kids?" asked Lindsey.  
"Playing on the street, your honor," answered the policeman.  
"That's bad," said Lindsey, "what have you got to say for yourselves," he inquired of the children. One piped up and shrilly said: "We ain't got no other place to play."  
"That's worse," said the little judge. "I'll tell you what to do. You go and get all your friends and come back and play on the court-house grounds. You ought to have a lot of fun in these ten acres of gardens."

The kids did and the officials had hysterics and the police tried to stop it and found there was no law which forbade playing on the court-house grounds and the city council had to be hastily convened to pass an emergency ordinance to stop it, and Ben Lindsey became known to all Denver in a day, and became a headline in the newspapers, and incidentally struck a blow for city playgrounds which was what he aimed to do all the while. Right then he began to make powerful enemies, but made at the same time a few more friends, especially among the kids of the streets. Well, Ben has been doing that sort of thing ever since.

**FOR ONE**, I am glad Ben has won another fight. We need all the Ben Lindseys we can get just now in the United States. He is worth whole regiments of social uplifters and boys' secretaries who are morally ineffectual and of the best intentions in the world, but fatally lacking in that virility which alone can give them the understanding heart of the "Kid's Friend."

More than 100,000 visitors registered at Lincoln's tomb at Springfield, Ill., last year.

**GREER-CALLAHAN**  
Buys Furniture  
Phone 33

**PANTS**  
Cut and made specially for you any style or grade in our own shop. Guaranteed to fit.  
LISTON MFG. CO.  
719 Olive Elks Bldg.

**LIKE TWO PEAS IN A POD**

To the casual observer two violins look as much alike as two peas in a pod. In color, shape and stringing they appear to be twins. But in the hands of a master one may be worth a king's ransom, the other a beggar's purse.

To the casual observer all banks, too, appear alike. Their buildings are much the same, their services tally one with the other. But ask our customers and they will tell you their answers will be something like this:

"There is one bank in Eugene where you can be sure of always getting more than you expect, and that is the United States National. For the past thirty years that organization has helped Eugene's business grow and prosper. That's the bank for you."

**The U.S. NATIONAL BANK**  
The Bank of Service  
EUGENE LOAN & 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 255-7

**Gentleman Tramp is on Long Journey**

Jack Chaddick Doesn't Depend On Railway Train

By JAMES ELLIOTT  
The age-old lure of adventure—seven seas, the silver glow of a sunset over strange corners of the world—has gripped Jack Chaddick, a year-old gentleman tramp.

"Jack" left Eugene for the University of Oregon, after spending his winter vacation at Bachelor House, and passing respects to "The Professor" in the early morning dew. No Columbia no first-class cabin, no luxury of luxuries of modern transportation, "neath the north star for Chaddick; he walks. And so quiet he is known as a true gentleman and something of an erudite, a weather-beaten as his rascally face.

Thirty-two days ago, Jack said good-bye to his sweetheart, Barbara, in Wichita Falls, and with only his knickerbockers and an extra pair of socks has traveled more than 9400 miles through New Mexico, Arizona, California and half of Oregon and Idaho, "going strong" on his first pair of soles, although the leather is now weather-beaten as his rascally face.

"I'm going to hit Canada, New York, Florida and then trot down New Orleans and back home," declared Jack, "and then—" he paused to take a healthy breath. "I'm going to slide over the pond and do Europe and the continent up right. I don't have much of a chance when I was in the navy. Walking suits me best because I have about two years to do the planet in. Then I am going to work."

While in Hollywood, Jack visited Doug and Mary Fairbanks, Harry Lloyd, Buster Keaton and others, of whom sponsored his faraway travels. The movie city with various trophies and best-of-luck tokens which he cherishes in his knapsack.

"The roads all seem to be pretty good between here and Wichita Falls," declared the wanderer. "Sometimes I get into some awful predicaments, though, it seems the farther north you go the more you have to climb hills. Right out of Bakersfield, California, I counted 1100 sharp turns in about 30 miles of road. Well, I'd better shut up and Jack left town.

EUGENE COLLECTION AGENCY  
829-29-30 MINER BLDG. PHONE 600. W. H. BLOWERS, MGR.

**EASY TO BORROW MONEY—EASY TO PAY IT BACK**

Easy to borrow for the next few weeks for the company WANTS TO LOAN just now.

Easy to pay it back because when The Company WANTS TO LOAN they make that kind of terms.

There is a big difference between taking advantage of a time when THE COMPANY WANTS TO LOAN, and trying to arrange your deal when YOU WANT TO BORROW.

Better service—better terms—more liberal loans. That's the answer. It will pay to get in your application right now while THINGS ARE RIGHT.

Join the wise ones. Solve your financial problems while you can.

**LAWSON G. BRADLEY**  
31 7th Ave. East. Phone 544

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