

THE EUGENE GUARD

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TUESDAY, JUNE 16.

A Historic Hostelery to Pass.

MUCH water has flowed down the Willamette river since the Hotel Portland arose, phoenix-like, from the gray stone ruins of Henry Villard's unfulfilled dream. It was in 1883 that Villard, then pushing his great Oregon projects to the full, started work on what was to be a hotel of hotels so far as Portland and the northwest were concerned. In a year a basement and one story of stone construction had been completed. Then came the collapse of the Villard boom and work ceased.

Four long years the hotel project remained inactive and the stone foundation gathered dust. The place became known as the "Villard ruins." Once the body was discovered in its darksome depths of a poor fool of a sailor who had been murdered in a near-by dead-fall and carried there.

In 1888 a group of Portland citizens organized themselves into a company and started to complete the hotel. They bought for \$100,000 the ground and stone-work on which Villard had expended \$225,000. Half a million dollars was raised through bonus and stock subscriptions, participated in by a large number of citizens. On the Villard stones a superstructure of bricks began to rise. In the spring of 1890 the hotel was completed and opened. It was the show building of Portland for years, and its fame as a hostelery spread over the country, for it was well conducted. But it never paid a dividend until 1904, because it was an enterprise in advance of its field up to that time. Since then it has paid well and in 1910 it changed hands at a price of \$1,000,000.

The old Portland is a back number now. Too many of its rooms are without the always demanded accompaniment of modern days for private bath. In other ways, too, its physical equipment has become old fashioned. Nevertheless, it holds first place among all the hotels of the state's metropolis in the esteem and affection of many Oregonians of all sections. These will mourn its passing and, notwithstanding the multiplicity of other hotels, will be rather at a loss where to stay when they visit Portland. For soon the old Hotel Portland is to be razed and a new Hotel Portland is to rise upon its site. The event will mark not alone the passing of a Portland landmark, but a landmark of Oregon.

The Western Lane Highway.

WITH the views of Mr. George Melvin Miller concerning the state road into western Lane county, as stated in his communication on this page today, The Guard disagrees. The statement that this highway will become the western link in a recognized transcontinental route this year or any year in the near future is, it would seem, far-fetched and fanciful. No such prospect is discernible to most of us. It would be very pleasant if we of Lane county could make ourselves think that people from the east are about to begin rushing in droves across the continent to Florence, but we can scarcely do so if we keep our feet on the ground.

The present function of the highway to western Lane county is to give that section an outlet to the rest of the state and to the Pacific highway. For this reason the people of the western Lane county section are entitled to first consideration in its routing. If a majority of them prefer the Mapleton-Cushman route and the grades on that route are found feasible, then the mere matter of an addition of two miles in distance to the coast is hardly a valid objection.

Up to the day of his retirement, less than three weeks ago, Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the board of directors of the Southern Pacific company, appeared to be in unimpaired health. Yesterday he died. He was a worker all his life. When there was no more work for him to do he passed out. His career in railroading was conspicuously brilliant, and the highly developed and prosperous Southern Pacific system of today bears witness to the thoroughness of a work in which he had so large a part.

John T. Scoopes, erstwhile obscure Tennessee pedagogue, whose name has been in every newspaper in the United States and most of those in all the other countries of the world these past few weeks, has received offers aggregating \$150,000 for various "rights" in connection with his forthcoming trial. The largest offer, of course, was for the motion picture concession. To the credit of Scoopes be it said, he has declined them all.

Two statements of encouragement to wheat farmers are contained on the latest bulletin of the state market agent. One is that the world's wheat bins will be nearer empty by harvest time this year than they have been in any previous season for 75 years past. The other is that prospects are for big crops all over Oregon. Fall wheat fared badly but spring wheat promises a heavy yield.

Re-election of John T. Evans as school director insures that school board policies will remain undisturbed, and that is a good thing. Alta King made a fine run and may well feel gratified at the showing which he made.

Was it for the Portland rose festival that the weather man put on his best brand, or for the state convention of Eagles in Eugene?

