

# THE EUGENE GUARD

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FRIDAY, MAY 29.

## The Governor Feels So Badly.

THE bus and truck tax is held up. The tobacco tax is held up. The fitting bill is held up. All of Governor Pierce's vaunted measures for replacement of revenues cut off by his and Jefferson Myers' mal-manipulation of the tax levy have gone glimmering and the state faces a deficit and must operate on a warrant basis.

But that isn't what the governor is smugly smiling over. Oh, my, no! He has just happened to think about a funny cross-eyed, white-faced calf that he saw out in Union county some years ago. The governor really feels very badly about the state's predicament. Ha, ha—er, don't make the governor crack his lip.

## The Glory That Was the Oregon.

THE battleship Oregon is coming to end her days and rest her bones in home waters. They used to call the Oregon the bulldog of the American navy. That was in the heyday of her glory. Once, when she came back from Manila after the close of the Spanish American war, the Oregon flew a "homeward bound" pennant 350 feet long. It was a prideful conceit, indicative of how America felt about her.

The Oregon was built on the Pacific coast—at San Francisco. At her launching Sam L. Simpson, whose "Beautiful Willamette" has made his fame immortal, wrote this:

Columbia in his pride will greet  
The Bodicea of our fleet;  
And from embattled heights the voice  
Of cannon make the deep rejoice;  
And festal sunshine gleam upon  
The green-clad hills of Oregon.

Oregon's people were proud of the great fighting machine which represented the last word in naval efficiency of the day. They gave to the Oregon when she was commissioned a solid silver service which cost \$25,000, in manifestation of their sentiments. And later they presented her gallant commander with a fancy, even though quite superfluous, sword.

The imminence of the Spanish-American war found the Oregon in the wrong part of the world to be immediately effective. She was at Puget sound. There was a strong Spanish fleet in Philippine waters and another one in Cuban waters. For the latter named prospective theater of action the Oregon started on March 6, 1898, with Captain Charles E. Clark in command. There was no Panama canal. The Oregon went by way of Cape Horn. And she went fast. War broke out while she was enroute.

In the navy department at Washington there were fears of what lurking Spanish ships might do to the Oregon. Warnings were sent to Captain Clark and instructions for precautions. "I am not afraid of the whole Spanish fleet" cabled Clark to the department from one port. On May 26 the Oregon arrived at Sand Key, Fla. She had covered 18,112 miles. She had run one leg of 4,726 miles without a stop. It is a record that still stands for our navy or any navy.

When Cervera's fleet essayed the forlorn hope of dashing out of the Santiago harbor bottle-neck, it was the Oregon that fired the first shot. What followed was summarized in the message of Sampson, two days later. "The American navy," he cabled, "offers to the American people as a Fourth of July present—the destruction of the entire Spanish fleet. Not one vessel escaped."

By the time the cheers had died which this message evoked, the Oregon had finished mopping up and was looking about for something else to do. Dewey had long since done for the Montojo fleet in Manila bay what Sampson and Schley had done for Cervera at Santiago, but there was a third Spanish fleet at large. It had started—though it never got there—for the Philippines by way of Suez. Whatever of potential sea menace Spain still exercised was pointed towards the far east. And so the Oregon was sent back around the Horn again and across the broad Pacific. Dewey greeted her with a grin and his cheers ebbed lustily, but there wasn't much for the Oregon to do around Manila after all. Dewey hadn't left her anything to shoot at, and as already stated, Spain's vaunted third fleet never reached the far east.

Navy styles change pretty fast and by the time the next war came along the Oregon was classed as among the venerables. Nevertheless she served in the reserve fleet and was found still fit and workable for the little that they gave her to do. And after that the Oregon was held superannuated and ready for the bonnyard.

Captain Clark has passed. Sampson has passed and Schley and Fighting Bob Evans and the great Dewey. The New York and the Brooklyn and the Indiana and the Texas and the other fleetmates of the Oregon at Santiago, and the old Olympia, which was Dewey's flagship at Manila, have rusted out their bones and gone along. Never again will her great guns thunder. No more will she clear decks to fight for the flag that she has so well supported. But the ghost of her former greatness—the glory that was the Oregon—is coming home to Oregon waters to end her days.

A south end resident says he is willing to give the weather man a neat prize if he will bring on enough more rain right away to drown the squawk of the imitation callopo at the carnival.

We would feel much better about the week-end double holiday if we could think of somebody besides the newspaper men who has to work as per usual.

Optimistic thought for today: Strawberries are red all the way through now.

## COMMENT OF THE PRESS

North Carolina's Example (Salem Capital Journal) the north as well, by trying, convicting and sentencing a mob of chivalrous protectors of southern womanhood, who broke jail, carrying away

## Feeling His Oats



## CAPITAL STILL HAS HORSE CABS

"Dey's Eight of us Left," Darkey Driver Teils Patron Who Volunteers as Fare

By CHARLES P. STEWART  
WASHINGTON, May 29.—A horse cab was passing. Just to see what it felt like to ride behind a horse again, I flagged it and got in. "Home, James," I told the driver, mentioning the address.

