

THE EUGENE GUARD

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

Re-elect Mr. Evans.

THE Eugene school board has functioned well this past year, and its work has been carried forward harmoniously. John T. Evans, one of its members, is a candidate for re-election as director at the school election to be held next Monday.

Mr. Evans, through his experience, has become familiar with school district affairs and is in touch with business and work of the district in progress but uncompleted. The advantage of his knowledge of these things would be lost to the district by the election of another to his present place.

If there is any offsetting advantage to all this to be gained by a change, that advantage is not apparent. And to say all this is by no means to say anything against Alta King, Mr. Evans' opponent, who is an estimable citizen.

In the Old Kentucky Home.

THE sun shines but darkly in the old Kentucky home. Weep no more, my lady, for tears cannot do justice to the situation. A gentleman, suh, a gentleman of Kentucky, has been incarcerated, jailed, thrown in the calaboose, for the very natural assertion of a Kentucky gentleman's immemorial prerogative.

John W. Langley, representative in congress from a bluegrass state district, is the unhappy victim of an ungrateful system. Because he had taken a modicum of co'on liquor in the exercise of the aforementioned inalienable privilege of a Kentucky gentleman, he was haled to court like any common malefactor.

Shade of the departed mint julep! My old Kentucky home, goodnight!

A proper function of the church, according to Rev. Ira Landrith, of Ohio, former moderator of the Presbyterian church, is to provide beau parlors for girls who live away from home. The beau parlor is defined in Los Angeles, where the Landrith idea has been seized upon as something worthy of exploitation, as a place where young couples can meet and court in wholesome surroundings.

Twenty years ago, when he was a superior judge in Los Angeles, Curtis D. Wilbur used to have himself photographed for the papers in the pose of telling bear stories to his children. Wilbur is secretary of the navy now, and the other day he tried to manipulate the president of the United States before a motion picture camera at Annapolis beside a cheap actor.

Under Eugene dateline the Christian Science Monitor, in its edition of June 2, publishes a news story which contains a most forcible testimonial to the practicability of the work being done by the school of journalism in the University of Oregon.

An upstate New York newspaper says Governor Al Smith will write for the New York World at a salary of \$50,000 a year, after his present term expires. It is an interesting story. Many men have quit journalism for politics in order to increase their incomes, but the proposition of quitting politics for journalism for a similar purpose is novel.

His friends were too strong for young Mr. Scopes, and all the eminent attorneys whose names any of them could think of have been put on his staff for the Tennessee evolution trial. Maybe if things become too crowded they will let the attorneys into the courtroom in relays, or else hold the trial out in the yard.

It was a fine, upstanding, husky lot of young men that Lane county sent away last night to the Oregon national guard encampment.

COMMENT OF THE PRESS

Abandon the Auto Camp Fad. (The Oregonian) People are beginning to perceive the drawbacks to the municipal automobile camp. It is charged, and on ample evidence, that the auto tramp, a vagrant peculiar to the times, frequents such caravanseries, which are in effect an aid to vagrancy. It is charged that contagious diseases spread there, and that various other social problems are presented. The city is urged further to investigate and regulate these problems. This it should not do. No such duty devolves on it. The city should settle all these

Crazy With The Heat



WHY TRY TO PROLONG HUMAN LIFE?

Public Health Service Answers That Each Individual is Assured to Society

By CHARLES P. STEWART (NEA Service Writer) WASHINGTON, June 12.—The Public Health Service claims great credit for medical science, on account of its success, during the last two or three decades, in stretching out the average human life longer and longer.

Individual humans like to keep on living, unquestionably. When one of them pays a doctor to keep him hanging on as long as possible, it assuredly is the doctor's business to do his best and earn his money. If he does a good job he's entitled to feel proud of it.

But as a broad general proposition, what's gained by prolonging the average human life? Ultimately people die anyway. What difference does it make, in eternity, to them or to anybody, at what average age they do it?

This may sound like a ridiculous question, but when I put it up to the Public Health Service, it kinda stumped 'em. Finally, "Well," they answered, over the telephone, "a human being's an asset to society, so it seems to us it follows, the longer he lives the more of an asset he is."