COMMENT OF THE PRESS

Electric Service (Salem Statesman) One farm in ten in Oregon is equipped with electric or gas service. Fifty per cent of the farms have telephone service and seventy-one per cent own automobiles. Independent plants for electric light-

ing are in use on a limited number of farms. These plants are generally popular but do not supply the general demand for cheap light and power. Hydro-electric power sufficient to light and to furnish energy for driving the labor-saving machinery of every



home in Oregon awaits development here.

A great revolution in the use of electricity in rural places is coming and with it a greater movement toward rural life.

By means of electricity the farmer will be relieved of many arduous tasks now required of him. It will pump the water, drive the washing machine, heat the electric iron, cook food, run the vacuum cleaner, charge the radio and auto batteries, light the premises including yards and buildings, drive the milking machine, cream separator, every wheel and other utility machinery.

May the development of Oregon's vast power be hastened and may its products including electricity be reserved for the benefit of all lines of industrial and commercial progress.

The Settler's Need

(Pendleton East Oregonian) The interior department says an irrigation project settler needs from \$4000 to \$7000 to equip his place. What the settler really needs is a chance to make money at farming. When that chance exists the settler can work out his own salvation but when profits are absent it is hard for him to get along no matter how much "aid" he extends him.

Higher Education

(Roseburg News-Review) Many parents who are putting their young people through college, are sighing with relief to think that the bills for one more year are paid. They may wonder how they can ever get these young folks educated at the present scale of expense. The costs involved in college training are mostly necessary. Teachers must be well paid. Commonly board and rooms are not very high because the buildings were largely given by generous benefactors. As time goes on, more young people will have to earn a good part of the money for education. It is becoming a big problem to arrange plans by which a good part of them can do this.

One of Monty's Funny Ones

(Vancouver Columbian) "There are no jackasses in Oregon," says Montgomery Lynch, who is staging the Rose Festival in Portland. Hee, hee! Do you know any more funny ones, Monty?

A Proposed Toll Road

(Sheridan Star) For the proposed Wilson river toll road to be profitable, A. G. Beals, state senator, state fish commissioner, and one of the promoters of the commercial enterprise, estimates that 300,000 cars must pass over the road every year, each car paying a toll of \$2. That's almost 1000 cars a day for every day in the year. Mr. Beals knows that no such traffic will be developed, as long as such popular state highways as the Pacific and Roosevelt, enter Tillamook county and tourists may ride over them free.

Tom Sims Says—

NOTHING can make a man more uncomfortable than not understanding someone who understands him. The world owes you a living, but it pays on the installment plan. When some golf players put their mind on the ball it just fits. Work, like all forms of amusement can be carried to extremes. The push shown by many a successful business man is caused by his being pushed. Keeping the bonds of matrimony pays dividends. When picking your friends be careful not to pick them too much. Descendants of an early settler don't go as far as those of an early riser. A rolling stone hits the bumps. The man who sings his own praises is never asked for an encore. Fast people are slow pay. Wisdom comes with the years in which it isn't needed. Even truthful people say business may get better.

HEAT AT WASHINGTON IS FIERCE

Man From Tropics

By CHARLES P. STEWART (NEA Service Writer) WASHINGTON, June 15.—"Caribbean!"

It was during the recent torrid spell. "This weather!" Fanning himself weakly, my visitor mopped his dripping brow.

A member of the Washington diplomatic corps, he represents a republic almost wholly within the tropics. His home town is but a few miles off the equator. Nevertheless, our summer climate had him going.

Dropping in on a news matter, he sat sticily, rasping, reluctant to venture out again, even in the shade of the umbrella he carried. "Oh, yes, he admitted pantingly, "in my country we have more heat, but spread out over the year—never concentrated like this."

From black-dyed straw hat to patent leather shoes, he was clad all in the same raven ruc, like a true son of the tropics.

South of the Caribbean it's generally contended that black affords best protection against the ardent rays of the sun. Foreigners affect white there, but the natives declare it a mistake.