The cab was of the phaeton pattern and no rattle-trap, but spruce-kept, with a fat, sleek horse between the shafts and a dignified, white-haired, plug-natted old darkey on the box. As we jogged along, he gave me some information.

"Dey's eight of us left in Washington," he told me, "out of a vast multitude. In summa we does ve's well. Numb'our pussions rides with us 'jest' fo' th' experience, like you all's doin'." An dey's fairly lib'ral mos' gen'ral, seen', I callate, as we's a novelty, an' dey reckon we oughta be re-warded commensuately.

"But in winta things gits toleable oleaginous fo' us. First place, we can't heat his yeah specie of vehicles. An' second place, if faction of dis yeah asphalt on a horse's feet gits toleable when it's col' an' slippy. "An' bossmanship ve's dange'ous you ast, with all dese yeah' mou'cabs? Well sub, it's a fac' dey's a certain type of homogeneity acts toleable reckless an' some of 'em I s'pect of right down in ligandry. But gen'y speakin', folks regabds us as a deyn' genus an' takes middlin' good care of us.

"Why don't I git me a taxicab?—you all asts me. Lawdy, boss, I's too old to degenerate into no shoofs. Foly seven yeah I bin drivin' hoo-cabs in Washington. I reckons I'll keep at it lon' I lings in his yeah vale a synthetic righteousness."

Who's entitled to credit for discovering the airplane?—its first discoverer? Professor Langley? Or the Wright brothers? Secretary Walcott of the Smithsonian Institute claims it for the former. Dewey Wright claims it for himself and his brother, Wilbur. It belongs to neither, according to friends of Augustus M. Herring, whose application for a patent on a workable heavier-than-air flying machine is on record in the patent office under date December 11, 1906.

E. C. Huffaker, who was Langley's assistant in all his experiments, is authority for the statement that the professor's machine which, after his death, proved a successful flyer, post dated Herring's "by more than a year." The Wrights did not begin their experiments at all until 1901.

Herring didn't get his patent, however. The examiner refused it, on the ground that he "regard[ed] the apparatus, as a whole, as incapable of practical use."

As good an authority as James V. Martin, world record holder for airplane efficiency, contends that it was perfectly practical. The machine flew, at any rate. Many witnesses testify to it. "We have hardly been able to improve today," says Martin, "upon Herring's disclosure in his 1896 patent office application."

Old and ill, Herring is spending his last years in poverty.

James Dalcroze of Paris, Geneva and London expects to visit America soon. He's an educator, founder of the school of "rhythmic expression," which seeks to train mind, voice and body simultaneously. In Europe, where his method has a wide vogue, he's a famous man. Here he isn't known as well, but his expected visit, on the invitation of the Maret French school, in Washington, where his system is followed, may make him so.

There is a great portrait of Joseph Jefferson. And announcements of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the appearance of Richard Mansfield and Hazel Kirk. And here you see players of a former generation who still tread the boards. Mrs. Fiske and Francis Wilson. The latter once gave up a salary of \$150 a week for \$15 a week in a legitimate role.

These portraits will hang until September and until then the gallery will be the mecca of many who will come to catch one last glimpse of scenes of the long ago.

My favorite success story concerns Tony, the bootblack at Grand Central station. He is 70 and has been shining shoes 50 years. Any fellow who holds one job 50 years no matter what, seems a great success to me.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henderson of Salem are in Eugene for a few days, visiting relatives.

Born, at Moscow, Idaho, a daughter, Nina Kathleen, to Prof. and Mrs. H. T. Condon. Grandpa Wilkins is all smiles today over his new honors, but Professor Condon takes the matter quite considerably.

C. H. Park left today for the Bohemia mining district.

George Lee is a visitor in the city from Cottage Grove.

Workmen are preparing to move the Davies building to the rear of the lot.

In Lighter Vein  
The Installment Baby (Saturday Evening Post)  
"I just paid the doctor another ten dollars on his bill."  
"Oh, good! Two more payments and the baby's ours."

Sore Vexed (London Morning Post)  
A class was asked in a Sunday school examination to give the meaning of the word "Selah." For a while no answer was forthcoming. Then a small boy diffidently held up his hand. "Well," said the examiner, hopefully. "Please, sir," said the lad, "that's what David used to say whenever he broke one of the strings on his harp!"

No Below Zero (Washington Cousins Paw)  
SOPH—But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero.  
"PROF.—Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark that I am allowed to give."