There was no use arguing with so illogical an outfit, so I dropped it. As we all know, however, even young, husky human beings are assets only where society needs them, as in not too thickly populated countries. And right now economists and biologists are worrying about world overpopulation. In China, already, it's a misfortune when a new average human being is born—a misfortune to

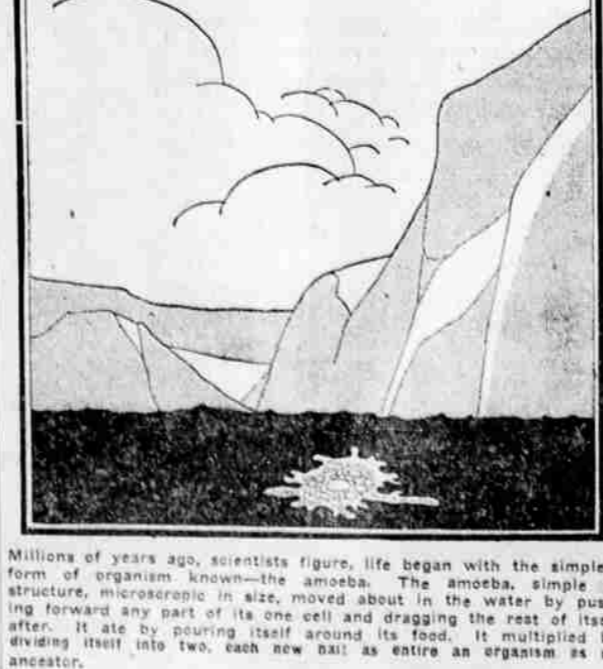
hovers over a mass of the great unwashed. Here there is a mulatto waving a bejeweled hand before the face of a white girl, claiming to have hypnotic power over her while onlookers stand with mouths agape.

There's a dowager of indeterminate age and doubtful origin being pointed to as a "beautiful music dancer" who will give her performance inside the tent. In a "fun house" two pignies slapping women with cracking boards and shocking men with an electric rod, secure in the knowledge that their size protects them from retaliation, having their one grand fling at superiority over their physical superiors.

A gallery of funny mirrors, fat persons laughing at thin reflections of themselves and thin persons laughing at fat reflections of themselves. Sodawater cowboys paying a dime

EVOLUTION THE DAWN OF LIFE

By Percy W. Cobb, B. S., M. D.



Millions of years ago, scientists figure, life began with the simplest form of organism known—the amoeba. The amoeba, simple in structure, microscopic in size, moved about in the water by pushing forward any part of its one cell and dragging the rest of itself after. It ate by pouring itself around its food. It multiplied by dividing itself into two, each new cell as entire an organism as its ancestor.

to whip horses into a wild gallop around a 200-foot track, taking the corners so sharply that the steeds can hardly keep their feet. Finally one of them crashes into a fence and is knocked silly, while the horse, braver than his rider, escapes unhurt.

Walking down the midway and on the boardwalk men, women and children sniggering over dripping ears of corn, tossing the cobs under the feet of others. Pigs eat in one corner of the fair and keep their food out of their wallow.

And now into an exhibit of freaks. Kookoo, the bird lady with her hair shaved off to accentuate the odd shape of her head. Her visitors look upon her with commiseration. And the armless lady who writes with her toes and the Indian who swallows fire without feeling it and the immense fat woman, they all are objects of pity of those who are giving full play to their superiority complexes.

And as we go out there sits a little monkey in a cage in silent and solemn wonder at the queer creatures who poke queer things into the cage despite the sign that reads, "Don't Feed the Monkeys."

He acts with great decorum. Infinite wisdom lies in his eyes and yet he is perplexed with those who parade past him. Some of them should be in and he should be out.

Never mind, little monkey in the cage. You, at least, are protected. I bow to you. And if, perchance, you and I are in some manner related, I am proud.

Tom Sims Says— It's disconcerting to see a lipstick and wonder what part will reach some other man's face. Being dignified doesn't leave much time for working. A girl has to act silly else her friends will learn she is old enough to know better.

If you get out and work to pay the doctor it will cure you. Even if a Havana newspaper did burn, the editor didn't have to hunt a bootlegger. A Boston man was jailed for kissing a girl before they had been properly introduced.

So many tourists are going to Europe there will be no talk shortage next winter. Dancing is criticized mostly by people with stiff joints. A man eloped with his brother's bride recently. All the world loves a good lover. Just as we had sworn off reading crime news Tennessee started an evolution argument.

Fluores say we have 18,000,000 auto. But a Cleveland drunk, driving, reduced it by two. When the children's vacation begins their mother's ends. Goats will eat anything, but don't make one of your hobby.

In Lighter Vein Oudono "Why, John, what happened to the parrot that used to seem so happy in his cage hanging on the club house porch?" "Why, you see, sir, he was quite proud of his ability to swear when we first got him, but after hearing the fancy oaths coming continually from the golf course he finally hung his head 'n' jest died of shame."

Not Entirely Innocent (Chicago Journal) "What's the matter, little girl?" "Two boys were fightin' and I got hit with a stone." "That's it; the innocent bystander always gets hurt." "But I don't know as I was an innocent bystander. I was what they was fightin' about!"