Upper class equatorials are very punctilious as to appearance.

Not much is expected of common toilers, to be sure. A Mother Hubbard will do for a working woman, an undershirt and pair of trousers for a working man. Children do with still less, down to nothing.

But these folk aren't admitted to any company which is the least bit exclusive.

In Rio de Janeiro, for instance, no male passenger is permitted on a "first-class" street car except fully dressed, including coat and—now you'll see the point—shoes.

They have to be particular. Otherwise there's no knowing in that country to what extremes undress might go.

Paraguayans even resent a cork

helmet on a foreigner's head. "He must think he's in the wilderness, instead of a highly civilized, up-to-date country, to wear that thing," they say.

All the same, the nordic could, though he won't, learn a lot about hot weather comfort from the equatorial. The latter works during the hours when exertion is tolerable and rests when it isn't. He's up and about by 5 or 6 a. m.

The bulk of his day's business is transacted in the cool of the morning. Toward 10 or 11 he knocks off.

His principal meal—breakfast or "almuerzo"—follows; afterward four or five hours' siesta in a darkened room.

He couldn't sleep thus in the temperate zone. His job wouldn't let him. In the tropics he can.

At 4 or 5 he reappears. Three or four hours' work remains to be done; then a late dinner, a few hours' recreation under the stars, the balance of his daily rest and he's ready for another round, in pretty good shape.

The nordic? In boiling Washington, Chicago, New York, everywhere, he's at his task just as in winter—at 8 or 9 o'clock.

Right through the hottest part of the day he sweats, bathed in sweat, swilling lead drinks, gulping a hurried noon meal, gasping for air. At 10 to midnight he turns in.

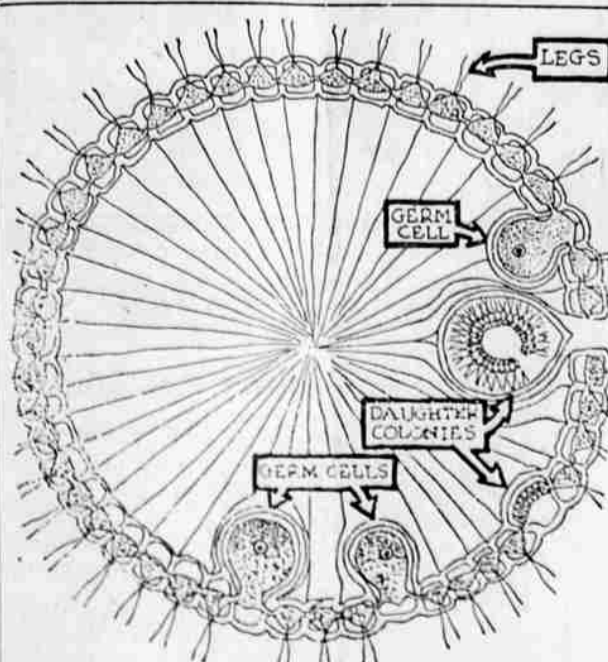
Kicking, thrashing and cursing the weather, he rolls around sleeplessly, only, at length to fall into a troubled slumber a few minutes before time for thousands of yawning auto horns, clumping delivery men and factory whistles to wake him up, unrefreshed, to go at it again.

The equatorial has learned the lesson of adapting human affairs to natural conditions. The nordic sticks to his old system of passing laws requiring natural conditions to adapt themselves to human affairs.

EVOLUTION

THE SECOND STEP UP

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



LIVING beings continued to crawl along the muddy bottoms of oceans and ponds, while the water, land and air above were devoid of life. The highest form of animal life still divided into two separate animals, until gradually these offspring began to cling together, possibly for mutual protection. As they multiplied, their offspring clung to them, until colonies of thousands of cells were formed. Here was the first suggestion of a definite body.

Volvox, which lives today, is a beautiful green ball studied with thousands of cells, all alike, each cell with its own legs. Necessarily all have to swing together, but otherwise each cell lives for itself with no special duties.