Consider Young Griffio  
An Illustrated Editorial by NEA Service



THIS is Young Griffio. Once he was a champion featherweight fighter. He was lightning fast, a phantom in the ring. He was so quick on his feet that other boxers could hardly touch him with a glove. He isn't so young now. Fifty-four. And he is no longer featherweight. His bones are brittle. Young Griffio could have been a rich man had he conserved his earnings of prizefights. Thrift enthusiasts might draw a fine object lesson about this photograph. However, this is spring and a different spirit moves the writer of these lines. Griffio spends much of his time sitting in a New York doorway, just a step off Times Square, watching the world pass by. Friends come to see him and chat with him. Fame, to him, is an empty bubble. Contentment, even in his humble lot, means more. And contentment is something few of us achieve.

Stage Men Issue Public Statement  
24 Points in Form of Their Constitution Set Out

The Oregon motor stage association, which has just filed a petition containing 19,832 signatures, asking for referendum of the truck and bus tax bill passed by the last legislature, is sending to the press of the state a statement giving its position in the controversy over the bill and the referendum. Following are 24 items captioned "statements of fact" from the circular:

1. The justification of stage operation is recognized as being based upon public CONVENIENCE and public NECESSITY.
2. Stages are needed and wanted by hundreds of thousands of people.
3. Stages run with frequency.
4. Stages run where no other kind of public conveyance is to be had.
5. Stages stop at almost any point.
6. Stages bring people nearer their ultimate destination in the cities or on the road.
7. Stage travel has tremendously increased the value of the American highways by making them serve a greater percentage of the people.
8. Stages reduce the cost of transportation to the public.
9. Stages carry the public over the public's roads.
10. Stages are NOW regulated.
11. Stages WANT regulation.
12. Oregon stages have no franchise rights.
13. California stages and Washington stages are recognized as having rights of franchise and are issued certificates based on public convenience and necessity.
14. Oregon stages now pay 5 1/2 per cent of gross earnings in taxes—11 per cent of value of their equipment.
15. Oregon stages now pay the following taxes:  
Gasoline taxes—(for maintenance and upkeep of highways).  
License fee tax—(for liquidating original cost of highways).  
Seating capacity tax—(Special stage tax for privilege of engaging in for hire business).  
Federal taxes—(a war revenue measure).  
Municipal taxes—(fees assessed by municipalities through which stages operate to take care of cost of regulation).  
Public Service Commission taxes—(a tax used to support regulating body).
16. House Bill 413 would raise the taxes to 12 per cent of gross earnings.
17. House Bill 413 would raise taxes on stages to 33 per cent of the value of their equipment.
18. House Bill 413 was declared unconstitutional by the attorney general.
19. House Bill 413 was originated with the railroads and was designed to fight the stage competition NOT as an equitable tax measure to protect the highways.
20. House Bill 413 was literally railroaded through by a powerful railroad lobby.
21. Stages are for an equitable tax measure to protect the highways.
22. Stages have built their business on a basis of public service not on a "public-be-damned" policy.
23. House Bill 413 bears heaviest on the comparatively light motor stages (operated on pneumatic tires). If House Bill 413 becomes effective in addition to gasoline taxes:  
A regularly operated 29-passenger stage weighing 11,000 lbs. (pneumatic tires) would pay to state per year \$1075.  
A regularly operated 5-ton common carrier freight truck weighing 22,000 lbs. would pay \$500 per year.  
A regularly operated 5-ton private truck would pay \$140.  
In addition each vehicle will pay 3¢ per gal. of gasoline used.  
In addition the stage will pay federal and municipal taxes.
24. The heaviest stage weighs 11,000 lbs. The average is less than 8000 lbs. per vehicle.
25. Should this tax become effective and if the Public Service Commission would not allow an increase in rates, 85 per cent of the stage companies would be compelled to quit.

## In New York

By JAMES W. DEAN  
NEW YORK, May 29.—A revel is offered the old-timer at the public library. Those who visited or lived here a generation ago would find two exhibits in the library quite the most interesting thing in town. One is the Enos collection of prints and the other a collection of photographs and programs of the stage for the past 60 years.

Prints of scenes of the old days were collected by Amos F. Enos who lived 81 years at Fifth avenue and Tenth street. There are prints of hot-terries on the old city hall steps; the brewery at Five Points, torn down in 1852 by the Ladies' Home Missionary society; the forerunner of the subway, a sleigh car being pulled by eight pairs of horses along Broadway; a boy peddling shoes hung from a stick; and the famous Crystal palace that stood on the site of Bryant park.

How times have changed in three quarters of a century is aptly illustrated in a series of scenes showing the evolution of the corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street. In 1850 a row of houses stood there, displaying the sign, "Stages leave every four minutes." It was replaced by Pearson's Hippodrome which had a tear tip. Then it came and my went the old Fifth Avenue hotel. That was replaced

by a great office building which still stands.

Interest in the theatrical collection is divided between the portraits on the wall and the living portraits in the gallery. Old-time actors and actresses amble along in grand manner from photograph to photograph, living in the dull embers of a past glory. "Well, well! There's John Drew. I played with him in '95. And Otis Skinner. The old fellow's still playing." Young flappers come to admire Lillian Russell. And Phoebe Russell, too.

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