

THE EUGENE GUARD

An independent afternoon newspaper published daily except Sunday. PAUL R. KELTY, Editor EUGENE S. KELTY, Business Manager

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SATURDAY, MAY 16

The Wrights and Langley.

S. P. LANGLEY built the first heavier-than-air machine to make a sustained flight, but that flight was not successfully made until eleven years after the machine was built.

It is out of this peculiar chain of circumstances and out of events that grew from them that the first airplane of the Wright brothers has just been given by Orville Wright to the British museum for preservation.

Langley essayed his first flight September 7, 1903, above the Potomac. It failed because the launching ways went wrong. He made a similar effort with a similar result on December 8 following.

On December 17, 1903, only nine days after Langley's final failure, Wilbur Wright made a sustained flight of 852 feet at Kittyhawk, in a plane built by himself and his brother Orville.

Mayor Goddard, of Klamath Falls, urges the city council to take steps to learn whether or not the Southern Pacific company is backing the Strahorn railroad, and if so "to protect the city's \$300,000 interest in that road."

In defending the publication of crime news before a gathering of Missouri editors the other day, Dean Walter Williams, of the school of journalism in the University of Missouri, said: "The percentage of crime news in the Bible is high—about one-fifth, I think."

Our suggestion for getting the boys engaged in the Moroccan embroglio out of the trenches before Christmas is this: Let the French troops go home. Let the Spanish troops do likewise.

The country can find it in its heart to forgive the fact that our president is reputed as "a little near." It may applaud his determination to wear last summer's straw hat again this season.

The answer to the inquiry in the song: "How in the 'ell can the old folks tell it aint goin' to rain no more?" seems to be, "They can't tell."

COMMENT OF THE PRESS

The Prince Speaks Dutch

WHEN the Prince of Wales made an address at Cape Town he spoke Dutch, and by this device aroused enthusiasm. But how does it come that the Prince of Wales speaks Dutch?

In Depressed Moments

We have our moments of depression when it seems as if our own great party devoted a large share of its time to showing the need of two great parties.

A Foot-Hold in Arcadia

Frank L. Chambers, Eugene banker, has given to the University a 1000-foot strip of land on the south bank of the mill race.

present bleachers east to the point where floats are annually launched in the canoe race. Seldom has a gift to the University so appealed to the imagination.

Forest Fires in Arizona Threaten

TUCSON, Ariz., May 16.—Forest fires in the Chiricahua mountains near Douglas were somewhat checked by the efforts of 115 men fighting them according to reports received here yesterday.

Golden Days of No Taxes

Ex-Governor West has safely returned from a grand swing around the United States which took him

through the sunny south and to the golden land of Florida, where millions are made overnight on paper in building air castles, with some cash for the speculators, and the tax question has been solved by the happy device of exempting the rich and the dead.

We had a state income tax in Oregon. It did not last long. The reason was that it was a fake tax, which made the taxpayer pay more and nobody pay less.

But one thing at a time. In the turning away from an intolerable and unfair income tax, we have with us the Palm Beach idea, which means no state income tax and no inheritance tax for fifteen years in Oregon.

Whither Bound? (Portland Journal) A Portland student has withdrawn from Willamette university because charges were filed that liquor had been detected on his breath.

It is true that the university is apparently not to blame for the withdrawal. But what of the people who "thought" they smelled liquor on the young man's breath and of the indignities that were so severe that he felt compelled to leave his studies?

In Lighter Vein

The Nurse Reports (Louisville Courier-Journal) "Has the patient been irrational today?" "I hope not," said the nurse. "He keeps telling me I am beautiful."

Labor Saving (Boston Transcript) "Do you believe in love at first sight, Miss Vamper?" "Well, it saves a lot of time and effort."

Mourful Meters (Delaware Yellow Crab) Co.—What did Longfellow mean when he wrote, "Tell me not in mournful numbers?" Ed.—He must have been riding in a taxi.

Try and Do It (Pitt Panther) She—I'm willing, Oswald, but did you ask father? He—Oh, it's all right with him, dear; I asked him only yesterday. "And he said yes?" "He said, 'Young man, I'd like to see you marry my daughter.'"