Oregon Voter Figures Are Challenged

No Basis For Segregations Mr. Keeney Says

EUGENE, Ore., June 16.—(To the Editor)—In a brief editorial in your last Saturday's issue you referred to extracts from a compilation of tax statistics published in the Oregon Voter wherein it is stated that farm property in Lane county pays 23.4 per cent of all taxes collected in the county and that the percentage paid by farm property of the whole state is 25.97 per cent of all taxes collected. Where did Mr. Chapman, editor of the Oregon Voter, get his figures?

Every county assessor—in fact every official of Oregon having authority to do with assessment and taxation of the property of the state knows that the percentages named are nothing better than rough guesses, for the way in which the assessment of farm property is made and associated in summaries with that of other property renders it impossible to determine the percentage of taxes paid by farm property, either as to a county or as to the state as a whole. Let me illustrate: In most instances a farm consists in part of lands that are not tillable, but are used for pasture or wood lots, all of which are classified and assessed as "non-tillable" lands, along with thousands of acres of cut over lands and inferior timber lands having no connection with farm property and this item in Lane county's assessment summary represents a little over 622,000 acres valued at \$4,002,000 and just as the assessor does not know what part of this is farm property Mr. Chapman does not know.

Farm property in Lane county may pay 23.4 per cent of the total taxes collected in the county or it may pay but 15 per cent or as much as 40 per cent—just as it may be guessed off, but I dare say it is paying its share and more than it would be paying if Mr. Chapman and his followers had let the state income tax law alone.

The percentage of taxes collected for grade and high school and higher education is determinable and while the Oregon Voter says that Lane county's tax for this purpose is 40.85 per cent of all taxes collected in the county it is in truth 41.51 per cent.

BEN F. KEENEY

In New York

By JAMES W. DEAN

NEW YORK, June 16.—I see a spreading willow tree at the edge of a corn field. Under it is a man with a hoe. He stoops and from a hole in the ground lifts a brown jug of ice-cold water. He drinks and then sprinkles some of the water on the young plants under his hoe. As he stands there leaning on his hoe a refreshing breeze stirs the waving corn and cools his brow. Down the brown road between the fields comes a troop of boys dressed only in panty-waist and trousers on their way to the swimming hole.

This is just a mirage that the heat brings to me, for I am the man with the hoe in this picture. He represents honest toil and freedom. He represents the farmer I have always wanted to be.

But here I am in New York, living pretty much of a frustrated life, for, after all, frustration is the ultimate achievement here no matter what material awards are gained.

If the intent of what I am saying seems obscure, come along with me on a little tour of the streets and then you'll understand.

Here on the postoffice steps is an old woman with a loaf of bread and a tin bucket of milk. Why is she there? "I had a fight with my old man," she answers, "and it's too hot to go back home and quarrel."

In the wicker of the tenements babies lying on hot pads on hot fire escapes, the spark of life in them almost smothered. Vile odors seep from the streets and buildings and mothers fanning their babies only stir up the vilesten.

At night you see families trying to sleep on roofs and men curled up on benches in the parks or stretched out on the baking sidewalks.

There goes a decrepit old man, shuffling along on his brittle legs, swathed in hot rags and in a state of dementia. "Crazy with the heat," another mumbles as the old fellow cries out, "He's a bandit. They're all bandits!"

And now we see the show of pomp and glory, the masters of men, the captains of industry taking their appointed places in the tableau. They have the means to travel on, to leave this place so barren of natural life. But they remain, along with the sweltering babes of the tenements, the ragged misfits and the human curleues that make up the puzzle picture called New York.

They, too, are crazy with the heat, crazy in the mad struggle to gain more than their fellow men, never satisfied with their lot, carrying about with them their little mirages of men with hoes, of men who live where there are neighborliness, contentment and free air.

And yet so often the man with the hoe has his mirage as he rests under the tree. And it is the crazy puzzle picture called New York.