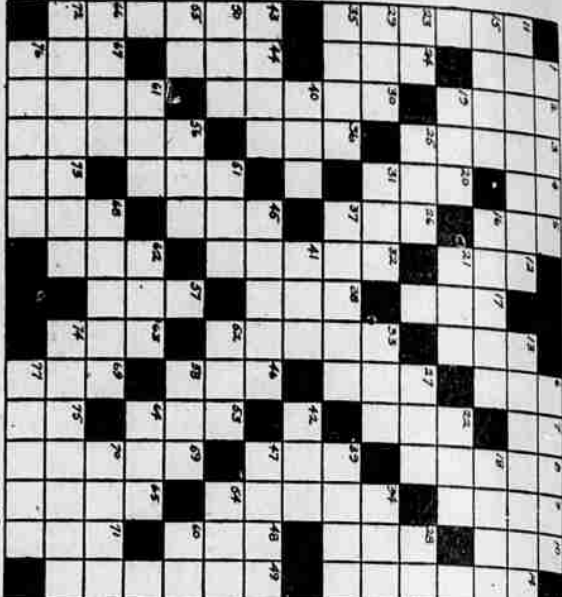
Force of Habit (New Haven Register) Passenger (formerly telephone girl)—Porter, why didn't you call me as I told you? Sleeping-Car Porter—Ah did, lady. Ah sho' did. Ah said, "Eben-thirty, ma'am" and you said, "Line's busy."

Disturbing Knowledge (Boston Transcript) It isn't what he doesn't know that troubles a man, but what he knows he doesn't know.

MR. HAPPY PARTY I FIND THEIR MEATS QUITE TO MY TASTE—AN ORDER'S SENT—WITH UTMOST HASTE YOU'LL find our meats and our methods to your taste. Watch for Mr. Happy Party EUGENE PACKING CO. 675 Willamette St Phone 38

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle

Don't let this puzzle take you any longer than 15 minutes. It's so simple, because of the majority of short words in it. Adepts should solve this in less than 10 minutes.



- HORIZONTAL 1. One of the senses. 6. Flaying card. 11. Name. 13. Pertaining to a title. 15. Pitcher. 16. Ancient Persian coin. 18. To allot. 19. Total. 21. To tear. 22. Mineral spring. 23. To accomplish. 25. Powerful snake. 27. Call for help. 28. Father. 29. To devour. 31. Constellation. 32. 2000 pounds. 34. Small child. 35. Sixty grains. 37. Gold or silver. 39. Manufactured. 40. Nearly exhausted. 41. To steal. 42. To drag along. 43. Bereaved wife. 45. Narrow opening for a coin. 47. Quarrels among nations. 50. Electrified particles. 51. Tiny. 52. To lubricate. 54. To hem. 55. Toward. 56. Wooden trough for carrying mortar. 58. Beverage. 61. Golf term. 62. To pet. 64. Spikulet on barley. 66. Fence. 68. Flower leaf. 70. To rave. 72. Ensign. 74. Marashy. 76. To saw into dimension lumber. 77. Carried on long slender sticks.

- VERTICAL 1. A marble. 2. One in cards (pl.). 3. Bush. 4. Seventh note in scale. 5. To finish. 6. Twitching. 7. Preposition of place. 8. Pieces of meat back of the upper portion of sirloin. 9. Olive tree. 10. To make lace.

25 Years Ago From The Guard of June 12, 1900 WHEN the fire bell sounded this afternoon all the apparatus belonging to the fire department in the city hall was unhooked and started to the fire, all of the same being drawn by a team. Just as the chemical engine turned the corner of Eighth street and Willamette, Fire Warden M. S. Hubble attempted to get onto the engine by running in between the wheels. By some manner he was knocked down and the hind wheel of the machine ran over his left side, including his face and leg. His right leg was broken. The reception of President and Mrs. Strong will be at their residence in Collier hall tomorrow evening between 8 and 11 o'clock. The women of the university have established a tradition. Each year from now on will be held a procession in which the women and women graduates will march with many ferns and flowers. The event last evening was very beautiful. Regent C. C. Beaman and family are in Eugene for commencement. E. W. Osburn is home from Portland. M. O. Wilkins is to address a convention of Woodmen of the World at Medford Tuesday.

"Behold, I Have Gained Five Talents More."—Matt. 25:20. The servant who returned interest on his master's money, in the parable of the talents, was "made ruler over many things" while he who brought back the talent alone was "cast into utter darkness."

Like the master of old, you should frown on money that is bringing no return. Let us be the servant who safeguards your surplus—who wisely invests it and causes it to grow. We have been the wise and trustworthy servant of Eugene savers for many years. Trust your funds to us and enjoy the surety that they are well cared for.

The U.S. NATIONAL BANK The Bank of Service EUGENE LOAN & SAVINGS BANK The Bank for Savings

CHIROPRACTIC Its growth and success merits your investigation. Headache, high blood pressure, rheumatism, stomach and bowel trouble are cured by scientifically co-ordinating the principles of Chiropractic with electro-therapy. Phone 355-J DR. GEO. A. SIMON OVER PENNEY'S STORE