Greek Letters to Him (Centre Colonel) "You said you were a member of the A. E. F." "Yes." "Ah—would you mind telling what chapter?"

Shrinking Peaches (Williams Purple Cow) Customer—That pound of evaporated peaches you sold me didn't weigh over thirteen ounces. Grocer—Well, ma'am, I didn't guarantee 'em not to go on evaporating.

Relativity Again. (Der Brummer, Berlin) "Why did you leave a quiet street to come and live in this noisy thoroughfare?" "Oh, you see, my wife sounds less noisy here!"

Qualified. (Centre Colonel) Editor (to applicant for position)—Have you ever done any newspaper work? "Yes, sir, I work all the cross-word puzzles."

Her Curriculum. (Denver Parakeet) She was a freshman from Vassar. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "I simply can't adjust my curriculum."

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The Busy Man's Newspaper



LEAVES FROM LIVES OF PIONEERS

Essay for Pioneer Pageant Written by Roxford Ruthven Eldson, Of the Eighth Grade, Glenwood School

(Continued) The early summer and fall, when the fruit trees began to bear, was always a welcome time, indeed. One fall day, Mr. Drury, while chopping an old log suddenly ran upon a very neat store of apples, a bushel or more of fine apples, at once he exclaimed that the squirrels were stealing his apples and that the apples must be picked at once.

CORNELEUS HILLS "Oh Susanna then don't you cry for me, I'm going out to Oregon With my banjo on my knee."

Corneleus Hills first came to Oregon in 1847. He did not settle there but went back to Iowa where he married and returned again in 1851 with his wife. The journey was made in a covered wagon driven by oxen.

Once camp was made too close to a willow bordered stream and the Indians came and hid in them. Where they fired into the wagons. A girl was severely wounded by an arrow, but after a long fight from death she lived.

Corneleus Hills had acquired the habit of lagging behind the main train to let his oxen feed. The story of how he was cured of his rather dangerous habit is somewhat as follows:

He had halted and un hitched his team before he had noticed an Indian watching him some distance away. He turned to call after the wagon train but he was too late; it had disappeared around a high jutting bluff. Then he called to his wife in the wagon to hand him his rifle.

Mr. Hills took the one horse he had brought with him west, and bridled it. Then he told his wife to ride to the train and send help back. Mrs. Hills rode a side ways, she had not ridden a hundred yards when the horse suddenly whirled, the rider was thrown to the ground, within range of the Indians' arrows, but they did not offer to harm her. After catching the horse again and mounting she rode away and after a brisk run caught up with the train.

In the mean time Corneleus Hills was surrounded by redmen, merely waiting for a favorable opportunity to rush him. They feared the gun so confidentially held by the pioneer and so therefore would not rush him openly. From one to another the white man addressed the rifle and each Indian in turn gave vent to a wild dance, twisting and turning in such a manner as to be a very uncertain target. At last help came.

When he heard his rescuers coming he opened fire on the Indians but as his gun was only a single shot weapon, he did not kill any savage.

Corneleus Hills located on the east side of the Willamette River, where he built his home, lived and died. At that time there were many Indians living near Jasper but the tribe they belonged to is unknown. Sometimes they lived in cabins but most often in little shacks. They were great beggars and would beg of the whites in such a way as to receive generally what they wanted.

Today remains of sweat houses built by the Indians may be found. Arrowheads are found quite frequently about Jasper, and old Indian relics are yet to be had.

his name for the reason that he was the leader. He came by the Old Oregon Trail. He took up a land donation claim about one mile south of Springfield, east of the Willamette River. A few years later he bought a farm on College Hill, soon after in 1865 occurred the only big flood of the Willamette River which old timers still remember as inundating the business section of Eugene and sending the people to high ground for safety.

Mr. Dunstan, closing his famous "Jack's cafe" after 35 years of serving late and early Broadway birds, remarks: "Broadway has changed. The old-timers are gone—scattered or dead. People don't seem to care for good food like they used to. The whole town's full of cafeterias."