Rowell's Comment SOME sights we shall never see again. The last time a great city was decorated with candles, as doubtless the illumination of Paris, in 1894, in honor of the visit of the Russian fleet, to signalize the Franco-Russian alliance.

There were, of course, electric lights in 1894, but there were not globes enough in existence or pro-

A THOUGHT We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.—Romans 8:28. They, too, are crazy, through dust and heat, rise from disaster and defeat the stronger.—Longfellow.

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Mr. Miller Objects to Highway Change

Shortest Route to Florence and Beach Held Best

EUGENE, Ore., June 16.—(To the Editor)—In The Guard of the 14th inst. appeared an editorial advocating the theory that the people of western Lane should be allowed to locate the state highway to the beach, as Highways are supposed to be located for the greatest good to the greatest number.

There are 36,000 people in Lane county who want this highway on the shortest route at lowest cost and with easy grades. It is a state highway in which all the people of the county are interested in having it located on the shortest mileage. It forms a link in a transcontinental highway in which 75 per cent of the people of the United States are interested in getting the shortest route to the Pacific ocean. Why should the people of western Lane be allowed to add two miles to the great highway for the sake of giving a pigtail twist that will not be even a momentarily?

The state highway construction now ends at Rainrock and from that point to Cushman there are a railroad and fair auto road, besides 16 miles of navigable river. The state highway survey leads from Rainrock two miles up Thompson creek, thence over a wide low divide to waters of North fork, with a maximum 5 per cent grade, with two miles shorter distance to the ocean beach than over the Mapleton-Cushman route. It is reported the cost of construction on this North Fork route will be \$200,000—less than by the river route, besides saving two miles in distance and giving better grades. In Lane it will become one of the most popular transcontinental highways, as it will afford the very shortest possible route across the continent between New York City, all intermediate points and the Oregon shore of the Pacific.

Lane county should consider itself lucky to have the Pacific terminal of this great highway and not put anything in the way of its early completion on the shortest line possible. The cost of adding two miles in distance will increase directly as the increase of travel and for this reason chiefly the shortest route should be chosen.

Mr. Thompson Makes Reply to Mr. Raymer

EUGENE, Ore., June 16.—(To the Editor)—Mr. Raymer in his article published in The Guard recently answering my previous communication attempts to bring up the question of the continued existence of the private schools in Oregon.

The measure was thoroughly thrashed out prior to the ratification of the Oregon voter bill by the majority of the voters of Oregon, and it is not my intention to open the religious questions that were used before to show the real Americanization questions involved in the controversy. Neither will I rise to the bait set out in his statement that the public school system is anti-religious.

The American public school system rightly lays no claim to being the propagating ground for any religious dogma, and through that fact alone, the public school stands out as the greatest single institution best adapted to the Americanization of our heterogeneous population. The training in any single religious creed or dogma should be accomplished by the various churches or in the homes and only the general moral teachings as found in the bible are applicable to a public school system of education.

Mr. Raymer makes the absurd suggestion that private schools should be permitted to exist, if for no other reason than to form a means for comparison. Competition is needed, says Mr. Raymer.

We have seen the effects of purely religious schools and by comparing our system with the one that has been in vogue in the South American countries and in Mexico for hundreds of years we have been forced to say "we thank you." Why bring such examples any closer just for the sake of direct competition?

Mr. Raymer says that the burden of proof is upon you who believe in public schools and we take up the challenge by reminding him that for our part we believe that America has advanced further with its public school system than has Mexico with its private system.

M. J. THOMPSON.

In Lighter Vein

Explained. (Freeman's Journal) Judge—How is it you haven't a lawyer to defend you.

Prisoner—As soon as they found out that I had stolen the money they would not have anything to do with the case.

A Discouragement. (Washington Star) "Why don't you go into politics?" "I've been in politics," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "I once got elected to the legislature. And I found the legislature was just as hard to improve as the farm."

Defined. (Ashville Times) Home is the place that stands in front of the garage.

INSURE WITH HENRY TROMP

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