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VII. "O tender lights afar that call us home, Across the darkened miles how bright you burn! As if beseeching wandering feet no more to roam, But back among the old scenes to return."

E. J. McCLANAHAN While writing of our home seeking pioneers we should remember the old stage drivers who helped to develop the wonderful county by bringing in people from the outside world. One whom Eugene knows well, a staunch and splendid old gentleman, E. J. McClanahan, now eighty years of age.

He was but a lad of sixteen when he crossed the Sierras on snow shoes alone and followed the trail over snowy mountains to join his mother at Horsetown from there into Oregon. At twenty he drove his first stage and from then on for several years he followed that work. He married Hulda Smith, a daughter of an Oregon pioneer, in 1849.

"The grand essentials of life are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."—Chalmers.

As I bring my essay to a close, the names of Elijah Bristow and Eugene Skinner, whom all Lane County are familiar with as being the first two old time pioneers who laid the cornerstone for the wonderful county we boast of today. May the hardships and toils of those faithful men ever beckon us on to greater things yet to be achieved.

"Where the restless Pacific beats ever and aye On the sands and the rocks we know well, Where the fire and the elder loom tall on the hill And the brooks wind their way thro' the dell; Where the ring of the ax and the lowing of herds Are the heralds of ass to come; That's the land that to us is most wondrous and dear, It's the land that we love to call home."—Oregon.

In New York

By JAMES W. DEAN NEW YORK, May 16.—In a community of six million people such as this there will occur almost 200 deaths a day, yet a funeral procession is a rare sight, especially in Manhattan.

Yet there is a morbid curiosity that attracts throngs to funerals of persons they do not know. Today I saw a hearse stop in front of a house on west 114th street. In less than five minutes several hundred people crowded about to see the coffin carried out.

An interesting sidelight on this latter incident is that the funeral was of a newsdealer who dropped dead after a customer had given him a lead quarter.

One thing noticed by the visitor here is the great amount of tipping that goes on. It starts with the porter who takes your baggage at the station, proceeds through the taxi driver, hotel doorman, bootblack, bell boy, barber and so on. But it

reaches its peak in the higher-priced restaurants, where tips are paid to head waiter, waiter and hat check girl. They "divvy" with the bus boy who pours your water and clears the table.

When Dunstan closed "Jack's" someone asked him what would become of all of his employes. "Oh, they have nothing to worry about," he answered. "Most of them have been with me for years and I suppose anyone of them is worth a hundred thousand."

Those huge fortunes were accumulated very largely through tips, rather than through salaries. John Dunstan, closing his famous "Jack's cafe" after 35 years of serving late and early Broadway birds, remarks: "Broadway has changed. The old-timers are gone—scattered or dead. People don't seem to care for good food like they used to. The whole town's full of cafeterias."

As Dunstan, a fine old Irishman of 72, with immaculate waxed white mustache, comments: "I guess I'll push up some of my boys and go to Europe. They still eat food there."

New York is building its last shaft. The meat-packing industry is limited to two zones, one in the Forties on the east river and one in the Forties on the north river. Both are crowded to capacity. At one time this was the meat-packing center of the country and the island was sprinkled with packing plants. Droves of cattle and sheep moving through town were as familiar a sight as it is in any town. Now no livestock is driven through the streets. The animals are carried to the slaughter houses on river barges and lighters.

As the World Wags

By FRANK FAY EDIY PUBLICITY is about the only effective instrument we have for efficient social management. Our modern world has become a great whispering gallery. The inventions of modern times have revolutionized our means of communication. Where once old wives tales and heedless, unbridled rumor worked in a yeasty way through the social fabric, we can now spread the news, in other words the facts, which sum up the activities, the virtues and the sins of the world, deeds of valor and heroism and the escapades of the criminals, the ornate pomp of the great and the seething unrest of the submerged tenth. As our world is now organized publicity is our one sure hope of social progress.

Propaganda is the attempt to shape publicity to particular ends. It has a legitimate function if it does not distort or suppress facts. It is another form of advertising, less frank and more subtle. That it has been and is greatly used with false emphasis on facts and with maltreatment of facts, is all too evident. Therefore it is our greatest danger. It is the province of the press to give true publicity, stating the facts as the facts are, regardless of the interests or the feelings of those to whom the facts relate. That any newspaper does this fully, at all, is altogether unlikely, but every publication which long maintains the confidence of its public must do this in the main.

The fear of publicity with the resultant disapproval of public opinion is the one thing which self-seeking men and every kind of outcast holds in the back of his mind. To substitute propaganda for true publicity is the favorite device of such persons. It is the instinctive evasion natural to those who know disapproval would meet the publication of the bald facts relating to their actions.

Our American life functions in the main smoothly and efficiently because it exists in an atmosphere of fact telling. We can survive any and every blow at our institutions so long as we retain the freedom of expression which makes possible a genuine publicity.

The mistakes of the board of regents of the university were the attempt to evade publicity of their present actions. Their much explaining is evidence enough that while undoubtedly acting within their legal rights they exceeded the actual lease of power granted to them in the public mind. The organization of a university is a thing of delicate adjust-

ment. Those who hold the purse strings, to use the picturesque phrase of William Jennings Bryan, can so act as to destroy that delicate and interlarded organism of intangible but potent things of the mind which makes a really great school.

Don Woodward in the Oregon Emerald gave a remarkable editorial Friday morning which cannot be too highly commended. It was packed with facts. It admitted the legitimacy of the actions of the board and did not question the intention or the motive which actuated the members, but it censured the manner in which they had ignored the plain rights of members of the faculty and particularly the subsequent seeming attempt to evade proper publicity due the social group which constitutes the university, as well as due the larger social group of which they are the representatives, namely the citizens of the state of Oregon. That is true publicity.

Likewise the publicity given by the Eugene Guard in relation to the same much discussed meeting of the board of regents and its handling, the glaring mistake of Mr. Crews, state commissioner of corporations, in using his office for promotion purposes to the advantage of our local oil well, should receive commendation rather than short-sighted criticism from every citizen who values those defenses which are most potent in preserving our American institutions.

Tom Sims Says

LONDON'S House of Lords will install loud speakers. We elect them.

Chicago University students have a mustache-growing contest. It should stop necking parties.

Nazimov, stage and screen star, says she doesn't want a divorce, making one who doesn't.

New order says Annapolis graduates must learn to fly. We say that is higher education.

Los Angeles rich man's wife asks divorce because she washed dishes. May be why he is a rich man.

The Florida legislature is considering making it illegal to be descended from a monkey.

The average Chicagoan lives only 42 years, proving it isn't as dangerous as we thought.

Health expert says middle-aged people should dance. They would, but most of them are married.

You are not old if at midnight you start wondering what you will do until bedtime.

An optimist is a fisherman.

Rowell's Comment

By CHESTER H. ROWELL "KEEP the peace, or pay your own bills for breaking it." This is the plot of Ambassador Houghton's obviously authorized warning to Europe. Even more significant is his demand that the nations credit each other with good faith.

"Permanent peace can come only in one way; it must be based upon an assumption of the good faith of all who participate in it." This is notice to France to reverse its present attitude, or else pay the cost of its barricades of suspicion.

After all, if America is to be the banker of the world, we must well exercise the banker's privilege. In fact, we have been doing so for some time, through private channels. The channels are still to be private. The credit which Europe is to get or not to get is private credit, from American investors.

But, if a part of the security of that credit is the public policies of Europe, it is well that the government take the responsibility of stating our attitude toward these policies. Mr. Houghton's speech is the announcement that this has been done. If the European nations will unite for peace, on the basis of mutual good faith, their credit in America for the necessary funds will be good. If they insist that they can trust each other, neither will America trust

Henry Ford Knows the Value of \$5

Ford knew that most people who thought they could never own a car were mistaken. He knew the power of accumulated small amounts drawing interest. As a result you can buy a Ford today with \$5 as a starter.

And so it is with most everything you desire. Your biggest hindrance is not your small income, but you. No matter what your heart is set on, be it a limousine or a radio set, a few dollars deposited on interest every week will soon bring it to your door.

Open a savings account with us right now. Even a dollar will do. Then add to it regularly. Success is bound to come.

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